

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon -

Chapter 9:

Christina regarded Katie with a look bordering on contempt, as though observing a fool parading their ignorance. She couldn't imagine how Katie's mind could come up with such an absurd accusation. Did Katie seriously believe the organizers of the shooting range were mere decoration?

"Are you implying our range operates unfairly?" Ralphie asked, the corner of his mouth lifting subtly as his penetrating gaze settled on Katie. Although his voice was friendly, there was something dangerously sharp lurking behind his eyes, causing Katie's pulse to quicken anxiously.

"No—no, that's not what I meant!" Katie stuttered, frantically waving her hands as she struggled to clarify. "It's just that I know Christina far too well. Shooting isn't in her skill set. She's just a regular housewife."

Ralphie's eyebrows rose slightly. "Are housewives somehow incapable of handling a firearm?"

"Anyway, she's all about household chores—don't let her fool you!" Katie insisted, her desperation mounting with every word.

Dylan's expression hardened noticeably. "Not only can she shoot, she's extraordinary."

"I am pretty sure she somehow cheated! Mr. Scott, you've got to listen to me! You can't trust a word that woman says—she's nothing but a fraud! She doesn't even deserve to stand on the same shooting field as you. And her supposed beating you? Don't be ridiculous!" Katie snapped.

A cold glint sharpened in Dylan's eyes as he shot daggers at her. "If she's unworthy, where exactly does that leave you? Perhaps reflect on your own worthiness before passing judgment."

"You're bewitched by her looks—completely! There's much more to her than meets the eye!" Katie hissed, frustration pushing tears to the corners of her eyes.

Slowly, Dylan scanned the faces of the spectators, noting their mix of shock and stubborn skepticism. He himself had accepted defeat by Christina gracefully, yet these lesser competitors still dared to challenge her credibility.

With a quiet grin, Dylan revealed the truth that changed everything. "She's Rose—the very Rose who defeated me four years ago."

A hush enveloped the space instantly, every head pivoting toward Christina.

"That can't be right! She can't be Rose!" Katie's voice cracked under the weight of disbelief.

Excited chatter surged through the room, each voice alive with theories about the enigmatic Rose and her remarkable abilities.

“If she truly is Rose, defeating Dylan isn’t beyond her capabilities.”

“But didn’t she debut as Chrissy? Why would she need a new alias if she was already a legend?”

“You’re kidding! Rose is this stunning? No one’s seen her in three years since she took Dylan down, and now she’s returned to finish what she started. Her skill level is legendary!”

Brendon remained rooted in place, eyes wide with disbelief as he studied Christina. Her tranquil expression, untouched by the commotion, radiated an unsettling confidence. He blinked. Was this really his former wife? Christina—the dull, ordinary woman he’d divorced—was actually Rose? The one he once dismissed as plain was actually extraordinary and intimidating. This Christina felt unfamiliar, utterly beyond his recognition.

Brendon struggled to bridge the gap between the Christina he remembered and the poised woman standing confidently before him. How many layers had she hidden beneath her facade? They’d shared three years of marriage, yet he suddenly realized he didn’t quite know her. Her secretiveness now gnawed at him, resentment simmering within.

“She can’t be Rose! She’s just a useless housewife!” Katie shouted, her voice frantic and shaking with fury.

Calm and poised, Christina turned her unwavering gaze on Katie. “Like I’ve said—if anyone doubts my identity, they’re welcome to challenge me. But be warned—the stakes are a hand.”

Every eye turned sympathetically toward Katie, recognizing her imminent defeat. Challenging Christina was like courting disaster. Luck might grant one victory, but consistent wins meant undeniable talent.

“Fine,” Katie said reluctantly, forcing herself forward with hesitant steps.

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