

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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"Just follow my lead, Mr. Genge. I'll handle the rest," Gabriel said.

"Are you implying you don't trust me, Mr. Hackett?" Tom asked.

"It's not a matter of trust. I simply want to avoid unnecessary complications. If there's nothing else, please see yourself out," Gabriel said, dismissing him.

He picked up the documents on his desk, signaling the end of their discussion.

Tom sneered. "Fine, Mr. Hackett. I'll wait to see your results."

With that, he turned and left.

For the next few days, Nyla stopped bringing meals to Damon at the office, allowing him to focus on his work.

By Friday afternoon, Prospectus Technology's tech team had finally identified the root cause of the widespread machine malfunctions at Longbow.

The issue stemmed from the incompatibility between Longbow's equipment and Prospectus Technology's chip. The machines couldn't keep up with the processing speed of the Agihop 5th Gen, leading to failures.

However, Longbow adamantly denied ever being informed by Prospectus Technology staff about this incompatibility, or that Prospectus Technology had previously recommended using the Agihop 2nd Gen series instead.

This denial caused further deadlock.

During the meeting, frustration boiled over among Prospectus Technology's shareholders.

"Longbow is being shameless! When I negotiated with their procurement manager, we specifically discussed this in a private setting. There wouldn't have been any surveillance or recordings to prove what I said," one shareholder complained.

Another shareholder scoffed. "It's obvious they're trying to make Prospectus Technology take the blame and cover the costs for their machine failures. Of course, they'll claim the problem lies with our chip."

"The rumors about the Agihop 5th Gen having issues are also stirring up trouble. The company's stock price has taken a significant hit over the past few days. If we don't address this quickly, the damage will only worsen."

The room filled with heated discussions as shareholders chimed in one after another.

At the head of the table, Damon sat silently, his expression dark and unreadable.

When the room quieted, he finally

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spoke. "Longbow is already preparing legal action. Our legal team needs to be ready with a countersuit. PR must also get the online narrative under contro

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"This dispute with Longbow could drag on for a while. Meanwhile, accelerate the development of the Agihop 6th Gen and aim for an earlier release."

He paused before continuing.

"Additionally, send someone to reach out to Longbow's senior management. Their leadership must have some understanding of the real problem. Try to gather any

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statements that might work in Prospectus Technology's favor."

The room fell silent again as Damon's gaze swept across the attendees. "Any other questions?"

One shareholder hesitated before raising their hand. "Mr. Sumner, I do have one concern."

"Go ahead," Damon replied.

"You recently signed a joint investment deal with the Westcott Group for the new energy vehicle project. This will be another massive expenditure for Prospectus Technology.

"With the current chip situation unresolved, I believe this project could put additional strain on the company and worsen our position," the shareholder explained.

Damon's tone remained calm. "The Westcott Group is one of the top firms in Capitarnia. Partnering with them helps stabilize our relationships with other collaborators.

"Since the announcement, several

former partners who had terminated contracts with us have expressed interest in renewing them. Just in

the past two days, over ten

companies have reached our ver

"Moreover, the future of new energy vehicles is promising. Entering the market early will give us a competitive advantage."

Before the shareholder could respond, the conference room door suddenly opened.

Spencer hurried inside, leaned close to Damon, and whispered something.

Damon's expression changed, and he stood abruptly. "That's all for today."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

With that, Damon left the room without further explanation, leaving the shareholders puzzled.

Soon after, the reason for Damon's urgency became clear.

That same day, Nyce Tech unveiled their latest chip, named Galaxy, during a high-profile launch event.

The chip's performance specifications, introduced by Gabriel, closely mirrored those of Prospectus Technology's yet-to-be-released Agihop 6th Gen, which was still in the final testing phase.

Damon's expression darkened as he watched the press conference footage.

"Mr. Sumner, it's clear that Galaxy is targeting the Agihop 6th Gen. I suspect someone in the company leaked its data. Otherwise, Nyce Tech couldn't have developed a product so similar," Spencer suggested.

"Call the R&D department head," Damon ordered.

The department head arrived quickly, already aware of the situation.

"Mr. Sumner, I've already started investigating the R&D team. Within three hours, I'll have a complete report to determine whether anyone leaked the data," he informed.

Damon's voice turned icy. "Don't waste time guessing. There's no doubt someone leaked it. Focus on identifying who."

The department head nodded firmly. "Understood. I'll find them as soon as possible."

"Good. You have 24 hours," Damon replied.

After the department head left, the office fell silent.

Damon took a deep breath and picked up a document but struggled to concentrate.

The Agihop 6th Gen project had cost billions. If they couldn't find the culprit, the losses would be catastrophic.

Setting the file aside, he summoned Spencer again. "Tell Falcon to drop everything and investigate all employees who had access to the Agihop 6th Gen project, including their family and friends.

"I want a report on any recent large financial gains or property acquisitions within three days."

Spencer nodded. "I'll get on it right away."

Nyce Tech's Galaxy launch was a resounding success. Their stock soared, adding billions in value.

During the press conference's Q&A session, a reporter asked, "Mr. Hackett, if I recall correctly, Nyce Tech only announced plans to develop chips three years ago.

"Now you've produced a groundbreaking chip capable of dominating the domestic market. How did you achieve such rapid progress?"

Gabriel smiled warmly. "It comes

down to two key factors-having a world-class R&D team and fostering a culture of relentless innovation Every member of our team has worked tirelessly for three years, often burning the midnight oil to make today's achievement possible."

He paused, addressing the team directly through the cameras. "To our R&D team, this success is yours. Your countless sleepless nights and unwavering dedication have paid off. Nyce Tech is fortunate to have you. Thank you for your hard work."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

As soon as Gabriel's words fell, the room erupted into thunderous applause.

The reporter who had asked the question also joined in the clapping before speaking again. "On behalf of the R&D team, I'd like to ask you, Mr. Hackett, how much of a bonus are you planning to give them now that the Galaxy chip has been successfully launched?"

Gabriel smiled. "The minimum bonus will start at 30,000 dollars, and I'll also give them a month off to rest and recharge."

The room instantly buzzed with excitement.

A full month of vacation—something most workers could hardly even dream of—was about to become a reality for the R&D team.

"Mr. Hackett, are you serious?" The reporter looked almost as excited as if they were the one getting the vacation.

Gabriel nodded. "Yes, absolutely."

"Haha, then on behalf of the R&D team, thank you, Mr. Hackett!" the reporter cheered.

Gabriel smoothly answered the reporters' following questions, and the press conference wrapped up on a positive and harmonious note.

Just as it was about to conclude, a reporter suddenly stood up and told Gabriel, "Mr. Hackett, I have one last question."

Gabriel maintained his calm smile. "Go ahead."

"There's a rumor online claiming that the Galaxy chip launched today was developed using stolen core data from Prospectus Technology's Agihop 6th Gen. How do you respond to these allegations?"

Gabriel's smile remained unfazed, his demeanor exuding confidence. "That claim is completely baseless. If there were any evidence, the accusers wouldn't be spreading rumors online—they'd be filing police reports.

"Baseless rumors don't stand up to scrutiny, and I trust everyone here to make their own informed judgments. No one here would believe such groundless allegations."

He paused briefly before adding, "These accusations have damaged Nyce Tech's reputation. After this, I'll instruct our legal team to pursue lawsuits against anyone spreading such falsehoods."

His tone was calm yet firm, and his expression showed no sign of guilt.

Most people in the room seemed convinced by his words.

"I believe Mr. Hackett," a reporter chimed in. "A leader willing to reward his R&D team with a month-long vacation wouldn't need to stoop to

stealing others' work. If anything n

this sounds like Prospectus Technology trying to create hype, especially with the problem they've

had with the Agihop 5th Gen lately."

Gabriel smirked as he said evenly, "Whether this rumor was intentionally spread by another company or simply created byizens seeking attention, our

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company will investigate and e

the matter to its conclusion That's all for today's press conference.

Thank you all for coming?Goodbye."

Backstage, Gabriel's demeanor changed as he coldly instructed his secretary, "Find out who started this online rumor about Galaxy stealing the Agihop 6th Gen's data. I want to know if they have any ties to to Prospectus Technology within the hour."

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His secretary nodded immediately. "Understood, Mr. Hackett. I'll get on it."

In the CEO's office at Prospectus Technology...

Spencer was updating Damon on the latest findings.

"Mr. Sumner, Falcon reports that none of Prospectus Technology's employees involved in the Agihop 6th Gen's development have received any significant sums of money recently. They're now investigating their families and should have results soon."

Damon's expression remained cold as his eyes narrowed slightly.

If Nyce Tech had obtained the Agihop 6th Gen's development data, they must have prepared to cover their tracks. Finding the culprit wouldn't be easy.

"Understood. Continue your work," he replied.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"Got it," Spencer answered.

After Spencer left, Damon received a call from Tim.

"Damon, what's going on with Nyce Tech's Galaxy chip? Did someone in your company really leak the Agihop 6th Gen's data?" Tim asked.

Six months earlier, Tim had learned about Prospectus Technology's plans for the Agihop 6th Gen. The fact that Galaxy's breakthroughs mirrored those plans exactly felt far too coincidental.

"Most likely, yes. I'm currently investigating who leaked the core data," Damon replied.

Tim's voice carried a mix of amusement and casualness. "Even if you find the culprit, it'll take a long time to resolve in court.

"At this rate, it's uncertain whether the Agihop 6th Gen will launch next year. This won't affect our joint investment in the new energy vehicle project, will it?"

Damon's gaze darkened. "Don't worry. It won't."

"Good to know. Well, I wish you luck with the investigation. I've got a meeting soon, so I'll let you go," Tim said.

After hanging up, Damon placed his phone down and walked to the window, gazing at the bustling traffic below. His expression was grim.

Soon after, Falcon sent an update-bad news.

Despite investigating everyone with access to the Agihop 6th Gen's data, including cleaning staff and their families, they found no evidence of recent large transactions or new properties.

"What's the next step?" Spencer asked, visibly uneasy.

If they couldn't prove that Nyce Tech had stolen the Agihop 6th Gen's data, Prospectus Technology's multibillion-dollar investment in the project would be at risk.

This setback was far more damaging than the issues with the Agihop 5th Gen's incompatibility with Longbow's machinery.

No one would favor a company that couldn't launch new products.

Even if they managed to develop the Agihop 7th Gen, it would take billions and years of research. By then, new companies would replace Prospectus Technology.

"Keep investigating. There'll be

traces once there's a transaction Damon said, his voice cold. "Shift focus. Investigate any employees who've had contact with Nyce Tech recently."

Spencer nodded. "Understood."

Damon rubbed his temples, the weight of fatigue pressing on him. "Go."

That evening, Nyla learned about Nyce Tech's Galaxy launch. As their stock prices surged, Prospectus Technology's continued to plummet. Her brows furrowed slightly.

"Nyla, I heard some rumors. Should I tell you?" Leon asked.

Nyla glanced at him. "What rumors?"

"People are saying Nyce Tech launched Galaxy using stolen core data from Prospectus Technology's Agihop 6th Gen. But it's just hearsay, and Nyce Tech has already stated they sue anyone who started the rumor," Leon said.

Nyla pressed her lips together and replied calmly, "Until the truth comes out, don't believe anything. Let's

focus on our work. This doesn't concern us much."

Noting her unperturbed demeanor, Leon nodded. "Got it."

After work, for the first time, Nyla didn't wait for Damon in her office. Instead, she went straight to the top floor to find him.

When Damon saw her, his eyes flashed with surprise. "Didn't I tell you to head home early tonight?"

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Nyla walked over and sat across from Damon. "I heard the Galaxy chip that Nyce Tech launched today was developed using data stolen from Prospectus Technology's Agihop 6th Gen. Is that true?"

Damon frowned. "That's a company matter-you don't need to worry about it."

Seeing his reaction, Nyla understood that what Leon had said was likely true.

"Have you identified who leaked the company's data?" she asked.

"Not yet. I'm having my team look into employees who recently had contact with Nyce Tech," Damon replied.

Upon noticing the fatigue on his face, a flash of concern crossed her eyes.

"Focusing only on employees won't help. Someone who could leak all of the Agihop 6th Gen data to Nyce Tech must hold considerable influence in the company. Have you looked into Prospectus Technology's shareholders?" she asked softly.

Damon's expression darkened. "Not yet. But if we don't find anything with the employees, I'll have Spencer investigate the shareholders next." Prospectus Technology's shareholders were deeply tied to the company's success, so Damon hesitated to suspect them of leaking data. Doing so would essentially mean sabotaging themselves, which no rational person would do.

Nyla nodded. "If you find nothing with the shareholders, I could try to approach Gabriel and see if I can get him to reveal something."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Damon's expression turned icy.

"No way! We both know what Gabriel thinks of you. If the company needs you to sacrifice yourself to stay afloat, I'd rather see the company go under," he said.

As a man, if he couldn't protect the woman he loved and instead made her fight his battles, he would consider himself a failure.

Seeing Damon's grim expression, Nyla dropped the subject and said quietly, "I only came up here to ask about the situation. Since there's nothing else, I won't interrupt your work. I'll head home now. Don't stay too late."

"Alright. Don't wait for me tonight—I might not make it back until very late," Damon reminded.

In truth, he knew he wouldn't be going home at all, but he didn't want to worry her.

"Okay," Nyla replied.

After leaving Damon's office, Nyla went to pick up Mason from kindergarten.

At the entrance, she ran into Gabriel.

Gabriel asked her with a smile, "Nyla, did you watch Nyce Tech's chip launch today?"

Nyla turned to look at him. "What are you trying to say?"

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"Today is just the beginning," Gabriel said confidently. "Nyce Tech will release even more products soon. It won't be long before we replace Prospectus Technology as the

biggest enterprise in

city

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Nyla said indifferently, "Well, I wish you success."

Her aloofness made Gabriel's smile falter slightly.

"Nyla," he said, his voice softening. "Even if Nyce Tech surpasses

Prospectus Technology, you still

wouldn't consider being with me?"

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Nyla turned to look at him directly, her tone firm. "Gabriel, whether your company becomes the biggest in the city or the entire country, it has nothing to do with me.

"I don't like you. I never have, and I never will. Instead of wasting your time on me, you'd be better off reconciling with Jane."

From her perspective, Gabriel's interest in her stemmed more from unfulfilled desire than genuine affection.

Moreover, having once been step-siblings, Nyla had truly regarded him as an older brother.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

To Nyla, being with Gabriel felt just as wrong as any taboo.

Gabriel's smile turned cold. "Nyla, once Damon's company collapses, you'll come back to me."

Nyla met his gaze, her words deliberate. "First of all, I was never with you, so there's no 'coming back.' Second, if being forced to be with you is my only option, I'd rather die."

With each word, Gabriel's face darkened. By the end of her speech, the veins in his forehead bulged, and his clenched fists trembled with restraint.

"You hate me that much?" he asked.

"Yes," Nyla confirmed.

His past harassment and ongoing persistence filled her with nothing but disgust.

If Gabriel truly cared for her, he wouldn't pressure her like this-forcing her to be with him against her will.

Gabriel remained silent, but the shadow in his eyes deepened.

Whether Nyla hated or ignored him, he vowed he would do whatever it took to have her by his side.

Soon after, Mason emerged.

Without a glance at Gabriel, Nyla took Mason's hand and left.

Gabriel stood still and watched the black Maybach drive away, his expression darkening with every passing second.

"Daddy, why did you come to pick me up today?" Wilhelm asked.

Feeling a small, soft hand slip into his own, Gabriel looked down at Wilhelm's curious gaze.

Smiling, he lifted the boy. "Daddy finished work early today, so I came to get you."

Wilhelm hugged his neck tightly. "I wish you could pick me up every day!"

After Jane had abandoned Wilhelm, he understood that the only way to avoid being discarded again was to please Gabriel. His current behavior toward his father was cautious and ingratiating.

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Gabriel enjoyed his son's dependence on him and replied with a grin, "I'll try to finish work early from now on so I can pick you up."

"Thank you, Daddy! You're the best!" Wilhelm kissed Gabriel's cheek with a fawning grin.

Although Gabriel didn't notice the carefulness in his son's demeanor-or perhaps simply didn't care he found the boy's reliance on him deeply satisfying.

After dropping Wilhelm off at home, Gabriel headed to the city's most luxurious hotel, where he had booked the entire venue for a celebratory party to mark the launch of the Galaxy chip.

The guest list included all of Nyce Tech's employees and many of Saintornia's elite.

Among the attendees was Damon.

When Gabriel saw him, he approached with a smile. "Mr. Sumner, I didn't expect you to come."

Damon returned the smile, though his eyes remained cold. "Since you sent an invitation, why wouldn't I? Unless, of course, you don't actually want me here."

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"You misunderstand. I'm delighted you came," Gabriel replied smoothly. "I was just concerned that you might have trouble enjoying yourself tonight given the recent issues with the Agihop 5th Gen and the Agihop 6th Gen still unfinished."

Catching the subtle jab, Damon stayed calm. If the success of your chip is based on genuine talent, I'll offer my congratulations. But if it's based on stealing someone else's work, I can only find it laughable."

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Gabriel raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Sumner, you should be careful with your words. Without evidence, such accusations could lead to a lawsuit for defamation."

"Anyone who's done wrong leaves a trail. I'm confident the truth will come to light soon enough," Damon said evenly.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"Well then, I'll wish you success, Mr. Sumner. I've got other guests to attend to, so I'll excuse myself," Gabriel said, turning and walking away. Damon's gaze followed his retreating figure, his expression icy as he downed the rest of his drink in one gulp.

Damon was certain that Gabriel's smug grin wouldn't last much longer.

Setting his glass down, Damon left the event, only to run into Tom at the entrance.

Tom's smile carried a trace of mockery. "Mr. Sumner, long time no see. I hear Prospectus Technology's chips have been causing you quite a headache lately. Shouldn't you be busy dealing with that instead of attending parties?"

Five years ago, Tom had approached Damon with a proposal for a business partnership. Damon hadn't even spared him a glance.

Now, Tom was savoring the opportunity to watch Prospectus Technology falter.

Damon's face remained impassive. "It seems Prospectus Technology's business troubles are something you've been monitoring closely, Mr. Genge.

"While you're so preoccupied with us, might I suggest focusing on the Genge Group instead? After all, it seems you may not fully understand whether the people you're working with are allies or foes."

Damon was well aware of the shady dealings between Tom and Gabriel. It amused him to see Tom blindly walking into a trap, seemingly unafraid of being stung by the scorpion he was scheming with.

Tom's expression flickered as his tone turned cold. "Perhaps you should worry more about Prospectus Technology, Mr. Sumner. A company as large as yours could easily crumble overnight. That would be a real shame."

Damon smiled faintly. "Don't worry, Mr. Genge. Even if Prospectus Technology were to fall, it would still outlast the Genge Group."

Tom sneered. "Is that a threat?"

Did Damon still think Prospectus Technology was as formidable as before?

After the Agihop 5th Gen's mishap, many were watching the company closely. While it appeared to be thriving, it was actually walking on thin ice. A single misstep could invite predators eager to seize its market share.

"You're welcome to interpret it that way," Damon replied.

"Well then, I'll be waiting to see how things unfold." With a disdainful chuckle, Tom brushed past Damon and entered the party.

Damon glanced back at the lively banquet hall, abuzz with chatter and laughter, before turning and walking away.

On the drive back, Spencer's phone rang.

Spencer was calling to report the latest findings from Falcon. "Mr.

Sumner, we've investigated all the t

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employees who've had recent contact with Nyce Tech, but none of them seem connected to the data breach."

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Damon's face darkened. After a moment of silence, he said, "Focus on the management team next."

If it wasn't an employee, then it had to be someone higher up.

It was inconceivable that no one had leaked Prospectus Technology's Agihop 6th Gen chip data to Gabriel.

Nyce Tech's newly launched Galaxy

chip bore such

rese striking

to the Agihop 6th Gen

that at left little doubt something was

amiss.

The Agihop 6th Gen was nearly ready for release, pending final testing. Yet Galaxy had been launched first. The reason was obvious. Spencer sounded taken aback. "Mr. Sumner... are you suggesting the leak could have come from the management?"

If true, the implications were dire.

A compromised insider at that level could jeopardize not just the Agihop 6th Gen but other critical company data. The mere thought was unsettling.

"Look into it," Damon ordered.

"Understood. I'll get started immediately," Spencer replied.

The gravity of the situation was clear now. This wasn't just a data breach—it was something much deeper. Damon didn't return home that night. Instead, he headed to the office to continue working late into the night.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

The next morning, Spencer entered Damon's office with a grim expression, holding a document. "Mr. Sumner, you need to see this."

Damon took the file and flipped through it, his face growing colder with every page.

"Mr. Sumner, we've found evidence of Mr. Wakeham having close contact with Gabriel, but there's no definitive proof that he leaked the Agihop 6th Gen data," Spencer reported.

Damon's tone was flat but decisive. "It's him."

Only someone from the management team could have accessed and leaked the Agihop 6th Gen data to Gabriel.

Damon had initially dismissed the possibility of betrayal at the management level, assuming they wouldn't jeopardize their own interests. Now, it was clear the incentives Gabriel offered had been too tempting to resist.

"What's the next step? Should we involve the police?" Spencer asked.

Henry Wakeham was a key shareholder, holding 10% of Prospectus Technology's shares. Over the years, he'd appeared loyal to the company, making this revelation all the more shocking to Spencer.

"No rush. Have Falcon investigate further to determine exactly which company secrets were leaked before we take action," Damon instructed. "Understood," Spencer replied.

After Spencer left, Damon immediately called Brandon and asked him to come to Prospectus Technology.

Within half an hour, Brandon arrived. "Uncle Damon, what's so urgent?"

"Prospectus Technology's core data might have been leaked. The company could be facing bankruptcy soon," Damon stated.

If Henry had truly handed over the company's core data to Gabriel, Prospectus Technology would be on the brink of a massive crisis.

Brandon's face turned ashen. "What? How could the core data have been leaked?"

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"There's no point discussing how it happened now. Once you get back, start working on separating the Sumner Group from Prospectus Technology. Make sure the two are completely disentangled," Damon instructed.

Brandon hesitated. "Is that really necessary?"

The Sumner Group and Prospectus Technology were deeply intertwined through various partnerships. Untangling them wouldn't be easy-or quick. "It is," Damon confirmed.

Taking a deep breath, Brandon nodded. "Got it. But... is Prospectus Technology really going to go under?"

His gaze turned to Damon, lost and helpless.

Over the years, Damon had been

a mountain-leading Prosine

Technology, shielding the Summer

Group from storms, and creating opportunities for its growth.

Now, the possibility of that mountain collapsing was difficult for Brandon to accept.

"It's not certain yet. Just follow my instructions for now," Damon replied.

Hearing the gravity in Damon's voice, Brandon nodded reluctantly. "Alright, I'll get to work."

After Brandon left, Damon picked up a stack of documents but couldn't focus on a single word.

Frustrated, he tossed them aside

and lit a cigarette. He didn't smoke it,

instead watching the thin trail of smoke curl upward as his mind churned.

Nyla woke up to find that Damon hadn't returned home all night.

After getting ready for the day, she arranged for a driver to take Mason to school, then packed up breakfast and headed to Prospectus Technology.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

As Nyla knocked and opened the office door, she found Damon engrossed in his documents.

Hearing her familiar footsteps, Damon lifted his head. A smile softened his features as their eyes met.

"You're here," he said warmly.

Nyla placed the packed breakfast on his desk and gently urged, "Take a break and eat something. No matter how busy you are, your health comes first."

Damon didn't have much of an appetite, but he didn't want to worry her. Setting the document aside, he walked over to sit across from her.

As she handed him the cutlery, Nyla noticed the dark circles under his eyes and the rough stubble on his jaw. Her heart ached at the sight. "Eat first. When you're done, I'll help you shave," she offered with a tender smile.

Damon nodded. "Alright."

As he began eating the omelet, Nyla stood and headed toward the lounge. The moment she turned her back, her eyes welled up with tears. On the way to the office, she had received a call from Valarie, who had warned her there was a real possibility that Prospectus Technology might go bankrupt.

It wasn't the idea of struggling alongside Damon that frightened her. It was the thought of him not being able to handle it.

He was such a prideful man. If Prospectus Technology fell, it would be like crashing from the heights of heaven to the depths of hell. Inside the lounge, Nyla splashed her face with cold water, ensuring her eyes weren't red before she searched for Damon's razor. Ten minutes later, she returned with a warm towel and the razor.

The breakfast she had prepared was already gone. She paused briefly, then walked over to him.

"Lie back for a moment. I'll start with a warm towel," she said softly.

"Okay," Damon replied, reclining on the sofa.

Placing the warm towel over the lower half of his face, Nyla gently massaged his temples.

Within moments, Damon's breathing grew steady.

She paused, carefully removed the towel, and began shaving his stubble with meticulous care. Her movements were slow and deliberate, ensuring she wouldn't wake him.

After more than ten minutes, his jaw was clean-shaven.

She wiped his face with the towel again, cleaned up the razor and towel in the lounge, and quietly gathered the breakfast containers before slipping out of the office.

The moment the door clicked shut Damon, who had been lying still on the sofa, opened his eyes. Bloodshot and weary, his gaze was sharp and alert. He hadn't slept at all.

Sitting up, he ran a hand over his smooth jaw and let out a wry chuckle.

Soon after, Spencer rushed in,

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urgency written on his face. "Mr. Sumner, we've got a report from Falcon. One of Henry's distant relatives owns a 20% stake in Nyce Tech And his ex-wife? She's the sole

shareholder of a Nyce Tech

subsidiary, holding 100% of the

shares."

Before receiving Falcon's update, Spencer had been hopeful. The reality felt like a slap.

Henry was a Prospectus Technology shareholder on paper, but his priorities had changed long ago.

Spencer continued. "The investigation shows his ex-wife gained control of that company over a year ago."

If he recalled correctly, that was

around the time Henry and his wife divorced. This meant that Henry had been leaking core data to Nyce Tech long before their separation.

"Did we confirm what data he provided?" Damon asked, his tone clipped.

"We did. It's all here on this USB drive," Spencer said, handing it over.

Damon plugged the USB into his computer. As the files loaded onto the screen, his jaw tightened.

He had braced himself for bad news, but seeing that nearly all of Prospectus Technology's core data had been compromised was still a gut punch.

Gabriel had come prepared this time.

"Mr. Sumner..." Spencer hesitated.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Damon raised a hand to stop him, his voice low and hoarse. "Leave me for now."

Spencer lingered for a moment before speaking again. "Mr. Sumner, the most critical thing right now is to contain Henry. If we don't, Prospectus Technology could genuinely collapse "

"Notify the shareholders. We're holding a meeting at 10:00 a.m.," Damon interrupted.

"Understood," Spencer replied.

Once alone, Damon walked to the office window. As he stared at the vast ocean in the distance, his face remained expressionless.

Whenever he faced a problem in the past, this view often helped him clear his mind. He knew this might be one of the last times he could stand here, gazing at the sea.

At 10:00 a.m., Prospectus Technology's shareholders convened.

Every shareholder was present-except Henry.

Damon scanned the room, his gaze lingering on the visibly anxious faces of those seated.

He spoke. "Prospectus Technology is facing potential bankruptcy. Prepare yourselves."

His words landed like a thunderclap. The room erupted into chaos.

"What?! Mr. Sumner, you can't be serious. That's not funny!"

"The machine failures at Longbow can't be that devastating! And even if they are, it shouldn't lead to bankruptcy, right?"

"Is this about Nyce Tech's new Galaxy chip? Sure, its specs are similar to the Agihop 6th Gen, but their pricing is higher than what we've discussed for the Agihop 6th Gen. I don't think we'll lose to them!"

"That's right! How can this possibly lead to bankruptcy?"

The room buzzed with disbelief and indignation.

Damon didn't explain further. Instead, he connected his computer to the projector. "One shareholder not present today. You already know who it is. He has leaked all of these core company data files to Nyce Tech. Nyce Tech currently has all of our core data."

The shareholders stared at him, wide-eyed. Some looked ashen, on the verge of collapse.

With these data breached, they might as well be naked.

"Mr. Sumner... is what you said... t-true?" one shareholder stammered.

Supposedly well-off, they were now facing the prospect of losing everything overnight-without any warning. The shock was unbearable.

Damon replied coldly, "You can

verify it yourself if you don't believe

me. The Galaxy chip's specs are

identical to the Agihop 6th Gen because Henry handed everything

over.

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"Nyce Tech now possesses every single one of Prospectus Technology's core secrets. Taking down Prospectus Technology is as easy as snapping their fingers."

A heavy silence fell over the room.

Some shareholders turned ghastly pale, struggling to stay upright in their chairs. Others erupted in fury.

"Where is Henry?! That bastard ruined me! I'll kill him!"

"He needs to pay for this! Where is Henry?!"

"Call the police! We'll sue him into oblivion!"

Damon's voice cut through the uproar. "I've already instructed Spencer to contact the authorities, Henry has been arrested. But don't expect to recover your losses. His assets are under his ex-wife's name, and legally, they have no connection to him anymore."