

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

**C 1031**

Upon noticing Nyla's flushed cheeks, Damon's eyes darkened further.

"Nyla, need some help with your bath?" he asked, his voice low and enticing.

Nyla snapped out of her daze, quickly pushing him away. Her wary gaze made him look like some kind of dangerous predator. "No need, I'll do it myself," she replied.

If she let him help, they might not come out of the bathroom for two hours.

Disappointment flickered in Damon's eyes. "You really don't need help?"

"Mm-hmm. Now go. If you have nothing to do, play with Buddy downstairs. I'm going to shower," Nyla said, grabbing her pajamas.

She darted into the bathroom as though something was chasing her, locking the door behind her with a sharp click.

Hearing the lock, Damon chuckled softly, shook his head, and left the bedroom.

Downstairs, Mason was playing with toys in the living room. He didn't even glance up at the sound of Damon's footsteps, already able to distinguish between Damon and Nyla's steps.

Just as Damon reached the sofa, his phone buzzed.

Glancing at the screen, he saw Spencer's name and answered.

"Mr. Sumner, we've got a problem. The batch of chips Prospectus Technology delivered last month has issues. The Longbow Company is preparing to sue us," Spencer reported.

Damon's brows knitted together. "What happened? What's wrong with the chips?"

"The Longbow Company tested them in their machines, and 90% of the machines suffered unexplained failures-they're completely unusable now.

"They claim it's our chips that caused the problem. The Longbow Company's client manager is already on their way to the office," Spencer explained.

Damon's expression darkened. "Got it. I'll head to the office immediately. Seal off the news-make sure this doesn't leak."

Regardless of whether Prospectus Technology's chips were at fault, any leaks could irreparably damage the company's reputation.

"Understood, Mr. Sumner. I'll handle it," Spencer replied.

After hanging up, Damon turned to

Lydia. "When Nyla comes

downstairs, let her know I went to the office to handle work. Tell her to put Buddy to bed early. I might not come back tonight."

Seeing his serious expression, Lydia quickly nodded. "Of course, Mr. Sumner."

Without saying more, Damon grabbed his keys and left the house in a hurry.

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Half an hour later, Damon arrived at the office.

As soon as he stepped out of the elevator, Spencer greeted him. "Mr. Sumner, the Longbow Company's client manager is waiting in the meeting room."

Damon nodded. "Understood. Gather the shareholders and core members of the R&D department. We're meeting in an hour."

"Yes, sir," Spencer replied before leaving.

Damon composed himself and strode toward the meeting room.

When he opened the door, the Longbow Company's client manager, Jeffrey Hughson, turned toward him with a sharp glare.

"Mr. Sumner, our company has already suffered millions in losses because of Prospectus Technology's chips. How do you plan to address this?" Jeffrey demanded.

Damon took a seat across from him,

his tone calm and measured. "M

Hughson, we regret the issues with your machines. I'll immediately assign a team from our R&DO

department to investigate

"If the problem is indeed caused by Prospectus Technology's chips, we'll take full responsibility for all losses."

Jeffrey sneered. "Mr. Sumner, our machines work perfectly fine with other chips. But as soon as we use yours, they break down en masse. Are you trying to deny that your chips are faulty?"

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Damon's expression remained unmoved. "As I said, we'll investigate thoroughly. Asking us to accept responsibility before the investigation is complete seems unreasonable, doesn't it?"

Jeffrey let out a cold laugh. "Fine, Mr. Sumner. But I hope you act quickly. Every day of delay costs us millions. The longer this drags on, the more Prospectus Technology will have to pay."

With that, Jeffrey turned and stormed out of the room.

Damon, his expression as icy as ever, summoned the head of the R&D department to his office.

"Take two of your team members to the Longbow Company and investigate the root cause of the machine failures. Determine whether it's our chips," Damon instructed.

"Mr. Sumner, it can't be our chips! We've invested so much in their development, and they've been on the market for over three years without a single issue. The problem must be elsewhere," the department head replied.

Damon's tone sharpened. "I want accurate results based on the investigation-not assumptions. Go now and report back as soon as possible." "Yes, sir," the department head answered, before hurrying out.

After the department head left, Damon was preparing for the upcoming shareholder meeting when Spencer rushed into the office.

"Mr. Sumner, bad news. The story

about our chips causing massive failures at the Longbow Company has leaked Several partners who pre-ordered our chips are now canceling their contracts. The chips for these orders are already manufactured. If these deals fall through, we're looking at hundreds of millions in losses," Spencer reported.

Damon's face darkened further. "Have the PR team handle it. I'm heading to the meeting."

In the conference room, tension hung heavy in the air.

Shareholders and executives sat in silence, their expressions grim.

Damon strode in, taking his place at the head of the table. He placed his files on the table and addressed the group. "You've all heard about the Longbow Company's machines failing. They claim our chips are to blame. What are your thoughts?"

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The room was filled with uneasy glances until one shareholder finally spoke. "Mr. Sumner, I believe the issue isn't with our chips. I've done some research-those machines the Longbow Company uses are over a decade old, with performance that's already outdated.

"When their procurement manager approached us, I recommended they use the Agihop 2nd Gen chips, which are better suited to their systems. "However, they insisted on purchasing the newer Agihop 5th Gen chips. I suspect their machines couldn't handle the processing speed of the 5th Gen, leading to the failures."

This explanation seemed to ease the tension slightly, though uncertainty still lingered. If Prospectus Technology's chips were truly at fault, the repercussions would be catastrophic.

The Agihop 5th Gen chips represented a massive investment, one that had yet to yield a return. Any defect could lead to losses in the billions.

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Damon's expression was icy as he spoke. "I've already sent the head of R&D with a team to investigate. Let's wait for their findings before jumping to conclusions."

He added, "The Agihop 6th Gen isn't out yet. If the issue does lie in the Agihop 5th Gen, we should prepare for the worst-compensation payouts and the possibility of... bankruptcy."

"What?!" A collective gasp echoed through the room, disbelief etched on everyone's faces.

"All this over a single batch of faulty machines from the Longbow Company? Isn't that a bit extreme?"

"Exactly. If the problem is with the Agihop 5th Gen chips, wouldn't paying compensation suffice?"

"Mr. Sumner, aren't you exaggerating?"

The notion that Prospectus Technology could face bankruptcy over a single chip seemed absurd.

Meeting their skepticism with a calm demeanor, Damon elaborated, "The news about Longbow Company's machines breaking down after using our chips has already spread.

They're attributing the issue to Prospectus Technology's products. Several clients have reached out, intending to cancel their contracts."

"If the investigation confirms our chips caused the damages, we'll lose more than money. We'll lose the trust our brand has painstakingly built."

In Saintornia's fiercely competitive business world, companies watched each other like hawks, ready to exploit any weakness. A hit to Prospectus Technology's reputation could be irreparable.

After Damon's explanation, a heavy silence blanketed the room. Grim expressions replaced the initial disbelief.

Damon broke the silence. "Alright. There's no need to panic yet. We'll wait for the investigation results. Meanwhile, we prepare for the worst. The possibility of bankruptcy is already on the table-there's not much worse than that."

He stood, scanning the room. "That's all for now. Meeting adjourned."

With that, he strode out, leaving the room heavy with unease.

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Back in his office, a sharp knock interrupted Damon's thoughts. Spencer entered, his movements hurried.

"Mr. Sumner, we've confirmed many of the online rumors about our chips were spread by paid posters hired by Nyce Tech. I've also learned they're about to release a new chip they've been developing for years.

Damon's gaze turned steely. "Understood. Keep the PR department working on damage control.

"Also, compile evidence of Nyce

Tech's actions and send it to

Gabriel Make it clear that if they continue smearing Prospectus Technology, we'll involve the authorities."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer affirmed before leaving.

As the door closed, Damon returned his focus to the documents on his desk.

At Gabriel's villa, he and Tom sat across from each other, wine glasses in hand.

Tom scrolled through his phone with a smirk. "Gabriel, you're impressive. One move, and Prospectus Technology is in chaos. Partnering with you was the smartest decision I've ever made."

Gabriel's expression remained impassive. "Don't assume you can just sit back and do nothing."

Since their alliance began, Gabriel had shouldered most of the work. Tom's contributions were minimal, limited to occasional suggestions.

Tom swirled his wine lazily, raising an eyebrow. "Relax. It's not my time to act yet. Don't worry. I'll keep my end of the bargain."

"You'd better," Gabriel said coldly. "I despise being used."

"Of course. You have my word," Tom assured him.

Their conversation was interrupted by a maid entering with a document in hand.

"Mr. Hackett, this just arrived from Prospectus Technology," the maid announced.

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Gabriel took the document, skimmed its contents, and his face darkened.

"What is it?" Tom asked.

Gabriel tossed the document onto the table with a cold laugh. "Nothing important. Damon's just trying to catch me off guard." The document contained evidence of Nyce Tech hiring paid posters to smear Prospectus Technology, but Gabriel wasn't worried. Soon enough, those allegations would become the truth.

Tom glanced at the papers and grinned. "As long as it's not a big problem. Anyway, I should get going."

"Fine, but don't forget your part in this," Gabriel said pointedly.

There was a cold glint in Tom's eyes, though his smile remained. "Relax. I won't let you handle Prospectus Technology alone."

After Tom left, Gabriel drained his wine in one gulp.

As he prepared to head to his study, a maid approached with a concerned expression.

"Mr. Hackett, Mr. Wilhelm still refuses to eat," the maid informed him.

Gabriel had brought Wilhelm straight back to the villa instead of letting him visit Jane since he had been disobedient. Wilhelm had locked himself in his room, refusing food in protest.

"If he won't eat, let him starve," Gabriel said coldly.

A child skipping a meal or two wouldn't hurt him.

Damon didn't return home that night.

Nyla, accustomed to sharing a bed with him, found herself tossing and turning in the empty space.

The next morning, after freshening up, she went downstairs and asked Lydia to pack two breakfasts. She was determined to take food to Damon at work.

"Got it, Ms. Kinsey," Lydia said, quickly preparing the meals.

She hesitated when she noticed Nyla's slightly puffy eyes. "Ms. Kinsey, did you not sleep well last night?"

"Not really Nyla replied. "I'm

heading to the office now. When et

Buddy wakes up, let him know m out and that he should entertain himself today."

"Understood," Lydia said.

Nyla arrived at Prospectus Technology around 8:00 a.m.

Taking the elevator straight to the top floor, she stepped out into a scene of focused chaos-secretaries were on calls or making copies, all wearing tense expressions.

Spencer was busy checking materials but quickly set them aside when he noticed her. "Ms. Kinsey, what brings you here?" "Damon didn't come home last night. I figured he probably hasn't eaten, so I brought him breakfast," Nyla explained.

Spencer sighed. "Mr. Sumner's been working nonstop since last night. He hasn't even had a sip of water, let alone breakfast."

Noticing the dark circles under Spencer's eyes, Nyla frowned. "Has everyone been working all night?"

"Pretty much. No one has time to rest with the chip issue ongoing. But at least the rest of us have managed

to sneak in short naps. Mr. Sumner hasn't slept at all," Spencer replied.

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"Where is he now? Still in his office?" Nyla asked.

Spencer shook his head. "No, he's in a meeting. It should be wrapping up soon. You can wait for him in his office." "Alright," Nyla said, heading inside.

She waited on the couch for a while until the door finally opened.

Hearing footsteps, she turned and smiled. "Damon, you're done with the meeting?"

Damon looked surprised to see her. "What are you doing here?"

"I figured you didn't have time for breakfast, so I brought it for you," she said, holding up the neatly packed meals.

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Damon put the file down and sat across from Nyla.



Noticing two portions of breakfast on the table, he asked, "You haven't eaten either?"

"No," Nyla replied as she opened the packages and handed one to him. "I came to eat with you. Spencer told me he brought you breakfast this morning, but you didn't touch it."

"I was too busy," Damon said.

"Being busy isn't an excuse to skip meals. I saw your assistants running around like crazy, and I heard they barely got any sleep last night. Is the issue with the company that serious?" Nyla asked.

"It's significant," Damon admitted. "Our chips might be causing malfunctions in our partner's machines. If that's confirmed, the company will face a massive compensation payout."

Nyla frowned, worry flashing in her eyes. "I can't help much with work, but the least I can do is keep things in order at home. By the way, are you coming home tonight?"

"Probably not," he replied. "There's still a lot to handle."

"Alright. Finish your breakfast. I'll head home later and pack a couple of outfits for you," Nyla said.

"Okay," Damon replied.

As he ate, Spencer knocked and entered with a grim expression. "Mr. Sumner, Laplace's in Capitarnia has decided to terminate their contract with us as well."

Since last night, dozens of partners had cut ties with Prospectus Technology. At this rate, the company's cash flow would soon be in critical condition. Damon set his breakfast aside and stood. "Contact Mr. Laplace's secretary immediately. Arrange a meeting and book the earliest flight to Capitarnia. I'll go there myself."

As he moved toward the door, Nyla called after him, "I'll pack a few clothes and send them to the airport."

He stopped, turned back, and pulled her into a hug.

"I'll probably be extremely busy for a while. Thank you for taking care of Buddy," he said in a low voice.

"Don't mention it," she said. "That's what I'm here for. Don't worry about us."

"Alright," he replied, pressing a kiss to her forehead before stepping away and leaving quickly.

Nyla looked at the barely touched breakfast, sighed, and began tidying up.

She then left the company, returned to the villa, and quickly packed two outfits to send to the airport with the driver.

As she worked, Lydia noticed her hurried movements and asked, "Ms. Kinsey, is something wrong with Mr. Sumner's company?"

Nyla turned and saw Lydia's

concerned expression. Offering

reassuring smile, she said, "It's

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nothing major, just a busy period for now."

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Seeing Nyla's calm demeanor, Lydia relaxed. "Alright then."

By evening, Brandon arrived at the villa.

"Aunt Nyla, I need to talk to you about something," he said, his expression serious.

Nyla's heart sank at his tone.

"Let's talk in the study," she said.

Once inside, Brandon handed her a document and a bank card.

"Uncle Damon asked me to give these to you before he left for Capitarnia. The card's PIN is your birthday," he said.

Nyla didn't take them. "What does he

mean by this? He's not going to

Capitania forever. Why is he

passing these through?

"He was in too much of a rush to give them

Otherwise, he would have given them to you himself," Brandon said.

done it personally." Content Belongs to

"I'm not taking them. I'll wait for him to come back," Nyla said.

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Brandon sighed and placed the items on the desk. "Aunt Nyla, this crisis is unlike anything Prospectus Technology has faced before. If things go wrong, the company can go bankrupt.

"Uncle Damon prepared these after finding out Buddy is his son, but he hadn't found the right time to give them to you.

"Keep them for now. If Prospectus Technology collapses, he'll need this to start over."

After a moment's silence, Nyla nodded. "Alright, I'll hold onto them. Is this the only reason you came?"

"Yes, I need to get back to work," Brandon replied.

"I'll see you out," Nyla offered.

After sending Brandon off, she returned to the study and placed the documents and bank card in the safe upstairs.

The next morning...

As Nyla was getting dressed, Lydia knocked on the door.

"Ms. Kinsey, there's a man outside who says he's your brother," Lydia informed her.

Brother?

Thinking it was likely Gabriel, Nyla's expression turned cold. "I don't know him. Tell him to leave."

"Understood," Lydia said before stepping away.

Half an hour later, after getting dressed and heading downstairs, Nyla found Mason at the table. He was holding a slice of bread bigger than his face and nibbling at it.

She smiled, sitting down next to him. "Good morning, Buddy."

"Morning, Mommy," Mason replied.

As she sat across from him for breakfast, she checked her phone.

Damon hadn't sent her any messages since the day before, confirming how busy he was.

After a moment's hesitation, she sent a text.

Nyla: [How's everything going in Capitarnia?]

Minutes passed with no reply. She closed the app, moved to the living room, and picked up a book to pass the time.

Lydia soon approached her with hesitation. "Ms. Kinsey..."

"What's wrong?" Nyla asked.

"The man outside is still there, and he's brought a child with him. It's freezing out, and the child's face is turning blue. Should we check on them?" Lydia explained.

After a moment of thought, Nyla got up. "I'll handle it."

At the villa door, she saw through the security feed that it was indeed Gabriel and Wilhelm. Her expression turned icy.

Opening the door, she asked coldly, "What do you want?"

Gabriel's gaze softened as he looked at her.

"Nyla, I brought Wilhelm to Buddy. He understands am mistake now." Content belongs

his

He nudged Wilhelm forward.

Nyla glanced at the boy, noting his red

bs and tired look. His eye et

betrayed reluctance and resentment

e his words. Content belongs

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have pushed Mason yesterday. I was wrong. Can you and Mason forgive me?" Wilhelm apologized.

Seeing his obvious unwillingness, Nyla turned to Gabriel. "Are you sure he really understands his mistake?"

"He does," Gabriel said. "He even insisted on coming here to apologize this morning. Don't you believe me?"

After a pause, Nyla looked toward Lydia. "Bring Buddy over here."

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Lydia nodded. "Okay, Ms. Kinsey."

Shortly after, Lydia returned with Mason by her side.

When Mason saw Gabriel and Wilhelm standing at the door, he frowned and turned to Nyla. "Mommy, why is Wilhelm here?"

Nyla patted his head gently. "He's here to apologize to you."

"Oh." Mason's response was wary, clearly unconvinced.

Gabriel observed Nyla's affectionate interaction with Mason, his eyes flickering with a trace of emotion. He turned to Wilhelm. "What did you promise me before we came?"

Wilhelm's reluctance was evident. He had agreed to apologize, but only under the threat of losing his chance to see his mother.

"Mason, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have pushed you yesterday. I hope you can forgive me," Wilhelm said, his voice subdued.

Mason didn't respond immediately. Instead, he looked up at Nyla, silently seeking her guidance.

"Buddy, this is your decision to make," Nyla said softly. "I'll respect whatever you decide."

Mason lowered his head, thinking for a moment.

Finally, he spoke. "I wasn't hurt this time, and you apologized, so I'll forgive you. But this is the last time. If it happens again, I won't forgive you!" A rare smile broke across Wilhelm's face. "Thank you, Mason!"

His relief was palpable-earning Mason's forgiveness meant his father would now keep his promise to arrange a meeting with his mother.

Nyla remained impassive as she turned to Gabriel. "Mr. Hackett, now that this is resolved, you can leave with Wilhelm."

From the start, she had no intention of inviting them inside. She had only come to the door to ensure his son wouldn't freeze in the cold.

Gabriel's gaze darkened as he took in Nyla's frosty demeanor. "Nyla, I'd like to talk to you. There are too many misunderstandings between us." "There are no misunderstandings," Nyla replied icily. "And there's nothing to discuss."

With that, she shut the door firmly.

Outside, Gabriel sighed, leading Wilhelm away.

He wasn't in a hurry. The collapse of Prospectus Technology was inevitable, and he believed time would eventually work in his favor.

Back in the car, Wilhelm immediately turned to his father. "I want to see Mom."

Gabriel dialed a number and handed

the phone to Wilhelm once it connected. "Talk to her yourself if

she agrees to see you, I'll take her."

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On the other end, Jane's voice was cold and distant. "Gabriel, do I need to remind you that we're divorced? What is the meaning of this constant harassment?"

"Mommy, it's me, Wil," Wilhelm interjected eagerly.

There was a pause before Jane responded, her tone still icy. "You're with your father now. Don't contact me anymore."

Wilhelm's eyes filled with disbelief and sadness at her frosty words.

"Mommy, Daddy promised to bring me to see you. I want to see you!" His voice trembled, a mix of desperation and tears.

He couldn't understand why his

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mother, who had fought so fiercely

for him just days ago, was now so cold Did she find someone else, someone bad?

"I don't have time. Don't call me again. Pretend I'm dead," Jane said flatly before ending the call.

Wilhelm stared at the phone in shock as tears pooled in his eyes.

Gabriel patted his son's head, his tone calm and coaxing. "Wil, don't cry. How about I take you to eat something delicious?"

Although Gabriel didn't know why Jane's attitude had changed so abruptly, the situation played perfectly into his hands.

If Wilhelm stopped wanting to see Jane, the bond between them would naturally fade over time.

"No! I don't want food!" Wilhelm cried, hurling Gabriel's phone onto the car seat.

He began pounding on the car door, trying to open it. "I want to see Mommy! I want to live with her, not you!"

Gabriel, his patience wearing thin, locked the doors with a sharp click and turned to Wilhelm, his expression darkening.

"Your mother doesn't want you. Even if you find her, she won't take you. I'm the only one you have now," he said.

"I hate you! I don't want to be with you! I don't want you as my dad!" Wilhelm screamed.

Gabriel's restraint, already fraying after days of tantrums, finally snapped. He stared at his son and said coldly, "It doesn't matter whether you want me or not. No one wants you now except me."

Jane didn't want Wilhelm. The Wilkies wouldn't want him either.

"That's not true!" Wilhelm sobbed uncontrollably. "Mommy wants me. Mommy's just mad. If I'm good, she'll take me back! She has to..."

Gabriel let out a mirthless laugh. "Fine. Let's see if that's true. I'll take you to her now."

He called his assistant to confirm Jane's current location and started the car without another word.



Wilhelm wiped his tears and stopped crying.

He asked cautiously, "Are you really taking me to Mommy?"

Gabriel drove in silence, offering no reply.

An hour later, they arrived at Jane's villa.

As soon as Gabriel unlocked the car doors, Wilhelm flung one open and bolted toward the house.

Watching the boy's eager figure, Gabriel followed at a measured pace, his face betraying no emotion.

Inside, the living room was silent, its furniture draped in dust sheets.

Wendy spotted them and seemed startled. "Mr. Hackett, why are you here?"

"Wilhelm wanted to see his mother," he replied evenly.

Wendy hesitated. "Ms. Wilkie is upstairs, packing."

Gabriel raised an eyebrow. "Is she moving?"

"Yes. Ms. Wilkie is preparing to go abroad," Wendy answered.

Gabriel was taken aback. He hadn't expected the Wilkies to act so quickly.

"She agreed to leave the country?"

Given what he knew of Jane, she wasn't one to concede easily. Leaving would mean forfeiting her place in the Wilkie Group.

Wendy nodded. "Yes. This was her own decision."

"Understood," Gabriel said tersely.

"Mr. Hackett, I need to assist Ms.

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i her packing. If you wish her, she's just upstairs, "el  
y excused herself.

Gabriel climbed the stairs to the master bedroom.

As he reached the door, Jane's

voice carried through. "Wilhelm,

told you not to come here age

Don't you understand?" en.kikistories.

"Mommy, I missed you..." Wilhelm's voice trembled, thick with tears. "Don't  
you miss me?"

After a pause, Jane's reply came,

harsh and unyielding. "No. I'm

net

leaving the country soon. Even if you

come, you won't find me ore.

Don't come back."

"No! Mommy..." Wilhelm cried, his small frame shaking as he tried to hold  
Jane's hand, only for her to shove him away.

"Don't touch me!" she snapped.

Wilhelm, just a small boy, lacked the strength to resist. He fell to the floor from  
the force of her shove.

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Wilhelm froze for a moment, his eyes welling up with tears as confusion and hurt clouded them.

"Mommy, do you really not want me anymore?" he asked, his voice trembling.

Jane's gaze flickered with a brief trace of pain as she looked at Wilhelm sitting pitifully on the floor. But the softness in her eyes vanished as quickly as it appeared.

She stared at him coldly. "That's right. I never wanted you. I hit you to try and get your father to come back.

"The other day, when I took you out for steak, I deliberately let you eat that hazelnut cake. You started itching later because you're allergic—that was intentional, too. I wanted you hospitalized so I could force your father to see me."

Her tone grew harsher. "Now that Gabriel and I are divorced, you're of no use to me. You're just a burden. Taking you with me would only drag me down.

"And I hate your father. Naturally, I hate you, too. Don't show up in front of me again!"

Wilhelm sat frozen, her words cutting into him like shards of glass.

Then, his body trembled as tears streamed down his cheeks. "No! That's not true! Mommy, you're lying! You would never abandon me!" Jane turned her face away, her expression hardening.

She noticed Gabriel standing in the doorway and paused briefly before saying coldly, "Gabriel, I'm leaving the country soon. Why do you keep bringing Wilhelm here to disgust me? Take him and leave—I don't want to see him anymore."

Gabriel stepped into the room, his gaze indifferent as it swept over the mostly packed belongings. He appeared unfazed.

"Wil, do you believe me now? Let's go," he said evenly.

He extended a hand toward Wilhelm, but the boy slapped it away in defiance. "Go away! I hate you! I'm not going with you! Neither of you wants me, so I don't want either of you anymore!"

Wilhelm rubbed his tear-streaked face with his sleeve and bolted out of the room.

Gabriel didn't chase after him—the service staff wouldn't let Wilhelm leave the premises.

Instead, he turned his attention to Jane, his voice calm. "Wendy told me you're planning to leave the country."

Jane sneered. "Isn't that exactly what you wanted?"

Gabriel sighed, his tone measured. "Jane, even though we're divorced, you're still Wilhelm's mother. If you ever face difficulties abroad, you can always contact me."

"I don't need your charity, Gabriel," Jane snapped.

With the 10% stake in the Wilkie Group and the money Gabriel had given her, she could live comfortably overseas for the rest of her life.

As for Wilhelm...

She met Gabriel's gaze, her tone

firm. "Since you've taken custody of Wilhelm, I hope you'll treat him well. Even if you remarry and have other children, don't neglect him

Gabriel's expression didn't waver. "You can rest assured, he's my son too."

"Your words mean nothing to me," Jane retorted bitterly.

For years, Gabriel had deceived her with empty promises. She wouldn't fall for his words again.

"What do you want from me to prove it?" Gabriel asked.

"Transfer 50% of your shares in Nyce Tech to Wilhelm's name," Jane demanded without hesitation.

Gabriel's eyes narrowed, his presence radiating cold fury. "Do you take me for a fool?"

Wilhelm didn't need such a large

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stake now. If he transferred half his shares and Jane later fought for custody, those shares could easily end up back in her control.

Jane's expression didn't falter. "Don't worry. I won't come back to fight for custody. just want to secure Wilhelm's future. If you remarry and have more children, at

be left

will have his share and Wilhelm

out.

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"We can sign an agreement if you're still worried. I promise never to challenge your custody of Wilhelm in my lifetime," Jane assured. Seeing her determination, Gabriel remained silent.

Noticing his hesitation, Jane gripped the armrests of her wheelchair tightly. "Gabriel, you're already hesitating, even though you haven't remarried yet. How can I believe you'll treat Wilhelm fairly in the future?"

Gabriel's gaze turned cold. "No matter what, Wilhelm will be better off with me than with you. When and how much of the shares I give him is my decision, not yours."

With that, he turned to leave.

As he reached the doorway, Jane's voice echoed behind him. "If you don't transfer half your shares to Wilhelm, I won't leave the country!"

Gabriel paused, then glanced back at her mockingly. "Whether you leave or stay means nothing to me. And why would you think your refusal to leave is a threat to me?"

"Gabriel, you're a bastard!" Jane shouted.

Gabriel smirked and left without another word.

He found Wilhelm sitting in the garden gazebo.

Standing over him, Gabriel said, "You have two choices. Stay here alone-your mom will leave for another country soon-or come with me."

Tear tracks marred Wilhelm's face, but he remained silent.

His tiny features were set in a stubborn scowl-a miniature version of Gabriel.

Gabriel wasn't about to indulge him further. He turned and walked away.

At the gate, he heard hurried footsteps behind him and turned to see Wilhelm trailing after him, panic and fear written all over his small face.

In a short period, Wilhelm had witnessed Gabriel leaving home, being struck by Jane, the divorce, and his custody being handed over to Gabriel. Now, Jane was abandoning him when he went to find her.

Naturally, Wilhelm was overwhelmed with insecurity.

"Daddy, I'll go with you. Please don't leave me," he pleaded.

Upon seeing his son's timid, frightened expression, Gabriel's heart softened.

He sighed, scooped Wilhelm into his arms, and headed for the car. "Don't worry. Daddy will never leave you."

Wilhelm didn't look reassured. He clung tightly to his father's neck as fear still lingered in his teary eyes.

He had only his father now and wouldn't let anyone take him away.

On the way home, Gabriel received a call from his secretary.

"Mr. Hackett, there's news from Capitarnia: Prospectus Technology's team is meeting with the Westcott Group, and it looks like they're considering a partnership," the secretary reported.

Gabriel's expression turned icy.

"Find out exactly what Damon is negotiating with them. Book me a flight-I need to handle this personally," Gabriel replied.

After hanging up, he accelerated the car.

Once Wilhelm was dropped off at the villa, Gabriel headed straight for the airport.

At the presidential suite of the largest hotel in Capitarnia...

Damon sat behind a desk, conducting a video conference with Prospectus Technology's senior management.

"Mr. Sumner, our preliminary

investigation shows that the mass

failure of the Longbow Compat

machines is not due to our

company's chips. Further checks are

required to determine the ey

cause," someone from the  
management reported.