

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 81:

The nurse regarded the mother with a confused frown. "Is there something else you need?"

"I was hoping to ask about the lady who brought Dr. Emmett in," the mother said, her tone soft but intent. "Could you possibly check the surveillance cameras? I'd like to find her and thank her properly."

"I heard she followed Dr. Emmett into the OR," the nurse replied. "If she's not around afterward, you can return later to review the footage."

"Alright. Thank you," the mother said with composed grace, a hint of urgency flickering behind her words.

The mother then turned and quickly made her way to the operating room. But once there, standing just outside the doors, unease settled heavily in her chest. Calvin was a renowned surgeon—among the best in the world. She trusted his brilliance implicitly, but fear gnawed at her all the same. Her son was everything to her. The thought of losing him was a terror she couldn't bear to entertain.

Her mind wandered to the mysterious young woman who had entered the operating room with Calvin. Who was she? His protégé? Unlikely. Calvin had stopped mentoring years ago. And if the nurse was right about the woman's age, she might be his student. However, Calvin had stepped back from academia long ago. Retirement had beckoned, and he had answered—partially. He'd intended to withdraw completely, to finally rest and enjoy what remained of his years. But the call of medicine, of patients with rare and formidable conditions, had never truly left him. He chose a quiet middle ground: semi-retirement, still saving lives, one surgery at a time.

The mother paced the corridor with anxious steps, each minute an eternity stretching into the unknown.

Meanwhile, inside the operating room, Calvin was deep into a delicate craniotomy, his hands steady as he worked on the boy's fragile skull.

Christina stood silently off to the side, her posture composed, her presence quiet yet unmistakably intentional. She neither assisted nor intervened, simply observed, her face an unreadable mask of calm focus.

Around Christina, the surgical team exchanged discreet glances. Even Johan found his gaze repeatedly drifting to her. Who was she, and what was her connection to Calvin? And why had she been allowed inside the OR when she wasn't part of the medical team? She hadn't spoken or lifted a finger to help. Yet, she stood there as though she belonged.

With time on his hands and no instruments to monitor, Johan continued to observe Christina and Calvin. And then he saw it—small, fleeting, but impossible to ignore. Every so often, Calvin would

glance at Christina. Not in irritation or distraction—but with a strange, quiet intention. As if he were looking to her for guidance.

The realization hit Johan like a jolt. He blinked, stunned, his thoughts spiraling. Who was this young woman, watching one of the world's foremost neurosurgeons as if she were the authority in the room? Could it be possible that she was more skilled than Calvin himself? And yet... why had no one heard of her? If someone that gifted had entered the field—especially someone so young—the medical world would be buzzing with her name. But there was nothing. No whispers, no papers, no recognition.

Johan's brow tightened as he studied the pair again. Calvin wasn't just glancing at Christina. He was deferential.

The more Johan tried to piece it all together, the more his thoughts unraveled. Nothing made sense. Whoever Christina truly was, one thing had become undeniable—she wasn't just another observer. There was a gravity about her, a presence that demanded caution.

Johan wasn't alone in sensing this. Around the operating room, the rest of the surgical team had picked up on it too—the subtle deference in Calvin's glances, the almost imperceptible shift in atmosphere whenever Christina so much as moved.

Speculation buzzed silently behind surgical masks. Yet, none of them entertained the idea that Christina could be a medical prodigy. It just didn't fit. If someone so young had risen to a level that rivaled Calvin, whose hands had performed the impossible more times than anyone could count, the entire medical community would be ablaze with her name. And yet, there had been nothing.

To them, only one figure in the world could stand shoulder to shoulder with Calvin's reputation: the elusive genius known only as King.

King wasn't just respected—King was mythologized. A legend cloaked in mystery, whispered about in awe-struck tones at conferences and operating theaters alike.

No one knew King's gender. No one had seen their face. Not even the most powerful medical directors or global heads of surgery had met this mysterious savant.

King's brilliance was the stuff of folklore. To receive direct guidance from King was the stuff of dreams. To merely see King would be the crowning moment of any surgeon's career. But such dreams always ended in quiet resignation. Most had long accepted that they would never meet King—never even know who King was.

Meanwhile, outside the operating room, the elegant mother continued her anxious pacing, her heels echoing softly in the sterile hallway. Every minute crawled by, weighted with dread and hope. Then, without warning, the doors flew open. She surged forward, heart pounding.

Calvin stepped out, blinking in surprise at the sight of her.

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Chapter 82:

“Why are you here?” Calvin blinked, momentarily thrown by the mother’s sudden appearance. “I thought you were still overseas.”

“I just got back,” the mother replied, her anxiety spilling over as she hurried closer. “Dr. Emmett, tell me—how’s my son? Is he...”

Before she could voice her fears, the doors swung open, and her son was wheeled out, pale but breathing. The relaxed expressions on the medical staff’s faces made her breathe a quiet sigh of relief.

Calvin’s voice softened as he spoke. “The operation went smoothly. He’ll need to be monitored, but he’s out of danger.”

A flood of emotion washed over the mother’s face. “Thank you, Dr. Emmett,” she murmured, her voice thick as tears threatened to spill. But Calvin simply pointed at Christina, who stood quietly to the side. “You should really thank her. She’s the reason we made it in time.”

The mother turned, finally taking in Christina.

Christina stood with the understated poise of someone far too striking to blend into any crowd—fine-boned, impossibly graceful, with an air that seemed to shimmer even in the harsh hospital lights. Her beauty rivaled any starlet, yet there was something more—an aura both serene and magnetic.

“So you must be the one who brought in Dr. Emmett?” the mother asked, stepping forward. Gratitude shone in her eyes as she gazed at Christina.

“Yes, I am.” Christina met her eyes with a gentle, self-assured smile and reached out first for a handshake.

“Thank you so much. If you hadn’t stepped in to save my child, I don’t know what would have happened to him...” The mother’s voice shook, and she clung to Christina’s hand, as if anchoring herself to her son’s savior.

“It’s really nothing. Dr. Emmett is the one you should thank most. I might’ve tried, but without him, my good intentions alone couldn’t have brought in the right help,” Christina replied, her lips curving into a gentle, reassuring smile.

Calvin cast Christina a glance, the corner of his mouth quirking with the trace of a smile. Her knack for faking it stayed flawless as always. If fate hadn’t intervened, revealing Christina’s hidden identity during the night she saved him, he never would have guessed that the legendary healer, King, was this quiet young woman.

“Both of you deserve my deepest gratitude,” the mother murmured sincerely, her gaze sweeping over Christina and Calvin. “Once my son’s condition stabilizes, I’ll...”

“Host a dinner tomorrow at Morfort Restaurant. Please—let me show my appreciation to you both.”

Before Christina could protest, the mother continued with quiet determination, “I insist. It’s the least I can do to thank the people who saved my child.”

Recognizing her resolve, Christina relented and gave a small, warm nod. “Alright. We’ll look forward to it.”

“For now, you should go accompany your son,” Calvin remarked, his voice gentle but firm. “We have other matters to take care of.” The mother read the polite hint and offered a gracious smile. “Sure, let you get back to work.” She glided away, her composure unshaken.

As her heels clicked down the hallway, Calvin exhaled.

Christina shot him a confused look. “Why the sigh? The surgery went smoothly, didn’t it? What’s with the gloomy expression?”

With a sly smile, Calvin asked, “Do you have any idea who she is?” Christina just shrugged, the faintest smirk on her lips. “Not a clue.”

He let out a low, knowing laugh. “Figures. Aside from medicine, nothing else ever seems to register with you.”

The corners of his mouth lifted in an affectionate, slightly exasperated smile. Her world probably looked like an endless stream of case files and surgical notes, leaving no space for anyone or anything else.

Christina didn’t bother pretending to care about that mother’s background, but since Calvin had brought it up, she tossed out a casual question. “So, who is she then? Some big potato?”

Leaning in, Calvin lowered his voice, his words tinged with significance. “She’s the eldest daughter of the Gomez family from Lorbridge.”

He hesitated for a heartbeat and then added, “Actually, I’ll be heading out soon to operate on another high-profile member of their family.”

Christina gave a quiet, contemplative nod. If Calvin’s tone was any indication, the Gomez family was far from ordinary—more like the type whose every move sent ripples through the city.

“I see. It’s getting late—you should get some rest. I’ll head home as well.”

Calvin offered an easy smile. “Alright then. Just don’t forget about dinner tomorrow.”

“Don’t worry, I won’t,” Christina replied, her tone warm but resolute.

After they went their separate ways, Christina made her way out of the hospital. She had meant to meet Davina for dinner, but with everything that had happened, she had no choice but to postpone.

As she stepped through the hospital's sliding doors and into the cool evening air, a figure moved toward her from the curb. She recognized the man instantly—it was one of Dylan's drivers, a familiar face from past encounters.

The driver offered a respectful nod. "Miss Jones, Mr. Scott is waiting for you."

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Chapter 83:



Christina blinked, surprised. "Dylan is waiting for me?"

"Yes," the driver replied.

Her curiosity got the better of her. "How long has he been waiting?"

"Roughly four hours," the driver replied, his tone honest and composed.

"Four hours?" Christina's eyes widened. "We need to hurry!" Shocked by the revelation, she wasted no time and followed the driver with quickening steps.

Earlier, Dylan had messaged her, offering to pick her up. She'd declined, busy with other matters, assuming he'd simply move on. She never imagined he would wait—and for that long.

When they reached the sleek black Maybach, the driver stepped forward and opened the rear door with practiced precision. "Miss Jones, please."

"Thank you," she said, her voice soft but earnest, as she stepped inside.

Dylan sat waiting, dressed in a sharp black suit tailored to perfection. His long fingers were loosely laced over his knees, his posture relaxed yet commanding. There was a magnetism to him—an almost disarming calm that cloaked a presence impossible to ignore.

"Done with work?" Dylan's voice broke the silence as he turned toward Christina, his tone even, stripped of its usual sharpness. Tonight, his eyes held a calmer sheen—still unreadable, but no longer cold.

Christina gave a quiet nod. “Yes. You didn’t have to wait. It’s a hassle—I could’ve found my own way back.”

“Chloe wouldn’t hear of it,” Dylan replied, his expression smooth as glass. “She insisted I bring you home and said she wouldn’t sleep otherwise.”

“In that case... thank you,” Christina said softly.

“It’s nothing,” he replied, as if brushing off a speck of dust.

A faint smile tugged at Christina’s lips, but the exchange withered there.

They weren’t exactly friends—barely more than acquaintances. The silence that followed felt stiff, like a wall neither knew how to climb. Christina shifted her gaze to the window, letting the passing lights of the city pull her attention away. To her relief, Dylan didn’t question her about what had kept her at the hospital. She didn’t have the energy to lie—or the desire to explain.

The car glided along the nighttime streets, its interior hushed like a sanctuary. The glow of passing neon signs painted fleeting patterns on the glass as Christina drifted into her thoughts.

Suddenly, Dylan’s voice pierced the quiet. “Has King reached out to you?”

Christina blinked, drawn back from her reverie. “Hm? No...”

She turned to him, a flicker of confusion knitting her brow. But before she could finish her sentence, the driver yanked the steering wheel.

The sudden jolt sent Dylan off balance—he instinctively reached out, one hand gripping the seat, the other sliding around Christina’s waist just in time to keep her from crashing forward.

In the scramble, his lips grazed her forehead.

The light, accidental contact stunned Christina. A cool sensation bloomed where his lips had brushed, freezing her in place as a wave of inexplicable energy surged through her. Her breath hitched. Her mind went blank. A shiver of awareness zipped down her spine, leaving her numb, dazed, and breathless.

The car was eerily silent, save for the hum of the tires and the thunder of two racing hearts.

Then, another lurch. This time, Christina fell completely into Dylan’s arms. Her lips met the fabric of his shirt—soft cotton and the sharp, unmistakable scent of him. When she pulled back slightly, a vivid red imprint of her lipstick remained, stark against the pure white like a scarlet blossom in snow.

Leaning against him, Christina couldn’t ignore the warmth of his body, the clean, intoxicating scent that wrapped around her, growing richer with each inhale. She could feel his heart under her palm—strong, rhythmic, grounding. And it was speeding up.

As if pulled by an invisible force, Christina found herself drawing closer, her senses narrowing until all she could hear was the beat of his heart.

Dylan looked down at her, his gaze sharpening as he watched her inch nearer. His heart—steady and composed just moments ago—now raced uncontrollably. It didn't make sense. He had never lost his composure over a woman's touch. Now, his pulse was thundering in his ears, and he couldn't look away. What was this feeling?

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Chapter 84:

"Mr. Scott, Miss Jones, are you both okay?" The driver's sudden inquiry brought Christina and Dylan sharply back to the moment.

A flush of embarrassment colored Christina's cheeks as she quickly disentangled herself from Dylan's embrace, striving to appear composed. "I'm alright."

"Apologies," the driver continued. "A car swerved into our lane earlier. I had to dodge it, so..."

"No worries. As long as we're safe," Christina cut in gently, her voice steady and reassuring.

She turned her gaze toward Dylan, casually asking, "How about you? Are you doing alright?"

"Fine," he replied tersely, his face straight. His ears tingled with heat, and a lingering warmth colored his face. Determined to hide it, he adopted an intentionally distant demeanor. He hated to admit it, but he felt oddly hollow when she pulled away.

"It's a good thing the driver reacted so quickly. That was impressive," Christina said sincerely.

The driver's face reddened modestly. "You're too gracious, Miss Jones." The driver opened his mouth to speak further but fell silent when Dylan's icy glance met his in the rearview mirror. The jolting maneuver earlier hadn't disturbed Dylan, but now an unmistakable irritation shadowed his expression. Could jealousy be simmering beneath his composed exterior because of Christina's praise? Sensing the tension mounting, the driver wisely chose silence, focusing intently on the road ahead.

Christina suddenly noticed a smudge of lipstick staining Dylan's immaculate white shirt. "Oh no—your shirt! My lipstick got on it!" Dylan looked down. Sure enough, a faint red stain had bloomed on his crisp white shirt. His jaw tightened slightly. The image of Christina falling into him replayed in his mind—the softness of her lips brushing against his chest, the warmth of her body, the scent of her perfume. The moment had been brief, but it lingered like a whisper on his skin.

Christina pulled out a tissue from her bag, leaning in to grab his collar gently. “When we get back, give me the shirt—I’ll clean it for you and make sure it’s good as new,” she said, frowning in concentration as she reached out to clean the lipstick mark.

Just then, Dylan’s hand unexpectedly closed around her wrist.

Stunned, Christina lifted her eyes to meet his, confusion flickering within. His grip was gentle, far from restrictive, and the warmth of his touch, combined with the subtle roughness of his skin, unexpectedly brought a comforting sensation.

“I’ll just dab it lightly so it won’t spread across your shirt,” she murmured.

“That’s alright,” Dylan responded in a flat, unemotional tone.

Christina blinked in surprise. “Huh? What did you say?”

“I said it’s alright,” he repeated calmly, his features unreadable.

After a brief pause, he added softly, “The mark doesn’t look bad on my shirt.”

Christina stared at him, momentarily speechless. Wait—what? She clearly remembered Chloe telling her how obsessed Dylan was with cleanliness. People with a cleanliness obsession usually couldn’t bear even the slightest blemish on their clothes. So why was he so composed—almost indifferent—about the lipstick mark?

While she was still trying to wrap her head around his bizarrely calm reaction, Dylan spoke up. “There’s no need for you to clean it. Someone at home handles that sort of thing.”

“Alright,” Christina replied quietly, her gaze drifting to his hand circling her wrist.

Following her eyes, Dylan noticed he had yet to release her. “Sorry,” he muttered, withdrawing his hand swiftly, though a subtle reluctance lingered in his motion. His hand dropped to his lap, fingers curling slightly as if trying to hold on to the trace of her warmth that still lingered in his palm.

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Chapter 85:

Christina brushed it off with an easy smile. “Honestly, there’s nothing to be sorry about.”

A lull settled over the car before Dylan spoke up out of the blue. “I’ll give the driver an extra month’s bonus.”

That caught Christina off guard. “Wait, what brought that on?”

“You mentioned earlier that his quick thinking and skill behind the wheel impressed you,” Dylan explained.

Her brow furrowed as she tried to catch up. “Right. That’s true, I did.”

“Well, he deserves a reward then,” Dylan said, his tone completely straightforward.

A laugh slipped out of Christina. “I don’t really understand your rules. If you say he deserves it, then who am I to argue?”

“Alright,” Dylan replied without hesitation.

The driver, overcome with gratitude, blurted out, “Thank you so much, Miss Jones. Thank you, Mr. Scott.”

The driver was genuinely surprised. Instead of getting in trouble, he’d wound up with an unexpected bonus. From the rearview mirror, he shot Christina a grateful look, silent thanks shining in his eyes. He was certain he owed everything to her kindness.

Dylan made a sudden decision. “He’ll be your personal driver from now on.”

“Are you serious?” Christina’s jaw dropped.

Without missing a beat, Dylan replied, “I’ve noticed you’re always hailing cabs. Having a personal driver would spare you the hassle. There’s no need for you to worry about the car or the costs—I’ll handle the driver’s salary and everything else.”

She shook her head. “I appreciate it, but it’s really unnecessary. I can manage to buy a car on my own. Plus, your fleet is a bit too flashy for my taste—I’d rather not draw attention everywhere I go.”

Her plan all along was to buy something simple, nothing more than what she needed to get around—certainly not a showy ride. Meanwhile, every car in Dylan’s collection was the kind that turned heads—high-end models with jaw-dropping price tags, a few even custom-built for him alone.

“If that’s the issue, I’ll just purchase something more understated,” Dylan suggested.

“Driving myself is what I’m comfortable with.” Christina gave a gentle sigh. It didn’t sit right with her to keep accepting favors. Staying in Dylan’s villa was generous enough. Taking a car and a driver felt like too big a leap.

“Think of the driver as a thank-you for looking after Chloe,” Dylan’s tone softened just a touch.

Watching Christina waver, Dylan added, “Let’s say you’ve had a glass of wine or you’re just too exhausted to drive—just call him. No need to worry about pay or benefits. I’ll take care of everything. And he’s getting an extra six months’ bonus for his trouble.”

The driver, who’d been listening intently, nearly let his foot slip from the pedal at the mention of such a hefty bonus. Even with his heart racing, he managed to bring the car to a smooth stop outside the villa. He kept quiet, not wanting to interrupt, but his eyes found Christina’s in the mirror, full of silent pleading and hope. A yes from her would mean the world to him. He’d treat the job with even more loyalty if she accepted.

Feeling the weight of his anticipation, Christina finally relented. A nod sealed it. “Alright then. Thank you, Mr. Scott.”

For the first time that day, something gentle flickered in Dylan’s expression, the hint of a smile breaking through his usual reserve. Any trace of weariness vanished from his face, replaced by quiet contentment.

“Thank you so much, Miss Jones!” the driver blurted out, unable to contain his joy.

A gentle smile lingered on Christina’s lips. Dylan’s voice followed, calm and steady. “Get some rest tonight. Tomorrow, he’ll be waiting for your instructions.”

Christina answered with a simple, “Okay.”

Once outside the car, she lingered by the curb, her eyes following the car until it vanished from sight. Only then did she head back into the villa.

Dawn brought a new day. Christina padded out of her room, still in pajamas. Shuffling downstairs and stifling a yawn, she blinked away sleep, her eyes scanning the living room. What she saw made her come to a sudden halt, completely taken aback.

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Chapter 86:

Dylan’s sudden arrival left Christina momentarily frozen in place. She glanced down and was instantly mortified—she hadn’t changed out of her ridiculous SpongeBob pajamas. For a heartbeat, she was tempted to sink straight through the villa floor and vanish.

When Dylan looked up, his glacial eyes landed on her, taking in the spectacle of her dressed in pajamas. That absurd cartoon smile stretched across her chest, all yellow innocence and lopsided teeth—a jarring contrast to the sleepy, flustered woman wearing it. It was utterly adorable. The

thought flashed through his mind before he could stop it. His lips twitched at the edges, betraying the faintest flicker of amusement, but his face quickly settled back into its usual severe composure.

He still looked every inch the untouchable, commanding figure—shoulders squared, jaw set, his presence somehow dominating the room even while sitting.

For a moment, Christina considered retreating—maybe slipping back upstairs and pretending she'd never seen him. But fleeing would only make things worse. Bracing herself, she inhaled deeply and squared her shoulders, forcing a look of careless ease onto her face. She strolled over, doing her best to appear unfazed by the situation. “So, what brings you by?” Her tone was deliberately breezy, though a hint of anxiety trembled underneath.

Dylan stood up slowly, every movement controlled and deliberate. “I brought the car and driver for you,” he replied, his voice low and even as he fixed her with that unreadable gaze.

“Huh?” Christina’s brows knitted, her confusion plain. Sure, she’d agreed to let the driver pick her up yesterday—but Dylan showing up himself with the car? That, she hadn’t expected.

He added, “This one won’t draw any attention. It’s completely unremarkable.”

Christina arched a brow, half skeptical. “Alright, let’s see what you picked out,” she replied, following him out.

The moment she caught sight of the car, she stopped dead, wide-eyed. The vehicle in question looked like it belonged in a Saturday morning cartoon: small, bubbly, painted in a riot of cheerful colors, its headlights shaped like doe eyes, and a logo grinning up at her like a mischievous mascot. It wouldn’t draw attention? Maybe in terms of price tag, but the design was anything but subtle. It was the kind of car that begged for double takes and selfies.

A faint twitch flickered across Christina’s lips as she tried to make sense of the scene. Under her breath, she grumbled, “You’re assigning a driver to this thing? Isn’t that overkill?”

Dylan, expression unreadable, glanced at her. “Don’t like it?” he asked, as if the answer wasn’t already written all over her face.

Christina managed a strained smile, shifting awkwardly. “No, it’s cute, really. I’m just worried your driver might be insulted, driving me around in such a tiny car.”

The driver jumped in without missing a beat. “Not at all, Miss Jones! I’m honored to drive you!” His eager tone left no room for doubt.

Christina forced another smile, lips twitching with reluctant amusement. She’d braced herself for a generic sedan—something practical, maybe a little boring. Never in a million years had she expected Dylan to pick out a car that looked like it belonged in a children’s cartoon.

“You don’t like it?” Dylan watched her reaction, his usually stoic face shadowed by a faint crease of worry. Chloe had insisted this was the perfect choice—affordable, discreet, and supposedly irresistible to women. Given Christina’s fondness for playful pajamas, he’d felt oddly sure she’d fall in love with the car’s cutesy charm. But as he searched her face now, his confidence faltered.

Beneath that icy exterior, uncertainty flickered. For a man used to keeping the world at arm's length, waiting for her approval felt almost unbearable.

A tense beat passed before Christina finally spoke. "It's... it's kind of cute. I like it," she said, the words soft but genuine. She hadn't expected this—a man as aloof as Dylan, going out of his way to choose something so cute for her. Everything about him, from his home's severe minimalist lines to his crisp, unflappable demeanor, exuded discipline. Yet here he was, gifting her this car.

Dylan kept his features perfectly composed, but a subtle wave of relief washed through him. "The car's yours now," he stated, his voice cool and even.

Christina met his gaze with unwavering resolve. "Then I'll pay for it. I'll send you the money, or you can just deduct it from my salary."

Dylan wasted no time. His lips barely moved as he answered, "I'll deduct it from your paycheck."

"Works for me," Christina replied, not missing a beat.

He adjusted his cuffs, his mind already drifting back toward the office. "I have to get to the office. I'll head out."

Christina fell in step beside him. "Sure. I'll walk you out."

Then, without thinking, she asked, "Did you have breakfast yet?"

"Not yet," Dylan answered, his voice clipped and his face still unreadable. But beneath that frosty exterior, a spark of longing flickered—so faint that it was almost invisible. At his side, his thumb traced a slow, unconscious circle against his forefinger, the only hint of his quiet anticipation.

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Chapter 87:

Christina flashed an easy smile and suggested casually, "I haven't had anything to eat, either. How about we grab some breakfast together before heading to the office?"

Dylan came to an abrupt halt. "Alright."

The smile on Christina's face faltered for a second. Before she even realized what was happening, Dylan was already turning around and heading into the house. What in the world? She had only meant it as a friendly gesture—was he really going to take her up on it?

Still a little stunned, Christina hurried after him.

Meanwhile, Dylan walked ahead with a subtle smile playing on his lips, hidden from her view.

In the dining room, Christina found herself staring awkwardly at the bowl of oatmeal set in front of Dylan.

“Sorry about this. I told the kitchen last night that I wanted oatmeal for breakfast today...” She paused and then added, “If oatmeal isn’t your thing, I can ask them to make something else. Would you rather have some toast and milk?”

“Oatmeal is fine with me,” Dylan replied, giving his head a shake.

“There are some vegetables and fried eggs here as well. Would you like any meat? I can get a plate for you,” Christina suggested. A tiny worry nagged at her, thinking Dylan, as the head of the renowned Scott family, might not be used to such a simple meal.

Dylan responded, “No need. I prefer a light breakfast as it’s good for health.”

“I also think a light meal in the morning is best. Let me serve you some eggs and vegetables,” Christina said as she placed a bit of each on his plate.

Dylan picked up his bowl and started to eat. He couldn’t tell if it was because he was truly hungry, but the oatmeal and side dishes seemed to taste better than anything he had eaten before.

While Christina ate, she sneaked glances at Dylan, curious about his reaction. Watching him enjoy the food, she was a little taken aback. All along, she had assumed he’d just been polite and wouldn’t actually enjoy the meal. Clearly, she had been wrong.

“Chloe’s getting discharged today, and I may not be able to go get her. Would you mind taking care of that for me?” Dylan asked without warning.

Christina gave a nod. “That falls under my job anyway. Don’t worry, I’ll make sure she’s well taken care of.”

“Alright.” A slight crease formed between Dylan’s brows, as though something was bothering him.

Christina noticed his sudden change and said, “What’s wrong? You look like something’s on your mind.”

“It’s nothing serious,” Dylan answered after a glance at her. “I still haven’t managed to secure the Woodfort.”

“You’ll find it,” Christina said with firm conviction, her tone carrying a hint of encouragement. In truth, she was already thinking about trying another prescription for Chloe. If there was still no progress on securing the Woodfort within three days, she would have to switch to a new prescription. She was worried about Chloe’s condition worsening if the treatment was delayed.

“Hope so,” Dylan replied softly. That meal had left him in a better mood than he expected—he felt light on his feet, re-energized, and prepared for whatever came next.

After seeing Dylan off, Christina returned home, slipped into something comfortable, and headed out by herself.

Soon enough, Christina pulled into the parking lot. She had just stepped out of her car and hadn’t even closed the door when an annoying voice rang out nearby.

“Christina! Your car is just too cute—is it new?” Yolanda’s overly dramatic tone made her false excitement clear.

Christina saw no reason to answer. She pressed her lips together and walked on with a frosty expression.

“Don’t you walk away!” Katie’s angry voice snapped as she blocked Christina’s path. “Yolanda was talking to you. Didn’t you hear? Are you deaf, or were you never taught any manners, rendering you this rude?”

Christina’s eyes turned hard as she stared back. “Even if I were rude, I’d still be better than you.”

Before Katie had the chance to fire back, Christina stepped around her and kept going.

Fuming, Katie stuck out her leg in frustration. A flash of spite shone in her eyes as she purposely tried to trip Christina, hoping to send her sprawling.

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Chapter 88:

Christina feigned a stumble the moment Katie tried to trip her, her body pitching forward as she acted like she was wavering before steadying herself, deliberately stomping on Katie’s leg several times in the process.

“Agh, that really hurts!” Katie gasped sharply, her face contorting as she swiftly withdrew her foot, the pain unmistakable.

“Christina, that’s too much!” Yolanda rushed over, helping steady Katie with an exaggerated expression of concern. “Katie only said a few harsh words—did you really have to hurt her on purpose?”

Christina turned slowly, her eyes cold as ice. “Hurt her on purpose? Are you serious? Should we pull up the hospital’s security footage and see who started what? I nearly fell because of her, and I didn’t hurt her on purpose.”

Yolanda faltered. “But... I saw you just now—you stepped on her.”

“Exactly! This spiteful woman hurt me deliberately!” Katie’s voice cracked with anger.

Christina’s expression remained unchanged. “I didn’t. But if you’re so confident, I can ask the hospital director to pull the surveillance footage. Better yet, we can upload it and let the public decide.” Her eyes swept over the two women, cold and fearless.

Katie’s indignation surged, certain that Christina lacked access to the surveillance footage. She opened her mouth to argue, but Yolanda grasped her arm firmly.

“Let it go,” Yolanda whispered under her breath, her voice soft but pointed. “Your brother and grandmother are both hospitalized. And don’t forget—Christina is still your brother’s ex-wife. There’s no need to stir up trouble.” She deliberately emphasized the word ex-wife, her tone sweet but laced with venom.

Katie snorted, regaining her composure swiftly, and then leveled a sharp glare at Christina. “Don’t mistake me for someone who’s intimidated by you. Once my brother is discharged, you’ll pay for this.”

Christina didn’t respond. She simply turned around and walked away, heading straight to Bethel’s ward.

As soon as Christina entered, Bethel’s face lit up. “Christina, seeing you makes my day!”

“How are you doing?” Christina responded gently, seating herself beside the bed and enveloping Bethel’s hand in hers. “Has your condition improved?”

“Much better now. Had it not been for your careful care, I might have passed away long ago,” Bethel said with a soft chuckle.

Christina frowned slightly, replying, “Bethel, don’t speak like that. You still have many years ahead—full of life and happiness.”

Bethel laughed softly, her expression peaceful. “At my age, I’ve already lived more than enough. Even if I left now, I’d have no regrets. But if I could live long enough to see your child come into this world, that would be a blessing.”

“Bethel...” Christina lowered her eyes, her voice faltering. “You know that Brendon and I are no longer...”

Bethel reached out and gently stroked Christina’s head with her thin, wrinkled hand. “I know. Brendon didn’t cherish you the way you deserved. You’re a remarkable woman, Christina. Brendon will regret the way he treated you one day. But when I said I wanted to see your child, I never meant it had to be Brendon’s. Since being with him didn’t bring you joy, then go your separate ways. I just want you to be happy.”

To Bethel, Christina had long since become more than just her grandson's former wife. She was family.

"Bethel..." Christina whispered, her throat tightening. Emotion swelled in her chest.

"Don't worry, sweetheart," Bethel said gently, giving her hand a firm squeeze. "Even though Brendon turns his back on you, I never will." Bethel paused and then added quietly, "I've already made my will. If something happens to me, all my shares of the company will go to you."

Christina froze, shocked. "What? Bethel, what are you saying?"

"I mean it." Her tone was soft but resolute. "This is my decision. Please don't try to talk me out of it." Her gaze turned serious. "The Dawson Group carries generations of effort, love, and sacrifice. I cannot bear to see that legacy crumble under the hands of those incompetent ones in this family. My husband trusted me with most of the shares, and I intend to honor that trust by choosing someone worthy."

Bethel exhaled. "You must realize by now that no one in the Dawson family can manage the Dawson Group like you can. You're the only one I believe in. You're smart, calm, and kind-hearted—everything the company's future head needs. I don't know how much time I have ahead of me, Christina. Life is full of uncertainties—you never know whether tomorrow or an accident will come first."

As her words settled between them, Bethel's grip on Christina's hand tightened. "Christina, promise me you'll run the Dawson Group after my passing, will you?"

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 89:

Christina studied Bethel quietly for a moment, her gaze gentle but unreadable.

Noticing Christina's silence, Bethel said, "It's alright. If you'd rather not take on the helm of the Dawson Group, I won't push it. I understand. I only decided to give those shares to you to provide you with a sense of security—something to fall back on in the future."

Bethel offered a faint smile, the corners of her lips tugging up with resignation. "Even if I handed the shares off to that bunch of incompetent people in the Dawson family, the Dawson Group would crumble anyway. Might as well give the shares to you."

Christina's smile was soft but steady. "Let's not talk about this now, Bethel. You're going to be fine. I'm sure of it."

Christina couldn't bear the thought of losing Bethel just yet. Bethel had always treated her like family. The warmth, the fierce protection, the love—it had meant the world to her.

"Alright. We'll save it for another time," Bethel said with a light chuckle. She had already put her affairs in order. The will was written. Now, she simply lived each day with quiet acceptance, ready for whatever came next.

"When I'm discharged," Bethel added, her voice calm, "I'll transfer my family's estate to your name."

Before Christina could get a word in, the door to the hospital room flew open, crashing against the wall with a bang. A furious voice echoed through the room: "Absolutely not! That estate is not going to her!" Christina didn't need to turn around. That grating, self-righteous tone was unmistakable—Brendon, her ex-husband.

"This is my decision," Bethel said icily, her voice cutting through the tension like glass. "And no one gets to overrule it."

Brendon stepped forward, ready to argue, but before he could get a word out, Yolanda clutched his wrist, reining him in. With syrupy sweetness, she said to Bethel, "Mrs. Dawson, are you feeling any better? I brought some health supplements for you—all the way from overseas." She stepped forward with an elegant box and carefully placed it on the bedside table, her expression a mask of gentle concern.

Bethel's face hardened instantly. Her years of authority resurfaced in an instant, transforming her into the formidable matriarch she had always been. Her glare swept over Yolanda and the others like a blade.

"Who gave you the gall to bring this vile thing into my hospital room?" Bethel's voice was sharp, cutting through the tension.

Yolanda flinched, her eyes welling up with tears at the public humiliation. She blinked rapidly, her voice trembling as she said, "Mrs. Dawson, I know you've never liked me, but must you be so harsh? If my presence offends you this much, I'll go."

She deliberately brushed past Brendon as she made a move to leave. Predictably, he caught her by the arm.

"Yolanda, don't go." Even with the pain radiating from his still bandaged head, his focus was solely on her.

"Let me go, Brendon," Yolanda whispered, her voice trembling, her eyes shimmering with tears, her acting skills shining through.

"No." Seeing her look so fragile—so unjustly treated—sent a pang through Brendon's chest. With aching tenderness, he reached out to wipe away her tears.

"Brendon..." Yolanda's voice trembled as she looked up at him, her eyes glistening with gratitude and false vulnerability.

But the scene was shattered by Bethel's roar. "Enough! Get out of my sight. Now!"

Yolanda froze, her hands curling into tight fists at her sides. How dare this old hag humiliate her like this?

Brendon's frustration erupted. He turned toward Bethel, face flushed, his voice rising. "Why are you always so unfair to Yolanda?" Then, with a sharp turn, his glare fell on Christina. "Is it because she's been poisoning your mind? Whispering lies to turn you against Yolanda?"

Bethel's fury boiled over. With a resounding slam, her palm struck the bedside table. "Watch your mouth, Brendon!" she snapped. "Not everyone is as twisted as you. Christina has never said a word against you guys. Never!"

"Oh really? Then explain your unwarranted hatred toward Yolanda!" he barked. "Why did you decide to give Christina the family estate when she's done nothing to deserve it?"

To Brendon, it had always been painfully clear—Bethel favored Christina. That favoritism had festered in him like a wound, one that never healed.

Katie stormed forward, her eyes locked on Christina with pure venom. "You manipulative slut!" she screamed. "What the hell did you do to my grandma? Slip her something? Cast a damn spell?"

"Who are you calling a slut?" Bethel's gaze snapped to Katie—cold, razor-sharp, lethal. Her voice was low now, controlled and cutting. The calm before the strike.

Katie faltered. That unblinking stare—it chilled her to the bone. Without thinking, she took two steps back, her bravado draining away like blood from her face.

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 90:

With a gentle squeeze, Yolanda took Katie's hand and spoke softly, her words carefully chosen to make her seem understanding while subtly aggravating Katie. "Katie, please don't make a scene. Let's listen to your grandmother, okay? Christina's done so much for her. After all that care and patience she's shown, it's only fair for your grandmother to repay her somehow."

Katie's fear faded in an instant, swept away by a surge of anger. Witnessing Bethel's affection for Christina felt like a slap. How could an outsider earn more love from her grandmother than she, the granddaughter by blood? The sting of jealousy replaced every ounce of hesitation.

“I won’t stand for this!” Katie shouted, yanking her hand free from Yolanda’s grasp. “Why should I just accept this?” With trembling hands, she jabbed a finger at Christina. “She’s not even family! What gives her the right to inherit the Dawson estate?”

A sharp crack sounded as Bethel’s palm slammed down on the table, her voice ringing out with authority. “Because the property is in my name. That means I get to decide who receives it!”

Stepping in before the moment escalated, Christina gently reached for Bethel’s hand. “Bethel, please—don’t hurt your hand like that. It isn’t worth it.”

Instantly, Bethel’s stormy expression softened, a warm smile breaking through as she turned to Christina. “Don’t worry about me, sweetheart. I’m not hurt at all. You’re the only one who truly cares how I feel,” she said, casting a sharp glance at her grandchildren. “Unlike certain people in this family who’ve forgotten the meaning of gratitude.”

From his place at the side, Brendon felt his irritation mounting. To him, it seemed like Christina was more of a grandchild to Bethel than he or Katie ever were. He couldn’t stay quiet anymore. “Grandma, even if the deed is in your name, the house is part of the Dawson family legacy. Let’s face it—most of the family members will never accept what you’re trying to do. Plus, you don’t have much time left. Just rest in the hospital until death claims you. Don’t wield your position as the matriarch just to cause chaos inside the family.”

Brendon’s bluntness hit Bethel like a slap, leaving her speechless. Disbelief filled her gaze, and tears threatened as anger mingled with heartbreak, an ache settling in her chest.

“He’s got a point, Grandma. You have no business giving away what belongs to the Dawson family.” Katie seized the chance to pile on. Every word from Katie was cold and calculated, her eyes void of concern for Bethel’s feelings. All she cared about was...

keeping the estate out of Christina’s hands. If her grandfather hadn’t made the mistake of placing nearly all the company shares, the Dawson estate, and several other properties in Bethel’s hands, neither she nor Brendon would be forced to bow to Bethel. So what if Bethel was their grandmother? The Dawson family’s assets would never go to an outsider. Now, in her old age, Bethel had astonished them by abruptly deciding to transfer the Dawson estate to Christina. What an old fool.

Bethel’s eyes glistened red as she looked long and hard at her grandchildren, a bitter smile touching her lips. In the past, she had adored Katie and Brendon, shielding them from every hardship as they grew. She had treated them like priceless treasures, making sure they lacked for nothing. Yet, all that love seemed to have been wasted on hearts grown cold. With every passing year, their rebellion had only deepened. The more she tried to rein them in, the more defiant they became.

Katie had always tested Bethel’s patience the most. Time and again, Bethel had been forced to clean up the messes. Their relationship had never recovered from the day Katie had bullied a classmate so badly that the poor soul’s arm was broken.

Bethel herself had insisted on taking Katie to the police, prioritizing what was right over family bonds, even if it meant ruining their relationship. After her release, Katie had barely exchanged a

word with Bethel. Whenever their paths crossed, Katie often turned away, choosing to avoid Bethel entirely.

Accusations had followed—whispers that Bethel lacked warmth, that she was cold to her own blood. Was that the truth? All she ever wanted was for her grandchildren to stay on the right track.

A dry, humorless chuckle escaped Bethel. Both Katie's and Brendon's words stung deeply. Decades of her life had gone into the Dawson family, her energy spent keeping their fortunes and reputation afloat. Even as the years weighed her down, she had carried every responsibility, worried her pampered descendants would falter without her steady hand. All those sacrifices—the late nights, the constant stress, the toll on her condition—were now dismissed with their cruel words. Everything she had done was for them to lead a privileged life, yet here she was, receiving anything but due respect and gratitude. Sadness and disappointment settled over her like a heavy shroud, making it hard to breathe.

Tightness gripped Bethel's chest, the ache radiating down her arms and into her fingers, each breath a struggle against a pain that threatened to swallow her whole.

A sudden wave of agony hit. Bethel's hand flew to her chest, her features contorting in pain. Her vision blurred, and within seconds, she crumpled to the floor, helpless.

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