

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 11

Chapter 11

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Clark's commanding tone made Nyla instinctively frown. "Whether you agree or not, I'm moving out."

Nyla's indifferent tone fueled Clark's anger even more. His voice rose. "Don't forget, your father's medical expenses-"

Before he could finish, Nyla coldly interrupted, "Clark, if I remember correctly, your Uncle Elijah's son is returning from studying abroad soon: You wouldn't want your affair to be known to the Summers at this time. Elijah Sumner, Clark's second uncle, wasn't very capable, so Richard had invested a lot in Elijah's son. After all, the Sumner Group was so big that they couldn't give everything to Clark."

Over the years, Clark had always performed well in front of Richard. Now was a crucial time. He couldn't let Nyla tell Richard about his affair.

Nyla had also considered this point in her choice to move out at this time.

There was silence on the other end of the phone. After a while, there was a low laugh. "Nyla, I never realized before that you were a rabbit that would bite."

Clark's voice was chilly, clearly filled with anger.

before but now they were

Nyla lowered her gaze, suddenly feeling a bit sad. They had been so in love before, but now threatening and disgusted with each other. "You taught me this."

Clark didn't respond. After a cold laugh, he hung up.

Nyla put down her phone, suppressing the bitterness in her heart, and forced herself not to think about Clark anymore.

Valarie saw the vulnerability flash in Nyla's eyes as she turned around and sighed inwardly. Nyla

had truly loved Clark. It would probably take a long time for her to let go of the pain and disappointment of his betrayal

Once they finished moving and unpacking. Nyla planned to treat Valarie to dinner, but Valarie refused. "I have a date with my boyfriend tonight. Besides, you've just moved out, and everything costs money. It's Before Nyla could say anything. Valarie hurriedly left. Knowing that Valarie cared about her, Nyla felt a wave of warmth in her heart

Although she had lost love, she still had friendship and family love, which was enough to make her hopeful about life again.

After Valarie left, Nyla didn't plan to eat out. She decided to go to the grocery store to buy some Seasonings and groceries to cook at home.

With her keys in hand, she walked to the nearest store,

Having bought what she needed and leaving the grocery store, she realized it had started raining heavily

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outside. It occurred to her that the weather forecast had indeed mentioned rain in Saintonia recently.

Nyla stood at the entrance, deciding to wait until the rain eased before heading back.

In a black Maybach on the roadside, Spencer Hogg saw Nyla standing at the grocery store entrance and felt a sense of familiarity. He looked a few times before saying, "Mr. Sumner, Isn't that Ms. Jayston stand Spencer had met Nyla a few times when he accompanied Damon to banquets. However, if he

remembered correctly, Clark and Nyla lived in the southern part of the city. Why would she be there at this hour, without any service staff or drivers?

Damon, who was looking at the documents in the back seat, turned his head to look at the somewhat distressed woman holding a bunch of things and standing awkwardly at the grocery store entrance. He with "Ms. Jayston seems to be trapped by the rain. Should we give her a ride? Just as Spencer finished speaking-he realized that the temperature in the car had dropped a few degrees.

"Do you have nothing to do?"

Realizing Damon's displeasure, Spencer quickly explained, "Ms. Jayston is your niece-in-law, isn't she? If it were another woman, I wouldn't dare to speak out.

"Besides, we don't know when this rain will stop. It's quite dangerous for Ms. Jayston to be outside alone at this late hour."

Damon scoffed lightly as he recalled how Nyla had gotten the room wrong that night. It had been quite dangerous. Such a foolish woman was rare. If she had encountered another man that night, she might have of.

When Damon didn't speak, Spencer hesitated and asked, "Mr. Sumner, should we go or..."

"You just said she's my niece-in-law. If I turn a blind eye now, won't others say I lack empathy?"

Spencer was rendered speechless, thinking that Damon usually lacked empathy anyway.

Nyla waited for a while. Seeing that the rain was not only continuing but seemed to be getting heavier, she hesitated about hailing a cab.

Just then, a black Maybach stopped right in front of her.

The rear window lowered, revealing Damon's cool face,

Nyla was taken aback, clearly not expecting to meet him here.

"Get in. I'll take you back," he said coldly, his face devoid of expression, giving off an intimidating vibe. Nyla took a step back and shook her head. "Uncle Damon, it's okay. The rain will stop in a while." Damon's His imposing presence almost took Nyla's breath away She involuntarily tightened her grip on the bag she was carrying.

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Before she could refuse, the front passenger door suddenly opened, and Spencer got out to take the things from her hands. "Ms. Jayston, get in the car. This rain will last at least another hour, and it's windy here you might catch a cold."

Nyla couldn't refuse any longer as Spencer had already put her things in the trunk. She bit her lip and opened the car door to get in. As soon as she sat down, the faint woody fragrance on Damon's hands, hanging by her side, subconsciously clenched the hem of her shirt.

The memory of that night when she almost went too far with Damon was too vivid, making her feel awkward just being with him.

Damon seemed not to notice Nyla's discomfort. He put down the documents in his hand and looked at her. "Why did you come so far to get groceries?"

"I moved here recently. Uncle Damon, you can drop me off at the entrance of The Fleur."

"Did you have a fight with Clark?"

"No, I found a job recently, and living here is closer to the company."

Damon didn't speak again, and the car fell silent.

Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of The Fleur, and Nyla silently breathed a sigh of relief.

"Thank you for sending me back, Uncle Damon."

She was about to push the door and get out when suddenly an umbrella was handed to her.

Nyla immediately noticed Damon's hand, as she was someone who appreciated hands. She had even developed a liking for Clark starting from when she saw his hands.

The joints of the hand holding the umbrella were distinct, fair, making it hard for her to look away.

"Take it."

She instinctively refused. 'No need, I can run back-

Before she finished speaking, Damon's somewhat impatient voice sounded. "Do you want to get soaked like a drowned rat?"

Nyla went silent. After hesitating for a moment, she still took the umbrella from Damon. "Thank you...."

Damon didn't say anything, his expression somewhat indifferent.

As Nyla got out, Spencer had already taken the things from the trunk. "Ms: Jayston, should I send you upstairs?"

No need. I don't have much stuff. I can manage on my own."

Spencer didn't insist either. After all, Damon had a meeting later.

After handing Nyla's things to her, he got back in the car and left.

Watching the black Maybach's tail lights disappear from sight, Nyla turned and walked toward her rented apartment.

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In the car, Damon picked up the documents and said with a blank face, "Find out what's going on between Nyla and Clark."

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On Monday morning at eight sharp, Nyla arrived punctually at Park Pharmaceuticals.

The HR completed her onboarding and showed her around the company, familiarizing her with the departments' locations. Afterward, she was escorted to the office of the R&D department manager.

The R&D manager, Genevieve Reeve, was a woman in her 40s with a neat short haircut. She was not one to smile easily, giving off a serious vibe.

"Have a seat," she said after Nyla sat down. "I've reviewed your resume. You achieved quite a bit during your school days, but you haven't been in the lab for the past few years. You'll start as an assistant." "Okay."

Genevieve approved of Nyla's calm composure without any hint of dissatisfaction. She liked subordinates who were down-to-earth. So far, Nyla seemed reliable.

Genevieve stood up and addressed Nyla. "Let me introduce you to your colleagues."

She led Nyla into the R&D department and raised her voice. "Everyone, hold on a moment. We have a new member in our department today. Nyla, please introduce yourself."

Nyla stepped forward with a smile. "Hello, everyone. I'm Nyla Jayston, your new recruit in the R&D department. There's a lot I may not be familiar with initially, so please guide me along the way."

As soon as she finished speaking, a sudden exclamation came from her left. 'Lucia! You added the wrong reagent!'

Nyla turned toward the voice and recognized the frantic woman tidying up the reagents. She was surprised to see Lucia there.

Lucia's father, Clement Pollard, was the procurement manager at Harris Pharmaceuticals, where he and Harrison had developed a close friendship from their university days. As a result, the Jayston and Pollard However, after the Jaystons went bankrupt, the Pollards quickly distanced themselves, and Lucia even blocked Nyla.

Later, Nyla learned from Valarie that at a high school reunion, Lucia had claimed she never considered Nyla a friend and had only been nice to her because of her father's job at Harris Pharmaceuticals This revelation had made Nyla realize that not everyone who smiled at her genuinely liked her-some simply found her useful.

Genevieve looked at Lucia, frowning. "What's going on? Aren't you usually the most careful?"

Pouring out the reaction flask with the wrong reagent in a hurry, Lucia looked guilty as she glanced at Genevieve. "I got distracted for a moment. I'm sorry."

Lucia usually did her work meticulously, so Genevieve didn't continue to chastise her, just reminding her to be more careful next time.

"Since you have more experience in experiments, Nyla will assist you for now. Brief her on the lab protocols and get her up to speed."

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Lucia lowered her head, concealing her underlying disdain. "Okay."

After giving a few more instructions, Genevieve left.

Lucia looked at Nyla with a fake smile. "Nyla, I didn't expect you to work at Park Pharmaceuticals. I saw you from a distance at the company gate a few days ago. I couldn't believe it was really you."

Nyla didn't miss the hint of disdain in Lucia's eyes. She looked at Lucia Indifferently without responding to her comment. "What do I need to do today?"

Lucia's smile froze. She bit her lip, looking somewhat aggrieved. "Nyla, are you still blaming me for what happened before? When your father's pharmaceutical factory had that incident... My family would have b if I hadn't distanced myself from you. You understand my situation, right?"

Although the others appeared to be focused on their work, they

were all actually listening attentively. Given Lucia's words and Nyla's reaction, it seemed there was some past conflict between the two, and it was likely juicy gossip.

Nyla didn't want to engage in reminiscing with her.

She said expressionlessly, "Ms. Pollard, I'm here to work, not to dwell on the past. Besides, you just added the wrong reagent, and the experiment needs to start over from scratch. If you don't get a move on, th Lucia gritted her teeth inwardly upon seeing the unfriendly looks from her colleagues. She hadn't. expected Nyla to become so sharp-tongued after all these years.

Still smiling and intentionally softening her voice, Lucia said, "You just started today, and there isn't any specific work for you to do yet. You can start by washing those reagent bottles over there."

Nyla glanced over where Lucia pointed, a corner where there were 70-80 reagent bottles needing cleaning. It seemed like she had been assigned all the accumulated reagent bottles in the entire lab.

Lucia's smile grew a bit smug as she watched Nyla look at those bottles without saying a word. Once Nyla refused, she would go straight to Genevieve to tell on her.

Genevieve detested people who were both arrogant and incompetent, so she would surely start to dislike Nyla. This meant Lucia could easily manipulate her in the future.

However, Nyla didn't say anything and simply walked toward the corner where the reagent bottles were piled up.

Watching Nyla's back, Lucia smirked. Now that Nyla was in her hands, she could do whatever she wanted. She would make Nyla regret ever coming to work at Park Pharmaceuticals! Nyla worked straight through until 9.00 p.m., cleaning all the reagent bottles.

When she finally put down the brush, she felt like her back wasn't her own anymore.

She got home after 10:00 p.m. and took a shower before preparing to sleep. Just as she set down her phone, it pinged.

Nyla frowned slightly when she took a look. She recognized the profile picture-it was Clark's secretary.

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The day after she found out about Clark's affair, she had deleted Jordyn from her contacts. She couldn't believe Jordyn had the nerve to add her again.

Nyla ignored it, but Jordyn clearly wasn't giving up. She sent a message.

Jordyn: [Ms. Jayston, I'm pregnant.]

Nyla froze, her fingers gripping the phone until they turned white.

After a pause of more than ten seconds, she calmed down. She took a screenshot and sent it to Clark, then promptly blocked Jordyn to avoid being revolted by her again. Clark's response came quickly.

Clark: [Nyla, this is an accident. I will handle it properly promise she won't appear in front of you again.]

Nyla felt his promise was insincere. He had made similar promises before, and what had happened then?

She didn't reply and simply deleted their chat history.

Over the next few days, whenever Nyla arrived at the lab, Lucia assigned her a bunch of menial tasks. As for lab protocols and how to conduct experiments, Lucia didn't say a word. Soon, a week passed.

On Friday evening, Genevieve came to the lab to check on Nyla's progress.

Seeing her cleaning the lab, Genevieve frowned and asked Lucia, "What's going on? I didn't hire her to do menial tasks."

Lucia put on an innocent look, somewhat helpless as she said, "It's not that I don't want to assign her work. She hasn't done experiments in years, so she can only start with the basics. That's why she's only doing these tasks for now."

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Genevieve looked at Nyla. "Have you gained anything in the lab these days?"

*I've observed that the current focus in the lab is

on developing drugs for cardiovascular diseases. The progress of drug development is about 50% complete, and we're preparing for the experimental stage using mice."

Upon hearing that, Genevieve's expression brightened slightly, and her gaze toward Nyla carried a hint of approval. "Well done. How about your learning progress with the lab equipment?" "It's coming along."

On the side, Lucia frowned at Nyla. "Nyla, I know you're eager to conduct experiments, but experiments are serious business. There are several instruments we

haven't used recently. How can you say you've almost learned them?"

Nyla commented flatly, "I've used these instruments during my university years."

"You said it yourself, that was years ago. You haven't been in a lab for quite some time. You need to learn everything again from scratch. We're dealing with drug development here. There's no room for any carelessness."

"How do you know I haven't learned from scratch?"

Lucia bit her lip, disappointment evident as she looked at Nyla. "You've been doing menial tasks in the lab these days. How could you find time to learn? Don't lie just to impress Genevieve." Nyla smiled. "So you know too. With all the odd jobs assigned to me these days, I haven't had the chance to learn how to use the lab equipment."

Lucia froze, subconsciously digging her nails into her palms. She had underestimated Nyla!

"Nyla... Are you implying that I deliberately prevented you from learning how to use the equipment?"

"Why would I? I appreciate your 'care' for me."

Lucia wanted to say more, but Genevieve interrupted her, "Alright, since you say you've almost learned everything, there's an extraction involved in today's experiment. You'll be handling this step." Nyla nodded and went to operate the equipment.

Initially, Lucia had planned to wait for Nyla to make a mistake so she could seize the opportunity to make Genevieve dislike her. Unexpectedly, every step Nyla took was precise and flawless.

It wasn't until Genevieve praised Nyla that Lucia snapped out of her reverie, a long-forgotten panic rising in her heart.

Before Nyla's family went bankrupt, people only saw Nyla and ignored Lucia whenever they were together. Now, she felt like she was going back to living in Nyla's shadow.

Was she destined to live under Nyla's shadow forever? She refused to accept that!

After praising Nyla, Genevieve called her into her office and handed her a document. "The company is preparing to develop a drug for treating asthma. Other researchers are currently occupied, so I intend to

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assign this project to you. Do you feel confident about it?"

Nyla was astonished. She hadn't expected Genevieve to entrust her with such an important task so quickly.

After reviewing the materials, she looked at Genevieve, "I can't handle this project independently."

"I know. Lucia's current project will wrap up in another month or two. By then, I'll have her team come over to assist you."

Upon hearing Lucia's name, Nyla couldn't help but frown. Given Lucia's dislike toward her, she doubted Lucia would cooperate well. In fact, she might even scheme behind her back.

Although they were in the same lab, there would be no escape if Lucia decided to target her.

With that in mind, Nyla nodded. "Alright, I understand."

"Good. Work hard on this. Come to me with progress reports every week from now on. You can start preparing."

As Nyla left Genevieve's office, Lucia stopped her when she reached the entrance of the lab.

"Nyla, you did this on purpose, didn't you?"

Nyla remained unfazed by Lucia's furious expression. "What are you talking about? I don't understand."

Lucia sneered. "I've assigned you those menial tasks these days, and you didn't say a word. Wasn't it your plan to wait until Genevieve came around and make her think I was

targeting you?" Nyla hadn't intended to waste time arguing with Lucia, However, seeing Lucia so confidently accusatory, she looked at her with a hint of seriousness. "Are you saying you haven't targeted me?"

"Even if I did, so what? Every new person comes in like you did. Do you still think you're the Ms. Nyla Jayston, expecting the whole world to revolve around you?"

As Nyla observed Lucia's sardonic demeanor, she realized how blinded she had been before, actually believing that Lucia was genuinely treating her as a friend.

"I'm not the type of newcomer to swallow grievances. Don't mistake me for a pushover. Let bygones be bygones. If you continue with your petty schemes against me in the future, I won't hold back because of o Lucia initially wanted to retort, but an involuntary sense of guilt rose within her upon meeting Nyla's icy gaze. It left her momentarily speechless and mentally blank.

Nyla ignored her and walked away.

After work, Nyla returned home, cooked, ate quickly, and then began researching materials for drug development. As she delved deeper into her research, drowsiness crept over her, and she fell asleep on her In a daze, she felt someone lifting her and placing her gently on her bed. Turning over, she prepared to go

back to sleep but suddenly remembered she lived alone, which startled her awake.

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She abruptly opened her eyes, only to see Clark's handsome profile, which simultaneously relieved and infuriated her.

She sat up, glaring at Clark with a cold expression. "How did you get in?!"

"Nyla, I haven't slept for three days so I could rush back. Let me rest for a while, okay?" Clark's voice was hoarse and laden with exhaustion.

Nyla noticed that his usually impeccably styled short hair was slightly messy, his eyes were bloodshot, and a shadow of stubble covered his chin. He looked somewhat disheveled.

In the past, she would have felt sorry for him, but now, she only felt annoyed.

Clark had not rushed back because he wanted to see her sooner. He was afraid she would expose Jordyn's pregnancy scandal to the Sumners, affecting his position in the Sumner Group. "Leave my house right now, or I will call the police." As Nyla spoke, she reached for her phone on the bedside table.

Before she could dial, Clark snatched the phone away. He looked at her with a pained expression, as if she had committed an unforgivable offense. "Nyla, do you really despise me this much now?" Nyla took a deep breath to calm herself. "This question is meaningless. Leave. I don't want to see you."

"I won't leave. You're my wife, and wherever you are, I'll be there."

Nyla frowned. She was about to speak, when her phone, gripped tightly in Clark's hand, suddenly rang.

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Seeing it was a call from the hospital, Clark answered without hesitation.

"Ms. Jayston, please come to the hospital immediately. Your father has suddenly collapsed!"

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Nyla's face turned pale as she snatched the phone back from Clark's hand. "I'll head there right away!"

Clark grabbed her hand. "I'll go with you."

Without giving Nyla a chance to refuse, he pulled her along toward the door.

Nyla tried to shake off his grip but failed, frowning in frustration. "Let go of me. I can go by myself."

Clark looked back at her with a hint of helplessness. "Nyla, your father's health is at stake right now. Let's put aside our argument for later, okay?"

Nyla had wanted to point out that their situation wasn't just a simple argument, but her father's condition was more pressing. She didn't have the energy to argue with him

either. They rushed to the emergency room, where they saw Wren Hackett anxiously waiting on a bench in the corridor, her eyes red.

Nyla hurried over. "Wren, what happened? Wasn't Dad's condition stable all this time? Why did he suddenly collapse?" The doctors had previously assured them that as long as Harrison avoided stress, his condition would remain stable.

Wren couldn't hold back her tears once she saw Nyla. It took her a while before she could speak. "I don't know... Clement and his daughter came to visit your father this evening. "After they left, your father remained silent. When I asked if something had happened, he didn't respond. Then suddenly he started coughing up blood and passed out..." Nyla's expression turned icy cold.

The Pollards had quickly distanced themselves from the Jaystons after the bankruptcy of Harris Pharmaceuticals. They hadn't visited Harrison in years, so their sudden appearance today clearly wasn't for good intentions.

After comforting Wren and seeing her calm down, Nyla stood up and went to the stairwell, calling Lucia directly. "Lucia, what did your father and you say to my father today at the hospital?" There was a chuckle on the other end of the phone, followed by Lucia's nonchalant voice. "Nyla, my father and I visited your father and reminisced about the past. What's the matter?"

Her casual tone sparked anger in Nyla. "What did my father do to wrong your family? Do you and your father have any conscience?"

If it weren't for Harrison, Clement wouldn't have secured the position of procurement manager at Harris

Pharmaceuticals, nor would he be where he is today.

Instead of showing any gratitude, they repaid kindness with malice, rushing to the hospital to provoke him. It was like nurturing an ungrateful viper.

"Nyla, I wasn't planning to visit your father, but you insisted on coming to Park Pharmaceuticals, which

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left me feeling unsettled. Thus, I had to make you feel the same way."

"So that's how it is..." Nyla lowered her gaze, her grip on her phone tightening slowly.

She hadn't wanted to deal with Lucia, but the latter had harmed her family. She wouldn't endure it any

longer.

"You will pay for your actions today."

Lucia scoffed. "Sure, I'll wait and see."

She had heard that Clark was having a passionate affair with his secretary. Soon, Nyla would probably be kicked out. Without the Summers's protection, getting rid of Nyla would be as easy as squashing an ant Nyla didn't waste any more words with Lucia. She hung up and anonymously sent the files she had prepared earlier to Genevieve's email.

When she returned to the emergency room, the surgery light had just gone out.

Wren quickly stood up and walked to the operating room door, waiting. Seeing her trembling, Nyla walked up and supported her.

The door to the operation room swung open, and a doctor emerged.

"Doctor, how is my husband?" Wren asked anxiously.

"He's temporarily out of danger, but from now on, he must avoid any stress. Otherwise, his body might not hold out until the day of the kidney transplant."

Wren let out a heavy sigh of relief, wiping tears from her eyes and nodding repeatedly.

"Okay... Okay, 1

understand."

"Well monitor his heart rate tonight. You can take turns staying with him. If you have any questions, please press the call button."

Shortly after the doctor left, Harrison was wheeled out by the nurses.

Still under the effects of anesthesia, he lay unconscious, his eyes closed tightly. His face, gaunt from illness, highlighted his prominent cheekbones, and his complexion lacked any color. Nyla couldn't help but burst into tears at the sight.

Since the bankruptcy of Harris Pharmaceuticals, Harrison had fallen ill and spent most of the past few years in the hospital, growing increasingly frail.

Clark wrapped his arm around her shoulders and pulled her close. "Nyla, don't worry. Dad will get better."

Nyla wiped away her tears and discreetly pushed him away. "Mm."

Her indifference made Clark feel a stab of disappointment. It seemed she still wasn't willing to forgive

him.

Back in the hospital room, Clark asked Wren to go home and rest first. He would stay with Nyla there for the night

After Wren left, he sat down beside Nyla and gently took her hand. "Nyla, it's late now. Why don't you go get some rest?"

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Nyla shrugged off his hand, her gaze devoid of warmth "Clark, there's no need for you to pretend to be a good husband or son-in-law here.

Ever since you cheated on me, we could never be together again. Leave. I don't want to argue with you in the hospital."

Knowing she was upset, Clark didn't argue with her. He crouched down in front of her, looking at her tenderly. "Nyla, I'm not pretending. Whether it's caring for you or Dad, it's all from my heart. Why do you always twist my good intentions?"

Nyla stared coldly at him. "Because all your good intentions have a purpose. You're humbling yourself now just to make me forgive your affair, aren't you?"

"Whether you forgive me or not, I can make sure you can't leave me. I don't want to see you sad, so I'm willing to coax you. Do you really not understand, or are you pretending not to?" Clark's presumptuous demeanor disgusted Nyla to the core. He had betrayed her, yet he had the audacity to say such shameless words.

Nyla turned away, refusing to engage with him further. Whatever he said, she would never forgive him.

In the middle of the night, Harrison finally woke up.

"Dad, you're awake? Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?"

"No... Where's Wren?"

Wren and Harrison were both in their second marriages, each bringing a child into the family.

When they planned to marry, Nyla was already 18 and had no objections. After their marriage, treated Nyla well, and they lived harmoniously as a family.

1. e. Wren

During the downfall of Harris Pharmaceuticals and Harrison's illness, Wren remained faithfully by his side. It was then that Nyla truly understood their genuine love for each other.

"She'll be here tomorrow to take care of you. She went home to rest for now."

Harrison nodded. "I'm fine. It's late now, You and Clark should go back and rest."

With the Jaystons' decline and Nyla's marriage

into the Sumners, it was a significant social climb. He didn't want his daughter to face difficulties because of him. Visiting him in the hospital once or twice might not incur Clark's resentment, but over time, he wo Nyla knew Harrison didn't want to affect her relationship with Clark, and it filled her with bitter sorrow." Dad, it's okay. I'll stay here tonight with you."

Clark chimed in. "Yeah, Dad. Nyla and I are here for you. It's only right."

Harrison sighed. "With Wren taking care of me, you two don't need to come here all the time. Just live your lives well. That's more than enough."

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Clark hurried forward and squatted beside Harrison. "Dad, rest assured. I'll always treat Nyla well,"

"Mm. As long as you treat her well, that's all I ask for."

Seeing Harrison's eyelids droop from the lingering anesthesia, Nyla quickly called out to him. "Dad, the anesthesia hasn't completely worn off yet. You can't sleep." Throughout the night, Nyla and Clark took turns watching over Harrison. As dawn approached, the effects of the anesthesia began to fade, allowing Harrison to finally rest. Shortly after

dawn, Wren arrived with freshly made soup. "Nyla, Clark, you two stayed up all night. You should go home now. I'll take care of things here."

After a night of vigil, Nyla could barely keep her eyes open. She nodded. "Okay, Wren. If there's anything, call me. I'll be resting at home on Saturday and Sunday

Wren unintentionally frowned as she thought, "Hasn't Nyla been unemployed? Why would she mention resting on weekends?"

Before she could ask, nurses entered to conduct examinations on Harrison. She pushed aside her doubts and decided to ask Nyla later.

As Nyla and Clark exited the hospital, Nyla planned to hail a taxi, but Clark stood in her way. "Nyla, I'll drive you home."

Nyla considered for a moment. There were things she needed to discuss with him as well, "Alright."

Inside the car, Nyla turned to face Clark calmly. "Clark, you don't need to come to the hospital anymore. I'm not ready to tell Dad about our divorce yet, and I don't want us to pretend everything is fine in front of him."

Clark paused before starting the car, then looked at Nyla after a long silence. "Nyla, I've said that divorce is not an option. But you've tested my limits repeatedly so I have to teach you a lesson." "What do you mean?" Nyla asked.

The moment she finished speaking, the car door locked, and the black Cayenne shot forward like an arrow.

Since Nyla hadn't worn her seatbelt, her head slammed hard against the seatback, causing her to scrunch her face up in pain.

Clark remained silent, his cold gaze fixed ahead. Veins popped on his hands as he gripped the steering wheel, and the car kept accelerating.

Nyla paled in fear and dared not speak further. A sense of dread washed over her. She shouldn't have gotten into Clark's car. This man was clearly insane!

Soon, Clark's car stopped at the entrance of the villa. He got out and opened the passenger door. "Nyla, get out."

"Take me back to my rental."

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Seeing Nyla unmoving, Clark simply carried her.

As Nyla was lifted into the air, she instinctively clutched Clark's neck, her expression filled with anger. Clark, what are you doing? Let me go!"

Clark said nothing, carrying her into the villa. It wasn't until they reached the bedroom that he finally placed her on the bed.

"You'll stay in the villa these next few days. Once you've thought things through, I'll let you leave. If by Monday you still haven't figured it out, I'll help you resign from Park Pharmaceuticals." Nyla snapped her head up to glare at him. "Who do you think you are?"

Clark chuckled, his expression still gentle. "Nyla, I've spoiled you too much these past few years that you speak of divorce at every turn now. It's okay. In these next few days, I'll show you that you can't leave me."

Sensing the danger emanating from him, Nyla tried to retreat, but he grabbed her ankle. The next moment, he pulled her forcefully toward him.

"Ah!" Nyla exclaimed as Clark sealed her lips with his.

Realizing his intentions, she tried to push him away, fear and disgust flashing in her eyes. He pinned her hands down on the bed, his larger build pressed down on hers.

"Move away! Don't make me hate you!"

Seeing the hatred in Nyla's eyes, Clark gripped her chin. "Nyla, this won't work anymore. Even if you hate me, I'll make you carry my child. Only like this will you stop thinking about leaving me."

"Do you

think I'll give birth to the child with our current circumstances? Even if I get pregnant, I won't let the child see this world."

"That's fine. If you abort it, we'll keep trying-until you're willing to give birth to it."

Clark's eyes, filled with recklessness, made Nyla understand that he meant every word. She was overwhelmed with fear.

"You're insane, just insane."

"Even if I'm crazy, it's all for you."

Nyla's clothes were ripped, revealing her bra and fair skin.

Paradise 16

Chapter 16

A chill swept over Nyla, causing her to tremble uncontrollably.

Clark's gaze darkened as he noticed the faint curves on her chest, and he leaned down to kiss her collarbone.

"Don't touch me!" Nyla struggled desperately, but she was pinned by Clark.

The inherent power disparity between a man and a woman left her with no chance of escape. Her face contorted with disgust and anger. Even the slightest touch from him made her feel nauseous to the

extreme.

"Nyla, your refusal won't work this time."

Only by getting her pregnant would she stay by his side

Clark ignored Nyla's disgusted gaze and lowered his head to kiss her lips.

The next moment, Nyla bit down hard on Clark's lips, the taste of blood spreading in their mouths.

Clark released Nyla, wiped the blood from his mouth with a sneer, and gripped her chin to force her to look at him. "Nyla, you can't escape today."

Just as he leaned down to kiss her collarbone again, a series of knocks suddenly sounded at the door.

Mr. Clark, Mr. Damon is here."

Clark frowned in confusion. Damon had never visited before, so why was he suddenly there?

After a moment's thought, he replied, "Understood. Tell him I'll be down shortly."

After the maid left, Clark looked at Nyla. "Wait here for me."

Nyla turned her head away without saying a word.

Clark didn't force her to respond. Instead, he straightened his clothes and left the bedroom.

Once the door closed, Nyla heaved a sigh of relief, feeling like she had narrowly escaped a disaster. She quickly got up, walked to the window, scanned the turf below, hesitated for a moment, then closed her eyes. Clark found Damon sitting on the sofa with a cold expression when he came downstairs, Damon's serious demeanor made him uneasy.

"Uncle Damon, what brings you here today?"

"What's going on between you and that secretary of yours?"

"What?" Clark's eyes widened in disbelief.

How did Damon know about this?

"I won't repeat myself. I heard you and that woman have a baby. You know what happens to the men of the Sumners when they cheat, right?"

+25 BONUS

Chapter 16

Clark turned pale, his gaze filled with panic. "Uncle Damon, I promise to handle this. Please don't tell Dad and Grandpa."

Damon stared at him coldly, devoid of any warmth. "If you're afraid now, why did you cheat in the first place?"

Richard and his younger brother, Simon Sumner, founded the Sumner Group

together. When they achieved success, Simon grew disdainful toward his wife, who had stayed by his side faithfully. He indulged himself, and his infidelity nearly bankrupted the company after a deceitful woman and leaked confidential information.

This led to Simon's expulsion by the shareholders. Within a month, he spiraled into decline and committed suicide by jumping into a river. His wife and child disappeared from Saintornia without a trace. Since then, Richard established a rule in the Sumner family: any betrayal of a partner, regardless of capability, disqualified one from taking over the company.

If Damon hadn't found out that Nyla was renting outside and found it strange enough to let his secretary investigate, he wouldn't have learned that his usually mature and steady nephew would do such a thing "Uncle Damon, I failed to resist temptation at first, but I regret it now. Please give me another chance."

Damon stood up, radiating a terrifying aura. "You shouldn't be pleading with me. You should be pleading with your wife. If you can't even control your own desires, how can you handle the Sumner Group?" With that, he didn't wait for Clark's reply and left.

Once Damon's figure disappeared completely from the doorway, Clark felt the pressure on him disappear. In just two minutes, he had broken out in a cold sweat!

But why would Damon suddenly be concerned about his affairs?

Before Clark could make sense of it, his phone in his pocket suddenly rang. Seeing his mother's name, he

blinked.

As soon as he answered, an angry voice echoed. "Clark, come to my place right now!"

There was a pause before she added, "Don't bring Nyla. Your secretary is here with me."

At these words, Clark instantly understood. Jordyn must have told his mother, Cindy Sharrock, about the pregnancy. Otherwise, Cindy wouldn't be this angry

"I'm coming over immediately." His voice was cold and subdued, struggling to suppress the anger he felt.

Paradse 17/18

Chapter 17

+25 BONUS

If Clark had known Jordyn would be so troublesome, he would never have let himself get involved with her in the first place. Hanging up, he glanced upstairs and took a deep breath before briskly walking toward As Damon approached his car at the villa entrance, he noticed Spencer standing nearby with an odd expression.

"What's wrong?"

Spencer hesitated for a moment before replying, "Mr. Sumner, you better see for yourself..."

Damon opened the car door with a slight frown. Inside, he found Nyla looking disheveled and staring at him nervously. Anyone seeing this scene without knowing the context would likely assume he had done so Damon slammed the car door shut and demanded coldly, "What's going on?"

"L... I don't know. Ms. Jayston just limped out of the villa and said she wanted you to give her a ride..."

"And you let her get in?"

Damon's irritation was palpable. He had come here today to warn Clark as compensation for the night he almost lay his hand on Nyla. From the moment he stepped out of the villa, he wanted nothing more to do. Sensing Damon's displeasure, Spencer involuntarily shrank back and lowered his head. "Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

If it weren't for the fact that Nyla was Damon's niece-in-law, he wouldn't have dared to let her into the car.

"If there's a next time, you'll be mining in the desert."

"What should we do now? Should I ask Ms. Jayston to get out?"

Damon sneered. "If someone sees her coming out of my car in disarray, I won't be able to explain myself."

Spencer hung his head even lower. He should have locked the car when he saw Nyla.

"Alright, get in the car first."

Damon took off his suit jacket and threw it onto Nyla.

Initially, Nyla feared that Damon would kick her out of the car. They had only met a few times, and she didn't know his temper.

As she pondered how she would escape if Damon intended to kick her out, the car door suddenly swung open, and a coat flew toward her.

In an instant, it blocked out all light, but Damon's voice echoed clearly.

"Put it on."

Chapter 17

+25 BONUS

The scent of pine mingled with a hint of tobacco drifted to her nose. She bit her lip, reached up to take the coat off her head, and put it on. Damon's warmth still lingered in the coat.

Nyla lowered her gaze, subconsciously gripping the hem of the suit jacket. Besides Clark, this was the first time she had worn another man's clothes, especially in such an awkward and disheveled state. The next moment, Damon got into the car, calmly instructing the driver to start driving.

As the car pulled away, Nyla caught sight of Clark's car passing by, causing her heart to skip a beat. It wasn't until Clark's car disappeared from view that she breathed a sigh of relief. Regaining her composure, she turned to Damon. "Uncle Damon, thank you for today. Please drop me off at where one can find a taxi."

Damon turned to look at her indifferently. "What do you think the taxi drivers will make of you in your current state?"

Nyla turned extremely embarrassed. She had been so anxious to escape that she had forgotten to change her clothes. It was true—she wasn't presentable for hailing a taxi now. *Then please just drop me off at the entrance of my building."

"Mm."

Damon watched her, his brows suddenly furrowing. His piercing gaze made Nyla's palms sweat nervously. She kept feeling that he was displeased.

"Uncle Damon... what's wrong?"

"You're sitting on my documents."

Realization finally struck Nyla. When she had gotten into the car earlier, she felt something underneath her. However, she had been so afraid that Clark would come and drag her back that she ignored it. "I'm sorry..."

She quickly picked up the documents, hesitating about whether to hand them to Damon.

Spencer, in the passenger seat, reached out and took the documents from her when he sensed her embarrassment. "Ms. Jayston, give them to me."

Nyla knew that Damon probably wouldn't touch those documents again.

The car fell into silence, and no one spoke.

It wasn't until the Maybach stopped at the entrance of The Fleur that Nyla breathed a sigh of relief. Being in a confined space with Damon was too overwhelming. It had kept her tense involuntarily. She pushed open the door and got out of the car. "Uncle Damon, thank you for today. I'll wash the jacket and send it to your company's reception."

"No need, just throw it away."

Chapter 18

+25 BONUS

Nyla's grip on the car door tightened, her fingertips turning white. She bit her lip and lowered her gaze, speaking softly. "Okay, sorry for the trouble, Uncle Damon."

As soon as she closed the door, the black Maybach began to drive away. Based on Damon's earlier attitude, she guessed he didn't like her.

Damon was naturally aloof, and their few encounters had been far from pleasant. It was only natural he disliked her.

Nyla turned and slowly walked toward her apartment complex, soon disappearing into the stairwell.

Inside the black Maybach, Spencer kept his head down and stayed silent, sensing Damon's icy aura. had thought Damon might show some leniency since Nyla was his niece-in-law.

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Given that Damon had dismissed the coat Nyla tried to return, it was clear he was cold toward all women except Marie. Spencer made a mental note never to act on his own again.

Damon closed his eyes to rest, but he could still smell the faint scent of gardenias from Nyla's presence in the car, making him inexplicably irritable. "Open the windows."

The rear windows rolled down halfway, letting in a cold breeze that dispersed the lingering gardenia scent.

Damon finally felt his irritation ease.

Suddenly, Spencer's phone buzzed. He opened the message, frowning as he read it.

"Mr. Damon, Mr. Clark has gone to see your sister-in-law... Jordyn is there too. It seems she has been staying at the villa for a few days. Your sister-in-law plans to have her keep the baby." Damon sneered. "Cindy's getting more foolish by the day."

"Should we inform the family?"

"No need. Pull our men back."

Damon had already warned Clark out of kindness. If Clark and Cindy couldn't see reason, they would have no business thinking about taking over the Sumner Group.

When Clark arrived at his parents' house and saw Jordyn and Cindy chatting and laughing together, a cold glint flashed in his eyes.

He was utterly sick of Jordyn. After taking his money, she had disappeared from the hospital and then from his life. She had only resurfaced to inform Nyla of her pregnancy while he was on a business trip, furth Now, she had cozied up to his mother, clearly winning her over.

"Mom, what is the meaning of this?"

Cindy noticed his scowl and calmly sipped her coffee before replying, "Sit down. Let's talk about Jordyn's pregnancy."

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 10

Clark glanced at Jordyn, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "There's nothing to discuss. This child is not to

be born."

He had made one mistake and wouldn't repeat it. If this child were born, his relationship with Nyla would be beyond repair.

Cindy slammed her cup down in anger. "That's your child and my grandchild. How can you dismiss it so easily?"

"It's just an accident. If you want a grandchild, Nyla and I will work on it."

"Work on it? How many years have you been married? Every time we visit the family, do you know what your aunts say? If she can't have children, maybe she should step aside."

Clark turned icy. He stared at Cindy, enunciating each word clearly. "Mom, I will not divorce Nyla, and I will not marry this woman. If you keep talking like this, I won't come around anymore. As for her pregnancy As he finished speaking, six burly bodyguards entered the room, moving to grab Jordyn and take her away.

Cindy slammed the table. "I dare you to touch her!"

The bodyguards paused, recognizing Cindy's authority as Clark's mother. She wouldn't harm her son but could make life difficult for them. They feared the repercussions of her retribution.

Paradise 19

Chapter 19

+25 BONUS

"Take her to the hospital." Clark was cold, his gaze devoid of any warmth as he looked at Jordyn.

Under his gaze, Jordyn felt despair and sadness, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Clark, I truly love you Can't Mrs. Summer accept me and the baby I'm carrying?"

Clark was full of disgust. "You're just a mistress. What right do you have to compare yourself to her?"

Jordyn felt humiliated, choking back sobs. "During the time we were together, did you ever love me, even a little?"

Clark sneered. "Do you know any man who falls for an escort?"

He had entertained Jordyn only because she pursued him aggressively and was willing to do anything in bed. Love and sex were clearly distinct in his mind.

The color drained from Jordyn's face-she looked as if she might collapse.

She couldn't believe Clark saw her as nothing more than a disposable plaything. She refused to accept this. After all her efforts to get pregnant, she couldn't stand being

discarded like trash. "Please, Ms. Cindy, save my baby. I don't want to lose him. He's your grandson too."

When she came to Cindy, she brought along the report for her baby's gender identification. Cindy had shown her kindness only because the child she carried was a boy.

Cindy immediately went to Jordyn's side, taking her hand and glaring at Clark. "If you dare take her away today, I will die right here in front of you!"

Cindy never thought Nyla was good enough for Clark, believing someone from a fallen family had no place by his side. She intended to use Jordyn to

force a divorce between them. Jordyn herself would never be accepted into the Sumners either. She was merely a means to an end.

Clark frowned. "Mom, have you forgotten the family rules set by Grandpa? If you let Jordyn have this child, I will have nothing to do with the Sumner Group.

Cindy was appalled, then she gritted her teeth. "You don't need to worry about that. I can ensure they won't find out."

"Uncle Damon already knows. Do you think you can keep it a secret?"

Cindy was shocked. "How does Damon know?"

"That's irrelevant. What matters now is getting rid of this baby."

Seeing Cindy hesitate, Jordyn felt a surge of fear. "Ms. Cindy, this is your grandson. How can you be so cruel?"

Jordyn looked pitiful as she cried, but Cindy

didn't spare her a glance. Compared to an unborn child, Clark was far more important. Children could come later, but if Clark fell out of favor with Richard, he would never inherit the Sumner Group. With a hardened heart, Cindy ordered, "Take her to the hospital."

Jordyn was dragged away, wailing. She was soon thrown into a car and driven to the hospital.

12

Chapter 10

+25 BONUS

Cindy glared at Clark, her face twisted with anger. "Are you satisfied now?"

"Mom, please stay out of my affairs with Nyla. Whether you like her or not, she's my wife, and it's not your place to discipline her."

Seeing Clark defend Nyla only fueled Cindy's anger. "Am I wrong? She's not worthy of you. Married for three years and not a single child. She just freeloards off you. What's the point of keeping a woman like tha Clark frowned, about to speak, when his phone rang. Seeing it was a call from the villa, he answered.

"Mr. Sumner, I went to call Mrs. Sumner for dinner, but she wasn't in her room. The security footage shows she got into Mr. Damon's car..."

Paradse 20

Chapter 20

"Send me the surveillance footage."

After the call ended, the maid quickly sent the video.

As Clark watched Nyla jump from the second floor, disheveled, into Damon's car, his expression grew darker. When he drove past earlier, Damon didn't even call out to him. Damon never meddled in others' business-why was he helping Nyla?

The thought of Nyla being seen in such a state by another man ignited Clark's fury. He didn't need to guess. She had likely returned to her rented apartment.

Cindy, having seen the footage too, gritted her teeth. "I told you she's not good enough for you. Look at what she's wearing! She's brought shame to the Summers!" Clark's expression was one of frustration as he glared at Cindy. "Mom, this is my fault. You judge Nyla without even knowing the whole story. Isn't that unfair? "What do you mean? I'm standing up for you, and you're defending her? I'm your mother! Don't you want what's best for you?"

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Seeing Cindy's pained expression, Clark felt a wave of irritation. "This is between Nyla and me. You don't need to help me. Just stop belittling my wife in front of me."

Without waiting for her response, he turned and left quickly. He didn't go back to the villa but headed to Nyla's apartment.

Nyla had ordered takeout and was in the shower back at her apartment. Just as she finished drying her hair, she got a call from Wren.

"Wren, what's up?"

Wren's gentle voice came through. "Nyla, I just wanted to ask if you've started working recently."

Nyla hadn't planned to hide this from them, and with Lucia's hospital visit, it wouldn't stay a secret for long, "Yes, I have."

There was a long silence on the other end before Wren spoke again. "Are you and Clark fighting?"

Nyla had been preparing for pregnancy recently, so this sudden decision to work suggested something had happened.

"It's not exactly a fight." Nyla lowered her gaze, absentmindedly twirling a strand of her hair. "Wren, it's a long story. I'll explain when we have time."

Wren sighed. "I don't understand young people's issues, but Clark seems like a good kid. Every couple has arguments. You need to understand and support each other to make it work."

Nyla bit her lip, saying nothing. Clark had been good at pretending. If she hadn't discovered his affair, she might still be fooled into thinking he was a good husband.

A sudden knock at the door startled her. She walked toward it, saying into the phone, "Wren, my takeout

1/2

Chapter 20

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is here. I'll talk to you later. If

ole anything about my dad, please let me know

After hanging up, she called out, "Just leave the takeout at the door."

Without a peephole or installed surveillance, she couldn't see who was outside. She waited by the door, estimating when the person would leave, before opening it. When she saw Clark outside, her first instinct was to shut the door, but Clark's hand blocked it. "Nyla, I'm sorry about today... I was too impulsive..."

Nyla felt nothing seeing the guilt on his face. "I don't want to see you right now."

"Nyla, I promise I won't force myself on you again. Can you give me another chance? I will make it up to

you." Search the findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Clark spoke earnestly, but Nyla only felt like laughing. There would be no such thing as just one affair- there would always be more. She would never forgive him. However, if she said something to provoke him, he definitely wouldn't leave tonight.