

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 8:

Christina moved like lightning. In one seamless motion, she flipped Brendon over her shoulder and slammed him into the pavement. He hit the ground before he even had time to react.

Everyone around them froze. Nobody could believe what they had just seen.

Lying on his back, Brendon groaned through clenched teeth. His face contorted, and the pain was written all over him.

“Brendon!” Katie and Yolanda rushed to his side. They dropped to their knees, panic in their eyes, watching him struggle just to sit up. By the time Brendon was back on his feet, wincing with every movement, Christina had already started walking away.

“What are you doing just standing there? Go after her! Aren’t you all Brendon’s friends?” Katie yelled, her voice sharp with fury as she spun around, pointing furiously at the group of idle men.

The men who had been frozen in place just moments ago suddenly jolted into motion. None of them was bold enough to face Christina on their own. But as a group, they figured they had the upper hand. Christina didn’t flinch. She tilted her head from side to side, loosening her neck, calm as ever while they closed in.

Just before she could make a move, someone charged in from the edge of the crowd. It was Dylan.

The man at the front barely had time to register Dylan. Dylan’s foot struck his chest and sent him flying across the ground like a ragdoll. “Ah!” One by one, the rest of them went down. Screams of pain filled the air as Dylan moved through them with brutal precision. None of them got back up.

A sudden presence shifted the air as Ralphie strode in, flanked by a squad of imposing bodyguards who filled the room with silent threat. “You think you can stir up chaos in my shooting range and walk away? You’ve got a death wish!” Ralphie snapped, his voice booming. With a flick of his hand, Ralphie turned to the bodyguards. “Get rid of them. They’re banned for life.”

“Understood.” The bodyguards didn’t hesitate. Without a word, they grabbed the troublemakers and dragged them out.

Katie, who had been yelling just minutes ago, shrank back, visibly shaken and pale.

Yolanda’s frustration boiled over. Her voice quivered with a measured pout as she turned toward Dylan. “Mr. Scott, this wasn’t our fault. Don’t you think this...”

“Punishment is too harsh?”

“Exactly! Christina started all of it!” Katie exclaimed, finding her voice and stabbing her finger in Christina’s direction.

Dylan’s eyes narrowed into a steely glare. His words came slow and sharp. “Are you giving me instructions now?”

That single question dropped like a hammer. The icy weight of his stare made both women freeze.

“N-no, I didn’t mean it like that...” Katie’s voice faltered as she instinctively stepped back.

Right beside Katie, Yolanda grabbed her hand and gave her a meaningful look. That glance wasn’t just for comfort. She was urging Katie to act—this was a rare chance to make a move on Dylan. Seeing Dylan up close was something most could only dream of—yet here he stood, mere steps away. If Katie desired to become Dylan’s wife, she needed to act fast and own the moment.

Katie grasped the stakes in an instant and pushed herself to move forward. She pointed at Christina. “Mr. Scott, a woman like her couldn’t have won against you fair and square. She must’ve pulled something sneaky. You really ought to look into it properly!”

She was playing to his vanity, betting that his ego could be her greatest ally. No man wanted to admit defeat, especially not to a woman. Dylan was not someone to cross—and if Christina had ticked him off, her whole future could’ve gone up in smoke.

Murmurs began to ripple through the crowd. Those who had bet money on Dylan emerging as victorious in the shooting competition were the loudest, their voices turning bitter with their financial loss.

“I’m with you on this! That new girl, Chrissy, had to have done something shady. There’s just no chance she beat Mr. Scott, the champion for three years straight, without cheating somehow.”

“Same mind here. Somebody needs to check her out. Women don’t win these things unless something fishy’s going on.”

“Come on. Everyone knows guys have the edge in this sport. She must’ve cheated, no question.”

Christina let out a dry laugh, clearly fed up with the baseless accusations being thrown at her. “I had my back to the target the whole time. So tell me, how would I have managed to cheat? What, do you think I smuggled in someone else to shoot for me? The truth is, you guys just can’t handle losing to a woman. Fine then—how about this? Let’s settle it with a match right now. The loser puts their hand on the line!”

The last sentence hit hard. A cold silence spread as the boldest voices suddenly quieted down. Feet shuffled. No one dared to speak.

With a look of pure disdain, Christina scanned their faces. “All bark and no bite,” she said. “You guys love to talk until it’s time to prove something.”

“You’re a cheat! How can you even prove it was you out there on the range?” Katie interjected without missing a beat, her voice steady and laced with suspicion. “You showed up in that white

mask and walked through a blind spot where no one was watching. For all we know, you could've switched places with someone else."

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