

Trading My Ex for His Uncle c 1281

No matter how furious Warren was, Alexander didn't look back. He was certain that Emerald would reach out to him soon and agree to his terms.

At present, she had no one else to rely on. Even the people she could use, she didn't fully trust. Besides, the condition he proposed wasn't that difficult.

After Alexander left, Warren fumed for a while before finally calming down. He then dialed Emerald's number and relayed everything Alexander had said, word for word.

There was a brief silence on the other end before Emerald's cold voice came through. "Ignore him. If he wants to go against me for Nyla's sake, I want to see how long he can keep it up!"

Warren quickly tried to soothe her. "Don't be too upset. Alexander is still young. It's normal for him to act impulsively. Once he thinks things through, he'll come back."

Emerald let out a cold laugh. "He knows exactly what he's doing. If we wait for him to come to his senses, who knows how many years that'll take? I won't let him threaten me. From now on, he's no longer my nephew!"

"Alright, alright. Don't get too worked up. I'll find a chance to talk to him," Warren coaxed.

Then, as if remembering something, he asked, "By the way, how's Brian doing?" Emerald glanced at the unconscious man on the hospital bed and said in a low voice, "Still not awake. We're heading back in the morning."

"Alright. Stay safe," Warren said.

After hanging up, Emerald stared at Brian, her expression dark.

She hadn't expected that at such a critical time, Alexander wouldn't just refuse to help her but would also take advantage of the situation to demand Nyla's return. What a good nephew he was!

No matter what, she would never agree to his conditions!

At Darcy's villa...

Mary and Vik sat across from Darcy, looking uneasy.

"Darcy, are you sure this will work?" Mary asked.

If it failed, they would all be doomed.

Darcy nodded. "Yes. Don't worry, nothing will go wrong this time. Once Emerald returns, I'll find a way to take her out of the equation. Once Vik takes control of the Nixons, she will no longer be a threat to two."

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Mary sighed in relief. "Thank you, Darcy. With Edward's health deteriorating, Vik and I wouldn't have survived this long without you."

Ever since Emerald found out that Mary had given birth to Edward's child, she had seen them as thorns in her side. She had set them up multiple times, trying to kill them. If not for Darcy's interventions they would've been dead by now.

For that, Mary was deeply grateful to him.

Darcy met Mary's captivating gaze his breathing slightly unsteady.. "Mary, protect you and Vik because I want to. As long as I'm alive, I won't let anyone harm you."

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Mary gave him a soft nod. "Mm."

Darcy checked the time and said, "It's getting late. You and Vik should rest. I'll keep you updated."

"Alright," Mary replied.

After Mary and Vik went upstairs, Darcy returned to his study. There was still a lot to do, and he had no time for sleep.

He spent the entire night compiling a list of those who refused to side with him.

By morning, he called his assistant in and gave a cold order. "Round up everyone on this list."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Once his men left, Darcy freshened up and walked into the living room.

Mary and Vik were already awake.

He turned to Mary. "Mary, take Vik to the hospital after breakfast to stay with Edward. Leave the rest to me."

Mary nodded, though her gaze was filled with worry. "Be careful."

"I've weathered bigger storms than this. A small matter like this is nothing," Darcy reassured her.

After breakfast, Mary and Vik left while Darcy prepared to call a meeting.

Just as he was about to gather his allies, his phone rang.

He narrowed his eyes when he saw Emerald's name on the screen. Answering, he said, "Emerald, what brings you to call me at this hour?"

"I'm back. Come to the estate immediately," Emerald said coolly.

Darcy's expression darkened. He hadn't expected her to return so soon.

"You're not joking, are you?" he asked.

"You'll know when you get here." With that, Emerald hung up.

A sense of unease crept into Darcy's heart. He immediately called one of the family members who had pledged their support to him the day before.

The phone rang for a long time before the other party finally picked up. "Darcy? Why are you calling so early?"

"Did you know that Emerald is back?" Darcy asked.

There was a pause on the other end before the person's shocked voice echoed. "What?! How did she return so fast?"

By their calculations, Emerald should have stayed in the south for at least three days. Yet, she had come back after just one night.

"She called me, saying she wants to hold a meeting. But I suspect that's just a cover-her real goal is to deal with me," Darcy disclosed.

The man on the other end panicked. "What should we do?"

"I have to go, but you need to start gathering our people. If I don't contact you within an hour, storm the estate and get me out. We have no way out now. No matter what happens, we have to fight her head-on," Darcy instructed

"Understood. I'll get on it now," the man replied.

Rustling sounds came through the receiver, indicating the man was getting dressed.

"Good. I'm heading out," Darcy said.

After hanging up, he ordered his butler to prepare the car and drove straight to Emerald's estate.

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As soon as his car pulled up to the

gate, a maid stepped forward, opened the door for him, and bowed respectfully. "Mr. Payne, Madam is waiting for you in the garden? Please follow me."

Darcy didn't speak. His face was cold as he nodded and followed the maid inside.

In the gazebo, Emerald was sipping tea. When she saw him, she smirked.

"Darcy, you got here quite fast. Have a seat," she invited.

Darcy scoffed and sat down across from her. "Emerald, since we're past the point of pretending, let's get to the point. Hand over control of the Nixons, and I'll release Delia."

Emerald raised an eyebrow. "And what if I refuse?"

Darcy's expression turned ice-cold. "Then I'll have no choice but to use force. When that happens, I can't guarantee what will come next."

Emerald chuckled. "So, should I be thanking you for giving me a choice?"

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

A cold glint flashed in Darcy's eyes when he saw that Emerald remained completely calm and could even smile.

"Emerald, we've known each other for so many years. I don't want things to get ugly. You already have more wealth than you could spend in a lifetime, and with Brian losing a leg, he's no longer a viable successor to the Nixons. If you step down now, I won't make things difficult for you," Darcy said.

Emerald set down her teacup, her expression steady as she met Darcy's gaze. "I've told you before-my chosen successor is my eldest daughter, Nyla, not Brian. So whether or not Brian is injured has nothing to do with the future of the Nixons."

Darcy's face darkened. "So you're refusing to settle this peacefully?"

"The moment you came to my estate and kidnapped my daughters, a peaceful resolution was off the table," Emerald replied.

As soon as she finished speaking, more than a dozen men in black emerged from the shadows, swiftly surrounding them.

Darcy's expression changed instantly. He gritted his teeth. "Emerald, what the hell do you think you're doing?!"

Emerald smirked. "I'm making it very clear who's really in charge."

At her signal, the black-clad men surged forward. Within two minutes, Darcy was pinned to the ground.

Restrained and furious, he leered at Emerald. "You think I came here

unprepared? Before I arrived, I ordered Tony to rally our forces. Right now, this estate is completely surrounded!"

He expected Emerald to panic at this revelation, but instead, she simply chuckled. "Darcy, do you really think Tony works for you?"

Darcy's eyes widened in shock. "What?! That's impossible!"

Tony Auger had always been on his side. They had spent years strategizing together, plotting against Emerald with ruthless precision. He despised her- Darcy was certain of it.

Emerald's gaze was almost pitying. "How sad. You only figured it out now? If you don't believe me, I'll let Tony tell you himself."

She dialed a number. "Come to the estate. Now."

Tony had been waiting just outside. Within five minutes, he strode into the pavilion. He spared a glance at the restrained Darcy before turning to Emerald. "Madam, you called for me?"

At the sight of Tony standing so calmly by Emerald's side, Darcy finally understood. His face twisted in fury and disbelief. "Tony, I treated you like a brother! And you were Emerald's man all along?! You're a traitor!"

Tony met his gaze with calm indifference. "Darcy, have you forgotten who gave us a place to belong in the first place? I haven't. Madam helped me. I would never let anyone harm her-not even you."

Darcy was stunned for a moment, then let out a bitter laugh.

"She may have given us an opportunity back then, but everything I've achieved is because of my own effort! I owe her nothing! Our loyalty belongs to the Nixons, not this woman!" His tone was mocking.

Tony shook his head. "Darcy, stop pretending this is about the family. You kidnapped Ms. Nixon for one reason only-Mary, the woman you're obsessed with."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

For years, Tony had watched Darcy lose himself over Mary, taking increasingly reckless risks for her. He had always known that one day, Darcy would destroy himself because of her.

Darcy's expression twisted with rage. "Tony, I will never forgive you!"

Tony ignored him and turned to Emerald. "Madam, we've secured Ms. Nixon. As for Mary and Vik, they're still in the hospital under Edward's men's watch. We weren't able to bring them in."

Emerald nodded. "You've done well. From now on, you will take over all of Darcy's operations."

"Understood, Madam," Tony replied.

Darcy's face contorted in fury. "Emerald, you have no right to do this! If Edward finds out, he won't let you get away with it!"

Emerald's smirk was cold. "Edward is lying in a hospital bed, barely able to move. Do you really think he has time to deal with you?"

"As of this moment, you are no longer part of the Nixons. Everything you had- your wealth, your status—I will take it all back. Since you believe you earned it yourself, you're welcome to start over from nothing."

She waved a hand dismissively, and the men in black hauled Darcy away.

"No! Emerald, you can't do this! Let go of me! You fools!" His shouts faded into the distance until they were gone.

Tony remained standing there, silent and composed, as if nothing had happened. Emerald turned to him. "What's the status on Nyla?"

"My sources indicate that Damon arrived in Meristate. After Ms. Kinsey was taken by Ross, Damon retrieved her," Tony reported.

Emerald sneered. "So I let Prospectus Technology off too easily before, and now he's getting bold. Have you found out where he is?"

Tony shook his head, his expression grim. "Not yet."

Emerald frowned. "What do you mean, not yet? How can you not know where he is?!"

"It seems someone is helping him from the shadows... My men were tracking him last night, but we lost him," Tony replied.

"Find him. Today. And bring him to me," Emerald ordered.

"Yes, Madam," Tony answered.

After Tony left, Emerald sat in the pavilion for a moment longer before rising to her feet.

Just as she was about to change and head to the hospital, Delia ran in.

Seeing Emerald, she quickened her pace, looking pitiful. "Mom, you have no idea how much I suffered last night! Darcy locked me in a

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basement-there were rats! If you had come any later, I would've died of fright!"

She reached out, wanting to hug her mother.

Emerald immediately dodged, a look of disgust crossing her face. "You're filthy. Go shower first."

Delia pouted, but Emerald had already dismissed her. She ordered Filipe to prepare a car and headed to the hospital herself.

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By the time she arrived, over an hour had passed.

The moment she stepped into the hospital room, Mary shot to her feet,

positioning herself protectively in

front of Edward's bed. "Emerald, of

what are you doing here?! You're not welcome!"

Seeing her defensive stance, Emerald smirked, strolled over, pulled out a chair., and sat down leisurely.

"Mary,

I'm here shouldn't be asking why should be asking why it's meu

I'm here," she said with a smile.

not Darcy, who came."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Mary's face turned pale in an instant. "What did you do to Darcy?!"

She leered at Emerald, her eyes burning with rage.

Emerald smiled. "Nothing much. Just putting him back where he belongs."

Then, with a teasing lilt, she added, "But the way you're so concerned about him makes it easy to suspect there's something more between you two."

Mary's expression grew even uglier.

"Emerald, what nonsense are you talking about?! Darcy and I are completely innocent!" she snapped.

Emerald raised an eyebrow. "No need to get so worked up. I was just making an observation. But now that Darcy is out of the picture, you should face reality— there's no one left in the Nixons to support you.

"You can forget about your little dream of Vik taking over. The only thing you should focus on now is taking care of Edward. Once he's gone, I'll give you and Vik some money so you can leave. But if you try anything foolish again, don't blame me for what happens next."

Mary ground her teeth. "Don't get too comfortable, Emerald. Once Edward recovers, he won't let you off so easily."

Emerald didn't seem the least bit concerned. "Well, we'll just have to wait and see if he recovers, won't we?"

With that, she turned and left, her mood much lighter.

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By the time Emerald returned to the estate, Filipe was already waiting. "Madam, Mr. Rex is here. He's in the main hall."

Emerald nodded. "Got it."

As she stepped into the hall, she immediately noticed Cortez sitting on the sofa, his expression dark. He was clearly in a foul mood.

Emerald, however, remained composed as she took a seat across from him. "Cortez, what brings you here?"

Cortez let out a cold chuckle. "Emerald, I hope you haven't forgotten our deal. If you can't get that land back or find a suitable replacement within a month, I'm pulling my support."

Emerald's face darkened slightly.

"Cortez, you should already know that Brian went south specifically to look for land. And because of that, he got into a car accident and lost a leg!

"Not to mention, while I was away, Darcy sent people to kidnap my daughters and tried to rally support within the Nixons to push Vik as the next heir. You knew all of this, didn't you?" she challenged.

Cortez met her sharp gaze and nodded. "I did. But what does that

have to do with me? If Brianet

gotten into a conflict with the

Bumards, that land wouldn't have been lost in the first place, and he wouldn't have had to go south."

In other words, Brian losing his leg was his own doing. It had nothing to do with anyone else.

"As for the kidnapping, that's a personal feud between you and Darcy. You should've handled it yourself. Or were you expecting me to clean up your mess?"

"Emerald, don't forget-I support you, but I'm not your subordinate, and I'm not your servant," Cortez emphasized.

His icy gaze was unwavering. If Emerald thought she could use these incidents to guilt-trip him, she was sorely mistaken.

He stood and adjusted his suit. "You have two weeks, Emerald. If your answer doesn't satisfy me, I'll have no problem supporting someone else. And remember-I'm not Darcy. Don't try the same tricks on me that you used on him."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Emerald's face was dark as she watched him leave. In a flash of fury, she swiped the teacup off the table with a loud crash.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

The porcelain shattered against the floor, tea splattering everywhere.

Emerald's gaze remained fixed on the broken shards, her eyes burning with rage. Filipe, who had been walking down the hallway, entered the room.

Upon seeing the mess on the floor, he didn't seem the least bit surprised. Instead, he turned to Emerald and said, "Madam, Mr. Nixon has woken up."

At those words, the anger on Emerald's face was replaced by a flicker of relief. She immediately stood and hurried toward Brian's room.

Before following, Filipe glanced at the nearby maids, who were trembling in fear, and instructed, "Clean this up."

"Yes, sir!" the maids answered in unison.

Only after Emerald and Filipe had left did the maids finally breathe a sigh of relief, quickly grabbing cleaning supplies.

A short while later, Emerald arrived at Brian's bedroom.

He was already sitting up in bed, eating some soup. His face was pale, drawn with exhaustion and a deep sense of despair.

From the moment he had woken, he knew something was wrong—his right leg was gone.

Emerald walked over and took the bowl from the maid's hands. "I'll do it."

She scooped up a spoonful of soup and held it out to Brian, but he shook his head. "I'm full. I don't want any more."

He turned his head away, his expression cold and distant. Emerald's heart ached at the sight.

"Brian, I know losing your leg is hard to accept, but medical technology is very advanced now. Once you recover, you can get a prosthetic. You'll be able to walk just like before—no one will even notice the difference," she said softly.

Brian let out a bitter laugh, his face contorting with mockery.

"No difference? How could there be no difference? The whole world knows I've lost a leg. Do you really think they'll still let me inherit the Nixons?

"If I had known this would happen, I never would've let you save me when the Bumards had me locked up. At least then, I wouldn't have lost my leg!" he cried, the words sharp with regret.

Emerald's frown deepened, her voice turning cold. "You think if I hadn't saved you, they would've just let you go? They made it very clear—if I refused to hand over that land, they would release you missing a limb."

Brian let out a bitter chuckle. "Might as well have agreed. I'm missing a limb now anyway."

Now, not only had he lost his leg, but the land in the south was gone too. It was a complete disaster.

Emerald's expression darkened. "No one could have predicted this outcome. And don't tell me that if I hadn't saved you, you wouldn't have resented me for choosing the Nixons over you." '

Hearing the anger in her voice, Brian clenched his jaw and said coldly, "I want to be alone. Please leave."

Without another word, he turned his back to her, signaling that the conversation was over.

Looking at his lonely, defeated figure, Emerald felt a sharp pang in her heart. But

in the end, she could do nothing but sigh and walk out.

She lingered at the door for a moment. Then, from inside, she heard the sound of muffled sobs.

Brian was crying.

Emerald's heart twisted with pain.

When Brian had been born, she and Edward had been at the height of their love, and she had poured so much affection into him.

Of all her children, Brian had been the one she loved the most.

Now, the son she cherished most had lost a leg in a ruthless scheme-one that had robbed him of the future he was meant to have.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Emerald knew all too well that prosthetic limbs could never truly replace a person's own leg, but all she could do was suppress her own pain and sadness and comfort Brian.

When his sobs gradually faded away, she left, her eyes red.

Back in her study, Emerald immediately called George, her voice cold as she said, "Make sure you find out who planned Brian's accident as soon as possible."

George's voice was serious. "Understood, Ms. Kinsey. I'll do everything I can to track down the culprit. Also, there's something else I need to report."

"What is it?" Emerald asked.

"After Damon took Nyla from Mr. Bumard's manor, they haven't been seen for the past few days. Finding them may be more difficult than expected," George reported.

"Keep looking. I don't believe they've disappeared into thin air," Emerald ordered. "Got it, Ms. Kinsey," George replied.

Emerald hung up, her irritation simmering beneath the surface. She picked up a few documents and continued working.

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Edward slowly opened his eyes in the hospital room.

Mary had been on the phone with Vik, instructing him to pack up and prepare to leave at any moment. She was startled when she noticed Edward move.

In disbelief, she turned to look, only to see Edward staring at her with barely open eyes.

Mary covered her mouth in shock, her eyes immediately filling with tears. "Edward! You're awake?!"

On the other end of the line, Vik's voice was full of excitement. "Mom, Dad's awake?"

"Yes, Vik, get over here to the hospital quickly!" Mary exclaimed.

She quickly hung up and pressed the call button by the bed, holding Edward's hand and choking out, "Edward, you're finally awake!"

While Edward had been unconscious, Mary wasn't sure what kind of trouble Emerald would have caused if not for Darcy and the others staying behind to protect them.

Now that Edward was awake, as long as his body could gradually recover, they wouldn't have to fear Emerald anymore.

Edward blinked, trying to reach out to wipe away her tears, but he was too weak from the long coma. His fingers barely moved.

Not long after, the doctor arrived.

After checking Edward, the doctor wrote on the medical chart and said, "Ms. Jewell, Mr. Nixon's vital signs are stable. He just needs rest and recovery. If all goes well, he should be able to leave the hospital in about two weeks."

Mary could hardly believe her ears.

had been in critical

When Edward had

condition, Darcy had insisted on

vein

transferring him to this hospital and arranging for the head doctor to perform surgery. Though the surgery was a success, the head doctor had said Edward only had a 50% chance of waking up.

Mary had lost all hope, but now, Edward was awake when she needed him most.

After the doctor left, Edward sat up with Mary's help and looked at her with concern. "You've had a hard time, haven't you? You look so worn out."

Mary subconsciously touched her face. "Do I look that bad?"

"No, in my eyes, you've always been the most beautiful," Edward reassured.

Mary couldn't help but glance at him, teasing, "Always trying to say what makes me happy. Do you have any idea how worried I've been? If how

something had happened to you, what would Vik and I have done?"

Edward smiled, holding her hand with guilt in his voice. "I'm sorry. I won't make you worry like that again."

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Before Mary could respond, the door to the hospital room opened suddenly, and Vik hurried in.

His face lit up with joy when he saw that Edward was awake, and he rushed to the bedside. "Dad, you're finally awake!"

Edward patted his shoulder. "Yes, both of you have been through a lot."

Vik shook his head. "It's not hard. For us, the best thing is that you woke up."

Edward had only just regained consciousness and was still far from fully recovered. After a brief conversation with them, he grew tired.

Seeing his exhaustion, Mary urged him to rest and went to the kitchen to prepare food for him.

Not long after, Vik followed her into the kitchen. "Mom, I need to talk to you about something."

Mary, washing vegetables, glanced over. "What is it?"

"I might have to leave for a while," Vik said quietly.

Mary froze for a moment, then turned to him, her confusion clear. "Why? Your father just woke up, and now that no one will bother us. Why would you leave at this moment?"

Seeing the confusion in her eyes, Vik hesitated before finally admitting that he had been involved in causing Brian's car accident.

Mary stared at him in disbelief. "You did what? Are you out of your mind? If Emerald finds out, she will definitely kill you!"

"Mom, keep your voice down. Don't let Dad hear," Vik warned, his tone urgent.

Mary took a deep breath, struggling to suppress her anger. "Why didn't you discuss this with me beforehand?"

Had she known that Vik was planning to harm Brian, she would have stopped him before things escalated.

Vik's face darkened. "I talked it over with Darcy. He supported my decision, but he didn't want me to handle it alone. He sent his people to carry out the accident.

"Now, I'm worried that if Emerald finds out Darcy's behind this, she'll go after him, and he might betray me."

Mary sighed in relief when she realized it was Darcy's people who had executed the plan. "If it were Darcy's people, you should be safe for now. Don't worry. Darcy won't betray you."

Over the years, Mary had grown very familiar with Darcy's feelings for her and knew he had always treated Vik

like his own son. Even at the cost of his life, Darcy would never betray him.

Vik shook his head. "I believe he won't betray me, but I can't take that chance. I need to leave. Once things settle down, I'll come back."

Mary lowered her voice. "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to Chyland."

Mary's face turned pale. "Are you crazy? If you go to Chyland, Emerald can find you anytime!"

"She has a lot of problems to deal with right now. I won't just sit idly by. Don't worry. I'll find a safe place. Once Dad takes back control of the Nixons, I'll return," Vik assured her.

Seeing the firm determination on his face, Mary knew there was no point in trying to stop him. "Fine, but you must contact me every day and let me know where you're staying. If I can't reach you one day, I'll send someone to find you."

"Okay... But don't tell Dad about this yet. His health isn't great, and if he finds out, he'll be furious," Vik cautioned.

"I understand," Mary replied.

Vik stayed with Edward in the hospital room until he woke up, spending some time with him before finally leaving.

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

After Vik left, Edward looked at Mary. "Mary, is something bothering you? You look so pale."

Mary forced a smile. "It's nothing. I was just thinking about when you'll fully recover."

"Didn't the doctor say I could be discharged in half a month? Don't worry, I'll get better, and I won't let Emerald bully you anymore," Edward promised.

His expression turned cold as he recalled the things he had overheard Emerald say while he had been unconscious.

He would never allow her to continue running the Nixons. Neither Brian nor Delia would inherit the Nixons, either.

Moreover, his worsening condition before had been due to Emerald poisoning him. He wouldn't let her get away with it.

"Alright..." Mary answered.

Emerald quickly received the news that Edward had woken up.

When Filipe reported the news, he saw Emerald's dark expression and couldn't help but lower his gaze. "Madam, do you want to go to the hospital?"

Although Edward and Emerald's marriage had long been a mere formality, they hadn't officially divorced. If Emerald didn't visit now that she knew he was awake, people would definitely gossip.

Emerald remained silent for a moment before responding, "Not yet. I'll go in a couple of days."

"Understood, Madam," Filipe replied.

Emerald didn't go to the hospital but had someone keep an eye on the situation there to see who would rush over as soon as they heard Edward had woken up.

After giving her orders, she picked up some documents to continue working, but soon found the words becoming blurry.

She frowned, blinking hard to clear her vision, but the text kept growing more and more indistinct.

Suddenly, feeling lightheaded, everything spun, and she blacked out.

When she woke again, she found herself in her bedroom. She slowly sat up and called out.

A maid rushed in immediately. "Madam, you're awake."

"What happened? Did I faint?" Emerald asked.

"Yes, the family doctor came. He said it was due to exhaustion and recommended you take a good rest," the maid informed her.

Emerald rubbed her aching temples, threw off the covers, and said, "Okay, you can leave now."

Surprised that she was getting up the maid quickly said, "Madam, the doctor said you should stay in bed for at least half a day. It's only been a few hours."

"It's fine. I know my own body. I'm almost recovered, and I'll take care of myself. You can leave," Emerald dismissed her.

Emerald had always been decisive in this estate. Though the maid was worried, she didn't dare insist further.

After getting dressed and washed up, Emerald headed straight to her study to continue working.

Filipe, who had been with her the longest, entered the study with a bowl of nourishing soup.

Seeing still hard at work, he

placed it on the desk. "Madam,

more work to be done."

should rest. There's alwe get

As long as Emerald was running the Nixons, there would always be endless tasks.

Emerald didn't even look up. "I'm fine. Go ahead and do your own work."

Filipe stood for a moment, then left with a sigh.

Not long after he left, Emerald's phone rang.

Seeing it was George, she immediately answered. "George, any updates? Have you found anything about the car accident?"

"Yes. Based on my investigation, it seems Mr. Nixon's car accident is connected to Darcy. Also, I found out that Vik booked a flight to Chyland for tomorrow," George informed her.

Emerald's expression darkened. "Do you know why?"

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

If there were nothing special, Vik wouldn't possibly go to Chyland.

"We're not sure yet, but he's the only one going for now," George replied.

Emerald furrowed her brow, sensing that something was off. She said coldly, "Stop him. Don't let him leave the country."

"Understood," George answered.

"Have you found any leads on Nyla? Any clues?" Emerald asked.

"No, not yet," George replied.

Emerald instructed, "Keep looking."

After hanging up, Emerald placed her phone on the desk, her face clouded with anger.

Where were Nyla and Damon hiding? Even George couldn't track them down. It seemed she would have to speak with Ross.

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The next morning, Emerald went straight to Ross' residence.

When Ross saw her, he smiled, appearing in a good mood. "Emerald, what brings you here today?"

Emerald got straight to the point. "Ross, where have you hidden my daughter?" Ross raised an eyebrow in surprise. "If I'm not mistaken, didn't your people rescue Ms. Nixon from Darcy already?"

Emerald sneered. "You know exactly who I'm talking about!"

Ross thought for a moment, then smiled. "You mean Ms. Kinsey? But she doesn't acknowledge you as her mother, does she?"

"I'm not here to argue with you. She is the future successor of the Nixons. Hiding her is the same as going against the Nixons," Emerald warned.

Ross remained silent for a moment before suddenly chuckling. "If I recall correctly, Edward woke up

you'll have to return the faminet

yesterday. Once he's recovered,

power to him. He probably won't let your daughter inherit it, will he?"

Hearing the gloating tone in Ross' voice, Emerald scowled. "This has nothing to do with you. You just need to tell me where she is right now."

"Sorry, I have no information to give you," Ross replied.

Emerald's smile turned cold. "So, you plan on going against me?"

"We were never friends," Ross countered.

"Fine, Ross. You schemed with Brian, using him to force me to give up land in the south to the Bumards, which eventually led to Brian losing his leg in a car accident. And now, you refuse to tell me where Nyla is.

"I'll make you pay for both of these things! From today on, the Nixons will no longer cooperate with the Bumards!" Emerald declared.

Her voice was full of anger, her eyes cold as she glared at Ross.

If it were before, Ross might have feared her words.

Now that Edward was awake, and it was uncertain how long Emerald could hold control over the Nixons, he saw no reason to continue flattering her.

"Emerald, what happened before was mutual. It's not accurate to say I schemed against you. As for Brian's accident, it was a tragic incident, something nobody wanted. It's just fate, not something I can be blamed for Ross clarified.

Emerald fumed. "I don't want to argue with you any further. We'll see."

With that, she turned and left.

It wasn't until her figure disappeared that Ross picked up his phone and dialed Damon. "Emerald is looking for you. Be careful not to let her find you."

"Understood. Thank you for the heads-up," Damon replied.

After hanging up, Damon turned to Alexander, sitting across from him. "What's our next move? Nyla's father is still in Emerald's hands."