

Trading My Ex for His Uncle c 1251

Next to Nyla, Delia was completely fixated on Andre's face, barely registering what he was saying.

Every time Andre looked at Delia, she either smiled at him or appeared flustered. It was starting to give him a headache, so he did his best to avoid looking at her too often.

However, Delia noticed his frequent glances at Nyla and became displeased. She began asking questions here and there, slowing the lesson significantly.

When the class finally ended, Andre let out a slight sigh of relief and turned to Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, the weather is nice today. Do you have time? I'd like to invite you to lunch."

Before Nyla could respond, Delia interjected, "Andre, the estate is too far from the city. It's better to stay here and eat. I can have the chef prepare whatever you want."

Andre smiled at Delia. "Thank you, Ms. Nixon, but I'd prefer to spend time alone with Ms. Kinsey."

Delia froze for a moment, her eyes widening as she turned to look at Nyla with visible anger.

It must be that Nyla had seduced Andre when she wasn't paying attention. Otherwise, why would Andre, who had only met her twice, invite her to lunch?

Nyla, who had already planned to go out, ignored Delia's burning glare and smiled. "Sure, I was about to go for a walk anyway. But I'll need to go back and change first."

Andre smiled. "No rush. I'll wait for you."

Nyla nodded and turned to leave the study.

Delia bit her lip and then told Andre, "I just remembered I have something to do. I'll leave first."

Once outside the study, she quickly caught up with Nyla. "Hey, why did you agree to Andre's invitation?"

Nyla smiled. "I agreed because I wanted to. Why don't you ask yourself why he invited me and not you?"

Delia's eyes widened with fury. "You! Say that again!"

"I'll say it as many times as you want. Andre is still waiting for me, so I'm going to change now," Nyla replied.

Without waiting for Delia's response, she brushed past her and left.

Delia was nearly out of her mind with rage. She grabbed Nyla's arm. "I warn you, he's the man I like. If you dare to seduce him, I won't let you off!"

Nyla didn't even acknowledge Delia's threat. "It seems like Ms. Kinsey really wants to match me with him. Otherwise, why would she have arranged for such a young tutor for me? Don't you think?"

Nyla had already shared her marriage and children situation with the men Emerald had arranged for her.

It seemed that, perhaps worried about her talking too much, Emerald had decided to assign the next match as her private tutor directly. It was all a strategy to achieve her goal, by whatever means necessary.

Delia scowled. "Even if my mom is trying to match you with him, Andre wouldn't like a woman like you."

"Oh? Really? But if I'm not mistaken, he just invited me to lunch," Nyla countered.

"You!" Delia snapped. "Don't you remember your husband and son back in your country? How can you be so shameless?"

"What does that have to do with you?" Nyla shot back. "Instead of wasting time talking to me, why don't you go tell Andre about my husband and child? Maybe he'll distance himself from me then."

But honestly, Andre would probably still choose to have lunch with her.

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"You think I wouldn't dare?" Delia hissed.

Nyla remained calm. "Whether or not you dare doesn't matter to me. I need to change. Please step aside."

When Delia didn't move, Nyla pushed her aside and walked toward her bedroom.

By the time she returned to the living room, she saw Delia sitting next to Andre, whispering something to him.

Nyla approached, stopping a few steps away. "Andre, we can go now."

Andre looked up and smiled. "Alright, Ms. Kinsey."

He turned to Delia. "Thank you, Ms. Nixon, for sharing that information about Ms. Kinsey. I'll see you next time."

Seeing Andre smile without any hint of distancing himself from Nyla, Delia stood up to block his path. "Andre, even knowing she has a husband and son back in her homeland, you still want to be with her?"

Andre furrowed his brow and looked at Delia, his expression one of disapproval. "Ms. Nixon, Ms. Kinsey is your sister. I expect you to show her the respect she deserves."

"I'm having lunch with her because we're friends, nothing more. I hope I won't hear you speak so disrespectfully about your sister again."

"She's not my sister! She's just-" Delia couldn't finish the sentence when she met Andre's disappointed gaze.

She forced herself to calm down, staring into Andre's eyes. "You say you invited her because you're friends. I'm considered your friend too. Why invite her alone and not me?"

"Because Ms. Kinsey took the class seriously today, while you kept causing disruptions. If you focus next time, I'll consider bringing you along."

Andre didn't wait for her response but turned to walk toward Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, sorry to keep you waiting. Shall we go?"

"Of course," Nyla replied.

Before leaving, Nyla glanced at the distraught Delia, then calmly turned away, walking out with Andre.

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An hour later, Andre stopped his car outside a high-end restaurant.

The two get out, and Andre led Nyla inside, handing her a note. "He's waiting for you here. You'll need to leave through the back door. Someone will meet you, but you only have one hour."

As he spoke, he moved to the wall and gently pushed it. A hidden door, leading to a passageway tled straight to the back door.

Nyla nodded. "Thank you, Andre."

She entered the hidden door, and Andre closed it behind her.

The wall returned to its original state, leaving no trace of the secret door.

A few minutes later, Nyla got into the car parked at the back.

The driver, a local from Meristate, started the car as soon as she got in.

In less than ten minutes, the car stopped in front of a villa.

Nyla took a deep breath, opened the car door, and walked up to ring the doorbell.

Footsteps quickly approached from inside.

When the door opened, Nyla's breath

caught in her throat as she saw the

face she'd been longing for. She opened her mouth, her voice trembling. "Damon..."

"Come in. We'll talk inside," Damon said.

Nyla forced herself to steady her emotions and stepped into the villa.

Although it was daytime, the windows on the first floor were all closed. Without the lights on, the place would have been pitch dark.

As soon as Nyla stepped inside, Damon pulled her into his arms.

Nyla returned the embrace, their bodies pressed tightly together.

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It took several minutes before Damon finally released Nyla.

He looked down at her and said, "You've lost weight. Andre told me you were sick, but I couldn't see you. Was it really tough on you?"

Nyla shook her head. "It was a bit hard at first, but I'm almost better now."

Looking at her lightly made-up face, Damon could tell she was saying that to avoid worrying him.

When they used to meet, she never wore makeup-just her natural face. Makeup was either for looking pretty or just to enhance one's appearance.

A wave of tenderness washed over him as he softly said, "Nyla, I'm sorry. I wasn't strong enough, and that's why you had to suffer. Just hang in there a little longer. I'll take you back home."

Nyla nodded, her gaze filled with trust. "I believe you. By the way, how did Andre agree to help us cover our tracks?"

When Andre had first come to the estate to teach her, he hadn't been in contact with Damon. If he had been, he would have told her about it during their first lesson.

Damon led her to the sofa and spoke quietly. "Andre was originally someone under Emerald's wing, but there's something you don't know.

"His family used to be as powerful as the Nixons, but after some issues, they began to decline. I told him that Emerald was behind his family's downfall."

Nyla frowned. "Is that really enough for Andre to agree to help you?"

"Of course not." Damon continued. "He had a younger sister he grew up with. When his family fell apart, she tragically died. He wants to avenge her, so he agreed to work with me."

"I see," Nyla replied.

Damon gazed at her, his voice soft. "We've worked so hard to finally meet. Let's not talk about others. I've prepared a meal for you. Let's eat first."

Nyla had planned to tell him that she was going along with Emerald's plans for or now. However, upon

seeing the dark circles under his net

eyes and the exhaustion he couldn't hide, her chest tightened with pain and guilt. If it weren't for her, he wouldn't be going through this struggle.

"Okay," was all she said.

They sat at the table, and Nyla's eyes reddened as she gazed at the dishes she loved. "Thank you, Damon."

Noticing her tears, Damon teased her. "It's just a meal. Are you really that moved? You're easy to please."

"It's not just the meal," Nyla said. "You must have had a hard time back home, right?"

She had assumed that once she went abroad, Emerald would provide Prospectus Technology with resources to ensure its smooth development.

However, Emerald had broken her promise and instead targeted the company. If not for the alliance with Emerald's rival later on, Prospectus Technology might have gone bankrupt.

"It wasn't hard. It's all in the past now. Try the fish I made. See if you like it." Damon placed a piece of fish on her plate and looked at her expectantly.

Nyla wiped away her tears and forced a smile before trying the fish.

Damon asked, "How is it?"

"It's good!" she exclaimed.

"Try the others, too," Damon urged.

She tried the ribs and smiled at his hopeful gaze. "It's really good! How are you such a great cook?"

"I asked a chef how to make these dishes before I came. I was worried they wouldn't taste good, but your reaction proves they're not bad," he explained.

"Well, you have to cook for me every day when we reunite as a family!" she said.

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Damon looked at Nyla indulgently. "Okay, I'll cook for you every day."

"By the way, how's Buddy now?" Nyla asked.

She had been so focused on asking about Damon and Andre that she had forgotten to ask about Mason. The thought made her feel guilty.

"Buddy is doing well, but after you left, he stopped talking much. He stays in his room most of the time, only coming out for school or meals. I'm not sure what he's doing in there," Damon said.

Nyla's heart clenched. "It's all my fault."

"It's not your fault. Don't blame yourself. There are plenty of people in the Nixons who are dissatisfied with Emerald. Plus, she tends to make decisions on her own.

"She won't stay in power for long. Soon, the three of us will be together again," Damon reassured her.

"Yeah," Nyla replied.

"Forget about these things for now. Let's just eat. We'll talk later," Damon encouraged.

Nyla didn't have much of an appetite, but thinking of how Damon had made all this food for her, she forced herself to eat more.

After finishing, their time together was running out.

"Damon, I have to go. Andre said we can only be together for an hour at most. If we take too long, it might expose everything," Nyla mentioned.

Damon nodded. "Alright. I'll stay in Meristate for now. I've placed someone at Emerald's estate. She'll keep you updated. If there's an emergency, you can contact her."

"Okay. I'll leave now," Nyla said.

"Mm," Damon hummed.

He walked her to the door. Just as she was about to open it, he embraced her from behind, resting his chin on her shoulder. "Nyla, don't be afraid. I'll stay in Meristate with you until we can be together openly."

A wave of sadness surged in Nyla's heart. She held back her tears. "Okay."

She didn't dare to turn back. If she did, she knew she wouldn't want to leave.

Emerald's estate was large and cold, like a cage that trapped her. Now, she had to return to that cage.

With great restraint, Damon slowly let go of her.

Nyla opened the door and quickly stepped outside, heading for the car.

It wasn't until she was back in the restaurant's private room that her emotions began to calm.

Andre looked at her. "Ms. Kinsey, you'll have many opportunities to meet with Mr. Sumner, so don't be too sad."

"Yeah, thank you, Andre," Nyla replied.

"No need to thank me. I'm helping myself too," he said.

For years, Andre had been searching for the person
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Damon, he might still have been
kept in the dark by Emerald. Content S belongs to
Just thinking about how Emerald had caused his sister's death to make the Nixons
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dominant-whether intentional not-made Andre's hatred grow wildly inside him,
threatening to consume everything.
Once Nyla's emotions settled, Andre took her back.
As the car stopped at the estate's gates, a maid approached. "Mr.
Quinnett, Madam asked that yonet
go
to her study when you come back with Ms. Kinsey. She needs to speak with you."
Andre nodded. "Got it."
He got out of the car and walked with Nyla inside.
Nyla couldn't help but feel anxious. Had Emerald found out that Damon had come
to Meristate and that Andre had helped her meet with Damon?
Seeing her unease, Andre spoke softly. "Ms. Kinsey, don't worry. I think your
mother wants to speak with me about Ms. Nixon."

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Nyla nodded. "Mm, be careful."

They walked into the hall-Andre heading toward Emerald's study, while Nyla went to her room.

Just as she reached the second floor, she was stopped by Delia, who was waiting there.

Delia glared at her, eyes full of jealousy. "Where did you and Andre go to eat?"

After Nyla left with Andre earlier, Delia had planned to follow them. But when she was about to head out, Filipe informed her that not only had Emerald canceled her credit cards, but her driver and car had also been taken back.

Filipe had also relayed a message from Emerald—when Delia finally came to her senses, her credit cards and car would be restored.

Furious, Delia locked herself in her room for over an hour.

When Emerald returned, she went downstairs to confront her mother. Of course, it ended in failure. After all, Emerald now controlled the family's finances.

If Emerald refused to give her money, there was nothing Delia could do but seethe in anger.

Nyla's expression remained indifferent. "Are you sure you want to keep making things difficult for yourself?"

Delia stiffened and gritted her teeth. "Tell me where you went to eat with Andre!"

Nyla smiled. "I'd rather not say."

Delia fumed. "You!"

Nyla stepped forward, leaning in close to Delia and speaking in a low voice. "You're the one who ordered someone to throw water on me that day, aren't you?"

Delia scoffed. "So what if I am?"

She wasn't afraid of Nyla knowing the truth. If Emerald truly cared about Nyla, she would have been punished by now.

The whole estate was full of people loyal to Emerald, and Delia was sure that Emerald knew everything, even the fact that she had orchestrated the incident with Nyla.

Nyla smiled again. "It's no big deal. I just think Andre probably wouldn't like someone so spiteful like you."

Delia leered at Nyla, her eyes burning with fury. "Say that again?"

"Didn't you hear me clearly?" Nyla countered, then walked past her toward her bedroom.

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Behind her, Delia chased after her, clearly enraged. "Nyla, don't think Andre likes you just because he went out to eat with you! He could never like someone like you!"

Nyla nodded. "If that's how you think, then why are you so desperate to know where we went?"

"I'm just worried Andre will be fooled by someone like you!" Delia snapped.

"I see," Nyla replied flatly.

"Don't ever go out with him again, or I won't let you off!" Delia threatened.

Nyla didn't take Delia's threat seriously. Besides, she didn't think Delia could do anything beyond petty tricks to annoy her.

She soon reached her bedroom door, opened it, and turned to Delia. "Are you coming in to sit?"

Delia abruptly stopped and replied arrogantly, "I'm not going in. I already imagine how poor

and

shabby your room must be

Nyla nodded. "Then I won't bother you."

She entered her room and shut the door behind her.

Delia stood there, glaring at the closed door, her dissatisfaction clear. She lingered for a while before finally leaving.

In the study, Emerald asked Andre, "I heard you went out with Nyla for a meal today?"

Andre smiled. "Yes, Ms. Nyla is very easygoing. We had a great time together."

"Good. The reason I called you here is to talk about Delia." Emerald shook her head helplessly. "This

daughter of mine is spoiled and net

often acts without thinking. I've already scolded her. She won't be bothering you while you teach Nyla anymore. As for the things she said, she's just being childish. I hope you don't take it to heart."

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There was a glint in Andre's eyes before his smile widened. "Don't worry, Ms. Kinsey. I've always seen Ms. Nixon as a younger sister."

Satisfied with his answer, Emerald smiled. "Good. You probably have other things to do. I won't keep you."

"Sure, Ms. Kinsey. Goodbye," Andre replied before turning to leave.

As soon as he was gone, Emerald was about to resume her work when Filipe suddenly knocked and entered.

"Madam, Mr. Nixon got into a fight with someone from the Bumards at the bar last night," he reported.

Emerald jumped to her feet. "What happened?! Where is he now?"

Filipe's expression was grim. "He was captured by the Bumards. I just received a call from them asking us to go pick him up."

Emerald's eyes flashed with fury. Her voice turned cold. "What an idiot!"

The Bumards had been the Nixons' biggest rivals in recent years. Instead of avoiding them, Brian had run straight into their people and fought. He was a fool!

The Bumards hadn't called just to return Brian. They wanted to slap her in the face.

Now that they had him in their hands, they would certainly take advantage of the situation. Getting Brian back safe and sound wouldn't be easy.

If he weren't her son, Emerald would have let him deal with his own mess. "Prepare the car," she ordered.

An hour later, Emerald sat across from Ross Bumard, the head of the Bumards, in his study.

"Ross, what do you want in exchange for Brian?" she asked.

Ross, with his graying hair and deeply lined face, had sharp, calculating blue eyes. He smiled. "Emerald, since Brian hit one of our people, don't you think some compensation is in order? Otherwise, if word gets out, our family's reputation will suffer."

Emerald's tone was ice-cold. "Just tell me your terms."

"I've heard the Nixons recently purchased a plot of land in the south," Ross said smoothly.

Emerald's expression darkened. "That land isn't available."

She had bought the land as the Nixons' future base, planning to relocate the family there. It wasn't even purchased under the Nixons' name. She hadn't expected Ross to know about it.

Ross sighed. "I'll buy the land from you-10% more than what you paid."

"Not possible." Emerald refused without hesitation.

Ross's smile faded. "Well, if we can't reach an agreement, don't blame me if Brian comes back with a missing armor leg. Young men can be reckless in fights, after all.

Emerald scowled. "Are you threatening me?"

Ross smiled again, unbothered. "Not a threat-just a choice. I have guests to attend to, so I won't be seeing you out."

He stood and left.

Emerald gnashed her teeth, watching his retreating figure. "Wait!"

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Half an hour later, Emerald walked out of the Bumard estate, her expression grim.

Behind her, Brian followed, bruised and dejected.

The moment they got into the car, he finally worked up the courage to speak. "Mom, I'm sorry. I—"

"Shut up!" Emerald snapped. "Brian, if you ever do something this stupid again, don't even think about inheriting the Nixons!"

Brian froze, shocked by the cold fury in her voice. He knew he had really messed up this time. Lowering his head he swallowed his words and stayed silent.

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On the way back to the estate, neither Emerald nor Brian spoke. The atmosphere in the car was tense and heavy.

When the car stopped at the estate entrance, Emerald didn't even glance at Brian. She opened the door and stepped out without a word.

Brian quickly followed. It wasn't until they reached the door of her study that she finally turned around, visibly annoyed. "Why are you still following me? Go see the family doctor and get your wounds treated."

Brian looked at her with guilt. "Mom, I'm sorry. It was all my fault. I promise I'll listen to you from now on."

Emerald didn't bother to respond. She simply pushed open the door to her study and shut it behind her.

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Not long after Emerald and Brian left the Bumard estate, a black Maybach pulled up at the entrance.

As the car came to a stop, a maid immediately stepped forward and opened the back door.

Damon got out, and the maid bowed his head slightly. "Mr. Sumner, Mr. Bumard has been waiting for you."

Following the maid, Damon walked through the grand hall and down a long corridor to the door of Ross' study.

The maid knocked, then pushed the door open at Ross' signal.

"Mr. Sumner, please go in," the maid said, stepping aside.

"Thank you," Damon replied before entering.

The maid quietly closed the door and remained outside.

Ross was painting when Damon walked in. He glanced up and smiled. "Come take a look at this painting. What do you think?"

Damon stepped closer, his gaze falling on the artwork spread across the table.

It was a landscape-not terrible, but clearly the work of an amateur. At best, it was mediocre.

"Not great. If you tried to sell it, you'd be lucky to get five dollars for it," Damon remarked.

Ross let out a hearty laugh and set his brush down. "Only you would be this honest with me. If it were anyone else, they'd probably find a way to flatter me-maybe even offer 1,000,000 dollars on the spot."

"If someone offered that much, they wouldn't be buying the painting," Damon replied.

They'd be buying favor with the Bumards.

Ross shook his head and walked around the desk toward the couch. "Sit."

He personally poured Damon a cup of coffee, then smiled. then smiled. "Emerald here earlier. She agreed to

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Damon lowered his gaze, unsurprised by the outcome. He had even orchestrated Brian's fight with the Bumard heir last night.

"Without that land, her plan to move the Nixons south will be delayed. This buys us more time," he said.

If they could strip Emerald of her position as head of the Nixons, she wouldn't be able to stand in the way of him and Nyla.

Ross nodded but hesitated. "But she is Ms. Kinsey's mother. Are you sure you want to leave her with nothing?"

Ross had known Emerald for many years. He understood her well-losing the Nixons would be a blow she couldn't withstand.

"She never treated Nyla as her daughter. Besides, you've met Nyla. You know her personality," Damon said.

Ross smiled. "True. Although she

was only here for a day, she certainly made things more interesting. You really don't plan to bring her and Buddy to settle in Meristate? Once this is over, we could be neighbors."

"No, I still prefer my life back home," Damon said flatly.

Besides, all of Nyla's friends were there. Moving abroad would mean starting over, and that wouldn't be fair to her.

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"Alright. When I first met you, you said the same thing. I never thought you'd remain unchanged after all these years," Ross commented.

Damon didn't pursue the topic. Instead, he asked about Edward's condition.

"I got word from the hospital. His health is deteriorating, and he probably only has a month left. So, within this month, Emerald will do everything she can to remove anyone who opposes her," Ross answered.

"The more she does, the more evidence we gather," Damon replied.

"Yes, but the situation is still far from optimistic. Many in the Nixon family still support Emerald," Ross reminded him.

Damon smirked. "But she has one foolish son. Once word gets out that she

traded the land in the south for Brian's sake, plenty of people will turn against her."

Those who supported her weren't doing so out of loyalty. The moment they realized she couldn't fulfill her promises, they'd be the first to abandon her.

When that happened, Emerald would find enemies everywhere, and her position as head of the Nixons would become unstable.

"Alright," Ross replied.

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That evening at dinner, Brian was met with surprised stares from both Nyla and Delia when he sat down.

Delia, in particular, couldn't hide her disbelief. "Brian, what happened to your face? Did someone beat you up?"

Nyla glanced at him but quickly looked away, her expression cold.

She had little reaction to either Brian or Delia. As long as they didn't provoke her, she'd pretend they didn't exist.

Brian's face darkened. "It's none of your business."

Delia scoffed but said nothing more. It wasn't her getting beaten up, so she couldn't care less.

Emerald remained expressionless throughout the meal, as if she hadn't noticed anything.

Halfway through, she received a call and left in a hurry.

The table was left with just Nyla, Brian, and Delia. The three ate in silence before retreating to their respective rooms.

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The next morning, after breakfast, Nyla went to the study to wait for Andre.

When she saw him, she quickly asked if Emerald had given him any trouble the day before.

Andre shook his head. "Ms. Kinsey, don't worry about me. I'm fine. Let's start the lesson."

Without Delia's interference that morning, their progress was much faster.

At 11:00 am., Andre stopped and said, "Ms. Kinsey, I have an

appointment this afternoon, so I'm

leaving now. If you need anything, feel free to contact me."

"Alright," Nyla replied.

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She tidied up the books on the table, saw Andre off, and returned to the study. With some time before lunch, she didn't rush back to her room but instead picked up the book Andre had recommended and started reading.

She was so absorbed in the book that she didn't notice the study door opening until she heard it.

Looking up, she saw Emerald step inside and put the book down. "Do you need something?"

Upon seeing Nyla reading a business book, Emerald's originally cold gaze softened slightly.

Though she had no intention of handing the Nixon family over to Nyla, she also didn't want others to think Nyla was ignorant and embarrass her.

It was good that Nyla was taking the initiative to learn. If she listened more, perhaps she could be entrusted with managing some assets in the future.

"Starting this afternoon, you'll go to the company every day at 2:00 p.m. to learn how to handle documents.

I'll arrange for someone to assist you," Emerald said.

Nyla raised an eyebrow in surprise. "It's not going to be Andre again, is it?"

"Of course not. After lunch, change into something more formal. I'll take you there today, and starting tomorrow, the driver will bring you," Emerald replied.

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"How formal do you want it?" Nyla asked.

Emerald furrowed her brow and glanced at Nyla's outfit before responding. "There's a mall on the way to the company. I'll take you there to buy a couple of sets of formal clothes."

"Okay."

After lunch, Emerald took Nyla and they left.

Only Delia and Brian remained at the dining table.

Delia eyed Brian cautiously, expecting him to be angry, but he seemed calm, even eating without any sign of irritation.

"Brian, Mom's taking Nyla to Kajer Tech today to officially learn how to handle company documents. Weren't you opposed to her taking over Kajer before? Why does it seem like you don't care at all today?" Delia asked.

Brian set his utensils down and replied, "You wouldn't understand, even if I explained. If you have nothing else to do, just go shopping. Don't ask about things that aren't your concern."

Delia's expression immediately soured. "Don't forget, Mom said I'll have a share in the Nixon businesses too. Of course, I need to ask. How else will I know if my interests are being affected?"

Brian scoffed. "With your brain, you should just sit at home and wait for your dividends. If I let you get involved in company matters, the place will be a mess."

With that, he stood up and left.

Delia seethed, slamming her utensils down onto the table.

How could Brian look down on her like that?! She might not be as smart as he was, but at least she didn't cause trouble everywhere like he did.

After arriving at the mall, Emerald led Nyla straight to the top floor.

As soon as the sales associate saw Emerald, she greeted them with a bright smile.

"Ms. Kinsey, long time no see! You must have been busy lately. The last time you visited was three months ago."

Emerald nodded. "Yes, I've been a little busy."

"Are you here to look at bags today?" the sales associate asked.

"No, we're buying clothes for her. Recommend a few sets, something more formal," Emerald instructed.

The sales associate looked at Nyla behind Emerald and then began walking toward the racks. "We just received some new arrivals this morning. They're all quite nice. By the way, this is your..."

"My daughter," Emerald finished the sentence.

"Oh, I thought so! She's so beautiful, just like you!" the sales associate complimented.

Emerald pursed her lips. "You mentioned new arrivals, right?"

"Yes, these are the ones. Let me know if any catch your eye. I think they'd suit your daughter very well."

As she spoke, the sales associate quickly pulled several outfits from the racks to show Emerald.

Emerald glanced over them and seemed satisfied. "Let her try them all on." "Okay, Ms. Kinsey. Right this way." The sales associate gestured toward Nyla.

Nyla tried on a black spaghetti-strap dress paired with matching high heels.

As she stepped out of the fitting room, the sales associate

immediately exclaimed, "Ms. Kinsey, this Outfit is perfect! Your figure is incredible-you could be a model!"

Emerald, who had been flipping through a magazine, looked up.

When she saw Nyla, she froze for a moment. A complex expression flickered in her eyes.

The dress accentuated Nyla's figure. With her long, wavy hair cascading behind her, she looked intellectual and beautiful.

Although Emerald disliked Nyla the

most, she was the one most like her out of all her children-both in personality and appearance. She

resembled Emerald almost exactly

when she was young.

Emerald's fingers, gripping the magazine, turned slightly pale from the pressure.

After a brief pause, she said, "This one is good. Try the others on as well."

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"Since this one works, I'll go with it. I don't want to try the rest," Nyla said, refusing.

Emerald glanced at the time. "Alright, then wear this one to the company."

The sales associate looked at Emerald. "Ms. Kinsey, what about the others?"

"Wrap them all up. Make sure to include the shoes and accessories with each one," Emerald replied.

"Understood," the sales associate answered.

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Ten minutes later, the associate followed Emerald and Nyla, carrying several bags.

After placing them in the car's trunk, she smiled brightly at Emerald. "Goodbye, Ms. Kinsey. Next time, let me know in advance when you're coming, and I'll have afternoon tea ready for you."

Emerald's visit had helped her meet her monthly target, and she was already looking forward to next month's bonus.

Emerald hummed, turning to the driver. "Let's go."

The mall was a short distance from Kajer Tech, and they arrived soon after.

After exiting the car, they took the private elevator directly to the top floor.

When the elevator doors opened, they entered the CEO's office at Kajer Tech, where several secretaries were busy at work.

As soon as they saw Emerald, they stopped and greeted her in unison. "Hello, Ms. Kinsey."

Emerald surveyed them with an indifferent expression. "I've transferred all my shares in Kajer to my daughter, Nyla Kinsey.

"Starting today, she's the CEO of Kajer. She's new to the company and doesn't know much, so your primary task now is to assist her in managing the business.

"Although I'm no longer the CEO, I'll still regularly send people to monitor progress. So, make sure you all do your jobs well. Don't try to cut corners," she warned.

When Emerald first took over Kajer Tech, one of the secretaries had been fired for making a few

mistakes with the reports. The

remaining employees were el

cautious, doing their best to avoid any errors that could cost them their jobs.

Hearing Emerald's words, everyone tensed.

They had hoped that things would be easier now that Emerald was handing over the company to her daughter. They didn't expect her to still be overseeing everything.

"Understood, Ms. Kinsey."

"We'll continue to work diligently, as always."

"I'll do everything I can to help Ms. Nyla get up to speed with the company."

They responded.

Listening to their reassurances, Emerald seemed satisfied. "Good. Jenny, come to the office."

Emerald then entered the office with Nyla and Jenny Kenyon.

She sat on the couch, turning her attention to Jenny. "From now on, you'll be Nyla's secretary. Today, go over the company structure with her and explain the main research areas."

"Yes, Ms. Kinsey," Jenny replied.

After giving a few more instructions, Emerald turned to Nyla. "If you have any questions, ask Jenny. I have work to do, so I'll leave now."

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Once Emerald had left, Jenny looked

at Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, nice to meet

you. I'm Jenny Kenyon, your

secretary. I need to organize som

company documents and will

eping

them to your office in about half an hour. Is that alright?"

"That's fine. If you're free today, could you also give me a tour of the company?" Nyla wasn't too concerned with the company's operations.

After all, Emerald was just putting on a show, pretending to hand over Kajer Tech to her. In reality, Nyla likely wouldn't even be allowed to touch the core research teams.