

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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Nyla bit her lip, forcing a lighthearted tone. "I was just talking casually. Don't take it seriously. Besides, you're not the type to believe in these things anyway, right?"

"But when it comes to you, I can't afford not to believe," Damon replied.

"I promise I'll make sure to come back safely. Besides, no matter what, she's still my mother. She wouldn't truly harm me," Nyla reasoned.

"Alright," Damon answered.

The two hugged quietly for a while before Damon finally loosened his grip on Nyla. Still, his gaze remained fixed on her, unwavering.

Feeling his intense stare, Nyla shifted uncomfortably. "Why are you staring at me like that?"

"I just want to take a good look at you," he said.

Nyla pressed her lips together before leaning up to plant a kiss on his lips. "I'm tired. Let's sleep."

"Alright." Damon turned off the light, plunging the bedroom into darkness. The only illumination came from the soft moonlight streaming through the cracks in the curtains.

Snuggling into Damon's embrace, Nyla quickly fell asleep.

Hearing her steady breathing, Damon carefully turned on the bedside lamp and gazed at her sleeping face. It wasn't until the dead of night that the bedroom lights finally went dark again.

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The next morning, Nyla woke up before the sun had risen. Picking up her phone from the bedside table, she saw it was only 6:30 a.m.

There were less than three days left before she had to leave for Meristate.

Realizing her head was resting on Damon's arm, with his other arm draped across her waist, she gently moved his hand. Just as she was about to put it down, Damon's eyes opened.

"Sorry, did I wake you?" she asked.

"No, I was about to get up anyway. Are you getting ready to leave?" he asked.

"Yeah, I need to stop by my dad's place," she replied.

"I'll drive you over." Damon was already sitting up, preparing to get out of bed.

Nyla stopped him. "There's no need. It's still early. You should rest a little longer— you haven't been sleeping well lately."

"It's fine. I'll just take a nap later," he replied.

Seeing how insistent he was, Nyla relented.

After getting ready, they went downstairs for breakfast before Damon drove her to Harrison's apartment.

When the car pulled up outside, Nyla turned to Damon. "Wait for me here. I should be back in about half an hour."

"Alright. Just make sure to break the news to him gently-give him time to process," he reminded.

"Don't worry, I will." With that, Nyla got out of the car and headed upstairs.

Harrison was in the middle of breakfast when he saw Nyla arrive, surprised by her visit. "What brings you here so early?"

"Dad, I need to talk to you about something," she started.

Sensing the seriousness in her tone, Harrison turned to the housekeeper. "I remember we're low on salt. Go buy some from the store."

Once the housekeeper left, Harrison put down his cutlery and looked at her.

"What's going on? What do you need to tell me?"

Nyla sat down across from him. "Dad, I need you to brace yourself."

Harrison nodded. "Go ahead."

"In a few days, I'll be heading to Meristate, and I might not be able to return for a long time. I came to let you know," she announced.

The words had barely left her mouth

when Harrison's expression darkened. "What's going on? Why are you suddenly going to Meristate? Is this because of your mother?"

"It is," Nyla admitted. "She's been abroad all these years, caught up in work, and she feels guilty about it. She wants to hand over control of the Nixons to me, but the condition is that I move to Meristate"

"What about Damon and Buddy? Are they going with you?" Harrison asked.

Nyla shook her head. "Not yet. I'll go first and get things settled. Once everything is stable, I'll bring them over and I'll make sure they bring you along, too."

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Harrison's response was immediate. "I'm not going. I've lived in Saintornia all my life, and I'm used to it here. Besides, with my health as it is, I don't have many years left anyway. I'd rather not move around."

Nyla's heart sank. "Dad, you'll live a long and healthy life."

Harrison gave a faint smile. "At my age, with my body the way it is, every day is a gift. The only thing I can't stop worrying about is you. Otherwise, whether I live or die wouldn't matter to me."

"Please take care of yourself," she implored.

"I will. Since your mother is willing to entrust the company she's built over the years to you, make sure you work hard and don't let her down," he advised.

In Harrison's mind, Emerald was still the gentle and kind woman he'd known years ago. He had no reason to doubt what Nyla told him.

"I will," Nyla replied.

After sitting with him a while longer and discussing a few things, she finally took her leave.

When she returned to the car, her eyes were red, and tears shimmered in them. She didn't know if she'd still have the chance to see Harrison after she left for Meristate.

Damon immediately pulled her into his arms. "Nyla, don't worry. After you leave, I'll bring Dad to the villa to take care of him. If he doesn't want to move, I'll arrange for more people to look after him."

"Thank you. I'll be counting on you," Nyla replied.

"You're my wife, Nyla. He's my father too. This is what I should do," Damon reassured.

"Alright. Let's go home," she said.

When they returned to the villa, Mason was already awake, sitting at the dining table and eating breakfast.

Nyla walked over to him. "Buddy,

Mommy and Daddy got you a few days off school. We're going to take a triptogether. How does that sound?"

Mason's eyes widened in disbelief, a half-eaten toast frozen in his hand. "Really, Mommy?"

"Of course. Didn't you write in your reward list that you wanted to go on a trip with us?" Nyla asked.

He cheered, "Yeah! When are we leaving?"

His excitement was palpable. It wasn't just about the trip-he got to skip school!

"As soon as you finish breakfast, we'll pack and leave," Nyla answered. Hearing this, Mason immediately dropped the toast and tried to climb off his chair.

Nyla stopped him. "Buddy, what did Mommy teach you about wasting food?"

at

Mason looked at the toast, then at his serious expression, and reluctantly sat back down to finish eating. He ate so fast that he ended up choking on his last bite

Nyla quickly handed him a glass of milk, which he gulped down to clear his throat.

After wiping the milk from his mouth, Mason looked at her eagerly. "Can I pack now, Mommy?"

Nyla sighed, amused. "Go ahead, but take your time. There's no rush. Mommy and Daddy haven't started packing yet."

"Okay!" Despite his promise to take it slow, Mason bolted upstairs as fast as his little legs could carry him, disappearing around the corner in seconds.

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Nyla and Damon exchanged a glance and couldn't help but laugh.

"Let's go upstairs and pack too," Damon suggested. "Otherwise, Buddy will be all done and rushing us."

Nyla nodded. "Alright."

The two headed to their bedroom, each packing clothes for the next few days.

Since Nyla needed to gather her skincare products and makeup, Damon finished first. He walked over, intending to help, but she waved him off.

"Just stay put," she said. "If you touch this, you'll mess up everything I've just organized. Besides, you don't even know what's what."

Damon chuckled, leaning against the dresser. "Fine. I'll just watch you."

He didn't argue—makeup wasn't his forte. To him, all the lipsticks looked the same, though Nyla insisted there were big differences.

It took another ten minutes before she finally zipped up her bag.

Damon grabbed their suitcases and carried them downstairs, where Mason was already waiting.

Upon seeing them, Mason's eyes lit up. "Mommy, Daddy! Are we leaving now? Where are we going?"

Nyla crouched to his level, her tone gentle. "That's up to your dad. I don't know either."

Damon winked. "You'll see when we get there."

"Okay!" Mason was brimming with excitement.

Nyla reached for the little duck-patterned suitcase Mason had by his side, but he quickly stopped her. "Mommy, I'm five already! I can handle it myself!"

Seeing him effortlessly pull his small suitcase along, Nyla didn't insist. Instead, she praised him, "Wow, Buddy, you're amazing! You can carry your suitcase now!"

With pride sparkling in his eyes, Mason declared, "When I grow up, I'll help you with your suitcase just like Daddy does!"

Her smile faltered briefly, but she nodded. "Alright, I'll be counting on you when you're older."

The family stepped outside, where Walter was already waiting with the car. Seeing Damon, he hurried over to take one of the suitcases.

"Mr. Sumner, are you sure you don't need me to drive for you?" Walter asked. "No, you can take the next few days off and rest," Damon replied.

"Alright. Just let me know if you need me to come in. Drive safe!" Walter said.

After loading the luggage into the trunk, Walter handed Damon the keys and stepped aside.

Damon got in, followed by Nyla and Mason. Once everyone was buckled up, Damon started the car.

As the car pulled away, Walter headed back inside.

Lydia glanced up when she saw him. "They're off?"

Walter nodded. "Yes, but don't you think this trip feels a little sudden? It's not like Mr. Sumner at all."

Damon was known for his

meticulous planning. He typically informed Walter three days to a week in advance of any trip. This time, however, Damon had asked him to fill up the gas just last night and dismissed him from driving duties.

Lydia shrugged. "You're overthinking it. Mr. Sumner didn't have Ms.

d.ne

Kinsey or Mr. Mason around before.

Maybe one of them wanted to go

somewhere, and he agreed.

"But still... with so much work at the company recently, why now?" Walter questioned.

"Enough with the overthinking!" Lydia chided. "Take this time to relax. Once they're back, you'll probably be driving late nights again."

"Fair enough," Walter remarked.

In the car, Damon glanced at Nyla. "The place we're going is a bit far. You and Buddy should rest. I'll wake you when we get there."

She nodded. "Okay."

Leaning back, she closed her eyes but couldn't fall asleep. Thoughts of leaving Damon and Mason in just three days weighed heavily on her.

After a while, she opened her eyes, gazing at Damon with a mixture of longing and reluctance.

Sensing her stare, Damon turned to her briefly. "What's wrong? Can't sleep?"

"Yeah," she admitted softly. "I just wanted to look at you. Don't mind me."

Damon smiled. "Nyla, do you really think I can drive normally with you staring at me like that?"

His teasing tone made her roll her eyes. "Buddy's here. Be serious!"

From the back seat, Mason piped up, "Mommy, I covered my eyes! Pretend I'm not here. I can't see or hear anything!"

Nyla turned around and saw that, while Mason's hands were indeed over his eyes, he was peeking through the gaps. She couldn't help but laugh.

Kids these days were so sly. When she was his age, she'd been playing with dolls, not pulling little stunts like this.

Damon chuckled, and the tension eased. The car filled with warmth and laughter.

In an upscale restaurant in Saintornia...

Drake and Alexander sat across from each other.

Drake's expression was dark with anger, while Alexander remained calm.

"Mr. Kinsey, why didn't you tell me Nyla was leaving for Meristate with Mrs. Nixon?" Drake demanded, his voice sharp.

He wasn't happy about being the last person to know the news.

Alexander raised an eyebrow. "Why

should

You're neither a member of

the Nixons nor the Kinseys.

nor the Kinseys. Lowe

you nothing."

Drake's face hardened. "Don't forget our agreement. You said you'd help me become Nyla's fiancé!"

"That was before," Alexander said smoothly. "Back when Nyla refused to return to Meristate, I needed you to deal with Prospectus Technology. But now that she's agreed to go, you're irrelevant. Besides, do you really think my aunt would ever approve of you?"

Drake sneered. "What if your apprentice finds out who you really are? Do you think he'll stick around then?"

Before Drake had returned, he

already known Alexander was boy

training Mason as though the would one day be his successor.

Alexander's gaze turned icy. "Drake, do you think you're in a position to threaten

me?"

The Nixons viewed Drake as nothing more than a tool-a dog to be discarded once its use was over.

Drake's smile was cold. "Your aunt still needs me for her plans. You can't touch me just yet."

He added, "I'll let this go for now. But next time, it won't be so easy to pull one over on me."

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Drake stormed off, his anger radiating with each step.

Reaching his car, he kicked the door hard in frustration. The action brought little relief, so he pulled out his phone and dialed a number.

"Put a hold on the collaboration between MK and the Kinsey Group. Don't move forward until I return," he commanded.

Whatever the person on the other end said only fueled his fury.

"Do as I say! I'll take full responsibility for any consequences!" he growled before abruptly ending the call.

Breathing deeply to suppress his rage, Drake yanked open the car door and sped away.

...

Two hours later, Damon pulled up to a luxury hot springs resort.

Nyla's face lit up with delight as she turned to him. "I've always wanted to visit this place, but you've been so busy with work that I never mentioned it."

Damon smiled. "Spencer recommended it. I might have to give him a raise when we get back."

In the back seat, Mason's curiosity was piqued-he'd never been to a resort before.

As the family exited the car, a valet approached them promptly.

"Welcome, Mr. and Mrs. Sumner! We've prepared a shuttle to take you to your accommodations. Shall we send your luggage directly to your room?"

"Yes," Damon replied. "The bags are in the trunk. And please take care of parking the car."

"Of course. Right this way, please," the valet said, gesturing toward the resort entrance.

A golf cart awaited them inside, ready to shuttle them through the property. Once

they boarded, the driver navigated the cart through beautifully landscaped gardens adorned with cascading waterfalls and rolling artificial hills.

Mason's fascination was evident as he pointed enthusiastically. "Mommy, Daddy, doesn't that over there look like a cow's head?"

Nyla followed his gaze and smiled. "It really does."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "I think it looks more like an elephant's head."

Mason squinted. "How does that look like an elephant?"

"Look at the whole area as one shape," Damon explained. "Doesn't it resemble an elephant?"

After a moment of study, Mason nodded. "Oh! Yeah, I see it now."

He

admiration. "Wow, Daddy,
amazing! I wouldn't have
if

you hadn't pointed it out.

Pleased, Damon smiled. "Of course. I'm your dad, after all."

Nyla laughed. "Alright, you two can stop hyping each other up now. Where are we going first?"

"This resort has several natural hot springs," Damon said. "Let's soak in one first."

Mason clapped his hands in excitement. "I want to! I've only seen hot springs on TV before!"

Damon's grin widened. "I've rented the entire resort for us. You can soak in every spring if you want."

After a ten-minute ride, the cart stopped in front of a traditional-style villa.

As they disembarked, a staff
member approached with a warm
smile. "Welcome, Mr. and Mrs.

Sumner! I guide you to the dressing
area. All the springs and pools are available for your private use

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"Just a reminder-we recommend limiting each session to no more than two hours. If you feel lightheaded or experience a rapid heartbeat, please step out and rest immediately."

"Thank you. We'll manage from here," Damon said politely.

"Of course. If you need anything, there's a service button by each spring," the staffer added with a polite bow before departing.

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After changing their clothes, Damon led them to a shallower spring more suitable for Mason. He stepped in first to test the temperature, then carefully lowered Mason into the water.

As soon as Mason felt the warmth, he beamed. "It's so cozy!"

Damon chuckled and let go once he was sure Mason was steady. The shallow depth was perfect for Mason, as the water reached his neck when seated.

For Damon and Nyla, however, it was a bit too shallow.

After Mason adjusted to the spring, Damon turned to Nyla. "Should we move to one of the deeper springs? This one feels a little chilly."

Nyla hesitated, glancing at Mason as he splashed around. "But I'd feel uneasy leaving Buddy here alone."

"I'll call for some staff to keep an eye on him. He'll be fine," Damon said.

After a moment of thought, Nyla nodded. "Alright."

Once the staff arrived to supervise Mason, Damon led Nyla to a nearby, deeper spring.

As she sank into the warm water, which reached up to her shoulders, she sighed in satisfaction. "This is so relaxing."

Now she understood why Mason had been so excited earlier.

Damon moved behind her and began massaging her shoulders. "You didn't sleep well last night, did you? Let me help you loosen up."

She glanced back at him. "It's fine. Just soaking in the hot spring is enough."

"Come on, let me take care of you. Who knows when we'll get another chance like this?" Damon replied.

His words made the mood heavier.

Nyla lowered her gaze, sadness flickering across her face.

"Nyla, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said that," Damon apologized.

She turned and hugged him tightly, her voice soft. "It's okay. I don't want to leave you and Buddy either."

Seeing Damon and Mason laughing and enjoying themselves was her greatest happiness-one she knew would soon become a memory.

Even though she didn't know when or if she'd return, she was willing to sacrifice her own

happiness to protect Prospectusnet

Technology and ensure Mason could stay with Damon, safe and free from manipulation.

Damon held her close, his voice firm. "Alright, no more thinking about that. We're here to enjoy these three days together, so let's make them happy ones."

"Okay," Nyla said.

"Now, turn around. I'll massage your shoulders," he offered.

She nodded and turned, lowering her head to hide her reddened eyes.

What she didn't see was Damon's tearful expression behind her.

An hour later, they finished their soak and returned to find Mason who had been hopping from one spring to another, more interested in playing with the water than soaking.

When he spotted them, he quickly climbed out and ran to Nyla. "Mommy, this place is so fun!"

Nyla smiled. "I'm glad you're having a good time, but you've been in the water long enough. Too much can make you feel lightheaded.

"Let's go shower, have lunch, and take a nap before coming back in the afternoon, alright?"

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Mason nodded excitedly. "Okay!"

They returned to the changing area, showered, changed into fresh clothes, and took the shuttle to the restaurant.

As soon as they sat down, a server approached. "Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, we have several types of cuisine ready. What would you like for lunch?"

Damon looked at Nyla. "Nyla, you decide."

Nyla glanced at Mason and noticed his eyes fixed on the roasted chicken leg. She couldn't help but smile. "I'd like a steak, but I think Buddy wants the chicken leg."

Following her gaze, Damon saw that Mason's eyes were practically glued to the golden-brown roasted chicken leg. He chuckled. "Alright, we'll have the steak, and Buddy can have the chicken leg."

"Understood. How would you like your steak cooked? Any dietary restrictions?" the server asked.

Nyla shook her head. "Medium-well, and no restrictions."

Damon replied, "Medium-rare."

"Got it. And for Mr. Mason, besides the chicken leg, would he like anything else?" the server asked.

"No, that's all for now," Nyla answered.

"Alright. If you need anything later, just press the service bell," the server reminded them before leaving.

Half an hour later, their meals were served.

Mason's chicken leg was roasted to a perfect golden crisp, looking incredibly juicy on the inside.

The server placed the dish in front of him. "Be careful, it's hot."

He then placed Damon and Nyla's steaks before them, removing the lids. "Enjoy your meal."

After the server left, they began eating.

Just as Nyla picked up her knife and fork to cut her steak, Damon reached over and took her plate. "I'll cut it for you."

Even something as simple as cutting steak, Damon did with effortless elegance.

Nyla rested her chin on her hand and watched him, her eyes filled with love. Soon, Damon placed the neatly cut steak back in front of her. "All done."

She looked at the plate. Every piece was evenly cut, almost perfectly

square. She blinked in surprctly

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before laughing. "Damon, doyou have OCD?"

Damon glanced up at her while cutting his own steak and replied, "For some things, maybe."

"Like cutting steak?" Nyla teased.

His knife paused for a moment as he looked at his own plate, where every piece

was cut into neat squares. He remained silent.

After finishing lunch, they returned to their suite.

The family suite was spacious, with a dining area at the entrance. To the left was a kitchen, and further inside was the living room with a balcony. A hallway to the left led to two bedrooms and a bathroom,

The decor was simple and elegant-the way Nyla liked it.

After spending some time in the living room, Mason started getting sleepy.

Nyla took him to bed, tucking him in gently. Once he was asleep, she tiptoed out of the room and softly closed the door.

Turning around, she saw Damon

sitting in the living room, head lowered, lost in thought. She

pressed her lips together and walked over to him. "Damon, what's wrong?"

Hearing her voice, Damon lifted his gaze. "Alexander called earlier. Your plane ticket has been delivered to the villa."

Nyla's hands clenched slightly at her sides. She sat down beside him, wrapping her arms around his neck and resting her head on his shoulder.

"Damon, we agreed to enjoy these few days together and stay happy," she reminded him.

Damon was silent for a moment before speaking. "But I can't be happy when I know that you'll be leaving me and Buddy in just two days."

"I know... but this is the only way," Nyla replied.

"Yeah." Damon pulled her into a tighter embrace, holding her for a long time before finally letting go.

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"Alright, let's take a nap. We still have to play with Buddy later," Damon suggested.

Nyla shook her head. "Before we nap, there's something I need to tell you."

"What is it?" Damon asked.

She pulled a small notebook from her bag, flipped it open, and handed it to him. "This is what Buddy wrote last night-all the rewards he wants.

"I plan to buy the remaining ones over the next two days. I'll also prepare a few extra gifts. In the future, for his birthdays or holidays, just pick something from here and give it to him for me."

As soon as she finished speaking, Damon frowned. "Even after you go to Meristate, you can still send him gifts yourself. Are you planning never to come back?"

"No, listen to me. I just want to be prepared. If I can stay in touch with both of you after I leave, then you won't need to use these gifts. I'll choose new ones every year and send them myself. I'm just getting these ready in case something happens," Nyla explained.

Damon protested, "There won't be any 'in case.' I won't agree to this."

If he didn't agree, Nyla would keep thinking about it and figure out a way to contact them. If he agreed, she might think it was okay to let go completely. "Damon, if you don't agree, I'll have Valarie do it instead," Nyla warned. One way or another, she was determined to make sure it happened. Damon's expression darkened, and a heavy silence filled the room. After a long pause, he finally gave in. "Fine. I'll do it."

"Then it's settled," Nyla replied.

"Mm," he hummed in response, gazing at her profile with a mixture of sadness and helplessness in his eyes.

Because of their conversation, neither of them felt like napping anymore. They stayed in the living room until Mason woke up.

That afternoon, Damon took Mason on a tour of the resort.

Besides the hot springs, the resort had several scenic spots for viewing the snowy landscape.

Mason was thrilled the entire time and even built a snowman.

Before long, evening arrived.

After dinner, as they were on their way back, Damon received a call from Spencer.

Whatever was said on the other end, his expression darkened instantly. "I already told you, didn't I? Don't call me these next few days-I'm busy."

Just as he was about to hang up, Nyla reached over and held his hand. "Damon, we don't have any plans for the evening. If there's something urgent at work, go take care of t. Buddy and I will wait for you

After a moment of silence, Damon replied, "Don't worry. They can handle it without me."

There was no way a big company could operate without him.

With a hint of suppressed frustration, he told Spencer, "Go to Mr. Keane. If he can't handle it, then call me again."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer answered.

Back at the suite, Nyla sent Mason to find his pajamas for a bath while she and Damon sat on the couch.

"Damon, are you sure it's okay not to go back to the office?" she asked, concerned.

Prospectus Technology had only just stabilized. If he didn't go, she feared something could go wrong again.

Damon nodded. "Yeah, don't worry. It's only a few days-nothing major will happen."

"Alright then." She didn't press the issue further and instead brought up Valarie and Brandon. "I was planning to invite Valarie and Brandon over for dinner, but I won't have the chance now. Could you let them know for me and apologize?"

Damon looked at her. "You're still thinking about others at a time like this?"

"They're not 'others.' One is my best friend, and the other is your nephew," Nyla countered.

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Damon nodded. "Got it. You don't need to worry about these things. You're going

to Meristate alone. If something happens, I won't be able to reach you right away. You need to be careful."

"I know," Nyla replied.

"You can't trust Alexander or Drake, but they don't get along. You might be able to use that to your advantage," Damon suggested.

"As for the internal power dynamics of the Nixons, I don't have all the details yet, but from what I've found, your stepfather has a son and a daughter with your mother.

"He also has a mistress, and they have a son together. For the past ten years, he's essentially been living with her, and his relationship with your mother is terrible.

"Now that he's sick, he wants to pass the Nixons down to his mistress' son. Your mother won't accept that, so there's been a lot of internal conflict.

"I wasn't able to find out much more beyond that. If you can gather more information once you're there and can contact me, call me. I'll help you."

Hearing Damon's words, Nyla felt a surge of emotion rise in her chest. "Okay, I understand. I'll be careful."

Damon's expression was serious. "I'll work on expanding Prospectus Technology as quickly as possible so I can come to you sooner."

"Mm." Nyla leaned into his arms and whispered, "Damon, I'll do my best too, until the day you come for me."

Damon was about to respond when the bathroom door suddenly swung open.

Mason stepped out, wrapped in a towel.

Seeing Nyla and Damon embracing, he immediately covered his eyes. "I didn't see anything!"

Nyla pulled away from Damon, wiped the corners of her eyes, and smiled at Mason. "Come here after you're done, I'll dry your hair. And hurry up and get dressed-you don't want to catch a cold."

"There's heating in the room. I won't!" Mason countered.

"Even with heating, you still shouldn't be careless." Nyla picked up a towel and walked over to him, placing it over his head and starting to dry his hair.

Once she finished, she was about to help him get dressed when he quickly took a few steps back.

"Mom, boys and girls are different! You're a girl, I'm a boy. I'll do it myself," he said.

Nyla paused for a second, then nodded. "Alright, you do it. I'll go get your clothes."

About ten minutes later, Mason was fully dressed.

Normally, he'd be winding down for bed after playing for a while, but tonight even past 9:00 p.m., he

signs of being tired.

"Buddy, it's about time for bed. We

need to wake up early

don't you want to be

well-rested for our plans?" Nyla asked.

Mason had been playing happily, but hearing this, he looked up at Nyla. "Mommy, where are we going tomorrow?"

"You'll have to ask your dad," she replied.

Mason turned expectantly to Damon. "Daddy, what are we doing tomorrow?"

"You'll find out in the morning. Now

go to

bed

Damon

Now

Mommy and Daddy are We need to get

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answered. Contest,"

belongs

Realizing he wasn't going to get an answer, Mason pouted. "Alright, fine."

After he went to bed, Nyla and Damon took turns showering. Once they were both in their pajamas, they climbed into bed.

As soon as they lay down, Damon pulled Nyla into his arms.

Every moment with her was precious.

If it weren't for the fact that he knew she wouldn't agree, he wouldn't have brought Mason on this trip at all.

Even though Mason was his son, he didn't want anything—or anyone-cutting into his time with Nyla.

Chapter 1190

Damon and Nyla didn't speak. They simply lay there, holding each other, feeling time slowly slip away.

Eventually, they both drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Nyla and Damon were still asleep when there was a knock at the door.

"Daddy! Mommy! Are you awake?" Mason called.

Nyla stirred but still felt groggy, her eyes refusing to open. "Damon, can you get the door for Buddy?"

"Alright." Damon sat up, yawning as he walked to the door.

When he opened it, he looked down to see Mason fully dressed-hat, mask, everything-looking completely ready to go.

Seeing that Damon was still in his pajamas, Mason frowned. "Daddy, it's already past eight, and you guys are still sleeping?"

Damon leaned against the doorframe, looking a little helpless. "Mommy and I went to bed late last night. Can you let us sleep for just 30 more minutes?"

Mason thought about it seriously before nodding. "Alright. I'll wait for you in the living room."

"Good." Damon closed the door and climbed back into bed, pulling Nyla into his arms. "Let's sleep a little longer."

While he had been talking to Mason, Nyla had woken up completely. She pushed his hand away. "I'm already up—I won't be able to fall back asleep. I'm going to wash up. I'll wake you when I'm done."

Damon opened his eyes and looked at her. "If you're up, then I might as well get up too."

"You should rest a little longer. You haven't been sleeping well these past few days," Nyla advised.

"A few more minutes won't make a difference," Damon replied.

He sat up and followed her into the bathroom.

Nyla squeezed toothpaste onto their toothbrushes, while Damon filled their cups with water.

About ten minutes later, they were both dressed and walked into the living room. There, they saw Mason on the phone with someone.

As soon as he spotted them, he quickly hung up and hid the phone behind his back.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Buddy, who were you talking to?"

"Just a friend from kindergarten. I told him built a snowman yesterday, and he said he was super jealous because his parents won't let him play in the snow," Mason replied.

His little face was tense-clearly, he was lying.

However, Damon didn't feel like exposing him. He nodded. "Well, even if he can't build one himself,

you could show him the pictures you took. Let him enjoy it that way."

Nyla shot him a glare. "What kind of idea is that? Are you trying to make sure your

son has fewer friends?"

Damon chuckled. "What do you want for breakfast? I'll have them bring something up."

"I'm fine with anything. See what Buddy wants," Nyla said.

"He'll eat whatever we eat," Damon replied without missing a beat.

Mason was speechless. So kids wouldn't get a say, huh?

Damon called to have breakfast delivered.

Most of the food was things Nyla liked. Mason didn't object, since he liked the same things.

After breakfast, the three of them headed out.

Having eaten a big meal, they strolled leisurely toward the activity area.

Not long into their walk, Nyla's phone rang.

Seeing that it was a call from

Harrison's housekeeper-who rarely

contacted her-she suddenly had feeling. She quickly answered.

"Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Jayston has collapsed and is in the hospital. Can you come right

away?" the housekeeper informed.