

Until You're Mine /

The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 91:

“Bethel!” Christina reacted immediately, reaching out to prevent Bethel from falling. She quickly checked Bethel’s condition and pressed the call button for help without hesitation.

Everything happened in the blink of an eye, leaving the others in the room frozen in shock, unable to react. Before anyone could collect themselves, Christina had already eased the unconscious Bethel onto the bed.

Katie saw Christina examining Bethel’s eyelids and rushed over, shoving Christina out of the way in a fit of anger. “Move! What do you think you’re doing? Stop acting like you know everything! You’re not even a real doctor—you’re just a vet at best!”

The push made Christina stumble for a moment, but she quickly regained her balance and retorted coldly, “A veterinarian is still more useful than you.”

“More useful than me? HOW so? If it weren’t for you, you jinx, would my grandma have fainted like this?” Katie shouted, her anger flaring.

Christina often wondered about the way Katie’s mind worked. How could she so confidently shift blame onto others and act as if she were innocent?

“Didn’t you all push Bethel to this point?” Christina responded, her voice cold.

Suddenly, the hospital room door swung open, and a group of doctors and nurses rushed in, moving Bethel onto a stretcher and wheeling her out to the emergency room.

Everyone gathered outside the emergency room, nervously waiting for news about Bethel.

“Brendon, I’m so sorry. This is all on me. If I hadn’t visited your grandma, she wouldn’t have fainted like that...” Yolanda leaned on Brendon, her eyes rimmed with red as she gazed up at him, seemingly apologetic.

“Don’t blame yourself. This isn’t your fault,” Brendon said, his tone soft.

“Naturally, Yolanda is not to blame,” Katie sneered, her eyes filled with scorn as she shot a glare in Christina’s direction. “It’s that walking disaster’s fault. She’s the reason my grandma ended up like this.”

Keeping her composure, Christina replied, “From now on, I want you all to stay away from Bethel. I’ll look after her.”

“You only want to stay close to my grandma so you can trick her into handing over the Dawson family estate! You’re just like those conniving caretakers who plot to snatch their employers’ assets!” Katie snapped, her voice full of spite.

A cold laugh escaped from Christina. “Think before you speak. Bethel might have fainted again if she had heard your absurd words. Don’t piss her off again.”

“When have we ever done anything to piss her off? You’re the problem here! If you had just left Dorfield for good, none of this would have happened!” Katie yelled, her anger boiling over.

The absurdity of it all made Christina laugh again. She could never understand how Katie managed to spin the truth and always shift the blame onto others.

“Christina, I know you care about Mrs. Dawson’s well-being,” Yolanda interjected gently, her words calculated to smear Christina’s reputation. “But you’re not related by blood. Isn’t it a bit much to forbid her grandchildren from visiting her?”

“Look at her—just another greedy outsider trying to grab the Dawson family’s property!” Katie exclaimed, curling her lip. “Leaving her alone with my grandma is just giving her more time to fill my grandma’s head with poison.”

Christina shot Katie a look of pure contempt, as if she were staring at an idiot. “You’ll only continue to piss Bethel off with these absurd words. Just remember this—if something happens to her, it won’t do you any good, but it might just work out in my favor.”

Katie went stiff, her face twisted in bewilderment. “W-what’s that supposed to mean?”

Brendon’s brows drew together as he stared at Christina. “What exactly are you up to?” Just being in the same room as her seemed to set him on edge.

“Christina, you wouldn’t really hurt Mrs. Dawson just to get your hands on the Dawson estate, would you?” Yolanda asked in a shaky voice, clutching Brendon’s arm and shrinking behind him as if she were frightened.

“The estate hasn’t even changed hands yet. I’m not nearly as reckless as you are,” Christina answered, a small smirk tugging at her lips as she looked at them with open disdain.

“So, does that mean if it does get transferred, you’d hurt her?” Yolanda pushed further, dead set on tarnishing Christina’s image.

“I never said any such thing, nor do I have those kinds of intentions. Stop thinking that everyone is as calculating as you are,” Christina replied in an even voice.

A wave of color drained from Yolanda’s face, and tears started to fall down her cheeks. “I didn’t mean for it to sound that way...”

“Christina! Haven’t you stirred up enough chaos?” Brendon shouted, his glare sharp with frustration.

“Chaos? I haven’t done anything of the sort. As long as I’m here, I’ll make sure Bethel is safe,” Christina said, her tone unyielding.

“You? That’s a laugh.” Brendon scoffed. “And what exactly can you do to make that promise? Where does all this confidence come from?”

“Believe what you want, but I am more than capable of ensuring her well-being,” Christina responded, steady and sure.

Brendon’s gaze turned sharp, and there was no mistaking the challenge in his voice. “Alright then. If you can get Dr. Emmett to come today, we’ll agree not to visit my grandma again until she’s recovered. But if you can’t, you’ll have to stop setting your sights on the Dawson family estate or eyeing any of the Dawson family’s assets!”

Before Christina could get a word in, Katie jumped in with excitement.

“Hold on! There’s more…” She aimed a smug smile at Christina. “If Dr. Emmett doesn’t show up today, then you’re leaving Dorfield for good. Don’t even think about coming back.”

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Without missing a beat, Christina said, “Deal! Just remember to transfer five million to me once I fetch Dr. Emmett here as per our previous bet. Don’t even think about weaseling out. And by then, don’t forget the public apology you owe me. Here’s a little reminder—once you lose the bet, forget about securing the chance of receiving treatment from King.” She had every intention of making Katie and the others fulfill their end of the bet today.

Katie’s lips curled into a smug smile. “Works for me—as long as you can get Dr. Emmett here before the day’s over.”

Katie doubted Christina could pull it off, especially on such short notice. She was convinced Christina was a total fool for taking on the bet with such a tight deadline. Booking a session with Calvin was nearly impossible. Even the city’s elite had to wait for months, and Christina, barely valued by the Jones family, didn’t stand a chance.

“But if you fail to bring Dr. Emmett, you know the deal. Hand over the chance of being treated by King,” Brendon chimed in.

With unwavering calm, Christina just smiled. “Sure.”

Hearing her agreement, Brendon let out a silent breath of relief. For a while, he had been worried that Christina might've already given King's treatment opportunity to someone else. But now, it seemed she was just holding on to the treatment opportunity, trying to use it as leverage to win him back. Sadly for her, her plan was doomed to fail from the start since he had made up his mind—his love story was with Yolanda.

Yolanda glanced at Brendon, her tone gentle as she made another attempt to solidify her kind image in his heart. "Brendon, maybe we should just drop this bet and not make things difficult for Christina? After all, Christina is your ex-wife. I don't really mind if I can't receive treatment from King."

Brendon's gaze lingered on her pale cheeks and trembling lips, a pang of sorrow rising as he saw how willing she was to sacrifice for others. With emotion thick in his voice, he insisted, "I won't drop this bet. Yolanda, I will do everything I can just to cure your illness. Losing you isn't something I could ever accept."

"But..." Yolanda tried to object, measured uncertainty flickering in her eyes, but Katie cut her off before she could finish.

"Yolanda, don't bother worrying about that snake, Christina! You need to put yourself first. We're talking about the chance of receiving King's treatment—and the prospect of your illness being gone forever!"

Tears welled in Yolanda's eyes, her words barely steady. "I just don't want to trouble you all. I don't want you to go through so much for me."

Brendon answered softly, conviction ringing in every word. "You're about to marry me. Whatever struggles you face, we'll face them together."

Across the room, Christina watched their exchange, a faint smile playing on her lips as though she were enjoying an overdramatic scene. Her amusement didn't go unnoticed. Katie suddenly rounded on her, irritation spilling over. "Why are you still standing there? Go fetch Dr. Emmett already! Don't think you can stall your way out of this. If you can't bring him today, you will lose the bet!"

Raising her eyebrows, Christina let out a light laugh. "Even I'm not in any hurry. Why are you?"

Katie scoffed, flicking her hair over her shoulder. "Why should I care? I'm not the one about to eat crow," she retorted, rolling her eyes before turning away, clearly done with the conversation.

Unfazed, Christina slowly pulled out her phone and punched in a number with practiced ease.

Almost instantly, the line connected, and Calvin's upbeat voice greeted her. "Funny, I was just thinking of calling you about a complicated case, and now you beat me to it."

Christina's lips curled into a small smile. "I actually need a favor from you."

"Just say the word. You know I'll do whatever I can," he replied.

"I'd appreciate it if you could swing by the hospital. I'm here right now."

“Wait, you’re already at the hospital? Is everything alright? I will come over immediately.”

“Well, there’s a patient I want you to examine.”

“I’m actually at the hospital. Where are you exactly? I’ll head over now.”

She passed along her location and ended the call, tucking her phone away with a look of calm satisfaction. Because she hadn’t used speakerphone, everyone else remained clueless—no hint about who was on the other end of the line or what was said.

Katie scoffed, her tone dripping with sarcasm. “Honestly, you’re such a nice actress. Do you expect us to believe Dr. Emmett drops everything for you, as if he’s just waiting by the phone to answer your call? Get real. He’s far too busy for games like that.”

Brendon shared her skepticism. Calvin’s reputation as a top surgeon meant he was practically untouchable. Even if he made the trip to Lorbridge and pulled every...

String he could, getting even five minutes with Calvin would be nearly impossible, let alone under these circumstances.

Yolanda tugged at Katie’s sleeve, her tone soft, her words carefully chosen to make her appear considerate while subtly echoing Katie’s accusation. “Katie, please don’t embarrass Christina like that. It’s really not polite to put someone on the spot.”

Katie shot back without missing a beat, her eyes cold as she glared at Christina. “What’s wrong with that? Since she’s bold enough to make wild claims, exposing her feels like the right thing to do. She asked for it.”

Letting out an exaggerated sigh, Yolanda turned her attention to Christina, her voice laced with false concern. “Christina, there’s no need to put on an act like this. Someone like Dr. Emmett doesn’t come when summoned by just one call. Why set yourself up for embarrassment?”

Before anyone else could speak, a commanding voice rang out, loud and authoritative, cutting through the tension. “Who accused Christina of putting on an act?”

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Katie, Brendon, and Yolanda jumped, startled by the sudden voice behind them.

Katie spun around, fuming. She didn’t even check who it was before snapping, “You nosy old geezer! Can’t you just mind your own damned business?”

She wasn't done yet and was about to hurl more insults when Brendon's cold voice cut in. "Shut up."

Katie clamped her mouth shut, shooting a glare at the energetic old man. Something about him felt familiar, like she'd seen him before. But her thoughts were cut short when Brendon spoke up respectfully. "Dr. Emmett, my sister meant no harm. I apologize on her behalf. Please forgive her."

As he spoke, he threw Katie a warning glance.

Katie froze and then stammered, "I-I'm sorry, Dr. Emmett. I didn't mean what I said. Please don't take it to heart."

Calvin snorted, his voice laced with sarcasm. "An apology? An old geezer like me is not worthy of such grand gestures."

"We're truly sorry, Dr. Emmett," Brendon said, his brows drawn with worry. His tone was sincere, his posture humble. He clearly didn't want to offend Calvin. After all, even the biggest families in Lorbridge wouldn't dare step on Calvin's toes—let alone he.

"I really just spoke without thinking. Please forgive me, Dr. Emmett. I'm so sorry," Katie added quickly, her voice tight with emotion.

Yolanda stepped forward, her voice calm and sweet. "Dr. Emmett, you're a man of great standing. Surely you wouldn't hold a grudge against someone so young and impulsive?"

Calvin sneered and gave her a sideways glance. "Spare me the sweet talk. I'm petty—I'd hold a grudge against even a newborn."

Yolanda was left speechless. The awkwardness was palpable. This wasn't the Calvin she'd heard about. His reputation didn't match the man standing before them.

Off to the side, Christina's lips curled into a faint smile as she discreetly gave Calvin a thumbs-up.

Calvin noticed and lifted his chin slightly, a flash of pride in his eyes. Then, he leaned into his arrogance as he shifted his gaze back to Katie and the others, his eyes tinged with disdain.

Katie fumed inside. She wanted to lash out but knew better. She couldn't afford to offend Calvin. If Calvin struck back, the Dawson family wouldn't stand a chance. She swallowed her pride and forced an apologetic look. "Dr. Emmett, I truly understand my mistake. Please forgive me this once."

At that moment, Brendon spoke up. "Dr. Emmett, were you invited here by Christina?"

He was trying to steer the conversation and fish for answers. If Christina had indeed invited Calvin here, maybe there was still hope to salvage the situation. Perhaps he could even seize the opportunity to build a connection.

"That's right," Calvin replied coolly, his sharp eyes scanning Brendon. The tone in which Brendon mentioned Christina—was there something between them?

Katie, Brendon, and Yolanda stiffened in shock at Calvin's words. Christina had actually invited Calvin!

Brendon was the first to recover. He let out a quiet breath, slightly relieved. Maybe this wasn't such a disaster after all. If he played it right, this could work in his favor—even though he lost the bet. He stepped forward. "My grandmother's been sick, and Christina's been doing everything to take care of her. Christina is an amazing wife. I'm truly grateful for everything she's done for my family..."

Calvin's brows furrowed. Wife? Christina had never said she was married. And judging by how these three treated her, something felt off. Turning to Christina, he asked, "Is he your husband?"

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Brendon cast a nervous look at Christina, hoping she would play along and lie.

Christina, however, had no plans to play his game. She calmly spoke the truth. "No. He's my ex-husband."

A deep frown crept across Brendon's face as he glared at her, barely containing his annoyance. He could never get used to how blunt she was. Instead of helping smooth things over, she always chose to be honest, no matter how uncomfortable it made everyone.

Calvin picked up on her words and offered Brendon a mocking grin. "So, ex-husband," he said, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "You're such a smooth talker. If Christina hadn't cleared things up, I might have actually thought you two were the picture-perfect couple, so loving and supportive of each other."

A flush crept up Brendon's cheeks as the sting from Calvin's remark left him feeling exposed.

"Dr. Emmett, I think you misunderstand. Brendon has always been fair to Christina. He made sure she received what she was owed," Yolanda chimed in, her voice gentle as she tried to defend Brendon.

"Did he give her half of the family assets?" Calvin asked, his tone sharp. The direct question took Yolanda by surprise, and she fell silent, unable to find a reply.

Calvin sneered, "Who would care about that small amount? Even if you gave her half of everything, you're far from treating her fairly." Calvin's eyes swept over everyone before finally settling on Brendon. It was clear that Brendon had no idea what he had lost. In truth, maybe letting Christina go was the most correct thing Brendon had ever done. Someone as remarkable as Christina needed

a partner who could see her true worth. Judging by their clueless expressions, it was obvious they had no clue about Christina's discreet identity.

This thought brought the faintest smile to Calvin's lips. It seemed Christina hadn't planned to reveal she was actually the legendary healer, King. He couldn't wait for the day when they found out the truth. He imagined the shock on their faces would be unforgettable.

"You believe Christina has been treated unfairly? But Brendon has already given her five million and provided her with two houses. Wouldn't you say that's sufficient? Christina knows nothing aside from taking care of chores, and that's it. She has more than enough now to guarantee she can live well from here on out," Katie, unable to remain silent, quickly spoke up in Brendon's defense.

Calvin's response was a chilly laugh. "Some people's shamelessness knows no limits."

"Wait. Seriously? How did that make me shameless?" Katie retorted, her words thick with contempt.

"Katie!" Brendon snapped, shooting her a furious glare. "Can't you be quiet for a while?"

Brendon knew he had to stop Katie from running her mouth. Only a little while earlier, they had been apologizing profusely, and Calvin still hadn't forgiven them. If Katie kept stirring things up, she would only make matters worse for everyone.

Anger simmered inside Katie, but she bit her tongue and said nothing more.

"Dr. Emmett, Christina accepted the settlement. At that time, I even considered giving her one more house," Brendon said, turning to Calvin and lowering his voice in an attempt to ease the tension.

Calvin looked at him, arching an eyebrow. "Is that so? Which house did you have in mind?"

Brendon managed a strained smile. "It would be up to Christina. Whichever one she liked best."

"Why not the seaside villa at Bayview Estates?" Christina said, her response immediate, her voice carrying a chill.

Brendon tensed up for a moment, clearly surprised she would ask so directly.

Katie could not hold back her outrage. "How could you even suggest that? That villa was supposed to go to Yolanda! Don't you have any shame?"

"It's not like I begged you to give me anything," Christina replied, folding her arms and flashing them a small, knowing smile. "Your brother was the one offering me a house and letting me choose. Now that I've picked, you're angry about it? If you didn't want to give, you should've kept quiet instead of acting generous."

"You!" Katie's temper boiled over, and she nearly lunged at Christina before Brendon quickly stopped her.

“Brendon.” Yolanda moved closer, her eyes shimmering with unshed tears. She spoke words she didn’t mean. “If Christina desires that house, then just let her have it. Honestly, it’s alright. I don’t mind it.” Pausing, she added, “I am perfectly capable of earning money myself. However, the only thing Christina knows how to do is housework, and that is all. If she spends money recklessly, life outside might be tough for her. After everything she’s done as a housewife for you for so many years, giving her a bit more is the least we can do.”

Calvin was ready to respond, but before he could speak, Christina’s voice rang out, silencing the room.

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“Then, thank you, Brendon. Please transfer the ownership of the three properties to me as soon as possible, so you can’t back out later,” Christina said with a faint smile. She paid no mind to Yolanda’s snide remarks. All that mattered to her was getting something real—something tangible. They could talk all they wanted. She couldn’t care less.

Brendon’s expression remained cold. “Don’t worry. You’ll get what’s yours.”

“That’s reassuring to hear,” Christina replied calmly.

While Christina remained unfazed, Calvin was seething. His chest tightened with rage. These fools had kept a medical legend trapped in the role of a housewife for years! Worse, they showed no appreciation for whatever she had contributed to the household. If Christina hadn’t preferred to keep her identity as the legendary healer King under wraps, he would’ve revealed the truth and made them regret it for life.

“Pay up now. You lost the five-million bet,” Christina said, her eyes locked on Brendon.

Brendon glanced at Calvin, who was staring at him intently. Gritting his teeth, he transferred five million to her. “That settles it,” he muttered, barely holding back his fury.

Katie shot Christina a deadly glare. The frustration in her eyes was plain. To her, Christina was nothing but a blackmailer. What burned more was that there was nothing they could do about it.

Yolanda clenched her fists behind her back, her chest tight with bitterness. The house and the money should’ve been hers. But she wasn’t alone in that pain—Brendon and Katie felt like they’d been cut open.

“Apologize now as per the bet’s demands,” Christina said after receiving the money.

“Sorry. We were wrong. I hope you won’t hold it against us,” Brendon said, lowering his head.

Katie wanted to snap, but when she saw Brendon bow, she had to do the same. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have spoken to you like that. Please forgive me.”

Christina didn’t even look at them properly. Her voice was flat. “Alright.”

Her indifference made Katie’s blood boil. But she couldn’t explode—not now. She swallowed her anger, her breathing shaky.

“Christina, they’ve already apologized. Can’t you just forgive them? We’re not enemies. Why make it worse?” Yolanda stepped in, making another feigned attempt to smooth things over while actually aiming to make Christina look vindictive.

“Why don’t you just mind your own business?” Christina shot her a sharp look of contempt.

Yolanda’s fake smile froze. She hadn’t expected such a blunt response, and it left her utterly humiliated.

Calvin, who had remained expressionless till now, quietly gave Christina an approving glance.

Just then, the doors to the emergency room opened. Doctors and nurses began walking out. When they saw Calvin, they stopped in their tracks. Shock and awe crossed their faces. Some opened their mouths but were too stunned to speak.

“Dr. Emmett!” someone finally cried out, their voice shaking with excitement. The others quickly found their voices.

“Dr. Emmett, what brings you here?” one asked eagerly, barely containing their excitement.

“I came to check on the patient,” Calvin said.

His reply drew a few curious glances toward Christina. They already knew she was the one who invited him here and somehow convinced him to delay surgery for a major figure. It was clear her connection with Calvin was something extraordinary.

Seizing the rare chance, one of the doctors hesitated before asking, “Dr. Emmett, I’ve been stuck on a case. Would you have time for a discussion later?”

Calvin nodded. “Sure. I’ll be around for a few days. If you run into any issues, feel free to ask.”

“Thank you, Dr. Emmett!” the doctors beamed, nearly bouncing with joy.

After checking on Bethel, Calvin turned to Christina. “She’s stable for now. But it’s best not to upset her again. Emotional stress will only slow her recovery.”

“Understood,” Christina nodded and then faced Brendon. “You heard him. Stick to your word and leave her in peace until the surgery.”

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“Why should—” Katie began, but Brendon interrupted her. Frustrated, she threw her hand up and shot Christina a withering glare.

“Fine. I’ll agree,” Brendon said, his voice softer now. “Just take care of my grandma.”

“I will,” Christina replied, her tone cold and distant. There was no warmth in her words.

Brendon shifted uncomfortably. The chill in her voice stung, but he still clung to the hope that he could mend things enough to establish a connection with someone as influential as Calvin.

After Bethel regained consciousness, Brendon left her hospital room with Yolanda and Katie.

Once they returned to Brendon’s ward, Katie’s fury erupted like a storm.

“Why are we even listening to Christina?” she snapped, seething with anger.

Brendon turned sharply, fixing Katie with a stern glare. “Because she knows Dr. Emmett. You can’t keep lashing out at her like that.”

Katie crossed her arms defiantly. “Who knows how they even know each other? For all we know, there could be something shady going on between them,” she spat, dissatisfied, starting to spread rumors.

“Katie, that’s not fair,” Yolanda said gently, her brows furrowing in feigned disagreement. “We don’t know their relationship. No matter how close they are, we shouldn’t jump to conclusions.”

Katie turned to her, frustration bubbling just beneath the surface. “You’re too soft, Yolanda. If you keep letting things slide, Christina’s going to bleed the Dawson family dry.”

Yolanda’s gaze fell to the floor, her voice barely above a whisper. Her next words were calculated, meant to make her seem gentle and considerate. “I just want Brendon. As for the Dawson family’s assets, Brendon can give them to whoever he wants. Whatever decision Brendon makes, I’ll support him, as long as he doesn’t let you suffer.”

Katie’s eyes shimmered with emotion, touched by Yolanda’s quiet devotion. “Yolanda, you’re too good. If Christina had even a shred of your kindness and consideration, we wouldn’t be drowning in all this chaos.”

Yolanda gave Christina a mild, mock-scolding glance. “Don’t talk like that. Christina has her own merits too.”

“Merits?” Katie scoffed with an icy laugh. “She’s just a housewife who only knows how to scrub dishes. She’s not even in your league.”

Yolanda offered a soft smile. “Christina’s actually pretty impressive. Didn’t she win a championship once? I think that’s something worth acknowledging.”

“Impressive?” Katie snorted. “Please. She probably slept with the shooting range owner to rig the competition. There’s no way she earned that title fair and square.”

Brendon stiffened. Her words dragged his thoughts back to that competition—the image of Christina, poised and fierce, was still vivid in his mind. It was a stark contrast to the quiet, unremarkable woman he had always known. That memory lingered, unshakable.

“Yolanda!” Katie’s tone sweetened as she hooked her arm through Yolanda’s with affection. “Didn’t you always dream of becoming a fashion designer?”

Yolanda tilted her head. “Yes, I did. Why?”

“I just heard something exciting,” Katie said, lowering her voice as if sharing a secret. “The Hubbard Group is about to launch a fashion design competition. The first prize? You become their lead designer and the Hubbard family’s exclusive stylist.”

Yolanda paused, taken aback, before regaining her composure with a smile. “Where did you hear that? I haven’t heard anything about the Hubbard Group hosting a fashion design competition.”

“My friend knows Mr. Hubbard’s cousin—he let it slip,” Katie whispered, giving a conspiratorial wink.

“It sounds like fun. If it’s true, let’s enter together. It’s not about winning. Just participating would be amazing,” Yolanda’s eyes sparkled, though she masked the fire beneath her calm expression.

“Fun?” Katie threw her head back with a laugh. “No, no, no—you have to win. Once you’re the Hubbard family’s designer, you’ll get me in the door. And once I’m close to Mr. Hubbard...” Her eyes gleamed as she clasped her hands to her chest, like a girl dreaming of her fairy-tale prince. “Boom! Mrs. Hubbard!”

Katie twirled dramatically, already swept up in the fantasy. “Once I’m Mrs. Hubbard, the Dawson family will be untouchable. And when that happens, I swear I’ll buy you a super-yacht. We’ll throw yacht parties every day, living like queens!”

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Yolanda maintained a pleasant smile, though inwardly, she scoffed at Katie. The idea that Katie actually thought she could help her become Mrs. Hubbard was laughable. If Yolanda ever had a real chance at climbing that high, she would never let anyone else take the opportunity.

“Yolanda, you have to help me,” Katie pleaded, clinging to her arm and giving it a playful shake, completely unaware of the flicker of disdain in Yolanda’s eyes.

Yolanda smiled sweetly and patted Katie’s head. “Don’t worry. If I win the championship, I’ll definitely help you win Mr. Hubbard over.”

“Thank you, Yolanda! You’re the best!” Katie beamed, resting her head on Yolanda’s shoulder, her face glowing with joy.

Off to the side, Brendon stood quietly, lost in thought. Christina’s smile kept replaying in his mind. Since leaving the Dawson family, she had changed. The stiffness she once carried was gone—now, she walked with quiet confidence. The image of her dazzling smile made his heart skip a beat. Strange emotions stirred inside him, ones he didn’t fully understand.

“Brendon?” Katie’s brow furrowed. She nudged him and raised her voice. “Brendon!”

“Huh?” He blinked, snapping out of his daze. His gaze shifted to the two women. “What is it?”

“What were you thinking about? You looked completely zoned out,” Katie asked, watching him closely.

“Nothing,” he muttered, quickly burying the feelings that had just surfaced. “What were you saying?”

“I said the Hubbard Group is organizing a fashion design competition. Yolanda and I are joining,” Katie replied.

“That’s good,” Brendon said distractedly.

Yolanda noticed the way his mind wandered and clenched her fists, her nails digging into her palms. It seemed he was thinking about that wretched Christina.

“And that’s it? No encouragement for us?” Katie teased, nudging him with a grin.

“If you both make it into the top ten, I’ll give you each a hundred thousand,” Brendon said flatly.

“Deal!” Katie cheered, flashing a wink at Yolanda.

Yolanda smiled and gently tapped Katie’s forehead. But deep inside, her eyes flashed with fierce determination. She was going to win that championship. That was her chance to get closer to the Hubbard family. The Dawson family was nothing compared to the prestigious Hubbard family. If

she could establish a connection with the Hubbards, there was no way she'd stay stuck in the Dawson circle.

When Christina walked into the private room of Morfort Restaurant, Laretta Gomez, the mother of the child whose medical bills Christina had paid upfront, and Calvin were already waiting.

"Sorry I'm late," Christina said with a small, apologetic smile.

"You're not late at all. We just got here," Laretta said warmly. "Come, have a seat," Calvin chimed in, motioning Christina to join them as he began the introductions.

Raising her glass of red wine, Laretta stood up. "Miss Jones, I'd like to toast to you. If it weren't for you, my son might not have made it."

"It was just good fortune that Dr. Emmett happened to be at the hospital," Christina said modestly, standing to clink glasses with her.

"Even so, I owe you more than words can say," Laretta said in a sincere voice.

After finishing her drink, Laretta turned and toasted Calvin as well. "You both saved my son's life. I'll never forget it," she said, placing two bank cards on the table. "There's five million in each. It's just a small token of my appreciation."

Laretta had already reimbursed Christina for the hospital costs—this was beyond that. A gesture straight from the heart.

"Ms. Gomez, that's far too generous," Christina said, gently pushing the card back toward her. "I don't want money. I only have one small favor to ask."

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The Humble Ex-wife is Now A Brilliant Tycoon

Chapter 98:

Initially, Laretta suspected Christina's hesitation stemmed from dissatisfaction with the sum offered, prompting her to consider a higher amount. But who would have guessed that Christina was asking for her help with something instead? Declining a generous five-million-dollar offer in exchange for help signaled that the favor Christina needed was no trivial matter.

Laretta leaned back slightly, cautious. "What exactly do you want from me?"

Christina noticed the wariness in Laretta's voice and gave a calm smile. "I need your help to uncover information about Woodfort. I'm prepared to compensate you accordingly."

Christina recognized that Laretta was no ordinary person. Laretta's grandfather had once commanded troops, and her younger brother was already a major general. Their family wielded power that outshone even the most elite circles. With such a background, Laretta had grown up sharp, observant, and always on alert. Naturally, she didn't trust easily.

Laretta paused, caught off guard by how simple Christina's request was—just help digging up information on Woodfort. "What do you need Woodfort for?" she asked.

Christina's expression turned serious. "It's for Dylan's sister. She's being treated by Dr. King—the famous healer—but her treatment is missing one final ingredient."

Woodfort was derived from a rare plant notorious for its toxicity, yet its root possessed remarkable healing properties. Given the plant's scarcity and the difficulty involved in harvesting its root, obtaining it was an extraordinary challenge.

"You mean Chloe is sick?" Laretta asked, her tone changing. Having only just returned to the country, she hadn't been privy to this detail. A condition severe enough to warrant the King's attention must be grave indeed. But it surprised her that the Scott family had actually brought someone like King on board.

"Yes," Christina confirmed with a nod. "That's why I need your help to find Woodfort."

Laretta hesitated, her expression troubled. "If this were a few years ago, I'd have helped you in a heartbeat. But now..." She gave a faint, bitter smile. "I don't have those kinds of connections anymore. I left my family five years ago and moved overseas. I haven't spoken to any of them since. All I have now is money—not influence. I'm really sorry."

Christina looked slightly surprised but then nodded...

with understanding. "That's alright. If you happen to come across anything, just let me know."

"Very well, I'll keep watch for you," Laretta said gently, sliding the bank card toward Christina. "You should keep this."

Before Christina could respond, Calvin's voice interrupted the moment.

"Laretta, you should go back and visit your family."

Calvin sighed quietly.

Laretta's expression shifted. "Mr. Emmett, can we not talk about that right now?" she said, clearly uncomfortable.

Calvin exhaled. "I'm only saying this because I'm worried you'll regret it someday. Did you know your father is unwell? I intended to travel to Lorbridge to perform surgery on him, but chance led me to cross paths with you instead."

Laretta's body stiffened, and her hand holding the fork visibly trembled. Slowly, she shifted her gaze to meet Calvin's.

“His condition isn’t good,” Calvin continued, his voice heavy. “Honestly, I can’t guarantee he’ll even make it through the operation.”

He wasn’t being dramatic—he truly wasn’t confident about the outcome. But if Christina got to perform the surgery, the chances would improve significantly.

Lauretta’s fingers tightened around the fork. Her mind raced with memories of her father. A deep bitterness began to well up inside her. She felt like she’d failed as a daughter. It had been years since she last contacted her family. Pride had built an invisible barrier, preventing her from reaching out. She had naively hoped that time alone might heal the fractures between them, but she had never considered the possibility of unforeseen circumstances. The mere thought of losing her father without one last farewell tightened a painful knot inside her heart, leaving her restless and unsettled.

“Even you are not confident about the surgery?” Lauretta asked, her eyes searching Calvin’s face.

He slowly shook his head. “Yes. But if King did the surgery, there’d be a better chance. Maybe an eighty percent success rate. Still not a guarantee—but much better odds.”

A flicker of hope stirred within Lauretta. “If I help King acquire Woodfort, could I persuade King to undertake the case?”

Calvin cast a discreet glance at Christina. “It’s hard to say. King doesn’t care about power or money. No one really knows what motivates King.”

Calvin knew full well that Christina wouldn’t be swayed under any circumstances, and her consent only came willingly.

Christina, who had been quietly listening, finally spoke up. “King will be in touch with me soon. How about I ask if King is on board?”

“Really? King will reach out to you?” Lauretta’s eyes sparkled with hope.

“Yes,” Christina nodded and briefly explained how she had secured King’s help for Chloe’s treatment.

“I see,” Lauretta said with a nod. “I’ll do everything I can to find Woodfort. If I succeed, I’ll offer it in exchange for King to perform the surgery on my father.”

Christina nodded thoughtfully. “I’ll make sure King hears your request.”

“Thank you,” Lauretta said sincerely, lifting her glass in a quiet toast of gratitude.

By the time Lauretta walked Christina out of Morfort Restaurant, the sky had darkened, and the evening air had cooled. A gentle breeze brushed against Christina’s face, tugging loose strands of her hair. Beneath the streetlamp’s glow, her silhouette shimmered softly, her presence quietly commanding attention despite the stillness. Just then, a sleek black Maybach rolled up to the curb. Christina assumed the driver had arrived and moved to greet him, but then a tall figure in a tailored black suit stepped out, radiating an air of effortless elegance. It was Dylan.

Christina widened her eyes slightly. She had only called for the driver. What was Dylan doing here?

Slightly intoxicated from the wine, Christina smiled warmly as she closed the distance between them. “You—” Her words cut short as her high heel unexpectedly caught on the uneven pavement, sending her staggering forward in an unsteady falter.

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Chapter 99:

Dylan rushed forward and caught Christina just in time, steadying her as her high heel snagged on the step. One arm wrapped around her waist, their faces only inches apart.

Christina clung to Dylan, arms looped tightly around his neck, her body slightly tilted, balanced only by his hold.

Their eyes locked, and for a moment, it felt like their noses might brush. Warm breath passed between them, only occasionally broken by the whisper of a passing breeze.

A soft gust lifted a few loose strands of Christina’s hair, brushing them gently across her flushed cheeks.

The faint scent of wine lingered on her breath, mixing with her natural fragrance into something delicate, intoxicating.

Maybe it was the wine on her breath—or maybe something more—but Dylan felt lightheaded, his breathing unsteady. Her skin glowed under the light, and up close, every feature of her face seemed impossibly beautiful. He couldn’t tear his eyes off her.

Thump. Thump. Christina couldn’t tell whose heartbeat echoed louder—hers or his—but one thing was certain: Dylan looked devastatingly dashing up close.

“Has anyone ever told you how ridiculously handsome you are?” she asked with a playful smile, her voice low and unguarded.

Dylan didn’t answer right away. His expression remained stoic, lips pressed into a firm line as he gazed at her.

“Why the poker face all the time? Come on, smile a little,” she teased, lifting a hand and gently poking the corner of his mouth.

The edge of Dylan’s mouth lifted into a faint smile.

“There it is. You look even better when you smile,” Christina beamed.

Maybe it was the alcohol talking, but something about him made her bolder, more curious. She leaned in a little closer, drawing in a breath.

“You smell amazing,” she murmured.

Dylan blinked. “What?”

“I said, you smell amazing,” she repeated, laughing softly as she buried her face in the curve of his neck and breathed him in again.

His scent was warm and clean, addictive. It wrapped around her like a spell. Something stirred inside her, deep and sudden—like a restlessness she couldn’t quite suppress.

Her nose grazed his neck, cold against his skin, and the contrast made his body stiffen. A shiver ran through him, and his Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed hard.

The air between them thickened, heated by their closeness and quiet breaths.

Desire coiled inside Dylan, sharp and sudden, dangerously hard to ignore. He inhaled deeply, trying to steady himself. His voice was rough as he finally spoke. “You’ve had too much to drink.”

“I’m not drunk,” Christina whispered, her eyes gleaming with mischief.

“You—” Dylan started, but she cut him off with a soft press of her finger against his lips.

“Shh.” Her smile deepened. “I’m really not drunk.”

She wasn’t lying. Tipsy, yes. But not drunk. Just bold, curious, and fearlessly drawn to him.

Dylan stared at her, thrown off balance. A resigned smile touched his lips. A tipsy Christina was even more endearing than usual.

“Don’t believe me?” she asked, tilting her head, studying his face.

“I believe you,” Dylan said quietly.

“You don’t look like you believe me.” She scrunched her nose and leaned forward, pressing her forehead against his.

Dylan tensed again. His hand at her waist tightened as their closeness pushed him to the edge. Her touch... Her warmth... Her scent...

“I’ll show you I’m not drunk,” she said, pulling back just enough to meet his eyes.

“How?” he asked, voice husky, throat tightening, his Adam’s apple rising once more.

Christina's lips curled into a slow, teasing smile as she leaned in, inch by inch, closing the space between them.

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Chapter 100:

Dylan's breath grew heavier, a little quicker, as he struggled to rein in the storm inside him. His lips inched toward Christina's, instinctively drawn to the warmth between them.

But just as Dylan thought their lips would meet, Christina pulled away. He froze, caught off guard, his brows knitting ever so slightly in annoyance.

Before he could speak, Christina slipped out of his arms and kicked off her heels without warning.

Alarmed, Dylan stretched his long legs and caught her hand just in time, fearing she might bolt toward the street. "Where do you think you're going?" His voice was low, husky—tinged with worry and resignation.

"I'm proving I'm not drunk!" Christina declared with a tiny hiccup.

"And how exactly do you plan on doing that?" he asked, his tone softening.

"Let's race. I bet I can outrun you," she said, eyes bright with playful confidence.

Dylan stared at the pink flush on her cheeks for a moment, and then, without a word, swept her off her feet.

"Hey! We didn't even start running yet. Are you cheating?" Christina frowned.

Dylan chuckled under his breath. "It's too late now. The race is postponed till tomorrow."

When he didn't get a response, he looked down and met her unwavering gaze. "What?" he asked.

"Nothing. I just think you have a really nice smile. You should show it more," she said with a gentle smile.

He didn't reply, but a brief, quiet smile tugged at the corners of his lips as he carried her forward, pausing only to pick up her abandoned heels. Whenever Christina drank, she carried a certain childlike charm—unguarded, free.

He placed her gently in the passenger seat. As he reached over to fasten her seatbelt, her fingers suddenly curled around his tie.

He frowned slightly and reached to pull it free, but before he could, she tugged sharply, drawing him close.

His body was pulled forward, and he braced himself against the seat to keep from crashing into her. Their faces hovered just inches apart.

At that moment, the world around them fell quiet. Only the sound of their breath and the thudding of their hearts filled the silence. It felt like time had stopped.

“Why aren’t you smiling?” she asked softly, her brow creased with mild frustration.

Dylan hesitated and then forced a smile—but it came out stiff and unsure. He wasn’t someone who smiled easily.

“That’s better,” Christina said with a satisfied grin. “You look even more handsome when you smile.” She let go of his tie and settled back in the seat.

“Get some rest. We’ll be there soon,” Dylan said quietly.

“Alright.” She closed her eyes without protest. Within seconds, her breathing evened out, and she drifted to sleep.

By the time Dylan arrived at her home, she was sound asleep. “Mr. Scott,” Aylin greeted with a respectful bow, flanked by a few household staff.

Dylan gave a slight frown and waved them off. They took the hint and quietly stepped away.

Not wanting to wake Christina, Dylan gently lifted her in his arms and carried her upstairs. He placed her carefully on the bed, pulling the covers over her sleeping form.

As he looked down at her peaceful face, something stirred in his chest. A strange heat. He swallowed hard and tugged at his tie, trying to compose himself.

He allowed himself one last glance—then quietly turned and slipped out, closing the door behind him.

Back in his own place, Dylan opened his wardrobe. His eyes landed on a white shirt hanging neatly inside, marked faintly with a lipstick stain. The moment in the car flashed across his mind—their closeness, their breath mingling in the silence. He could still feel the ghost of her lips against his. His thoughts spiraled, tangled and loud.

He reached for the white shirt, hesitated, and hung it back again. Then, without a word, he headed into the bathroom. After washing up, he stood at the sink, gripping its edges, staring at his own reflection. His sharp features were unreadable, but his eyes burned with something unspoken. And then her voice echoed in his mind—soft, tipsy, and filled with laughter.

