

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

**C 1271**

"Ms. Kinsey, Madam is in a bad mood today. If she says or does anything unpleasant, try to endure it to avoid unnecessary trouble," Filipe reminded her.

"Got it," Nyla replied.

Dinner that night was tense.

Emerald sat at the head of the table, her face so dark it seemed a storm was brewing.

Even the usually chatty Delia was unusually quiet, keeping her head down and eating timidly, not daring to crack a single joke.

Nyla remained indifferent, acting as if she noticed nothing. She ate at her usual pace, unbothered by the heavy atmosphere.

Halfway through her meal, she set down her utensils and announced, "I'm done."

Just as she stood to leave, Emerald spoke in a cold voice. "Wait. I need to talk to you later."

At this, Nyla sat back down, casually pulling out her phone and starting a zombie-shooting game.

Delia glanced at her from the side, her eyes flashing with dissatisfaction at how Nyla seemed unaffected by Emerald's mood.

She could understand why Emerald didn't like Nyla. Who would like someone so indifferent to their own family?

After dinner, Emerald asked Nyla to join her in the study.

"You've spent enough time around Andre now. I've decided-you're getting engaged next week. We'll throw a formal reception to announce it," Emerald declared.

"I refuse," Nyla said flatly.

Emerald furrowed her brow. "This isn't a discussion. Your refusal is irrelevant. Even if it's not Andre, it will be someone else. You and Damon are impossible. You need to accept that."

Nyla chuckled. "Whether Damon and I are possible or not doesn't matter. I will never be with another man. If you force me, the only thing you'll get is a corpse. And as for who you want to arrange a marriage with that corpse, that's entirely up to you."

"Nyla, aren't you afraid I'll do something to Damon and Buddy?" Emerald threatened.

"Do whatever you want. Even if you promise not to hurt them, I won't believe you. You're not someone worth trusting," Nyla countered.

Emerald slammed her hand on the desk, her voice sharp with anger. "Say that again!"

"Ms. Kinsey, no matter how many times I say it, the result will be the same. Why make me repeat myself?" Nyla challenged.

"This engagement is happening whether you like it or not! If you refuse, I'll bring Damon and Buddy here and make them watch you get engaged!" Emerald hissed

Nyla's face darkened. "You're so cruel. Aren't you afraid of retribution?"

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Emerald sneered. "Retribution? I only believe there's nothing in this can't accomplish. As for

I'll deal with it when it retri

"Fine. Then I'll just wait and see when it catches up to you." With that, Nyla turned and left.

Back in her room, Nyla opened her chat with Andre and asked if he knew about Emerald's plan for their engagement next week.

His reply came quickly.

Andre: [She talked to me about it today. I agreed.]

Nyla: [...]

Andre: [Once we're engaged, you can

move que

of the estate and live with

me. She won't be able to control you anymore. Plus, you'll have an easier time meeting Damon.]

A thoughtful look crossed Nyla's face as she read the message. If getting engaged meant she could move out, that was definitely tempting.

Nyla: [Are you sure I can move out after the engagement?]

Andre: [Of course. She promised me.]

Seeing that, Nyla immediately grew wary.

Emerald had made plenty of promises before, but she had never once kept them.

Nyla: [Let's talk about this tomorrow. I need to think it over tonight.]

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Nyla exited the chat app, set her phone aside, and contemplated whether or not to follow through with the engagement.

The prospect of moving out of the estate was a huge incentive. However, if Emerald went back on her word, Nyla would have no recourse.

While she was lost in thought, a sudden, urgent knock interrupted her.

She rose and opened the door to find a flustered maid. "Ms. Kinsey, Madam wants you in the main hall immediately."

Seeing the maid's ashen face, Nyla felt a sinking sensation in her gut. She asked quietly, "What happened?"

The maid hesitated, as if struggling to find the right words. "I-It's Mr. Nixon... You'll understand when you get there."

Without further questioning, Nyla hurried to the hall.

Upon entering, she saw Emerald sitting on the sofa, her expression as dark as a thundercloud. Delia sat beside her, crying.

Nyla took a seat across from Emerald.

Before Nyla could speak, Emerald did. "Brian had an accident. I'm leaving for the south first thing in the morning. For the next few days, you and Delia are to stay in the estate and behave. If you cause any trouble while I'm gone, you'll answer for it when I return."

She turned to Filipe. "Is the flight booked?"

Filipe's face was grim. He shook his head. "The earliest available flight is at 6:00 a.m. tomorrow."

"Then get the private jet ready. I want the pilot on standby at the airstrip!" Emerald snapped.

"Understood. I'll make the call now," Filipe replied.

Without another word, Emerald strode out.

Watching her leave, Nyla felt confused. She still had no idea what had happened to Brian. Given Emerald's reaction, it was no minor incident.

After Emerald left, Delia quickly retreated to her room.

Nyla stayed in the hall, waiting for Filipe's return.

When he finally did, she asked, "What exactly happened to Brian?"

Filipe sighed heavily. "I heard he was in a car accident... and lost a leg. But I don't know the full details. We'll have to wait for Madam to return for more information." fo

Nyla paused. Now she understood why Emerald had looked so grim and why Delia had been crying so much.

Emerald had always viewed Brian as the heir to the Nixons. Losing a leg was a devastating blow.

It didn't mean much to Nyla, though. She had no real bond with her half-brother. His fate was of no concern to her.

Seeing her silence, Filipe spoke softly. "Ms. Kinsey, you should get some rest." Nyla hummed in response.

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News of Brian's injury spread quickly within the Nixons.

Within hours, it reached other powerful families, including the Bumards. By the end of the day, nearly all the major families in the north had heard about it.

Late that night, Darcy rushed into Edward's hospital room.

"Mary, I just got word. Brian was in a car in

st in the south. He's still in

Emerald's alreadydeft

it. This is our chance!" he

announced.

They had waited years for an opportunity like this.

Mary kept her excitement in check. "What should we do now?"

"I'm gathering the Nixons' key members for a meeting to see who's willing to back us," Darcy replied.

Mary nodded. "And don't forget-go

to the estate and take Delia and Nyla

under control. They'll be useful

bargaining chips when it's time to negotiate with Emerald."

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Darcy nodded. "Alright. I'll contact you once I get any updates."

"Mm. Darcy, I'm counting on you," Mary replied.

After Darcy left, Mary returned to the bedside, sitting down and clasping her hands together in prayer. She gazed at the unconscious, pale-faced Edward, hoping that Darcy would succeed this time.

If he failed, Emerald would never let her or her son, Vik, go.

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Back in her bedroom, Nyla couldn't shake off a growing sense of unease, though she wasn't sure why.

She reached for her phone, about to contact Damon, when she suddenly heard urgent footsteps approaching.

Before she could react, the door burst open, and several men in black stormed in.

A maid from the estate stood behind them.

Nyla tightened her grip on her phone and demanded coldly, "Who are you?!"

The maid pointed at her and told the leader of the men in black, "She's Emerald's other daughter."

The leader nodded, and in an instant, the men swarmed her, restraining her tightly.

In the struggle, Nyla's phone slipped from her grasp and fell to the floor.

"Who are you? Where are you taking me?!" she shouted.

No one answered.

Within minutes, Nyla was bound and escorted out of the estate, shoved into the backseat of a stretched Lincoln.

Two men sat beside her, their expressions unreadable as they stared straight ahead.

Realizing they wouldn't respond, she stopped asking questions.

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Time passed slowly. Eventually, the car pulled up in front of a villa.

As Nyla was dragged out, she saw Delia being pulled from another vehicle.

Delia's eyes widened in disbelief when she saw her. "Nyla?! Why are you here too?"

Before Nyla could respond, they were both pushed inside the villa.

In the living room, Darcy sat comfortably on the sofa, swirling a glass of red wine in his hand with a smile.

As soon as Nyla and Delia entered, the latter barked, "Darcy! Why did you bring us here? If you don't let us go right now, my mother will make you pay when she returns!"

Darcy chuckled. "Your mother? By the time she gets back, she might not even be able to save herself, let alone you."

Ignoring Delia's outrage, he turned to his men. "Lock them in the basement. No food. Give them water every few hours-just enough to keep them alive."

His subordinates acted swiftly, dragging Nyla and Delia downstairs before locking the heavy metal door behind them.

The basement was dimly lit by a single flickering bulb, barely enough to make out their surroundings.

Delia and Nyla sat in opposite corners, refusing to acknowledge each other.

Eventually Delia couldn't take the silence anymore and turned to Nyla. "Hey, you've barely said a word this whole time. Aren't you scared Darcy will do something to us?"

Nyla glanced at her. "Would it change anything if I was?"

"Well... no..." Delia mumbled.

Silence fell again.

Delia fidgeted before speaking again. "You don't actually like Andre, do you?"

Nyla's expression remained indifferent. "Why does that matter to you?"

"I heard Mom say she's planning your engagement to Andre next week. If you don't like him, you should refuse!" Delia said.

Nyla frowned.

They were kidnapped, locked in a basement, and facing an uncertain fate. Yet, instead of worrying about escaping or whether someone would come to rescue them Delia was fixated on her engagement?

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Nyla pressed her lips together and said nothing.

"Hey, why aren't you answering me? Say something!" Delia exclaimed.

"I don't feel like talking," Nyla replied flatly. "If you have the energy to waste, use it to think of a way out of here."

Delia pouted. "I don't need to. Mom will definitely come save me, and Darcy wouldn't dare do anything to me.

"But you? That's another story. You always argue with her, so she might just leave you here."

Nyla ignored her childish remark and leaned against the cold wall, eyes closed.

The fact that Darcy had locked them up instead of harming them right away meant he likely planned to use them as bargaining chips against Emerald. As long as Emerald hadn't returned yet, they were probably safe.

Delia grumbled to herself for a while. Seeing that Nyla had no intention of responding, she eventually fell silent as well.

After hearing about Brian's car accident, Andre immediately sent a message to Nyla, but there was no response.

An hour passed.

Still nothing.

A deep sense of unease settled in his chest, so he immediately called Damon. "Damon, I can't reach Nyla. I have a bad feeling something's wrong."

Damon's voice was ice-cold. "I just got word from someone inside the estate. She was taken by a man named Darcy. Do you know him?"

Andre's expression darkened. "Yes. He's from the Nixons. He's always been at odds with Emerald and supports Edward's illegitimate son, Vik. If he took Nyla, she could be in danger."

Before Andre could say anything else, Damon hung up.

Damon went straight to Ross and quickly relayed the information.

Hearing that Nyla had been taken, Ross immediately said, "Don't worry. I'll get in touch with Darcy."

Minutes later, Ross was on the phone with Darcy.

Darcy scoffed at Ross' request to release Nyla. "Mr. Bumard, she's Emerald's daughter. I'm not letting her go until Emerald returns."

Ross' tone turned icy. "Are you sure you want to go against the Bumards?"

Darcy chuckled darkly. "By

interfering, aren't you the one going against the Nixons? I'm making Vik the Nixon's successor. Anyone who stops me is going against me-and against the Nixons!"

"Don't be ridiculous. Emerald is still the leader of the Nixons," Ross replied.



"Really? With Brian's accident, do you think she still has time to manage anything?" Darcy mocked.

Ross took a deep breath, his voice turning even colder. "So, you refuse to release her?"

"I refuse," Darcy replied curtly.

"Fine. You'll regret this." Ross hung up and turned to his assistant. "Gather our men. We're surrounding Darcy's villa."

Darcy's ambition to make Edward's illegitimate son the head of the Nixons was laughable. Even if inherit the family, there were plenty of other qualified successors.

Vik? The only one supporting him was Darcy. He had no real chance.

blinded by Mary's Mel

Darcy was nothing more than a fool, was pathetic how he was

do anything for that for that woman and her son.

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After Ross' secretary left, he turned to Damon. "Damon, don't worry. I won't let Ms. Kinsey come to any harm."

Damon nodded. "Thank you, Ross."

"If it weren't for you back then, I'd already be dead. I should be the one thanking you. Right now, the most important thing is getting Ms. Kinsey out safely," Ross replied.

Damon hummed in agreement.

By the time Emerald arrived outside the operating room of a private hospital in the south, Brian's surgery had just ended.

Seeing him lying on the hospital bed, his face as pale as paper, Emerald felt her heart ache.

She turned to the doctor beside her. "How is he?"

"The surgery was successful. He should wake up in a few hours," the doctor answered.

Hearing this, Emerald finally let out a sigh of relief.

Just as she was about to speak, her phone started ringing from inside her bag.

Seeing it was Filipe calling, she frowned and declined the call.

"Thank you," Emerald told the doctor.

"No need to thank me. It's my job," the doctor replied.

Emerald was about to ask how soon Brian could be discharged when her phone rang again.

Her expression darkened when she saw it was Filipe calling once more.

She stepped aside and answered the call, her voice cold. "I'm busy right now. Didn't I say not to call me unless it's urgent-"

Before she could

finish, Filipe's

panicked voice came through the line. "Madam, Darcy's men came and took Ms. Nixon and Ms. Kinsey away just now! I also heard Dafey has gathered many members of the Nixons for a meeting. He's planning to make Vik take your position!"

Emerald let out a cold laugh. "Looks like he's tired of living. Don't worry about this. I'll be back first thing in the morning."

She hung up, suppressing the anger boiling in her chest, and dialed Darcy's number.

It seemed he had been waiting for her call as he picked up after just a few rings.

"Emerald, what a surprise! I heard Brian got into a car accident in the south and just underwent surgery. I figured you'd be too busy to call me," Darcy taunted.

Emerald's voice was laced with ice. "Darcy, I hear you kidnapped both Delia and Nyla?"

Darcy chuckled. "Kidnapped is such an ugly word. I merely invited them over for a little visit. Once you return, I'll send them back."

"I'm warning you-if anything happens to them, I'll make sure you never see the light of day again!" Emerald threatened.

"Come on, Emerald, why so serious? It's just a small thing," Darcy chirped.

"Small? You waited for me to leave for the south, then gathered the Nixons to push Vik into power-is that also a small thing?

"Darcy, don't forget, if it weren't for me, you'd still be homeless, digging through trash for your next meal!" Emerald spat.

Had she known Darcy would turn against her for Mary, she never would have brought him into the Nixons in the first place.

Darcy narrowed his eyes. "Emerald, it was Edward who brought me in—it had nothing to do with you.

"And let's be honest, there are plenty of people in the Nixons who are unhappy with your leadership. Maybe it's time for you to step aside."

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"Whether step aside or not isn't to you!" Emerald's voice was razor-sharp. "By the time I get back, you'd better have released my

Yghters. Otherwise, you'll regret

it."

Darcy let out a slow, mocking laugh. "Well, if you're still the leader of the Nixons by then, I might consider it. But doubt anyone will still support you by the time you return

"You'll pay for this, Darcy," Emerald hissed.

"We'll see about that," Darcy replied.

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Darcy hung up.

Emerald's face darkened with fury. Taking a deep breath to steady herself, she turned and walked toward Brian's hospital room.

George was standing guard outside, looking almost as bad as Brian himself.

As Emerald approached, she took in the sight of his injuries—his face and body covered in wounds. Though bandaged, blood still seeped through the gauze, making for a horrifying scene.

"George, what happened? Why did the accident occur?" she asked.

George's face was pale, his voice grim. "Ms. Kinsey, I don't think Mr. Nixon's accident was just an accident. I believe someone orchestrated it."

Emerald's expression turned ice-cold. "Do you have any proof?"

George shook his head. "No, just a gut feeling. The driver who hit us seemed to know Mr. Nixon was in the back seat. He deliberately rammed into the rear of the car. That's why the driver and I only suffered minor injuries, while Mr. Nixon's condition was severe enough to require amputation."

Emerald tightened her grip on her phone. She stared at George, her tone firm. "I understand. I'll look into this. You're injured too—go get some rest. We're heading back first thing in the morning."

George looked surprised. "What about Mr. Nixon?"

"The doctor said the surgery was successful. He should be stable enough to be transported back for further treatment. Besides, if we don't go back now, the Nixons will descend into chaos," Emerald replied.

Thinking about how Darcy had kidnapped Delia and Nyla in her absence, she could barely contain her fury.

This time, when she returned, she would make sure Darcy learned exactly who the real leader of the Nixons was.

Late at night, Darcy's villa was heavily surrounded—his guards already subdued. Darcy stood at the entrance, his expression dark as he faced off against Ross. "Ross, are you sure you want to do this? If you force your way in, the only thing you'll find is the corpses of Nyla and Delia," he threatened.

Ross smiled, but his icy blue eyes remained devoid of warmth. "Darcy, maybe you should see who I have before you make any threats."

As he finished speaking, his men dragged out Mary and Vik.

Darcy's expression instantly soured. His gaze turned murderous as he glared at

Ross. "Ross, you actually had the audacity to take them?!"

Ross kept his relaxed smile. "I tried

resolving this peacefully, but you refused to cooperate. So I decided I to use your methods against you. If you release Ms. Kinsey, I'll release Vik and Mary. But if anything happens to her, I can't guarantee their safety either."

"You realize Vik is the next leader of the Nixons? If you lay a finger on him, you'll be making an enemy of the entire Nixon family," Darcy warned.

Ross remained unfazed. "Last I checked, Emerald is still the current leader of the Nixons. If the Bumards stand with her, you don't stand a chance."

Before arriving, Ross had already gathered intel-while many

members of the Nixons suppool net

Darcy, plenty still opposed the idea

of Vik taking over.

After all, Vik was just a bastard son. No matter how talented he was, he would never be truly accepted.

Darcy's expression darkened as he glared at Ross in silence.

Ross continued calmly, "All I want is for you to release Ms. Kinsey. As for Ms. Nixon-that's between you and Emerald. You'll still have your bargaining chip."

Darcy's eyes flickered. If he released Nyla while still holding onto Delia, he would retain enough leverage to negotiate with Emerald.

Seeing Darcy waver, Ross pressed on. "I'll give you three minutes to think about it. If you don't release her, Mary and Vik will suffer the consequences."

At Ross' threat, Darcy remained silent for a moment before finally saying, "Fine, I agree."

He turned to his men and ordered coldly, "Go get Nyla."

"Yes, sir!" one of them said.

...

Nyla and Delia were leaning against the wall in the basement, half-asleep, when the door suddenly swung open.

Two men dressed in black strode in and headed straight for Nyla.

Delia, watching with amusement, made no move to speak up for her. She could barely protect herself, let alone someone else.

Besides, as Emerald's most beloved daughter, she was certain Darcy's men wouldn't dare harm her.

Nyla's gaze turned icy. "Where are you taking me?"

The men in black didn't respond. They simply seized her and led her away. Soon, they exited the basement.

As Nyla was escorted to the villa entrance, she spotted Ross standing not far away. At last, she felt a sense of relief.

The two men in black brought her to Darcy. Once he confirmed it was really her, he gestured for them to hand her over to Ross.

"Ross, I'm giving her to you. Now let Mary and Vik go," Darcy demanded.

Ross nodded. "I will-but only after we leave safely."

Darcy's face darkened. "You're breaking your word!"

"Darcy, who's really going back on their word here? Do you think I don't know you

have men waiting to ambush us on the way?" Ross shot back.

Darcy fell silent, his expression turning even colder.

"Don't worry. Mary and Vik are of no use to me. Once I'm back in Bumard territory,

I'll release them," Ross assured him.

Darcy let out a cold laugh. "Fine. But you'd better not be lying to me."

Ross didn't respond, merely signaling his men to take Nyla away.

An hour later, Ross kept his word. Upon reaching Bumard territory, he had Mary and Vik released.

Darcy, who had been following them the entire time, finally breathed a sigh of relief when he saw Ross was true to his word.

Retrieving Mary and Vik, he shot Ross a cold glare and warned, "Ross, this ends here."

Ross simply nodded. "Of course."

Once Darcy left with his people, Ross instructed the driver to head straight back to the estate.

Turning to Nyla, he asked in a low voice, "Ms. Kinsey, are you alright? Did Darcy's men hurt you?"

Nyla shook her head. "No, they just locked us up."

"I'm sorry-I could only get you out. I couldn't do anything for Ms. Nixon," Ross apologized.

Darcy had planned this for a long time. He was willing to release hosta  
, but if Ross had pushet  
for

both, he would never have agreed.

"I'm already grateful you managed to save me," Nyla replied. Besides, Delia's fate had nothing to do with her.

Ever since arriving in Meristate, Delia had shown her nothing but hostility. Last time, she had even ordered a maid to pour cold water on her, leaving her with a high fever for days.

Nyla wasn't the type to be overly compassionate, nor was she willing to forgive

Delia for what she had done.

"This was all thanks to Damon,"

Ross said. "If he hadn't tipped me off about your kidnapping, I wouldn't have been able to rescue youso quickly."

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"You did a lot too. You negotiated directly with Darcy and risked offending him just to save me." Nyla's gaze into Ross' eyes was full of gratitude.

Ross smiled. "It was my honor to help you and Damon."

After a brief hesitation, Nyla couldn't hold back her curiosity any longer. "How do you know Damon?"



Before coming to Meristate, she had no idea that Damon was acquainted with someone as powerful as Ross.

The night Emerald had thrown her out of the estate, she hadn't walked far when a car suddenly pulled up in front of her. Two men in black had gotten out, taken her without explanation, and brought her to Ross' estate.

At first, she had assumed she was being kidnapped. It wasn't until Ross mentioned that he knew Damon-and even called him right in front of her-that she realized he had no ill intentions.

Later, Ross had been a great help to both her and Damon.

Nyla couldn't help but wonder what kind of relationship the two men had for Ross to go so far for them.

Ross chuckled. "Damon and I have known each other for over 20 years. The first time we met, he saved my life. Since then, we've kept in touch. I've always wanted to repay him, but I never got the chance.

"It wasn't until he reached out to me that I found out Emerald forcibly brought you to Meristate.

"As for the details of how we met, you should ask Damon yourself. It's his personal matter, and I don't want to overstep."

Nyla was surprised, but she finally understood why Ross had been so willing to help them.

"Ross, no matter what, I'm truly grateful," she said.

As they talked, the car arrived at Ross' estate.

The moment Nyla stepped out, she was pulled into a tight embrace. The familiar scent of mint surrounded her.

Feeling how tightly Damon was holding her, she wrapped her arms around him and whispered, "I'm okay, Damon. I'm safe now."

After a few more seconds, Damon finally let go. He turned to Ross and said, "Ross, thank you."

"Ms. Kinsey already thanked me on the way back. It's cold out here-let's go inside," Ross replied.

Once inside, they settled in the living room.

Ross looked at Damon and suggested, "Why don't you both stay here for now? The Nixons are bound to erupt into chaos soon."

Darcy had gathered many influential members of the Nixons, aiming to overthrow Emerald. However, after controlling the family for so many years, Emerald had built her own network of loyal followers.

By kidnapping Delia and Nyla, Darcy had completely severed ties with Emerald, ensuring a brutal power struggle ahead.

Damon shook his head. "No need.

have a

ace to stay. Once things

her back home.anto

down with the Nixons,

Ross frowned. "That could take a long time."

"It won't take too long. It's late-we should get going. Goodbye," Damon said, excusing them.

Seeing that Damon had made up his mind, Ross didn't insist. "Alright. If you ever need my help, just let me know."

Damon shook his head. "Ross, you

saved

til you anymore."

wife. That cancels out the

time saved your life. You don't owe me anything anymore."

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After speaking, Damon took Nyla and left.

Once they got into the car, Nyla turned to him. "Where are we going now?"

"We'll head back to my villa first. Emerald should be too preoccupied to bother you for now. After that, we'll take things one step at a time," Damon answered.

Nyla leaned against his shoulder and murmured, "Mm. I never want to be apart from you again."

"Me neither," Damon replied.

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More than an hour later, the car pulled up in front of Damon's villa.

As soon as they got out, they saw Alexander standing by the entrance, as if he had been waiting for a long time.

Damon's expression turned icy. "Mr. Kinsey, what are you doing here?"

At the same time, he instinctively positioned Nyla behind him.

Alexander noted Damon's protective stance, and his gaze darkened slightly. "Relax. I'm not here to take Nyla away. I'm here to help you."

Damon let out a cold laugh. "We don't need your help."

If it hadn't been for Alexander, Nyla wouldn't have been taken to Meristate in the first place. Their family wouldn't have been torn apart.

Alexander met his eyes directly. "I know you don't trust me right now, but getting Nyla out of Meristate won't be easy without my help."

"That's none of your concern," Damon countered.

Alexander sighed in frustration. "Mr. Sumner, I genuinely want to help you. And if I really wanted to take Nyla away, you wouldn't be able to stop me."

Damon was about to respond when he felt Nyla squeeze his hand. He turned to her. "What's wrong?"

"Damon, I think we should at least hear him out. The truth is, we don't have any allies in Meristate," Nyla said.

They had been able to rely on Ross before, but that was only because Damon had once saved his life. Now that Ross had returned the favor, their debts were settled. Asking for his help again wouldn't be easy.

Besides, with just Damon and Andre, they weren't strong enough to go up against Emerald.

After a brief silence, Damon finally nodded. He looked at Alexander coldly. "Fine. Come inside."

The three of them entered the villa.

While Nyla went to take a shower, Alexander and Damon headed to the study.

Once seated, Damon's tone was low and serious. "Alright, tell me. How exactly do you plan to help us?"

"I'll make sure you and Nyla return home safely, and I'll ensure you're never dragged into the Nixons' affairs again. You, Nyla, and Buddy can just live a peaceful life together," Alexander assured him.

Damon's face remained unreadable. "And you think Emerald will just agree to that?"

"Right now, Darcy is trying to push Vik into power. Meanwhile, Brian was injured in a car accident.

"After losing that piece of land in the south, a lot of people in the Nixons are unhappy with my aunt. If she wants to stabilize her position, she needs my support.

"When she comes to me for help, I'll make Nyla's return a condition. She'll have no choice but to agree," Alexander explained.

His words were sincere, but Damon simply scoffed. "Why should I trust you? Don't forget, you were the one who convinced Nyla to come to Meristate in the first place. To you and Emerald, she's nothing more than a tool to be used and discarded."

Alexander admitted, "I know it's hard for you to believe me, but I'm Buddy's mentor. I don't want to see him lose his mother at such a young age."

Originally, Alexander planned to bring Mason to Meristate and train him personally. However, Mason refused to come, and Emerald had now completely turned against them. She had increasingly hindered Damon's business, demonstrating her willingness to sacrifice Nyla and her family to pave the way for Brian and Delia.

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As Mason's mentor, Alexander couldn't just sit by and watch his family fall apart.

After a long pause, Damon finally said, "Alright. I'll give you one more chance." When Nyla came out of the shower, Alexander had already left.

Hearing sounds from the kitchen, she walked over and found Damon cooking pasta.

"Damon," she called softly.

He turned to her with a small smile. "All done? Go sit down. The pasta will be ready soon."

"Okay," she replied.

Five minutes later, Damon brought out a steaming plate of pasta and placed it in front of her. "Eat up. Get some rest after this."

The delicious aroma filled the air. Nyla picked up her utensils and glanced at Damon. "Aren't you eating?"

He shook his head. "I'm not hungry."

"Alright," she answered.

As she ate, she finally had the chance to ask about his conversation with Alexander.

"He said he'd help us return home and make sure we're never dragged into the Nixons' business again," Damon said.

Nyla nodded. "Do you think he's telling the truth?"

"For now, it seems that way. But we'll have to wait and see what he actually does," Damon replied.

"Mm. We'll deal with it when the time comes," Nyla said.

Damon advised, "Don't overthink it. Just get some rest tonight." "Okay," she murmured.

...

Alexander went straight back to the Kinsey residence after leaving Damon's villa.

When his father, Warren Kinsey, saw him, his expression immediately darkened. "Didn't I already tell you we're done? What are you doing here?"

Alexander sat down across from him and spoke calmly. "You've heard about Brian's accident and Delia's kidnapping, haven't you?"

Warren snorted. "And what does that have to do with you? You don't care anyway."

Alexander chuckled. "That's true. But I could assist."

Warren's expression shifted. After a long pause, he scoffed. "What do you want?"

He knew his son well.

Alexander had been determined to leave the family, so there was no way he would come back without a reason. He must have something planned.

Alexander nodded. "I do have a condition. If Aunt Emerald agrees to let Nyla return home and promises never to interfere in her life again, I'll help her."

As soon as he finished speaking, Warren snapped, "Impossible! She would never agree to that!"

"You haven't even asked her yet. How do you know?" Alexander countered.

"She just wouldn't! Give up on that idea," Warren said.

Alexander stood up with a nod. "Alright, then. In that case, I won't interfere anymore. Whether Aunt Emerald can keep control of the Nixons is up to her." With that, he turned to leave.

Just as he reached the door, Warren's furious voice echoed behind him. "Stop right there! Are you really going to abandon your aunt? Have you forgotten everything she's done for you?"

Alexander turned back to look at him. "She was good to me in the past, but I've done plenty for her over the years. I don't owe her anything. If you still want to support her that's your choice."

Warren's face turned red with anger. "Are you trying to give me a heart attack?!

Our family will be doomed if you don't help her!"

"It's not like I care what happens to the Kinseys or the Nixons," Alexander remarked nonchalantly.

Warren fumed. "You ungrateful brat! How did I end up with a son like you?!"