

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle c 1151

"I encountered Buddy for the first time when he was three years old. Back then, I had no idea about my connection to you or that Buddy was your son." Alexander's tone was serious, his gaze unwavering.

Nyla nodded thoughtfully. "Really? Buddy is that talented with computers? He's never shown any of that in front of me."

"Yes, he's incredibly gifted—one of the most talented I've ever seen. That's why I took him on as my apprentice. Later, when I discovered our connection and learned he was your son, I liked him even more," Alexander explained.

Nyla noticed the warmth in his eyes and felt a pang of something she couldn't quite place. Her gaze flickered. "It seems you understand Buddy better than I do."

"I suppose I do, at least in some ways. Back then, Buddy told me you were always busy with work and rarely had time for him. We used to talk almost every night," Alexander recounted.

Nyla sat silently, listening as he shared his memories. Her hands clenched slowly on her lap.

So much had happened between Mason and Alexander without her knowing. It was no wonder Mason had been reluctant to tell her anything about Alexander, no matter how much she prodded. Their bond was deeper than she had imagined.

Now, she needed to reconsider how to gradually distance Mason from Alexander. After about half an hour, Alexander finished speaking and leaned forward slightly. "Nyla, I can promise you this—if you agree to take Buddy to Meristate, his future will be limitless. I'll personally guide him every step of the way," he promised.

Nyla frowned, her displeasure clear. "Mr. Kinsey, we're just starting to reconnect. I haven't made any decisions about something like that yet."

Alexander chuckled lightly. "You're right. I was being too impatient. My apologies."

"Speaking of Buddy, let's talk about her. I'd like to know more about her life in Meristate over the years," Nyla suggested.

Alexander sipped his coffee, locking eyes with her. "Are you sure you want to hear this?"

"Of course. If you're trying to convince me to go to Meristate, I need to understand what her life has been like. Otherwise, how can I decide?" Nyla retorted.

After a brief silence, Alexander nodded. "Alright. I'll give you a summary.

"After she divorced your father and moved abroad, she married Edward, the current head of the Nixons. They had two children together-your younger siblings.

"When she married Edward, the family wasn't as prosperous as it is now. Over the years, she's been the driving force behind elevating the Nixons to their current prominence.

"She's been so focused on building the family business that she neglected her relationship with Edward.

"When your sister was five, Edward had an affair and even fathered a child with the other woman. Now, Edward is gravely ill, and he wants to pass the Nixon businesses to his illegitimate son.

"Your mother opposes this because she's the one who built the Nixons to what it is today. But within the family, there are many loyal to Edward who support his illegitimate son's claim."

Nyla smirked, her expression tinged with irony. "So, that's why she wants me back?"

Alexander's brow furrowed almost imperceptibly at her tone. "Yes. She hopes you can inherit the Nixons. Your siblings are too naïve to handle the responsibilities of running the businesses."

"So, she thinks she can ignore my feelings, send you here to disrupt my peaceful

life, and force me to leave Damon?" Nyla's voice was sharp.

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"Damon isn't right for you. Someday, you'll meet someone who is," Alexander said.

"Who's suitable for me isn't your decision to make." Nyla stood abruptly. "That's enough for today. I have other matters to attend to. Goodbye."

Alexander realized his comment had upset her, but he managed a smile. "Alright."

Returning to her car, Nyla took a deep breath and started the engine before driving away.

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Damon summoned Spencer to his office as soon as the latter arrived.

"There's no need to arrange for Nyla and Buddy to leave the country just yet. For now, focus on finding potential business partners," he instructed.

Spencer looked slightly surprised but nodded. "Understood."

As he turned to leave, his eyes fell on the ring on Damon's finger. Unable to hide his shock, Spencer paused.

Over the years, Damon had never worn jewelry-he didn't like it. Thus, seeing him with a ring could only mean one thing: it was a couple's ring with Nyla.

"Mr. Sumner, is that ring from Ms. Kinsey?" Spencer asked cautiously.

Damon glanced up, noting Spencer's curious expression. A rare smile crossed his face. "Yes, we got married."

"What?!" Spencer's eyes widened in disbelief. "When did this happen?"

"This morning," Damon replied.

Spencer froze momentarily, then broke into a broad smile. "Congratulations, Mr. Sumner! After all these years, you've finally achieved your dream."

The journey to this point had been tumultuous for both Damon and Nyla, but they had finally made it.

Damon nodded. "Thank you. Due to certain circumstances, we're not planning to make this public just yet. I'd appreciate your discretion."

"Of course. You can count on me," Spencer assured him.

After Spencer left, Damon returned to his tasks.

By noon, he had completed everything and decided to go home for lunch with Nyla.

Before leaving his office, he stopped by Spencer's desk. Speaking in a low voice, he said, "Make a dinner reservation for me later. I'm taking her out tonight."

"Yes, sir. Right away," Spencer replied.

Half an hour later, Damon stepped into the villa and saw Nyla sitting on the couch, lost in thought.

"Nyla," he called softly.

Startled, she looked up and stood quickly. "Damon? Why are you home?"

He walked toward her. "I came back to have lunch with you. Today is our wedding day. Even though I can't spend the entire day with you, wanted to make time for lunch and dinner together."

"You didn't have to rush back. We don't need things like that for our relationship," Nyla said.

"But we do." Damon revealed a bouquet he'd been hiding. "Nyla, thank you for entering my life and agreeing to marry me. Thank you for giving me Buddy, our wonderful son. Meeting you has been the greatest blessing of my life."

Her expression softened as she accepted the flowers. "I feel the same way."

Damon pulled her into a gentle embrace. "Things are a little complicated right now, but we'll plan a proper wedding once everything settles."

Nyla nodded. "As long as I'm with you, nothing else matters."

"Whether it matters to you or not, you deserve everything others do," Damon said with quiet determination.

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After holding each other for a moment, Damon released Nyla just as his phone buzzed in his pocket.

His expression darkened when he saw that it was Spencer calling. He swiped to answer. "What's going on?"

"Mr. Sumner, I reached out to the companies this morning, but every one of them rejected us. Mr. Walker from Excellence received a warning from someone.

"His secretary told me privately that they were threatened-if Excellence works with Prospectus Technology, they'd be bankrupted. Under this pressure, no company is willing to partner with Prospectus Technology," Spencer reported.

At this rate, Prospectus Technology was heading straight for another financial crisis.

Damon lowered his eyes, his tone icy. "Got it. I'll deal with it when I get back this afternoon."

He hung up and met Nyla's worried gaze. "Damon, is it Drake or Alexander targeting Prospectus Technology?"

"If I'm right, it's Drake," Damon replied.

He could tell that Alexander didn't want to create open hostility between them because of Nyla, so he hadn't made any direct moves. Instead, it seemed he had pushed Drake to handle these underhanded tactics.

Damon's gaze hardened as he thought this over.

Nyla frowned. "I heard Spencer mention that no companies will work with Prospectus Technology. Is the situation really that bad?"

Damon reached out to pat her head, his voice soft but firm. "It's fine. Let me worry about it. Your only task is to pick up and drop off Buddy from school. Leave the rest to me."

Nyla bit her lip, her expression growing guilty. "I'm sorry. This is all because of me."

If it weren't for her, Damon's company wouldn't have faced financial trouble before, and Drake wouldn't be attacking him now. The more she thought about it, the heavier her guilt grew.

"This has nothing to do with you. Even without you, companies face challenges like this—it's normal. Stop overthinking it. Let's eat," Damon said.

Nyla didn't want Damon to have to comfort her while worrying about company matters.

Forcing a smile, she nodded. "Okay, let's eat. I didn't know you were coming home, or I would have asked Lydia to make a few more dishes."

When they entered the dining room, the table was already laid out with Nyla's favorite dishes. In the center was a cake with the words "Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Summer on your marriage" written on it

Nyla blinked in surprise and glanced at Damon. "You had Lydia prepare all this?"

"Yeah," Damon admitted.

"This should have been my job. I'm sorry—I didn't think of it," she apologized.

She had thought that simply getting the marriage certificate was enough. She hadn't considered that Damon might want to celebrate the moment. Now, she realized how much he valued it.

Pulling out a chair for her, Damon smiled. "These little things are for me to handle. I already feel bad enough that I can't give you a proper wedding. If I made you do even this, I'd feel worse."

She took his hand. "There's no need to feel bad. Choosing to marry you means you're worth it. You don't owe me anything."

"Okay. Let's eat," Damon said.

He had planned to sit down for a nice meal with her, but halfway through, his phone rang again, pulling him away.

Standing up, he looked at Nyla apologetically. "Nyla, I'm sorry. Something urgent came up at the company. I have to leave now, but I'll make it up to you tonight." "Go. Work is more important. We'll have plenty of time together later," she said.

His eyes lingered on her for a moment. "Alright. I'll pick you up tonight for dinner." "Okay," she said.

After Damon left, Nyla looked at the barely touched dishes on the table and suddenly lost her appetite.

Putting her utensils down, she turned to Lydia. "Lydia, I'm full. Could you clear the table?"

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Lydia frowned. "Ms. Kinsey, you barely ate anything..."

Nyla shook her head. "I've had enough. I'm going upstairs to rest. Thank you." "Alright. Let me know if you get hungry later," Lydia reminded her.

"I will," Nyla replied.

After Nyla left, Lydia sighed and glanced at the table, still laden with dishes.

It wasn't just Nyla who had been eating poorly lately. Worrying about Damon's company had taken a toll on Lydia's appetite, too.

Upstairs in the bedroom, Nyla sat at her vanity, staring at her phone. She hesitated to tell Valarie about her marriage to Damon.

After a moment, she finally called her.

"Nyla, what's up?" Valarie answered.

"Valarie, I have something to tell you. Prepare yourself," Nyla warned.

Valarie sounded alarmed. "What is it? Good news or bad news?"

"Good news, I guess," Nyla replied.

"Okay, spill. I'm ready," Valarie said.

"I got married to Damon," Nyla announced.

"What?!" Valarie's voice shot up an octave. "Say that again! Are you serious?"

Nyla replied, "Of course I am."

"You're calling this 'good news'? This is monumental! Nyla, congratulations! When's the wedding?" Valarie exclaimed.

"We're not rushing a wedding right now. There's too much going on. We'll plan it once things settle down," Nyla explained.

After a moment of silence, Valarie said warmly, "Makes sense. Still,

congratulations. You two are going to be so happy together!"

"Thanks. When you and Brandon have time, come over for dinner," Nyla invited.

"Deal," Valarie said.

After hanging up, Nyla set her phone down and began thinking about her next steps.

With Damon's company in such a difficult position, she knew she had to find a way to help.

Damon returned to the office, where Spencer quickly approached him. "Mr. Sumner, I've called for a shareholders' meeting, but the ones planning to sell their shares didn't show up."

"Alright. Let's start the meeting anyway," Damon said, striding into the conference room, where a dozen shareholders sat with grim expressions.

The moment he entered, someone blurted out, "Mr. Sumner, you're finally here. Mr. Trull and Mr.

Jemison are determined to sell their

shares. We've tried everything to

convince them otherwise.

If word of this got out, the company's stock price-already struggling would plummet even further.

Damon's expression was cold as he sat down.

Looking around the room, he began, "I've been briefed on the situation. Prospectus Technology is indeed

facing a crisis. I understand that ne

some of you feel uneasy and want to sell your shares to cut your losses.

"I know some of you have been with Prospectus Technology since its inception, helping the company grow to where it is today, and that's why you choose to stay.

"Others joined later and may not have the same attachment, so you want to cut your losses and leave before it's too late. Whatever your reasons, I understand.

"I'm not here to force anyone to stay, because I'm not sure if Prospectus Technology will survive this time either. But to those who choose to stay, promise to do everything in my power to bring the company back on track," he declared.

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After Damon finished speaking, the conference room fell into complete silence.

It was a while before one of the shareholders stood up. "Mr. Sumner, you said yourself that you can't guarantee Prospectus Technology will pull through this.

"If the company goes bankrupt, I'll lose everything. I came to this meeting today to hear what you had to say. Now that I've heard it, I've decided to sell my shares."

With that, he turned and left without a second glance.

After he walked out, several other shareholders stood up and announced their intention to sell their shares as well.

Before long, only seven or eight people remained in the room.

Seeing that no one else was leaving, Damon broke the silence. "Does this mean the rest of you are willing to stay and weather the storm with the company?"



A shareholder seated next to him nodded. "Yes. I'm staying. Over the years, this company has faced bigger challenges and survived. I don't believe we'll fall now. And even if we do, I'm willing to take the risk."

The remaining shareholders echoed his sentiments, all expressing their determination to stay.

Damon's gaze swept over each of them. He stood and bowed deeply. "Thank you for trusting me and believing in this company during such a critical time. I promise I'll do everything I can to ensure we come out of this stronger."

After the meeting, Damon returned to his office and immediately called Tom. "What are you doing right now? If you're free, come to Prospectus Technology immediately."

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Half an hour later, Tom walked into the office and casually dropped into the chair across from Damon. "Mr. Sumner, what's the rush? Why did you call me over?"

"How's the Genge Group doing lately?" Damon asked.

Tom narrowed his eyes slightly in suspicion at the question. "Not bad. Why are you asking?"

"I remember the Genge Group recently invested billions into developing electric vehicles," Damon said.

"Yeah, so? Are you interested as well?" Tom replied.

"I just wanted to advise you. Once you start investing in EV

development,

the costs will only increase exponentially. For the Genge Group, it might not be worth the resources and effort. You might want to cut your losses now," Damon suggested.

Tom chuckled "Thanks for the advice, Mr. Sumner, but I'm sticking to my plan. If you have time to worry about me, you might want to focus on dealing with Drake. As far as he's concerned, feel free to call me if you need help. We're in the same boat right now, after all."

"Alright. I'm currently investigating Drake. Do you know which companies he's been working with in the region?" Damon asked.

Tom thought for a moment, then grabbed a piece of paper and a pen from Damon's desk. He scribbled down several company names and handed the paper to him. "These are the ones I know of, but I'm sure there are more."

"Got it. Thanks. If there's nothing else, you can leave now," Damon said, dismissing him.

Tom didn't linger. He got up to leave but paused at the door, turning back with a serious expression. "Oh, by the way, Mr. Sumner, you might want to keep an eye on your niece. I've heard she's been in contact with some of the companies on that list."

With that, he left.

Once the office fell quiet again, Damon glanced at the piece of paper. His expression darkened when he recognized several of the names as former partners of Prospectus Technology.

He called Spencer into the office. "Keep a close watch on the people in charge of these companies, as well as Charlotte and Pedro."

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"Understood, Mr. Sumner. Should we continue with the plan for the Wilkie Group?" Spencer asked.

"Yes," Damon replied.

The day passed quickly, and before long, evening arrived.

After reviewing the last contract on his desk, Damon picked up his phone and called Nyla. "Nyla, I'll come pick you up soon. We're going out for dinner tonight." Nyla, who had just picked up Mason, raised an eyebrow. "What about Buddy?" "Tonight is just for the two of us. We'll bring him next time," Damon answered. "Alright, I'll drop him off first," Nyla said.

"Okay. See you soon." Damon smiled as he ended the call, grabbed his coat, and headed out.

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Half an hour later, Damon parked in front of the villa and called Nyla. "Nyla, I'm outside."

"Okay, I'm coming," she replied.

Not long after, she emerged from the villa. She wore a brown cashmere coat over a beige V-neck sweater and a matching skirt. Her long, wavy hair cascaded over her shoulders.

Although her makeup was light, her delicate features and radiant beauty made it impossible to look away.

Damon's gaze darkened, his eyes fixed on her as she approached.

When she reached the car and opened the door, she noticed his intense stare. "What is it? Why are you looking at me like that?"

"You're stunning tonight," he complimented.

It was clear she had put a lot of thought into her appearance.

Nyla smiled as she slid into the passenger seat. "Thank you. You look handsome yourself."

Once she fastened her seatbelt, Damon started the car.

"What are we eating tonight?" Nyla asked.

"Steak and wine," Damon answered.

"Sounds good," she replied.

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Half an hour later, Damon pulled up in front of an upscale steakhouse.

As they got out of the car, a valet approached.

Damon handed over the keys and took Nyla's hand as they walked toward the entrance.

Just as they were about to enter, a voice called from behind. "Mr. Sumner! What a coincidence. I didn't expect to run into you here tonight."

Damon and Nyla turned to see Drake approaching. Their brows furrowed in unison.

"Mr. Mummery, I don't think we're familiar enough to be exchanging pleasantries," Damon said coldly, his tone devoid of warmth.

Drake raised an eyebrow and smiled.

"A few more encounters, and we'll get there. By the way, I heard the Wilkie Group terminated its contract with Prospectus Technology. I know Prospectus Technology is looking for new partners. My company's current focus aligns with Prospectus Technology's business. If you're interested, we could collaborate."

"That won't be necessary," Damon replied curtly. "It's after hours, and I'm not here to discuss work. Now, if you'll excuse us, we have plans."

He didn't wait for a response and pulled Nyla inside the restaurant.

Drake didn't follow but stood watching them leave with a cryptic smile.

Once Nyla and Damon were seated in a private room, she asked, "Damon, is the company in trouble right now?"

Damon handed her a menu. "It's nothing major. We've been through worse. This is nothing. Tonight is about celebrating our marriage, so let's not worry about anything else. Let's just enjoy ourselves."

Knowing he didn't want her to worry, Nyla lowered her gaze and didn't press further. She opened the menu and began browsing, though her heart was still heavy with concern.

She couldn't help but recall how

exhausted and defeated Damon had looked the last time Prospectus Technology had faced a crisis. Even

now, just thinking about it made her heart ache.

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Once Nyla finished ordering, she handed the menu to Damon.

After he placed his order, she finally said, "By the way, I told Valarie about our marriage today. I plan to invite her and Brandon over for dinner in a few days."

Damon nodded. "Alright, it's up to you."

"Also, when will you have time to visit my dad and tell him about us?" Nyla asked.

"I might be busy for the next couple of days. How about Saturday?" Damon suggested.

"That works," she replied.

Looking at her seriously, Damon said, "Nyla, I owe you. Once everything is settled, I'll make it up to you with a proper wedding."

Seeing the guilt and sadness in his eyes, Nyla took his hand. "Don't be silly. I've already said I don't care about that. As long as the three of us are together and happy, that's all that matters."

"But I still feel like I've let you down," Damon said, his voice heavy with emotion. He loved her and couldn't bear the thought of her suffering, even a little. His heart ached for her.

"Enough of that! Today is our wedding day. Let's not dwell on these things. We're here to celebrate, so cheer up," Nyla encouraged.

"Alright," Damon agreed.

After dinner, Damon drove Nyla to the riverside.

She glanced at him, puzzled. "Why aren't we going home?"

"There's one more thing I need to do," Damon answered.

"What is it?" Just as she asked, fireworks suddenly burst in the night sky nearby.

Startled, she turned toward the display, her eyes widening in surprise. "This was your doing?"

He nodded. "Yes. I hope you like it."

"Thank you. I love it." Without saying more, she focused on the dazzling fireworks filling the sky.

Damon stood quietly beside her, his gaze not on the sky but on her.

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In a restaurant overlooking the river, Drake and Alexander sat across from each other.

Hearing the crackle of fireworks, both turned their heads toward the spectacle. Drake chuckled. "Beautiful fireworks, don't you think, Mr. Kinsey?"

Alexander's expression hardened. "From what I've heard, they registered their marriage today. You've always wanted to marry Nyla. How can you laugh at a time like this?"

Nyla and Dagon had been together for so long without registering their marriage. For her to do so now, during the precarious state of Prospectus Technology, clearly demonstrated her loyalty. She would not leave Damon.

Drake raised an eyebrow. "You're too old-fashioned, Mr. Kinsey. This is the modern age. Marriage is just a piece of paper. Even if they're married, they can still get divorced. The process doesn't matter to me as long as the result is what I want."

"Alright, then. I'll wait to see your result," Alexander said, his voice cold.

One way or another, Nyla and Mason had to go to Meristate.

If not, the Nixons would fall into the hands of Edward's mistress-a result neither Emerald nor the Kinseys could accept.

"Fine, but I hope you won't interfere when I take action," Drake reminded him.

"If your actions harm Nyla or Buddy in any way, I won't let you off!" Alexander warned, his tone sharp.

Drake sipped his wine, raising an eyebrow. "You can relax about that. My goal is to be Nyla's fiancé. Hurting her or Buddy wouldn't serve me any purpose."

"You better keep your word!" With that, Alexander stood and left.

Drake glanced at the fireworks outside, smirked, drained his wine, and exited the restaurant.

After watching the fireworks, Damon and Nyla returned home around 10:00 p.m.

As they stepped into the living room, Damon's phone began to ring.

Upon seeing that it was Spencer, his face darkened slightly. He turned to Nyla. "Kneed to take this call. You should head upstairs and get some rest. Don't wait up for me."

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Nyla nodded. "Alright. Just don't work too late."

"I won't," Damon assured her as he answered the call and walked toward his study.

His body tensed at whatever was said on the other end, and his pace quickened.

Once he closed the door, he asked coldly, "Are you sure?"

Spencer's voice came through clearly in the quiet room. "Yes, Mr. Sumner. I've got the footage. Ms. Sumner did meet with Drake two nights ago."

Damon's gaze dropped. After a long pause, he said, "I see. Don't act yet-just keep an eye on her and observe what she does next."

"Understood," Spencer replied.

After hanging up, Damon tossed his phone onto the desk and let out a cold laugh.

It seemed Charlotte had completely turned her back on him. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gotten involved with Drake.

Over the next few days, Spencer gathered substantial evidence of illegal activities involving the Wilkie Group.

When he handed the documents to Damon, he asked, "Mr. Sumner, should we hand this over to the police?"

"Not yet. First, contact Mr. Wilkie and ask him to come in for a meeting," Damon instructed.

Less than an hour later, Pedro arrived, his expression grim.

Initially, he had no intention of coming. By siding with Drake, he had effectively positioned himself against Damon. The lines had already been drawn.

Just as he was about to hang up the phone, however, Spencer mentioned the evidence they had gathered. If Pedro didn't show up, it would be handed over to the authorities.

Left with no choice, he reluctantly agreed to the meeting.

Pedro sat across from Damon in the office, his voice thick with anger. "Mr. Sumner, I didn't intend to get involved in your conflict with Drake but he attacked the Wilkie Group's firewall. If I hadn't agreed to

terms, my company

gone

under in a day. My hands were tied."

Damon's expression remained indifferent. "That's your problem, not mine. And if I

recall correctly, if it weren't for Prospectus Technology's support in the past, the Wilkie Group would've collapsed long ago."

To keep the Wilkie Group afloat,

Pedro had allied with Drake to target Prospectus Technology. Damon thought he must've been too lenient with Pedro in the past, giving him

the impression that he could be

easily manipulated.

Pedro bristled. "I told you I was forced! Was I supposed to just stand by and watch my company go bankrupt?"

He had no choice. If Drake hadn't threatened him, he wouldn't be going against Damon.

Damon nodded. "You're free to choose Drake's side. Just know that if Prospectus Technology needs to defend itself by submitting evidence of the Wilkie Group's crimes to the authorities, I hope you'll understand."

Pedro scowled. "Are you really going to push me this far?"

"I'm not pushing you," Damon replied calmly. "This is simply a choice you have to make. Either way, the Wilkie Group is headed for bankruptcy. Instead of blaming me for fighting back, maybe you should blame Drake for dragging you into this war."

Seeing he couldn't argue his way out, Pedro growled, "What do you want? If you really planned to destroy the Wilkie Group, you wouldn't have called me here."

Damon smiled. "You're a smart man, Mr. Wilkie. I want you to continue working with Drake. But at the same time, I want to know everything he's planning."

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Pedro fell silent, his face dark and stormy as he said nothing.

Damon wasn't in a hurry and didn't push for an answer. He waited calmly, confident that Pedro would eventually give him the response he wanted.

After what felt like an eternity, Pedro finally looked up and spoke. "If I don't agree, will you hand those incriminating documents over to the police?"



"Mr. Wilkie, the moment you asked that question, you already knew the answer," Damon replied.

Pedro took a deep breath, his gaze fixed on Damon. "Fine. I agree. But if Drake discovers this, the Wilkie Group and Prospectus Technology will go down together."

It was a no-win situation. If he didn't agree, Damon would expose everything, and the Wilkie Group would crumble. However, agreeing risked Drake discovering the betrayal, which would also spell doom for his company.

Damon's expression remained steady. "Mr. Wilkie, rest assured. If you help me take Drake down, I'll hand over every piece of evidence I have against the Wilkie Group once it's over."

"Fine. I'll do it," Pedro answered.

"Glad to have your cooperation," Damon said with a smile.

After Pedro left, Damon's smile turned icy. This was Pedro's last chance. If he didn't play his cards right and sided with Drake again, the Wilkie Group wouldn't deserve to survive.

Not long after, Spencer knocked on Damon's office door and walked in. "Mr. Sumner, these are the companies that have had dealings with Drake. A few of them also have deep collaborations with Prospectus Technology."

Damon scanned the list, his expression serious. "Find alternative suppliers for those companies. Look outside the city if necessary, and be ready to terminate our contracts with them.

"Also, launch investigations into these companies. I want a full report within three days. If any of them are involved in illegal activities, pick one to make an example of."

Spencer nodded. "Understood."

Pedro had just returned home when the butler approached him. "Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Mummery is here."

His face darkened. "I see."

In the living room, Drake was seated on the couch, swirling a glass of red wine in his hand. He looked as relaxed as if he were at home.

Pedro frowned but suppressed his irritation.

Pushing down his displeasure, he walked over and sat across from Drake. "To what do I owe the pleasure of your visit today, Mr. Mummery?"

Drake chuckled, setting down his glass. His gaze sharpened as he looked at the old man. "Mr. Wilkie, be straightforward. What did Damon want when he called you to

Prospectus Technology today el?

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Despite Drake's probing, Pedro remained calm. With years of experience weathering storms, he showed no sign of guilt.

"He questioned why the Wilkie Group cut ties with Prospectus Technology: Then he claimed they were short on supplies and wanted

to buy from us at a premium to keep their production lines running"

"Is that all?" Drake's gaze turned icy, clearly doubting that Damon would call

Pedro over for something so trivial.

Pedro huffed. "That's all. If you don't believe me, you're welcome to ask him yourself."

Seeing the annoyance flash across Pedro's face, Drake smirked. "Of course, it's not about trust, Mr.

Wilkie. just wanted to avoid anet

misunderstandings that might hurt our collaboration. I hope you can appreciate that."

Pedro snorted. "Mr. Mummery, if I recall, our 'collaboration' began with you

threatening me, not an agreement."

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Drake laughed, his tone light. "Mr. Wilkie, are you still upset about that? Yes, I had to strong-arm you at first, but it was for the sake of our partnership.

"And look at the opportunities I've brought the Wilkie Group several lucrative deals. If you play your cards right, overtaking Prospectus Technology will just be a matter of time."

"Let's hope you're true to your word, Mr. Mummery," Pedro replied.

Being stuck between Damon and Drake felt like walking on thin ice.

Pedro couldn't shake the thought that the Wilkie Group might go bankrupt at any moment. If he'd known this was how the company would end up, he would have preferred it go bankrupt earlier. It would be better than living on the edge now.

"Don't worry. I'll have 100,000,000 dollars invested in the Wilkie Group soon. If you have any other requests, feel free to let me know anytime," Drake said.

"Alright. I'm feeling a little under the weather, so I won't be seeing you out, Mr. Mummery," Pedro said.

As soon as Drake left, Pedro sank into the couch, exhaustion etched on his face.

Just as he was about to retreat to his study, Theo walked in.

"Grandpa, the company just received a sudden investment-100,000,000 dollars! It came from Drake. That guy really knows how to do business. If we had partnered with him earlier, the Wilkie Group wouldn't be on the brink of collapse!" he exclaimed.

Pedro's mood soured even further. "You fool!"

Theo froze, stunned and offended. "Grandpa, what do you mean? Someone's giving us money, and you're upset? What did I do wrong?"

"You think that money comes without strings? Drake gave us that money because

he expects us to help him take down Prospectus Technology!" Pedro barked.

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"And how is that a bad thing? If Prospectus Technology collapses, we can dominate the market in Saintornia! We won't have to deal with those arrogant partners anymore. Every time I meet them, they're condescending and

smug-I've had enough of it!" Theo complained.

Pedro took a deep breath, steadying his temper. "Come to my study. Now."

Ten minutes later, Theo stormed out of the study, furious.

As he reached the door, Pedro's cold voice echoed behind him. "Remember everything I told you. Follow my instructions to the letter. If you tear anything that leads to the Wilkie Group's collapse, I'll disown

you."

Theo gritted his teeth, his voice tense. "I understand, Grandpa."

Without another word, he left the house and climbed into his car. Rage simmered just beneath the surface as his hands clenched the steering wheel.

"Damon..." The name escaped through gritted teeth, his bloodshot eyes burning with fury.

He couldn't believe Damon had

managed to uncover his secrets and use them to blackmail Pedro. The humiliation was unbearable. He

wanted nothing more than to tell Drake everything and let him handle Damon.

But deep down, he knew that wasn't an option. Neither Drake nor Damon was someone the Wilkie Group could afford to cross.

The only thing he could do now was carefully navigate the cracks between them, hoping to avoid total destruction.

After sitting in the car for over ten minutes, Theo finally calmed down enough to drive away.

He had to figure out how to keep the Wilkie Group out of Damon and Drake's fight. Otherwise, no matter who won, the Wilkie Group would be the one to suffer.

With that thought, he dialed Jane's number. His voice was cold and clipped. "Do you have time? There's something we need to discuss."