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However, this didn't mean Nyla couldn't do anything. At the very least, she could familiarize herself with the company's overall structure and get an idea of the type of chips they were currently developing.

Jenny nodded. "Got it, Ms. Kinsey."

Under Jenny's guidance, Nyla toured Kajer Tech and learned about the departments on each floor.

By the time she returned to her office, over an hour had passed.

Nyla entered the office, and Jenny went to organize the company's files.

The office Nyla was using had previously belonged to Emerald, and its decor was dominated by a black, white, and gray color scheme that felt rather oppressive.

Nyla glanced around and decided to have Jenny update the style later.

Soon, Jenny knocked and entered. "Ms. Kinsey, here are the company's documents. If you have any questions, feel free to ask."

Nyla took the files. "Thank you, I appreciate it."

"No problem. If you don't need anything else, I'll get back to work," Jenny said, excusing herself.

"I'd like to change the office decor," Nyla requested.

Jenny nodded. "Of course. What style would you prefer? I'll have the designer create a layout and send it to you for review."

"I'd like something warmer," Nyla replied.

"Got it. I'll contact the designer now. The design should be ready by tomorrow morning," Jenny answered.

"Thank you," Nyla said.

After Jenny left, Nyla opened the files and began reviewing them. Not long after, her phone rang.

Seeing that it was Andre, she answered, "Hello, Andre. What's up?"

"Ms. Kinsey, do you have some time this evening? I'd love to invite you to dinner," Andre said.

Nyla lowered her gaze. "I'm free. Just send me the restaurant address, and I'll go directly after work."

"Alright, see you tonight," Andre replied.

After hanging up, Nyla picked up the files and continued reading.

Within a minute, Andre sent over the restaurant address.

She glanced at it-the restaurant was only a few kilometers from Kajer Tech, so she could easily take a taxi after work.

When it was time to leave in the evening, Nyla grabbed her bag and coat and got ready to head out.

As she walked out of her office, she noticed that all the secretaries were still at their desks, with no sign that anyone was preparing to leave for the day.

A hint of surprise crossed Nyla's face, and she turned to Jenny. "Did I get the time wrong? Isn't the workday supposed to end at 5:30 p.m.?"

"Ms. Kinsey, it's already after hours, but we're all used to staying a little later," Jenny replied.

"Is this a rule set by Ms. Kinsey?" Nyla asked.

Jenny shook her head. "No, it's voluntary. We just stay late to finish our work."

Nyla was silent for a moment before speaking again. "Starting today, no one in the CEO's office is allowed to work overtime. Pack up and prepare to leave now. If I see anyone staying late again, I'll deduct your salary."

Jenny furrowed her brow. "But if we don't stay late, we won't finish our work."

"If the work isn't done, you can finish

it tomorrow. If you can't finish by the end of the workday every day, it means you're overworking. I'll have HR hire more secretaries to Share the load," Nyla stated.

After a brief silence, Jenny turned to the rest of the secretaries. "Everyone, finish up your current tasks. Anything that's not urgent can wait until tomorrow morning You're all free to leave for the night."

"I have other matters to attend to, so I'll be leaving now. I'll leave the rest to you," Nyla said.

"Understood, Ms. Kinsey," Jenny replied.

When Nyla reached the ground floor to catch a taxi, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom pulled up in front of her.

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The driver got out, walked over to open the door for Nyla, and said, "Ms. Kinsey, Madam asked me to pick you up and drop you off from now on."

Recognizing the driver from Emerald's estate, Nyla pressed her lips together before replying, "I'm going to dinner with Andre tonight. Please take me to Tewel."

"Of course, Ms. Kinsey," the driver replied.

Soon, the car arrived at Tewel.

Before getting out, Nyla told the driver, "I'll be having dinner with Andre for about two hours. You can find a place to eat in the meantime."

"Alright, Ms. Kinsey," the driver answered.

Once Nyla left the car, the driver immediately called Emerald. "Madam, Ms. Kinsey is having dinner with Mr. Quinnett tonight. I've dropped her off at Tewel, and they'll likely be eating for about two hours."

"Understood. Keep an eye on her and let me know if anything unusual happens," Emerald instructed.

"Of course, Madam," the driver replied.

Emerald hung up and was about to set her phone down when it rang again.

Seeing it was Jenny, she answered the call with a slightly hardened gaze. "What's going on?"

"Ms. Kinsey... Ms. Nyla told us this afternoon that we're no longer allowed to work overtime. She said that if we stay late again, our salary will be docked," Jenny reported.

Emerald leaned back in her chair with a sneer.

Did Nyla think she could run things now? She couldn't possibly think she was actually managing the company, right?

However, with so many eyes on Kajer Tech, any intervention now would ruin Emerald's plan.

After a moment of thought, she spoke in a low voice. "She's the boss of Kajer now. Just follow what she says."

"Got it, Ms. Kinsey. Also, Ms. Nyla mentioned she didn't like the office decor and wanted to change it. I didn't have a chance to tell you earlier," Jenny added.

Emerald frowned. "You don't need to report small things like this to me in the future. Just do as she says."

After hanging up, Emerald sat back and thought for a moment. She would need to have a proper talk with Nyla when she got back, to ensure she didn't cause problems down the line.

Just as she was thinking, there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she said.

Filipe entered the study, bowing his head. "Madam, dinner is ready."

"Alright." Emerald stood and walked out of the study.

Upon entering the dining room, she noticed no one was at the table and asked, "Where are Brian and Delia?"

Filipe lowered his head. "Madam, Mr. Nixon said he wasn't feeling well and would be eating in his room tonight.

As for Ms. Nixon... she locked herself in her room and refuses to come down for dinner."

Emerald's expression darkened. It was clear that Delia was still upset over the clothes she'd bought for Nyla earlier that afternoon.

"If she doesn't want to eat, then let her go hungry," she replied.

Missing one meal wouldn't kill Delia.

She had been too indulgent with Brian and Delia-one of them had gotten into a huge mess, and the other was constantly throwing tantrums over trivial matters, like fighting over a few pieces of clothing.

Delia had been waiting for Filipe to call her down for dinner in her room.

After waiting for a while and noticing it was already half an hour past dinnertime, her impatience grew, and hunger began to kick in.

She gritted her teeth, opened the door, and went downstairs.

When she reached the dining room, she found the table completely empty, and the kitchen spotless-there was no food left for her. She frowned.

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"Ms. Nixon," Filipe called out.

Hearing his voice behind her, Delia turned around. She suppressed her anger and demanded, "Why didn't you leave any food for me?"

Filipe, accustomed to Delia's temper, said calmly, "Ms. Nixon, after Madam learned you wouldn't be having dinner, she had all the leftovers thrown away. If you're hungry, you can have some biscuits or something to tide you over. Breakfast will be ready in the morning."

"Tomorrow morning?!" Delia exclaimed.

Seeing the disbelief in her eyes, Filipe nodded. "Yes, tomorrow morning."

Delia sneered. "Fine, I get it."

Ever since Nyla's arrival, Delia hadn't had a peaceful day. She had to find a way to get Nyla out of the estate-no matter what.

Nyla was chatting with Damon when she suddenly sneezed.

"Are you okay? Caught a cold? You didn't dress warmly enough today," he said, concerned.

Nyla gave him a side glance and teased, "Wasn't it you who couldn't take your eyes off me when you saw me just now?"

"This dress does look great on you, but you're wearing too little. You might catch a cold. Dress warmer tomorrow," Damon urged.

Nyla nodded. "I'll keep that in mind. By the way, Emerald has me working at Kajer Tech, but she's keeping me away from the core chip development. She hasn't really interfered with anything else, though."

Damon thought for a moment before saying, "Don't worry about anything for now. Just do what she tells you. Nyla, I promise, I'll make sure you come back home with me."

"Alright. If you need help with anything, I'll do it as long as I can," Nyla assured him.

"Yes, I know," Damon replied.

They shared a tender moment before Damon let Nyla leave.

As he watched her walk away, his hands clenched at his sides without him realizing it. He wouldn't let Nyla stay by Emerald's side for too long.

It was already past 8:00 p.m. when Nyla returned to the estate.

As soon as she stepped into the hall, Filipe informed her that Emerald wanted to see her in the study.

She frowned but reluctantly made her way to the study.

"Ms. Kinsey, did you need something?" she asked when she arrived.

Emerald remarked, "I heard that today you decided to change the office's decor and even told the secretaries not to work overtime. You're really making a name for yourself, aren't you?"

Detecting the sarcasm in Emerald's tone, Nyla smiled. "Even if I am making a name for myself, I have you to thank for transferring all the shares to my name. Otherwise wouldn't dare do this. Besides, isn't this what you wanted to see?"

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Emerald snorted but didn't refute her. "I warn you, I don't care about the rest, but if you do anything that harms the company, I won't let you off."

"I understand. I worked all afternoon and had dinner with Andre. I'm pretty tired.

back there's nothing else, I'll head

back to my room," Nyla excused herself.

She had finally managed to get some rest, and she didn't want to waste any more of it dealing with Emerald.

"You and Andre seem to be getting along well. You should set a date for the wedding soon," Emerald said.

Nyla scoffed. "You can't wait to sell me off for a good price, can you?"

"Since you know that, you'd better behave," Emerald warned.

"Got it. I'm going to visit my father tomorrow afternoon, so I won't be going to the office," Nyla informed her.

Emerald's expression darkened. "Do you think the company is a market where you can come and go as you please?"

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Nyla stared at Emerald. "Don't forget, you promised I could visit my father anytime. Are you going back on your word again?"

Emerald paused for a moment. "You can go after work, but not during office hours."

"Fine. I'll go tomorrow evening." Nyla turned and left without another word.

A flicker of something crossed Emerald's eyes while watching her go. Suddenly, her phone on the desk buzzed.

Seeing the caller ID, she quickly answered. "Cortez, why are you calling me so late?"

Cortez's cold voice came through the receiver. "Emerald, I just heard you sold that land in the south to the Bumards?!"

Emerald's grip tightened around the phone. "How did you find out about that?"

"How I know is none of your concern. What matters is that you need to buy it back. If you don't, I won't support you anymore!" Cortez threatened.

Cortez had supported Emerald's rise to power within the Nixons because she had promised to relocate them to the south.

For years, the Nixons had longed for that move-north could never compete with the more economically developed south of Meristate. Only by relocating could the Nixons continue to grow.

They had spent over a year securing that southern land, planning to use it as the family's future headquarters.

But now, before they could even begin making plans, Emerald had foolishly sold it to the Bumards for her son!

Just thinking about it made Cortez furious.

Emerald replied, "Cortez, the Bumards will drive a hard bargain if I try to buy the land back."

"That's your problem. I want that

land. If you don't get it, not only will I stop supporting you, but everyone who backed you will abandon you. You wouldn't want us all backing Mary's son, would you?"

"Are you threatening me?" Emerald snapped.

Cortez sneered. "It's not a threat but a warning. Brian is an idiot. I suggest you cut ties with him before he drags you down any further."

Emerald's expression darkened, and her voice turned cold. "Don't worry. I'll find a piece of land that's just as large, with a better location."

"Good. I'll give you a month. After that, I want that land. No land, and you can retire and live quietly," Cortez said, his tone final, before hanging up.

Emerald slammed the phone down onto the desk, her face twisted with fury.

A month-so little time! How was she supposed to find land that quickly?

She had hoped Cortez wouldn't find out so soon, giving her more time to figure out how to handle the land issue. But she hadn't expected Ross' side to leak it so quickly.

A surge of rage flared up inside her. Grabbing the phone again, she dialed Ross' number.

The phone quickly connected, but instead of Ross' voice, it was the voice of his butler.

"Good evening, Mrs. Nixon. Mr. Bumard is resting now. If you need anything, you can call him in the morning."

Emerald took a deep breath, her voice cold. "Tell Ross he won't get away with scheming against me like this!"

She hung up, realization hitting her-Ross had been scheming against her ever since the fight between Brian and the Bumard member. That was why he had

pushed for the southern land.

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It was possible that even the fight between Brian and the Bumard member had been part of their plan.

Emerald's expression darkened, and she ordered Filipe to bring Brian to her.

A few minutes later, Brian timidly walked into the study. "Mom, what did you need?"

Emerald glared at him. "How did you end up in a conflict with the Bumard member that day?"

Brian winced, then cautiously asked, "Why are you suddenly asking about this? Did something happen?"

"Answer me!" Emerald barked.

"I had an argument with you that day, so I went to a bar. I met a woman there, and after having a few drinks with her, I was about to take her to a hotel. But when I got up to leave, that guy from the Bumards showed up..." Brian quickly confessed, terrified by her cold gaze.

"So, you had a fight because of that woman and ended up in a brawl?" Emerald asked.

Brian hummed in confirmation, keeping his head down, too afraid to meet her gaze.

Emerald sneered. "You really are an idiot. You don't even realize you were set up!"

The woman had been working with the Bumards. Once Brian took the bait, the Bumard member had intentionally provoked him, knowing it would make him lose control. Then, the Bumards simply took him away.

Thinking about how hard she had fought for over a year to secure that land, only for it to be sold to the Bumards because of Brian, Emerald was about to explode

with rage.

She grabbed a file from the desk and threw it at Brian with all her might. "Get out! I never want to see you again!"

The sharp corner of the file hit Brian's forehead, cutting it open and causing blood to pour out. Despite that, he didn't dare wipe it away. He knew he had made a huge mistake.

If Emerald was disappointed in him, he would never inherit the Nixons.

He quickly dropped to his knees in front of her. "Mom, I know I was wrong. I'll listen to you from now on and won't throw any more tantrums. Please forgive me just this once."

Emerald pushed him away with a scoff. "Forgive you? Brian, don't even think about inheriting the Nixons anymore.

"To save you from the Bumards, I sold the land in the south to them. Now, Cortez knows about it, and soon, everyone else will too.

"Do you think they'll still support me as the head of the Nixons?"

Once Emerald lost her position, she knew she could never get it back.

Brian's face turned pale, and he slumped to the floor, drained of all energy.

Seeing him like this only made Emerald more irritated. She shouted, "Get out! I don't want to see you!"

After the initial shock, Brian looked up at her. "Mom, I'll go to the Bumards and get that land back!"

He stood up and walked toward the door.

"Stop!" Emerald snapped. "Even if you go to them, they won't give the land back. Stay home and don't do anything. If I find out you cause any more trouble, don't blame me for disowning you!"

Brian lowered his head. "Got it."

After leaving the study, he returned to his room, completely defeated. He had no idea what to do to make up for his mistake. He knew better than anyone how important that land in the south was.

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Damn the Bumards!

The more Brian thought about it, the angrier he became. He had to get revenge. But before he could do that, he needed to fix this situation first.

After thinking for a long time, he contacted Alexander. "Alexander, I need your help."

Alexander's voice came coldly from the other end of the line. "I'm afraid I can't help you. I'm barely managing to save myself."

Ever since Emerald had said she was cutting ties with him, his father had also claimed he was disowning him. He had become like a rat that everyone wanted to chase away.

"Alexander, I really have no other choice. You're the only one I can turn to," Brian pleaded.

"I really can't help you," Alexander replied curtly and hung up.

Brian called again, but the line was disconnected.

He slammed his phone down on the bed and began pacing angrily around his room, but he couldn't think of a solution.

In the end, he called Filipe into his room and asked him to find out where Alexander was. He was going to find him himself.

Filipe hesitated. "Mr. Nixon, if Madam finds out you're looking for Mr. Kinsey, she might get really angry."

"I don't care if she's angry. I have to find Alexander. Just do what I say, and I'll take responsibility for whatever happens," Brian said.

After a moment of hesitation, Filipe decided to follow Brian's instructions. After all, he also hoped for Emerald and Alexander to reconcile.

Without Alexander's help, Emerald had a hard time doing many things and left herself open to criticism.

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An hour later, Brian stood outside Alexander's villa, ringing the doorbell.

Alexander saw Brian on the surveillance camera and frowned. He decided to ignore him and went back to his room.

However, Brian seemed determined that he was home. He kept ringing the doorbell, and the noise became so unbearable that Alexander couldn't get any rest.

After being tortured by the ringing for over half an hour, Alexander finally gave up, got up, and opened the door.

"Alexander, you finally decided to see me," Brian said.

Alexander remained indifferent as he poured himself a glass of water and sat on the couch. "I told you, I can't help you."

He wasn't planning to help, either.

Brian sat down across from him. "If you don't help me, I'm finished... The Bumards set me up. They intentionally made me fight with one of their own, then locked me up and used me to force my mom to sell them the southern land. Now, everyone who used to support my mom is preparing to turn their backs on her."

As Brian spoke, his face was full of anger and frustration.

Alexander's expression remained unchanged, and he showed no emotion after hearing the whole story. "That has nothing to do with me. I told you, I can't help you."

"Alexander, my mom is your aunt, and I'm your cousin. We're family. Can you really bear to see us lose everything we have?" Brian questioned.

Alexander lifted his gaze to meet Brian's. "Why can't I? There are many people who lost everything because of your family's greed. You should experience that same feeling. It's only fair, don't you think?"

Only when Emerald truly understood the pain Nyla had endured would she regret her actions. Until then, Alexander wouldn't lift a finger to help her.

If it took Emerald losing everything to understand how wrong she had been, then so be it. He wouldn't help her and he would even give things a push if necessary.

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Realizing that Alexander had no intention of helping him, Brian let out a cold laugh and stopped pleading. "Fine. Remember what you said today. Since you refuse to help us, from now on, we're enemies!"

With that, he stood up and stormed out.

Watching him leave, Alexander shook his head, sighed, and returned to his bedroom.

Whatever had happened between them was no longer his concern, and he had no intention of getting involved further.

After storming out of Alexander's villa, Brian headed straight back to the estate.

With Alexander refusing to help, Brian was left with no options for resolving the issue with the land in the south.

Should he really go and beg the Bumards?

The thought crossed his mind, but he dismissed it almost immediately.

Even if the Bumards were willing to return the land, they'd surely demand an exorbitant price.

The mere thought of it made Brian's expression darken.

That night, no one in the estate slept well, except Nyla.

The next morning, Brian followed Emerald into the study after breakfast.

"Mom, I plan to go south myself and see if I can find another piece of land comparable to the one we lost," Brian announced.

Emerald frowned, immediately rejecting the idea. "No. You're not familiar with the power dynamics in the south. Some areas are off limits, and if you offend the wrong people, money won't be enough to fix it."

The Nixons and the Bumards had been at odds for years, constantly trying to outmaneuver each other. Despite their rivalry, they had some unspoken boundaries.

The south was a different story. The forces there didn't have a long-standing conflict with the Nixons, but that also meant they had no reservations about protecting their own interests.

It had taken the Nixons over a year to secure that piece of land. If Brian went, he could easily offend someone without even realizing it.

Unlike the Bumards, the forces in the south wouldn't just capture him to negotiate -they might kill him outright.

"But you need to stay here and

stabilize the Nixons. I'm the only one

who can go: If you're worried, you can send your secretary with me. He was with you last time you went south and knows the landscape weff. With him there, I won't step on any toes," Brian suggested.

Emerald thought for a moment but remained firm. "No. You'll stay here, recover from your injuries, and focus on learning how to manage the family. I'll figure out the land situation."

Brian met her gaze. "And how exactly are you going to fix it? Just keeping the family together is already overwhelming."

"Besides, this mess is my fault. I should be the one to make it right. If I don't start handling things myself, when will I ever grow up?"

Seeing his determination, Emerald was silent for a long time before speaking. "If I refuse, will you sneak off anyway?"

Brian nodded. "Yes."

Once he made up his mind, no one—not even his mother—could change it.

"Fine. I'll have George go with you."

But you have to promise me one thing—no conflicts with the local forces. If you don't find suitable land in two weeks, you come back immediately," Emerald relented.

"Got it," Brian replied.

Emerald picked up her phone and called George Salter, instructing him to come to the estate immediately.

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When George arrived, Emerald wasted no time. "George, Brian is heading south. You're going with him."

Surprised, George asked, "Ms. Kinsey, what is Mr. Nixon going there for?"

"The land we bought in the south fell through. We need to find a new one. Brian doesn't know the players down there, so I need you to guide him."

"Do not provoke anyone. If you haven't found the right property within two weeks, come back immediately," Emerald instructed.

George nodded. "Understood. I'll start preparing now."

"I'll have tickets booked for you both for tomorrow morning," Emerald said.

"Got it, Ms. Kinsey," George replied.

After George left, Brian returned to his room to pack. He and George headed to the airport after lunch.

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When Nyla arrived at the office that afternoon, Jenny approached her. "Ms. Kinsey, these are the design drafts from the team. Let me know if any of them match your vision. If not, I'll have them redone."

Taking the stack of drafts, Nyla nodded. "Alright, I'll review them shortly."

Back in her office, she flipped through the designs, selected the one she liked best, and called Jenny in. "I like this one. Let's proceed with this design for the office renovation."

Jenny looked over the draft and nodded. "Understood, Ms. Kinsey. The renovation will take about two weeks, so in the meantime, you'll need to use the small

conference room as your temporary office."

"That's fine. Should I move now?" Nyla asked.

"If it's convenient, yes. The workers will be coming this afternoon to take measurements," Jenny explained.

"Alright, I don't have much to move. I'll relocate now," Nyla replied.

Jenny led her to the conference room, more

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she needed. Confent belongs to

Jenny placed a stack of documents on the desk and said, "Ms. Kinsey, I apologize for the inconvenience."

"It's no problem. Do I have anything else scheduled for today besides reviewing these files?" Nyla asked.

Jenny paused, thinking for a moment, then answered, "No other tasks for now." "Alright," Nyla replied.

"I'll leave you to it, then. If you need anything, just call me," Jenny reminded her.

After Jenny left, Nyla flipped through the documents. They were all contracts—not particularly

val

important. She set them 4gh

The afternoon passed quickly, and soon, it was time to leave.

Just as Nyla was about to pack up, a commotion erupted outside.

"Mr. Hiatt, Ms. Kinsey is busy working. You can't go in!" Jenny's voice was anxious.

A second later, the door burst open with a loud bang. A man stormed in, his face contorted with fury.

He had white hair and piercing blue eyes, and he looked downright menacing.

Marching up to Nyla's desk, he slammed his hand down hard demanded, "Emerald really transferred all her shares to be bet

Nyla remained calm. "And you are?"

Jenny quickly intervened, "Mr. Hiatt, if you have any issues, you should be speaking with Ms. Emerald directly."

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Robin Hiatt let out a cold laugh. "She doesn't own any shares in Kajer anymore. Why would I go to her?"

The idea of Emerald transferring all her shares to her daughter without consulting the shareholders—and appointing her as CEO—seemed absurd to him.

What could this clueless girl possibly know? Aside from running the company into the ground, what other skills did she have?

Jenny's expression grew serious. "It doesn't matter if you're upset with Ms. Kinsey. She now holds the largest share of the company, making her the rightful successor to Ms. Emerald as Kajer's CEO."

"Did Emerald hold a meeting about this? Did any of us shareholders agree?" Robin sneered. "I demand a shareholder meeting and a vote! There's no way I'll let a woman who knows nothing about business run Kajer!"

The conversation was in Meristate's native language, but Nyla understood every word.

She spoke calmly to Robin. "You can call for a shareholder meeting, but it won't change the fact that I hold the majority of the shares."

Robin's gaze grew icy, anger flaring in his eyes. "Your presence here will only lead Kajer to ruin! If you don't step down, I'll resign from the board and sell my shares!"

Jenny looked alarmed. "Mr. Hiett, you can't do that..."

Robin owned 10% of Kajer Tech's shares. If he sold them off, the stock price would likely plummet.

Nyla remained unfazed. "Go ahead and sell them."

Kajer Tech's fate didn't concern her. Even if the company collapsed tomorrow, it wouldn't affect her in the slightest.

Robin's expression darkened. He growled, "If you refuse to step down, I'll make sure every board member walks away. Kajer will be nothing but an empty shell!"

"I'm not stepping down unless your

former CEO tells me to. Frankly, you're wasting your time coming

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after me. It was her decision to put me in charge. If not for that, I wouldn't have taken this job, no

matter how much you begged," Nyla said flatly.

Robin was momentarily stunned. He stared at her in disbelief. "How dare you look down on Kajer?! If it weren't for Emerald, you wouldn't even have the chance to apply here!"

"There are plenty of companies in this world It's not like I had to come to Kajer. If anything, I never even wanted to be here in the first place." With that, Nyla grabbed her bag and walked out.

Robin kicked over a chair, his face twisted with rage.

Jenny carefully set the chair back upright and said, "Mr. Hiatt, yelling at Ms. Nyla won't change anything. The truth is, Ms. Emerald is still the one controlling the company."

She knew Robin understood this. He

wasn't trying to change anything-he just needed someone to take his anger out on. After all, even if Nyla weren't the CEO, Emerald would have appointed someone Robin had never stood a chance.

Robin scoffed. "We'll see about that. I want to know exactly what Emerald is planning."

He turned and stormed out.

When Nyla returned to the estate, she saw Emerald sitting on the couch in the living room. Her expression was cold, and Nyla had no intention of greeting her.

Without a word, she headed straight for her room.

Just as she passed Emerald, the latter's sharp voice echoed. "Stop."

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Nyla paused and turned to look at Emerald. "What is it?"

"I heard Robin went to see you today," Emerald said.

"Yeah. What about it?" Nyla responded.

Emerald pressed her lips together before speaking sternly. "He's Kajer's second- largest shareholder and the head of R&D. Try not to offend him. If he approaches you, avoid conflict."

Nyla found this amusing. "You should be telling him that. I didn't even know who he was until today. He's the one who came looking for trouble."

"I don't care. Just don't provoke him," Emerald repeated.

Seeing Emerald's cold expression, Nyla lowered her gaze and spoke evenly. "That's not happening. I won't go looking for a fight, but I'm not just going to sit there and take it if he comes after me."

Emerald frowned. "I didn't put you in that company to make enemies."

"Oh, so you put me there to be a punching bag?" Nyla retorted.

Emerald fell silent, and an awkward tension settled between them.

Finally, Filipe spoke up. "Madam, your next meeting is about to start."

Emerald withdrew her gaze, stood, and said, "Bring my dinner to my study."

"Yes, Madam," Filipe replied.

Once she left, Filipe turned to Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, Madam isn't the type to respond well to confrontation. If you softened your tone with her once in a while, maybe things wouldn't always be so tense between you two."

Nyla pursed her lips. "Well, I'm not the type to back down either. And why should I be the one to compromise?"

Filipe sighed. "Madam's spent so many years making decisions on her own that it's second nature to her. But the truth is, your relationship doesn't have to be this hostile."

At the heart of it, Emerald and Nyla were too alike. That's why they could never have a peaceful conversation.

If Nyla could soften up and act more docile like Delia, maybe her relationship with Emerald would

improve over time. Maybe, one day, they'd even have a normal mother-daughter bond.

"You should tell her that," Nyla said flatly. "I have no interest in fixing things with her."

For the next two weeks, Emerald was constantly busy, leaving early in the morning and returning late at night. She and Nyla barely crossed paths.

At the end of those two weeks, Nyla's office renovation was finally complete. She moved out of the small conference room and back into her own space.

Looking at the bright, modern design, she couldn't help but smile.

Working in this environment

instantly put her in a better mood

Emerald's old black, white, and gray aesthetic had always made her feel suffocated the moment she stepped inside.

"Ms. Kinsey, if there's anything you're not satisfied with, we can still make changes," Jenny said.

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

"Alright. I'll leave you to it. Let me know if you need anything," Jenny excused herself.

After Jenny left, Nyla sat down at her desk and casually flipped through a file.

Over the past two weeks, she had learned enough to spot basic contract issues. Now, Jenny had started giving her more complex documents to handle.

...

That evening, Nyla returned to the estate as usual.

The moment she stepped inside, though, she sensed something was off.

Normally, she would hear the service staff chatting as they worked. But tonight, the entire house was eerily silent.

They kept their heads down, quietly going about their tasks, not saying a word to one another.

Lowering her gaze, Nyla silently made her way toward her room. Just as she reached the corner, Filipe called out to her.