

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 7:

Katie's voice rose with righteous indignation. "Yolanda, you and Brendon are madly in love. If it weren't for Christina interfering, you two would have already married and had kids by now! How could you consider stepping aside for her to bond with Brendon?"

Christina's eyes narrowed. Her voice dripped with disdain. "I interfered? Funny. Who was it that ran off the moment Brendon ended up in a wheelchair?"

Christina scoffed at Katie's audacity in uttering those words. Brendon would have been paralyzed for life if she hadn't stepped in and used her medical skills to heal him. With the exception of Bethel Dawson, Brendon's grandmother, the entire Dawson family had shown nothing but contempt and thanklessness. Had Bethel not once saved her life, she wouldn't have tolerated even a second of their arrogance.

Yolanda's confidence cracked. Her hands trembled slightly before she pulled herself together and slipped back into her usual act, tears glistening in her eyes. "It wasn't like that, Christina. My grandfather forced me to leave. I had no say in it..."

A short, sharp laugh slipped past Christina's lips. "Spare me." Sadly, no one else seemed to see through Yolanda's act, and the Dawson family swallowed her every word like it was gospel.

"What's so funny?" Katie shot Christina a sharp glare, her voice laced with fury. "If my grandmother hadn't foolishly insisted that Brendon marry you, do you really think someone like you would ever stand a chance of joining my family? Keep dreaming!"

"I'm laughing because you're all hopelessly stupid." Christina didn't mince her words as her smirk widened.

That was enough to send Katie over the edge. She lifted her hand and intended to slap Christina.

Smack! Christina moved first. The sound of the slap echoed before anyone registered what was going on.

Katie reeled back, her eyes widening, fury and disbelief swirling together. "You... You actually hit me?"

"Couldn't stop myself," Christina said, casting a mock-inspecting glance at her hand. "Though I think your face might've bruised my palm." She blew on her palm, a faint smile curling at the corners of her mouth.

"You!" Outrage flared in Katie's eyes. She lurched forward, fists clenched, ready to strike again.

"That's enough!" Brendon's voice boomed, cutting through the chaos like a blade.

“Brendon!” Katie snapped, stomping her foot like a child denied her way. “You’re really going to side with that slut? She slapped me!”

Brendon shot her a glare. “Anyway, she’s your former sister-in-law. Show some basic decency.”

“I wouldn’t show her any shred of politeness, no matter what!” Katie retorted, her voice thick with resentment.

Brendon’s jaw tightened, but his voice softened as he turned to Christina, his hand still on her wrist. “Katie’s just immature. Don’t take her words seriously.”

“Take your hand off me. I don’t want to deal with you guys—I’m starving,” Christina said, her voice sharp and cool.

Her frigid tone caught him off guard. It stung in a way he didn’t expect. “You really have to talk to me like this?” he asked, frowning as if he couldn’t understand.

Christina rolled her eyes and sneered, “Don’t want to drag on this pointless conversation with you. Now let go.”

“Let’s strike a deal,” Brendon said quickly, desperation leaking into his voice. “Sell me the prize of King’s treatment. I’m asking you—just think back to the lovely three years we spent married.”

Christina rolled her eyes. Yeah, as if they had any pleasant memories in the past three years. She silently marveled at the sheer shamelessness embedded in every branch of the Dawson bloodline. “No deal,” she declared firmly.

“For Christ’s sake, couldn’t you stop being this stubborn, Christina? Are you doing this just to get back at me? If the position of my wife is all you’re after, fine—you can have it again. Satisfied?” Brendon’s tone dipped into arrogant pity.

Christina’s voice rose, her anger barely contained. “Are your ears not functioning or what? I said no deal! And the position of your wife? I couldn’t care less who takes it. It means absolutely nothing to me!” She was so livid that she nearly let out a laugh. Just how could he see himself as the best thing since sliced bread, as if being his wife was an honor that most pursued?

“Christina, I know you didn’t mean your words and that you’re upset. I can remarry you, but you need to give me the prize of King’s treatment,” Brendon said, his voice steeped in exasperation as if he had been tolerating Christina’s supposed tantrum.

Christina stared at him for a moment that stretched too long, her expression thoughtful. How had she missed that he was this infuriatingly arrogant and shameless? Proposing to remarry her as a bargaining chip to snatch King’s treatment—did he actually believe he was some kind of grand prize and women should be lining up to charm him?

“Have you lost your fucking mind? Why would anyone in their right mind want to marry you again?” Christina snapped, her patience gone. Before the last word had even settled in the air, she grabbed Brendon’s wrist and twisted hard without hesitation.

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