

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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dle things with Nyla's father. Now that my aunt is looking for you and Nyla, you two should stay in and avoid being seen by anyone for now," Alexander said. Damon nodded. "Got it."

Just as Alexander was about to speak, his phone rang.

His face instantly darkened after he answered the call. He stood up and said, "I have to go. If you need anything, just call me."

With that, he quickly left.

Once he stepped out of Damon's villa, he got into the car and told the driver, "Take me to the Kinseys."

An hour later, Alexander's car arrived at the Kinsey residence. He got out and rang the doorbell.

When the maid saw him, she hesitated. After all, Warren had given strict orders to cut ties with Alexander. If he showed up again, they were instructed not to open the door.

Noticing the maid's hesitation, Alexander furrowed his brow and said in a low voice, "Open the door."

After a brief pause, the maid nervously looked at him and replied, "Mr. Alexander, it's not that I don't want to open the door for you, but Mr. Warren specifically told us not to let you in. If I do, I'll lose half a month's salary... Maybe I should ask Mr. Warren first?"

Just as the maid finished speaking, a wad of cash appeared in front of her.

"This should be enough to open the door for me ten times," Alexander huffed.

The maid's eyes brightened, but she hesitated to take the money. "Mr. Alexander, I'll still need to ask Mr. Warren first."

The maid quickly turned and hurried inside.

Alexander frowned at the maid's back. Not wasting any time, he immediately typed in the villa's password.

As soon as he entered the last digit, a voice from the speaker said, "Incorrect password. Please try again."

Alexander was speechless.

They had even changed the password to stop him.

A few minutes later, the maid returned, breathless. "Mr. Alexander, Mr. Warren says he doesn't want to see you."

Alexander stood still for a moment before pulling out his phone and dialing Warren's number. However, after a few rings, the operator's voice informed him that the line was busy.

Alexander let out an angry laugh.

He turned to the maid and said, "Tell him that Edward has woken up. He needs to stay out of the conflict between my aunt and Edward. If he gets involved, no one will be able to save the Kinseys."

After saying this, Alexander didn't wait for a response. He turned and left without a second glance.

Once Alexander's car disappeared from view, the maid returned to the main hall of the villa and relayed Alexander's message verbatim to Warren.

Upon hearing this, Warren flew into a rage, slamming his fist on the table. "Unfilial! Completely ungrateful! Not only does he not appreciate what Emerald's done for him, but now he wants to drag me into his mess. It was the right decision not to let him in-who knows how much more he'd infuriate me?!"

The maid stood silently by, keeping her head down. Even though Warren was furious, Alexander was still his son. He could shout at him, but the maids couldn't take his words to heart.

After cursing Alexander for a while, Warren finally calmed down enough to take a sip of the now-cold coffee. He looked coldly at the maid. "Forget everything he just said. If a word of it gets out, you'll regret it."

The conflict between Alexander and Emerald had become so intense that if

Emerald ever found out what Alexander had said, her disdain for him would only deepen.

"Yes, sir," the maid replied.

"Go on," Warren said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

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After the maid left, Warren dialed Emerald's number. "I heard Edward woke up. Is that true?"

Emerald, on her way back to the estate, furrowed her brow. "Yes."

"So, what's your plan now? Once Edward recovers, he'll want you to return control of the Nixons to him," Warren asked.

A flash of frustration crossed Emerald's face. "We'll see. I have things to take care of, so I'll talk to you later."

She hung up and set her phone down, still unsettled.

The land issue remained unresolved, and now Edward had woken up. The people who were already unhappy with her because of the land might side with Edward. She needed to come up with a solution, or things could spiral out of control quickly.

She had finally secured her position. Even if Edward recovered, she wasn't going to give it up without a fight.

As she thought it over, George's call came through. "Ms. Kinsey, we've captured Darcy. Should we bring him to the estate now?"

A cold glint crossed Emerald's eyes. "Yes."

Upon returning to the estate, the first thing Emerald did was visit Brian. As she approached his bedroom door, she heard him shouting angrily from within. "I've told you a hundred times! I don't want to eat! Get out!" Brian growled.

The sound of dishes crashing and clattering echoed from inside.

Emerald immediately pushed the door open to find a mess on the floor, a maid trembling in the corner, and Brian seething with anger.

When Brian saw her, his expression soured, and he coldly asked, "What do you want?"

At that moment, the last person he wanted to see was Emerald. Every time he laid eyes on her, he was reminded of the leg he had lost, and it made him feel like a shadow of the person he used to be.

He knew he couldn't blame Emerald for what happened, but if it weren't for her making so many enemies, he wouldn't have ended up like this.

And aside from resenting Emerald, he couldn't bring himself to blame anyone else.

"I just came to check on you." Emerald turned to the maid and ordered, "Clean up the mess."

"Yes, Madam!" The maid complied.

Seeing that Brian wasn't causing a scene as he had before, the maid quickly gathered the scattered food and broken dishes and took them out.

Once the maid left, Emerald moved to the window. She was about to pull the curtains open, but Brian stopped her "Don't open it! I hate the sunlight!"

Without responding, Emerald yanked the curtains wide open and pushed the window open.

Brian let out a sarcastic laugh. "You trying to freeze me to death?"

Emerald turned to look at him. Seeing her once-proud son now a disheveled mess, she felt a sharp pang in her heart.

She kept her expression neutral and said, "Since you came back, the curtains and windows have never been opened, right?"

"Brian, I know you're upset about losing your leg. We're all heartbroken, but life goes on. I know you do, you'll never get. Orrow. If can't keep wallowing in sorrow. If U? it."

Brian's face darkened. "Whether I get over it or not is none of your business. I don't want you interfering with my life anymore."

"You don't want to inherit the Nixons anymore?" Emerald asked.

Brian's dream had always been to inherit the Nixons, and he had made strict plans to make it happen. Now, he seemed like a shell of his former self.

Brian sneered. "Like this? You think I could still inherit the Nixons?"

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Who would let a disabled man inherit the Nixons?

Emerald's expression shifted slightly as she gritted her teeth. "Why not?"

"Even if you're willing, the other members of the Nixons wouldn't be," Brian retorted.

Before his accident, many had already criticized his lack of ability and opposed him inheriting the family business. Now that he'd lost a leg, those people were even less likely to let him take over.

No matter how hard he worked from now on, he would never inherit the Nixons.

Emerald's face darkened. "It's normal for others to give up on you, but if you give up on yourself, that's it-you'll be beyond saving."

With that, she stopped talking and turned to leave.

Watching her go, Brian subconsciously clenched the blanket in his hands. He didn't want to give up on himself, but the situation was forcing him to.

The more he thought about it, the darker his mood became.

Emerald returned to her study.

It wasn't long before Filipe knocked and entered. "Madam, Mr. Salter is here."

Emerald's gaze went cold, and she stood up, heading out.

She soon reached the hall.

George stood there, with a disheveled, bound Darcy at his feet.

Darcy's eyes flared with anger the moment he saw her. "Emerald, I've lost everything. What else do you want from me?!"

Emerald walked over to the sofa and coldly replied, "Lost everything? I haven't settled the score with you for causing Brian's accident."

Darcy's face turned pale at her words. "What are you talking about? I don't understand. Brian's accident had nothing to do with me!"

"Whether it's related or not doesn't depend on your word. Since Brian lost his leg because of that crash, how about you pay him back with one of yours?" Emerald taunted.

Darcy's eyes widened in shock. "No! Emerald! You can't do this!"

Emerald turned to George. "You know what to do."

Without sparing Darcy another glance, she stood up and walked out.

Darcy's furious, terrified screams echoed behind her, but she acted as if she hadn't heard, striding away.

By the time her figure disappeared from sight, Darcy's eyes gradually filled with fear.

George motioned to his men, speaking coldly. "Break his left leg. then dump him somewhere.

Whether he survives is up to his luck."

It was winter, and the temperature was below freezing. After his leg was broken, Darcy's chances of survival were slim.

Darcy was dragged away by George's men, and a scream soon echoed from outside.

Brian had been staring at the ceiling in his bedroom, lost in thought, when the scream interrupted his train of thought.

He furrowed his brow and called for a maid. "What was that scream about?"

The maid shook her head. "Mr. Nixon, I'm not sure. I'll ask Filipe."

She took out her phone and dialed Filipe.

After a quick conversation, she

looked at Brian and said, "Mr. Nixon, Madam ordered Mr. Salter to bring Darcy back, and they just broke

Os leg."

Brian narrowed his eyes and extended his hand. "Give me your phone."

The maid hesitated but handed it over.

Brian spoke into the phone. "Why break Darcy's leg? Is my accident related to him?"

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There was a long silence on the other end.

After a while, Filipe spoke. Yes... so Madam broke his leg too."

Brian gripped the phone tightly, as if he were about to crush it. He had lost his own leg because of Darcy's scheming, along with the opportunity to inherit the Nixons. Yet Emerald only broke Darcy's leg?

To Brian, that wasn't enough. He wanted Darcy to suffer so much that death would seem preferable to living.

"Got it." With that, Brian hung up.

The maid, trembling, watched as he clutched her phone, afraid he might throw it in anger.

Fortunately, Brian soon handed the phone back to her. "Leave."

The maid nodded quickly and left the room.

Once alone, Brian picked up his phone and dialed a number. "Bring Darcy to my villa's basement. He lost a leg, don't treat him, but don't let him die."

After ending the call, Brian glanced at the empty space beside his bed where his leg used to be. A ruthless glint flashed in his eyes.

It wasn't long before Emerald heard that Brian had sent someone to take Darcy away.

George looked concerned. "Ms. Kinsey, do you think something might go wrong?"

Emerald closed the document she had been reading and turned to George. "Right now, Brian's just lost a leg. His mindset has drastically changed, and he needs a way to vent his emotions. Otherwise, he'll only become more extreme. You don't need to worry about it."

"But..." George hesitated, worried that allowing Brian to act this way might fuel his extremism.

"Darcy's situation is handled-it's over. Don't think about it anymore. What's most important now is finding where Damon is," Emerald reminded him.

George hesitated for a moment before nodding. "Understood."

After George left, Emerald called for Filipe. "Tell Delia to come with me for a walk." "Madam, Ms. Nixon went shopping today and hasn't returned yet," Filipe replied.

Emerald's face darkened. "With all

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ping? Call her and te

at home, she still has time

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to come back right now!"

Filipe hesitated. "Madam, Ms.

Nixon's had a lot of stress lately. Shopping might be her way of relieving it. If you keep her locked up at home, it may cause more problems."

Emerald's expression grew even more serious. "Call her now and tell her to come back immediately!"

Filipe dialed Delia's number before Emerald.

After several attempts, the calls went unanswered. Emerald's face grew darker.

"Madam, Ms. Nixon might not be looking at her phone. Should I try again later?" Filipe asked.

"Find out where she is right now! Once you locate her, bring her back!" Emerald snarled.

Seeing Emerald's genuine anger, Filipe quickly ordered a search for Delia's whereabouts.

Within ten minutes, they located her.

When Emerald learned that Delia

was

is hoAndre, she sneered. "This

is how she relieves stress?

Shopping? I think Darcy hadn't

locked her up long enough!

Filipe lowered her head, no longer daring to defend Delia.

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Elsewhere, Delia was with Andre, drinking. She had planned to get him drunk and

take their relationship to the next level that night.

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Suddenly, the door to the private room was pushed open, and several men in black rushed in.

When Delia saw they were Emerald's subordinates, she immediately set her wine glass down, her face contorting in a grimace. "What are you doing here?!"

Seeing the group, Andre looked surprised for a moment before raising an eyebrow. He swirled his wine glass without saying a word.

The leader stepped forward, bowing slightly before addressing Delia. "Ms. Nixon, Madam sent us to bring you back to the estate."

Delia's expression changed, panic and fear filling her eyes. The moment those men entered, she had a sinking feeling, and now it was confirmed.

Emerald had forbidden her from associating with Andre, and now that Delia was sneaking around with him, her mother must be furious. She could already imagine the anger awaiting her return to the estate.

Grounding her teeth, Delia stubbornly said, "I'm not going back!"

The men in black exchanged a glance before one spoke slowly. "Madam said if you refuse to return, we will bring Mr. Quinnett along with us."

"What?!" Delia's eyes widened in shock and anger. Emerald was clearly threatening her!

She took a deep breath and stood up. "Fine, I'll go back with you."

The man lowered his head. "Ms. Nixon, this way."

Delia glanced at Andre. "We'll meet again next time."

Andre raised an eyebrow, understanding that it wouldn't be easy for him to see Delia anytime soon.

Still, he smiled and replied, "Alright, Ms. Nixon. See you again. I had a great time tonight. I hope you did too."

Delia's cheeks flushed, and she nervously avoided his gaze. "I did too."

After Delia and the men in black left, Andre downed the rest of his wine, his expression turning cold. He stood up and left the room.

On the way back to the estate, Delia's mind raced with various scenarios of how she might apologize to Emerald.

However, when she entered the living room and saw Emerald sitting on the sofa with a cold expression, the pressure from her presence almost took her breath away.

Clenching her teeth, Delia slowly walked toward Emerald. "Mom—" "Tell me, Delia, what did I tell you before?" Emerald asked.

Knowing her mother was referring to Andre, Delia bit her lip and lowered her gaze. "Mom, I really like him. don'Dwant to marry anyone else. I to marry him."

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Emerald sneered. "What kind of spell has he put on you?"

Delia looked up at her. "Mom, I may only love one person in my life, and Andre is the one I love. If I can't be with him, then I'll never marry anyone else."

Emerald's eyes darkened.

"I think you've lost your mind! From now on, unless I say so, you're not allowed to leave the estate.

"If you care about Andre and his family, you'll listen to me. Otherwise, I have plenty of ways to make him suffer," she threatened.

"Don't you dare!" Delia snarled. "I warn you don't touch Andre, or I'll disown you as my mother!"

Emerald could hardly believe her ears. Her daughter, whom she had raised, was actually willing to sever ties with her for a man.

She looked at Delia, her eyes filled with disappointment. "Fine. Since you want to be with him, I'll let you From today on, I won't control your actions. If you want to see him, you can go anytime. But I won't give you another penny."

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"We'll see how long you can hold out!" Emerald challenged.

Delia sneered. "Fine, you said it. Don't go back on your word!"

"Don't worry, I won't." With that, Emerald turned sharply and walked away.

Once in her study, she sank into a chair. Her icy expression slowly turned to one of exhaustion.

She had spent years fighting to become the head of the Nixons. But now, one of her children had lost a leg in a plot, and the other was infatuated with a man utterly unworthy of her.

For the first time, she felt like a failure.

Even though she had finally gained control of the Nixons, what was the point? She was still alone.

Lost in thought, Filipe hurriedly knocked and entered. "Madam, Mr. Jayston was secretly taken from the hospital!"

Emerald's angry voice echoed. "What were those people at the hospital doing? How could they let him be taken, with so many people watching?"

Harrison was her only leverage over Nyla. If he disappeared, she would lose control of Nyla. But, as she considered her situation, she realized that controlling Nyla didn't matter much anymore.

After all, Edward had woken up. Once he returned to take control of the Nixons, he would surely pass it on to Mary's illegitimate child.

Emerald took a deep breath and steadied herself. "Find him. He must be found within three days!"

"Understood, Madam," Filipe replied.

Overwhelmed by recent events, Emerald suddenly coughed up blood after Filipe.

Stunned, she quickly grabbed a tissue to wipe it away.

As she wiped, she froze, her expression turning cold.

The only way to keep everything she had was to kill Edward.

Once Edward was dead, all her problems would be solved. She wouldn't have to worry about him recovering, returning, and fighting her for control of the Nixons, nor would she need to fear those in the family siding with him.

The more she thought about it, the more she felt this was the only solution.

Just as she began to think of how to make Edward's death quiet and untraceable, Filipe knocked and entered.

Upon seeing the blood on the desk, his face turned pale. "Madam, are you injured?!"

Emerald shook her head. "I'm fine. I just got so worked up that I coughed up some blood, but I feel better now."

Concerned, Filipe studied her closely. He had noticed her health deteriorating recently. "Madam you should really go to the hospital for a full check-up." Śwnovel

"It's fine. I know my body. It's just the stress from everything lately. I'll rest and be fine. By the way, what brings you here again?" Emerald asked.

Filipe remembered his purpose. "Ms. Nixon started packing her things as soon as she got back to her room, saying she's moving out. The maids couldn't stop her, so I came to ask what you'd like to do."

Delia's name sparked anger in Emerald's eyes. She was about to speak when a sudden surge in her throat made her cough up more blood.

Filipe turned pale, rushing forward. "Madam, I'll arrange for the driver to take you to the hospital for a check-up right away!"

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Emerald shook her head, wanting to refuse, but suddenly her vision went black, and she fainted.

When she regained consciousness, she found herself in a hospital room. She stared at the ceiling for a few seconds, recalling how she had collapsed in the study earlier.

Fully awake now, she sat up slowly and noticed an IV in her arm. She couldn't help but frown.

The door to the room opened, and Filipe walked in.

When he saw that Emerald had woken up, a look of relief flashed in his eyes. "Madam, you're finally awake! You've been unconscious for an entire day!"

Emerald could hardly believe what she was hearing. Her frown intensified, and she asked, "How could I have been unconscious for so long?"

"The doctor said you've been sleep-deprived for a long time, and with the recent emotional strain, it caused you to cough up blood.

"From now on, you need to get at least eight to ten hours of sleep each day, or your health will continue to decline," Filipe explained.

Emerald's face darkened. She had been racing against time every day, trying to secure her position before Edward fully recovered. She also had to handle the southern land issue, and Brian and Delia were both causing her trouble.

As she thought about it, her emotions stirred again.

She took a deep breath to suppress her irritation and asked, "When can I leave?"

"You need to finish the IV first," Filipe replied.

Emerald nodded but didn't say anything further.

Filipe opened a food container he had brought and asked, "Madam, are you hungry? You should eat something to keep your strength up."

Emerald was about to respond when there was a knock at the door.

"Come in," she said.

George entered quickly and walked straight to the bedside. "Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Rex visited Mr. Edward last night and stayed in his hospital room for several hours."

Emerald's eyes turned cold. "Keep an eye on him. If there's any news, inform me immediately."

"Understood. By the way, I've temporarily detained Vik. What should we do next?" George asked.

"Has Mary noticed he's missing?" Emerald inquired.

"It doesn't seem so. Since I detained Vik, no one from Mary's side has been looking for him," George answered.

"Good. Keep him locked up. Feed him, but take away his phone. Don't let him contact anyone outside," Emerald instructed.

George lowered his gaze. "Got it."

"Any news about Nyla?" Emerald continued.

"Not yet. Someone is deliberately

hiding their movements, but it

doesn't seem like the Bumar net

helping them," George

Emerald squinted, her voice low. "Apart from the Bumards, no one else would

help them. Keep monitoring the Bumards."

"Understood," George replied.

After George left, Emerald lost her appetite and glanced at Filipe. "Put the food away. I'm not in the mood to eat."

Filipe sighed. "Madam, your health is

- lile. If you don't eat, it will

worse. You won't even be

able to return to work thecontent belongs to

Emerald couldn't help but smile wryly. "You know exactly what to say to get me to care. Bring it over."

She ate a little snack. When she checked the IV, she saw there was still half a bag left.

Just as she was about to take a break, the door opened again.

Delia walked in, her eyes red.

Upon seeing Emerald lying on the bed, pale and frail, without her usual sharp demeanor, tears immediately welled up in her eyes.

"Mom... Why didn't you tell me you were sick? I just found out..." she cried.

Emerald turned her head away, not wanting to look at her. "Weren't you planning to move out of the estate and sever ties with me?"

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Delia stared at Emerald, her eyes wide with disbelief, filled with confusion and helplessness. "I just wanted to move out. When did I say I wanted to sever ties

with you?"

"Moving out is the same as severing ties, isn't it? I told you I wouldn't give you another penny. After you leave, are you really going to stay in contact with me?" Emerald asked.

Delia was momentarily choked by Emerald's words. It took her a while to respond. "I just want to become independent, not sever ties with you."

Of course, deep down, she also wanted to prove that the man she loved wasn't wrong. She had decided long ago that she would never marry anyone but Andre.

Emerald didn't look at her and said nothing further.

Delia sat down, continuing to stare at her. "Mom, how did you suddenly collapse and end up in the hospital? Do you have any test results? Let me see them."

Emerald's tone remained cold. "Don't worry. I'm not going to die."

"Mom, don't say such ominous things!" Delia whined.

Emerald pursed her lips. Seeing the unease and fear in Delia's eyes, she chose not to say anything more.

When the IV was finished, the nurse came in and told her she could be discharged.

Emerald got out of bed.

As she was leaving, she told Delia, "I know you're thinking about Andre right now. No matter what I say, you won't listen.

"I'm not going to scold you. If you really want to be independent and move out, go ahead. But if you ever decide to come back to the estate, you'll only be allowed to marry someone I choose for you."

In Emerald's mind, Delia wouldn't stick to her decision for long. After all, she had spent so much money and effort raising her, and Delia had developed into the fragile, pampered person she was today.

Moving out of the estate without financial support would be like a flower removed from its greenhouse-soon to wither under the harsh elements.

Delia would realize that everything Emerald had said was the truth.

Delia bit her lip and met Emerald's gaze directly. "Fine! I'll prove to you that even without your support, Andre and I will still be happy together!"

Seeing her confident expression, Emerald didn't try to discourage her and turned to leave.

Since Edward had woken up, many people from the Nixons had come to visit. However, all they seemed to care about was when he would be discharged and when he would return to manage the business empire.

Each time someone asked, Edward would reply that he would return when his body was fully recovered.

After sending off another visitor from the Nixons, Mary looked at Edward and said, "Edward, you've just woken up, and your body hasn't fully recovered. Seeing so many people every day is bad for your health. How about we announce tomorrow that you're recuperating and won't see visitors?"

Edward looked up at Mary and saw the concern in her eyes. His heart softened involuntarily, and he nodded. "Alright, I'll listen to you."

"I'll go get you some water," Mary said.

"No need. I'm not thirsty. By the way,

where is Vik? I haven't seen him

these past few days, except for when I saw him the day I woke up," Edward asked.

Mary's eyes flickered with guilt, and

she subconsciously avoided his gaze. "Vik... I don't know. Maybe he's busy with something. I'll give him a call and ask."

Noticing something was off in Mary's expression, Edward frowned. "Mary, is something wrong?"

"N-No, there's nothing wrong... Vik has his own work now, so it's normal for him not to visit every day," Mary lied.

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Edward did not believe Mary's explanation. He stared at her blankly, his face expressionless. After managing the Nixons for so many years, his cold gaze carried an undeniable pressure.

Mary's anxiety was palpable. She nervously shifted her gaze, unwilling to meet his stare.

The silence stretched on until Edward finally broke it, his voice chilling. "If you don't tell me, I'll have someone investigate."

Mary panicked. "No! Please, don't!"

If anyone discovered that Vik was responsible for Brian's car accident, Vik's life would be ruined. And Edward would never forgive him.

But now, Mary had no choice but to tell Edward the truth. If she kept lying, Edward would surely see through it. She was trapped in a no-win situation.

"Since you don't want me to investigate, then tell me the truth," Edward demanded.

Taking a deep breath, Mary hesitated for a long moment before finally giving in. She spoke slowly. "Brian had an accident and lost one of his legs."

Edward's eyes widened in shock, but quickly, reality settled in. His voice was cold as he asked, "Is this related to Vik?"

"Edward, Vik only intended to teach Brian a lesson, but it turned into an accident. He's really scared and guilty about it, so he's been hiding," Mary explained.

The room fell into a suffocating silence as Edward looked at her, his anger rising like a tidal wave.

"An accident? Mary, do you really think a car crash was just an accident? Don't forget, Brian is also my son! Where's Vik? Get him back here right now!" he demanded.

Mary's face turned pale. She was too shocked to even cry, her voice trembling. "What are you going to do to Vik?!"

"If he caused Brian to lose a leg, then he should repay that with one of his own," Edward declared coldly.

Mary could hardly believe her ears. After everything she and Vik had done for him, he was demanding that Vik pay such a price for Brian. At that moment, her heart seemed to freeze.

Her gaze hardened, and she spoke with unwavering resolve. "Edward, can't you do that to Vik. It's clear now Brian is your true son. Vik is just an illegitimate child to you."

Upon hearing her refusal, Edward's face darkened, his anger intensifying. "Mary, even if you don't contact Vik, I'll still find him."

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"Fine. Go ahead and find him. I feel disgusted for Vik, knowing he has you as a father! Do you know how we've been living while you were? unconscious? Vik was so scared, that's why he acted out against Brian!" Mary cried.

"I don't want to hear your nonsense. If you can't control Vik, then I'll handle it myself," Edward snapped.

Mary let out a cold laugh and stood up, looking down at him. "Edward, don't forget, it was Emerald and Brian who poisoned you. It's because of that poison that you became so weak.

"And when you were unconscious, it was me taking care of you. I thought that once you woke up, Vik and I wouldn't have to live in fear anymore. But I guess I was wrong.

"Since you've become so heartless, I can't hold back anymore."

Her voice was thick with bitterness

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Mary could hardly believe her ears. After everything she and Vik hade done for him, he was demanding that Vik pay such a price for Brian. At that moment, her heart seemed to freeze.

Her gaze hardened, and she spoke with unwavering resolve. "Edward, can't you do that to Vik. It's clear nowe Brian is your true son. Vik is just an illegitimate child to you."

Upon hearing her refusal, Edward's face darkened, his anger intensifying. "Mary, even if you don't contact Vik, I'll still find him."

vet

"Fine. Go ahead and find him. I feel disgusted for Vik, knowing he has you as a father! Do you know how we've been living while you were? unconscious? Vik was so scared, thats why he acted out against Brian!" Mary cried.

"I don't want to hear your nonsense. If you can't control Vik, then I'll handle it myself," Edward snapped.

Mary let out a cold laugh and stood up, looking down at him. "Edward, don't forget, it was Emerald and Brian who poisoned you. It's because of that poison that you became so weak.

"And when you were unconscious, it was me taking care of you. I thought that once you woke up, Vik and I wouldn't have to live in fear anymore. But I guess I was wrong.

"Since you've become so heartless, I can't hold back anymore."

Her voice was thick with bitterness

Edward sensed something was off. "What are you planning to do?!"

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Mary smiled. "Guess."

Edward narrowed his eyes and tried to press the nurse's call button, but Mary quickly grabbed his hand to stop him.

"Edward, don't you think you've been too heartless toward me and Vik?" she asked calmly.

"Mary, Vik is my son, and so is Brian. If Vik caused Brian to lose a leg, don't you think he should pay for that with his own leg?" Edward shot back.

"You have two sons. One has already lost a leg. Are you really going to make the other one disabled too? If I were you, I'd make Vik your only heir-train and support him," she countered.

Edward scowled. "Call Vik back here first, then we'll talk about the rest."

Mary smirked and said slowly, "No need. As long as you're alive, you'll still be able to help me and Vik. How you stay alive, though, doesn't matter."

She called out to the door, "Daniel, come in here."

Daniel Belcher pushed open the door, looking surprised when he saw Mary holding Edward down on the bed.

"Ms. Jewell, what's the matter? Why did you call me?" he asked.

Edward's face darkened. "Daniel, can't you see? Mary is holding me hostage! Come over here and pull her off me!"

His voice was full of anger, but Daniel didn't move. He kept his head down, motionless.

"Daniel!" Edward's frustration was growing, his glare burning through Daniel like fire. If looks could kill, Daniel would have been dead several times over.

Mary laughed. "Edward, stop

wasting your energy. The people you entrusted to me while you were sick-they're all on my side now. They won't follow your orders anymore."

"What are you talking about?!" Edward's eyes widened in shock. "They were people I trained for over ten years. How could they be on your side?!"

"You trained them for ten years, but you always had them do the dirty work. Back then, you were the head

of the Nixons. If they didn't sel're

you, they'd be killed. But now, you're practically useless. Staying by your side is the same as courting death," she replied.

Mary hadn't planned on using these people against Edward, but his cruelty toward Vik made her realize that she and Vik had always been second to the scum in the estate.

Since that were the case, she would fight for herself. She didn't believe she couldn't compete with Emerald!

Edward trembled with rage, struggling to push Mary off, but his body was too weak after the long coma. He had the strength of a child.

"Mary, I'll kill you!" he hissed.

Mary's eyes flashed with contempt as she looked at Daniel. "You know the poison Emerald gave him? Go get some more. Just a little-enough to keep Edward alive."

"Got it," Daniel replied quietly, turning to leave.

The door to the room clicked shut behind him.

Mary released her hold on Edward, but the moment she did, he pressed the call button on the bed.

This time, she didn't try to stop him. She just watched, smiling, with no trace of fear on her face.

Edward clenched his hands into fists. "Is the doctor also one of your people?!"

"That's right," Mary confirmed with a sly grin. "switched the staff to my own people, just in case Emerald made another move. But now, it's worked out even better than expected."