

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 101

Chapter 101

"Who is this?"

Nyla's expression changed as she recognized Jordyn's voice. "This is Nyla. I need to speak to Clark. Put him on the phone."

A light laugh came from the other end. "Oh, Clarko? He's in the shower right now and probably can't take your call. If you need something, Ms. Jayston, just tell me, and I'll pass it on."

Nyla bit her lip, her hands clenching at her sides. "Jordyn, I've been kidnapped-"

Before she could finish, Jordyn cut her off, "Nyla, do you really think using such a pathetic lie will get Clark to come to you? If you want to see him so badly, come find him yourself. But he's with me and our baby tonight, so he doesn't have time for you."

Nyla knew that this was a matter of life and death. She couldn't afford to hold a personal grudge. "I'm really kidnapped... Just tell him this-"

"If you're really kidnapped, then go ahead and die. Without you, my baby can be legitimized, and I can be with Clark." Jordyn's voice was filled with malice. She hung up immediately.

Nyla's heart sank. Fear, despair, and hopelessness overwhelmed her.

Jordyn genuinely wanted her dead. Jordyn wouldn't let her get in touch with Clark, and he might never know about this call.

Maybe she shouldn't have made that call. From the moment Clark cheated, she was disposable to him.

At that moment, she truly lost all hope in him. Eight years of feelings vanished into thin air.

Seeing the despair on Nyla's face, Lucia sneered. "Looks like Clark isn't

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coming to save you. I'll just ser

ou off early."

Kenneth's voice turned serious. "Ms. Pollard, what do you mean by that? If you kill her, I get nothing!"

Lucia smiled and looked at Kenneth. "Don't worry. If you kill her, I'll give you 300,000 dollars. How about that?"

Kenneth hesitated, fear flashing in his eyes. He only wanted to kidnap Nyla to get money for his wife's treatment, not to commit murder.

Seeing his hesitation, Lucia urged, "Why are you hesitating? Nyla knows we kidnapped her. Do you think she won't turn us in if we let her go? If you don't want to go to prison, you have to kill her!" Under Lucia's persuasion, Kenneth's resolve wavered. He started contemplating whether to kill Nyla.

By then, Nyla had calmed down. She knew she couldn't die there. "Don't be fooled by her. She wants you to kill me so she won't be blamed for murder. She plans to pin it all on you."

Lucia's face twisted with anger. "Nyla, shut up! Kenneth, do it now! Don't you want to save your wife?!"

"If you kill me, she'll either kill you, or you'll end up in prison. You won't get anything you want!" Nyla yelled.

Seeing Kenneth's firm expression waver again, Lucia grew furious. "You bitch, shut up!"

Kenneth looked at Lucia, his eyes betraying his suspicion. "Lucia, is she right? Are you trying to pin it all on me?"

Lucia's expression stiffened. "You believe her? She's just trying to save her own life!"

"If that's not true, then you do it," he said.

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Kenneth wasn't stupid. Nyla's words made him realize that Lucia had been trying to distance herself from the crime. He handed the knife hovering near Nyla's neck to Lucia. This was Nyla's chance. She pushed Kenneth away, quickly grabbing the flashlight and sprinting toward the stairs.

Meanwhile, Spencer arrived at Nyla's apartment and immediately sensed something was wrong.

The door was ajar, and it was pitch dark inside. He called out but got no response. He dialed Nyla's number, only to hear the phone vibrate from inside

Carefully pushing open the door, he saw the messy living room but no sign of Nyla. His face darkened, and he quickly contacted Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Jayston is missing!"

Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter 102

Damon's expression darkened. "What happened?"

"Ms. Jayston's home is a mess. Her phone is on the couch, but she's gone," Spencer replied.

"Find out what happened immediately!" Damon ordered.

Within half an hour, Spencer discovered that Nyla had been kidnapped and quickly informed Damon.

As the unmarked van drove into the city, it was abruptly stopped by a group of men in black.

The driver, taken aback, opened the door to ask what was going on and was immediately kicked to the ground, kneeling in pain.

"Ah!" he screamed as his knee shattered, his face pale and covered in cold sweat.

Spencer's expression was icy. "Where did you take her?"

The man's eyes flickered with panic, and he shook his head quickly. "I don't know what you're talking about="

Spencer sneered. "You don't understand? Then we'll make you understand."

At his command, the men in black pounced on the man, his screams filling the air.

In less than five minutes, the man begged, "Stop! Stop! I'll talk... I'll talk..."

Spencer gestured for the bodyguards to stop and crouched down in front of the man. "Where is she?"

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"She's... She's in an abandoned building about ten kilometers east of the city..."

Spencer frowned. That was an abandoned hotel project by an overseas investor, left desolate after a financial collapse.

"Why did you kidnap her?" Spencer asked.

Fearing another beating, the man quickly spilled everything. He had hoped to be released afterward but was instead sent to the police

station.

With the matter resolved, Spencer reported it to Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, he's confessed. They took Ms. Jayston to an abandoned hotel about ten kilometers outside the city. The kidnapper doesn't know her personally.

"It was arranged by his distant relative, Kenneth O'Neill, who promised him 30,000 dollars for his help. Kenneth is Mabel's father. Mabel is Ms. Jayston's colleague responsible for the lab explosion."

As Spencer finished, Damon's black Maybach sped off like an arrow.

Spencer, startled, quickly got into another car and followed.

Meanwhile, Nyla ran down the stairs with a flashlight in hand as Kenneth chased after her.

It wasn't long before he caught up, snatched the flashlight, and punched her hard in the stomach.

Nyla spat blood, her strength drained, and collapsed.

As Kenneth grabbed her, she felt a wave of despair. She knew no one was coming to save her. She might really die here tonight.

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Nyla didn't want to die. She wanted to fight back, but a sharp pain in her neck made her lose consciousness.

The click of high heels echoed on the stairs as Lucia approached with a knife, her face dark. "If you had tied her up properly, she wouldn't have had the chance to escape. You're utterly useless." Kenneth stayed silent, deep in thought.

Lucia stood before the unconscious Nyla, her expression cold. "I hate people who think they're clever. This time, your cleverness won't save you."

She raised the knife toward Nyla's neck, but Kenneth grabbed her wrist.

"What are you doing?!" she yelled.

"She can't die yet," Kenneth said.

Lucia's eyes widened in disbelief. "You believed her lies about me wanting to stay out of this. And now that I'm ready to kill her, you're stopping me?!"

"I won't trust you until I see the money," he replied.

Kenneth had realized that Lucia's true intention was to kill Nyla and that she had no intention of helping him get the money to save his wife and daughter. Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter 103

If Nyla died, not only would Lucia refuse to pay him, but she might also turn on him and accuse him of murder.

Kenneth had no power or influence, and with Mabel in jail, there was no way he could fight against Lucia. Keeping Nyla alive was more advantageous for him now.

"Are you crazy? Clark Sumner might already know we've kidnapped her. The longer we wait, the worse it gets for us!" Lucia yelled.

"As soon as I see the money, you can kill her. I won't care," he replied.

Lucia was furious. "It's the middle of the night. How can I transfer money now? We'll have to wait until the bank opens in the morning!"

Kenneth was just as useless as his daughter, Mabel, always messing things up. Even if she could transfer the money, she would have to use an overseas account to avoid detection.

"I don't care. I just want the money," he insisted.

As they argued, a distant light grew closer.

Lucia was appalled and ordered, "Hurry! Take her to the rooftop!"

Realizing the urgency, Kenneth stopped arguing and quickly dragged Nyla upstairs.

Soon, they reached the top floor.

Despite being the "rooftop", the abandoned hotel only had five stories. From their vantage point, they could see a convoy of cars speeding toward them.

Their kidnapping attempt had been exposed!

Lucia thought that she wouldn't lose as long as she had Nyla, even if

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Chapter 1

Clark arrived so quickly.

"Give her to me!" Lucia demanded, but Kenneth didn't move.

"Lucia, you ordered me to kidnap her. Transfer the promised 700,000 dollars to my account now, or I won't hand her over!" he demanded.

Lucia glanced at the edge of the rooftop, just a few steps behind Kenneth. She tightened her grip on the knife, her gaze cold. Since Kenneth wouldn't cooperate, there was no use keeping him around. Taking a deep breath, she said slowly, "Fine. I'll transfer the money now."

She pulled out her phone and pretended to make the transaction. After a few seconds, she looked at Kenneth. "It's done. Check your account."

Hearing the notification, Kenneth released Nyla, who collapsed to the ground.

As he checked his phone, Lucia suddenly rushed at him. "Die!"

Kenneth sensed the danger too late. He stumbled back, stepped off the edge, and fell from the rooftop.

The sound of his body hitting the cement was dull and heavy.

Damon had just exited his car when he saw a figure plummet from above. He hurried toward the twitching body on the ground, his hands clenching unconsciously and his expression tense as a wave of panic washed over him.

Realizing it wasn't Nyla, he sighed in relief but noticed his palms were sweaty.

Spencer caught up to him, glanced at the body, and said, "Mr. Sumner, that's Kenneth O'Neill. Ms. Jayston should be upstairs."

Without a word, Damon turned and rushed into the hotel.

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Meanwhile, on the rooftop.

Lucia's expression turned maniacal after pushing Kenneth down. She knew there was no turning back now.

Seeing Nyla regaining consciousness and crawling toward the stairs, Lucia smiled, slowly walked over, and crouched beside her. "Nyla, who would have thought you'd end up like this?"

She wasn't in a hurry to kill Nyla anymore. She wanted to torment her first, repaying all the humiliation she had endured.

"Where should I start? Maybe your hand?" she wondered aloud.

With that, Lucia raised the knife and plunged it into the back of Nyla's hand.

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Chapter 104

As the knife pierced Nyla's hand, she let out a muffled groan, her face turning pale from the pain. Blood flowed from her wound, creating a gruesome sight.

Lucia smirked and pulled the knife out, causing blood to spurt.

Nyla bit her lip hard to stifle a scream.

Lucia's smirk widened at Nyla's pained but restrained expression. "Didn't think you were this tough. Let's see how long you can last."

Lucia raised the knife again, aiming for Nyla's heart.

Just as the blade was about to reach its mark, a sharp pain shot through Lucia's wrist, and the knife clattered to the ground.

Lucia stared in disbelief at the dart lodged in her wrist. She looked up and saw someone running toward her.

Panicking, she bent down to retrieve the knife, but a powerful kick sent her flying before she could. She hit the ground hard and spat out blood before losing consciousness. [Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Spencer quickly kicked the knife away and helped Nyla up. "Ms. Jayston, are you okay?"

Nyla was shocked to see Spencer. She hadn't expected him to come to her rescue and wondered how he knew where to find her.

Still, relief washed over her as she looked at Spencer with gratitude. She knew that without his timely intervention, she would have died at Lucia's hands.

"Thank you, Mr. Hogg." Nyla's voice was weak from her injuries and blood loss.

Spencer, not daring to take credit, glanced behind him at Damon, who

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exuded a cold aura.

"Mr. Sumner, I'll go subdue Lucia," he said.

"Go ahead," Damon replied.

After Spencer left, Nyla looked up at Damon, about to speak, but he suddenly bent down and lifted her into his arms.

She gasped, instinctively wanting to wrap her arms around his neck. However, she stopped herself, remembering her dirty and injured hands.

"Mr. Sumner, thank you for rescuing me, but I can walk. Please put me down," she said.

Being carried by Damon felt strange to Nyla, especially since he was Clark's uncle. She wanted to keep her distance from him.

Damon looked down at her and asked, "Are you sure you can walk?"

Nyla bit her lip, about to insist she could, but Damon was already striding forward with her in his arms.

She glanced up at his resolute expression, her heart skipping a beat. She lowered her head and stayed silent.

When they reached the ground floor, a doctor was already there.

After quickly bandaging Nyla's wounds and stopping the bleeding, the doctor turned to Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, from the initial examination, Ms. Jayston has only sustained some external injuries. She's not in immediate danger, but she should still go to the hospital for a thorough checkup. The wound on her hand is deep and needs a tetanus shot."

Damon nodded. "Do as you said."

Nyla wanted to say she could go to the hospital herself, but one look at Damon's cold eyes made her hold her tongue.

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She felt that Damon was very angry, exuding a terrifying aura. It was safer not to talk to him right now,

Soon, Spencer returned with the unconscious Lucia,

"Mr. Sumner, what should we do with her?" he asked,

"Break her hands and send her to the police, I don't want to see her out on the streets again," he ordered.

Damon's voice was chilling, making Nyla tremble. Despite this, she had no intention of pleading for Lucia. After all, Lucia had tried to kill her, so she deserved this outcome.

However, thinking about how Damon had saved her again left her unsure of how to repay him.

After Spencer and his men left, Damon got into the car and drove Nyla to the hospital.

Today's Bonus Offer

Paradise 105

Chapter 105

On the way to the hospital, Nyla kept glancing at Damon. She looked like she wanted to say something but hesitated.

Damon turned to her, his voice deep. "What do you want to say?"

Nyla bit her lip. "Mr. Sumner, I was just wondering... How did you know I was kidnapped? And how did you find me?"

"Spencer had some experimental data he wanted to ask you about. When he couldn't reach you on the phone, he went to your house and found you missing. So, we investigated," he explained casually, but Nyla felt a surge of gratitude.

"Mr. Sumner, I really appreciate it... If you and Mr. Hogg hadn't arrived in time, I might not have survived the night."

Damon's expression remained indifferent. "Don't think too much about it. The most important thing for you now is to recover."

Nyla fell silent and lowered her gaze, deciding she must find a way to repay Damon.

As they neared the hospital, Nyla looked at him again. "Mr. Sumner, it's already very late. You can drop me off at the hospital entrance, and I'll handle the check-up myself. You should go home and rest." Damon didn't respond until the car stopped at the

hospital entrance. He unbuckled his seatbelt, got out, and lifted Nyla in his arms again, heading into the hospital.

Nyla bit her lip. "Mr. Sumner-"

"It won't take long," he interrupted her

They had only taken a few steps when they were stopped.

Clark stood there, his expression icy, speaking slowly and clearly."

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Uncle Damon, thank you for saving Nyla. I'll take it from here."

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His hair and clothes were d a friend at the police station, he might not have even learned Nyla had been kidnapped.

veled. If he hadn't received the call from

The thought of Damon being the one to rescue Nyla while she was most helpless filled Clark with jealousy and anger. If he had been the one to save her, perhaps their strained relationship could have been mended.

Damon's grip on Nyla tightened, his gaze darkening.

Seeing that Damon had no intention of letting go, Clark smiled. "Uncle Damon, don't forget, I am Nyla's husband. If people see you-carrying her into the hospital and take a picture of it again, it may cause misunderstandings.

"You wouldn't want my wife to suffer because of baseless rumors, right?"

Clark was confident that if Damon cared for Nyla, he wouldn't let her reputation be tarnished.

As expected, Damon's expression wavered.

Before Damon could speak, though, Nyla spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, please put me down. I can walk."

After a moment of silence, Damon set Nyla down.

Clark moved to carry her, but she pushed him away. "Don't touch me!"

The memory of being on the brink of death, with Kenneth's knife at her throat while Clark had been with Jordyn, filled Nyla with disgust. Clark's hand froze in mid-air, his expression darkening. "Nyla, I know I disappointed you by not getting to you in time, but I only just found out- Chapter 105

+25 BONUS

Nyla cut him off calmly, "It doesn't matter anymore."

To her, he was just a stranger now, and she didn't want to waste any more feelings on him.

For some reason, Clark felt a sudden panic. It seemed he was truly losing Nyla.

While he stood there in shock, Nyla limped past him toward the hospital.

Clark clenched his fists, and suddenly, he seemed to come to a decision. He quickly walked over, forcibly picking her up and carrying her inside. Nyla struggled fiercely. "Clark, put me down!"

Clark ignored her, his face grim and filled with determination. He couldn't lose her.

Damon stood watching as Clark carried Nyla away. His gaze was dark and stormy, with something brewing in his eyes.

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Chapter 106

Nyla struggled throughout the journey, trying to make Clark put her down, but to no avail. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

When Clark finally placed her on the emergency room bed, he pressed her hands down and said in a low, serious tone, "Nyla, I'm in a bad mood right now. You'd better behave."

Detecting the threat in his voice, Nyla shook off his hands and looked at him coldly. "What does your bad mood have to do with me? If you like obedient behavior, you should go find Jordyn. I'm not capable of being as understanding as she is."

Clark stared at her impassive profile and suddenly smiled. "Nyla, are you jealous?"

Nyla frowned, unsure of where he got that idea from. She didn't want to argue with him, so she let him think whatever he wanted.

Soon, the doctor arrived, conducted a thorough examination, and rebandaged Nyla's injured hand. He advised her to stay in the hospital for a few days for observation.

Once in the hospital ward, Nyla noticed that Clark hadn't left and felt a flicker of annoyance. "You can leave now."

"I'm staying here with you," he said.

Seeing Clark's serious expression, Nyla turned away in disgust. "Do you think your presence here now makes any difference? Where were you when I was kidnapped?"
"Nyla, I didn't know you were kidnapped..."

Nyla smiled mockingly. "Of course you didn't know because you were busy having an affair with Jordyn."

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Chapter the

Clark instinctively I

an to explain, "I wasn't

Suddenly, he seemed to realize something, his gaze darkening. "How do you know I was with Jordyn at that time?"

Nyla stared at him, enunciating each word, "Because I called you, but it was Jordyn who answered. At my most desperate and scared moment, you were with another woman. How can you face me now and act as if nothing happened?"

Clark's face turned pale, and he shook his head in disbelief. "No... I didn't have any incoming calls..."

He couldn't bear to think about how desperate Nyla must have felt when Jordyn answered the phone while she was begging for help.

Nyla sneered, "You should ask Jordyn about it."

"Nyla, I'll investigate this matter thoroughly. If it turns out that Jordyn is responsible, I won't let her get away with it!" he promised.

Nyla didn't believe a word he said. She slowly looked up, her gaze icy. "If it is her, how will you take revenge? Make her abort the baby, or have her go through what I did?"

Her cold eyes were filled with stubbornness, demanding an answer.

Clark frowned, feeling that her attitude was somewhat aggressive. She wasn't like this before-she used to be kind and gentle.

Seeing that he didn't respond, Nyla chuckled. "Clark, do you know what I find most disgusting about you? It's that you neither want to divorce me nor cut ties completely with Jordyn. Do you think I'll tolerate your behavior like your mother tolerates your father's mistresses?"

"Nyla, I never thought that way... I just.."

"You just think I can't live without you, which is why you feel free to hurt

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me so recklessly," she said.

Clark's hands clenched at his sides, a flicker of despair in his eyes. He couldn't refute Nyla because everything she said was true. He did think she couldn't leave him and didn't want to let her go. Nyla smiled bitterly as she averted her gaze. "Just leave, I don't want to see you right now."

The door to the hospital ward opened and closed, and Nyla's expression turned cold again.

After leaving the hospital, the first thing Clark did was find Jordyn.

When Jordyn saw him return, her face lit up with joy. "Clarko... you're back- Ah!"

Before she could finish, Clark grabbed her by the hair, yanking her closer with an icy glare. Today's Bonus Offer

Paradise 113

Chapter 113

Chapter 113

Nyla frowned and leered at Harrison. "Dad, what are you saying?! If you say something like this again, I won't come to see you anymore."

Before Harrison could respond, Wren quickly spoke up. "Alright, Harrison, stop. You should consider how much this upsets Nyla."

Seeing the sadness in Nyla's eyes, Harrison sighed and didn't say anything more.

After settling Harrison back into his room, Nyla was about to leave when she couldn't help but ask, "Dad, has the cause of the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident ever been determined?" Harrison was taken aback and then frowned. "Why are you asking about that all of a sudden?"

"I recently watched some safety accident videos and wanted to know what happened during that incident. After all, I work in a lab and need to be cautious to prevent similar accidents," she lied.

"I don't remember the specifics. It's been so long, and I'd prefer not to talk about it," Harrison replied. Noticing Harrison's reluctance, Nyla didn't press further. "Alright, I understand."

As she was about to leave, the hospital door swung open, and Clark walked in. "Nyla, you should have told me you were coming to see Dad. I would have come with you."

Seeing Clark, Nyla was reminded of the threats he had made to her that morning, and a wave of distaste washed over her.

The fact that he knew she was visiting Harrison and arrived just in time suggested he might have had someone follow her. He was probably worried she'd tell others about his behavior this morning. Nyla took a deep breath, looked up at Clark, and forced a smile. "I didn't want to bother you since I thought you might be busy."

Clark's steps faltered due to her smile. Since learning of his infidelity, she had not smiled at him. Her expressions had been filled with either disgust or annoyance.

He had almost forgotten that she used to greet him with a smile and warm eyes.

Subconsciously, his gaze softened a bit. "Even if I'm busy, I can always find time to come with you."

Nyla nodded. "Alright, I'll let you know next time in advance so we can come together."

"Sounds good."

Clark turned to Harrison and exchanged a few words with him.

Harrison's attitude was noticeably colder than before. Previously, Harrison, thought Clark treated Nyla well, and therefore, he always found Clark favorable. However, since Clark mentioned during his last visit that Nyla had moved out and refused to return, Harrison could no longer view him the same way.

If Clark truly cared for Nyla, she wouldn't have had to move out.

Harrison felt a deep sense of guilt and remorse, realizing he had upset Nyla by siding with Clark and

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blaming her.

"If you're too busy, you don't have to come. I understand, Harrison said

Nyla pressed her lips together, aware that Harrison was intentionally being cold toward Clark because he knew she had been wronged.

"Dad, even if I'm busy, I'll make time to visit you."

Harrison wanted to say more but decided to keep quiet upon seeing Nyla's troubled expression.

After spending some more time together with Harrison, Nyla left with Clark.

While waiting for the elevator, Clark looked at Nyla and said softly, "Nyla, I was wrong this morning ve

arranged for the search for a kidney for Dad to continue. I hope you can forgive me

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Chapter 107

"Jordyn, it seems I've been too kind to you lately, and you've forgotten your place," Clark remarked.

The pain in Jordyn's scalp made her eyes well up with tears, and Clark's menacing expression terrified her.

"Clark... what are you saying? I don't understand..."

"You don't understand? If that's the case, then you should go outside Nyla's ward and stay there until you do," he said. Jordyn's face paled as she realized what was happening. "I didn't know

. Ms. Jayston called and said she was kidnapped. I thought she was trying to get you to go to her place... I'm sorry..."

The moment she finished speaking, Clark slapped her hard. The force was so great that if he hadn't been holding her hair, she would have fallen.

Jordyn let out a cry of pain, feeling her face burn as it started to swell. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Clark looked at her with a chilling glare. "She is my wife. Even if she was manipulating me, as long as I'm willing, it's not for you to interfere. If you don't want to end up dead, don't try to test my limits." Just thinking about how close Jordyn came to causing Nyla's death made Clark want to strangle her.

His gaze was so terrifying that Jordyn trembled uncontrollably. She had never seen him this angry before. However, her jealousy grew as she thought about how his anger was all for Nyla.

Why didn't that bitch die? If Nyla had died, she wouldn't be suffering like this now...

"Clark... I know I was wrong... I'm sorry. I didn't know Ms. Jayston was really kidnapped..."

Tears flowed continuously from Jordyn's eyes, her face a mask of fear and regret.

Clark released her and turned to leave.

Only when he was gone did Jordyn wipe away her tears, her initial sadness and fear replaced by a calm demeanor,

She got up, walked into the bedroom, and pulled out a file from the deepest drawer of the bedside table. It was labeled "Medical Examination Report" in bold letters,

She had made a copy of the medical reports for Clark and Nyla when she first got them. Now, the reports were about to come into play,

While holding the file tightly, Jordyn's eyes were filled with cold resolve.

The next morning, Nyla was woken by a commotion,

As soon as she opened her eyes, the hospital room door was flung open. Lucia's parents barged in, pushing the nurse aside.

As soon as Jade Emerson reached the bedside, she began wailing. " Nyla... Lucia grew up with you. She's just lost her mind this time. For the sake of your past relationship, can you forgive her this once?" Despite Jade's tears, Nyla's expression remained unchanged. "Mrs. Pollard, you're looking for the wrong person. At this point, it's more effective to consult a lawyer."

Jade was stunned, staring at Nyla in disbelief. "You and Lucia used to be so close. Are you really going to disregard all that?"

Nyla smiled faintly, speaking slowly. "She was nice to me before only because I was the daughter of Harris Pharmaceuticals' boss, and your

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husband was the purchasing manager there. She needed to flatter me to secure your husband's position,

"And as for sentiment, she's done something as extreme as kidnapping me and trying to kill me. It seems there's no sentiment left to discuss between us,"

Jade's gaze turned icy upon seeing that Nyla, despite her smile, had no intention of letting Lucia off.

"Nyla, you're fine. Why won't you let Lucia go? After all I've done for you, how did you become so vicious?" Jade asked,

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"Vicious?" Nyla scoffed. "Is it not vicious when your daughter had her colleague plot against me, almost ruining my face? Or when she deliberately had someone kneel in front of me, filmed it, and posted it online to incite people to cyberbully me?"

"And kidnapping me, almost getting me killed-don't tell me that's not vicious?"

Jade tried to retort but was momentarily stunned by Nyla's icy gaze, forgetting what she was going to say

Seeing Nyla's sharp-tongued response, Clement said coldly, "Nyla, your father is not well. If he finds out about your kidnapping, he'll likely be very worried."

Nyla shot a sharp look at Clement, her hands tightening under the covers. She was about to respond when the door to the room was suddenly pushed open. "Mr. Pollard, you're quite bold, even daring to threaten people."

Clement stiffened as he turned and saw Damon's cold gaze fixed on him. He looked visibly uneasy. "Mr. Sumner, what brings you here?"

As a department manager of a Prospectus Technology subsidiary, Clement had seen Damon a few times during visits to the Prospectus Technology headquarters. Damon's eyes flashed with displeasure. "Do I need to report my whereabouts to you?"

Noticing Damon's anger, Clement hurriedly lowered his head. "N-No need..."

After confirming that Nyla was fine, Damon turned his attention back to Clement. "Mr. Pollard, do you know that Nyla is part of the Sumners?"

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Clement broke out in a cold sweat under Damon's intense scrutiny. "Mr.

Sumner... I..."

He gritted his teeth and turned to Nyla. "Nyla... No, Ms. Jayston... I apologize for my earlier remarks. I hope you can forgive me. As for Lucia, she did make a mistake, and we will accept whatever judgment the court deems appropriate. We won't argue about it."

Jade, incredulous, shouted, "Clement, what are you saying?!"

"Be quiet!" Clement shot Jade a cold glance, and she was immediately silenced by his stare.

Seeing Clement's obsequious behavior, Nyla realized the benefits of power and influence. Clement had been threatening her just moments ago, and he was apologizing now.

"Mr. Pollard, I hope you mean what you say and that you won't appear in front of my father again," Nyla demanded.

"Of course, of course... Mr. Sumner, we'll take our leave now," he said.

Damon didn't even glance at him, instead turning to Nyla. "How's your recovery today?"

"Much better."

Seeing Nyla's face was no longer pale but had regained some color,

Damon nodded.

Clement understood that Damon was ignoring him and that the matter was essentially settled, so he quickly pulled Jade away.

Once they were alone, Nyla looked at Damon. "Uncle Damon... thank you for helping me again today."

Damon frowned slightly, his voice taking on a more serious tone. "You used to call me 'Mr. Sumner'. Why the sudden switch to 'Uncle Damon'?"

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And am I really that old?"

+25 BONUS

Nyla lowered her gaze and smiled. "You said earlier that I'm part of the Sumners. Besides, you are my uncle, age aside."

"Just call me Mr. Sumner from now on," he said.

Nyla pressed her lips together. "At work, I'm an employee, so it's appropriate to call you Mr. Sumner. But privately, by seniority, I should call you uncle." Displeasure flashed in Damon's eyes when he saw that Nyla was deliberately maintaining distance.

Today's Bonus Offer

Paradse 109

Chapter 109

"Do as you like," Damon said.

"Okay. Uncle Damon, you're busy with work. If you don't have to, don't waste your time coming to see me," Nyla commented.

Damon raised an eyebrow, his gaze scrutinizing Nyla. "Is this how you treat someone who saved your life?"

Nyla looked up at him and said slowly, "It's precisely because you saved my life that I should be more grateful. I don't want to waste your time when you're so busy, Uncle Damon." Seeing her repeatedly address him as "Uncle Damon", a constant reminder of their relationship, Damon suddenly leaned in closer.

Startled by his magnified face, Nyla backed away quickly, as if avoiding the plague.

Just as Damon was about to speak, the door to the room was pushed open.

"Nyla-" Clark's voice halted abruptly when he saw Damon.

From Clark's perspective, Damon's movement seemed like he wanted to kiss Nyla.

Clark's expression turned icy as he strode to the bedside, glaring at Damon. "Uncle Damon, I've told you before to stay away from Nyla!"

Damon's expression remained indifferent, his gaze so cold it seemed it could freeze someone.

Clark glared back at him without fear. Nyla was his wife, and Damon's interest in her was unjustifiable.

Feeling the temperature in the room plummet, Nyla frowned. "If you two want to argue, do it outside. I need to rest."

7/3

As soon as she spoke, both men looked at her, and the tension in the room seemed to vanish as nothing had happened,

"Rest well. I'll come see you tomorrow," Damon stated,

Clark sneered. "I'll take good care of Nyla, so you don't need to worry, Uncle Damon."

Damon glanced at him. "You also have a pregnant mistress outside, Can you manage both?"

"That's my concern. Just take care of yourself and stop fixating on someone else's wife," Clark retorted,

"Clark! Shut up!" Nyla glared at Clark. She had intended to discreetly distance herself from Damon, but now that Clark had brought it up, how was she supposed to interact with Damon in the future? Ignoring Clark's gaze, Nyla turned to Damon and said, "Uncle Damon, please be careful on your way back."

Her tone was respectful, like a junior addressing a senior, which made Damon's gaze turn colder. He didn't say anything else and turned to leave.

Once Damon had disappeared from the doorway, Nyla told Clark, "You should leave too. I don't want to see you."

"Nyla, you're not developing feelings for my uncle, are you?" he asked.

Seeing the suspicion in Clark's eyes, Nyla felt only calmness, no longer affected by the previous sadness or anger. "What you choose to think is your business, not mine."

All she wanted now was to recover from her injuries, reveal Clark's affair to the Summers once she was discharged, and get a divorce, distancing herself from him.

Chapter 108

+25 BONUS

After the disappointment from last night, she no longer wished to see Clark even once more.

Nyla's cold attitude fueled Clark's anger.

He gripped her chin forcefully. "Does your refusal to explain mean you're admitting it?!"

Clark's grip on Nyla's chin was intense, and she felt as if it might be crushed. She looked up, seeing the pain in his eyes, and a hint of sarcasm crossed her face. Pushing his hand away, she said flatly, "Get out."

Chapter 110

Paradise 110

Chapter 110

+25 BONUS

Clark sneered and was about to speak when his phone suddenly rang. Seeing it was Jordyn, he coldly ended the call.

"Nyla, do you really think my uncle likes you? If he genuinely cared about you, he wouldn't have tried to seduce you while you were still my wife. The fact that he's acting like this now just shows he's playing with you..."

Nyla was disgusted by Clark's words and looked at him coldly. "Clark, I've told you before-don't assume everyone is as vile as you."

"Vile? Is he having inappropriate thoughts about you as an elder not vile?" he taunted.

Nyla's expression turned even colder. "What right do you have to criticize others? You haven't even dealt with your mistress and her unborn child. Clark, the truly vile person here is you." Clark's expression darkened, and his gaze toward Nyla was filled with chilling anger.

"Nyla, it seems you're not learning your lesson." He smirked and dialed a number on his phone. "Stop looking for a kidney donor for my father-in-law."

Nyla was taken aback, and she tried to grab Clark's phone, but he was prepared. He quickly stepped back, keeping his distance.

"Clark, are you insane?! Have you forgotten what you promised me?!"

Nyla's gaze shifted from anger to hatred. Despite being the one who had cheated first, Clark was now hurting her even more. He knew how crucial a kidney donor was for Harrison. Just because they had argued, he was halting the search for Harrison's kidney.

+25 BONUS

Clark had promised her that he would find a way to treat her father when he made her give up the patent. Just a few years later, he was now breaking his word.

Nyla realized how selfish and ruthless the man she had fallen for was.

Clark ended the call without any expression and walked to the bedside, gripping Nyla's chin. "Nyla, this is just a lesson. Remember this pain. If you anger me again, you'll experience this kind of pain over and over."

Nyla's eyes were red, and she raised her hand to slap him.

Before she could reach him, he grabbed her wrist. "You'd better think carefully about the consequences of this slap."

"Clark, are you really trying to make me hate you?"

Clark smiled. "Hate me if you want. Either way, we're destined to be entangled for life."

Seeing the madness in Clark's eyes, Nyla shivered with chills rising from her heart. Was she really doomed to never escape him?

Noticing Nyla's evident distress, Clark grinned with satisfaction. "Nyla, if you behave, I'll treat you well and keep those around you safe. Understand?"

Nyla clenched the blanket tightly as she stared at him. "Clark, you'd better stay firmly in your position as the CEO of the Sumner Group."

Hearing the underlying threat in her words, Clark raised an eyebrow. "Don't worry. Even if I go to hell, I'll drag you down with me." "You're crazy!" she yelled.

"If you know I'm crazy, then stop challenging my limits," he replied.

Noticing Nyla trembling, Clark released her, straightened up, and said, "I have work to do. I'll come see you again this afternoon." Chapter 110

+25 BON

Shortly after Clark left, Nyla received a call from the police, asking her to go to the station to give a statement.

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