

Trading My Ex for His Uncle c 1201

Lydia froze for a moment, her eyes widening in disbelief. "Mrs. Sumner, where are you going?"

"I'm going abroad, and I'll be gone for a long time. Please take care of Damon and Buddy for me," Nyla said.

It took Lydia a moment to process what she had just heard.

When she finally did, she hurriedly reassured her, "Don't worry. I'll take good care of them."

Nyla smiled gratefully. "Thank you, Lydia."

After their conversation, Nyla turned and walked toward the door, where Damon and Mason were waiting to take her to the airport.

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The drive was silent.

Over an hour later, the car pulled up to the airport entrance.

Nyla took a deep breath and turned to Damon. "Damon, while I'm gone, please take good care of Buddy and yourself. Your health is the most important thing."

Damon nodded. "I will. Once you arrive in Meristate, the people I've arranged to protect you will contact you. If you're ever in danger, reach out to them. They'll make sure you're safe."

"Okay," Nyla replied, then looked down at Mason and pulled him into a hug. "Buddy, be good and listen to Daddy. Eat well, okay?"

"Mm," Mason hummed.

Damon wrapped an arm around Nyla, holding her close.

The three of them stayed locked in a tight embrace until the driver reminded them that it was almost time for her flight.

Nyla wiped her red-rimmed eyes and stepped out of the car.

Damon and Mason followed her. As Damon retrieved her luggage from the trunk, he said, "Call me when you land, if you can."

"I will. Goodbye," Nyla said.

"Mm," Damon hummed.

Nyla took one last look at Mason before picking up her suitcase and heading into the airport.

Mason suddenly lunged forward, wanting to chase after her, but Damon caught him and firmly- placed him back in the car before getting in himself and locking the doors.

"Mommy! Mommy!" Mason sobbed, pounding on the car window.

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Nyla was already inside the airport, unable to hear his cries. He only watch helplessly as her disappeared from view.

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Damon turned his gaze away and instructed the driver, "Take us home."

Mason cried uncontrollably, his tear-filled eyes glaring at Damon. "I hate you! I hate you! Give Mommy back to me!"

Damon remained silent, his expression unreadable, though his entire body was tense.

"I want Mommy..." Mason's sobs grew softer, but the pain in his voice was unmistakable.

Damon looked at him and, after a pause, said softly, "Buddy, don't cry. We'll see Mommy again soon."

"You're a liar! I don't believe you..." Mason wiped at his tear-streaked face, his small body still shaking.

Damon handed him a few tissues before turning to stare out the window, a determined glint in his eyes.

He was sure that day wouldn't be too far away.

Nyla entered the airport and soon spotted Emerald and Alexander waiting for her.

Emerald stood tall in a long black trench coat, oversized sunglasses covering her face. Her chin was slightly lifted, and her expression was cold and unapproachable.

When Alexander saw Nyla, he waved.

Nyla approached them, her voice devoid of emotion. "It's about time. Let's go through security."

Emerald frowned, displeased. "Why do you look so reluctant? Once you get to Meristate, you'll see how foolish it is to resist."

Nyla met her gaze calmly. "You can tell me that after we arrive."

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Nyla didn't spare them another glance as she walked toward the security checkpoint.

Emerald's expression darkened, but she controlled her temper. She decided she would deal with Nyla properly once they reached Meristate.

After passing through security, the three of them waited in the lounge.

Alexander occasionally initiated small talk with Nyla, while Emerald rested, her eyes closed.

Before long, an airport staff member announced that boarding was beginning.

They boarded the plane, and after a long, exhausting flight, they finally landed in Meristate.

As soon as they disembarked, a chauffeur approached to take Nyla's luggage.

She followed Alexander and Emerald to a car.

Another hour's drive brought them to a grand estate on the outskirts of the city.

The towering iron gates, adorned with intricate carvings, stood at least four or five meters high-majestic and imposing.

As the gates swung open, the car drove inside.

The estate slowly came into view. Its gothic spires pierced the sky, exuding an air of mystery and solemnity. The pointed archways resembled the gaping jaws of a monster, as if ready to devour anyone who dared step inside.

Noticing Nyla staring out the window, Emerald smirked. "What do you think? Isn't this place much better than back home?"

Nyla turned to her, her voice flat. "I don't think so. Maybe you do."

Emerald's face stiffened, her brows furrowing in irritation. She turned away, choosing to ignore her.

In the front seat, Alexander watched the exchange with amusement.

It had been a long time since anyone dared to talk back to Emerald. Even the most favored daughter, Dekka, always behaved obediently in her presence.

It seemed life at the estate was about to get interesting.

The car came to a stop at the grand entrance.

Emerald stepped out first, not looking back.

Nyla opened the trunk and retrieved her own suitcase.

The driver quickly stepped forward to assist, but she avoided him. "Thank you, but I can handle it myself."

The driver, a local who was bilingual, understood Nyla and turned to Alexander for confirmation.

Alexander glanced at Nyla's suitcase—it didn't seem too heavy—so he told the driver to park the car and take a break.

Catching up to Nyla, he advised,

"You really shouldn't go against your mother at every turn. If you push her too far, it won't end well for you."

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Nyla turned to him. "And if I try to please her, will it change anything?"

"Hmm... Probably not. She hates it when people try to curry favor with her," Alexander replied.

Nyla retorted, "Then why shouldn't I at least make myself comfortable?"

Alexander thought it was a fair point. He had no rebuttal.

By then, they had entered the grand hall.

A blonde-haired, blue-eyed girl in an elegant dress sat on a black leather sofa.

The moment Nyla entered, the girl's

gaze

flid onto her. Her eyes

with a flash of jealousy as

she took in Nyla's striking

resèmbance to Emerald.

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The girl smiled at Alexander. "Alexander, you're finally back! Do you know how much I missed you while you were gone?"

Alexander raised an eyebrow. "If I remember correctly, you told me you hoped I'd never come back when I left."

The girl stuck out her tongue playfully. "You must've misheard! How could I ever want you to stay away? Oh, and by the way, did you bring me a gift?"

As she spoke, she stepped up to Alexander, holding out her hand expectantly.

Alexander chuckled. "Don't worry. I brought you something. I'll have the service staff send it to your room later."

"It better be something I like! If I don't like it, I'll just have them return it to you," the girl warned.

"Alright, alright," Alexander replied. "By the way, let me introduce you this is Nyla Kinsey. She's your elder sister."

The girl's smile faded slightly, and her gaze toward Nyla was tinged with hostility. "Oh? Elder sister? If I'm not mistaken, I only have one elder brother. Where exactly did this 'sister' come from?"

From her tone and expression, Nyla could tell the girl had been spoiled-used to her emotions being on full display, with everyone around her always willing to indulge her.

Alexander frowned. "Delia, don't be rude. Nyla is your half-sister. She'll be living here with you from now on."

Delia scoffed, her expression filled with disdain. "Alexander, not just anyone can waltz in and be my sister. I have plans to go shopping, and I'm running late. I'll be leaving now. Bye!"

Without waiting for a response, she walked past them and disappeared through the door.

Alexander sighed and shook his head but didn't try to stop her.

He turned to Nyla. "I'm sorry. Delia's been spoiled since she was little. She doesn't really have a filter."

"It's fine," Nyla said. "Where can I find Ms. Kinsey?"

"Aunt Emerald should be in her study right now. I'll take you there," he replied.

Nyla nodded. "Alright."

The estate was massive. Alexander led her out of the living room, down a long hallway, and through winding corridors until they finally stopped in front of a door.

He knocked. A voice from inside echoed. "Come in."

He pushed open the door. Inside, Emerald was seated behind a desk, setting aside a stack of documents as they entered.

"What do you want?" she asked, her tone impatient.

Before Alexander could speak, Nyla spoke first. "Ms. Kinsey, I'd like to know where I'll be staying."

Emerald's face darkened. "Nyla, I am your mother! You can't even greet me properly?"

"Ms. Kinsey, I apologize, but I believe you already have plenty of children. Honestly, I just can't bring myself to call you that. I hope you understand," Nyla answered.

Before Emerald could respond, Alexander quickly interjected, "Aunt Emerald, Nyla just arrived in

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Meristate and isn't familiar with

everything yet. Why don't we have

someone arrange her room and give

her a tour of the estate? You can

discuss other matters later."

Seeing the urgent look in Alexander's eyes, Emerald barely managed to suppress her anger.

She picked up the phone on her desk and dialed a number. "Come to my study immediately."

A few moments later, a woman in her 40s, dressed in a maid's uniform, knocked and entered. "Madam, you called for me?"

Emerald looked at her and instructed, "Arrange a room for her and show her around the estate. Let her know which areas are off-limits."

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The maid nodded. "Yes, Madam. And this young lady is..."

"Nyla Kinsey. My... eldest daughter," Emerald replied.

"I understand. Ms. Kinsey, please come with me," the maid said.

Without another word, Nyla turned and followed the maid out of the study, leaving only Emerald and Alexander behind.

Alexander approached the desk and said, "Aunt Emerald, you shouldn't be too harsh on Nyla. She didn't grow up by your side, so naturally, she'll think differently

from you.

"If you want her to listen, you'll need to ease into it. Once the distance between you two shrinks, she'll naturally come around."

Emerald huffed. "Am I not being nice enough? Did you hear what she called me? 'Ms. Kinsey'? I could die of anger right now!"

The cold, detached way Nyla had acted toward her stirred another wave of frustration in Emerald's chest.

True, she had divorced Harrison when Nyla was young, but during the time they had spent together, Emerald had done everything she could to care for her.

And this was how Nyla repaid her? Like some ungrateful child?

Alexander continued. "It's been years since you last saw each other, and she only recently found out that you built a life here-married and raised two kids.

"It's understandable she'd have complicated feelings. If you really want a relationship with her, you can't treat her the way you treat your subordinates. You need to show her the same patience you show Delia and Brian."

Emerald glared at him. "Do you think that's possible? Every time I see her emotionless face, it pisses me off."

"If she feels like you're always dissatisfied with her, she'll only pull further away," Alexander pointed out.

"I don't care about that. As long as she does what I say, that's all that matters," Emerald said firmly.

Alexander sighed and shrugged.

"Alright, Aunt Emerald. Do whatever you think is best. Just don't be surprised if the outcome is the complete opposite of what you expect."

With that, he turned and left the room.

Emerald tossed the files on her desk aside, pulled out a cigarette, and lit it. No matter how much she smoked, she couldn't shake the irritation gnawing at her.

Before she returned to the country, her sole intention was to bring Nyla to Meristate, use her as a shield against the political infighting within the Nixons, and protect Bria and Delia.

However, the moment she saw Nyla in person, she realized how much Nyla resembled her younger self.

Although she hadn't changed her initial plan, the cold indifference in Nyla's eyes still left her feeling inexplicably irritated.

With a sigh, she stubbed out the cigarette and left the study.

The maid led Nyla to a room in the farthest corner of the third floor. "Ms. Kinsey, this will be your room from now on."

Nyla pushed open the door. The decor was simple, the colors to her liking. She nodded. "Alright. By the way, how far is this from Ms. Kinsey's room?" The maid hesitated momentarily, realizing "Ms. Kinsey" referred to Emerald, before answering, "It's about a ten-minute walk from here to her bedroom."

From the start, she had no intention of placing Nyla near Emerald, Delia, or Brian. The last thing she wanted was for Nyla to find an opportunity to win Emerald's favor.

After all, the next successor of the Nixons had yet to be decided. For Nyla to suddenly be brought into the picture, it was possible she was here to compete for power.

The maid had watched Brian and Delia grow up, and she naturally didn't want an outsider to take what rightfully belonged to them.

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Nyla understood the maid's intention but didn't take it to heart. "Alright, I understand. Thank you."

A flicker of surprise crossed the maid's eyes as she watched Nyla walk into the room.

Shouldn't Nyla be angry and demand an explanation after learning that she'd been placed so far from Emerald?

If Nyla had confronted her, the maid could have used it as an excuse to escalate the situation, drawing Emerald's attention and fueling her dislike for Nyla.

It was unexpected that Nyla accepted the obvious slight without a hint of protest.

Nyla walked to the window and looked outside.

Her room was on the third floor, offering a perfect view of the garden below.

Even in winter, the garden was filled with a variety of blooming flowers, creating a stunning sight.

She retracted her gaze and turned back, planning to rest for a while.

When she saw the maid still standing at the door, she spoke. "I'd like to rest for a bit. Could you come back in an hour to show me around the estate?"

She wasn't particularly interested in the estate, but considering its vast size, it would be wise to familiarize herself with key locations—just in case she got lost. Here, she had no one to rely on but herself.

The maid curled her lips in disdain. "I have things to do in an hour. We can either go now or wait until I'm free, but I can't say when that will be."

Nyla frowned before standing. "Alright, let's go now, then."

"Sure," the maid replied.

She turned and walked out in triumph, completely missing Nyla's smirk.

Knowing that Nyla was tired, the maid deliberately took the longest route while introducing the estate, pointing out different areas and emphasizing which places were off limits. en

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Silently, Nyla memorized the paths they took mentally mapping the general layout of the estate and identifying key routes to important locations.

More than an hour later, they finally completed the tour.

The maid, slightly exhausted herself, glanced at Nyla. She noticed the light sheen of sweat on Nyla's forehead and thought-weak.

"Ms. Kinsey, do you remember everything I explained?" she asked.

Nyla furrowed her brow, looking troubled. "Sorry, I seem to have forgotten some of it. Would you mind going over it again?"

The maid's face darkened. "You forgot everything?"

"Not everything. I still remember a bit, but I'm a little unclear on which areas are off-limits," Nyla replied.

"You look tired today. I'll take you back for now. When I have time, I'll explain again," the maid said.

"That works too. Thank you for your trouble," Nyla replied.

After escorting Nyla back to her room, the maid left.

Nyla took out her phone and began sketching a map of the estate, retracing the paths they had taken.

Once finished, she snapped a picture of the map and tucked the original into the bottom of a drawer. Then, she sent a message to Damon.

Nyla: [I've landed safely. I'm at Ms. Kinsey's estate now. This place is huge! I'll show you the map!]

After sending the message, she followed up immediately with the picture she had taken.

Despite it being late at night back home, Damon responded right away.

Damon: [Got it. Are you tired? Get some rest. Call me if you need anything. Miss you.]

Seeing the last two words, Nyla

couldn't help but smile, only for it to fade quickly. She bit her lip, then

pressed the video call button

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The call connected almost instantly, and Damon's face appeared on the screen. Seeing Nyla, he smiled. "Nyla."

She immediately noticed he was at his office and frowned. "Isn't it the middle of the night in Saintornia? Why are you still at work?"

Damon pressed his lips together. "Something came up at the company. I promise I'll go home early tomorrow night."

Nyla's expression turned skeptical. "I don't believe you. I'm going to ask Lydia later if you've been eating properly."

"Nyla, I swear it's just a last-minute situation tonight. From tomorrow onward, I'll eat well and leave work on time. Okay?" His coaxing tone came through the phone, almost as if he were right beside her.

Despite that, they both knew they were separated by an entire ocean, with a time difference of over ten hours.

And... Damon was working so hard just so he could come to Nyla sooner.

Lowering her gaze, Nyla blinked away the slight sting in her eyes. "Damon, I'm not mad at you. I just... hate seeing you push yourself so hard."

"I know. That's why I'll listen to you and take care of myself. If you don't believe me, you can check with Lydia anytime. Deal?"

"Deal," Nyla replied.

"Good. Now, get some rest. We'll video chat again once you've had some sleep," Damon urged.

"Okay," she answered.

After ending the call, Damon turned to Spencer. "Tell the board members the meeting resumes in ten minutes."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner. But... the board members are already struggling to stay awake," Spencer reminded him.

The meeting had started in the evening and dragged on until nearly 4:00 a.m.- how could anyone endure that?

"I know," Damon replied.

The meeting continued until just after 5:00 a.m. Exhausted, some get

the board members didn't even bother leaving the office and simply slept there.

Damon, however, didn't rest. He continued going through documents.

Seeing this, Spencer finally couldn't hold back. "Mr. Sumner, you've been awake for almost 36 hours. If you

this up, your body won't last.

You should get some rest!

"I'm fine. You go rest," Damon replied.

Spencer gritted his teeth. "Mr.

Sumner, I really think you should tell Ms. Kinsey about the trouble the Nixons are causing Prospectus Technology. If she doesn't know, she never understand how much pressure you're under."

"This is between me and her. I know what I'm doing. Leave it," Damon said.

Sighing, Spencer didn't argue further. He turned and left the office. However, he had already made up his mind—he would contact Nyla himself.

If the Nixons continued targeting Prospectus Technology, the company wouldn't last long.

Standing in the stairwell, he pulled out his phone and sent Nyla a message, explaining the company's predicament.

Moments later, his phone rang. It was a voice call from Nyla.

"What's going on? The Nixons are really going after Prospectus Technology?" she asked.

"Yes. If this continues, the company won't survive another month," Spencer answered.

Nyla's expression darkened. "Got it. I'll handle this."

Hanging up, she immediately got out of bed, left her room, and headed straight for Emerald's office.

Reaching the door, she didn't bother knocking. She simply pushed it open and walked in.

Emerald frowned. "Don't you have any manners? Don't you know to knock before entering?"

"You promised me you'd provide resources to Prospectus Technology. Is this what you call helping-by targeting them instead?" Nyla demanded.

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Emerald put down the documents in her hand and narrowed her eyes. "Who told you that?"

Nyla stared at her coldly. "Does it really matter who told me? If you're not going to follow through on what we agreed upon, then I won't stay here and be your puppet."

Emerald met Nyla's icy gaze, laughed mockingly, and leaned back in her chair, a trace of ridicule flashing through her eyes. "You think you have a choice?"

From the moment Nyla agreed to come to Meristate, she had lost all say in the matter. Any bargaining power she thought she had was nothing more than an illusion.

Emerald had never intended to keep her promise.

Why would she provide resources to strengthen Damon's company, only for him to use them against her in the future? That would be nothing short of insanity—nurturing her own enemy.

As for Nyla, whether she liked it or not, she had to obey. There was no other option.

Nyla studied Emerald for a moment, then nodded. "Alright, I understand."

With that, she turned and left without another word.

Emerald's expression remained unreadable as she watched Nyla's retreating figure, her eyes dark and calculating.

Back in her room, Nyla took out her phone and sent a message to Damon.

He didn't respond immediately.

She wasn't in a rush. Instead, she opened her laptop and began researching the Nixons.

Over an hour later, Damon finally replied.

It was just one word.

Damon: [Okay.]

Nyla deleted their conversation history and continued reading.

As the sun dipped below the horizon, a maid knocked on her door, calling her to dinner.

When Nyla entered the dining room, she noticed a new face alongside Emerald, Alexander, and Delia, whom she had met earlier that day a young man about Delia's age.

Nyla recognized him immediately. She had seen his picture before.

It was Emerald's son, Brian Nixon.

Brian didn't show any hostility toward her. In fact, he looked rather intrigued, as if genuinely curious about her presence.

The dining table was massive.

Nyla sat in the only remaining seat with set tableware, keeping her gaze down and ignoring both Brian's inquisitive stares and Delia's barely concealed hostility.

Emerald shot her a cold glance. Seeing that she was at least behaving herself, she said indifferently, "Serve the food."

During dinner, Delia, Brian, Alexander, and Emerald engaged in lively conversation, making the dining atmosphere warm and harmonious.

From the way Emerald spoke to them, Nyla could tell—she genuinely loved her nephew and her own two younger children.

Nyla quietly ate her meal.

Surprisingly, she felt no sadness, no resentment—just an overwhelming sense of calm.

After finishing, she set down her utensils and stood up. "I'm done. You all enjoy your meal."

For a brief moment, the previously lively dining room fell silent.

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Emerald looked at her, her expression dark with disapproval. "Do you have no table manners whatsoever? Didn't you see that we're all still eating? You should wait until we've finished before getting up

Nyla met her gaze, fully aware that Emerald didn't care about table manners. She was just looking for an excuse to put her in a difficult spot.

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"Ms. Kinsey, I apologize, but as I've mentioned before, my mother only gave birth to me—she never taught me the table manners you're referring to. So, I don't have those things. I'm sure you understand that, don't you?" Nyla retorted before walking away.

"Nyla, stop right there!" Emerald shouted.

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Emerald's furious voice echoed behind Nyla, but she didn't even flinch. She quickened her pace and disappeared down the corridor.

The once-cheerful atmosphere at the dining table instantly turned tense.

Brian and Delia glanced at Emerald's dark expression and didn't dare say a word. They respected and feared her in equal measure. Whenever Emerald was displeased, they instinctively tread carefully, never daring to step out of line.

Alexander looked at his aunt's stormy face and couldn't help but say, "Aunt

Emerald, why are you making such a fuss over something so trivial? Besides, you were the one who broke the agreement first. You can't blame her for not

respecting you."

Emerald shot him a cold look. "Shut up!"

She had dealt with all kinds of people in her lifetime—she wasn't about to let Nyla get the better of her.

Alexander sighed in resignation but didn't press the issue.

He knew his aunt well. She never listened to anyone else's advice.

However, the way she was handling this would only push Nyla further away. Their already fragile blood ties would eventually snap beyond repair.

Brian and Delia finished their meals in silence and got up to leave.

Once only Alexander and Emerald remained in the dining room, he spoke again. "Aunt Emerald, I hope you'll seriously consider what I said earlier. If you go after Prospectus Technology, the only thing you'll achieve is driving Nyla further away. Don't forget-you still need her for many things."

Emerald's expression remained stoic. "I've thought it through. I'm not about to raise a competitor for myself. And now that she's here in the estate, there's nothing she can do to change that."

Alexander shook his head. "I've said my piece. How you handle it is up to you."

With that, he got up and left.

Meanwhile, Brian and Delia had just stepped into the garden when Delia pulled her brother aside.

"Brian, do you think Mom really plans to let that woman inherit the Nixons?"

Brian's expression darkened slightly, and he lowered his voice. "No way. Just from the way Mom treated her at dinner, it's obvious she doesn't like her. There's no

hand the Nixons over Sheld

He was certain of it.

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Besides, his private tutors had

recently started teaching him how to manage both the company and the

family's affairs. There was no way they would have dared do that without Emerald's approval.

Thinking about it, Brian smirked. Undoubtedly, he was the one Emerald had chosen to inherit the Nixons.

"But she dares to talk back to Mom, and Mom hasn't done anything about it. Mom has never been this lenient with us," Delia muttered, a hint of jealousy in her voice.

In the past, the moment Emerald shot them a cold look, they knew she was displeased and wouldn't dare cross the line.

But Nyla? She did whatever she wanted, and Emerald still hadn't punished her.

The thought alone made Delia resentful.

Brian turned his gaze toward the dark night in the distance, his voice low. "Delia, all you need to know is that we are Mom's favorites. That's all that matters."

"But-" Before Delia could finish, Brian suddenly picked up his pace and walked toward the front gate.

Delia frowned in confusion, but when she turned, she saw Alexander leaving the estate.

Without hesitation, she followed Brian.

Brian quickly stepped in front of Alexander. "Alexander, what did you talk to my mom about today?"

Alexander looked at him and raised an eyebrow at his probing gaze. "Brian, we discussed business matters. Even if I told you, you now,

wouldn't understand. Right now

your only priority should be school. Don't concern yourself with anything else."

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"I have one more question. Did my mom bring Nyla to Meristate because she actually wants her to inherit the Nixons?" Brian asked.

Alexander smiled. "Before you even asked me, didn't you already have your own answer?"

Brian was silent for a moment before speaking. "I just wasn't sure if my thoughts were correct, so I wanted to ask you."

"To your mom, you and Delia are the most important." With that, Alexander turned and left.

Once he got into his car, he leaned back in his seat and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"How's Prospectus Technology doing?" he asked his assistant in the front.

"They're still holding on, but they probably won't last much longer," Nigel Gundy replied.

Alexander was silent for a while before he slowly said, "Help Prospectus Technology."

Nigel was momentarily stunned and instinctively turned to look at him. "Mr. Kinsey, if your aunt finds out about this, she'll definitely be furious."

"I'll handle her. Just do as I say," Alexander replied.

After a brief hesitation, Nigel nodded. "Understood."

Alexander gazed out the window and couldn't help but sigh. He was starting to think that letting Emerald bring Nyla to Meristate was a mistake.

Nigel quickly contacted Spencer to offer their assistance, but they were immediately rejected.

"Mr. Kinsey, Prospectus Technology refused our help," he reported.

A displeased look crossed his face. Alexander was willing to extend a hand, yet they refused to take it. It seemed they would only realize their mistake once they were on the brink of bankruptcy and came begging for help.

Alexander frowned, picked up his phone, and dialed Damon.

The phone rang for a long time before Damon finally answered, his voice cold. "Mr. Kinsey, what do you need?"

"Mr. Sumner, know Prospectus Technology is in a dire situation. If things continue like this, you won't last another month. I genuinely want to help nothing more. There's no need to be so wary of me,"

Alexander said.

"Mr. Kinsey, you're overthinking things. Prospectus Technology doesn't need your help, but I appreciate the offer. I have a lot of work, so I'll leave it at that," Damon replied.

"Wait." Alexander frowned. "Mr.

Sumner, did you know Nyla got into a huge argument with my aunt over Prospectus Technology? If you truly want her to return to you and Buddy, the most important thing right now is to save Prospectus

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Technology-not your pride."

Silence stretched on the other end of the line.

After a long pause, Damon's voice finally came through. "Mr. Kinsey, you played no small part in Nyla leaving me and Buddy. You don't get to act like the good guy now."

With that, he hung up.

Alexander set his phone down and told Nigel, "Book me a flight to Saintornia as soon as possible."

If Prospectus Technology really went bankrupt, knowing how much Nyla cared about Damon, she would never forgive Emerald. Their already fragile relationship would completely fall apart.

The Nixons were already in chaos. If Nyla and Emerald weren't on the same side, someone else would definitely seize the opportunity.

He absolutely couldn't let that happen.

Even if Prospectus Technology was doomed to go under, it couldn't happen now.

Nigel looked puzzled, unable to understand why Alexander was so insistent on throwing money at people who didn't want his help.

"Mr. Kinsey, Prospectus Technology doesn't appreciate your goodwill. Why bother forcing it on them?" he asked.

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The words had barely left Nigel's mouth when he met Alexander's sharp gaze. A chill ran down his spine, and he quickly lowered his head, avoiding Alexander's stare.

"Since when do you get to make decisions for me?" Alexander asked lightly. "Want to switch seats? You can take my position instead."

Nigel immediately ducked his head even further, his voice trembling. "I'm sorry, Mr. Kinsey. I overstepped."

Alexander said nothing more, but the heavy pressure in the air made Nigel feel like he was sitting on needles. He quickly pulled out his phone and booked a flight.

Ten minutes later, he reported, "Mr. Kinsey, I booked you a flight for tomorrow morning at 8:00 a.m. It's the earliest one available."

"Okay." Alexander gave a lazy response and said no more.

Knowing he had spoken out of turn earlier, Nigel didn't dare make another sound.

He shrank back in his seat, hoping to make himself invisible.

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Damon handed over a signed contract to Drake in Prospectus Technology's CEO office with a smile. "Mr. Mummery, I look forward to working together."

Drake smiled back. "Likewise."

After leaving Prospectus Technology, Drake got into his car and immediately made a phone call. "It's done. I signed the contract with Prospectus Technology. What's next?"

"Nothing else. Just return to Meristate as soon as possible. We don't want Emerald getting suspicious," the person on the line said.

"Understood."

After hanging up, Drake sneered.

If Alexander and Emerald refused to give him opportunities, he'd simply switch sides.

After all, the Nixons might seem stable on the surface, but beneath it, turmoil brewed. He couldn't afford to bet everything on just one person.

Putting away the contract, he turned to his secretary. "Book me a flight back to Meristate."

Once he returned, he'd find an opportunity to pay Nyla a visit.

The next evening, Alexander landed in Saintornia and headed straight to Prospectus Technology.

Damon met with him, but his attitude was as cold as ever. "Mr. Kinsey, as I already said over the phone, Prospectus Technology doesn't need your help. Please leave."

Alexander stepped forward, blocking his path. His voice was firm. "Mr. Sumner, this isn't the time to be stubborn. If Prospectus Technology goes under, you'll lose your last chance to be with Nyla."

Damon turned to look at him, his eyes freezing over. "Mr. Kinsey, what right do you have to bring up Nyla? If you hadn't gone looking for her, Emerald wouldn't have followed, and Nyla wouldn't have left me and Buddy.

"As for Emerald-does she really think she can do whatever she wants just because she's keeping Nyla in Meristate? One day, I will bring Nyla back."

"Mr. Sumner, I know you resent me and my aunt, but right now, the priority is saving Prospectus Technology," Alexander urged.

"You don't need to worry about that. Prospectus Technology won't go bankrupt, and we definitely don't need your fake kindness. I see the Kinseys for what they really are. Nyla never should have changed her last name to it," Damon retorted.

Without sparing Alexander another glance, he brushed past him and left.

Alexander wanted to chase after him and talk things through, but Spencer stepped forward, blocking his way. "Mr. Kinsey, please leave."