

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 71:



Morse's arm was pinned in a bruising grip, making him clench his jaw against the pain. "Chloe's been taken for an examination," he said, his voice grave and measured.

Outwardly, Morse appeared composed, but inside, his nerves were frayed, and his thoughts spun out of control. Behind the gleam of his gold-rimmed glasses, worry churned in eyes typically known for their kindness. His palms were slick with sweat, a cold dread creeping through his veins, though no one around him noticed.

"What did the doctor say? How did she lose her sight so suddenly?" Ralphie asked, his voice tight with tension.

"They still don't have an answer. Everything's uncertain right now. Chloe said she took a bad fall yesterday and hit her head, but we don't know if that's the reason," Morse replied, his tone flat and cold.

At that moment, Dylan strode in, radiating urgency. Ralphie turned to him. "Did Chloe ever mention falling or hitting her head?"

"No," Dylan answered, his jaw tight and his hands balled into fists. "She was in great spirits at lunch."

Earlier, while preparing Christina's meal, Dylan had also whipped up all of Chloe's favorite dishes. At that time, Chloe had been energetic and chatty, trailing after him and begging to move in with Christina. She had pestered him endlessly, but he'd stood his ground and turned her down. Now, the memory gnawed at him. Maybe he should have at least considered her request instead of dismissing her outright. A wave of regret washed over him—he wished he had taken Chloe's plea more seriously.

"She probably brushed it off as nothing serious, not wanting to alarm us," Ralphie said, his voice heavy with emotion. Anxiety consumed him as he worried for Chloe, but felt powerless to do anything.

The bitter ache of frustration crept over Ralphie, each moment feeding his mounting self-reproach. "If I hadn't used the Scott family's Woodfort, Chloe could've started treatment already," he murmured, regret threading through every word.

"What do you mean?" Morse asked, his tone sharp.

Dylan's gaze shifted to Ralphie, a faint crease deepening between his brows.

“King reached out to Miss Jones, saying that the prescription’s nearly complete, but one ingredient is still missing: Woodfort,” Ralphy clarified quietly.

Morse’s brow tightened, suspicion flickering in his eyes. “Woodfort is practically unheard of. Most people don’t even know it exists.”

“Exactly,” Ralphy said, the weight of self-blame bearing down on him. “If I hadn’t used the sole and only Woodfort of the Scott family, it could’ve been used to treat Chloe right now.”

“Don’t talk like that. Back then, the Scott family wouldn’t have stood by, not when your condition had been dire. Even if we’d kept the Woodfort, we would have used it for whoever needed it most,” Dylan replied, giving Ralphy’s shoulder a firm, reassuring pat.

Ralphy swallowed hard, emotion tightening his throat. He gripped Dylan’s hand in silent gratitude, his eyes shining.

“There’s no point dwelling on what-ifs. We’ll just wait for King’s update,” Christina said, keeping her tone steady and composed. She was eager to check on Chloe. If anything changed for the worse, the Woodfort might be useless, and another prescription could become necessary. The thought that Chloe’s illness might spiral beyond anyone’s help haunted her, a fear that no medicine would be enough if it got out of control.

Soon, Chloe was transferred to a ward, flanked by the doctor and nurse who had handled her examination.

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The doctor delivered the news that Chloe’s condition had taken a turn for the worse. The brain tumor was now pressing against her optic nerve, causing episodes of temporary blindness. Even after the temporary blindness faded, her vision remained blurry, eventually leading to complete blindness.

If the tumor had been in a safer location, surgery might have saved her. Her chances of recovery could have been high. But the tumor’s position made everything more complicated. It was dangerously close to critical areas of the brain, making the operation nearly impossible. Even the most experienced surgeons were hesitant, their hands tied by the risks involved. On the operating table, Chloe’s chances of surviving were heartbreakingly low.

Yet, without surgery, the doctors said she might only live another six months—or a year if lucky. And if her health declined suddenly, she might not even live to see the next day. There was no way to predict what might happen.

After explaining everything and giving a few instructions, the doctor and nurse quietly stepped out of the room.

The silence that followed was heavy. No one spoke. All eyes turned to Chloe. She sat calmly, her gaze unfocused. Wrapped in a blanket of darkness, she couldn't see the walls, the light, or the faces around her. Ralphie looked at her pale face and lifeless eyes. Her lips were dry, her skin fragile. But still, she smiled. That smile tore something inside him. It made his chest ache with sympathy and concern.

"Why is everyone so quiet?" Chloe asked softly, a faint smile on her lips. She reached out, her hands searching the air around her. "Where are you all?"

Her eyes were blank but strangely peaceful. The soft curve of her smile was both beautiful and heartbreaking.

Christina stepped forward quickly, gently wrapping her fingers around Chloe's wrist.

"Hmm... Small hands," Chloe said, tilting her head. "That must be Christina, right?" A laugh escaped her lips. "Did I guess right? I'm kind of amazing, aren't I?"

Her voice was brighter now, trying to cut through the sadness hanging in the room.

Though she couldn't see their faces, she could feel their emotions—and she wanted to comfort them. She didn't want those she loved to be sad. More than anything, she wanted them to be happy. Even if she couldn't escape death, she hoped those she cared about would live joyful, fulfilling lives.

Christina smiled. "Yes, Chloe. You're really amazing."

Christina lifted her hand as if to pat Chloe's head gently, but in truth, she was quietly checking Chloe's condition.

"What about the others?" Chloe asked with a gentle smile, tilting her head slightly. Her vacant eyes were fixed on a spot in the room. "Why isn't anyone saying anything?" She had heard voices earlier from that direction, so she guessed they were all standing there.

"We're right here," Ralphie replied, trying his best to keep his voice calm. "You will be fine. Nothing will happen to you," Dylan said firmly, his voice steady.

"That's right," Morse chimed in. "King's almost done preparing the medicine. Soon, you'll be able to see the world again—its colors, its beauty."

Chloe's smile deepened, but her voice turned wistful. "Speaking of which, I suddenly want to see the ocean. Snow-covered mountains. Waterfalls. Even the aurora." She paused. "There's still so much I haven't seen."

In truth, fear was curling up inside her. What if she never got to see those things and taste her favorite foods again? But she refused to show her fear. She didn't want the people she loved to worry. So, she masked her anxiety with a soft smile and steady voice.

“Dylan,” Chloe said softly, “I want to eat your cooking again.” A warm smile spread across Dylan’s face. “Anything you want. Just name it, and I’ll make it for you.”

Chloe folded her arms with a proud huff. “Well, at least this illness comes with one perk—I get pampered like a queen.” Dylan frowned a little, his tone shifting. “Chloe...”

She grinned, sticking out her tongue playfully. “Relax, I’m only joking! Don’t take everything so seriously.”

Still smiling, she reached out slowly, searching for Christina’s hand. “Christina...”

A pair of soft, warm hands wrapped gently around Chloe’s. “I’m here,” Christina whispered.

Chloe giggled. “I have a small favor to ask, if it’s not too much trouble.”

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Chapter 73:

Christina reached out and gently took Chloe’s hand. “Come on, just tell me,” she said, her voice quiet.

A bashful grin appeared on Chloe’s face. “I’ve been thinking... Well, would you mind if I moved in with you? Is that okay?”

Knowing she might not have much time ahead, Chloe longed to stay as close to Christina as she could. If her fate was truly sealed, she figured she might as well help bring her brother and Christina together before saying goodbye.

Looking into Chloe’s unfocused eyes, Christina could feel the hope radiating from her, making it nearly impossible to turn her down. Silence hung in the air for a heartbeat, and then Christina’s lips curled into a smile. “Of course you can. But there’s one thing...”

Chloe’s eyes lit up. “What is it?” she asked eagerly. “Whatever house rules you have in mind, Christina, I’ll go along with them. No complaints.”

Laughter escaped Christina. “It’s not really about house rules. I just need to occupy your brother’s seaside villa for a bit longer.”

Christina’s agreement stemmed from one simple reason: living together would allow her to keep an eye on Chloe’s condition more easily. She figured that once Chloe was better, she’d pack up and move out.

With a playful glance at Dylan, Christina teased, “Mr. Scott, you’ve got more estates than you need. Granting me to stay in one of them for a while shouldn’t be too much trouble, should it?”

Dylan chuckled. “Take your pick. Any house you want is yours.”

In Dylan’s mind, when it came to Chloe, Christina had already done so much that offering a roof over her head hardly seemed like a big gesture.

Flashing a grin, Christina said, “You never fail to impress. Your generosity knows no bounds.”

Ralphie couldn’t resist chiming in. “Miss Jones, I’m generous too. Name the property, and it’s yours.”

Chloe tilted her chin, and a huff escaped her lips. “Christina doesn’t need your offer, Ralphie. Dylan, give Christina a prime piece of real estate.”

With a teasing smirk, Ralphie replied, “Maybe your brother ought to toss in a helicopter while he’s at it.”

Morse adjusted his glasses, a hint of mischief in his tone. “How about adding a yacht? Every seaside home needs one.”

Bursting into laughter, Chloe squeezed Christina’s hand. “Honestly, Christina, why don’t you just marry Dylan? You’d walk away with half his fortune, and he’d still have more money than he could ever spend. Besides, nobody hustles like he does...”

Before she could go on, Dylan’s voice broke through, stern and direct. “That’s enough, Chloe.”

A worried glance shot from Dylan to Christina, bracing himself in case she took offense.

To his surprise, Christina’s laughter filled the room, and she replied without missing a beat, “How could I turn down someone who checks every box—tall, handsome, and loaded?”

With a twinkle in her eye, Christina turned to Dylan and asked, “So, Mr. Scott, when do you plan to marry me?”

Her boldness drew laughter from the others, amusement bubbling up around them.

Even though Christina was teasing, her bluntness made color creep up Dylan’s cheeks.

For someone usually in control, Dylan suddenly found himself fumbling for a response, caught off guard by her words.

When he opened his mouth to answer, Christina cut in with a playful laugh, “Relax, I’m only messing with you.”

Disappointment flickered across Dylan’s face, and he forced out a quiet, “It’s fine.”

Ralphy, quick to sense the tension, interjected, “Let me check with the doctor about when Chloe can be discharged.”

Morse jumped in next, ever the thoughtful one. “Anyone hungry? I can grab us some food and drinks.”

Hand shooting up, Chloe grinned. “Coffee for me!”

“Let’s check with the doctor first.” Turning to Christina and Dylan, Morse asked, “How about you two—need anything?”

Matching Chloe’s request, Christina answered, “Make that two coffees.”

“Alright.” Morse nodded and shifted his attention to Dylan.

A faint crease formed between Dylan’s brows before he finally said, “Coffee for me, too.”

“You’re not usually a coffee person...” Morse started to say, but one look from Dylan made him cut himself off, an awkward grin spreading across his face.

“Got it. I’ll be back with your orders,” Morse said before heading out. Even as he walked away, he couldn’t help but think how rare it was to see Dylan drink coffee.

Ever since Christina came into the picture, Morse had picked up on all sorts of subtle changes in Dylan, as if he were a love-struck teenager taking on changes for his crush.

Once Ralphy and Morse disappeared down the hall, Christina broke the silence. “I appreciate you letting me move my belongings into your villa—and for playing along.”

Dylan offered a simple nod. “Don’t mention it.”

Christina added, “I’d been considering leaving, but with Chloe wanting to stay close, I guess I’ll hang around a little longer before eventually moving out.”

Dylan didn’t hesitate. “You’re welcome to stay as long as you like.” Pausing to gather her thoughts, Christina asked, “Would you mind sending the staff you stationed at the villa back to your family house?”

A hint of frost crept into Dylan’s reply. “That’s not an option. If you won’t have them, they’ll lose their jobs altogether.”

Brows knitted, Christina asked, “So there’s no flexibility here?”

“Absolutely not. Their pay and benefits aren’t your concern. My family will take care of all that. But if you turn them away, they will be unemployed,” Dylan replied.

The firmness of his answer left Christina speechless. She recognized that families of the Scott’s stature followed their own code. They had their considerations, and she felt it wasn’t her place to

protest further. Curiosity flickered in Dylan's eyes as he asked, "Did the staff do something wrong?"

That brought Christina back from her thoughts, and she responded with a gentle shake of her head, "No, nothing like that. I just prefer managing on my own. I don't need anyone to take care of me..."

"If that's how you feel, then let them go," Dylan said, his voice direct.

Chloe squeezed Christina's hand and whispered, "Let them stay. Anyway, my family will pay for everything. Besides, if you let them go, once I move in, I'll just end up giving you extra work. With the staff around, you won't have to fuss over me."

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Chapter 74:

Unconsciously, Chloe tightened her grip on Christina's hand, her fear quietly showing through. She was terrified of becoming a burden to others. Before, when she had only been plagued by illness, she could manage on her own. But now, suddenly blinded by darkness, so many things felt unreachable, and she had no choice but to ask for help. If she had been blind from birth, she might have learned to live independently by now. But losing her sight so abruptly left her anxious and scared—worried she wouldn't be able to adjust or learn new ways to live.

Being plunged into a world of darkness with nothing but her hands to guide her was terrifying. Panic came in waves, and the unknown always seemed to be lurking just out of reach, cloaked in shadows. She wanted to stay strong. She really did. But no matter how hard she tried, her fear of the endless blackness slipped through her carefully built courage.

Chloe hated the thought of troubling anyone. If the servants stayed on, she wouldn't have to bother Christina, and it would help keep the staff employed, too.

Feeling the pressure of Chloe's tightening grip, Christina looked at her with deep compassion.

"Alright," Christina said softly. "We'll keep the servants. I'll take care of their wages and benefits." She understood all too well the pain of someone who had once seen the light but was now trapped in darkness.

Dylan quickly shook his head. "No, you don't have to worry about that. You've done so much for the Scott family already."

Chloe gave a small smile. "If you're feeling awkward, Christina, then how about this? Once I start seeing a little again, could you go on a trip with me?"

Christina caressed Chloe's hand reassuringly. "Sure," she said without hesitation.

Though Christina and Dylan understood what Chloe was really hoping for, no one spoke it aloud. Chloe simply feared she didn't have much time left and longed to see the beauty of the world while she still could. Shifting the topic, Dylan gazed at Christina and asked, "Are you thinking about getting a job?"

Christina shook her head. "Not yet. Maybe later."

She had just gone through a divorce and needed time to rest, with no plans to work immediately. Besides, she had enough money to live comfortably. Even if she never worked again, she wouldn't have to worry about the basic necessities. If worse came to worst, selling the sports car she'd won in shooting contests would keep her afloat for a while.

"Why don't you help look after Chloe?" Dylan suggested. "The servants can manage her daily needs. You just keep her company. I'll pay you a hundred thousand a month, plus a bonus at the end of the year."

For most people, Dylan's offer would have felt like a golden opportunity—a dream job handed to them on a silver platter. But Christina, who was already financially independent, didn't feel particularly tempted. However, she genuinely enjoyed Chloe's bright and cheerful spirit. That alone was enough reason to say yes.

"I don't mind," Christina said with a raised eyebrow and a smile. "But are you really sure you want to pay a hundred thousand a month just for me to keep her company?"

Dylan smiled warmly. "Yes. Knowing you're there puts my mind at ease."

Christina laughed softly. "Well, with a deal like that, how can I refuse? Who doesn't like easy money?"

"That's fantastic!" Chloe exclaimed, her excitement bubbling over. "Now you're stuck with me, Christina!"

Had Chloe not lost her vision, she would have been bouncing on the hospital bed, too thrilled to sit still.

"Looks like I'm officially Miss Scott's personal caregiver now," Christina said with a playful grin.

Chloe pretended to be offended, turning her head with a mock frown. "Caregiver? Say that again, and I might just stop talking to you!"

"Don't be mad," Christina said with a grin. "We'll just call it that in public to keep the gossip at bay."

Chloe pouted. "I don't care about gossip, but if you do, Christina, I'll listen to you."

"That's my good girl," Christina said, gently patting her head.

Watching them get along so well, Dylan let out a relieved sigh. He gave Chloe a gentle warning not to upset Christina, or else he'd send her back to the Scott estate in Lorbridge.

Frightened, Chloe immediately clung to Christina's arm and promised over and over that she would never upset Christina and would always listen to her.

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Chapter 75:

It was just past four in the afternoon when Christina finally stepped out of the hospital room. Dylan had finished his work and arrived to stay with Chloe, giving Christina the chance to leave.

Christina had plans to meet Davina for dinner, and as she walked through the hospital's main lobby, her attention was suddenly drawn to the commotion ahead. A stretcher was being rushed in, and medical staff moved with urgency. Blood stained the sheets, and a boy lay unconscious on it.

"Please move aside—emergency case!" a nurse called out as they pushed through the lobby.

A doctor hurried over. "What's the condition of the patient?"

"Severe head trauma," the nurse replied breathlessly. "But that's not the only issue. Scans showed a brain tumor. It's large. Our chief surgeon refused—said it's too high-risk."

"We don't have time to move him to Lorbridge. If Dr. Emmett doesn't operate soon, this child might not survive."

"But Dr. Emmett needs to catch a flight back right now, so he probably won't have time for the surgery. What about the patient's family? Have they been found?"

"Nothing yet. Should we try checking the director's office? Maybe Dr. Emmett is still around?"

"I doubt it. There's a high-profile patient in Lorbridge scheduled for surgery, and Dr. Emmett's flight back is for that."

As the stretcher passed by, Christina overheard their hurried conversation. Her eyes fell on the boy lying unconscious, his head wrapped in bloody bandages, his pale face smeared with streaks of dried red. A wave of unease swept over her. If anyone could save him, it would be Calvin.

This hospital was the best in the region, a place where top-tier specialists gathered and was equipped with the finest facilities. Yet, even here, no surgeons dared take the risk. If they didn't, no other surgeon in other hospitals in the city would either.

Christina paused in her steps, her heart twisting as the boy's bloodied image burned into her mind. That was a young life, and walking away now would feel like ignoring someone who desperately needed help. She wasn't the overly compassionate type, but she couldn't ignore the boy's fate either. Besides, she...

had to speak with Calvin anyway about Bethel's surgery. If he were still in the hospital, she could just bring up the boy's condition for him to handle.

Decision made, Christina turned sharply and walked toward the medical staff, who were waiting for the elevator. She announced firmly, "I'll cover all the child's medical expenses. Do everything you can to save him."

The medical staff exchanged glances. One of the doctors furrowed his brow, stepping forward with a heavy sigh. "It's not that we don't want to save him," he said quietly, "but right now, we're powerless. All we can do is keep him stable until his family arrives—so they can say their goodbyes."

Christina's voice remained steady. "Didn't you say Dr. Emmett is in the director's office? I'll go get Dr. Emmett myself."

"We appreciate your kindness, but taking on the full financial burden with no guarantee that the family will be grateful isn't something just anyone can afford. If you drain your savings for this child and the child's family refuses to repay you, your money is as good as gone. Besides, Dr. Emmett is probably unreachable right now. Chasing him might just waste your time."

Sensing Christina's good intentions, the doctor spoke from experience. After all, sometimes kindness might be met with ingratitude. These medical staff members still remembered a doctor with a golden heart who once paid a patient's bills out of his own pocket, only for the patient's family to refuse repayment and even almost stab the doctor. Working in the hospital, they had grown used to the darker side of humanity. No one could guarantee that every patient's family would be kind and thankful.

Just then, the elevator doors slid open. Christina gave a small smile. "Don't worry. You just focus on doing your best to save the patient. I'll handle everything else."

Saving someone against all odds—this was exactly how Christina always operated. She turned to leave, but then a familiar voice called from behind her, stopping her in her tracks.

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Chapter 76:

“Are you medical guys insane? That woman is just a vet. You can’t seriously think a vet can save a human life!” Katie’s voice sliced through the chaos, thick with mockery and contempt.

Katie planted herself squarely in front of the elevator, blocking the stretcher without the slightest intention of budging.

When Christina pivoted around, she caught the flash of Katie’s smug grin, her arms folded in open defiance, making it perfectly clear she had no plans to move aside.

“You moron! Are you trying to get someone killed?” Christina snapped, her patience snapping.

Katie, caught off guard by the blunt insult, let her self-satisfied expression crumble into a scowl. “I’m not moving. What are you gonna do—fight me?” she retorted, her voice bristling with hostility. “If this patient dies, that’s his problem, not mine.” A nasty smirk flickered across her face as a new idea seemed to strike. “But I’ll tell you what—if you want me to move, get on your knees and apologize. Maybe then I’ll think about it.”

“Are you moving, or do you want me to drag you out myself?” Christina’s tone was ice-cold, her glare unwavering.

Katie only lifted her chin, voice dripping with malicious satisfaction. “Kneel and apologize, and I’ll let you through. Otherwise, if this patient dies, it’s on your head, not mine. Christina, I’d think carefully if I were you—this is a human life at stake. You really want that on your conscience?”

Katie stood her ground, arms locked in place, ignoring the chorus of shocked murmurs and the disbelieving, outraged stares now focused on her from all sides.

“How could this woman be so cold-blooded? Is she really willing to let that boy die just to prove a point?”

“Do they have some kind of personal feud? If so, they should settle it behind closed doors. Holding up that boy’s treatment is downright heartless. Isn’t she worried about what’ll happen if the boy dies?”

“If the boy dies, they’re certain to face legal action.”

“Legal action? Please. Look at her—draped in designer labels, probably worth a fortune. If something happens, she’ll just pay out a settlement and walk away without a second thought.”

“She’s outrageously annoying! If I weren’t stuck in this wheelchair, I’d march over there and deliver a thunderous kick.”

“Shh! Honey, don’t get reckless. We’re just regular people. If you get into trouble, we’d have to sell everything just to cover the damages. But for her? Even if she causes a death, any fine would be pocket change.”

Katie’s head snapped around to the woman in the wheelchair as the word “kick” reached her ears, her glare icy.

Intimidated, the woman's husband quickly spun his wife away from Katie's line of sight, eager to escape any fallout.

Baffled, the woman asked, "Honey, what on earth are you doing? Don't wheel me away! I haven't even seen the end of this drama!"

He shot her a warning look, his voice low and urgent. "Drama? The longer we stick around, the more likely we are to get dragged into it. Let's just keep our distance—save our money for your treatments instead of getting mixed up with people like her."

The woman sighed in resignation but craned her neck anyway, bargaining. "Fine, but at least stop somewhere I can still watch."

Christina's icy gaze lingered on the unconscious boy sprawled on the stretcher, her face unreadable. She pivoted back to Katie, her eyes now glinting with a lethal, witty edge.

Without a word, Christina closed the distance between them, her steps brisk and unyielding.

Katie's bravado faltered as she stumbled backward, eyes darting with alarm. "What... What the hell are you doing?"

"Nothing much," Christina's voice was silk over steel. In one swift motion, she seized Katie's wrist and dragged her aside with one fierce tug. "Just making sure you get the fuck out of the way."

Losing her balance, Katie hit the floor with a bruising thud, yelping as she slammed down onto her rear end. "You psycho! How dare you lay a hand on me!" she bellowed, her face twisting with fury.

Christina barely spared Katie a glance, cold indifference written across her features. Then, she turned to the medical staff. "Please do everything you can. I'll make sure Dr. Emmett gets here."

Though the doctors and nurses doubted Christina could get Calvin involved in this case, something in her unwavering tone commanded their trust. Without another word, they rushed the stretcher into the waiting elevator.

"You despicable bitch! You hear me? You'll pay for this!" Katie wailed, her shrill voice echoing down the hall as she flung herself at Christina, wild-eyed and vengeful, hell-bent on dragging Christina down with her wrath.

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Chapter 77:

As everyone assumed that the seemingly gentle Christina would be crushed by the fierce and wild Katie, what happened next shocked them. Christina stood still, her face unreadable. When the crowd assumed she was frozen with terror, she effortlessly lifted her hand and grabbed Katie's wrists.

Katie struggled fiercely, but Christina's grip was unyielding. No matter how hard Katie tried, she couldn't break free.

The onlookers' perception of Christina shifted. It was only then that they realized this seemingly delicate woman was much stronger than she appeared.

Katie thrashed and fought, her frustration boiling over into visible rage. "Release me!" she hissed.

Katie swung her leg in a desperate kick, but Christina effortlessly dodged, releasing one of Katie's hands in the process.

In a flash, Christina slipped behind Katie. With a quick step forward, she jabbed her knee sharply into the back of Katie's leg.

Katie gasped as sharp pain shot through her leg, and she collapsed onto her knees.

A voice from the crowd broke the silence. "Whoa! Did you see that?" Applause burst out, followed by cheers and whispers all around.

"Wow! That was incredible! The gorgeous lady is so cool!"

"That wild woman looks like she's got money. Do you think the gorgeous lady will get in trouble for this?"

"That wild woman totally deserved that. Some people need to be put in their place."

"Man. I'm a guy, and even I wouldn't have the guts to stand up to someone like that wild woman. The gorgeous lady is fearless."

"What's the big deal? You're all hyping that great-looking chick up way too much. She just beat me to intervene, nothing special."

"Really? Then what stopped you from stepping in earlier? At least the gorgeous lady had the guts to act. Is it so hard to admit someone else is better than you? People like you are all talk. Big words when it's over, but nowhere to be found when it counts."

By the time Katie snapped back to her senses, she was already down on her knees—her designer tights torn, her leg screaming with pain. Kneeling in front of a...

crowd was bad enough. And for her, who had been spoiled and revered her whole life, it was beyond degrading. She was used to watching others kneel, never imagining she'd be in that position herself. Now, trapped in this humiliating pose as a sea of onlookers clapped and jeered, rage surged through her. How dare that wretched Christina disgrace her like this in public?

Katie struggled to rise, but her hands were still pinned tightly behind her back by Christina. A firm pressure on her shoulders forced her to bend forward, making resistance impossible. She couldn't even lift her head, let alone fight back.

Katie was livid. That wicked Christina! It was no surprise—Christina was nothing more than a lowly servant, hardened by years of tough labor. Naturally, she possessed the raw strength to dominate so easily.

“Let me go!” Katie snarled through clenched teeth, her voice low and furious. “If you don't let go right now, I swear you'll regret it!”

Christina didn't flinch. Instead, she gave a cold, dismissive smirk. “I've got the strength and the guts to deal with people like you.”

Christina suddenly released Katie's hands, tossing them aside like a dirty rag, then flicked her own hands as if trying to shake off some grime. “I'm not scared of you,” she added, her voice sharp and steady. “But I won't waste another second on someone as pathetic as you. I have better things to do.”

With that, Christina turned her back and walked away. But Katie misunderstood her exit, thinking Christina was afraid of the Dawson family. After all, none of the Jones family liked Christina. She was just a nobody with no one to stand by her side, easily dismissed and overlooked.

Katie didn't bother worrying about Christina going to the Jones family with complaints—it wouldn't make any difference.

Katie sprang to her feet, her face contorted with spite. Clutching her designer handbag tightly, she swung it fiercely straight at Christina's back. “Go to hell, you miserable little wretch!” she screamed.

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Everything happened in a flash, catching everyone off guard. Most people just froze, staring straight at the scene. Christina didn't even see it—her back was turned. Everyone thought the bag would slam into her. Instinctively, they held their breath.

But then Christina raised her hand, calm as ever, and caught the flying bag like it was nothing.

The crowd was stunned. Eyes widened. For a split second, it felt like time had stopped. Unbelievable. What kind of reflex was that?

“No way! Did she really just catch that so easily?”

“That’s insane! I blinked so many times—I still can’t believe what I saw.”

“She must’ve gotten lucky, right? Even if one saw it coming, reacting that fast is nearly impossible.”

“Could she be trained or something? But she looks so delicate. It doesn’t add up.”

“Oh my God, that was epic! I’d marry someone that cool!”

Katie, who had thrown the bag, stood frozen, completely shaken. This couldn’t be real. Did Christina have eyes in the back of her head? Fear crawled through Katie’s body. Her limbs locked up, trembling. Christina’s eyes turned cold. Without saying a word, she flung the bag back.

It hit Katie right in the stomach.

“Ugh!” Katie gasped, doubling over from the pain. She clutched her belly, struggling to breathe as her knees buckled. Her face turned red as she sank to the floor.

Around them, the crowd erupted into cheers and clapping. It felt like they had just watched a villain go down. They were more thrilled than Christina herself.

Katie shook with rage, her body trembling like a volcano about to blow. These people were just as disgusting as Christina! All of them—pathetic nobodies with nothing better to do!

When Katie finally caught her breath and looked up, Christina was gone. Her eyes darted to the doorway, burning with fury as she clenched her teeth. She wouldn’t let this go. She would make Christina pay!

Whispers from the onlookers reached Katie’s ears—though she couldn’t hear the exact words, she knew they weren’t saying anything good. She glared at them and snapped, “What are you looking at? Want trouble?”

No one replied. They backed away quickly. No one wanted to mess with someone from a rich family. In fights like these, the poor always lost. They couldn’t fight back, but they knew how to stay out of trouble.

Ding! The elevator doors slid open, and Christina stepped out.

She had barely taken a step when two tall, broad-shouldered men blocked her way. They wore plain clothes, but she could tell—they weren’t ordinary men. They were fighters. Most likely Calvin’s bodyguards.

Christina softened her expression, looking small and harmless—like someone easy to overlook. “Hello, I’m here to see Dr. Emmett. Could you please let him know I’m here?” Her voice was polite and respectful.

But the men didn't blink. Their faces were like stone. "Please leave. Dr. Emmett isn't taking visitors," one of them said coldly.

Their job was to protect him. No matter how harmless Christina looked, they weren't taking chances. She could be anyone—even a trained assassin in disguise.

Christina saw through them. No matter how innocent she acted, they weren't letting her in. She didn't waste time. She raised her voice toward the office door. "Dr. Emmett! Dr. Em—"

The bodyguards moved in, ready to drag her away. But she shouted even louder, "Calvin Emmett!"

Her voice had barely faded when a thunderous roar echoed back. "How dare you call Dr. Emmett by name?"

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 79:

A middle-aged man in his fifties stepped forward, his face sharp with authority as he scanned Christina from head to toe. "How dare you, young lady, call Dr. Emmett by his full name?" he scolded.

But as the man looked closer and saw how young Christina was, his anger eased a little. She probably didn't know any better. Still, he didn't like her tone. Not one bit. This was Calvin they were talking about—one of the world's most respected surgeons. Even now, his hands worked with the steady precision of a master. When it came to craniotomies, no one could match him. He was a living legend—admired, respected, idolized by doctors across the globe. For many in the medical world, just seeing Calvin once was a lifelong dream. To learn from him—even the smallest bit of wisdom—was an honor.

"You must be the director, Mr. Johan Duffy," Christina said with a calm smile, meeting his gaze without flinching. "Good day, Mr. Duffy. I'd like to meet Dr. Emmett."

By now, the two bodyguards had her firmly in their grip. But she remained calm, still smiling.

Johan raised a brow, slightly surprised. She had guts. Maybe it was just youthful boldness. Something about her coolness impressed him. Still, he couldn't say he liked her approach.

His eyes swept over her again, stern as ever. Then, Christina bent her knees and began to sway gently, using the bodyguards like a pair of swing posts, smiling as if she were enjoying herself.

Johan was so caught off guard that he nearly laughed out loud. She reminded him of his granddaughter—the same playful spirit, the same spark in her eyes. His impression of her softened,

just a little. But he didn't drop his stern tone. "Dr. Emmett doesn't see visitors. You should leave at once."

Christina swung a little harder. "No. I must see him."

The bodyguards exchanged exasperated looks. If they had known she'd turn them into swing posts, they wouldn't have held her in the first place. She looked like she was having a grand old time, though it was a serious test of their arm strength.

Johan sighed. "Young lady, are you not listening? Dr. Emmett is very busy. You can't just demand to see him. He doesn't have time for random visitors." He waved a hand at the bodyguards. "Take her back to the elevator."

This was already an unusually polite order coming from Johan. Normally, he'd have ordered the bodyguards to toss someone like her out without a second thought.

The bodyguards turned Christina around and began escorting her away.

"I need to see Dr. Emmett!" Christina shouted. "Calvin! Calvin Emmett! Calv—"

A deep voice cut through the hallway like a thunderclap. "Wait!"

Everyone froze. It was Calvin.

Christina's eyes lit up, and a bright smile spread across her face. She had planned to act out and force her way through if Calvin didn't show up. But now that Calvin had appeared, things were much simpler. "Dr. Emmett! I am here! Help me! Please save me!" Christina cried out, pretending to struggle in their grip.

Calvin immediately recognized the voice—it was none other than the legendary healer, King! His heart leapt into his throat. "Let go! Let go of her right now!" he shouted, rushing forward so fast that he nearly lost his footing. He looked ready to shove the bodyguards out of the way himself.

Calvin was flustered. If they offended King, how could he ever hope to learn from her? If there was only one miracle worker left in the world—it was her. He couldn't afford to anger her.

Johan and the bodyguards stood frozen in shock, staring at the man they thought they knew. Was this really Calvin? The calm, noble surgeon who always carried himself like a king? Now, he looked like a desperate grandfather ready to throw punches for his beloved granddaughter.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 80:

Calvin's breath faltered, overwhelmed, nearly slipping out "King" before Christina's voice gently interrupted. "Good to see you, Dr. Emmett."

Only then did Calvin realize how close he had come to slipping the name he wasn't supposed to say. He cleared his throat. "Christina, what brings you here?"

"I've come seeking your help to save someone. And there's another favor I must ask," Christina responded, her tone carrying a sense of urgency.

"Who needs help? Is it you—" Calvin paused, suddenly cautious. He swallowed his words. He knew better than to mention anything that might reveal Christina was actually King. She was always careful to stay out of sight, and if she had come in person, it meant the situation was dire.

"There's a young boy in this hospital in critical condition. Please, Dr. Emmett, follow me," Christina implored.

Calvin didn't hesitate. "Of course. Lead the way."

"Dr. Emmett, what about the Lorbridge surgery?" Johan interrupted.

"It's scheduled for today."

Calvin turned to him calmly. "That can wait."

Calvin knew what he was facing. Christina seeking him out meant time was running out. If he delayed, the young boy in question wouldn't survive. The operation at Lorbridge was important, but not pressing enough to supersede this crisis. It could be rescheduled. Moreover, since Christina had entrusted him with this case herself, refusal was not an option.

Johan looked stunned but didn't argue. He just followed behind quietly, still trying to piece together what was happening. He scrutinized Christina, his mind racing. Who was this woman who could make Calvin change plans without a second thought? Calvin had always referred to Christina as just a former assistant. But this? This was different. No way an assistant could make Calvin postpone surgery for a VIP patient. There was more to her. Way more.

Whatever the truth, Johan decided on one thing—he'd treat Christina with respect from now on.

The group soon entered the elevator. The elevator doors opened with a soft ding as they reached their floor. Calvin started to gesture for Christina to go first, but she beat him to it. "Please, Dr. Emmett," she said gently, giving a polite nod.

Though uneasy receiving such courtesy, Calvin accepted, stepping out first. He had long hoped to be recognized as her protégé, but she always refused, insisting it would be inappropriate given his stature. Still, their conversations often turned into debates about medicine. She challenged his thinking and broadened his views. While he had ceased pursuing the formal apprenticeship, the desire remained quietly alive.

As they entered the emergency room, they were met with chaos.

"We're losing him!" a nurse cried.

“Flatline! He’s in cardiac arrest!” another shouted, their voices laced with panic.

The moment Calvin and Johan arrived, the medical staff froze in astonishment. Christina had really brought Calvin here.

Without a moment’s hesitation, Christina stepped forward to lend her expertise in the frantic efforts to revive the boy.

Everyone had already put aside Katie’s claim that Christina was a vet. Even if Christina was a vet, the fact that she’d come alongside Calvin—and was trusted to assist—meant she was more than capable. Saving a life transcended professional titles and disciplines.

“Get the operating room ready,” Calvin commanded with calm authority. “As soon as he’s stable, transfer him at once.”

“Right away,” Johan answered promptly, immediately overseeing the preparations himself.

Through their combined skill and urgency, the boy’s vital signs gradually steadied, allowing for his swift transport to surgery.

The next crucial procedure was a craniotomy. Yet, the boy’s family had not yet arrived to provide the necessary consent. Ordinarily, the absence of signed permission would halt any operation to avoid legal complications. However, given the severity of the case, Calvin’s direct involvement, and Christina’s payment upfront, the team had no option but to proceed without delay.

As the boy was being wheeled into the operating room, his mother burst into the hospital, frantic and disheveled. She’d been so panicked on the way that she’d slipped into a puddle, soaking her clothes and ruining her makeup. Her hair was wild and messy. But none of that mattered now. Her son had been in a car accident—he was in emergency surgery—and she didn’t know if he was alive or not.

After asking around frantically, she finally learned that her son was in the operating room. A nurse explained his condition to her.

“What did you say? A brain tumor?” she gasped, clutching the nurse’s arm in disbelief, her voice trembling. Self-reproach washed over her like a tidal wave. How had she missed something so serious? How could she have been so blind?

“Yes, the procedure is intricate and high-risk. We urgently require your signature on the consent forms,” the nurse said softly.

The mother’s fingers clenched tightly around the nurse’s arm upon hearing this. “What... What are the chances of survival? Is your finest surgeon the one performing it? Can you bring in the very best? No matter the expense, I will pay—money is no object!” she pleaded, desperation thick in her voice.

The nurse hesitated, choosing her words carefully. “The procedure is extremely complex. Even our top expert hesitates to undertake it...”

“What? Then who’s operating on my son?” the mother demanded, her voice trembling with fear and confusion. Her breaths came in uneven gasps, mirroring the turmoil swirling in her mind.

“It’s Dr. Emmett,” the nurse replied. “A woman came and requested him personally... He agreed to take the case.”

The mother blinked, stunned. “Dr. Emmett?” she repeated, almost in disbelief. Slowly, tears welled in her eyes, her expression shifting from panic to relief.

“Thank heavens it’s Dr. Emmett... My son’s life is in good hands,” she whispered, her voice thick with gratitude. Then, she grasped the nurse’s hand. “Where is the consent form? Give it to me now—I’ll sign immediately!”

A huge weight seemed to lift from her shoulders. Just knowing Calvin had taken the case gave her hope. She was eager to complete the paperwork quickly, fearing he might reconsider. Once the form was signed, she asked for the location of the operating theater.

But just as the nurse turned to leave, the mother suddenly called out, “Wait...”

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