

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

## Chapter 1221

If they couldn't find Nyla by 6:00 p.m., the banquet would have to be canceled, and Emerald would become a laughingstock.

At another estate on the west side of the city...

Nyla was having lunch in the garden with an elderly man who appeared to be around 70, his graying hair neatly combed.

"Ms. Kinsey, try this truffle omelet. It's the chef's specialty," the old man said.

Nyla smiled and nodded. "Thank you."

After breakfast, they took a walk through the garden.

"Ms. Kinsey, how does my estate compare to your mother's?" the old man asked.

Nyla glanced around, then smiled. "Each has its own charm. Both are beautiful." "And which one do you prefer?" he pressed.

Nyla thought for a moment before meeting his gaze. "Do you want the truth or a polite answer?"

"The truth, of course," he replied.

She answered honestly, "I prefer Ms. Kinsey's estate because it has my favorite Damask roses."

"Just because of that?" he asked, amused.

"Yes," Nyla said simply.

The old man chuckled. "Alright. When I take over the Nixons, I'll give you that estate as a token of gratitude for helping me."

Nyla smiled. "You're not lying to me, are you?"

"Of course not. I always keep my word," he assured her.

"Well then, I wish you success in advance," she said.

"As long as you help me, I will definitely take the Nixons," he declared confidently.

After a short stroll, the old man retired to rest while Nyla, under his secretary's arrangements, began preparing for what was to come.

Emerald paced anxiously in the living room, her expression icy.

Brian and Delia sat on the sofa, not daring to make a sound.

Delia had secretly messaged Alexander, hoping he would come over.

Whenever Emerald was frustrated over something she couldn't resolve, Delia would turn to Alexander-he always had a solution.

This time, though, Alexander didn't reply.

Delia gripped her phone, waiting anxiously.

Suddenly, the butler hurried in and whispered a few words to Emerald. Her expression instantly darkened. "What did you just say? That's impossible!"

Prospectus Technology was on the verge of bankruptcy liquidation. How could someone suddenly step in to help? And why couldn't they trace who this person was?

"Madam, the people in Saintornia relayed this information. They're asking what

you'd like to do next," the butler reported.

Emerald took a deep breath, her mind racing.

Nyla had mysteriously disappeared after leaving the estate last night, and none of her people had been able to track her down.

She suspected that the person backing Prospectus Technology was the same one who had taken Nyla.

Several names flashed through her mind, but she couldn't be certain.

She exhaled slowly, her voice sharp. "Continue pressing Prospectus Technology, but focus on finding out who's behind them."

"Understood, Madam. I'll notify them immediately," the butler said.

"Wait. Any news on Nyla?" Emerald asked.

The butler hesitated. "Still nothing..."

"Got it. Call Alexander over," she instructed.

Once the butler left, the atmosphere in the living room grew even heavier.

Delia remained silent, too afraid to move. She frantically texted Alexander. If Emerald weren't in the room, she would have already sent a voice message or called him directly.

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Brian's expression was grim as he approached Emerald. "Mom, do you have any suspects for who took Nyla?"

"There are a few-Jacob, Darcy, Toby, and Antoine. These four have been the biggest obstacles to my control over the Nixons. Every time I make a decision, they push back on purpose," Emerald replied.

Brian nodded. "Alright, I'll look into them now and update you as soon as I find anything."

"Good. We need to find her before the banquet begins," Emerald reminded him.

"I understand," Brian answered.

Once Brian left, Delia grew even more anxious.

A message from her friend popped up on her phone, asking if she had used the methods they had discussed to deal with Nyla.

She frowned at the message, ignored it, and deleted the chat.

An hour later, Alexander entered the estate's living room.

The moment Delia saw him, it felt as if an angel had descended her whole body relaxed in relief.

Alexander, however, barely noticed her reaction. He walked straight to Emerald. "Aunt Emerald, you called me?"

that someone is

"Do you know tha

secretly helping Prospectus Technology? And that Nyla disappeared last night after leaving

the estate? I still haven't f

her."

Emerald's voice was heavy, her expression unreadable.

Alexander remained indifferent. "I didn't know. Now I do."

Emerald frowned, her voice sharpening. "I'm telling you so you can help me resolve it. Prospectus Technology must go bankrupt, and Nyla must be found before the banquet!"

"Aunt Emerald, I'm afraid I can't help you. I've already decided to stay out of the Nixons' internal affairs," Alexander said.

"What?!" Emerald stared at him in disbelief, fury flashing in her eyes. "What do you mean? Are you still holding a grudge over last time?!"

Alexander shook his head. "No, you misunderstand. I just don't agree with your approach. I can't support some of your actions, and you refuse to listen to my advice. So I've decided to step away completely. Do whatever you want."

"So you came here not to help me, but to sever ties?" Emerald demanded.

She had raised Alexander like her own son for years, yet now he was turning his back on her just because she wanted to take down Prospectus Technology?

"Aunt Emerald, I'm not severing ties with you. I just don't want to be involved anymore.

"And let's be honest this situation is your own doing. If you had kept your word and supported Prospectus Technology instead of trying to destroy him, Nyla wouldn't have run away," Alexander stated.

"If I had to guess, whoever took her is positioning themselves to take over the Nixons instead of you.

"Even if you manage to bring her back, she won't be on your side anymore. You should give up on her and find another way," he analyzed.

"Impossible!" Emerald's face was ice-cold as she glared at him, disappointment written all over her features. "Alexander, I misjudged you. If you refuse to help me, then from this moment forward, we're done!"

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Alexander frowned. "Aunt Emerald, must you force me?"

Before going to Saintornia, Emerald had promised to respect Nyla's wishes as much as possible.

Yet, once she arrived, she acted entirely on her own terms, leaving no room for negotiation. She even went back on the conditions she had agreed to once Nyla reached Meristate.

Sometimes, Alexander couldn't understand.

Was Nyla really Emerald's daughter, or was she her enemy? What kind of mother could be so ruthless to her own child?

Even if Emerald had only ever seen Nyla as a tool, did she really have to be this cruel?

Emerald's expression darkened, her gaze filled with anger and disappointment as she looked at Alexander.

"Alexander, who's really forcing whom here? Don't forget, the Kinseys' success today is in no small part thanks to me. The position your father and you enjoy now exists because of my efforts. Anyone else can betray me, but you cannot!" she barked.

Alexander pressed his lips together, staring at his aunt, who now seemed like a stranger to him.

It was true that Emerald had helped the Kinseys immensely, but now that he could see she was on the wrong path, he couldn't continue supporting her.

"Is it really worth sacrificing your daughter and your conscience just for your son?" he asked.

"That's not for you to decide! You only need to answer me will you help me, or are we cutting ties?" Emerald pressed.

The room fell into an uneasy silence.

Sensing the tension, Delia quickly got up and rushed over. She grabbed Alexander's arm, pleading, "Alexander, just apologize to my mom! Tell her you know you were wrong. She'll definitely forgive you!"

Panic was written all over her face. She had never seen Alexander argue with Emerald before, let alone hear Emerald threaten to cut ties with him.

The consequences of that scared her.

Alexander glanced at Delia, noting her fear and desperation.

doted on his cousin.

He had always d

Yet, reflecting on what Nyla had endured over the years-compared to Delia, who had been pampered and carefully raised-he couldn't help but feel a pang of injustice for Nyla.

At that moment, he finally understood why Nyla had always been cold and distant toward Emerald, why she refused to come to Meristate with her.

If he were in her place, he wouldn't have forgiven Emerald either.

With that realization, Alexander turned to Emerald and said firmly, "Aunt Emerald, if you can't treat Nyla the same way you treat Delia and

Brian, then I can't help you anymore."

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Emerald let out a cold laugh. "So, you're really willing to cut ties with me over Nyla?"

"She's not just anyone-she's your daughter. And she's my cousin," Alexander emphasized.

"To me, she's just a pawn. I stopped seeing her as my daughter long ago," Emerald retorted.

Alexander nodded. "You have your own views, and I can't change them. But I have my own principles, and I won't abandon them. I hope you get what you want. If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

With that, he turned and walked out.

Emerald's sharp, furious voice echoed behind him. "Alexander, don't regret this! If we cut ties, everything I've given to the Kinseys—I can take it all back in an instant!"

Alexander paused for a brief moment but didn't look back. He walked straight out of the living room.

Emerald was livid, her anger nearly driving her mad. Her hatred for Nyla deepened.

Ever since Nyla arrived in Meristate, nothing had gone her way!

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Not even the nephew Emerald had watched grow up stood by her side anymore.

In a fit of rage, she knocked over an antique vase, her expression dark and stormy.

At the entrance of the estate, Alexander was intercepted by Delia, who had chased after him.

She was furious, the warmth she once had for Alexander now gone. Her gaze was sharp and hostile.

"Alexander, you've gone too far! You actually went against my mom for Nyla? You even want to cut ties with her? Are you insane?!" she snapped.

Alexander remained indifferent. "I'm perfectly sane, Delia. You're my family. Nyla is also my family."

"She has nothing to do with us! She's a worthless nobody! Ever since she arrived, our lives have been a mess. I wish she'd just disappear from this world!" Delia

cried.

Alexander's eyes darkened at her venomous words, but he didn't reprimand her. Instead, he said, "Delia, your life isn't in chaos because of her-it's because of your mother."

If Emerald hadn't been so greedy, she never would have brought Nyla to Meristate in the first place.

Nyla was just another victim in all of this.

"It is because of her! Ever since she came, everything has fallen apart. You and my mom are fighting because of her! I hate her!" Delia shouted.

Seeing how agitated she was, Alexander said nothing more. He turned and got into his car.

He probably wouldn't come back here again. He couldn't bring himself to stand with Emerald and force Nyla into submission. The only choice left was to walk away.

As Alexander's car disappeared from view, Delia's eyes turned red with unshed tears. She tilted her head back and rubbed her eyes, refusing to let them fall.

Since Alexander had chosen Nyla, she would no longer acknowledge him as her cousin.

Taking a deep breath, she suppressed the sadness in her heart and turned back toward the estate.

When she entered the living room, she saw the shattered mess on the floor, with Emerald standing coldly in the middle of it. She rushed over. "Mom, are you okay?"

Emerald gave her a sharp look. "What did Alexander say to you?"

Delia sniffled. "I tried to convince him to apologize and come back, but he refused."

Emerald's expression turned ice-cold. "Then I misjudged him. From now on, we have nothing to do with the Kinseys. You are never to contact him again!"

She would like to see just how long the Kinseys could last without her support. "Yes, Mom," Delia answered.

After Emerald vented her anger, her expression gradually returned to normal. She ordered the service

clean up the mess and then

went to her study. fo

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An hour later, Brian returned. "Mom, I investigated the people you

mentioned, but none of them have shown any unusual behavior since last night. Do you suspect anyone else?"

Emerald's face darkened. These were the people she was most certain had the means and motive to hide Nyla's whereabouts.

"I'll give you another list. Check them immediately. We must find her before the banquet starts," she ordered.

"Understood, Mom," Brian replied.

Emerald quickly wrote down a new list, which Brian took before leaving.

Nyla had heard that Emerald was searching for her.

A maid relayed the message while she was playing chess with the old man.

Concerned, she looked up at him and asked, "Will this cause trouble for you?"

The old man chuckled. "Don't worry. She won't be able to trace you here. Besides, I've already made

arrangements. Have you prepared your gown for the banquet tonight?"

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"Mm," Nyla hummed in response.

Just as she was about to continue asking, the old man suddenly said, "Ms. Kinsey, you've lost."

Hearing this, Nyla looked down and realized her pieces were completely surrounded. "I'm not skilled enough. Looks like I need to keep practicing."

The old man tossed his pieces back into the container, smiling. "You lost because your mind wasn't calm. Playing chess requires focus and patience. Without them, you'll quickly lose everything. The same goes for the battles between people- one can't rush things."

Realizing he was indirectly pointing something out to her, Nyla nodded. "Alright, I understand."

"I'll go back to work. Once you're ready, I'll have the driver take you to your destination. From here on out, whether you can get information from your mother depends on you," the old man said.

"Alright," Nyla replied.

The old man left and went straight to his study.

He had just sat down when he received an overseas call.

"How is she?" the caller asked.

The old man raised an eyebrow. "You only care about her? Not about me?"

There was a brief pause before Damon's somewhat helpless voice came through. "You have so many people caring for you every day. My concern feels like overkill."

The old man chuckled. "She's fine, don't worry. But she's going back to Emerald's estate tonight. Are you sure she can handle it alone?"

"Yes. I believe in her," Damon answered.

"Alright. Only she can get the useful information. I'll ensure her safety. Once I get control of the Nixons, I'll arrange for someone to send her back home," the old man promised.

"Got it," Damon replied.

The two exchanged a few more words before hanging up.

The old man set his phone down with a smile.

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That evening, while Emerald was anxiously dispatching more people to find Nyla, the butler entered and reported that Nyla had returned.

Emerald's face changed slightly. She quickly stood up and walked toward the living room.

Her fury flared when she saw Nyla sitting calmly on the sofa. She hurried over. "Where have you been for the past day?"

Nyla looked up, meeting Emerald's sharp gaze. Her expression remained indifferent. "Ms. Kinsey, aren't you all-knowing? You brought me from Saintornia to Meristate, so finding out where I went should be a piece of cake for you."

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Emerald's face darkened. "Nyla, my patience is limited. You'd better confess before I lose my temper!"

"If I told you, would you believe me?" Nyla asked.

Emerald stiffened. Of course, she wouldn't believe her. Even if Nyla told the truth, she would investigate to verify what really happened.

With Edward's health deteriorating, no one knew when he might suddenly pass away. She couldn't afford any complications during this critical time.

After a moment of silence, she said coldly, "Whether I believe you or not is one thing. Whether you tell the truth is another."

Nyla smirked. "Since you don't believe me, there's no point in telling you. Besides, I'd just lie anyway. If you want to hear nonsense, I'll tell you I spent the day sleeping next to a trash can."

"You!" Emerald gritted her teeth in anger. Only Nyla could come up with such ridiculous stories and say them so casually!

Just as she was about to explode, the butler stepped forward and whispered, "Madam, there are only two hours left until the banquet. The most important thing is to ensure the event goes smoothly. The rest can wait." swnovel

Emerald instantly calmed down. She turned to Nyla and said coldly, "We'll

talk about where you went later.

Now go to your room. The makeup

artist and stylist will be there to do

your makeup and select an outfit for the banquet." swnovel

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"I don't need a stylist. I've brought my own dress," Nyla said.

Upon hearing that, Emerald's gaze fell on the box beside Nyla.

The box bore the logo of a small, niche luxury brand from Meristate-DG. This brand was little known to the public, circulating almost exclusively within high society.

Unlike some brands that prominently displayed their logos, DG embroidered its insignia in a discreet, hidden spot inside its garments. From the outside, there was no way to tell it was theirs.

Their seasonal collections were always breathtaking, featuring exquisite designs, and ordering from them required a reservation made three months in advance.

Just from the box alone, Emerald could tell that whoever had taken Nyla last night was someone of considerable status.

She opened the box. The moment her eyes landed on the iridescent, mermaid- style strapless gown inside, her expression darkened.

She recognized this dress-it had been reserved three months ago by a mysterious buyer.

As the saying went, nothing stayed hidden forever. No matter how elusive someone was, as long as there was a lead, they could be found.

Emerald sneered. "Since you already have the dress, go ahead and wear it."

With that, she turned and walked out.

Back in her study, she immediately called DG's chief designer, Bell Burton.

"Bell, if I'm not mistaken, you designed a mermaid-style strapless gown three months ago, and it was purchased by a mysterious buyer. Am I right?"

A cheerful male voice answered from the other end. "Yes, Ms. Kinsey. What's the matter?"

"I want to know who that buyer was," Emerald stated.

There was a brief silence.

After a long pause, Bell finally spoke. "You know I can't disclose client information."

"I heard you've been thinking of

leaving DG to start your own studio.

If you tell me who tha

can invest in your new

is, I

Emerald offered. Swnovel

The silence stretched longer this time.

Emerald didn't rush him, waiting patiently.

After what felt like an eternity, Bell spoke again. "I heard you're hosting a banquet tonight to introduce your eldest daughter. Would I have the honor of attending?" swnovel

Hearing his implied meaning, Emerald smiled. "Of course. I'll have someone send you an invitation."

"Good. I have work to do-see you tonight," Bell replied.

After hanging up, Emerald turned in the direction Nyla had left with a smirk.

After Bell ended the call, he turned to the old man sitting across from him with a sly smile. "The big fish has taken the bait."

"Enjoy the evening," the old man replied.

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When Nyla returned to her room, a stylist and a makeup artist were already waiting by the vanity.

As she entered, the makeup artist immediately spoke. "Ms. Kinsey, please have a seat. We don't have much time."

Nyla walked over and sat down. Just as the makeup artist and hairstylist were about to begin, she suddenly said, "By the way, I'll be wearing this dress tonight. Please style my hair and makeup to match it." swnovel

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The makeup artist and stylist glanced at the dress, their eyes widening in disbelief.

"This dress... Is it the one designed by Bell Burton?" they exclaimed.

The dress had become famous in the fashion world, with countless people eager to see it in person. However, after being purchased by a mysterious buyer three months ago, it had disappeared from the public eye-until now.

To their astonishment, it was right in front of them.

Nyla nodded. "Yes."

At her confirmation, the makeup artist and stylist's eyes lit up.

The makeup artist eagerly asked, "Ms. Kinsey, may I take a closer look? I promise

I won't touch it-just a quick glance."

The stylist quickly added, "I'd like to see it too, Ms. Kinsey. Could I?"

Nyla was slightly taken aback. "But didn't you just say we're running out of time?"

"Just one minute! I swear I'll have your makeup done before the event starts," the makeup artist promised.

"Me too!" the stylist echoed.

Seeing their longing expressions, Nyla finally relented and nodded. "Okay."

With her permission, the two immediately stepped closer to the bed, bending down to admire the dress' intricate details and masterful craftsmanship. Envy flickered across their faces.

When the minute was up, they reluctantly tore their gazes away and returned to the vanity, focusing on their work.

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Two hours passed.

Just as Nyla was beginning to feel drowsy, the makeup artist finally spoke. "Ms. Kinsey, we're finished. Please take a look and see if it's to your liking."

Nyla gazed into the mirror. The woman staring back at her had a flawless complexion, her skin as delicate as porcelain.

The peach-colored blush gave her a youthful glow, making her look several years younger-she could easily pass for an 18-year-old college student. Swnovel

Noticing Nyla's silence, the makeup artist hesitated, worried she wasn't satisfied.

She quickly explained, "Ms. Kinsey,

your skin is wonderful, and your features are naturally beautiful A lighter makeup look suits you better than something heavy. But if you don't like it, I can change it." swnovel

Nyla shook her head. "No need. I think it's perfect as is."

The stylist curled her hair into big, soft waves that cascaded naturally down her back, giving her an elegant yet intellectual aura.

Nyla smiled slightly. "Thank you. I love the makeup and the style."

Hearing this, the stylist let out a relieved sigh and quickly said, "Oh, Ms. Kinsey, this is from Madam. She asked me to give it to you."

Nyla took the box and opened it, revealing a diamond crown.

A flash of mockery flickered in her eyes. "I see."

"Ms. Kinsey, Madam asked that you wear this crown when you make your entrance tonight," the stylist reminded her.

"Alright. I'm going to change into my dress now. You two can leave," Nyla said.

Sensing her mood change, the makeup artist and stylist didn't dare say anything more. They quickly packed their things and left.

Both were renowned international

makeup artists and designers, yet in

this estate, they knew their status

meant nothing. The people here were not ones they could afford to offend. swnovel

Once they were gone, Nyla walked over to the bed and pulled out the dress. She

stared at it for a moment before changing into it.

Just as she finished, a knock sounded at the door.

A maid's voice came from outside. "Ms. Kinsey, the banquet is about to start. Madam asked me to escort you downstairs."

"Okay." Nyla walked to the mirror, picked up the diamond crown, and placed it on her head before heading toward the door.

The moment she opened it, the maid outside froze, momentarily stunned by her appearance. It took her a few seconds to regain her composure.

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"M-Ms. Kinsey, please come this way," the maid said.

"Alright," Nyla replied.

As they walked to the living room, the maid couldn't help but glance at Nyla from the corner of her eye, filled with disbelief and awe.

Was this really the same Ms. Kinsey as before?

Her face hadn't changed much, yet after the makeover, she looked as if she could pass for a celebrity on TV.

The maid was certain that the moment Nyla made her entrance, she would cause quite a stir. Even the widely praised Delia would pale in comparison.

Nyla, seemingly oblivious to the maid's scrutiny, followed her in silence.

A few minutes later, they entered the living room.

As soon as they stepped inside, the maid noticed more and more eyes turning their way. No, to be precise-all eyes were on Nyla.

She walked past without sparing anyone a glance, calmly following the maid to where Emerald stood.

Emerald was slightly taken aback at the sight of Nyla, a complex expression crossing her face. Though she didn't want to admit it, she had to acknowledge that, of all her children, Nyla resembled her the most when she was young.

Delia and Brian had inherited Edward's deep-set features, with only faint traces of her likeness in their brows and eyes.

Suppressing her tangled emotions, Emerald lowered her voice and warned, "Everyone here tonight is a big shot. You'd better not cause any trouble. If you do, I won't spare either Damon or Buddy."

Nyla's expression remained calm. "I understand."

Seeing that Nyla was behaving, Emerald relaxed slightly. She smiled and gently tucked a lock of Nyla's hair behind her ear, guiding her to face the guests in the living room.

"Ladies and gentlemen, thank you so much for taking the time to attend my daughter's banquet," Emerald announced with a gracious smile.



"I left her when she was very young, and not being able to raise her has always been a regret of mine. But perhaps the Almighty has heard my plea, and now she has returned to my side. From now on, our family is finally complete." swnovel

She paused, then added, "As a form of compensation, I plan to make her the Nixons' successor. I hope everyone will take good care of her in the future."

A round of enthusiastic applause erupted from the crowd.

Nyla's expression remained cold, not a trace of joy on her face.

From this night onward, she would become a target a thorn in many people's sides.

However, Emerald had better keep

her promise and grant her real

Ine'

power within the Nixon family. Otherwise, no matter how nice her words sounded, no one would believe them. swnovel

After her announcement, Emerald began introducing Nyla to the guests, leading her through the crowd and presenting her to numerous important figures.

During these introductions, some asked when she planned to formally hand over leadership of the family to Nyla.

Emerald responded with a pleasant smile, saying there was no rush. For now, Nyla would familiarize herself with the family's businesses, and the transition would happen gradually over time. swnovel

After over an hour of being paraded around, Nyla was finally let off the hook.

Exhausted, she felt her smile starting to stiffen.

With a small nod, she turned and walked away, searching for a quiet place to rest.

She found a secluded corner and was about to sit down when a cold voice interrupted her. "Nyla, don't get too cocky. I will never let you inherit the Nixons!"

Nyla turned around, her expression unreadable.

"Alright, I'll wait for you to inherit it then," she replied indifferently.

Delia's face darkened, anger flashing in her eyes. "Mom doesn't love you! She'll never pass the Nixons to you!"

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Nyla nodded. "Yeah, go ahead and speak louder if you want-draw everyone's attention. Let's see if Ms. Kinsey yells at me or you."

"You!" Delia's face turned red with anger. She knew all too well that if she ruined tonight's banquet, Emerald would definitely not let her off easy.

Her expression darkened as she realized that and said coldly, "Just wait for it."

With that, she turned and walked away.

A cold glint flickered in Nyla's eyes while watching her leave.

Emerald favored this daughter of hers too much. Otherwise, how could she be so foolish as to think she could threaten Nyla's position?

Nyla picked up a drink and sat down, hoping for a moment of peace.

However, she had barely settled in before a man approached, striking up a conversation.

Not in the mood for his obvious flattery, Nyla responded coldly and quickly sent him on his way.

As soon as one man left, another took his place, buzzing around her like a fly. The relentless attention only made her more annoyed.

It seemed that no matter where she was, people would always flock toward something they could benefit from.

After fending off a few more unwanted advances, Nyla decided to get up and head toward the garden.

Meanwhile, Emerald had found Bell and immediately brought him to her study.

Once they were seated, she took a check from her drawer and handed it to him with a smile. "This should be enough for you to open your own studio."

Bell glanced at the number on the check, then looked up and smiled. "Ms. Kinsey, you're quite generous. This is enough to open ten studios."

Emerald smirked. "As long as you tell me who bought that dress, the money is yours."

Bell

and looked at Emerald. "I can

Check on the desk

who it is, but can you gu cont

come back to me?"

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Seeing the wariness in his eyes,

this

Emerald raised an eyebrow. "Done"

worry. No one will know that

and

me."

no one will know you swnovel

Bell hesitated as if weighing his options. After a long pause, he finally looked up and said, "Alright, I'll tell you. It was Darcy."

Emerald's eyes widened as she stared at him, speaking slowly. "Are you sure?"

"Ms. Kinsey, if you don't believe me, I can send you the contract," Bell replied.

Emerald waved a hand dismissively. "No need. I trust you-but you'd be lying to me. If

are,

I deal with the consequences." swnovel

Bell smiled. "Don't worry. I wouldn't dare lie to you."

He picked up the check. "If there's nothing else, I'll take my leave."

After Bell left, Emerald immediately instructed the butler to summon Brian.

"Mom, did you need something?" Brian asked as he entered.

"Find out everything you can about Darcy. He's the one who bought the dress Nyla is wearing three months ago," Emerald ordered.

Brian's expression changed. He spoke in a low voice. "Alright. I'll get on it right away."

"Good. Once you find out, don't make a fuss. We'll handle him slowly from here," Emerald said.

"Understood," Brian replied.

After he left, Emerald exited the study and returned to the living room.

The room was still bustling with chatter and laughter.

As soon as she stepped inside, her gaze immediately landed on Darcy Payne, who was deep in conversation with someone.

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Darcy had been with Edward for many years and had always supported him. Secretly, he had grown close to Edward's illegitimate son, hoping to help him become the next head of the Nixons. This had made him and Emerald like water and fire.

If the person behind Nyla was Darcy, he certainly had the ability to cover her tracks.

However, there was always a flaw in every plan.

The dress was the biggest mistake.

Darcy noticed Emerald's gaze and turned toward her.

When he saw the coldness in her eyes, he smiled and walked over. "Emerald, why are you staring at me like that? Do you have something against me?"

Emerald sneered. "Darcy, don't you have anything against me?"

Darcy chuckled. "It's your daughter's banquet today. I'm a guest here. Let's put aside our past grudges and enjoy a wonderful evening together."

Emerald was about to reply when Darcy's phone suddenly rang.

His expression changed when he saw the number on the screen. He glanced at Emerald, then stepped aside to answer, deliberately lowering his voice.

After the call ended, he turned and left in a hurry without so much as a glance back at her.

Emerald narrowed her eyes and immediately instructed a servant to have someone follow him.

Less than half an hour later, the person she sent returned with news-after leaving the estate, Darcy had gone straight to the hospital.

She connected this with the grim look on Darcy's face when he left, and her heart sank. She suspected that Edward's condition had worsened.

Without even changing her clothes, she instructed the butler to tend to the guests and rushed to the hospital with a group of people.

Just as Emerald arrived at the entrance, she ran into Darcy and Mary, who were pushing Edward in a wheelchair.

Emerald immediately stepped forward to block their way. "Where are you taking Edward?!"

Mary quickly moved in front of Edward, her expression wary.

"Emerald, Edward doesn't want to see you! Get lost!" she warned.

Emerald sneered and shoved her

aside. "And

are? what do you think you

I'm Edward's lawful wife.

let you hide him away from me again!" Swnovel

et

won't

Darcy frowned. "Emerald, please step aside. Edward's condition is serious. He needs to be transferred to another hospital immediately."

"Fine. From now on, I'll take full

recovery for his treatment. You

and Mary are no longer allowed to interfere," Emerald declared. swnovel.net

At her words, Darcy and Mary's faces darkened.

Mary was the first to speak. "No! I'll never let Edward go with you, you vicious woman!"

When Edward first fell ill, Emerald took him in for a while, but his condition worsened under her care. If Darcy hadn't discovered this and forcibly removed him, Edward might already be dead. swnovel

Because of this, Edward had decided to leave the Nixon inheritance to Mary's son rather than Brian or Delia.

"You have no say in this," Emerald said, not even sparing Mary a glance.

Fixing her cold gaze on Darcy, she declared, "I'm taking Edward with me today."

Darcy narrowed his eyes and said in a warning tone, "Emerald, you're not the only one who brought people."