

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

**c 1081**

Damon remained silent, his face set in a grim expression. If this card truly contained the staggering amount claimed, the situation was anything but reassuring.

After verifying the balance at the bank, his expression grew even darker.

Sensing something amiss—especially given Damon's lack of joy—Spencer grew uneasy.

"Mr. Sumner... isn't it good that the card holds this much money?" he asked hesitantly.

Damon's gaze sharpened. "Head back to the office. I need to deal with something at home." "Understood," Spencer replied, though confusion lingered on his face.

Damon left swiftly.

Spencer stood by, watching the car disappear down the road, his thoughts clouded.

Shouldn't they be celebrating? With this amount, saving the company should have been a sure thing.

Less than an hour later, Damon arrived at the villa.

Nyla was lounging in the living room, watching TV.

When she saw him enter, her brow furrowed slightly. "Why are you back so early?"

Damon settled across from her, placing the bank card on the coffee table. "Do you have any idea how much money is on this card?" Recognizing it as the one Mason had handed over the previous night, Nyla frowned. "Around 8,000 dollars, right? What's the issue?" "This card holds one trillion dollars," Damon said flatly.

The moment the words left his mouth, Nyla burst out laughing. "Since when did you start cracking jokes like this?"

"I'm serious." Damon unlocked his phone and handed it to her, displaying a photo he had taken at the bank's balance check.

Her laughter died as she stared at the image.

A moment later, her expression froze. Her gaze shifted back to him, now heavy with disbelief. "You're not joking?"

"Do I look like I'm joking?" Damon retorted.

"No..." she

admitted. "But how is this

even possible? Could it be an error? There's no way it could have that kind

Even if the account held 10,000 or 30,000 dollars, it wouldn't have surprised her.

Mason often deposited his pocket money and gifts into that account.

But a trillion dollars? That bordered on absurd. She couldn't even visualize such a sum.

"There's no mistake. Spencer checked, I checked, and the bank staff confirmed it," Damon explained, his tone firm.

Nyla shook her head, still skeptical.

"This doesn't make sense. Let's

this

. That should clear that

pick up Buddy and

things

up."

et

"Good idea. I'll come with you," Damon said. "If this money is tied to something suspicious, we need to act immediately to protect Buddy."

His words sent a shiver through Nyla. Damon's grave tone underscored the potential danger of the situation.

...

The drive to the kindergarten was a quiet one, both lost in thought.

When they arrived at the school entrance, Nyla called Laura, asking her to bring Mason out.

Ten minutes later, Laura emerged, holding Mason's hand.

Upon spotting his parents, Mason's face lit up with joy. He dashed toward them, leaping into Nyla's arms.

"Mommy! Daddy! Why are you here?" he asked, his voice bubbling with excitement.

Nyla and Damon exchanged a look before she crouched down to meet Mason at eye level.

"Buddy, Mommy needs to ask you something important," she said gently.

Mason's smile faded slightly due to her serious tone. He bit his lip. "What is it, Mommy?"

Taking a deep breath, Nyla asked, "The card you gave Daddy last night-do you remember how much money is on it?"

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Mason nodded. "I know. That's the money I earned myself."

"You earned?" Nyla repeated.

The couple stared at Mason in disbelief. How could a five-year-old possibly earn that kind of money?

Damon frowned and crouched beside him. "Buddy, do you know there's 1 trillion dollars in that account? Do you understand how much that is?"

Mason shook his head. "No... but it really is the money I earned."

Damon asked, "Then tell Daddy, how did you earn it?"

Mason hesitated, his expression conflicted. "Daddy... can I not tell you?"

He had promised the person who helped him earn the money that he wouldn't reveal anything about it.

"Buddy, if you don't tell us, we can't be sure if this money is really yours," Damon replied gently but firmly.

Mason thought for a moment before shaking his head again. "I can't say."

Damon was about to push further when Nyla placed a hand on his arm, stopping him.

She turned to Mason, smiling softly. "Okay, if you don't want to tell us, we won't force you. Go back to class now, and Mommy will pick you up after school."

"Okay... Mommy, you're not mad, right?" Mason looked up at her, his eyes wide with concern.

Seeing his anxious little face, Nyla smiled. "No, sweetheart. You're a big boy now. If you don't want to talk about it, that's okay. Mommy and Daddy aren't mad."

She nudged Damon with her elbow as she spoke.

Damon forced a smile and nodded. "Daddy's not mad either. Go back to class, okay?"

Reassured, Mason nodded happily. "Okay! Bye, Mommy! Bye, Daddy!"

As his small figure disappeared into the school building, Damon turned to Nyla. "Why didn't you let me press him further?"

Thinking of the 1 trillion dollars on the card, he felt restless.

How could a child have this much money? If it weren't for Prospectus Technology's bankruptcy this time, who knew how long it'd take him to find out about it?

"If you kept pressuring him, do you think he'd have told you?" Nyla countered.

"Sometimes, forcing a child to talk only backfires. He's clearly not ready to tell us S

n

"Then what now?" Damon asked.

"Try to trace the origin of the money in that account. If it's legitimate, you can use it to save the company. We can figure out the rest later," Nyla answered.

Damon frowned. "Nyla, even if it's legitimate, this kind of money tied to a child isn't normal-"

She interrupted him. "First, find out where it came from. That's the priority."

"Fine. I'll start now. You head back home," Damon relented.

"Alright. I'll wait for your update," Nyla replied.

Back at the office, Damon contacted Falcon to look into the money's origins.

Before long, he had results.

The funds in the account were all transferred legally and deposited in increments over the past two years, almost monthly.

"Boss, the money came from an overseas bank. Monthly deposits-regular and consistent. The most recent one is from last month," a Falcon member reported.

Damon asked, "Can you trace where it's from in particular?"

The member hesitated. "It's linked to the Nixons' bank account from Meristate. Beyond that, I can't dig deeper there are no recorded names in the system."

Upon hearing the Nixons, Damon's expression darkened further. He remembered the connection to Drake, who had worked for them.

"Keep digging into Drake," he ordered.

"Yes, sir," the member answered.

Hanging up, Damon tightened his grip on his phone.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Damon had never met anyone from the Nixons, but it was clear they had ties to both Drake and Mason.

He sensed it wouldn't be long before he encountered someone from this enigmatic family. When that moment came, he hoped to finally uncover their motives for involving Mason.

That evening, when Damon returned to the villa, he called Nyla into the study.

"I have something important to tell you," he said, his tone serious.

Noticing his expression, Nyla looked puzzled. "What is it? Does it have to do with the money in Buddy's account?"

Damon nodded. "Yes. Five years ago, shortly after Rebecca returned to the country, a mysterious group abroad began investigating you.

"Later, I discovered that the person behind the investigation was Drake Mummery, a senior executive at MK Company in Meristate. He's connected to the Nixons-a powerful family in Meristate.

"Today, I found out that all the money in Buddy's account came from someone within the Nixons."

Nyla's face turned serious, a mix of confusion and concern crossing her features. "I've never met anyone from the Nixons."

If Damon hadn't mentioned them, she wouldn't even have known the family existed. Why would they investigate her?

Damon leaned forward. "I remember you once told me that your mother moved abroad after divorcing your father. Could the Nixons have some connection to her?"

Nyla shook her head slowly. "I don't know... After she left, she cut off all contact with me and my dad. I haven't seen her since."

"Regardless, we can't use the money in Buddy's account until we figure out its source. I've asked someone to keep investigating Drake, and I'm confident we'll have answers soon," Damon said.

"Okay." Nyla looked down, her hands clenching at her sides.

It had been so long since she'd thought about her mother that she could barely remember her face, apart from the photos she kept.

If her mother truly was connected to the Nixons and the money in Mason's account came from them, could her mother have been the one who sent

it?

She turned to Damon and shared her theory.

Damon considered her words

carefully. That's a strong possibility. Once we gather more information, we can ask Buddy directly. From his behavior earlier, I suspect he knows more than he's letting on." S

"Alright. After dinner, I'll talk to him," Nyla replied.

"Good idea," Damon said.

After dinner, Damon returned to the study while Nyla stayed in the living room to play with Mason.

"Buddy," she began gently. "Can we talk about something? Where did all that money in your account come from? Can you tell Mommy now?" Mason paused, his small hands halting mid-motion as he stacked blocks.

He looked up at her with serious eyes. "Mommy, I don't want to talk

a. And you promised me

219

me

et

before that you wouldn't make r say things I don't want to." S

Nyla blinked, startled. She hadn't expected Mason to throw her own words back at her like this.

She forced a smile. "Mommy isn't

forcing you. I just want to talk because I'm worried. That much money in your account-it's not normal. Daddy and I are scared someone might be tricking you."

"My master wouldn't trick me," Mason blurted out.

"Your master?" Nyla repeated, her eyes narrowing.

et

Realizing he'd slipped up, Mason quickly looked away and focused on the blocks in his hands.

Nyla frowned. "When did you get a master? Why didn't I know about this?"

Mason kept his head down, refusing to answer.

Frustrated but determined, Nyla took a deep breath to steady herself. Mason was only five. If someone was manipulating him, he wouldn't realize it. Her tone turned firm.

"Buddy, you need to explain this to Mommy today."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Nyla had wanted to discuss things properly with Mason, to make him open up slowly and tell her the truth. Now, she felt the urgency to figure out how that money had come about as soon as possible.

She rarely spoke so sternly to Mason, so he was startled and dropped the block on the floor.

Mason's eyes were red, but he stared at Nyla defiantly, refusing to speak.

Nyla pressed, "Buddy, who is this master of yours?"

Why would they give Mason so much money out of the blue?

"I won't say!" Mason responded firmly.

Nyla's brow furrowed in anger as her patience wore thin. "If you don't tell me, I'll take away all your electronics starting today."

Mason yelled, "I hate you, Mommy! You're not the loving mommy you used to be anymore!"

After shouting, he spun on his heel and ran upstairs.

Moments later, the slam of his door echoed through the villa.

Hearing the commotion, Damon emerged from the study and walked into the living room. He saw Nyla standing there, visibly upset.

"What happened? Did you fight with Buddy?" he asked.

She nodded, her voice tight with frustration. "I asked him about the money again. He accidentally let it slip that he has a 'master.' I think that's who's been transferring money to him."

She paused before adding, "You're right. We need to get to the bottom of this."

Just the thought of someone transferring so much money to a five-year-old made Nyla's heart lurch with unease. What did the other person want?

Damon hugged her to comfort her..

"Don't

ask me too much. I've already

asked for this to be looked into, and we'll find out about it soon. SV



"Besides, I thought about it. If the other party is willing to give Buddy so much money, they probably aren't trying to deceive him.

"Don't fret about it. For now, let's focus on keeping Buddy safe."

His calm demeanor seemed to soothe Nyla, and she sighed. "You're right. Starting tomorrow, I'll keep Buddy at home with me. I don't have any work right now, so I can watch him closely. Once we've figured everything out, we can decide what to do next."

Damon hummed in agreement.

Upstairs in Mason's room...

Mason walked into the bathroom with his phone and dialed a number.

After a few rings, the call connected, and a young man's voice echoed. "Buddy, what's wrong?"

Mason sniffled. "Master, I might not be able to talk to you for a while."

"Why are you crying? What happened?" the young man asked.

"My mom found out about the

money in my account. I accidentally let it slip about you. Now she

dants

to take away all my electronics,"

Mason explained. swnovel

The man on the other end of the call paused before speaking. "The money is yours. You earned it. Didn't you tell her that?"

"I did, but she doesn't believe me..." Mason whined.

"I see. Well, for now, just do as your mom says. Don't worry-we'll see each other soon," the man reassured.

"Really?" Mason widened his eyes in disbelief.

He had been under his master's wing for two years but had never met him.

His master had always said they would meet one day, but Mason had always assumed he'd need to grow up first before that could happen.

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Mason hadn't expected his master to say they'd meet in person soon.

"Of course. Have I ever lied to you?" the young man replied.

"No!" Mason chirped.

After hanging up the phone, the thought of meeting his master lifted Mason's spirits. He jumped off the toilet, phone in hand, and walked out of the bathroom.

Back in his room, a knock came at the door.

"Buddy, are you in there? Can you open the door? Daddy wants to talk to you," Damon said.

Hearing Damon's gentle voice, Mason hesitated briefly but eventually opened the door.

"Daddy, if you're here to ask about my master like Mommy, I'm not going to tell you," he stated.

Damon smiled, reaching out to pat Mason's head. "Don't worry. I'm not going to ask. You don't have to say anything if you don't want to. Mommy and I talked earlier, and she won't press you on it anymore either. She was just worried, that's all."

"My master wouldn't hurt me!" Mason defended.

"I know, Buddy. Mommy's just concerned about you. She already feels bad about how she acted earlier and wants to apologize. Would you be willing to forgive her?" Damon asked.

After a moment's thought, Mason nodded. "Okay. I'll forgive Mommy."

"Great. Let's go downstairs so she can apologize to you properly, alright?" Damon suggested.

Mason nodded.

Damon held Mason's hand and led him downstairs. True to his word, Nyla apologized as soon as they reached the living room.

"Buddy, I'm so sorry for being so harsh earlier. I was just really worried about you. Don't be mad at me. I promise I won't ask you about it again, okay?" Nyla said.

"Okay, Mommy. I'm not mad anymore," Mason answered.

"That's my good boy! Now, why don't you keep building with your blocks? Daddy and I will stay here and play with you," Nyla suggested.

The three of them played with blocks together until around 9:00 p.m. Then Nyla took Mason upstairs for his bath and bedtime routine.

Once Mason was out of sight, Nyla turned to Damon. "We can't use the money in Buddy's account to save Prospectus Technology now. Does this mean there's really no way to stop the company from going bankrupt?"

Damon nodded. "That's right."

Biting her lip, she hesitated before speaking. Then... what if you used the money in Buddy's account for now? Save Prospectus Technology first. When things stabilize, we can pay it back later." en FindNovel

Damon was silent for a moment before responding in a low voice. "Let's wait a little longer. I want to figure out who transferred that money to Buddy before deciding how to use it."

"Why are you being so stubborn? By the time they finish investigating, Prospectus Technology might already be bankrupt!

"We have this money now-just use it, and we'll deal with everything else afterward," Nyla urged.

Seeing him still reluctant, she

pressed further, "Think about it. As

long as Prospectus Technology stands, you'll have the power to protect Buddy and me, to stand against Gabriel. But if Prospectus Technology goes under..."

The mention of Gabriel sent a wave of disgust through Nyla.

"Let me think about it, Nyla," Damon replied.

The reason he didn't want to use the money was his concern that Mason would be impacted if there were any issues later on.

However, Nyla was also right. He could only protect them if Prospectus Technology remained.

If there were issues with that money and Prospectus Technology went bankrupt

as well, he wouldn't be able to protect them.

Nyla reminded him gently, "Okay, think about it. But we don't have much time. Prospectus Technology is already preparing to file for bankruptcy."

Damon nodded. "I know. You go on to bed. I still have some work to finish in the study."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Nyla went upstairs while Damon returned to his study.

Instead of diving into his paperwork, he sat at his desk, wrestling with the dilemma of whether to use the money in Mason's account to save Prospectus Technology.

Hours later, he made a decision.

...

The next morning, Damon left for the office after breakfast.

Meanwhile, Mason was heading upstairs to change when Nyla called him back. "Buddy, starting today, you don't need to go to school. You'll stay home with me for a while to study instead."

Mason blinked in surprise. "Why?"

Nyla stroked his hair, her tone gentle. "I'm not working right now, so I can help you practice writing at home. We'll do this for a while before you go back to school. Does that sound good?"

School wasn't that important to Mason, so he nodded easily. "Okay."

Relieved that he didn't press for more details, Nyla let out a soft sigh. Lying to kids could be exhausting.

At the office...

Damon had just stepped in when Spencer arrived, his expression grim.

"Mr. Sumner, the evidence we submitted accusing Nyce Tech of stealing Prospectus Technology's trade secrets has been rejected," he reported. Damon's eyes darkened. He'd anticipated Gabriel tampering with the process.

"I see. Transfer 400 billion dollars into the company's account. Also, withdraw Prospectus Technology's bankruptcy filing," he instructed, handing Spencer Mason's bank card.

Spencer's eyes lit up. "Right away!"

...

Gabriel expected Damon to beg for mercy, yet he received the news that Prospectus Technology had received a mysterious cash injection and was back on its feet.

His smile froze as his secretary reported the development. "What did you just say?"

"Mr. Hackett-" the secretary began.

"Find out who gave them the money!" Gabriel barked.

"Right away!" The secretary hurried out.

Gabriel swept the files on his desk to the floor in a fit of rage.

How could anyone invest in Prospectus Technology now?

Even if the company avoided bankruptcy, it would take years to recover. Investing at this point was as good as throwing money away!

The more Gabriel thought about it, the angrier he became.

With a loud bang, his office door slammed open.

Tom stormed in, his face like stone. "Gabriel, didn't you say Prospectus Technology would go bankrupt this week? I've been waiting, only to hear they've been saved! What kind of game are you playing?"

Gabriel sneered. "And what exactly did you contribute to this plan? Who are you to point fingers at me?!"

"You!" Tom jabbed a finger at him. "I

did everything you asked. I spread the rumors, about Prospectus Technology. Now it's clear you couldn't hold up your end of the deal,

yet you have the nerve to question

me?"

If he'd known Gabriel was this incompetent, he never would've agreed to work

with him.

"Are you done? If so, get out! Our partnership is over. Whatever you do to Prospectus Technology from now on is your business. It has nothing to do with me!" Gabriel snapped.

"Fine! Don't come crying to me later!" Tom stormed out, cursing under his breath.

He had already colluded with one of Prospectus Technology's shareholders to steal the company's core data. If Prospectus Technology regained its footing, Damon would never let him off.

The thought darkened Tom's mood further as he left.

Cutting ties with Gabriel now was the smart move before the man's failures dragged him down too.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Not long after Tom left, Gabriel's secretary rushed into the office, panic in his voice. "Mr. Hackett, I can't find where the money for Prospectus Technology came from. It's as if it just appeared out of nowhere. I—"

"Get out!" Gabriel's bloodshot eyes and contorted face radiated fury, making him look terrifying.

The secretary froze, then quickly turned and left, shutting the door behind him.

It was over.

With Prospectus Technology saved, Gabriel had lost his leverage over Damon. And with it, Gabriel's chance of being with Nyla was gone too.

"Mr. Sumner, with this new investment, the company will be back on track soon. I'll start reaching out to the employees who left. If any of them are willing to return, we can reinstate them right away," Spencer said with a smile in Damon's office.

"Got it. Go ahead and handle it," Damon replied.

"Understood!" Spencer chirped before exiting the room.

Damon opened a file on his desk, but his thoughts kept wandering.

He wasn't sure if using the money from Mason's bank card had been the right decision, but for now, it seemed like the only option.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to shake off his doubts. There was too much to do now that the company was operational again.

That afternoon, several entrepreneurs who had previously terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology visited the office, eager to reestablish partnerships.

Others hesitated, waiting to see if the company would stabilize before making their move.

Damon instructed Spencer to spread a clear message: any company willing to renew their partnership within three days would have their previous termination forgiven.

Beyond that window, Prospectus Technology would refuse to work with them again.

Once the news spread, several hesitant companies sent representatives to negotiate immediately.

Spencer frowned. "Mr. Sumner,

when the company was in trouble these people abandoned us without a second thought. Why give them another chance now?"

Damon remained composed. "Business is about profit. When there's no profit to be made, leaving is an understandable choice. We can't expect others to lose money just to support us." FindNovel

If their roles had been reversed, Damon knew he would have likely made the same decision.

"Fine." Spencer sighed, shaking his head. "I guess that's why you're the CEO, and I'm just the secretary."

...

Damon didn't return to the villa until late that night.

Nyla, as always, was waiting for him.

Seeing her sitting there, he frowned and approached her. "Nyla, if I come home this late, you don't need to wait up."

"Alright," she said softly. "You've had a long day. Are you hungry? Want some late- night snacks?"

Damon realized only then that he hadn't eaten dinner. "You go rest. I'll make pasta."

"I made meatballs with Lydia earlier. There are some fresh ones in the fridge. Let me cook those for you.

You go sit and relax," Nyla said, already heading for the kitchen.

Damon followed her. "You don't have to. I can do it."

Nyla turned on the stove, set a frying pan, and retrieved the meatballs from the fridge. "I'll just cook eight. Don't eat too much this late."

Damon smiled, a flicker of tenderness crossing his face. "You really don't have to. I'll handle it."

He reached for the meatballs, but Nyla quickly moved them out of his grasp.

"I won't sleep if I leave this to you." She glanced at him. "By the way, how did things go at the company today?"

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"It's going alright. We're slowly getting back on track, but I'm still worried. I don't know if this is the right call," Damon answered.

Using the money in Mason's account might save Prospectus Technology, or it could drag him further into trouble.

Nyla looked at him, her voice soft. "Right or wrong, it's the only option right now. We'll just have to take it one step at a time. It won't be any harder than it is now."

If Prospectus Technology went bankrupt, they didn't know how Gabriel would retaliate against their family. As long as the company remained intact, they would be safe.

"I'll protect you and Buddy, no matter what. No one will hurt you," Damon vowed. He had already decided that if things went south, he would find a way to get Nyla and Mason to safety.

The oil was reaching temperature as they spoke.

Nyla dropped the meatballs in. "Don't worry so much. We'll be fine. The three of us will be alright."

Damon walked up behind her and wrapped his arms around her with a hum.

Tom stood by the window in his living room, speaking on the phone with Drake. When Drake heard that Tom hadn't managed to bring Prospectus Technology to bankruptcy yet,



he sneered. "Tom, have you been spending all your time thinking about romance? You're still failing at the job I gave you?"

Tom's face darkened. "Mr. Mummery, I've been doing everything I can. Prospectus Technology was already on the verge of bankruptcy, but suddenly someone mysterious invested in them, bringing them back to life... I've tried everything..."

"I don't want to hear 'tried your best.' If you don't deliver what I asked, everything else is just talk. I'll give you one last chance. If you don't deliver within a week, I'll take everything I gave you back," Drake warned.

Tom's face paled. "Mr. Mummery-"

Before he could say anything else, the line went dead.

Tom threw his phone on the floor.

A week? Prospectus Technology had just received an investment. How could they possibly go bankrupt in a week?

Drake was making impossible demands!

Drake had helped Tom during his  
time

thing but Tom had paid back

everything he owed. He didn't owe Drake anything anymore and wouldn't do his bidding.

If Drake tried to take down the Genge Group, Tom would unite with Prospectus Technology to take him down instead.

Over the years, Tom had gathered a lot of dirt on Drake. If he pushed him too far, Tom would destroy him.

With a cold smile, Tom turned and walked to his bedroom.

Over the next few days, most of Prospectus Technology's employees returned, and the company's benefits remained the same.

Prospectus Technology's legal team also refiled the lawsuit against Nyce Tech. While Prospectus Technology was thriving again, things were going badly abroad.

Spencer rushed into Damon's office and shut the door behind him. "Mr. Sumner, we can't reach anyone from Falcon!"

Damon's expression darkened. He put down the file and looked at Spencer. "What do you mean? Why can't you reach them?"

"I don't know, Last night at midnight, Falcon sent me a message saying they would soon find out who made the transfer to Mr. Mason. But when I tried to contact them this morning, they've all gone dark," Spencer reported.

Damon's face turned grim. "I see. You go back to work for now."

"What about Falcon?" Spencer asked.

"Don't worry about them for now. If they're still alive, they'll get in touch later.

we don't hear from them.fx

within a month, don't wait anymore," Damon answered.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

If Falcon didn't make contact within a month, it would mean something had happened to them.

"Alright, I understand," Spencer replied.

He turned and left the office, sighing once outside. He could only hope they couldn't reach Falcon because of some kind of accident, not something worse.

Once the office door closed, Damon's gaze darkened.

If he wasn't mistaken, Falcon had likely been found by the Nixons, though Damon wasn't sure whether they were alive or dead.

The Nixons, the hidden power behind Drake, were far bigger and more mysterious than he had imagined.

While he was lost in thought, his phone suddenly rang.

Upon seeing that it was Gabriel, his expression immediately turned cold.

As soon as he answered, Gabriel's furious voice came through. "Damon, are you really going to drive me to the brink?"

The legal team from Prospectus Technology had filed a lawsuit against Nyce Tech for illegally stealing trade secrets and submitted evidence of other criminal activities to the court.

If those pieces of evidence were accepted, Gabriel would face prison time. His secretary had just reported that the police were on their way to take him in for questioning.

Damon spoke indifferently. "You weren't exactly kind to Prospectus Technology, were you? Now the roles have switched. Can't take it, huh?"

"Heh, I advise you not to push things too far. There are others who want to bring down Prospectus Technology, not just Nyce Tech," Gabriel warned.

"I know. There's Tom, and even Drake behind him, right?" Damon prompted.

There was a long silence on the other end of the line.

After several seconds, Gabriel finally said, "Since you know, you shouldn't be wasting so much energy on Nyce Tech. Your true opponents have never been Nyce Tech."

"You and Tom are colluding against Prospectus Technology, which makes you Drake's right hand. If I deal with you first, taking care of Tom will be just as easy. Should

keep you around so you can stab me in the back later?" Damon retorted.

"You!" Gabriel barked. "Damon, you'll regret this!"

"The only one who will regret it is you. You'll have to face the consequences of all the dirty things you've done!" With that, Damon hung up.

Just as Gabriel was about to call back, there was a knock at the door.

Two police officers entered behind

his secretary, their expressions serious. "Mr. Hackett, you are suspected of illegally stealing Prospectus Technology's core data and other criminal activities. Please come with us."

Gabriel gripped the phone tightly. After a long pause, he stood up and adjusted his clothes. "Alright, I'll go with you."

He told his secretary, "Tell the lawyer to come to the police station later."

For now, it was just a matter of cooperating with the investigation. He could still post bail.

His secretary nodded. "Got it, Mr. Hackett."

...

The news of Gabriel being taken by the police spread quickly, and the Wilkies soon received word.

Pedro called everyone to the family home, including Jane, who had not yet gone abroad.

Upon seeing her, Theo sneered.

"Jane, you really have good taste.

You married such an impressive man-he almost brought down both the Wilkie Group and Prospectus Technology. Truly remarkable!"

Jane coldly stared at him. "Better than you, who's been nothing but a spoiled heir. You still can't find a family willing to marry their daughter to you. Worry about yourself first."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Theo's expression darkened as he stepped forward, looking down at Jane. "Say that again!"

Jane raised an eyebrow. "What? You can't take it? Want to make a move?"

"You!" Theo clenched his fists, and for a moment, he was tempted to strike Jane.

"Enough!" Pedro's sharp voice echoed. "Isn't this enough chaos? Keep quiet, both of you!"

Theo's expression changed, and he took a deep breath, saying nothing more.

Jane knew she was no longer in line to inherit the Wilkie Group. She had become a mere pawn, no longer of any use to Pedro, so there was no need to pay her much attention.

She glanced at Pedro, her voice flat. "Grandpa, you called me here today just to talk about Gabriel being arrested?"

Pedro frowned. "Gabriel's arrest will damage the Wilkies' reputation. Stay home for a while and finish your travel documents. I want you to leave the country."

Jane sneered. "Got it."

She knew she was now a discarded pawn in Pedro's eyes. Of course, he would want her to leave as soon as possible and disappear from his sight.

However, handing the Wilkie Group over to Theo would turn out to be the worst decision Pedro could ever make.

"I've already divorced Gabriel. What happens to him now is none of my business, and I don't care. If there's nothing else, I'll leave," she said.

"Wait!" Pedro stopped her, his voice lowering. "There's another matter I need to discuss with you."

Jane scoffed inwardly but kept her expression neutral. "What is it?"

"Before you leave the country, I want you to transfer the 10% of the shares you hold to Theo," Pedro requested.

Pedro's expression, as if this were a perfectly normal request, made Jane's anger flare.

She had used her divorce settlement to acquire those shares. Why should she hand them over to Theo for nothing?

"Grandpa, if you want me to transfer them to

So that's fine. But I

how much he's willing to pay for

the

shares I hold?" Jane asked

Theo jumped. "Jane, you still want money?! Ask yourself-do you even deserve the 10% of the company?"

"If I compare myself to you, it seems I'm more deserving," Jane retorted.

"What did you say? Say it again!" Theo stormed forward, his fists clenched, as if ready to strike Jane.

She lifted her chin and stared him down. "Did I say something wrong? If I remember correctly, that 10% was transferred to me after I agreed to the divorce. In exchange, Gabriel returned the gaming company to the Wilkie Group. What right do you have to ask for my shares now?"

"Your shares belong to the Wilkies, so why can't they be taken?" Theo challenged.

"I said I'd give them to you, but only

if you

me the full market value.

Otherwise, I

Won't transfer them,"

e said firmly.

"So you want to be difficult?" Theo advanced, ready to make a move on Jane, but her parents stepped in front of him.

"Theo, what do you think you're doing? If you dare lay a hand on Jane, I won't let you off!" warned Jane's mother, Ruth Napier.

She turned to Pedro, furious. "Dad, how can you expect Jane to transfer all her shares to Theo? You're being so biased!

"Over the past few years, it was Jane who worked hard in the company, while Theo did nothing but have fun.

"Now that Jane's hurt and divorced from Gabriel, you want her shares without paying a cent? Her father and I are still here!"