

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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Damon nodded. "Got it. Have the PR department continue contacting major media outlets to remove any negative commentary about Prospectus Technology. We can't let this situation escalate further."

In the business world, public opinion could be lethal.

Most people were naturally inclined to follow the crowd. Without knowing the full picture, they could easily be misled.

If the narrative that Prospectus Technology's chips were faulty spread too far, restoring their reputation later would require monumental resources. It was critical to stop this from snowballing now.

"Understood, Mr. Sumner. By the way, how's the deal in Capitarnia coming along?" someone asked.

Upon hearing that, Damon's previously tense expression relaxed slightly. "Progress is decent. Barring any unforeseen issues, we should be able to sign the contract in a couple of days."

The group on the call let out a collective sigh of relief.

Once the deal was signed, Prospectus Technology would recover some of its losses and buy time to identify the real cause of the Longbow Company machine failures.

Prospectus Technology's chips had undergone rigorous testing before hitting the market, so they remained confident in their product's quality. After the meeting ended, Damon rubbed his temples, visibly exhausted.

The past few days had been nonstop-client meetings, travel, and late-night work sessions. With three to four hours of sleep a night, his body was nearing its limit.

Noticing the dark circles under Damon's eyes, Spencer spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, how about skipping the paperwork tonight and getting some rest?" Damon shook his head. "No, I'll rest after the contract is signed."

Seeing his determination, Spencer sighed and placed a stack of documents on the desk. "I'll go get you a coffee."

"Thanks," Damon replied.

It was well past midnight when Damon finally finished the paperwork.

He picked up his phone and noticed a message from Nyla. His eyes softened for a moment before his expression turned serious again.

Exiting the chat window, he sent a message to Brandon.

Damon: [Did Nyla accept what I asked you to deliver to her?]

Although it was late, Brandon was still awake and replied quickly.

Brandon: [Yes, she accepted it. Come on, Uncle Damon, you should trust me by now. But seriously, is Prospectus Technology's situation as bad as it seems?]

Damon stared at the message for a moment before typing his reply.

Damon: [Yes, it's serious. Gabriel and Tom are both adding fuel to the fire. If this isn't handled properly, Prospectus Technology could face major setbacks or even bankruptcy.]

The typing indicator appeared immediately.

After a pause, Brandon responded.

Brandon: [Uncle Damon, if you need anything, just let me know.]

Damon set down his phone and gazed out into the dark night. This winter was proving harsher than he had anticipated.

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At 4:00 a.m., a plane from Saintornia landed in Capitarnia.

Gabriel stepped out of the airport with his secretary and headed straight to his hotel.

On the way, the secretary handed him a folder. "Mr. Hackett, here's the dossier on Mr. Westcott from the Westcott Group." Gabriel flipped through the file.

Tim Westcott, originally an illegitimate son of the previous CEO of the Westcott Group, hadn't even been in line for succession.

However, his two legitimate older

brothers had removed themselves from the running-one pursued a career in medicine, and the

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had been involved in a car accident three years ago, leaving him

paralyzed and later me

unstable. That left the Westcott Group to Tim.

Upon taking over, Tim wasted no time asserting his dominance.

Within a month, he forced several veteran board members to step down.

Over the next three months, he

pressured dissenting shareholders to either sell their shares or

relinquish their decision-making

powerTim had solidified his control over the company in less than half a year.

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Under Tim's leadership, the Westcott Group maintained its position as one of the top four families in Capitarnia, leaving the other three far behind. After reading the file, Gabriel closed it and asked coldly, "I asked you to arrange a meeting with Mr. Westcott. What's their response?"

The secretary hesitated. "Mr. Hackett, Mr. Westcott's secretary hasn't responded. It seems they aren't interested in meeting with you."

Gabriel wasn't fazed. The document made it clear that Tim was proud and highly selective in his dealings. Such a person wasn't easily approached. For Damon to even gain the Westcott Group's consideration, he must have put in significant effort.

Still, there was an opportunity as long as the contract wasn't signed.

"No need to wait for a reply. I'll go to the Westcott Group myself tomorrow morning," Gabriel said.

"Understood, Mr. Hackett," the secretary replied.

At 7:00 a.m. the next day, Gabriel was already standing outside the Westcott Group. The sun hadn't fully risen yet.

His secretary, shivering beside him, was unaccustomed to Capitarnia's colder winters compared to Saintornia.

"Mr. Hackett, isn't this a bit early? The Westcott Group doesn't open until nine," he asked.

"It's not too early," Gabriel replied.

If he wanted Tim's cooperation, he needed to demonstrate sincerity.

At 9:00 a.m., Tim's car finally pulled up to the building.

As soon as it stopped, Gabriel stepped forward.

Tim exited the car, and Gabriel seized the moment. "Mr. Westcott, good morning. I'm Gabriel Hackett, CEO of Nyce Tech in Saintornia. I'd like to discuss a business proposal with you. May I have some of your time?"

Tim's icy gaze fell on Gabriel, scrutinizing him.

Gabriel held his ground, meeting Tim's gaze with a polite smile.

After a moment, Tim turned away, his tone indifferent. "Mr. Hackett, please leave. I don't lack business partners."

With that, Tim headed toward the entrance.

Gabriel knew this might be his last chance to prevent the Westcott Group-Prospectus Technology deal.

"Mr. Westcott, I understand you're considering collaborating with Prospectus Technology?" Gabriel called out.

Tim paused mid-step, turning back with a cold glare. "I despise people who think they're clever."

Unfazed, Gabriel smiled faintly. "I

simply believe Nyce Tech is a better partner than Prospectus Technology and hope you'll give us some consideration."

"Whether you're suitable or not isn't for you to decide," Tim countered.

Without another word, he entered the building.

Gabriel's secretary's expression darkened. "Mr. Hackett, it seems there's no way the Westcott Group will work with Nyce Tech."

Unlike his secretary's pessimism, Gabriel remained composed. "The deal isn't final yet. There's still a chance."

"But Mr. Westcott doesn't seem like the type to change his mind," his secretary replied.

Gabriel smiled. "So? The worst he

can do is eject me. As long as there's even a sliver of hope, I won't give up. Now, head back and dig deeper into anything we can use about Mr. Westcott."

"You're not coming back?" his secretary asked.

"No, just do what I said," Gabriel answered.

"Understood," the secretary replied.

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After his secretary left, Gabriel stayed outside the Westcott Group, determined to show he wouldn't leave until Tim agreed to meet with him.

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By midday, Tim still refused to see Gabriel.

Gabriel, considering taking a break and returning later, received a call from his secretary.

"Mr. Hackett, I found out Mr. Westcott has a girlfriend. Perhaps she could help arrange a meeting," his secretary said.

A spark lit in Gabriel's eyes. "Send me her details right away."

The secretary quickly forwarded the information.

Tim's girlfriend, Crystal Glasco, came from an average family and worked as his assistant.

Her background was straightforward—a bachelor's degree and a job at the Westcott Group right after graduation, where she became Tim's assistant. Their relationship, however, was more about Tim keeping her than about them being equals. That said, their three years together suggested Tim held some level of affection for her.

After reviewing the details, Gabriel immediately called his secretary back. "Find a way to contact Crystal. I need to meet her today."

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At around 8:00 p.m., Crystal entered an upscale restaurant in Capitarnia. Spotting Gabriel, she flashed a polite smile and sat across from him. "Mr. Hackett, what can I do for you?" she asked.

"Ms. Glasco," Gabriel greeted with a genial smile. "I understand you're Mr. Westcott's girlfriend. I've been trying to meet with him, but he hasn't been receptive. I was hoping you could help arrange an introduction."

Crystal had anticipated this request. Given her relationship with Tim, arranging such a meeting would be simple-it all depended on whether Gabriel could make it worth her while.

Feigning hesitation, she sighed. "Mr. Hackett, it's not that I don't want to help, but as Mr. Westcott's assistant, this might upset him."

Smiling, Gabriel pushed a sleek

black card across the table toward her. "Ms. Glasco, this is a token of my appreciation. The password is your birthday. Once I've met with Mr. times

Westcott, I'll deposit teris

card's balance as a further.

thank-you. Please feel free to review it and decide."

Crystal raised an eyebrow, deftly picking up the card with her painted red nails. She grinned and said, "I'll

think about it and get back to you

tomorrow at the latest, Mr. Hackett."

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"Of course. Would you care to stay and enjoy dinner? The foie gras here is excellent," Gabriel invited.

"No, thank you. I have other plans tonight. Mr. Hackett, enjoy your meal," Crystal replied.

With that, she left.

Gabriel's smile deepened as he watched her retreating figure. He was confident that once she saw the card's balance, she would agree to help. With the critical task addressed, he summoned the waiter to begin his meal.

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Just as the appetizers arrived, his secretary called. "Mr. Hackett,

Op.m.

Glasco just informed me. 7.

tomorrow at the CE Private Kitchen."

Gabriel smirked. "Good. Got it."

The next evening, at precisely 7:00 p.m., Gabriel arrived at the private dining venue.

Inside, he quickly spotted Tim and Crystal seated by a window. Straightening his suit, he strode over as if by coincidence.

"Mr. Westcott! Fancy running into you here," he greeted.

Tim glanced up, his expression neutral. "Mr. Hackett. Good evening."

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"Would you happen to have a moment later? I'd love to discuss something," Gabriel asked.

Tim smiled. "What a coincidence. I suppose I can spare a few minutes for a chat."

"Excellent," Gabriel replied.

Standing, Crystal smoothed her dress. "I'll freshen up."

She knew better than to linger during Tim's business discussions.

"Your lipstick needs touching up. Take your time," Tim said mildly.

"Of course," Crystal answered.

She found a quiet spot and sat for over half an hour, waiting until she received a bank notification confirming a deposit of 7,000,000 dollars.

Satisfied, she returned to the table, only to find Tim dining alone.

"Tim, when did Mr. Hackett leave?" she asked, quickening her pace to sit across from him.

Tim continued cutting his steak with deliberate precision. "No talking while eating."

Although his tone was calm, Crystal had been with him long enough to sense his simmering anger.

She pressed her lips together, instinctively explaining, "Tim, I'm sorry. Mr. Hackett approached me multiple times, insisting he just wanted to meet with you. Seeing him wait outside in the cold for so long, I thought I'd help-just this once. Are you upset?"

The dining room fell silent, save for the gentle notes of a violinist nearby.

Normally, Crystal would relish such a serene atmosphere during dinner with Tim, but she felt as though she was awaiting a sentence tonight.

She bit her lip, staring at Tim with unease, but dared not say another word.

The quieter he became, the more furious she knew he was. Saying anything now would be futile, possibly even stirring Tim's repulsion. Every passing second felt like an eternity.

Finally, Tim set down his knife and fork, dabbed his lips with a napkin, and looked at her.

"Crystal, how long have you been with me?" he asked.

"T-Three years..." Crystal answered.

"Three years..." Tim echoed, smiling faintly. "And yet, you still don't understand my temperament?"

His icy undertone sent a shiver down her spine. Beads of sweat formed on her forehead.

"Mr. Westcott... I'm sorry. I made a mistake. Please, forgive me this once. I swear it won't happen again," she apologized.

"How much did Mr. Hackett give you?" Tim asked.

Crystal's lips trembled. Pale and visibly shaken, she remained silent.

"Don't worry. Whatever he gave you won't take it back.

it's yours-how much am th

just



to you?" Tim elaborated.

Although his face remained composed, each word carried a weight that made Crystal shudder. Regret churned in her heart. Blinded by greed, she had made a grave mistake.

"Mr. Westcott, I'll return the money right away. Please don't be mad..." Crystal pleaded.

Tim's smile faded, replaced by slight annoyance. He asked again, "How much? Don't make me repeat myself."

When he didn't smile, the authority in his voice made Crystal tremble involuntarily.

"7,000,000 dollars," she stammered.

Tim let out a low chuckle, but his eyes were cold and calculating. " see. I'm worth that much to you. Honestly, I thought he'd only offered a few hundred thousand for you to sell me out."

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"Mr. Westcott, I'll return the money to him right away," Crystal said quickly.

Tim waved dismissively. "No need. Tomorrow, go to the finance department and collect 8,000,000 dollars. After that, you don't need to come to the company."

Crystal's face turned pale. She knew all too well that this sum of money was a breakup fee.

"Mr. Westcott, I truly realize my mistake. Please, give me another chance..." she pleaded, reaching out to grab his sleeve.

The moment she saw the cold look in his eyes, her hand froze mid-air, and she dared not move any closer.

Tim stood tall, looking down at her with an icy expression. He spoke slowly. "You should be grateful to Mr. Hackett. If he'd only given you a few hundred thousand, that's all you'd be getting from me as well. But 15,000,000 dollars in total for three years? I'd say that's more than enough." He added, his tone final, "I don't want to make this uglier than it has to be. Let's part on good terms."

Crystal's face went ashen. She wanted to ask if Tim had ever truly loved her, but she didn't need to. If he had, he wouldn't be so ruthless now. She gave a bitter smile and closed her eyes.

Who could she blame but herself? She had been too greedy and had overestimated her importance to Tim.

Meanwhile, Gabriel left the restaurant and immediately instructed his secretary to prepare the contract.

He had given away every possible advantage to secure the partnership with the Westcott Group. He had to sign this contract.

After all, if Prospectus Technology succeeded in collaborating with the Westcott Group, it would completely derail his plans.

Gabriel's secretary quickly finalized the documents, and to avoid any delay, Gabriel contacted Tim's office directly, requesting to sign the contract that evening.

The Westcott Group's team responded promptly, inviting him to come to the company.

An hour later, Gabriel watched Tim sign the agreement. Only then did the knot in his chest finally loosen.

"Mr. Westcott, here's to a successful partnership," Gabriel said, extending his hand.

Tim smiled. "To a successful partnership, Mr. Hackett."

"If you're busy, I'll leave for now," Gabriel said politely. "If there are any issues with the follow-up, please feel free to contact me anytime."

Tim nodded. "Of course."

As Gabriel left the office with the

signed contract in hand, his

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thoughts were consumed with a vivid image of Prospectus Technology's impending bankruptcy-and Nyla inevitably returning to his side.

Just imagining it filled him with excitement and anticipation.

However, as he exited the Westcott Group building, he unexpectedly ran into Damon and Spencer, who were hurrying in.

Gabriel smirked with satisfaction,

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casually waving the contract in Damon's direction. "Mr. Sumner, you're wasting your time. The Westcott Group has already signed with Nyce Tech. There's no chance they'll collaborate with Prospectus Technology. You might as well prepare for bankruptcy!"

Damon's expression betrayed a hint of surprise but quickly returned to calm.

He hadn't expected Gabriel to persuade Tim into a collaboration. However, Tim probably wouldn't put himself at a disadvantage based on his personality.

Gabriel frowned when he didn't see the panic and shock he had anticipated from Damon's expression.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm truly impressed by your composure." He sneered. "The Westcott Group was your last hope. How can you remain so unbothered when you've already lost this battle?"

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Mr.

Hackett, Prospectus Technology and the Westcott Group finalized a partnership this morning. I'm only here now to discuss some details about modifying the agreement."

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"What did you just say?" Gabriel raised his voice.

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After a brief moment of anger, Gabriel regained his composure, his gaze turning cold. "Damon, Mr. Westcott assured me he wouldn't partner with Prospectus Technology. Otherwise, he wouldn't have signed this contract with me. Stop lying."

Damon remained unfazed and spoke calmly. "Believe me or not, it makes no difference to me."

With that, he turned and continued into Tim's office with Spencer following close behind.

Gabriel stared at Damon's retreating back and instructed his secretary, "We're going back inside. I need to see for myself whether Damon or Tim is lying to me."

Trailing Damon, Gabriel stormed into Tim's office.

Seeing both men enter together, Tim raised an eyebrow in mild surprise. "Mr. Sumner, Mr. Hackett, what brings the two of you here together? Is there an issue with your contract as well, Mr. Hackett?"

The subtle emphasis on "as well" struck Gabriel like a ton of bricks. His expression darkened.

"Mr. Westcott, you assured me at the restaurant that you wouldn't collaborate with Prospectus Technology. How do you explain what Mr. Sumner just told me that Prospectus Technology signed a deal with you this morning?" Gabriel demanded.

Tim arched his brow before offering a calm smile. "Oh, that's correct. Prospectus Technology's deal is unrelated to chip technology. It's a joint investment in electric vehicles.

"As I recall, you asked me not to partner with Prospectus Technology on chip-related projects at the restaurant. I kept my word, didn't I?"

It didn't take Gabriel long to realize Tim had played him-manipulating the situation with clever semantics.

"Mr. Westcott, your actions amount to deliberate misrepresentation. Purchasing Nyce Tech's latest chip technology at such a low price is borderline fraud. If you don't terminate your deal with Prospectus Technology, I'll take legal action," Gabriel growled, his voice low and filled with barely restrained anger.

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Tim's smile faded as he narrowed his eyes. "Mr Hackett, I've already obtained security footage of our conversation at the restaurant. If you'd like, I can send it to you. The footage clearly shows that you proposed the pricing terms, and I merely agreed.

"Furthermore, I only promised not to engage in chip-related projects with Prospectus Technology—a promise I upheld. Any misunderstanding is on your end."

Tim's voice turned sharper. "If you wish to sue, the Westcott Group's legal team will gladly oblige. But know this not only will you lose, but you'll

also be required to deliver the

chips as per the contract. Should you attempt to breach it, we'l

pursue full compensation under the law."

Gabriel let out a bitter laugh. "I see now. You and Damon orchestrated this entire trap for me. Fine. You've

won this round. Butset

won't be a next time." ( belongs to

With that, he stormed out of the office, fury radiating from every step.

Gabriel vowed to avenge the humiliation he had endured.

As he walked out of the Westcott Group, he threw the contract onto the ground and stomped on it, his face a mask of rage.

His secretary hesitated before picking up the crumpled document and brushing off the dirt. "Mr. Hackett, what's our next step?" "Head back to Saintornia," Gabriel spat.

This trip to Capitarnia had been an unmitigated disaster.

Not only had he gained nothing, but he had also suffered losses in the billions. The mere thought of it stoked his anger.

He swore to himself one day, he would settle the score.

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After Gabriel stormed out, Tim couldn't hold back his laughter. "Haha, Gabriel's expression just now was priceless. I was going to leave him hanging, but he insisted on throwing money at me. He really set himself up for failure."

Damon didn't comment.

Tim finally stopped laughing and cleared his throat. "You've got an evening flight to catch, right? Let's handle the contract now."

Damon walked over and sat across from him, pulling out the contract. "I've already marked the sections that need revisions."

Tim took the document, reviewed the highlighted parts, and immediately called his assistant to revise them. Once corrected, the updated version was printed, signed, and stamped.

By the time everything was finalized, over an hour had passed.

Satisfied, Damon tucked one copy into his bag and stood up. "If any issues come up, let me know."

Tim nodded. "Sure."

As Damon reached the door, he paused and turned to Tim. "By the way, Gabriel doesn't let things slide. You outmaneuvered him this time, but he'll try to retaliate. Be careful."

Tim smirked, unfazed. "Don't worry. I've got it under control."

Damon nodded and left.

By the time Damon landed back in Saintornia, it was past midnight. Instead of heading home, he went straight to Prospectus Technology.

The top floor of the building was brightly lit despite the late hour. Inside the conference room, every board member was waiting for Damon to return and start the meeting.

He walked in without pause, diving straight into discussions.

By the time the meeting ended, it was almost 3:30 a.m.

Rubbing his temples to ease the pounding in his head, Damon asked Spencer to review the next day's schedule one more time.

"Mr. Sumner, why don't you sleep first? It's not too late to review it tomorrow morning," Spencer suggested.

"Let's do it now. I'm going back to the villa later," Damon explained.

Spencer frowned. "It's nearly 4:00 a.m. now. From here to your villa and back is almost a two-hour round trip, and you've got a meeting at 8:00 a.m." "I'll rest in the car," Damon replied curtly.

He hadn't had time to call or video chat with Nyla or Mason for days. Knowing he'd be busy tomorrow as well, he was determined to see them now, even if it meant losing sleep.

Spencer hesitated before making a suggestion, Mr. Sumner, why not rest now? I'll pick up Ms. Kinsey and Mr. Mason in the morning, or have them join you for lunch at work if you keep this up, your body won't hold out."

After a moment's thought, Damon nodded. "Fine. Let's finalize the schedule first."

Once Spencer finished reporting the next day's itinerary, he noticed Damon had dozed off in his chair.

Spencer sighed softly.

Over the past few weeks, Damon had been surviving on barely three or four hours of sleep each night. The man's resilience was remarkable, but exhaustion was clearly catching up to him.

Without waking Damon, Spencer fetched a blanket and gently draped it over him. He then reclined his chair and turned off the lights before quietly leaving the room.

At 7:00 a.m., Spencer woke Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, here's the briefing for your 8:00a.m. meeting. At 10:00 a.m., the R&D manager will present their preliminary findings on the Longbow Company machine failure," he reported.

Damon skimmed the document and nodded. "Got it."

Afterward, he freshened up in his office's private washroom.

When he walked out, he was surprised to see Nyla and Mason sitting on the office couch.

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"Why are you here so early?" Damon asked.

Upon seeing the dark circles under his eyes, Nyla's heart ached. "Spencer told me about your schedule this morning. Buddy and I missed you, so we came by."

Damon walked over. "Yeah, I have to head to a meeting soon and won't have much time to spend with you two."

"We understand," Nyla said softly.

Damon gave her a brief hug before crouching to embrace Mason. "If all goes well, I might finish early tonight and be home for dinner."

"Okay. I brought you breakfast. Eat something before your meeting," Nyla said with a gentle smile.

As Damon ate, Mason and Nyla watched him.

"You've gotten thinner. Are you not eating properly?" Nyla asked, concern evident in her voice.

Damon sipped his coffee and reassured her, "It's fine. Things will calm down soon."

Just as they were finishing, Spencer entered to remind Damon about the meeting.

"Bring the materials to the conference room. I'll be right there," Damon instructed.

Once Spencer left, he turned to Nyla. "You two should head home. I have to go to the meeting now."

"We'll wait for you at dinner," Nyla said.

Damon stood up and replied softly, "If I can't make it back in time, I'll let you know."

He then left the office briskly.

Mason watched his father's retreating figure, reluctant to leave. He looked up at Nyla, clearly upset. "Mommy, will Daddy be gone for several days again?"

Nyla gently stroked his hair. "He won't. Let's go home and wait for him, okay?"

"But I want to wait for Daddy here..." Mason mumbled, his small face clouded with worry.

Nyla crouched down, her gaze level with his.

Sensing his unease, she comforted

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him. "Don't worry. If Daddy can't make it home tonight, we'll bring dinner to him like we did this morning, okay?"

She added softly, "Besides, Daddy has to work. If we stay, he might get distracted and take longer to finish. Then he'd have to stay up late."

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"I don't want Daddy to stay up late," Mason said quickly, shaking his head.

"Neither do I," Nyla said gently. "So let's head home and wait there. That way, Daddy can work faster and join us sooner, okay?"

After a moment of hesitation, Mason nodded. "Okay."

Before leaving, Nyla checked in with Spencer about Damon's schedule.

Hearing how packed it was, she frowned. Make sure he eats lunch, no matter how busy he is. I'll video call him to check. And if he's stuck at work tonight, let me know I'll bring dinner."



"Got it," Spencer replied.

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Around 3:00 p.m., Spencer called Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Sumner's still swamped with work. He likely won't make it home for dinner." Nyla wasn't surprised. "Got it. I'll bring something over."

After hanging up, she prepared a meal herself, packing a few dishes and hot soup before heading to Prospectus Technology with Mason.

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When they arrived, they ran into Gabriel outside the building.

Gabriel's gaze fell on Nyla, holding Mason's hand and carrying a food container. It was clear she had come to bring Damon dinner.

His eyes darkened, and a fiery mix of jealousy and anger burned in his chest.

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Gabriel suppressed his emotions and forced a smile. "Nyla, are you here with Buddy to bring Mr. Sumner dinner?" Nyla acted as though she hadn't heard him and strode past him into the lobby, her demeanor cold and distant.

Gabriel's expression darkened. He stepped in front of her, blocking her path. "Nyla, do you hate me so much that you won't even speak to me?" Nyla frowned. "Please move."

"Nyla..." Gabriel's voice softened, his hurt evident. His gaze held a trace of sadness.

She looked up at him, her eyes brimming with disdain. "Gabriel, you and I have nothing to do with each other anymore. You've been targeting Prospectus Technology behind the scenes for months. Do you really think we can have a civil conversation?"

Her tone carried a clear defense of Damon, stoking jealousy in Gabriel.

She only saw his actions against Prospectus Technology but ignored how Damon and Tim had schemed against him together.

"Nyla, do you know why I named my company Nyce Tech?" he asked abruptly.

"I'm not interested. If you don't step aside, I'll call security," she said, her tone sharp.

"Nyce Tech comes from your name-Nyla. I built it for you," Gabriel explained, his voice low but earnest.

"Gabriel, do you even believe your own charade, or are you just trying to fool yourself?" Nyla chuckled coldly, her gaze unwavering. "I couldn't care less about the name of your company. And frankly, stop disgusting me, will you?"

If Harrison and Wren hadn't gotten married, she and Gabriel would have been complete strangers.

Even after their marriage, she and Gabriel had only shared two years of limited interaction. She considered herself decent-looking, but hardly someone anyone would pine after for years.

If Gabriel had truly loved her, he wouldn't have married Jane or had a child with her.

"Nyla... I—" Gabriel began.

"Don't. I don't want to hear it," she interrupted.

Her revulsion was so evident that Gabriel instinctively stepped back, his arm dropping to his side.

With an icy expression, Nyla grabbed Mason's hand and walked away without looking back.

As their figures disappeared into the distance, Gabriel's secretary approached nervously. "Mr. Hackett, are we still meeting with

Sumner?"

Considering Gabriel's near-confession at the entrance, the secretary feared Damon would have him thrown out.

No man would tolerate someone openly attempting to steal his partner.

"Yes," Gabriel answered firmly and strode into Prospectus Technology's lobby.

At the front desk, a receptionist intercepted him. "Mr. Hackett, I'm sorry. Mr. Sumner's schedule is packed today. I'm afraid he doesn't have time to meet with you. Would you like to make an appointment? I'll notify you when he's available."

Gabriel's expression darkened. "Tell him I have a business proposal that could solve Prospectus Technology's current crisis."

He didn't believe Damon could resist such a tempting offer.

The receptionist maintained her polite smile. "I'll pass along your message, Mr. Hackett, but for now, please return."

Realizing he was being dismissed, Gabriel sneered. "Fine. Tell Damon he'll regret today's decision!"

After Gabriel left, the receptionist dropped her smile and made a call. "Mr. Hogg, he's gone."

"Good work," Spencer replied before ending the call, his expression unreadable.

Gabriel had been secretly targeting Prospectus Technology for months.

After suffering a setback with Tim, his sudden proposal to collaborate with the company reeked of ulterior motives, It was as if he'd written I'm here to sabotage Prospectus Technology" across his forehead.

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Back in the car, Gabriel's expression was so dark it seemed he might explode.

"Mr. Hackett, I don't think Mr. Sumner is likely to collaborate with Nyce Tech. Should we approach Mr. Genge instead?" his secretary asked cautiously.

The secretary had doubted Damon would agree to meet with Gabriel from the start, and now it seemed his instincts were right.

Although Tim had deceived them, Nyce Tech's losses were still manageable. There was no urgent need to rely on Damon for assistance.

Gabriel shot him a cold glare. "What do you know?"

The secretary flinched under the stare and dared not speak again.

"If Damon refuses to meet me, start reaching out to Prospectus Technology's other shareholders. I don't believe they all blindly follow him," Gabriel instructed.

The secretary nodded. "Understood."

"Take me back to the office," Gabriel said curtly.

In Prospectus Technology's CEO office on the top floor...

Nyla had just finished setting out the dishes and called Damon over to eat.

"I'll join you as soon as I finish this email. You and Buddy go ahead," he replied.

Upon hearing this, Nyla didn't insist. Instead, she handed Mason a picture book from his bag and quietly browsed shopping apps while waiting. Ten minutes later, Damon finally joined them.

"I told you to start without me. Why did you wait?" he asked.

Nyla handed him a bowl of soup. "Buddy and I already ate at home. This is just for you."

Damon sipped the soup, savoring its rich flavor. His eyebrows lifted slightly. "Did you make this?"

The taste was distinctly different from what he was used to.

She nodded. "Yes, and I cooked the dishes too. Let me know if you like them. If you do, I can cook for you every day and bring them here." Damon shook his head. "That's too much work for you. I can have Spencer order food instead."

"Alright, that works too," Nyla agreed easily.

After finishing the soup, Damon looked at her. "By the way, did Gabriel bother you downstairs just now?"

"He stopped me to say some nonsense, but don't worry-I handled it," she replied.

"Good. If he bothers you again, just call me," Damon said firmly.

"Got it. Now, eat your dinner," she urged.

After the meal, Damon played with Mason for a while before Nyla took him home.

Gabriel had just returned to Nyce Tech when Tom approached him.

"Mr. Hackett, I've been working my butt off spreading rumors about Prospectus Technology's issues

with the Agihop 5th Gen, and you et

went to Capitarnia just to get played?" Tom's expression was cold, histone dripping with disdain.

He had expected Gabriel to be capable of going head-to-head with Prospectus Technology. Instead, Gabriel had made noise, gained

nothing, and ended up humiliated.

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Gabriel remained composed. "Why are you so anxious? I still have one card left to play. Prospectus Technology won't be able to hold out much longer."

Tom narrowed his eyes, scrutinizing Gabriel as if assessing the credibility of his claim.

After a pause, he sneered. "And what card might that be?"

"That's confidential," Gabriel replied coolly. "I'm sure you understand."

Their partnership was purely transactional. Naturally, Gabriel wouldn't reveal his trump card.

Seeing Gabriel's unwavering

confidence, Tom smiled faintly.

"Fine. If you won't say, I won't press.

I came here to discuss our next steps in dealing with Prospectus Technology."