

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradse 111-150

Chapter 111

Chapter 111

After Nyla gave her statement, she was about to leave when an officer stopped her.

"Ms. Jayston, the suspect wants to see you. She says she won't say anything until she meets you. Can you please cooperate and speak with her?" the police officer asked. Nyla frowned, suspecting that Lucia might have ulterior motives.

Seeing her concern, the officer continued. "Don't worry. You'll be separated by glass, so she won't be able to harm you."

Nyla agreed reluctantly. "Alright then."

When she arrived, Lucia was already waiting on the other side of the glass.

Lucia looked calm, probably knowing that no matter how much she hated Nyla, she couldn't do anything

now.

Nyla picked up the phone and spoke in a cold tone. "What do you want to say to me?"

Lucia smirked. "Nyla, do you think you've won?"

Nyla remained indifferent, her gaze devoid of any emotion. She thought even hating Lucía seemed

excessive.

"You're overthinking it. I've never tried to win against anyone. Your own greed and extremism have led to this," Nyla remarked.

"Hah, what I hate most is your indifferent attitude while taking advantage of everything," Lucía said.

Looking into Lucia's obsessive eyes, Nyla felt that Lucía had truly lost her mind.

"Lucia, I'm not here to listen to your nonsense. If you don't have anything useful to say, just confess to your crimes. The evidence is clear, so even if you remain silent, you'll still be convicted." Nyla set the phone down, ready to leave.

"Nyla, do you know the accident at Harris Pharmaceuticals wasn't an accident but a deliberate act?"

Lucia asked.

Nyla froze. She brought the phone back to her ear and coldly asked, "What do you mean by that?"

"Can't you understand when you're so smart? That accident was part of a scheme against Harris Pharmaceuticals, and it involves Clark's father. Isn't it ironic that you married your enemy's son?" Lucia

revealed.

Nyla's grip on the phone tightened, her knuckles turning white as a storm of emotions raged inside her.

The accident at Harris Pharmaceuticals was connected to Cyrus?

Nyla gritted her teeth, trying to remain calm. "Why should I believe you?"

Believe it or not, it's up to you. If you prefer to stay in the dark and sleep next to your enemy's son, that's your choice. It's really a pity for your dad, who should have had a smooth life but was struck innocently and fell so seriously ill. It's truly tragic!"

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter

Lucia's expression was mocking, with a look of feigned sympathy in her eyes.

Nyla stared at her coldly and asked, "That accident had something to do with your father too, didn't it?"

Lucia nodded. "Yes. Otherwise, why would he suddenly become an executive at a subsidiary of Prospectus Technology?"

Lucia hadn't wanted to expose Clement, as she was still hoping he would help her. Two hours ago, however, Clement had sent a lawyer to tell her to plead guilty and fend for herself, clearly indicating he was done with her.

Since he no longer considered her his daughter, she saw no reason to protect him any longer.

Nyla didn't remember how she left the police station until she suddenly heard a shout.

"Watch out!"

Paradse 112

Chapter 112

Nyla was suddenly yanked from behind and slammed to the ground.

A large truck roared past her. Her body ached, but she felt numb, sitting on the ground in a daze.

"Are you alright?" The person who had pulled her to safety waved a hand in front of her face, thinking she was stunned by the recent events.

Nyla nodded. "I'm okay... Thank you..."

"Are you really sure?"

"Yes."

After confirming she was truly fine, the good Samaritan reminded her to stay alert while crossing the street, then left with a frown.

Instead of going home, Nyla went to visit Harrison.

When Nyla arrived, her father was undergoing dialysis.

Wren was surprised to see her and quickly wiped away tears from the corners of her eyes, forcing a smile. "Nyla, what brings you here?"

Nyla sat beside her and lowered her gaze. "I came to see my dad."

Wren sighed. "We don't know when a matching kidney will be found... Your father's health is deteriorating/ and each dialysis session is very painful. It breaks my heart to see him like this..." Her eyes reddened again as she spoke.

Nyla stayed silent, staring at the floor, lost in thought.

Wren then noticed her bandaged hand and asked, "What happened to your hand? How did you get injured?"

"It's nothing, just a minor injury from an experiment. It will heal in time," Nyla replied.

Seeing Nyla's nonchalant demeanor, Wren frowned in concern. "You should be resting at home when you're injured. There's no need to come to the hospital. I'll take care of your father, so just focus on your work."

Nyla nodded. "Yes. Wren, thank you for everything."

"No need to mention it. I'm his wife. He never mistreated me when he was successful. If I were to leave him now, I'd truly be heartless," Wren said.

They had a genuine relationship, not just a partnership.

As they spoke, Harrison finished his dialysis and came out.

Seeing his pale face and lips made Nyla's eyes sting.

If it weren't for that accident, Harrison wouldn't have fallen so ill so quickly. Thinking of this, Nyla

1/2

+25 BONUS

subconsciously clenched her hands at her sides.

"Nyla, how did you get hurt?" Harrison looked at Nyla's bandaged hand with a pained expression.

After she and Clark left that day, Harrison had regretted the things he had said. He had wanted to contact her but was afraid she was still upset.

"It's just a minor injury."

Nyla's indifferent attitude made Harrison feel even more heartache and guilt. She used to cry at the slightest injury, but due to the Jaystons' downfall, she had to learn to be strong. "Nyla... I said some things I shouldn't have. I apologize. You've probably endured a lot being married to Clark over the years, haven't you?"

Nyla was momentarily taken aback, her nose suddenly feeling a bit sore. She fought back the tears and replied softly, "It's alright."

"I've thought a lot these past few days. If you want to live elsewhere, you can. I won't force you to move back. You're my only daughter, and all I want is for you to be happy." Nyla nodded. "Yes, Dad, I understand. I'm not upset with you."

"Good. Regardless, don't let yourself suffer. I'd rather not treat my illness than for you to be mistreated in the Sumners," Harrison said.

Paradse 114

Chapter 114

Nyla looked up at Clark and saw the apology in his eyes.

She nodded and said, "Yes, I've thought it over. I've been too cold toward you. And between spouses, it's not just about forgiveness."

Clark was momentarily stunned, then his eyes filled with joy. "Nyla, are you serious?"

He had expected that Nyla would still be angry and that he would have to spend time placating her. To his surprise, her attitude had changed in just a morning. She was no longer as cold and resistant as before.

Nyla smiled. "Of course. Although I haven't completely forgiven you yet, I realize I shouldn't continue to hold grudges. I'll move back to the villa in a couple of days."

"Really?"

Although Clark didn't understand why Nyla had suddenly changed her mind, the important thing was that she was willing to come back to him. Nothing else mattered.

"Yes, just come and pick me up when the time comes," she replied.

Alright."

Seeing Nyla's demeanor soften from before, Clark hesitated for a moment, then carefully asked, "Nyla... would you have dinner with me tonight? It's been a long time since we've eaten together..." Nyla was silent for a few seconds.

Just when Clark thought she was going to refuse, she nodded. "Sure, just send me the location."

Clark's face lit up with excitement. "I'll come pick you up."

He had a feeling that Nyla would fully forgive him soon.

"Okay," she said.

Clark dropped Nyla off at the entrance of her apartment and left.

As soon as his car was out of sight, her smile turned cold.

To investigate the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident thoroughly, she needed to stay close to Clark. Otherwise, she wouldn't have the chance to approach Cyrus.

Taking a deep breath, Nyla turned and walked to her apartment.

In the evening, Clark drove to pick up Nyla.

When she appeared, he was momentarily taken aback.

It was clear that Nyla had made an effort to look presentable. Although she wore only a dress and light makeup, she looked very different from when they last met. "Chapter 114

+25 BONUS

"Nyla, you look beautiful today," he praised.

Nyla seemed to shyly lower her head. Without saying a word, she opened the passenger door and got in

the car.

Clark reached out to hold her hand, but she pulled away.

"I've only agreed to move back and improve our relationship. It doesn't mean I've forgiven you, so I'm not ready for any intimate gestures right now. I hope you understand," she explained. Clark's gaze dimmed, but he nodded. "I understand. I'll wait until you've fully forgiven me."

There was a hint of sarcasm in Nyla's downcast eyes. If it turned out that the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident was indeed related to Cyrus, her hatred for Clark would only deepen. Forgiving him was impossible.

Seeing she said nothing else, Clark didn't press further and started the car.

Half an hour later, they stopped outside a restaurant. As they got out, they ran into Damon and Spencer.

Damon frowned when he saw Nyla and a trace of coldness flashed in his eyes.

Didn't the doctor say she needed to stay in the hospital for observation? Why was she out and about now -and with Clark?

Noticing Damon's gaze on Nyla, Clark stepped in front of her to block the view and said in a low voice, "What a coincidence, Uncle Damon. Are you here for dinner too?" Damon looked at him, his gaze devoid of warmth.

Paradise 115

Chapter 115

Chapter 115

"Yes, here to discuss business," Damon said.

Clark smiled and replied, "Then I won't keep you. Nyla, let's go inside."

Nyla nodded, her gaze lowered, and followed Clark into the restaurant.

Damon's expression darkened as he watched their retreating figures, his displeasure almost palpable. Spencer internally groaned at the disgruntlement emanating from Damon-why was he always the one suffering?

After a moment of hesitation, Spencer finally mustered the courage to remind Damon, "Mr. Sumner, the meeting time is approaching."

Damon didn't respond, scowling as he walked inside.

Clark was in a good mood tonight. Nyla wasn't as cold as before, and he had managed to turn things around with Damon.

Under the candlelight, his gaze toward Nyla softened considerably. "Nyla, I'm so glad you're willing to give me another chance. I promise I won't let you down!"

Nyla barely registered his words, nodding absentmindedly. "Yeah, I believe you."

She continued to cut her steak, the light casting a warm glow over her.

The scene was quiet and pleasant. Clark's gaze was filled with affection as he looked at her.

Nyla didn't notice his expression, her thoughts preoccupied with her earlier encounter with Damon. She hadn't even greeted him-he must think she was ungrateful. Even if he

did think so, she planned to keep her distance from him. If she could, she'd rather never have interacted with him. At least then, she wouldn't feel guilty now. "Nyla... Nyla?"

Clark's voice pulled her back to reality. She looked up at him. "What did you say? Sorry, I was so focused on cutting my steak, I didn't hear."

"I was saying, how about I host a birthday party for you at home this year? It'll be more lively," Clark suggested.

Nyla shook her head. "No, I don't like events with too many people."

"Alright. If you want any gifts, just let me know," he said.

"Okay." Nyla set down her knife and fork and stood up. "I'm going to the restroom."

Once she was around the corner and out of Clark's view, she felt a sense of relief. She had no feelings for Clark anymore, but maintaining a fake smile in front of him was exhausting. However, she'd get used to it in time. As long as she could uncover the truth about the accident, she

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 115

could endure everything else.

The restaurant was large, with the restrooms located down a long corridor lined with private dining

rooms.

As Nyla emerged from the restroom and walked past the first private room, the door suddenly flew open. A hand reached out and yanked her inside.

"Ah!" Nyla's scream was quickly muffled by the door closing behind her.

The room was pitch dark, and her heart raced.

As she struggled, she suddenly smelled a mix of alcohol and pine.

It was Damon!

Nyla froze in her struggle, biting her lower lip in fear.

"Uncle Damon-"

Before she could react, a sharp pain hit her lips. Damon bit her.

Nyla gasped in shock and tried to push him away, but her hands were pinned to the wall, unable to move. She could only submit to his will. "Mmph..."

She struggled desperately, terror and panic flooding her.

Damon was her husband's uncle-how could they...

Paradise 116

Chapter 116

Sensing Nyla's struggle, Damon paused and abruptly released her.

Nyla trembled with anger, torn between wanting to hit him and remembering that he had saved her life. She bit her lip hard and remained silent, though she was deeply hurt inside. What did he think of her? He knew she was Clark's wife-his nephew's wife-and still dared to do something like that!

The more Nyla thought about it, the more wronged she felt, and tears streamed down her face.

The Sumner men were all despicable!

Damon's gaze grew colder in the darkness, his entire demeanor radiating chill, as he heard Nyla's sobs.

"Why were you so distant from Clark before, even wanting a divorce, but now you're having dinner with him as if nothing happened?" he asked.

Damon's accusatory tone made Nyla frown. Even though he had saved her before, what he had just done and the question he was asking now were far beyond acceptable.

She took a deep breath, wiped away her tears, and said coldly, "Uncle Damon, it's normal for a married couple to have dinner together. But what you did just now, as an elder, is completely out of line." Damon's voice was icy. "Out of line? Didn't you seduce me first?"

Nyla instinctively retorted, "When did I-"

Suddenly, she stopped, remembering the night she had found Clark cheating and ended up in the wrong

room.

Seeing her silence, Damon asked, "Cat got your tongue?"

"I've already explained that night at the hotel-it was an accident. If you don't believe me, there's nothing more I can do," she said.

"Whether it was an accident or not, it happened," he remarked.

Nyla's expression hardened. Was he trying to pin this on her?

"As long as nothing happened in the end, it doesn't count," she retorted.

"You mean I can do whatever I want to you as long as I don't go all the way, and you'll just pretend nothing happened?" he asked.

"That's a misleading interpretation. I've explained that night. Believe it or not, I'm grateful for your help. Still, that doesn't give you the right to do as you please with me."

After saying that, Nyla tried to push past Damon and find the door, but she was yanked back as soon as her hand touched the handle.

Damon's voice was filled with anger. "That mistress is pregnant with Clark's child. Soon, she'll give birth. Can you tolerate another woman having his child and even sharing him with her?" Nyla took a deep breath and shook off his hand, saying coldly, "That's my business, not something for you

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 116

to worry about."

"So you love him so much that you're willing to forgive him even if he's unfaithful?" he asked.

"Yes!"

Nyla's voice was filled with resolve. To uncover the truth about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident, she had to stay close to Clark.

Besides, her relationship with Damon could never go any further. He had helped her many times and saved her life this time, and it would be a lie to say she wasn't moved.

Any woman would be touched by a man like him who was capable and had been so helpful. But that was all it could ever be—just a fleeting attraction.

Once she returned to the Summers, she would bury those feelings deep inside her, never to be seen again. Her relationship with Damon couldn't and wouldn't continue. As her words echoed, an oppressive silence enveloped the room.

After what felt like an eternity, though it might have been just seconds, Damon's chilling voice broke the silence. "Get out!"

His tone was filled with disgust, causing Nyla to quiver. She quickly yanked open the door and fled.

Paradse 117

Chapter 117

Nyla went back to the restroom and splashed cold water on her face.

Looking at her red eyes in the mirror, she couldn't help but smile bitterly.

Damon must be disgusted with her now. He would probably be as cold toward her as he was before. Maybe that was for the best—they shouldn't have any connection at all.

After calming down and letting her eyes return to normal, she left the restroom.

When Nyla returned to the table, Clark's gaze immediately fell on her swollen lips.

"Nyla, what happened to your mouth?" Clark's expression was dark, and his tone was icy.

Nyla looked completely out of place, as though she had just indulged in pleasure. With Damon in the restaurant, Clark couldn't help but be suspicious.

Nyla maintained her composure. "I noticed my lipstick was smudged when I looked in the mirror, so I cleaned it off. I must have been too rough, which is why my lips are swollen." "Really?" Clark's eyes were fixed on her, his gaze filled with doubt.

Nyla frowned, her expression growing cold as well. "What's with the interrogation? If you don't believe me, that's one thing, but don't act like you're questioning a criminal. Seeing that Nyla remained unflustered and even defiant, Clark pushed aside his suspicions.

"Nyla, I'm sorry. I was just concerned, and that made me sound aggressive." Nyla gave a cold laugh. "That's not 'concern but an interrogation."

With that, she grabbed her bag and turned to leave.

As she reached the restaurant's entrance, Clark ran after her. "Nyla, I'm sorry. I was out of line. Please forgive me this time."

Nyla remained silent and cold, but she stopped walking

"You know how my uncle is... I'm worried about what he might do. When he goes mad, no one can stop him," Clark said.

Nyla looked down, filled with scorn. Wasn't Clark the same when he lost his temper?

"I'll keep my distance from him, but if you keep accusing me without cause, I won't tolerate it," she asserted.

Seeing her soften a bit, Clark finally relaxed and quickly promised, "I won't do it again."

Since Nyla had just agreed to move back, he didn't want anything to ruin their relationship.

As they were talking, a group of people in suits walked out of the restaurant. Leading them was Damon, his face dark and radiating a dangerous aura. Clark frowned and wanted to move in front of Nyla, but Damon didn't even glance at them. He got into his car and left.

Chapter 117

Clark furrowed his brow, feeling that something was off about Damon's mood. He brushed off assuming it was just a business deal gone wrong. "Nyla, let me take you home."

"Mm." Nyla's expression was indifferent, but her hands clenched at her sides.

After dropping Nyla off downstairs, Clark looked reluctant. "Wyle, I really don't want to let you go. Wify, don't you move back in tonight? I'll have the maid come over tomorrow to pack up your things. Seeing his eagerness, Nyla frowned. "No. I don't like others handling my things."

Clark knew her well enough to accept her decision. "Alright then."

"By the way, even though I agreed to move back, I want us to sleep in separate rooms. When you've resolved things with your mistress, I'll consider moving back into the

bedroom. Until then, you can't be intimate with me without my permission," Nyla demanded

Paradse 118

Chapter 118

+25 BONUS

As soon as Nyla finished speaking, Clark immediately agreed. His main priority was getting Nyla back by his side. Everything else could be dealt with later. "Nyla, don't worry. I promise I won't overstep any boundaries. I swear."

Nyla had heard these empty promises from him many times before and didn't take them seriously.

Since she was going back, she was determined to protect herself. If Clark tried to force himself on her, she wouldn't let him get away with it.

"Okay, I'm heading back now. Drive safe," she said.

Over the next two days, Nyla rested and packed her things at home.

On the day she was set to move, Valarie suddenly came to visit.

Seeing Nyla unharmed, Valarie sighed in relief.

However, her expression soon turned troubled. "Nyla, why didn't you tell me about being kidnapped?!"

Noticing Valarie's disapproving look, Nyla explained, "I thought you were going through a rough time, and I didn't want to add to your stress. Since I'm fine, I didn't tell you." Valarie glared at her. "How could you keep something like this from me? If I didn't know someone working at the police station, I might still be in the dark!"

"I'm sorry. I should have told you. I promise I won't hide anything like this again."

"Is there going to be a next time?" Valarie asked.

"No, I mean I'll inform you of any major issues immediately in the future," Nyla clarified.

Valarie gave a reluctant huff at Nyla's sincere expression. "That's better. But are you really okay?"

"Yeah, just some minor injuries. Nothing serious."

"That's good." Valarie then noticed the packed bags and boxes in the living room and frowned. "You're moving?"

"Yes." Nyla nodded and told Valarie about her plan to move back to the villa,

Valarie's expression turned extremely grim. "Nyla, are you crazy? Clark cheated and got another woman pregnant, and you still want to go back? Are you out of your mind?" Nyla understood Valarie's disbelief. If someone had told her ten days ago that she would be moving back to Clark's villa, she would have thought they were insane too. "Valarie, I have reasons for moving back that I can't share with you right now," Nyla said,

The Harris Pharmaceuticals incident involved too many people. Investigating it could interfere with many interests and lead to unexpected dangers, so it would be better if fewer people knew. "What could possibly make you go back to that jerk? Don't tell me you still have feelings for him?!" Valarie

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 118

asked,

Nyla was about to deny it when she noticed a gray jacket flash by at the door. The words she was about to say changed direction.

"Actually, I still have some feelings for him. This move is conditional-if he's willing to cut ties with his mistress, I-

"Enough!" Valarie interrupted sternly. "I thought you were someone who could handle relationships with maturity. I was wrong. If you want to go back and suffer, I can't stop you. But let me tell you: that jerk will never change!"

"Ms. Weir, are you talking about me?" Clark's cold voice came from the doorway, his gaze icy as he

looked at Valarie.

Valarie sneered. "I didn't expect you to be so self-aware. Yes, I'm talking about you, you scum!"

Clark's expression darkened, and he exuded menace. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla looked at him indifferently. "Since you're here, you can start by helping me move these things downstairs."

Paradise 119

Chapter 119

Upon seeing is completely different attitude toward Clark-no longer the cold and distant demeanor she once had-Valerie's eyes flashed with frustration.

"Nyla, I hope you won't regret your decision today" she said.

With that, Valerie turned and walked away, testing the might lose her temper if she stayed any longer.

How had Nyla gone from being fine when she moved out previously to becoming so infatuated in less than a month?

Fuming in her car, Valerie was about to start the engine when she suddenly had a troubling thought. When she had asked Nyla if she still had feelings for Clark, Nyla had hesitated, Moreover, her gaze toward Clark had been devoid of the previous affection and warmth-almost indifferent

Could it be that Nyla had some unavoidable reason for moving back?

Valerie decided she would talk to her again in the near future.

111

After Valerie left, Clark said, "Valerie is always bad mouthing me and ruining our relationship. You should have less contact with her in the future"

Nyla frowned and replied coldly, "She's my friend. Whether she's good or bad isn't your concern. Besides, she's not wrong, is she?"

Clark's eyes flashed with anger as Nyla defended Valerie. Was he not as important to her as a friend? But, realizing he was indeed at fault, he couldn't argue back strongly, Seeing Nyla turn back to her packing and not intending to engage with him, he hesitated but walked over

to her.

"Nyla, I'm sorry, I was too emotional earlier. I shouldn't have spoken ill of your friend," he said.

Nyla's previously cold expression softened slightly. She nodded and said, "Yes, Valarie is my best friend. I hope you can respect her."

After what happened today, Clark's dislike for Valarie was deep-seated,

However, he knew it was unwise to argue with Nyla about her right now. He planned to address the issue of Valarie later, once Nyla had forgiven him.

"Alright, I'll listen to my wife."

Nyla's gaze remained calm as she looked down.

"Oh, by the way, we need to move quickly. Grandma and Grandpa have invited us for dinner tonight," Clark mentioned.

Nyla's curiosity was piqued. The Sumner elders were known for their quiet lifestyle and rarely invited younger family members over except for their monthly family dinners.
Chapter 119

+25 BONUS

"Why the sudden invitation?" she asked.

Clark smiled. "Grandma wants to introduce a potential girlfriend to Uncle Damon. She's afraid the girl might feel shy being alone, so she thought it would be good for you to join them for dinner since you're around the same age. Looks like you're helping out again."

Nyla was distracted, nearly dropping the photo frame she was holding.

After a few seconds, she managed a smile. "That's good. If Grandma is introducing someone, she must be carefully chosen."

"Of course. She's the daughter of Builders Property's boss. She just returned from studying abroad," Clark mentioned.

The owner of Builders Property had amassed a fortune through real estate before shifting his company's resources to the new energy vehicle industry.

The company had thrived, and now his net worth was over ten billion. His daughter was a suitable match for Damon, which explained why the Sumner elders were so eager.

Seeing that Nyla remained composed, Clark looked down thoughtfully.

Could it be that Nyla had never been attracted to Damon at all?

Paradise 120

Chapter 120

Damon was reviewing documents in his office at Prospectus Technology when his personal phone suddenly rang.

He answered, and Marie's booming voice came through. "Damon, come home for dinner tonight." Damon glanced at the pile of unfinished documents and immediately refused. "I'm busy." "No matter what, you must make time tonight. Otherwise, I'll go to your office and drag you home myself," Marie warned.

Marie's commanding tone left Damon feeling helpless.

"There's too much to do today. I really can't make it," he said.

"No excuses. You must come back for dinner. Even with your busy schedule, you can always spare time for a meal," Marie insisted.

Without giving Damon a chance to respond, Marie hung up.

By the time Nyla and Clark had moved Nyla's things back to the villa, it was already past 4:00 p.m.

After taking a shower and changing clothes, they headed to the Sumner residence.

As Clark pulled up to the entrance, Damon was about to walk in. Hearing the car, Damon turned around, his eyes narrowing slightly upon seeing the license plate. His expression became distant. Nyla noticed Damon first from inside the car and subconsciously tightened her grip on the seatbelt. Clark also saw Damon, and his gaze darkened. "Let's get out."

As soon as Nyla stepped out of the car, Clark walked over and took her hand.

At that moment, Nyla's skin crawled. If Damon hadn't been watching, she would have pulled away from Clark's touch.

Noticing Nyla's compliance, Clark smiled and led her toward Damon. "Uncle Damon, what a coincidence."

"Mm." Damon's gaze passed over their joined hands before settling on Nyla's face. "Why aren't you saying hello?"

Nyla flushed with embarrassment. She had assumed that Damon would ignore her after what had happened in the restaurant. However, she didn't expect him to make things difficult in front of Clark. She bit her lip and murmured, "Uncle Damon."

Damon's gaze lingered on her red lips for a moment before he turned away coldly.

Noting Damon's frosty attitude toward Nyla, Clark was slightly surprised but quickly masked it with a smile. "Uncle Damon, Nyla is quite shy. You might scare her like that."

"If she's scared, she shouldn't have been brought along," Damon retorted.

With that, Damon turned and walked away.

1/2

Chapter 120

+25 BONUS

Watching his retreating figure, Nyla felt a wave of indescribable sadness. From the look he gave her, it was clear he genuinely disliked her.

Although this was the outcome she wanted, she felt no joy at all.

As Clark led Nyla into the living room, Damon was already seated on the sofa, talking to Richard and

Marie.

Upon seeing the smiles on Richard and Marie's faces, Clark's gaze darkened.

No matter how hard he tried, their attitude toward him was always lukewarm, unlike the enthusiasm they showed Damon.

"Grandpa, Grandma," the couple greeted.

Marie looked at Clark and Nyla with a smile. "Clark, Nyla, you're here. Have a seat. Ms. Hulle will be here shortly."

After exchanging greetings with the elders, Nyla took a seat next to Clark but kept a slight distance from

him.

Marie didn't pay much attention to them. After all, their presence was merely a formality for tonight.

"Damon, do you remember what I told you earlier? Be attentive to Ms. Hulle tonight, or I won't forgive you!"

Damon's peripheral vision caught sight of Nyla, who was staring at the floor, lost in thought.

Noticing her lack of reaction to Marie's words, Damon exuded a chilly aura.

Paradse 121

Chapter 121

+25 BONUS

Chapter 121

Just a moment later, however, a trace of mockery flashed in Damon's eyes.

Nyla had made it clear that she had no feelings for him. If he continued to pursue her, it would be nothing more than wishful thinking on his part.

"I got it," Damon replied.

Marie had been about to persuade him further but was taken aback and looked at him with suspicion. She asked, "You're not planning anything bad, are you?"

Damon stayed quiet.

Seeing his silence, Marie frowned and was about to speak when footsteps echoed from the doorway.

"Madam Summer, Ms. Hulle has arrived."

Everyone in the living room looked up to see a young woman in her 20s walk in.

Erin Hulle, with her delicate features, was dressed in a light yellow spaghetti-strap dress. Her short hair grazed her collarbones. With her light makeup and elegant demeanor, she exuded a charm that was hard.

to ignore.

Even Nyla, who had seen many beautiful women, couldn't help but be impressed by Erin's appearance.

Marie's face lit up with a warm smile as she stood up and said, "Erin, come sit by me." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Erin smiled and gracefully walked over to sit next to Marie.

After a bit of small talk, Marie seemed even more pleased with her, almost ready to arrange Damon and Erin's engagement on the spot.

Chapter 121

+25 BONUS

"Oh, let me introduce you. This is my son, who's almost 30 and still unmarried," Marie said, her tone full of disdain.

Following Marie's gaze, Erin looked over with a reserved smile. She greeted, "Hello, Mr. Damon. I've heard that you founded Prospectus Technology in your 20s. My father always speaks highly of you."

Erin had noticed Damon the moment she walked in.

Initially, she had been displeased with her parents arranging this blind date and planned to brush it off and decline later. However, after seeing Damon in person, she found herself intrigued.

His calm demeanor and aloof air were deeply attractive to her. She had to have this man.

Damon's expression remained unchanged, his gaze toward Erin cold. He greeted her back, "Hello, Ms. Hulle."

Sensing his indifference, Erin became even more determined to win

him over.

With everyone present, Marie called them to dinner. She introduced Erin to Clark and Nyla during the dinner, but Erin paid little attention, focusing almost entirely on Damon. Once everyone was seated, Marie instructed the service staff to serve.

the dishes.

Throughout the meal, Clark attentively served Nyla, while Damon remained cold and aloof, making no effort to assist Erin.

That caused Marie to frown and nag, Damon, don't just focus on your own meal. Help Erin with some dishes she can't reach."

Damon frowned and was about to refuse when he noticed Clark leaning close to Nyla, whispering something that made her smile. His gaze darkened instantly. Chapter 121

+25 BONUS

He turned to Erin, his expression suddenly softening, and asked, "What would you like to have, Ms. Hulle?"

Although Erin was surprised by his change in demeanor, she didn't

show it as she answered, "Anything is fine with me."

Damon nodded, reached for the plate of fish that Clark had just handed to Nyla, and placed it in front of Erin. The entire dining room fell silent.

Paradise 122

Chapter 122

Erin's smile stiffened slightly, but before she could say anything, Marie slammed her cutlery onto the table and chided, "Damon, is that how you. serve food?!"

She had wanted him to help Erin with the dishes to help them bond, but he nearly went so far as to place the whole plate in front of her. If word got out, it would surely offend the Hullees. Damon smiled at Marie. "Mom, if you know I'm bad at this, don't make me do it."

Marie was fuming and about to explode, but Erin quickly intervened." It's fine. I actually like fish, and it's more convenient this way. No need to keep troubling him to serve me."

Seeing Erin's willingness to smooth things over, Marie beamed with satisfaction, growing even fonder of her.

"Erin, you're so considerate. This brat only knows how to make me angry. After dinner, take her home," she told Damon.

Damon frowned, about to refuse, but Erin spoke first. "There's no need. I drove myself here."

She could sense Damon's lack of interest in her, and forcing him to drive her home wouldn't help. It would be better to retreat and advance later.

With Builders Property and Prospectus Technology about to cooperate soon, she'd have plenty of opportunities to get closer to him.

Marie thought Damon's attitude had upset Erin, so she glared at him.

Damon ignored her, his expression remaining indifferent. After all, he had never agreed to this blind date. Marie had arranged it on her own. If he had known the dinner was a matchmaking attempt, he wouldn't have

+25 BONUS

come.

Erin's gaze fell on the couple opposite her. Seeing how attentively Clark cared for Nyla, she couldn't help but remark, "Mr. Clark is really good to Ms. Nyla."

Clark peeled a shrimp and placed it on Nyla's plate, then looked at Erin with a teasing smile. "No need to envy. Once you and Uncle Damon are together, he'll treat you just as well."

Erin glanced at Damon's indifferent face, doubting he was the type to dote on a woman like that.

As expected, Damon coldly replied, "Don't assume everyone is like you. And if I'm not mistaken, you didn't always treat her this well. Did you do something to feel guilty about?"

Clark's smile froze, and his gaze turned icy as he looked at Damon.

The unusual tension between them made Erin frown, sensing something unsaid.

After a moment, Clark pulled Nyla closer and smiled. "You're overthinking it, Uncle Damon. Nyla and I are very close."

Nyla lowered her head, suppressing the urge to push away Clark's arm around her. She knew that if she wanted to stay with him, she couldn't always appear cold and distant. Otherwise, he would start to question her reasons for returning.

Damon chuckled. "If you're so close, why did she move out?"

Marie looked at Nyla in surprise, her brows furrowing. Nyla had moved out?

In truth, Marie wasn't entirely satisfied with Nyla as a granddaughter-in-law.

Before Nyla and Clark married, the Jaystons had already gone

+25 BONUS

Chapter 127

bankrupt. Marie suspected that Nyla had married into the Sumners for their money.

However, Clark had knelt at the front gate for three days, insisting he

would marry no one else, and no one could dissuade him. Finally, Marie and Richard relented.

After the wedding, Nyla had been well-behaved and sensible, which gradually reduced Marie's bias against her.

Upon hearing that Nyla had moved out now, Marie found her dissatisfaction resurfacing.

Paradse 123

Chapter 123

If this were to get out, people might start saying she was being mistreated in the Sumners.

Clark's smile deepened as he looked at Damon and said, word by word, " Uncle Damon, you probably don't know yet, but Nyla moved back today."

Damon widened his eyes and turned his icy gaze to Nyla, who had remained silent.

He wanted to ask her if she really intended to forgive Clark just like that, but he couldn't. He was only her husband's uncle. Beyond that, they had no other relationship. What right did he have to question her?

Even though Nyla kept her head down, she could feel Damon's gaze on her. It sent a chill through her entire body, making her shiver involuntarily.

After several seconds, Damon chuckled. "Well, that's good to hear."

He looked away, a smile on his face, but his eyes were cold.

Clark's gaze flashed with triumph. "Uncle Damon, you should focus on your own love life. I think Ms. Hulle and you are quite a match, don't you think, Nyla?"

He turned to Nyla, seeking her opinion.

Nyla forced a smile and nodded as she said, "Yes, Ms. Hulle is elegant and beautiful. She and Uncle Damon do seem well-suited."

"Then let's take your word for it, Ms. Nyla," Erin said with a smile, though her gaze was scrutinizing Nyla.

She couldn't shake the feeling that Damon treated his niece-in-law differently.

The rest of the meal was somewhat silent, with everyone lost in their

Chapter 125

thoughts.

+25 BONUS

Near the end of dinner, Clark received a call from his secretary, informing him of an issue at the company that needed his attention.

He planned to take Nyla with him, but Marie interjected, "You go handle the work. Nyla will stay here. I want to talk to her." After a moment's hesitation, Clark told Nyla, "Wait for me here. I'll come back to pick you up once I've dealt with the issue." Nyla nodded. "Okay."

Seeing his worried expression, Marie asked with a frown, "What? You don't trust her here?"

"No, Grandma, I'll head to the company now," Clark answered.

Shortly after Clark left, Erin also got up to leave.

Marie smiled warmly at her and said, "Erin, come visit us often."

"Yes, I'll be sure to visit regularly. I hope I won't become a nuisance," Erin replied.

"Not at all. If it weren't so late, I'd ask you to stay longer. Damon, see Erin out," Marie said.

After Damon and Erin disappeared through the doorway, Marie turned to Nyla with a serious expression and said, "Come with me."

Half an hour later, Nyla followed Marie out of the study.

"Remember what I just told you?" Marie asked.

Nyla lowered her gaze and nodded. "Yes, Grandma, I remember."

"Good. Now that you're part of the Sumners, your actions reflect on us. It's normal for couples to argue, but if it gets out, it will ember

+25 BONUS

Chapter 123

Sumners," Marie reminded her.

"Yes, Grandma," Nyla replied.

Seeing Nyla's obedience, Marie didn't say anything more and turned to go back to her bedroom.

Nyla walked out of the living room, planning to wait for Clark in the garden pavilion.

The garden was dimly lit, with only a few lights. As she reached the pavilion, she realized someone was already there.

It was Damon!

His expression was icy, and he looked unhappy.

Nyla frowned and was about to leave when Damon's cold voice stopped her. "Come here!"

Paradse 124

Chapter 124

Nyla stood still, sensing a dangerous vibe from Damon that made her instinctively want to flee.

"Uncle Damon, it's dark here, and it's not appropriate for us to be alone. I'll head back," she said, turning to leave.

As she took a few steps, though, she heard footsteps behind her. Panicking, she tried to quicken her pace but stumbled and tripped.

She lost her balance, but a strong hand grabbed her waist and pulled her back.

Nyla fell into Damon's arms. She quickly pushed him away and stepped back.

Damon narrowed his eyes, the menace in them intensifying as he remarked, "You use people and then discard them. You're quite skilled at that."

Nyla bit her lip, feeling embarrassed. "Uncle Damon, thank you for just now, but we should keep our distance."

Damon stepped closer, and Nyla instinctively tried to retreat but found herself against the door of the greenhouse. She had nowhere to go. When they were so close that they could hear each other's breathing, Damon looked down at her and said, "But I don't want to keep my

distance."

Nyla took a deep breath, looked up at him, and said, "Uncle Damon, Ms. Hulle is more suitable for you. She's beautiful and-" Before she could finish, her eyes widened in shock. Damon grabbed her chin and kissed her, swallowing the rest of her words. Nyla was stunned. For a moment, she was completely frozen. This was

10

+25 BONUS

the Sumners' home. Was he out of his mind?!

When she regained her composure, she shoved him away and warned, "Uncle Damon, have some respect!"

Fury filled Nyla as she glared at Damon with icy disdain.

"If I hear you mention any other woman again, I'll have to shut you up my way," Damon said, his tone serious.

Nyla clenched her hands at her sides. She turned her gaze away and said coldly, "If you don't want to hear it, I won't say it. Can I leave now?"

If anyone saw her alone with Damon in the middle of the night, who knew what they would think?

Marie already disliked her. If Marie discovered Damon's feelings for her, who knew what she would do?

Damon's demeanor grew even colder. "Do you really not want to be around me that much?"

"Uncle Damon, given our relationship, is it appropriate for us to be alone, together? You might not be affected, but have you considered what people will say about me?" In the end, Nyla thought Damon's feelings were just a fleeting

infatuation. If he truly cared about her, he wouldn't risk her reputation by cornering her late at night.

Damon's gaze grew even colder as he questioned, "Who dares to speak ill of you?"

Nyla scoffed. "You can't control what others say."

"I think you're not afraid of others seeing us. You're afraid Clark will see us. Moving back so quickly-are you worried that woman will threaten your position?" Damon asked.

+25 BONUS

Nyla turned her head away, her expression indifferent, as she answered, "Since you know, you shouldn't be bothering me."

Damon grabbed her chin, forcing her to look at him. His expression was chilling as he declared, "Nyla, I'm not someone you can easily provoke. You should have anticipated the consequences when you first involved me."

"I already told you that was an accident," Nyla said.

Damon chuckled. "Let's say the hotel incident was an accident. But what about the times I saved you? Don't you think you owe me?"

Nyla bit her lip before asking, "What do you want me to do?"

"That's for you to decide," Damon replied.

Nyla pushed him away, about to speak, when suddenly a flashlight beam illuminated their direction.

Paradise 125

Chapter 125

"Who's there?"

In a split second, Damon pulled Nyla into the greenhouse and shut the door behind them.

It was pitch black inside. He pushed her against the door, their bodies pressed tightly together. One hand rested on her waist, while the other gripped the doorknob, leaving no space between them. She could hear his steady heartbeat and whispered, "Can you let go..."

Damon leaned in close to her ear, speaking so softly that only she could hear. "Someone's coming. If you don't want to be discovered, don't make a sound."

Just then, footsteps approached the greenhouse door.

Nyla's heart raced as the doorknob turned.

After a few moments of trying and failing to open the door, the person outside sounded puzzled. "What's wrong with the door? Is it broken?"

They lingered a bit longer, but finding nothing unusual, they mumbled something and left.

Nyla finally exhaled in relief and asked, "Can you let go of me now?"

Damon released her and was about to speak when Nyla's phone rang- it was Clark.

She was about to answer when Damon said coldly, "If you're not afraid of him finding out we're alone in here, go ahead and answer."

Nyla looked at Damon in disbelief. "Uncle Damon, don't you think you're being a bit despicable right now?"

The Damon tonight felt like a stranger to her, nothing like the man she

+25 BONUS

Chapter 125

thought she knew. She couldn't understand why he wouldn't leave her alone.

"Do you really think Clark will leave that other woman for you? Unless she loses the baby, she'll always be between you two," Damon said.

This foolish woman could have asked for his help to divorce Clark, but instead, she stubbornly chose to go back to him.

"No matter what, it has nothing to do with you, does it?" Nyla snapped, her voice cold and her hand trembling slightly as she held her phone. "Nyla!" Damon's voice was filled with anger.

Nyla remained calm. "If you want to tell Clark that we are together, go ahead. I'm answering the phone."

She answered the call, and Clark's voice came through. "Nyla, why did it take you so long to pick up? I'll need more time here. Someone from the house will take you back."

Nyla lowered her gaze and replied, "Okay. Don't worry about me. Focus on your work."

After hanging up, she looked at Damon.

The dim light from her phone illuminated only part of his cold, stern face. She could sense his anger, but regardless of whether she divorced Clark, she couldn't give Damon what he wanted. Instead of continuing this way, it was better to sever ties completely.

"Uncle Damon, if there's nothing else, I'll be going," she said. Damon remained silent, but the air around him grew even colder. Nyla didn't expect him to respond. She opened the door and left. After that night, Damon stopped seeking Nyla out. Even when they

+25 BONUS

Chapter 125

crossed paths at work, he treated her with indifference, as if they were strangers.

Nyla's life returned to normal. She thought they would never interact again until Erin unexpectedly approached her a week later.

At a cafe near Prospectus Technology...

Erin and Nyla sat across from each other by the window.

Erin asked, "Ms. Nyla, I feel like Damon is a bit distant with me. Since you're his niece-in-law and work at Prospectus Technology, can you help me? I want to pursue him."

Paradise 126

Chapter 126

Nyla was momentarily stunned before she looked down and said calmly, "Ms. Hulle, I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm not close to Uncle Damon."

"You're family. How can you not be close? Ms. Nyla, you're not unwilling to help me, are you?" Erin asked, her gaze probing.

During her last visit to the Sumner residence, Erin had noticed something strange about the way Damon looked at Nyla.

After some reflection, she decided to investigate Nyla further and discovered that Nyla was now working at Prospectus Technology. Erin planned to assess Nyla's attitude toward Damon.

Nyla excused herself, "Ms. Hulle, it's not that I don't want to help you. I really am not close to him. I have unfinished work in the lab, so I must go."

With that, she stood up and left.

Erin watched Nyla walk away, a cold glint in her eyes. It seemed Nyla wasn't going to be easy to deal with, so Erin would need to proceed with

caution.

with

Back in the lab, Nyla continued her experiments.

Time flew by, and she didn't realize it was already past 6:00 p.m. until Clark called. "Nyla, I'm downstairs at Prospectus Technology. I'll pick

you up.

Nyla packed her things and headed to the elevator.

Prospectus Technology's workday ended at 5:00 p.m., and Damon didn't encourage overtime, so the office was nearly

tv at

this hour.

Chapter 126

+25 BONUS

When the elevator arrived from the top floor, Nyla saw Damon and Erin inside. She hesitated for a moment.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Hulle," she greeted

Erin smiled and nodded at her, while Damon's expression remained cold, as though he were deliberately ignoring her.

Nyla had noticed that when the elevator doors first opened, Damon had been chatting with Erin, a faint smile on his face.

It seemed he truly disliked Nyla, but this was the reaction Erin had been hoping for.

Stepping into the elevator, Nyla turned her back to them.

Erin's soft voice broke the silence. "Mr. Damon, I know of a newly opened restaurant that's quite good. How about we go there for dinner tonight?" "Sure, you decide," Damon replied in his deep voice.

Nyla couldn't help but sense a hint of warmth in it.

If he and Erin ended up together, they would make a good match. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ignoring the discomfort in her heart, Nyla focused on the floor number. For the first time, the descent from the eighth floor to the first seemed interminable.

Her subtle movements didn't escape Damon's notice, and his gaze grew even colder.

Finally, the elevator reached the first floor.

As Nyla stepped out, she heard Erin's cheerful voice. "Mr. Clark and Ms. Nyla seem to get along well. He even picks her up from work."

The elevator doors closed, heading to the basement level. Nyla didn't

+25 BONUS

Chapter 126

hear Damon's response, but he likely agreed with Erin.

Clark's car was parked by the curb outside Prospectus Technology.

Nyla walked over, opened the door, and sat down.

Clark handed her a bouquet of sunflowers.

"I remember you used to love sunflowers. Did I get it right this time?" he asked.

Seeing the careful look in his eyes, Nyla felt no emotional stirrings. Since the time she had been kidnapped and called Clark for help-only to have Jordyn answer-she had felt nothing for him. She smiled and took the flowers. "Thank you. I really like them."

Paradise 127

Chapter 127

Chapter 127

As Clark started the car, he said, "I'm glad you like them. How about I pick you up from work every day from now on?"

"There's no need for that. I've bought myself a car, and you're busy with work," Nyla replied indifferently, causing Clark to drop the idea.

Even though Nyla had moved back in, Clark felt she was even more distant from him now. This feeling troubled him, and he didn't know how to restore their previous closeness. The car grew quiet.

Nyla turned to look out the window, lost in thought. In the past, she always had something to say when they were alone. Now, she didn't initiate any conversation.

Clark sighed inwardly and decided to take things slowly.

As they neared the villa, Clark's phone rang from his pocket.

"Nyla, can you get my phone?" Clark asked.

Nyla retrieved the phone and saw "Jordyn" flashing on the screen.

Clark frowned and said, "No need to answer it."

He had warned Jordyn not to contact him, but she ignored him. This made him both angry and a bit guilty. He glanced at Nyla, expecting her to be upset or jealous, but she remained calm. "Better answer it, just in case it's something important," she said, putting the call on speaker and holding the phone in front of him.

Clark's black Cayenne came to a screeching halt in the middle of the road.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 121

He looked at Nyla with a mix of disbelief and hurt. Had she accepted the situation, or did she simply not care anymore?

"Clark... my stomach hurts. Can you come over?" Jordyn's panicked voice came through the speaker.

Clark felt a surge of annoyance and snapped, "Why are you calling me about a stomachache? I'm not a doctor. Contact Michael if there's a problem. Don't call me again." Before Jordyn could respond, Clark grabbed the phone from Nyla and hung up. "Maybe you should go check on her. What if it's serious-" Nyla began. to say.

"Shut up!" Clark roared, his eyes filled with anger as he looked at Nyla. She frowned but remained silent, not wanting to provoke him further.

The silence in the car was suffocating.

After several minutes, Clark finally spoke, his tone icy. "Aren't you going to say anything?"

Nyla pressed her lips together and replied calmly, "If you've calmed down, let's drive home."

"Nyla!" Clark growled, his eyes bloodshot. "You're suggesting I go to Jordyn, and you're not the least bit upset?"

What he really wanted to ask was whether she no longer loved him, but he was too afraid to hear the answer.

Nyla's expression remained composed. "She's pregnant. It's natural for you to take care of her."

Clark let out a bitter laugh. "And what about you? Are you okay with your husband being with another woman?" Chapter 127

+25 BONUS

"Even if I were not okay with it, would that stop you from going?" Nyla retorted.

Her clear eyes seemed to pierce through him, prompting Clark to say reflexively, "If you say you don't want me to go, I won't see her!"

Paradise 128

Chapter 128

Nyla laughed lightly, her gaze indifferent as she said, "Do you even believe what you're saying? If you really didn't want to see her, you wouldn't have allowed her to keep the baby or stay in the city. With your power, you could have easily taken care of that."

"The baby... I had no choice but to let her keep it..." Clark explained.

Nyla lowered her gaze and spoke slowly. "You don't need to explain yourself to me. I don't want to argue about it anymore. If you want to see her, I can leave and take a taxi home."

As soon as she finished speaking, the black Cayenne sped off.

Less than half an hour later, they arrived at the villa.

Nyla was about to get out when Clark said coldly, "Nyla, remember, you're the one pushing me toward her."

"If you really want to be with her, I won't blame you. I came back prepared to accept her and the child," Nyla replied.

Clark didn't look at her and said coldly, "Get out!"

Nyla got out of the car. As soon as she closed the door, Clark sped away. Watching his car disappear, a trace of mockery flashed in her

eyes.

Clark still couldn't let go of Jordyn, yet he wanted Nyla to be the bad guy.

Nyla wondered when he had become so despicable. She could hardly recognize him anymore.

Taking a deep breath, she turned and walked into the villa.

+25 BONUS

Patricia hurried over and took the flowers from her, asking, "Mrs. Sumner, should I put these flowers in your bedroom?"

"No, just leave them in the living room," Nyla replied.

She didn't want to be reminded of Clark every time she saw the flowers in her bedroom.

"Okay. By the way, where's Mr. Sumner? He asked the kitchen to prepare your favorite soup for tonight's dinner," Patricia inquired.

"Jordyn isn't feeling well. He went to be with her. I'll go change. Prepare dinner," Nyla said.

Patricia looked at her, surprised that she didn't seem upset. She had assumed Nyla had returned to win Clark back from Jordyn, but now it

seemed otherwise.

Lost in thought, Patricia didn't notice Nyla heading upstairs.

Nyla changed into casual clothes in her room.

When she came back down, she found Cindy sitting on the living room sofa, looking angry.

Seeing Nyla, Cindy sneered and threw a document at her feet.

"No wonder you haven't gotten pregnant in three years. It turns out you're a barren hen!" Cindy snapped.

Nyla frowned as a sense of dread crept over her. She picked up the document and opened it.

As Nyla's face grew paler, Cindy said coldly, "Since you can't have children, make way for someone who can. I won't let my son waste his life with a woman who can't bear children!"

23

+25 BONUS

Chapter 128

Ignoring Cindy, Nyla stared at the medical report in disbelief, her hands trembling.

After marrying, they hadn't used protection. Nyla had assumed this was because she was consciously avoiding fertile periods, but it turned out she was unable to conceive.

She forced herself to stay calm, wondering if the report was a fabrication orchestrated by Cindy to pressure her into divorcing Clark.

"Where did you get this report?" she asked.

Cindy sneered. "From the hospital where you had your checkup, of course! Do you think I'd fake something like this?"

Her eyes filled with disdain as she continued. "If you don't believe me, call the hospital and ask them to send another copy."

Nyla pressed her lips together and sat down across from Cindy, placing the report on the table. "If you want me to divorce Clark, you should talk to him, not me."

Cindy gritted her teeth. "You think I won't? Once he knows you're barren, he'll divorce you immediately!"

"I hope so," Nyla replied.

Cindy scowled, not expecting Nyla to be so defiant even after learning she couldn't have children.

She growled, "Nyla, don't forget that you rely on the Sumners for everything. Without us, you're nothing!"

Paradise 129

Chapter 129 Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla remained unfazed by Cindy's words. Had she not become a housewife after marrying Clark, she could have maintained her current. lifestyle on her own.

"Mrs. Sumner, didn't you know? I didn't want to come back. It was your son who forced me. Why don't you go tell him to kick me out?" Nyla

said.

Cindy's face flushed red with anger as she pointed at Nyla. "You!"

Finding it pointless to argue with Cindy, Nyla stood up and said, " Patricia, I'm hungry. Let's start dinner,"

Seeing Nyla's blatant disregard, Cindy was livid and immediately called Clark to complain. To her dismay, he coldly told her to leave the villa and refused to take any more of her calls, not even giving her a chance to tell him that Nyla couldn't have children.

Cindy was nearly driven to a heart attack by the frustration.

He had truly forsaken his mother for his wife!

After Cindy left, Nyla called the hospital where she had her checkup and requested a copy of her report. When the report arrived, it was identical to the one Cindy had given her.

Staring at her phone in disbelief, Nyla decided to get a second opinion. and contacted another health center to schedule a new exam.

After making the appointment, she set the matter aside for now and went to have dinner.

After dinner, Nyla watched TV on the sofa for a while before heading to her room around 9:00 p.m.

Chapter 129

+25 BONUS

As soon as she entered her bedroom, her phone rang. Noting that it was the private investigator she had hired, she walked out to the balcony to take the call.

"Ms. Jayston, I haven't found any useful information about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident from six years ago yet. However, I did locate an ex-employee who seems to know something but won't talk. I'll keep trying."

Nyla's eyes narrowed. "Okay. If you need more funds, let me know. I'll handle it."

"Do you still want me to keep an eye on your husband and Jordyn?" the private investigator asked.

"No, focus on the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident for now," Nyla replied, her expression serious.

The employees who knew about the incident at Harris Pharmaceuticals seemed to have vanished. If there was a cover-up, it would be difficult

to uncover.

Suddenly, she thought of someone and told the private investigator, "Look for a man named Godric Wyatt. He was the assistant manager of the procurement department at Harris Pharmaceuticals. He might know something."

Godric had worked under Clement and had not been heard from since Harris Pharmaceuticals went bankrupt. Rumor had it that he had returned to his hometown. He might have some information. "Understood, Ms. Jayston. I'll look into it right away," replied the private investigator.

After hanging up, Nyla took a deep breath.

To uncover.

truth, she knew she needed to start with Cyrus.

+25 BONUS

However, given Clark's strained relationship with Cyrus, getting close to him would not be easy.

As she pondered this, her phone buzzed with a message from Valarie, surprising her.

She opened it to find photos of Clark and Jordyn in a bar's private room. Despite the dim lighting, their intimacy was evident.

Nyla couldn't believe that Jordyn would go to a bar while pregnant. Then again, with Clark by her side, she probably felt safe.

Valarie sent a voice message next. "What's with Clark bringing that woman to a bar? He's calling her his secretary. It's infuriating. Are you really going to stick with this guy? Dump him already!" Nyla lowered her gaze, about to respond, when Valarie suddenly called her on video.

Answering, Nyla was shocked by what she saw.

In the dimly lit bar, Damon had punched Clark to the floor with an icy expression.

"OMG! Damon is so cool! He did what I always wanted to do! Is he on a purge? If so, he should just beat that jerk to death!" Valarie gushed.

Paradise 130

Chapter 130

Nyla widened her eyes and quickly asked, "Which bar are you at?"

"The one on Tancy Street, where we went before. Are you coming?" Valarie asked.

"Yes," Nyla answered, hung up, and hurriedly changed clothes to go out.

As Nyla started the car, she hesitated. She worried that showing up might escalate the situation, especially since she wasn't sure if Damon had hit Clark because of her. If it was for another reason, her presence would be pointless and embarrassing.

Nyla doubted Damon would do anything for her after their fallout at the Sumner residence.

After calming herself, Nyla'decided against going.

Just as she returned to her bedroom, her phone rang. It was Valarie. Nyla, I was wrong. Damon wasn't trying to purge. He was standing up for Erin, who had a conflict with Jordyn at the mall earlier." Nyla gripped her phone with a bitter smile. It was a good thing she hadn't rushed over-she would have made a fool of herself.

"I see," she replied.

Valarie continued. "But do you think Damon and Erin are dating? He seemed pretty protective of her."

Nyla looked down, her expression indifferent. "Maybe. I don't know."

"Anyway, it made me happy to see Clark get punched. When are you coming over? I still need to grill you about moving back in. You can't just brush me off," Valarie said. "I'm not coming over anymore. I'm tired today. Let's talk later," Nyla said and hurriedly ended the call.

Chapter 120

+25 BONUS

Putting down the phone, she forced herself to stop thinking about Damon. He and Erin were both single and well-matched. A woman like Erin seemed suitable for him. Meanwhile, Erin was in the bar's private room, holding an ice pack and intending to apply it to Damon's hand, but he pulled away.

"No, thanks. I can do it myself." His voice was cold, a stark contrast to the impulsiveness he had shown when hitting Clark. He seemed like a different person.

Over the past few days, Erin had gotten a sense of Damon's personality and reluctantly handed him the ice pack.

"Mr. Damon, you were too impulsive. I was fine, and it was Mr. Clark's secretary who offended me. It's unfair to hit him," Erin said.

To her, Damon didn't seem like someone who acted on impulse. His actions felt more like a release of pent-up frustration than an act of defense.

Damon's expression remained cold. "He deserved it. He can't even control his own people."

Sensing something deeper in his words, Erin was about to probe further when the private room door opened.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Hulle, sorry I'm late,

Erin set aside her questions and smiled at the newcomer. "We were early. Please, have a seat."

Around 11:00 p.m., Nyla was half-asleep when a knocking sound woke her. She frowned, turned on the bedside lamp, and looked toward the

apt

door without moving.

"Nyla, open the door. I need to talk to you." Clark's voice sounded from the other side.

Nyla didn't move or change her expression.

"It's late. Whatever you have to say, let's discuss it tomorrow," she replied.

Clark didn't respond, but the knocking grew more insistent. It was clear he wouldn't leave until she opened the door.

Nyla took a deep breath and raised her voice. "Clark, if you keep knocking, I'll move back to my apartment tomorrow."

The knocking stopped abruptly.

Nyla ignored it, turned off the lamp, and went back to sleep.

The next morning, as Nyla descended the stairs, she saw Clark sitting at the dining table with a gloomy expression. His face was bruised and

swollen.

Nyla was taken aback by the severity of Clark's injuries. She sat down at the table, and Patricia quickly brought her breakfast.

When Clark realized that Nyla had no intention of inquiring about his injuries, his expression grew colder. "Nyla, can't you see my injuries? Aren't you going to ask about them?"

Nyla regarded him calmly. "Is it necessary? You probably got hurt while you were with Jordyn. I'm not interested in the details."

Clark's expression darkened, and he nearly crushed the utensils in his grip. He wanted to tell her that Damon had struck him but struggled to find a way to bring it up. He feared that stating it outright would make

Chapter 130

him seem petty.

Paradise 131

Chapter 131

Feeling frustrated and aggrieved, Clark watched as Nyla finished her breakfast and left the table. As he stared at her retreating figure, he slammed his fork and knife onto the table, startling Patricia, who was seated nearby.

"Mr. Sumner, is the breakfast not to your liking?" Patricia asked.

Clark rose from his seat and departed without responding, his expression stern.

As soon as he got into his car outside the villa, his phone rang. Seeing that it was Cindy calling, he answered with a frown. "Mom, what's the matter so early in the morning?"

"Clark, did you know Nyla can't have children?!" Cindy demanded.

Clark's expression turned icy as he asked, "Did Jordyn tell you?"

"Never mind who told me. If she really can't have children, you need to divorce her immediately!" Cindy insisted.

Her commanding tone made Clark's gaze harden. "Mom, this is between Nyla and me. You don't get to make decisions about it. Also, I don't want anyone else in the Sumners to know about this. If it gets out, it won't benefit me in any way. I hope you understand that."

Cindy was infuriated. "I wouldn't want to tell anyone! Your aunt is always complaining about Nyla not having kids. If she finds out Nyla can't have children, she'll mock me behind my back!"

"Just pretend you don't know. How we handle this is our business," Clark said, his tone final.

Upon hearing Clark's warning tone, Cindy's anger intensified. She was trying to help him, and now he was shutting her out?

Clamer 131

+25 BONUS

"Fine! If you don't want me involved, I won't interfere! But don't come crying to me if you regret it later!" With that, Cindy hung up angrily. Clark's eyes remained cold as he drove directly to Jordyn's place.

Nyla parked her car outside her office building and walked to the elevator, where she encountered Erin.

Erin held a file in one hand and a food container in the other, smiling warmly.

"Good morning, Ms. Nyla," Erin greeted when she saw Nyla.

Nyla nodded in return. "Good morning, Ms. Hulle."

"Have you had breakfast? I brought some, and I don't think Mr. Damon and I can finish it all. Would you like to join us?" Erin invited.

"No, thank you. I've already eaten," Nyla replied.

Erin looked a bit disappointed. "That's too bad. I brought breakfast from. Amy's Shack."

Amy's Shack had been a popular spot for decades, often requiring at least a month's wait for average customers. For someone like Erin, though, nothing was out of reach.

Nyla smiled and said, "That is a shame."

They chatted casually until the elevator reached the seventh floor.

As Nyla stepped out, Erin suddenly spoke up. "Ms. Nyla, last night when Mr. Damon and I were at the bar for business, I saw Mr. Clark and his secretary there too. They seemed... quite intimate." Nyla instinctively turned back but saw only the elevator doors closing.

As she walked to the lab, she reflected on Erin's words. Was Erin

+25 BONUS

offering a friendly warning, or did she already know about Clark's affair?

Regardless, Nyla dismissed the concern. She was focused solely on her work and uncovering the truth about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident from six years ago. Everything else was irrelevant. Back in the lab, she quickly immersed herself in her tasks.

For most people, experiments might be tedious, but Nyla enjoyed the methodical process. It was simpler than dealing with people.

Experiments had only two outcomes-success or failure.

People, on the other hand, introduced countless variables, and a slight misstep could unintentionally offend someone.

When Erin entered Damon's office, he was reading documents. Without looking up, he said, "Ms. Hulle, just leave the files on the desk. I'll review them when I'm free."

Raising an eyebrow, Erin remarked casually, "Mr. Damon, I ran into Ms. Nyla downstairs. She seems unaware of Mr. Clark's affair."

Damon frowned and looked up at her. "Ms. Hulle, this doesn't concern you, does it?"

Seeing the coldness in his eyes, Erin felt her heart sink. Her suspicions were confirmed. She asked, "Mr. Damon, does Ms. Nyla know you like her?"

Paradise 132

Chapter 132

Damon's expression turned icy as he looked at Erin and said, "Ms. Hulle, I hope you understand the implications of what you're saying."

Erin smiled, showing no fear. "Of course I do. I wonder if you understand the consequences of your actions. Coveting your nephew's wife-if this gets out, you know what will happen to Ms. Nyla."

Damon's eyes narrowed. "Are you threatening me?"

"Not at all. I intend to help you," Erin replied.

Damon asked, "Oh? How exactly do you plan to help me?"

Sensing the cold aura around Damon, Erin took two steps closer and said, "Mr. Damon, you should know that even if Ms. Nyla divorces your nephew, you two can never be together. But if you choose to be with me, I'll help keep your secret."

Damon let out a cold laugh, each word dripping with ice. "Ms. Hulle, I don't like you and will never be with you.

"If this gets out, Prospectus Technology will immediately cancel all contracts with Builders Property and never cooperate again. You should consider if Builders Property can handle those consequences." Seeing the seriousness in his gaze, Erin realized he meant every word. How was he willing to risk everything with Builders Property just for Nyla?!

An oppressive silence filled the office.

After a long pause, Erin finally spoke. "Rejecting me will be the biggest mistake you ever make."

Marrying her meant gaining control of Builders Property. Many men

would jump at the chance to be with her, yet Damon was so ungrateful. Chapter 137

What hurt the most was losing to a woman she deemed inferior in every way.

Damon's expression remained unchanged. "Ms. Hulle, I have work to do. You may leave."

Biting her lip, Erin turned and left the office.

The silence that followed was even more stifling, and Damon's demeanor grew colder.

Spencer knocked and entered. "Mr. Sumner, you're scheduled to review Ms. Jayston's experiment progress at ten. Should I—"

He

was abruptly cut off by Damon's cold tone. "I'm not available. Send Zachary. From now on, he'll handle all updates on her experiment."

Spencer was surprised. If Damon wasn't interested, why insist on Nyla working there? The work could have been done at Park Pharmaceuticals just as well.

"Understood," he replied.

After Spencer left, Damon took a deep breath, trying to suppress his irritation and focus on his documents. However, he couldn't concentrate and soon tossed the papers aside, lighting a cigarette in frustration.

At 10:00 a.m., Nyla was separating solutions when Spencer arrived with a few men in suits.

"Ms. Jayston, this is Mr. Zachary Keane from Prospectus Technology. He'll be your new contact for the experiment. Any updates or needs should go through him," Spencer said

Nyla was taken aback and asked, "Mr. Sumner isn't overseeing this experiment anymore?"

2/0

Chapter 132

+25 BONUS

She remembered being sent here to ensure Damon could monitor the experiment's progress.

Spencer nodded. "Yes. Mr. Sumner is busy and won't be able to follow up on this."

Nyla pressed her lips together, realizing that Damon wasn't too busy- he simply didn't want to see her.

A clear separation was probably for the best, sparing them both the awkwardness.

"Alright, I understand," she said.

After Nyla briefly updated Zachary on her experiment's progress, the group of men left.

Paradse 133

Chapter 133

Nyla added the solution to the flask and began the reaction before sitting down to write her experiment records.

She soon found herself distracted until her phone rang, jolting her back to reality. Seeing that it was Clark, she answered. "What's up?"

"Nyla, there's a charity gala tonight. Come with me," Clark said.

Nyla hesitated for a moment before replying, "Alright. What should I wear?"

"No need to worry about that. I'll have my secretary prepare something for you," Clark assured her

Since Clark was taking care of it, Nyla didn't dwell on the matter. After confirming the time, she hung up.

Time flew by, and soon it was the end of the workday.

Nyla finished filling out her experiment records, cleaned the equipment, put everything back in place, and locked the lab before leaving.

Nyla and Clark arrived at the gala around 7:00 p.m.

After getting out of the car, Clark asked her to link arms with him and whispered, "You know most of the people here. I'll be discussing business, so just mingle and chat." "Got it," she replied.

Clark glanced at Nyla.

She was wearing a white strapless silk gown adorned with lifelike white

+25 BONUS

Chapter 133

silk roses on the bodice, which highlighted her delicate collarbones.

A small, exquisite diamond necklace glittered around her neck, and her straight hair flowed naturally down her back like fine silk. With just a touch of makeup, she was stunning,

If he could, he would keep her hidden away at home, away from everyone else. It was because of a few interactions with her that Damon had developed inappropriate feelings. Clark's face darkened as he thought about it.

Sensing his change in mood, Nyla frowned slightly and said, "Let's go. inside."

Once inside the ballroom, Clark quickly left Nyla to chat with the Sumner Group's business partners.

Despite the visible bruises on his face, everyone pretended not to notice and politely inquired about his condition.

Clark claimed he had fallen, then swiftly redirected the conversation to business matters.

With Valarie unable to attend that night, Nyla took a glass of juice and found a quiet corner to sit in. She was waiting for someone specific who hadn't arrived yet and wasn't interested in mingling. After all, she knew that once she divorced Clark, these connections would no longer matter.

Unbeknownst to Nyla, she had already caught someone's attention the moment she walked in.

Erin, having been rejected by Damon earlier, was in a foul mood and felt a surge of resentment upon seeing Nyla.

The person next to Erin followed her gaze and noticed Nyla sitting quietly in the corner. "Erin, I heard you recently had dinner with the

+25 BONUS

Chapter 133

Sumners. How did it go? Did you win over Damon?"

Erin's expression darkened. "Don't bring that up. There are plenty of men in this city besides him. And having dinner with the Sumners is normal. Builders Property and Prospectus Technology are business partners."

Recalling how she had humbled herself earlier and Damon's

indifference only fueled her anger. She downed her drink in one go, her gaze on Nyla growing cold and scrutinizing.

"What's the matter? Did Nyla offend you? Want me to teach her a lesson?" the person beside her asked.

Paradse 134

Chapter 134

Erin turned to Jacqueline. "You know her?"

If she remembered correctly, Jacqueline had also just returned to the country not long ago.

Jacqueline sneered. "Of course I know her. She's good friends with that slut clinging to Tom."

The mere thought of Valarie filled Jacqueline with disgust. If she hadn't gone abroad, there was no way Valarie would have gotten close to Tom.

Originally, Jacqueline had planned to deal with Valarie today, but since Valarie hadn't shown up, targeting Nyla would suffice.

Surprise flashed in Erin's eyes, and she frowned. "What are you planning to do?"

Jacqueline pondered for a moment before removing the diamond necklace from her neck. "I heard her family isn't well off, so it's understandable if she resorts to stealing."

ar

There was a glint in Erin's eyes, but she didn't stop Jacqueline.

With the Sumners' influence, Nyla wouldn't face severe consequences. However, if she were branded a thief, it would tarnish the Sumners' reputation. And who would want a

thief around? Jacqueline walked to a corner, called over a waiter, and whispered something to him. The waiter then took the diamond necklace and left.

Nyla was asking Valarie why she hadn't attended the charity gala when a waiter suddenly appeared beside her with a tray of juice and desserts. "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner asked me to bring you some refreshments."

Nyla was surprised and glanced over at Clark, who was not far away.

Chapter 134

+25 BONUS

At that moment, he turned to look at her and smiled.

"Just leave them on the table, thank you," Nyla said.

"As you wish," the waiter replied as he placed the drinks and desserts on the table and then turned to leave.

Unnoticed by anyone, the waiter casually brushed his right hand against Nyla's bag as he left, allowing a diamond necklace to slip from his sleeve into her bag.

Valarie soon replied to Nyla's message.

Valarie: [Tom and Jacqueline are attending, so I didn't want to be there.]

After the argument at the mall with Jacqueline, Valarie had broken up with Tom.

Tom had refused to accept it and even visited Valarie at home to talk. She had avoided seeing him and had handed in her resignation, staying away from the office entirely. Now, she made a point of avoiding any events involving the two of them.

After responding to Valarie, Nyla put away her phone, picked up her bag, and headed to the restroom.

As Nyla opened her bag to retrieve a tissue, she noticed the diamond necklace inside.

A cold gleam flashed in her eyes. Someone at the gala was trying to set her up.

She quickly deduced that it must have been the waiter who delivered the drinks and desserts, as no one else had the opportunity.

It was a crude but malicious trick. If the necklace were found in her bag later, the Summers would be humiliated tonight.

20

+25 BONUS

She raised an eyebrow, considering flushing the necklace down the toilet. Just as she was about to do so, a thought struck her. She then put the necklace back in her bag. When Nyla returned to the banquet hall, the lights had dimmed, and the charity gala was about to begin. She found Clark and sat down beside him.

Clark asked, "Where did you go? I messaged you, but you didn't reply."

"I was in the restroom," Nyla answered.

Clark didn't say anything more. He reached for her bag, but she refused, saying, "No need. I'll hold it."

Clark's hand froze, and he withdrew it, his expression indifferent. "Next time, reply to my messages. I worry when I can't find you." [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla lowered her gaze. "Got it."

Her tone was casual as if she hadn't really listened.

Paradse 135

Chapter 135

Clark frowned, about to speak, when a loud female voice suddenly echoed in the banquet hall. "Oh no! My necklace is missing!"

The voice was so piercing that it immediately drew everyone's attention.

Staff members quickly approached her. Upon hearing about the

missing necklace, they turned on the lights, illuminating the ballroom as bright as day.

"Ms. Rainford, don't worry. We'll have our staff search for it right away. If it's here, we should be able to find it quickly."

Jacqueline looked anxious and said, "Why not check the security cameras? We should be able to find it quickly. I'm sure I lost it here."

The staff member apologized, "I'm sorry, Ms. Rainford. To ensure the privacy and security of the charity gala, there are no cameras in the

ballroom." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jacqueline was aware of this already. She was simply trying to convey her urgency. "Please help me find it. The necklace was a birthday gift from Tom, and it means a lot to me."

"Of course, Ms. Rainford," the staff member assured her.

The staff began a thorough search.

After ten minutes, they still had not found the necklace.

Jacqueline's anxiety grew. "Could you check again? The necklace is worth millions, but more importantly, it has special meaning to me. I'm certain I had it when I got out of the car."

Erin chimed in. "I remember your necklace. The pendant is a swan made of hundreds of diamonds. I saw you wearing it earlier and even complimented it."

+25 BONUS

"Yes, that's the one," Jacqueline confirmed.

With no other options, the staff searched once more but still came up empty-handed. Jacqueline's eyes filled with tears as she struggled to hold back her emotions.

Tom frowned and said in a low voice, "It's just a necklace. If you want, I'll buy you another one later. Let's not delay the gala."

Jacqueline bit her lip and said slowly, "Tom, I don't want to delay the gala either, but the staff has already searched twice and hasn't found it. I suspect someone either stole it or found it and is not returning it." The room fell silent, with everyone looking uneasy. No one wanted to be accused of theft.

Jacqueline, tears in her eyes, glanced around nervously. "I apologize for taking up everyone's time, but this necklace means a lot to me. If someone took it, please return

it. I promise I won't pursue the matter." Her words sparked a murmur of conversation among the guests.

"If someone did take it, they won't admit it now," one guest remarked.

"Yeah, and she said it's worth millions. Who here isn't already worth billions? Why would anyone steal it?"

"Still, if there's a thief among us, we need to find them. It's unsettling to think about attending future events with them around."

"Find them? How? There aren't any cameras in the ballroom."

Erin pursed her lips before suggesting, "I have an idea. If we search everyone's bags, we can clear this up quickly."

Before Erin could finish, Nyla coldly interjected, "Ms. Hulle, I disagree with your suggestion. We haven't done anything wrong, so why should we be treated like criminals and have our bags searched? Chapter 135

+25 BONUS

"Moreover, Ms. Rainford losing her necklace is her own issue. Turning this event upside down for her necklace seems inappropriate, doesn't it?

125 BONS

Read Parades 136

Parades 136

Chapter 136

With Nyla's words, everyone began to grasp the absurdity of the situation. They turned to Erin and Jacqueline with expressions of displeasure.

Jacqueline had lost her own necklace. What did that have to do with them? Why should their bags be searched because of her mistake?

A necklace worth millions? They could easily afford several of those. There was no need to resort to theft.

A cold glint appeared in Erin's eyes as she noticed the unfriendly looks from the crowd. She hadn't anticipated Nyla being so sharp-tongued and difficult to handle. Soon enough, she would make her pay. Erin sighed and said helplessly, "I suggested this to clear everyone's names and help Jacqueline find her necklace. It means a lot to her."

"What does that have to do with us? If it was so important, she should've kept it safe at home instead of wearing it out."

"Exactly! She lost it herself and now wants to search our bags? I don't agree with that!"

"Hah! If you care about the necklace so much, I'll buy you a new one right now. Stop delaying the charity gala." SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Seeing the crowd siding with Nyla, Jacqueline bit her lip, her eyes filled with disdain. If this continued, her plan to frame Nyla tonight would fail. She needed another approach.

Taking a deep breath, Jacqueline addressed the group, "Everyone,

please calm down. I wanted to give the person who took my necklace a chance to return it discreetly, but since they won't, I have no choice but to expose them.

"I had a tracker installed in the necklace to prevent it from getting lost."

Chapter 136

As she spoke, she pulled out her phone and began tapping on the screen, seemingly searching for the necklace's location. Beside her, Tom frowned but remained silent. Soon, Jacqueline exclaimed, "Found it!"

All eyes turned to her as she looked at Nyla, who stared back with cold eyes. "Ms. Jayston, I can't believe you took my necklace!"

The room fell silent once again.

The Sumners were wealthy-it didn't seem likely that Nyla would steal a necklace.

However, when Erin suggested searching everyone's bags earlier, Nyla had strongly opposed it. If she wasn't guilty, why would she react so strongly?

Everyone's gaze shifted to Nyla's bag, including Clark, who now looked suspicious. Earlier, he had tried to help Nyla with her bag, but she had refused. In hindsight, her reaction did seem odd. If the necklace was indeed in her bag, it would disgrace the Sumners.

"Pft!" Nyla couldn't help but laugh. She hadn't expected Jacqueline to lie so brazenly about having a tracker. If she hadn't known the truth, she might have been fooled.

"Ms. Rainford, are you sure?" Nyla asked calmly.

Seeing Nyla's composed demeanor, Jacqueline said coldly, "The tracker shows the necklace is closest to you. It must be in your bag. Do you dare open it to check?"

Nyla nodded. "Sure, but if the necklace isn't in my bag, how do you plan to apologize? Accusing someone falsely is a crime."

Jacqueline smirked at Nyla's confidence, thinking she wouldn't be so brazen when she opened her bag later. "If it's not there, I'll get on my

73

+25 BONUS

Chapter 136

knees and apologize."

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "Really?"

"I stand by my word!" Jacqueline declared.

"Alright, everyone here can be witnesses. Ms. Rainford said if the necklace isn't in my bag, she'll kneel and apologize," Nyla repeated.

Jacqueline clenched her teeth icily. "Enough talk. Just open your bag."

Nyla smiled and opened her bag, revealing a diamond necklace glittering under the lights.

Jacqueline's face lit up with a triumphant sneer.

"Ms. Jayston, you claimed you didn't take my necklace. What is this in your bag then?" she demanded.

People near Nyla saw the necklace and began looking at her with disdain and contempt.

"Wow, I can't believe Mr. Sumner married a thief. The Sumners' reputation is ruined tonight!"

"I had a feeling something was off when she refused to let us search her bag. Turns out she did steal Jacqueline's necklace!"

"People from wealthy backgrounds who fall from grace can have twisted minds. Now she's stealing for money!"

The mocking and contemptuous gazes made Clark feel utterly humiliated. He turned a cold stare toward Nyla.. Chapter 137

Paradise 137

Chapter 137

+28 BONUS

Chapter 137

"Nyla, am I not giving you enough money? Why would you do something. like this?!" Clark demanded.

Nyla glanced at him, noting the unfamiliar fury in his eyes. She even suspected that if they weren't in a public setting, he might have grabbed her by the neck and demanded answers. She smiled. "Clark, you've really changed."

He used to trust her completely, but now he seemed to think she was capable of stealing from someone else. It appeared that when a person's heart changed, they also became blind to reality.

Taking the diamond necklace out of her bag, Nyla held it up for Jacqueline to see. "Ms. Rainford, take a good look. Is this your necklace? If I remember correctly, Ms. Hulle described your necklace's pendant as a swan encrusted with diamonds."

Under the light, the necklace Nyla held was a delicate heart-shaped pink diamond, clearly different from Erin's description. This was the

necklace Nyla had worn to the event.

Jacqueline's eyes widened in disbelief. "Impossible! My necklace must still be in your bag!"

Nyla handed her the bag with a smile. "Why don't you check for yourself?"

Jacqueline grabbed the bag and frantically searched through it, pulling out everything inside. Despite several attempts, she still couldn't find her necklace.

There was nothing. How could there be nothing?!

Upon seeing Jacqueline's growing panic, Nyla's smile deepened. "Ms. Rainford, have you found it?"

+25 BONUS

Jacqueline's face contorted with rage. "You must have hidden it somewhere else! Where did you hide it? Give it back to me!"

"Ms. Rainford, don't you think that's ridiculous? You were the one who confidently claimed your necklace had a tracker and that the signal was coming from my bag. Now that you can't find it, you think it must be hidden elsewhere?" Nyla asked. "If you have a tracker, you should be able to locate the necklace, right? Why don't you try again?"

Jacqueline's face turned ashen as she tightened her grip on Nyla's bag.

The people around them quickly understood what had happened: Jacqueline had planted her necklace in Nyla's bag to frame her, but Nyla had caught on and turned the tables.

The crowd's gazes toward Jacqueline grew disdainful. She was getting exactly what she deserved for trying to frame Nyla with such despicable tactics.

Jacqueline bit her lip in silence, and Nyla, maintaining a calm tone, asked, "Ms. Rainford, you promised that if your necklace wasn't in my bag, you would kneel and apologize, correct?" Jacqueline shouted, "Shut up! I'm not kneeling to you!" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Tom, who had been silent until now, spoke up sternly. "Jacqueline, that's enough!"

Although he had seen through Jacqueline's scheme, Tom—who had grown up with her as a childhood sweetheart and his first love—couldn't bear to see her humiliated in front of everyone. He turned to Clark and said, "Mr. Sumner, this is Jacqueline's fault. I apologize on her behalf. Whatever compensation Mrs. Sumner wants, I will provide. Please, let this go."

Before Clark could respond, Nyla snickered and raised an eyebrow at

+25 BONUS

Tom. "What's your relationship with Ms. Rainford that gives you the right to apologize on her behalf? And I don't need compensation. I just want Ms. Rainford to keep her word." Tom's expression darkened. "I thought you were reasonable, Mrs. Sumner."

"Being reasonable doesn't mean being a pushover. If I don't stand up for myself now, people will think they can walk all over me," Nyla retorted.

Clark, feeling a pang of guilt, realized his mistake.

However, he also knew that the Sumner Group had many business dealings with Gen Pharma, Offending Tom could jeopardize future collaborations. It seemed wiser to appease him now for the sake of future business.

"Nyla, why don't we let this go? You didn't suffer any loss, and Mr. Genge has offered compensation. How about Ms. Rainford just apologizes?" Clark suggested.

Nyla found it laughable. Clark had learned to weigh the pros and cons too, and she was the one being sacrificed.

Just as she was about to respond, a cold voice came from the entrance of the banquet hall. "Framing the Sumners for theft and expecting a simple apology to settle it? Mr. Genge, do you take the Sumners for fools?"

Paradse 138

Chapter 138

"Or do you think your apology is worth that much, Mr. Genge?"

Everyone turned to the door as Damoh walked in with Lincoln Gunton, the host of the charity event.

Lincoln wore a smile, but Damon's demeanor was icy, exuding an unwelcoming aura.

Tom's gaze darkened. If only Clark had been present, he might have been able to resolve the situation amicably. With Damon involved, however, things were likely to become much more complicated. Clark's expression was also grim. Nyla had almost agreed to his suggestion, but Damon's arrival threatened to jeopardize the Sumner Group's cooperation with Gen Pharma.

"Mr. Damon, this was Jacqueline's mistake. I've assured you that she will apologize and compensate Mrs. Sumner in any way possible," Tom said, hoping to show respect to the Sumners. He knew that if things escalated further, it would reflect poorly on everyone involved.

Damon stopped a few steps away, his gaze frosty enough to freeze someone in place. "If Jacqueline had been falsely accused of theft today, would you accept just a simple

apology and some token compensation? If that's your standard, I'll make sure she experiences exactly what Nyla went through."

Before Tom could respond, a dozen men in black swiftly entered the room and surrounded Jacqueline. The onlookers quickly stepped back, not wanting to be caught in the middle of the unfolding drama. "Damon, what do you mean by this?" Tom demanded.

+25 BONUS

Damon's smile lacked warmth. "If Ms. Rainford doesn't kneel and apologize as promised, I'll have her stripped right here and now so she can experience the humiliation she deserves." Surrounded by the men in black, Jacqueline paled with fear. "Tom...

save me...

The thought of being stripped in public was more terrifying than death. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at Tom, her face etched with dread.

Tom's expression turned dark, and he leered at Damon with barely contained rage. "Damon, must you go this far?"

"Your woman tried to frame a member of the Sumners, and now you blame me for being harsh? Don't you feel ashamed?" Damon snapped.

Tom sneered. "Even Ms. Jayston's husband agreed to my solution. Who are you to interfere?"

Damon turned to Nyla and asked coldly, "Do you accept Tom's proposal?"

Knowing that Damon was standing up for her, Nyla replied firmly, "I don't. I want Ms. Rainford to keep her word."

"You heard her," Damon said, turning to Jacqueline. His icy gaze made her shiver. "Ms. Rainford, you have ten seconds to decide-kneel or strip. Your choice." Tom's anger

boiled over. "Damon, don't think you can do whatever you want in Saintornia. If you anger the Rainfords and Genges, you won't have an easy time."

"Five seconds," Damon counted.

Seeing that Damon had no intention of backing down, Tom rushed forward to take Jacqueline away.

Chapter 138

+25 BONUS

Before he could reach her, one of the men in black punched him to the floor. Two others pinned him down to prevent further interference.

"Time's up, Ms. Rainford. Since you won't choose, I'll choose for you," Damon announced.

As he finished speaking, the men in black moved toward Jacqueline.

"Jacqueline!" Tom shouted, his face paling.

He struggled to get to her but was held firmly down, helplessly watching as the men in black closed in on Jacqueline.

Paradse 139

Chapter 139

Jacqueline screamed, clutching her dress in desperation, her eyes filled with terror. "No! Don't come any closer! I'll kneel and apologize!"

She had initially thought Damon was merely trying to scare her, but now she saw that his men were actually advancing. He was mad. She would rather be dead than exposed in front of everyone. Kneeling and apologizing seemed preferable.

Damon's expression remained icy as he sneered. "Alright, back off."

The men in black retreated, leaving Jacqueline on the floor, desperately holding onto her dress. Her hair and clothes were in disarray, and she looked utterly disheveled.

Trembling with fear, she crawled over and knelt before Nyla.

"Ms. Jayston, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have framed you. I was wrong. I'll never do it again. Please forgive me..." she pleaded.

Nyla regarded her with indifference, feeling no sympathy. Had she not discovered the necklace in her bag, she might have been the one facing humiliation now.

"Ms. Rainford, there's no need to discuss forgiveness. You're merely fulfilling your promise. We're all adults here, and we must be responsible for our actions," Nyla stated.

Though Jacqueline was seething inside, she dared not show it. "I... I understand..."

Tom, having freed himself from the guards, swiftly moved to Jacqueline's side. He draped his jacket over her and then lifted her into his arms. His eyes darkened as he glared at Damon.

"This isn't over," he said before hastening out with Jacqueline.

+25 BONUS

Erin, witnessing Damon's ruthlessness for Nyla's sake, felt a jolt of fear mingled with jealousy.

She knew that if she had been in Jacqueline's place, she might have suffered the same fate. Despite this, her fear only strengthened her resolve to win Damon's favor. She was determined to make him fall for her, no matter what.

As Tom and Jacqueline left, Lincoln attempted to ease the tension. "The charity auction is about to begin. Let's return to our seats and not let this incident ruin the evening."

Given Lincoln's status, no one dared to oppose him. Moreover, his failure to intervene earlier had indicated his support for Damon's

actions.

With this understanding, everyone forced smiles, and the atmosphere quickly became lighthearted again, as if nothing had occurred.

Clark, however, was displeased with Damon's actions. He had hoped to use the incident to gain favor with Tom, which could have benefited their future business dealings.

Now, any potential cooperation was jeopardized, and it would be a miracle if Gen Pharma didn't turn against the Sumner Group.

Frowning, Clark approached Damon. "Uncle Damon, even if you wanted to play the hero, you shouldn't have been so harsh. You've made enemies of both the Rainfords and the Genges." "Come with me," Damon replied tersely.

As Damon walked toward the balcony, Clark hesitated but followed.

Once they were alone, Clark was about to speak but was silenced by Damon's cold gaze.

"You couldn't even stand up for your own wife. How are you any different from a piece of garbage?" Damon demanded.

Paradise 140

Chapter 140

Clark was indignant as Damon scolded him, his hands clenched at his sides. Anger flashed in his eyes.

"Uncle Damon, Nyla is my wife. How I handle things is none of your business!" he snapped.

Damon sneered. "At least Tom knew to protect Jacqueline. You, on the other hand, are both unfaithful and cowardly. I don't know how the Sumners ended up with someone as useless as you."

Clark gritted his teeth and said coldly, "At least I'm not coveting someone else's wife."

"Do you believe I can have you two divorced by tomorrow?" Damon threatened.

He had only held back out of respect for Nyla, waiting until she was ready to make her own decision.

Clark's face twisted with resentment. He knew Damon had the power to do just that. Even if Damon took Nyla away from him right now, he wouldn't be able to do anything about it. As the CEO of the Sumner Group without any shares, he was no match for Damon.

"Uncle Damon, don't push it too far!"

He had endured a lot, but Damon's blatant support for Nyla and interference tonight made him worry that Damon might do something even more outrageous next time.

"If you don't want me to go too far, treat your wife better. If you think you can sacrifice her to please others, maybe I should consider taking over the Sumner Group," Damon warned.

Panic and rage surged within Clark. This was a clear warning and threat from Damon.

+25 BONUS

How dare he? Damon was the one coveting Nyla, yet Clark couldn't say anything and had to endure his threats!

Despite his anger, Clark knew that defying Damon would only lead to his own downfall. He needed to gain control of Richard's shares and become the real decision-maker in the Sumner Group to stop being at Damon's mercy.

Taking a deep breath, he said, "Nyla is my wife. I will treat her well. Uncle Damon, you should just mind your own business!"

With that, Clark stormed off.

Damon watched him leave coldly, then turned and walked toward the door. He had come tonight to finalize a deal with Lincoln. Now that it was done, there was no reason to stay.

Just as he left the banquet hall, Nyla stopped him. "Uncle Damon, thank you for tonight."

Without Damon's intervention, Clark would have pressured her into letting Jacqueline off the hook. She was genuinely grateful.

Damon looked at her with indifference. "No need. I only helped because you're part of the Sumners."

With that, he walked past her and left.

Feeling his cold attitude, Nyla lowered her gaze to hide her fleeting disappointment.

Returning to the banquet hall, she found a random seat at the back, not bothering to look for Clark.

Meanwhile, Tom put Jacqueline in the car. Once inside, she finally broke down, sobbing uncontrollably as she clung to him. "Tom, I was so

+25 BONUS

Chapter 140

scared... You have to help me get revenge..."

If Damon hadn't shown up tonight, she wouldn't have been forced to kneel and apologize to that bitch Nyla. Now, everyone might secretly mock her for it. All of this was Damon and Nyla's fault.

Tom didn't speak, silently comforting her until she calmed down. Then he asked, "You had no grudge against Nyla. Why did you set her up like that?"

Jacqueline hesitated, then bit her lip. "I saw Ms. Hulle didn't like Nyla. I thought if I helped her, it might benefit your company's project with her father's company... I didn't expect..."

Paradse 142

Chapter 142

"If I don't love you anymore, will you let me go?" Nyla asked.

Clark's gaze turned cold as he answered, "No."

"Then what's the point of asking? And wasn't it you who threatened me with my dad to move back in?" Nyla retorted.

Meeting Nyla's calm gaze, Clark smiled self-deprecatingly and turned away, saying nothing more. He had indeed forced her to return. From the day he cheated, he should have expected this. He was just too confident, thinking her love for him would lead to forgiveness. They fell into silence.

Soon, the driver pulled the car around.

"Let's get in," Clark said.

Nyla glanced at her phone, canceled her ride order, and got in the car.

The drive home was quiet. Neither of them spoke, and the driver didn't dare break the silence.

When they reached the villa, Nyla was about to head upstairs when Clark spoke up. "Nyla, I'm sorry about tonight. I didn't protect you." His tone was serious, and Nyla paused for a moment before walking away without a word.

As soon as she returned to her room, her phone rang. It was Valarie.

"Nyla, did Jacqueline try to set you up tonight?" Valarie asked.

Nyla was surprised. "How did you know?"

"Tom called to question me out of nowhere, asking if I told you to go after Jacqueline. I asked around with some friends who were at the event," Valarie answered.

She was furious about the whole situation. To her, Jacqueline and Tom were just a pair of scumbags-not worth her time.

Nyla pressed her lips together before saying, "I just wanted to teach her a lesson so she won't mess with me again."

Valarie warned, "Be careful. Jacqueline holds grudges. She won't let this go after being humiliated."

"Okay, I'll be cautious," Nyla affirmed.

There was a brief silence before Valarie's apologetic voice came through. "Nyla, I'm sorry. She probably targeted you because of me."

"It's not your fault. You can't control what other people think," Nyla comforted her.

The real issue was Jacqueline's malicious intent.

"But how did you turn things around on her tonight? What happened to her necklace?" Valarie asked, intrigued.

Nyla's expression remained calm. "I left it somewhere. Whoever finds it will probably return it to her."

Jacqueline likely wouldn't be happy to see that necklace again.

Valarie and Nyla chatted for a while longer before Valarie ended the call, knowing Nyla had to work the next day.

After a shower, Nyla dried her hair, completed her skincare routine, and went to bed.

Meanwhile, Jacqueline was far from sleep.

Ten minutes ago, a maid had brought her a box, saying it was delivered

+25 BONUS

by the charity event staff. Inside was her diamond necklace.

Seeing it made her rage flare up again. She grabbed the necklace and smashed it to the floor, sending the diamonds flying.

"Get out! Get out!" she screamed.

The maid, startled, quickly left the room.

Jacqueline's hatred burned as she stared at the shattered necklace. She vowed to repay Nyla for tonight's humiliation.

The next day, as Nyla was about to leave work, she received a call from the Sumner residence, summoning her. Her heart sank-she guessed it. was about the previous night's charity event.

Going alone would mean facing their harsh treatment. Involving Clark would likely result in him blaming everything on Damon. Although Damon had helped her the previous night, she didn't want to burden him further.

With that in mind, she messaged Clark, saying she was going out with colleagues for dinner and that he didn't need to pick her up.

Chaparot

Paradse 143

Chapter 143

After work, Nyla took a cab to the Sumner residence. As soon as she was led into the living room by a maid, Marie's cold voice echoed. "On your knees!"

Nyla stopped in her tracks, her expression calm as she looked at Marie. "Grandma, I don't know what I did wrong to deserve this."

Cindy, sitting next to Marie, sneered with a sharp tone. "How dare you ask what you did wrong?! Why did you force Ms. Rainford to kneel and apologize to you in front of everyone last night? Do you even realize your status compared to hers?"

"This morning, Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group terminated their contracts with the Sumner Group, causing billions in losses. The other shareholders are furious with Clark and are calling for a board meeting to remove him as the CEO. You're nothing but bad luck!"

If it were not for affecting Clark, Cindy would have told Marie about Nyla's infertility and had Marie chase Nyla out of the Sumner family.

Nyla met Cindy's hateful gaze with a composed look. "Jacqueline tried to frame me with a necklace last night, then the Rainford Group terminated the contracts today. It shows they don't respect the Sumners or the Sumner Group.

"Besides, she offered to kneel and apologize if the necklace wasn't found on me. I don't think I did anything wrong."

Marie's expression turned colder. "If you don't understand your mistake, then go stand in the old wing until you figure it out."

At her command, two maids stepped forward, ready to drag Nyla if she resisted.

The old wing was situated on a secluded hillside a few hundred meters

1/3

+25 BONUS

Chop 143

from the estate. It was a cold, eerie place, visited only during family ceremonies.

Despite her fear, Nyla maintained a composed demeanor and walked out of the house with her head held high.

Watching her unrepentant departure, Cindy seethed with anger. "Mom, don't send her any food. Lock her up for three days, and she'll admit her mistake!"

Marie had intended to teach Nyla a lesson and then have her apologize to Jacqueline in person. She hadn't anticipated Nyla's stubbornness, her refusal to admit her fault, or her reluctance to apologize. "Enough! I know what to do. You can go now. Don't bother me unless it's important," Marie said.

She found Cindy's pettiness irritating. If Cindy weren't Clark's mother, Marie wouldn't have paid her any attention.

Sensing Marie's displeasure, Cindy left in frustration.

The two maids locked Nyla in the old wing and departed. As their footsteps faded, silence enveloped the old wing.

Nyla had only visited the old wing during the day in the past, and it had never seemed particularly frightening.

Now, as darkness fell and the old wing grew dim, the eerie silence and the rows of paintings heightened the spooky atmosphere.

The temperature in the old wing was several degrees lower than

outside, and Nyla, dressed lightly, felt the chill. She grabbed a small rug and placed it in a corner. Sitting with her back against the wall, she tried to suppress her fear.

Marie had summoned her alone, clearly not wanting to alert Clark or Damon. Nyla reassured herself that she would likely be released after

+25 BONUS

Choler TAS

enduring the night.

Suddenly, her phone rang, startling her in the quiet of the old wing. Seeing that it was Clark, she took a deep breath and answered.

"Where are you? I'll come pick you up after your gathering," Clark said.

Paradse 144

Chapter 144

Nyla smiled bitterly. There was no way she could go back tonight.

"No need. The gathering is close to Valarie's place. I'll stay with her tonight," she replied.

There was silence on the other end before Clark's deep voice came through. "Are you still upset about last night?"

"No. I just haven't had a good chat with Valarie in a long time, so I plan to stay over at her place tonight," Nyla said, though she was lying.

After another long pause, Clark finally said, "Alright, but if anything comes up, give me a call."

"Got it," Nyla replied.

After hanging up, her phone flashed a low battery warning, indicating only 20% charge left. She frowned, realizing she hadn't charged it since the previous night due to her busy schedule.

Sighing, she turned off her phone to conserve battery.

Clark sensed something was off after the call but couldn't pinpoint what

it was.

Just as he was about to ponder the matter, Michael entered his office and reported, "Mr. Sumner, Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group refuse to meet, and several smaller companies that closely work with them are also terminating their contracts."

Clark was furious, his voice dripping with sarcasm. "If they want to terminate, let them. They won't get away without paying the penalty fees!"

Michael looked worried. Terminating contracts was one thing, but now

+25 BONUS

the shareholders were discussing demoting Clark to vice CEO.

"Mr. Sumner, perhaps... you should ask your wife if she's willing to apologize to Ms. Rainford?" he suggested.

An apology from Nyla might resolve all their problems.

Clark's face darkened. "No, she won't agree. And apologizing now will make it look like the Sumner Group is afraid of Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group. It will set a bad precedent."

The issue wasn't just about the apology anymore. Jacqueline had been at fault from the start. If things escalated further, it would be more embarrassing for the Rainfords.

"So, are we just going to sit and wait without doing anything?" Michael asked.

"You can leave for the day," Clark replied.

Michael was too worried to leave. If Clark were demoted, it would affect him as well. He offered, "I'd rather stay here and wait with you."

The atmosphere was tense in the boardroom.

Richard sat at the head of the table while the shareholders looked

increasingly disgruntled.

"Mr. Richard, this situation was caused by Mr. Clark. He should be held accountable. Are we supposed to bear the losses together?" one

shareholder said.

"Exactly. He offended two partners at a single event. If he can't manage his own wife, how can he manage the Sumner Group?" another asked.

"He's young and needs more experience. Once he's more capable, he can return to the CEO position," a third suggested.

+25 BONUS

Richard listened to the shareholders' complaints in silence, his face stern. As their voices gradually faded, he finally spoke.

"Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group were at fault first. If we demote him now, it will seem as though the Sumner Group is afraid of them. Under Clark's management, your annual dividends have increased by hundreds of millions.

"Now, just because a few partners have terminated their contracts, you all want to remove him? What are your intentions?"

"Or do you want to bring him down to replace him with your own people?" he questioned, eyeing the shareholders critically.

Che

Paradse 145

Chapter 145

+25 BONUS

With Richard's words, the entire meeting room fell into silence.

Everyone lowered their heads, too intimidated to speak. Each person had their private reasons for wanting to remove Clark from his position.

After a long pause, a shareholder finally broke the oppressive silence." Mr. Richard, we were simply too anxious... The Sumner Group lost billions in just one morning..."

Richard scoffed. "Billions? Is that a significant amount? He can recoup that in less than a year. If anyone wants the CEO position, prove your worth!"

Disregarding their reactions, Richard stood up and left the room, heading directly to Clark's office.

"Grandpa..." Clark began.

"Shut up! If this happens again, I won't step in to save you!" Richard snapped.

Under Richard's furious gaze, Clark lowered his head, his fists clenched tightly at his sides. "I understand."

"By the way, Brandon will be returning to the country soon. When he arrives, arrange a position for him at the Sumner Group. Make sure it's a challenging role, not something trivial where he won't learn anything," Richard instructed.

A flash of hostility crossed Clark's eyes. It was clear Richard was preparing to groom Brandon Sumner and eventually choose between him and Clark as his successor.

"Alright, I'll handle it," Clark replied.

Richard left with a dismissive snort.

+25 BONUS

While the immediate crisis was averted, Clark felt the weight of his precarious situation. With Brandon joining the company, his position was at risk. He needed to ensure that he remained the sole heir to the Sumner Group.

Clark returned to the villa past midnight. He went to Nyla's room and found it empty, just as he had expected.

Frowning, he hesitated before calling her, but her phone was off. His expression darkened, and he instructed Michael to find Valarie's phone

number.

After receiving the number, he called immediately.

Valarie answered after a few rings, sounding irritated. "Who is it at this hour? This better be important!"

"It's Clark. Is Nyla with you?" Clark asked directly.

Valarie, still half-asleep, replied curtly, "Do you even know what time it is? Of course she's not here!"

Valarie realized something was amiss and was about to say more, but Clark hung up. Feeling uneasy, she tried calling back, but the line was busy. Meanwhile, Clark was on the phone with Michael. "Find out where Nyla went after work. I need the results in half an hour!"

Sensing the urgency in Clark's voice, Michael immediately began the investigation.

Nyla was shivering uncontrollably, curled up in corner of the old wing.

It was early fall, and the temperature difference between day and night.

29

+25 BONUS

Chapter 145

was significant. In her rush to the house, she had forgotten to bring a coat, leaving her in only a short-sleeve shirt and pants, freezing and pale.

Her phone had died after the battery drained to 20%, leaving her unaware of the time.

Without dinner, she felt cold, hungry, and miserable.

As time passed, she grew colder, her consciousness fading. Her head. spun...

Finally, she could hold on no longer and fainted.

Some time later, the doors of the old wing burst open with a loud bang. S~earch the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Paradse 146

Chapter 146

Damon's eyes grew cold when he saw Nyla curled up in the corner, eyes closed, her face flushed unnaturally, and her body trembling. He was about to rush over when Clark suddenly pushed him aside, quickly striding to Nyla and lifting her into his arms.

Seeing that Nyla had already fallen unconscious, Marie frowned. She had only intended to lock Nyla up for a night to teach her a lesson, never expecting things to escalate like this.

Filled with anger but unable to lash out at Marie, Clark spoke in a low. voice.
"Grandmother, I need to take Nyla to the hospital."

Without waiting for a response, he carried Nyla out quickly.

Damon clenched his fists tightly as he watched him leave, his eyes flashing with fury.

Marie looked at Damon and couldn't help but ask, "Damon, did I go too far?"

Seeing Nyla in such a state made her feel a twinge of guilt.

Damon's expression remained indifferent. "What do you think? This wasn't her fault, yet you punished her because you knew she had no one to support her. Don't you think that's unfair?" Marie was at a loss for words.

After a few seconds, she muttered, "But it all started because of her. If she hadn't forced Jacqueline to kneel, the Sumner Group wouldn't have lost billions."

Damon sneered. "Someone tried to set her up. Shouldn't she fight back? And it wasn't her who forced Jacqueline to kneel-it was me. If you need someone to blame, I'll stay here tonight."

+25 BONUS

Marie said sternly, "No, your health isn't good. If you stay here all night..."

She fell silent, meeting Damon's mocking gaze.

"Mom, she's part of the Sumners. Jacqueline's attempt to scheme. against her at the banquet might have been a provocation against the

Sumners.

"The Rainford Group has been secretly contacting the Sumner Group's competitors. Even without last night's incident, they would have found another reason to break the contract soon," Damon said, then turned

and left.

Marie sighed and instructed a maid, "Send some supplements to Nyla. tomorrow."

She realized she had indeed gone too far this time.

When Nyla woke up and found herself in the hospital, she was surprised.

Turning her head, she saw Clark sleeping by her bedside, and her emotions became conflicted. It seemed that Clark had sensed

something was wrong, tracked her to the Sumner residence, and saved her.

She carefully tried to get out of bed to use the bathroom, but her movement woke Clark.

Seeing her awake, he quickly asked, "Are you feeling any discomfort?"

"Just a bit dizzy, but otherwise fine," Nyla answered.

Clark sighed in relief upon hearing that. As he saw Nyla attempting to get out of bed, he moved to assist her, but she waved him off, saying, "No need. I can manage myself."

0

Paradise 147

Chapter 147

"Eat your breakfast." Clark's tone was cold, clearly upset by Nyla's indifference.

Nyla replied, "I'm not hungry right now. I'll eat later. You should go back

to work."

Clark's anger, which had been simmering since earlier, finally boiled over. He looked at her coldly, his voice laced with accusation. "Are you not hungry, or do you just lose your appetite when you see me?" Nyla frowned. "That's not what I meant."

"That's exactly what you meant. When Grandma called you to the house last night, why did you lie and say you were having dinner with colleagues?" Clark demanded.

If he hadn't sensed something was wrong and called Valarie, he might still be in the dark about her lie.

Nyla lowered her gaze, her expression calm. "I didn't want you to worry."

Clark sneered. "Don't take me for a fool, Nyla. Are you worried about me, or are you afraid I'll drag my uncle down?"

She took a deep breath, her gaze growing icy as she met his eyes. "Clark, can you stop being unreasonable?"

"Am I the one being unreasonable, or are you hiding something?" Clark pressed.

He grabbed her chin and leaned in close, enunciating each word, "Nyla, if you have any feelings for my uncle, you'd better stop them now. Do you think the Sumners will let him marry a divorced woman who was once his nephew's wife?"

They were so close that Nyla could see the mockery and disdain in

+25 BONUS

Clark's eyes. It was as if he were laughing at her foolishness.

She pushed his hand away with disgust, meeting his gaze coldly. "Don't worry. I know my place. I have no inappropriate thoughts about him!"

Seeing the anger on her face, Clark suddenly chuckled. "Good. But let me remind you, don't play with fire."

"Now that you've reminded me, can you leave? I don't want to see your face!" Nyla hissed.

Her eyes were filled with loathing, and Clark felt a sharp pain in his heart -his breath became heavy.

"What a pity. You'll have to look at it for the rest of your life!" he snarled.

Nyla didn't respond, turning away from him coldly.

"Remember to eat your breakfast. It will get stale and hurt your stomach,

Clark reminded.

Seeing her icy expression, he said nothing more and left the room.

As he opened the door, he saw Damon standing there, his expression unreadable. It seemed Damon had overheard the conversation.

Clark smiled. "Uncle Damon, Nyla will be discharged this afternoon. You can leave now."

Damon gave him a cold look and then gestured to Spencer. "Pass the items to him."

Spencer handed Clark some supplements and flowers, saying, "Mr. Clark, these are from your uncle."

Clark accepted them with a smile and turned back to Nyla.

"Nyla, these are supplements and flowers from my uncle. See how thoughtful he is, coming to see you first thing in the morning. Anyone would think you two are very close!" he commented snidely. Chapter fat

+25 BONUS

Nyla didn't react to his sarcasm.

Clark's grip on the flowers tightened. He walked to Nyla's bedside and leaned close to her ear, speaking so softly only they could hear. "Nyla, you said you have no

inappropriate thoughts about my uncle. Now's your chance to prove it. Throw away his gifts right in front of him, and I'll believe you."

Nyla's hands clenched the blanket tightly, her already pale face turning even paler.

Seeing her hesitation, Clark smirked, but his eyes remained cold. "What's wrong? Can't do it?"

Paradise 148

Chapter 148

Nyla met Clark's cold gaze. With a scoff, she snatched the flowers and supplements from his hands, tossing them into the trash can.

Spencer's eyes widened with shock, quickly shifting to anger. "Ms. Jayston, how could you do that? Mr. Damon came to see you, and you-" Before he could finish, Damon had already turned and left, his presence so chilling that it sent shivers down one's spine.

Spencer, struggling to control his frustration, hurried to catch up with Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, are we just going to leave like this?" Spencer asked.

The situation felt unbearably humiliating. After all, Damon had helped Nyla numerous times before, but she had repaid his kindness with disdain.

"What else? Storm into the room and demand an explanation?" Damon retorted.

He wasn't the type to grovel. Plenty of women wanted to be with him- he didn't need her specifically.

Sensing the frostiness in Damon's gaze, Spencer felt a chill rise from his feet and dared not speak further. Damon was clearly in a foul mood, and it was best to remain silent. Back in the hospital room, Nyla glared at Clark. "Are you satisfied now?"

Clark smiled and spoke slowly. "Nyla, I'm doing this for your own good. This will prevent any further advances from my uncle. Otherwise, you'll be the one who gets hurt in the end." Nyla's expression turned mocking. "For my ow: good, or just to control

+25 BONUS

me? You know the answer."

"Nyla, do you have to misunderstand me like this?" Clark asked.

"I don't want to see you. Get out!" Nyla snapped.

Clark's gaze darkened as he grabbed her wrist and pulled her closer. " Nyla, I don't like this attitude of yours."

She shook him off, her eyes filled with disgust. "If you prefer someone gentle, go find Jordyn. I never asked you to be here."

Clark's expression grew colder. Just as he was about to speak, the door opened.

A nurse entered with an IV drip and said, "Ms. Jayston, it's time for your IV."

Suppressing his anger, Clark softened his tone. "Nyla, take care of yourself. I'll come pick you up tonight."

Nyla didn't spare him a glance, her expression showing annoyance.

After Clark left, she immediately threw the breakfast into the trash can.

Seeing the flowers and supplements on the floor, the nurse looked surprised. "Ms. Jayston, these flowers and supplements..."

"They fell on the floor accidentally," Nyla said.

The nurse offered, "I can pick them up for you-"

"No need," Nyla interrupted, pausing before adding, "Please throw them away."

Some things shouldn't be hoped for if there's no future in them.

The nurse, assuming Nyla didn't want the items because they had fallen, said nothing more. She hooked up the IV and picked up the flowers and supplements before leaving.

-25 BONUS

Left alone in the room, Nyla closed her eyes, hoping for rest, but her mind kept replaying the moment Damon left. Even from a distance, she could see the iciness in his eyes. Her heart ached, and her eyes stung with unshed tears.

There was no possibility between them. Pushing him away was the only path she could take.

That afternoon, after the doctor checked on Nyla and prescribed some medication, she was discharged.

The following morning, as soon as Nyla arrived at the office, Spencer came over with a young woman.

"Ms. Jayston, the company has decided to assign someone to assist you with your work." Spencer's tone was frosty. He was still upset about Nyla throwing away the flowers and supplements in front of Damon the day before.

Paradse 149

Chapter 149

However, Damon had no intention of pursuing the matter, so as a mere secretary, Spencer had no place to comment.

Nyla glanced at the young woman standing next to Spencer. She had a baby face, shoulder-length hair, and eyes that smiled like crescent moons, giving her a very cute appearance.

"Ms. Jayston, my name is Melody Sorley. I just graduated from university. It's nice to meet you," Melody introduced herself.

"Hello, I'm Nyla Jayston," Nyla replied simply.

With many tasks in the lab, Nyla was indeed struggling to manage everything on her own. Having an assistant would be a significant help. "Thank you, Mr. Hogg," Nyla said gratefully.

Spencer's expression remained cold. "No need to thank me. It's my job. I'll be going now. If you

company network need anything, just message me on the

Understanding that Spencer's displeasure was related to Damon, Nyla chose not to get angry. She nodded and said, "Okay."

After Spencer left, Melody turned to Nyla and asked, "Can I call your Nyla? 'Ms. Jayston' feels too formal."

Nyla smiled. "That's fine. For today, just go through the literature. You can start working in the lab in a couple of days."

"Okay, thank you, Nyla," Melody chirped.

Melody was lively and diligent, frequently coming to the lab to ask Nyla questions about the literature. Nyla patiently answered her, and by the end of the morning, the two had become much closer.

At noon, Melody pulled Nyla to the cafeteria, saying, "Nyla, I've heard

+35 BONUS.

that Prospectus Technology's cafeteria food is really delicious. Is that true?"

Seeing her bright, eager eyes, Nyla couldn't help but smile. "Yes. You'll see for yourself soon."

They chatted as they walked, quickly arriving at the cafeteria. After getting their food, they found a corner to sit down.

After taking a bite, Melody exclaimed, "This is so good! I've never had such delicious food in my life. Working at Prospectus Technology is such a blessing!"

Nyla smiled, about to respond, when a commotion at the entrance caught her attention. Looking up, she saw Damon and Erin walking side by side.

Erin was smiling, her eyes filled with curiosity as she occasionally turned to speak with Damon, who patiently answered her every question.

Nyla lowered her gaze, suddenly finding the food tasteless.

Melody, also watching them, lowered her voice and said, "Nyla, I heard before I even joined the company that Mr. Sumner is dating the heiress of the Hulle family. I thought it was just a rumor, but it turns out to be true. They make a perfect match. It seems the Cinderella story only happens in fairy tales."

Nyla forced a smile. "Yes, you're right."

Noticing Nyla's disinterest in gossip, Melody switched topics.

They were discussing what to have for dinner when a gentle voice suddenly echoed. "Ms. Nyla, what a coincidence to see you here again."

Nyla turned her head to see Erin holding a plate of steak, standing a few steps away with a bright smile.

Nyla hadn't liked Erin since the banquet when she sided with Jacqueline

+25 BONUS

une, 149

and targeted her at every turn. Thus, she kept her expression neutral. Hello, Ms. Hulle."

"Do you mind if we sit next to you?" Erin asked.

Nyla frowned slightly, about to respond, when Melody quickly answered, "Not at all, not at all."

Erin sat next to Nyla, while Damon took the seat next to Melody, diagonally across from Nyla. He didn't even glance at her, his presence radiating an almost palpable coldness.

Paradise 150

Chapter 150

Erin chatted with Damon, her smile evident. Although Damon only responded occasionally, the atmosphere between them remained fairly harmonious.

Ever since Erin and Damon had sat down next to Nyla and Melody, Nyla kept her head down, quietly eating. She hoped to finish quickly and leave. Suddenly, a somewhat shy voice came from nearby. "Ms. Jayston..."

Nyla turned to see a tall, muscular man holding a bouquet of red roses. He stood a few steps away, looking at her nervously. She frowned, sensing something was off.

As expected, the next moment, the man extended the roses toward her.

"Hi, my name is Dylan Lomas. From the moment I saw you, I fell in love. at first sight. Could you give me a chance... to pursue you?" Dylan confessed.

Nyla often received such confessions back in university, but this was the first time since marrying Clark.

It was lunchtime, and the cafeteria was packed. Everyone's eyes were on her and Dylan.

After a few seconds of silence, she said calmly, "I'm sorry, but I'm already married."

Dylan's face darkened, his gaze filled with disbelief.

Nyla's youthful appearance and beauty made her seem too young to be married. Additionally, being publicly rejected left Dylan feeling humiliated, as if everyone around him were mocking him. "Ms. Jayston... are you lying about being married because you don't like

me?" Dylan pressed.

Nyla was unsettled by his accusatory tone, and her voice grew colder. "Mr. Lomas, if you don't want to believe me, there's nothing I can do. I want to finish my meal now. Please leave."

Her response only reinforced Dylan's belief that she was lying. His expression darkened further as he considered the time and money he had invested in preparing for the evening, particularly the rose bouquet that had cost nearly 100 dollars.

Nyla's public rejection felt like a deliberate humiliation.

Did she think that being pretty gave her license to disregard other people's feelings? The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

However, surrounded by people, he suppressed his rage and forced a smile. "At least take the flowers. It's my way of showing you how I feel."

"Thank you, but I can't accept them," Nyla replied, turning back to her meal, clearly uninterested in continuing the conversation.

Dylan's smile froze, his grip on the flowers tightened, and his eyes flashed with anger.

After taking a deep breath, he left quickly without further argument.

Beside them, Erin couldn't help but laugh. "Ms. Nyla, you're quite popular. You've only been at Prospectus Technology for a few days, and someone's already confessed to you. I'm so envious."

Nyla gave her a cool glance. "No need to be envious, Ms. Hulle. If you're pretty enough, it can happen to you too."

Erin's expression stiffened, and she nearly snapped her cutlery in half. Was Nyla implying she wasn't pretty enough?

Struggling to maintain her smile, Erin turned to Damon, who remained expressionless. "Not everyone can rely on their looks to get by like Ms. Chapter 150

Nyla. I think true ability is more important. What do you think, Mr. Damon?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Damon looked at her with an indifferent expression and simply hummed in response.

Nyla pressed her lips together, feeling a complicated mix of emotions. Did Damon also think she was just a pretty face?