

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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After hesitating, Nyla spoke. "On my way to pick up Buddy today, Drake's men stopped me. He said he wanted to talk and share something about my mom, but I refused."

Damon's expression darkened. "Understood. I'll assign more people to protect you and Buddy. He won't get another chance to approach you."

Nyla bit her lip, lifting her gaze to his. "These past few days, I've been feeling uneasy, like something bad will happen."

Sensing her anxiety, Damon pulled her into his arms and spoke softly to reassure her. "Don't worry, I'm here. As long as Prospectus Technology and I are standing, no one will harm you or Buddy."

"Okay," she said quietly. "Let's eat. I don't want to think about this anymore."

"Alright. Don't worry. I've got it covered," Damon replied.

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Drake had barely left the Genge residence when his phone rang.

Alexander was calling, requesting a meeting.

Drake arrived at the restaurant Alexander mentioned, and a server led him to a private room.

"Mr. Kinsey, what can I do for you?" Drake asked as he stepped inside.

Alexander poured himself a glass of water. "I heard you approached Nyla today."

Drake blinked in surprise but quickly masked it with a smile. "You're well-informed, Mr. Kinsey."

Alexander sipped his water in silence, the atmosphere in the room growing heavy.

Drake picked up on the tension and forced another smile. "Mr. Kinsey, did you call me here just to ask about this?"

Setting his glass down, Alexander finally locked eyes with him. "Yes. You should understand who Nyla is. Don't let me hear about you approaching her again."

Drake's expression faltered at the bluntness of the statement.

Not approach Nyla? That was out of the question. He'd done too much to give up now.

He forced himself to remain composed. "Mr. Kinsey, why can't I talk to her?"

"I know exactly what you're after," Alexander said coldly. "But don't forget-she's a Kinsey. While she might have a shot at inheriting the Nixons, her half-siblings in Meristate are formidable. You don't have the influence to make her the winner in that fight."

Drake inhaled sharply. "Mr. Kinsey, how can you be so sure I can't?"

"If I say the word, you'll be back in Meristate tomorrow. Whatever influence you think you have comes from the Nixons. Without them, you're nothing," Alexander replied curtly.

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The sharpness of Alexander's words hit like a blow.

Drake's face turned pale as his hands clenched at his sides, nails biting into his palms.

After a long pause, he said, "Mr. Kinsey, with my help, Nyla has a much better chance of returning to the Nixons and staying safe when she gets there. That's something even you can't guarantee."

Alexander's primary goal in coming to Saintornia was to prepare Nyla for her

return to Meristate and the competition for her place in the Nixons.

However, his prominent status meant any visible support he offered would make

her an immediate target. Drake's argument wasn't without merit.

Alexander's expression remained cold. "What do you want in return?"

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Drake smiled faintly. "I want to marry Nyla."

Alexander scoffed. "Ambitious, aren't you?"

If Nyla successfully inherited the Nixons' legacy, Drake's status would soar as her husband.

Drake pulled out a chair and sat across from Alexander. "If I'm engaged to her, I can legitimately support her return to the Nixons. Don't you agree?"

He leaned forward. "I don't have lofty ambitions. I only want the MK Company. Once she's secured her position, we can annul the marriage anytime. This arrangement benefits you without costing you a thing."

Alexander tapped his fingers on the rim of his glass, considering Drake's proposal.

After a prolonged silence, he said, "MK could be yours, but I don't trust you."

"Mr. Kinsey, we can draw up a contract if trust is an issue. That way, if I break my word, you'll have legal recourse," Drake suggested.

Alexander didn't respond immediately. "Leave for now. I need to think it over."

He also needed to gauge Nyla's reaction to learning about her ties to the Nixons. This wasn't a decision he could make alone.

Drake's confidence grew as Alexander hadn't outright rejected him. "Alright. If you need anything, don't hesitate to reach out. We're on the same side here—I don't want anyone else in the Nixons gaining that power, either."

"Mm," Alexander hummed in acknowledgment.

Once Drake left, Alexander set his glass down and exited the room.

The next morning...

Nyla was about to head home after dropping Mason off at school when Alexander approached her.

"Ms. Kinsey, we've met before. I'd like to talk. Do you have time?" he asked.

Recognizing him as the man who

had saved Mason—and likely the "master Mason had

mentioned—she nodded. "Sure.

What would you like to talk about?"

"This isn't the best place for a

the

Let's talk there,"

street. There's a café a

Alexander suggested. Conocross

"Alright," Nyla replied.

They entered the café and took their seats.

Alexander handed her the menu. "Order whatever you like."

"I'm not much of a coffee drinker," she said, shaking her head.

Alexander passed the menu to the waiter. "An iced Americano for me and warm milk for the lady."

"Got it. Coming right up," the waiter replied.

Once the waiter left, Nyla turned to Alexander. "Mr. Kinsey, what did you want to talk about?"

He studied her intently before speaking. "Aren't you curious why we share the same last name?"

She blinked in surprise before chuckling. "Plenty of people share the same surname."

"Your mother is my father's younger sister," Alexander said evenly. "That makes me your cousin."

His calm tone didn't soften the impact of his words.

Nyla stared at him, stunned. She had never heard anything about her mother having siblings.

"Mr. Kinsey... are you serious?" she asked hesitantly.

Seeing her disbelief, Alexander

pulled out a family photo and placed it in front of her. "This is a picture of

the family. Your mother always regretted that you weren't in it."

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As Nyla took the photo, her hands trembled slightly.

The woman in the fitted dress, standing on the far left of the photo with her hair neatly pinned back, bore an uncanny resemblance to the image of her mother stored in Nyla's memory.

Time seemed to have left barely any trace on her face, which looked almost identical to how Nyla remembered it.

Her fingers tightened around the photo as she stared at it.

After a long pause, she placed it on the table and pushed it back toward Alexander.

"Mr. Kinsey, first of all, I can't verify if this photo is even real. And second... if she truly felt regret, why didn't she come back to see me after leaving the country all these years ago?" Nyla voiced her doubts.

Alexander frowned. "Your mother didn't want to disrupt your peaceful life."

"Then why are you disrupting mine now?" she shot back. "If I'm not mistaken, the 'master' Buddy mentioned must be you. You've given him a lot of money and are now approaching us. What is your purpose?"

Her sharp, icy gaze locked onto him, making it clear she didn't believe a word he said.

Alexander, anticipating her suspicion, calmly explained, "The reason I've returned is to take you and Buddy to live in Meristate. As for Mason's 'master,' yes, that's me. The money he earned is legitimate, so you don't need to worry about it."

"Take me and Buddy to live in Meristate?" Nyla scoffed, her tone laced with sarcasm. "Nobody thought of taking us there all these years, and now, out of nowhere, you decide it's time?"

"Did you even bother asking me or Buddy how we feel about this? What makes you think we'd want to go live in Meristate?"

Alexander's arrival was clearly about more than just taking her and Mason abroad.

"I understand this is a lot to process," Alexander said gently. "But your mother truly misses you. She's kept pictures of you as a child all these years, taking them out whenever she missed you. I'm honestly just trying-"

"Enough!" Nyla interrupted sharply. "I don't want to hear it. If she chose to leave the country and cut ties with me, then she should stick to that decision. I'm not going to Meristate, and I don't want to see her."

With that, she stood and strode toward the door.

She had only taken a few steps when Alexander's voice called out behind her. "Even if she's sick... Even if she's on her deathbed and just wants to see you one last time, you still wouldn't go?"

Nyla stopped in her tracks and turned to face him. "Mr. Kinsey, I have a few questions for you."

"What are they?" he asked.

"The young man and woman who look just a few years younger than me and stand next to her in the photo-who are they to her?" she asked.

Alexander hesitated, his gaze darkening. It took a full ten seconds before he replied, "They're... your half-siblings."

Nyla laughed. It was exactly as she had suspected.

"And I'm guessing she's been living quite comfortably all these years, hasn't she?" she asked.

Judging from the fact that Alexander could casually transfer billions to Mason, Emerald's lifestyle was probably far from humble.

"She's done well," he admitted, his expression puzzled by her sudden line of questioning.

"She's done well," Nyla repeated, her tone sharp. "And yet, all these years, she didn't contact me or come back to see me-not even once."

"It's only a 10-hour flight from

Meristate to Saintornia. You say she misses me, but there hasn't been a single meaningful action to back that up."

"She had her reasons," Alexander said, his frown deepening.

It did seem Emerald had her reasons for leaving Nyla while she was so young not once returning to see her-then being able to be around for her other two children until they came of age, Nyla thought

She nodded. "I can understand she had her reasons not to see me. Similarly, I

hope you understand I have my reasons not to see her now."

Nyla turned on her heel and walked out.

If Emerald had genuinely been unable to see her because of some life-threatening circumstances, Nyla could have understood.

But judging by the photo, it was clear that Emerald had been living a good life.

For Alexander to claim that Emerald "missed her" felt like a cruel joke. That supposed longing wasn't even worth the price of a plane ticket.

Back in her car, Nyla sat quietly, forcing herself to calm down before starting the engine and driving away.

Not long after she left, Alexander pulled out his phone and made a call.

There was a note of helplessness in his voice as he spoke. "Aunt Emerald, Nyla seems very resistant to the idea of going to Meristate."

A cold, distant female voice answered on the other end. "No matter what it takes, you must bring her back."

"I understand," Alexander replied with a sigh. "But you've really given me quite the challenge this time."

"I'm busy. Figure it out yourself," the voice snapped before promptly hanging up. Alexander shook his head, pocketed his phone, and walked off.

At home, Nyla tried to distract herself by turning on the TV, but she couldn't focus. Alexander's words kept replaying in her mind, forcing her thoughts to drift back to Emerald.

Her phone suddenly rang, breaking her reverie. It was Valarie.

"Nyla, are you free right now? Let's go out for a bit!" Valarie said cheerfully.

After a moment's thought, Nyla decided that getting out of the house was better than stewing in her thoughts. "Sure."

The two met at the mall. As soon as Valarie saw her, she frowned. "You look so down. What's wrong?"

"A lot has been happening lately. I'm just exhausted," Nyla admitted.

Valarie nodded sympathetically.

"Same here. I even fought with Brandon yesterday. I swear, he's so annoying sometimes. How can a grown man be so petty? It's exhausting!"

Nyla couldn't help but laugh at Valarie's love-struck distress. "You don't know how much I envy you. At least all you have to worry about is love. I'm drowning in a million other problems."

"Oh, stop," Valarie teased. "We're here to have fun today, so no more gloomy talk. Let's shop till we drop."

"Deal," Nyla said.

The two spent over two hours browsing the mall. When they finally left, they were

both in high spirits, each carrying a mountain of shopping bags.

"Shopping is the best therapy!" Valarie exclaimed happily.

She felt even better after using Brandon's card to shop. This would be compensation for the fight they'd had the day before.

Nyla smiled at her. "You're right. But I'm exhausted after lugging all these bags around. Let's drop them off in the car and grab something to eat."

"Great idea," Valarie chirped.



As they headed to the parking lot, a red Porsche Panamera pulled up in front of them. Theo stepped out with a smile.

"Ms. Kinsey, Ms. Weir, what a coincidence running into you two here!" he said warmly.

Valarie, however, wasn't in the

mood. Her face remained cold and

she replied, "It sure is. But we're busy, so if you'll excuse us, we'll catch you some other time.

When she tried to lead Nyla away, Theo quickly stepped in front of them. "Ms. Kinsey, actually, I was hoping to ask a favor."

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Nyla looked at Theo with confusion. "Mr. Wilkie, we're not close, and I don't think I can help you with anything."

"Ms. Kinsey, you're the only one who can help me." Theo gazed at her intently, speaking slowly. "Before Jane went abroad, she sold her 10% stake in the Wilkie Group to Mr. Sumner for a low price of 7,000,000 dollars.

"Now, I want to buy those shares back from him. Could you help me by talking to him? I'm willing to pay 30,000,000 dollars for the shares."

His expression was earnest, but Nyla frowned. "I don't understand business matters, and I don't have the power to intervene. You should discuss this with Damon."

Theo sighed deeply.

"My grandfather has already met with Mr. Sumner. He wants us to buy the shares back at market price, but the Wilkie Group nearly went bankrupt recently.

"We're just starting to recover and don't have that kind of money. That's why I'm asking you to help us plead with Mr. Sumner.

"If you're willing to help, Ms. Kinsey, I'm prepared to transfer a vacation resort under my name to you as a token of gratitude," Theo offered.

Valarie raised her eyebrows. Although she didn't know Theo well, she had heard enough about his stinginess. If he was willing to offer an entire vacation resort, it meant he was truly desperate.

Nyla shook her head. "Mr. Wilkie, I really can't help you. We have other plans, so we'll be leaving now."

With that, she grabbed Valarie and left immediately.

Once seated in a restaurant, Valarie broke the silence. "It seems those 10% shares are critical to the Wilkie Group. Otherwise, there's no way that miser Theo would offer up a resort just to get you to talk to Damon."

If Nyla asked Damon, there was a chance he might agree to sell the shares back to Theo.

Nyla opened the menu, glancing through it as she replied, "If he's willing to part with a resort, those shares must be worth far more than 30,000,000 dollars, plus the resort. Besides, I don't want to get involved in Damon's business."

"Good call. Business matters are beyond us anyway." Valarie paused, then

added, "By the way, I actually had something to tell you."

"What is it?" Nyla asked.

"I got kidnapped yesterday by Drake's people. He wanted to use me to threaten Tom into revealing how much he had told Damon about him. Luckily, Damon showed up just in time to save us," Valarie said.

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Nyla froze, frowning at Valarie. "Why are you only telling me this now?"

"I didn't get the chance before! Besides, it seems Drake's after you. You need to be careful," Valarie warned.

Nyla nodded. "I know. He came to me yesterday too. I'll be cautious. You stay safe as well."

"Mm. What bad luck. Tom and I

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broke up five years ago, and now almost died because of him." Valarie

still felt shaken as she recalled incident.

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Drake's killing intent had been clear.

Suddenly, she frowned. "Oh, right. I just remembered. Tom mentioned that Drake has always wanted to marry you. Do you know him from before?"

Nyla stared at Valarie in shock. "You must have misheard. I've only met him once. How could he want to marry me?"

"I'm sure I didn't mishear. If you don't believe me, I can call Tom now to confirm," Valarie suggested.

Seeing Valarie's serious expression, Nyla quickly said, "I believe you. It's just... hard to wrap my head around."

Drake wanting to marry her? It sounded absurd!

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Nyla knew she wasn't some extraordinary beauty, and she had a child.

Yet, as she thought about Drake's previous investigations into her and his ties to the Nixons, her brow furrowed. A fleeting thought crossed her mind, but it vanished before she could grasp it.

"Nyla, how about I ask Tom about this another day?" Valarie suggested.

Although Nyla didn't want anything more to do with Tom, she couldn't bring herself to care when it came to Nyla.

"No need," Nyla replied. "Didn't you say Damon was the one who saved you yesterday? He might know. I'll ask him."

"That works," Valarie said.

Afterward, Nyla lost her appetite and barely ate before parting ways with Valarie and heading to Prospectus Technology.

When Spencer saw her, he looked visibly surprised. "Ms. Kinsey, what brings you here? Mr. Sumner is in a meeting right now, but you can wait for him in his office."

"Alright." She nodded and entered Damon's office. She hadn't been seated long when he returned.

"Nyla, what are you doing here?" he asked, taking a seat across from her, his tone curious.

"I went shopping with Valarie today," she began.

Damon raised an eyebrow and smiled. "Bought anything nice?"

"Some clothes and jewelry. While we were out, Valarie told me something," Nyla said.

Damon leaned forward. "Oh? What was it?"

"She said she was kidnapped by Drake's people yesterday. She also overheard Tom saying that Drake wants to marry me. Do you know anything about this?" she asked.

Damon's expression shifted slightly.

After a moment of silence, he replied, "Nyla, I did find something. It's about your mother."

"What is it?" she asked and tightened her grip on her bag, her expression growing serious.

"I discovered that your mother is with the Nixons. She's likely an important figure within the organization. Drake wanting to marry you is probably tied to this," he explained.

Nyla lowered her gaze, contemplating his words. "I see. He wants to marry me to gain access to the Nixons."

But she was certain Drake's plans

would fail. Emerald hadn't visited her

once in all these years. If her mother didn't care about her, why would she care about her daughter's husband?

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"Nyla, don't worry. I'll protect you and Buddy," Damon reassured her.

"I'm not worried. My mom doesn't care about me. Whatever Drake does is a waste of time," Nyla reasoned.

"Alright. Leave this to me. Just relax, spend time with Valarie, and don't overthink. I'll handle everything," Damon comforted.

Nyla nodded. "Okay."

Damon glanced at the time. "I've got a lot of work this afternoon. You should head back."

She nodded and left.

Not long after she was gone, Spencer knocked and entered Damon's office. "Mr. Sumner, Alexander visited Ms. Kinsey this morning."

Damon's eyes narrowed. "I see."

He picked up his phone and called Alexander. The line connected quickly.

"Mr. Sumner, what can I do for you?" Alexander's voice came through.

"Mr. Kinsey, it seems my warning fell on deaf ears. I hear you visited Nyla this morning," Damon said.

Alexander aware that Damon had likely uncovered his identity, decided to be direct. "Mr. Sumner, I came back to bring Nyla and Buddy to Meristate. They'll have a better life away from you." en

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Damon let out a chuckle, his expression full of mockery. "A better life? Then where were you when the Jaystons went bankrupt? Why didn't you take her to Meristate to live this so-called better life then?

"Let's not pretend—your real reason for coming back is obvious. No need to spout these hypocritical lies."

The other end of the call fell silent.

Alexander hadn't expected Damon to uncover his real reason for his arrival to Saintornia so quickly.

After a long pause, he finally spoke. "Even if my motives aren't entirely pure, taking her and Buddy to Meristate would undeniably offer them a better life, wouldn't it?"

"A better life? Or a life of constant fear? I won't let her become a pawn in your family's power struggles. If you want to take her and Buddy, you'll have to go through me first," Damon gritted through his teeth.

"If she comes to Meristate with me, she'll have a strong chance of inheriting the Nixon fortune. Mr. Sumner, you haven't even asked Nyla how she feels-how do you know she doesn't want to live a life of luxury and prestige?" Alexander retorted.

If Nyla became the Nixon heiress, her life would reach unimaginable heights, with wealth that would last several lifetimes. Surely, such a life would be better than staying in Saintornia.

"Aren't you telling me this because she turned you down this morning?" Damon taunted.

If Nyla had truly wanted that kind of life, Alexander wouldn't be wasting his breath with Damon right now.

"She only refused because she doesn't yet understand what the Nixons represent. Once she knows, she'll leave with me," Alexander argued.

"Fine. Then we'll see who knows her better," Damon replied.

After hanging up, his face darkened.

He had worked so hard to earn Nyla's trust and love. There was no way he'd let anyone disrupt their family's happiness.

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That evening, Damon returned to the villa.

Inside, Nyla was playing Pictionary with Mason. She was drawing while Mason was guessing.

Despite his best efforts, Mason couldn't guess her drawing before time ran out.

When Nyla revealed the word she was trying to depict, Mason stared at the sketch in silence.

The word and her drawing... not only didn't match, but they had nothing in common. Unless someone had

X-ra vision, there was no way

guess it.

Seeing his disappointed expression, Nyla asked, "What's wrong, Buddy? Are you upset because you couldn't guess it?"

Mason gave her a look. "Mommy, I think you're just not cut out for this game."

They had been playing for a while,

and not a single one of her drawings had been guessable. Even Mondrian would have called them abstract.

Nyla was stunned for a moment, then burst out laughing. "Why not?"

"Because your drawings are way too abstract. No one but you could possibly understand them," Mason whined.

Nyla glanced at Damon, who was nearby, and handed him the drawings. "You take a look. Can you guess what these are?"

Damon

seem examined the first one. It

depict an

whether it was an elephant hippo, he couldn't tell.

Furrowing his brow, he ventured, "A walrus?"

"No... try again," Nyla urged.

"Hippo? Elephant?" Damon guessed.

After about ten more guesses, he was still wrong.

Nyla's face darkened. She snatched the first drawing away. "Guess the second one."

The second one was easier-it appeared to be a pair of feet.

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"Rain boots?" Damon guessed.

"No," Nyla replied curtly.

"Galoshes?" Damon tried again.

Nyla didn't bother responding.

"Knee-high socks?" Damon ventured.

"No! They're torn socks! Didn't you see the little ripped parts I drew?" Nyla cried.

"I thought those were just wear and tear," Damon reasoned.

For a moment, Nyla doubted her artistic ability. Was she really that bad at drawing?

"Damon, be honest with me. Are my drawings really that abstract?" she asked.

Damon hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "Not exactly. Some words are just harder to draw. Maybe try simpler ones next time."

Mason, unbothered, chimed in, "Daddy, stop sugarcoating it. Her drawings are abstract."

Damon glared at him. "Be quiet."

Mason crossed his arms. "Fine. But I'm definitely not playing Pictionary with Mommy again!"

"Then I'll play with her!" Damon countered.

Mason and Nyla were both speechless.

Truthfully, Nyla didn't want to play this game anymore, either. She quickly said,

"Alright, it's getting late. Let's have dinner."

"Okay," Damon and Mason chorused.

After dinner, Nyla followed Damon into the study.

"Damon, is something going on at the company? You seem distracted," she asked.



Damon turned to look at her, his gaze deep: "Nothing serious. Just tired. By the way, Alexander went to see you today. Why didn't you mention it when you were at the office?"

Nyla was surprised he knew. "I didn't think it was important, so I didn't bring it up. How did you find out?"

"I've had someone keeping tabs on him ever since he saved Buddy. He must've told you about your connection. What do you think?" Damon asked.

Nyla lowered her gaze and fell silent for a moment before speaking. "I won't leave with him. To me, he's just a stranger."

"Good. That's all I needed to hear," Damon replied.

Hearing this, Nyla looked up at him and huffed, "What's that supposed to mean? Did you really think I'd leave you?"

"No, but I was worried you'd agree to go to Meristate out of a desire to see your mother," Damon explained.

Nyla hesitated, then said quietly, don't want to see her. She's never come back for me all these years. She has her own family now There's no point."

Damon pulled her into his arms, gently stroking her head. "You have me and Buddy. We're your family now. Don't let it upset you."

"Mm," Nyla hummed quietly.

After a moment of affection, Nyla left the study.

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Pedro sneered when he heard that Nyla had refused to help. "I expected this. She

and Damon are on the same side-there's no way she'd help us."

The thought of Damon holding 10% of the Wilkie Group's shares kept Pedro up at night, a heavy weight pressing on his chest.

Theo's face was grim. "Grandpa, what should we do now?"

Without recovering that 10%, managing the company would always feel precarious.

Pedro's expression darkened.

After a long silence, he finally spoke. "If Damon won't take the easy way, then we'll use force to get those shares back."

Theo's eyes lit up. "You mean..."

"There are plenty of companies in Saintornia that want to take down Prospectus Technology. If we can't work with Damon, we'll work with his rivals," Pedro said.

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"You're saying... we should team up with other companies to go against Prospectus Technology?" Theo asked.

He frowned as he looked at Pedro. "But Prospectus Technology helped the Wilkie Group before. If we turn around and attack them now, won't people think we're ungrateful?"

Pedro let out a cold laugh. "I gave Damon a chance he chose not to take it. If that's the case, I have no choice but to be ruthless. The Wilkie Group must reclaim that 10% stake!"

The thought of that stake being in Damon's hands felt like a sword hanging over Pedro's head, keeping him awake night after night.

Initially, he had offered to buy back the shares, but Damon had refused, driven by greed.

"But-" Theo began.

"No buts! Do you want the Wilkie Group to end up under the name 'Sumner'?" Pedro leered at Theo, his face contorted with fury.

Theo quickly said, "Grandpa, of course, I don't want that. But the Wilkie Group has just stabilized. If we rush into alliances with other companies, it may create future risks."

Besides, who would trust the Wilkie Group if they turned their back on Damon right after he helped them?

"Right now, the priority is retrieving that 10% stake. As for any risks, we'll deal with them later," Pedro replied.

Seeing his grandfather's resolute expression, Theo nodded. "Alright. What do you need me to do? I'll follow your lead."

"You don't need to worry about this. You won't handle it well anyway. Just focus on managing the company. I'll take care of the rest," Pedro dismissed him.

Theo understood his grandfather's reasoning. Being new to the company and without any significant achievements, he would struggle to earn the respect of potential allies.

With no objections, he nodded again. "Alright, I understand."

"Good. Now leave me be. I need to think about who to reach out to," Pedro said.

"Yes, Grandpa, I'll go now," Theo replied.

After Theo left, Pedro fell into deep thought.

A while later, he pulled out a pen and paper and began jotting down the names of potential allies.

After careful consideration, he crossed out a few, leaving just five names.

Taking a deep breath, he called for

his butler and handed over the list. "Send invitations to these

individuals. Ask them to join me here for dinner tomorrow evening

The butler bowed slightly. "Yes, sir. I'll take care of it now."

The next morning, as Pedro finished getting ready, a maid rushed into the living room.

"Mr. Wilkie, a man named Drake Mummery is here to see you," the maid announced.

Pedro furrowed his brow. "Drake Mummery? I don't know anyone by that name."

"What should I do? Should I turn him away?" the maid asked.

Pedro hesitated for a moment before standing up. "I'll go see who it is."

Soon, Pedro arrived at the front door.

Upon seeing the stretch limousine parked outside, his frown deepened. He genuinely didn't know this visitor.

As he pondered Drake's purpose, the car door opened. A tall, sharply dressed man stepped out.

Pedro's brows furrowed even more. "You are?"

Drake offered a polite smile. "Mr.

Wilkie, it's an honor to meet you.

apologize for dropping by

unannounced. I'm here to discuss a

business proposition with you."

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"What kind of business?" Pedro asked.

"I heard the Wilkie Group has 10% of

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its shares held by Damon. If you're willing to collaborate with me, kcan You get those shares back," Drake proposed.

Upon hearing this, Pedro's expression darkened. His gaze grew cold. "Who are you? I don't know you. Why should I trust you?"

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Drake's smile deepened. "It doesn't matter who I am. What matters is that I can help both you and the Wilkie Group."

"I asked, why should I trust you?" Pedro repeated.

"I can invest 10,000,000 dollars into the Wilkie Group right now, no strings attached," Drake said, pulling out his phone and making a call. "Transfer 10,000,000 to the Wilkie Group immediately."

Not even 20 seconds after ending the call, Pedro's phone rang.

"Grandpa, someone just transferred 10,000,000 dollars into the Wilkie Group's account!" Theo exclaimed.

Pedro's expression shifted, his voice steady yet wary. "Do not touch that money. Wait for my instructions."

"Understood," Theo replied.

Hanging up the phone, Pedro glanced at Drake. "Come inside. We'll talk."

Inside the study, Pedro closed the door and turned to face Drake. "I believe you're capable of helping me deal with Damon. But I need to know-why are you going after him? Otherwise, I can't trust you."

If this man were a plant sent by Damon to trap him, cooperating would put the Wilkie Group in jeopardy.

Drake took a sip of coffee and smiled. "You don't need to worry. I'm not one of Damon's people. I'm the vice CEO of MK Company. My goal is to see Prospectus Technology go bankrupt. Here's my card."

Pedro took the card, glanced at it briefly, and set it on the table.

He was familiar with MK-a large enterprise based in Meristate.

Looking back at Drake, he asked, "If I'm not mistaken, MK doesn't usually collaborate with domestic firms. Why are you targeting Damon?"

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"I have my reasons, but it's not something I can share with you. you need to know is that I'll help you deal with Damon," Drake replied.

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Pedro chuckled. "Then I'm afraid we can't work together."

Partnering with local firms to deal with Prospectus Technology was one thing- they were known entities.

Drake, however, was a stranger with unclear motives. Blindly trusting him could put the Wilkie Group in even greater danger.

Drake squinted. "I suggest you reconsider. It won't take much effort for me to destroy the Wilkie Group."

Pedro's gaze hardened. "If it's so easy, why do you need our help at all?"

"I dislike getting directly involved. I'd prefer the Wilkie Group to act as my tool. But if you're unwilling, I assure you, the Wilkie Group won't last

much longer." Standing up, Drake added, "Think it over. Let me know when you've made up your mind."

Hearing the veiled threat, Pedro turned livid.

Glaring at Drake's retreating figure,

he

thought coldly, "There's no need to

it. I despise

it

We

to be working together

Drake turned back with a smile. "You'll change your mind, Mr. Wilkie."

As he left the Wilkie residence, Drake told the driver, "Head back to the hotel."

After Drake left, Pedro soon received a call from Theo. "Grandpa, our company's firewall is under attack! The entire system is down!"