

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

**C 1341**

## Chapter 1341

Nyla suddenly recalled the strange questions Valarie had been asking her a few

days ago.

At the time, she'd been confused, but now she had a feeling they were connected to the surprise Damon had mentioned.

"Alright, I won't ask any more. We'll talk about the surprise later. But you can't keep leaving early and coming home so late. It makes me uneasy," she said.

Damon nodded. "Understood! So... can I hug you now, wifey?"

The corners of his eyes crinkled slightly, his gaze warm with affection.

Nyla reached out first and hugged him. "Yes."

Just as Damon wrapped his arms around her, Mason's voice interrupted them.

"Daddy, Mommy, if you're going to hug, can you do it in your room? This is the living room—a public space! Not the place for PDA," he said, unimpressed.

Damon pulled away from Nyla and looked at Mason. "Why are you still up so late?"

"I woke up thirsty, so I came down for some water," Mason said, walking toward the kitchen.

Nyla instinctively moved to follow him, but Damon gently held her back. "Nyla, Buddy is five now. He can handle things on his own. Let's see if he needs help, and we'll step in if he does."

Mason looked confident, clearly used to getting his own water. He probably had it all figured out.

"Alright," Nyla said.

A moment later, Mason returned with a glass of water.

Seeing his parents still standing there, he frowned. "Why are you two still here?"

"We were waiting for you," they said in unison.

The three of them headed upstairs together.

When they reached Mason's door, he turned back to them. "Goodnight, Daddy. Goodnight, Mommy."

They watched him walk into his room before heading back to theirs.

After showering, Damon emerged from the bathroom to find Nyla already in bed. He lifted the col net and slid in beside her, pulling her into his arms.

"It's been days since I've held you like this," he murmured.

Lately, whenever he came home, she was already asleep. Even when he got into bed, he made sure not to wake her, let alone hold her.

Nyla looked up at him. "Well, that's because you've been coming home too late."

"Yeah, that's on me. From now on, no matter how busy I am, I'll make sure to be home for dinner with you and Buddy," Damon promised.

"You said it!" Nyla reminded him.

"I did. Now, get some sleep," Damon said.

They fell asleep in each other's arms.

The moonlight streamed through the window, filling the room with a soft glow.

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The next morning, Nyla woke up and instinctively turned to face Damon.

He was still asleep. A small smile tugged at her lips as she reached out to touch his face.

Just as her fingers were about to brush his skin, his eyes suddenly opened.

She froze, her hand suspended midair. Before she could pull back, he grabbed it. "Why'd you stop?" he teased.

She shot him an annoyed look. "Let go."

Damon chuckled and pulled her into his arms. "Nyla, if you ever want to touch me, you don't have to wait until I'm asleep. You can do it anytime."

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Nyla's face turned red. "W-Who said I wanted to touch you?! Don't be

ridicul was just trying to wake

you up so you wouldn't be late for

work!"

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Nyla, today is Saturday."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Seeing Nyla's frustrated expression, Damon chuckled. "Alright, alright, I won't tease you anymore. Let's get up."

After they got ready, they headed downstairs for breakfast and were surprised to find Mason already eating at the table.

Nyla sat beside him. "Buddy, it's Saturday. Why are you up so early?"

Mason took a sip of milk and replied, "I'm going to a classmate's birthday party today. I still need to buy a gift, so I have to leave early, or I'll run out of time."

"Which classmate? You never mentioned this before," Nyla asked.

"The kid who sits in front of me. Her name's Candice Taft. Yesterday, her family's butler came to class and handed out invitations to everyone, inviting us to her house today," Mason answered.

Nyla frowned slightly. "Candice Taft?"

She wasn't familiar with the names of the kids in Mason's class.

"Yeah! Some of my classmates have been to her house before. They said it's huge and really pretty. I'm bringing my camera to take pictures and show you and Daddy later!" Mason cheered.

Nyla chuckled. "Alright."

Sitting across from them, Damon discreetly sent a message to Spencer, asking him to look into Candice's background.

Mason was a smart kid, but still young. It was easy for kids to be deceived. Damon didn't feel comfortable letting him go to a stranger's house without checking first.

A few minutes later, Spencer replied.

Spencer: [Mr. Sumner, I looked into it. The youngest daughter of the Taft Group's CEO is in Mr. Mason's class. Based on my findings, today really is her birthday.] Seeing this, Damon relaxed.

He turned to Mason. "Buddy, what kind of gift are you planning to get for your classmate?"

Mason shook his head. "I don't know yet. A few of us are meeting at the store to pick something out together."

"Alright. I'll have the driver take you there," Damon said.

"Thanks, Daddy!" Mason chirped.

He eagerly headed out after breakfast.

Watching his excited figure disappear into the car, Nyla smiled. "Looks like he's getting along well with his classmates."

Back when they lived in Capitarnia, Mason mostly stayed home alone and rarely talked about friends. He'd always been mature for his age, which made her heart ache

"Yeah," Damon said. "Don't worry. He'll only get better at making friends."

Once Mason was gone, Damon and Nyla went back inside.

Although it was the weekend, Damon still had work to do. Nyla accompanied him to his study. While he worked, she read on the couch, occasionally dozing off when she got tired.

The day passed quickly.

That evening, as they were called for dinner, Mason returned home.

Unlike in the morning, he looked downcast, his energy completely drained.

Nyla and Damon exchanged a glance before she knelt before him. "Buddy, what's wrong? Weren't you excited about the birthday party?"

Mason avoided her gaze, shaking his head. "I'm fine, Mommy. Just a little tired. I'm gonna go rest now."

Before Nyla could say anything else, he walked past her and headed upstairs.

Watching his small figure disappear, Nyla felt a pang of heartache. Just as she was about to call after him, she shot her a look, signaling her to wait.

She turned to him. "Why didn't you let me say anything?"

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"Buddy clearly doesn't want to talk about it," Damon said. "If you keep pressing him, it'll only make him feel worse. I'll have Spencer look into what happened at the party today. Once we have the full picture, we'll figure out what to do. For now, let's go eat dinner."

Nyla pressed her lips together. "I don't have much of an appetite."

Thinking of how dejected Mason had looked earlier made her heart ache.

"You still need to eat something," Damon coaxed.

Distracted, Nyla took only a few bites before setting her utensils down.

Damon didn't push her. Instead, he asked Lydia to keep the food warm in case she got hungry later.

Soon after dinner, Spencer arrived. "Mr. Sumner, I managed to get the surveillance footage from the Tafts' party today."

Damon nodded and had Spencer send it to his phone.

The video was over half an hour long. At first, everything seemed normal, but midway through, things took a turn.

A group of kids cornered Mason, forcing him to eat all the cake in their hands.

After watching the footage, Nyla trembled with anger. "These kids are out of line! We can't just let this go!"

Damon gently rubbed her back, his voice soft but firm. "Nyla, calm down. You're pregnant. Let me handle this."

Nyla took a deep breath and nodded. "Alright. I'll go to the kindergarten and talk to Mason's teacher about this on Monday."

"Good. For now, go check on Buddy," Damon said.

Just thinking about how helpless Mason must have felt being forced to eat that cake made Nyla's heart clench.

"Okay," she relented.

After she left, Damon's expression turned ice-cold. "Find out who those kids' parents are."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner. I'll get on it right away," Spencer answered and left.

Shortly after, Damon's phone rang. It was Alexander.

"How are Nyla and Buddy doing? I should be visiting Saintornia

Xander suggested.

Let's have dinner the exet

Damon answered, "They're fine. How's everything in Meristate?"

There was a brief pause before Alexander spoke again, his tone heavy. "Ever since Edward passed away, more and more people have been siding with Mary and Vik. And now, with Brian caught up in umors about killing his own father, my aunt is struggling to hold her ground."

Within the Nixons, nearly half the members had already shifted there

support to Mary and Vik. Emerald's position was becoming more precarious.

If not for Alexander helping her behind the scenes, she might have already been ousted from the family.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "So she's too busy to meddle in my and Nyla's affairs for now?"

"Don't worry. As long as I'm in Meristate, I won't let her come near you," Alexander assured.

Damon was silent for a moment before replying in a low voice, "Thanks."

"It's nothing. By the way, is Nyla asleep? I sent her a message earlier, but she hasn't replied," Alexander asked.

"She's with Buddy right now. I'll have her get back to you later," Damon replied.

Alexander said, "No rush. I just wanted to check on them. You can even send me a picture if it's convenient."

After ending the call, Damon put his phone down and headed upstairs.

Just as he reached Mason's room, Nyla opened the door and stepped out.

Seeing him, she held a finger to her lips. "Buddy just fell asleep. Be quiet so we don't wake him."

"Got it," Damon answered.

Back in their bedroom, Nyla turned to Damon. "Did you find out who those kids' parents are?"

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Candice, the youngest daughter of the Taft Group's CEO, had a birthday party that attracted guests from powerful families. Given that Mason attended one of the most elite kindergartens in Saintornia, it was safe to assume that all of the students' parents were influential and wealthy.

"Spencer is still looking into it. I'll update you as soon as I have answers. Don't worry too much," Damon reassured her.

Nyla lowered her gaze. "Okay."

Noticing her distress, Damon pulled her into his arms and spoke gently. "Nyla, don't be too hard on yourself. We caught this early, so we can handle it properly.

"I'll arrange for a child psychologist to help Buddy process this. He won't be left with lasting trauma. You're not to blame."

Nyla rested her head on his shoulder, her voice trembling. "I've been neglecting Buddy lately. That's why I didn't notice anything was wrong. And from the way those kids treated him in the video, this isn't the first time they've bullied him."

She couldn't bear to imagine what might have happened if they hadn't noticed Mason's unusual behavior today.

Hearing the guilt in her voice, Damon reassured her, "Nothing worse will happen. I won't let it. And Nyla, we're first-time parents. We can't catch everything, no matter how hard we try.

"Sometimes, things have to happen before we know how to address them. So don't blame yourself."

"I understand," Nyla replied.

When he saw her calm down, Damon let go of her. "Go wash up and get ready for bed. I've got a few more things to take care of."

"Okay."

Back in his study, Damon received a call from Spencer. "Mr. Sumner, I've identified the parents of the children who bullied Mr. Mason. I've sent their information to your email."

"Got it." Damon opened the email and skimmed through the details. To his surprise, all the parents owned companies with business ties to Prospectus Technology.

He let out a cold chuckle.

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The next morning, as Damon and

Nyla came downstairs, Lydia approached them. "Mr. Sumner several guests arrived over an hour ago and asked to see you.

Damon's expression remained indifferent. "Tell them I'm busy today. I won't be seeing anyone."

"Understood," Lydia replied. She

returned a short while later. "Mr. Sumner, I relayed your message, but they refused to leave. They said they'll wait at the entrance until you're available."

"Let them wait, then," Damon said.

Nyla sensed that these visitors were the parents of the children who had bullied Mason.

Keeping her head down, she quietly ate her breakfast and pretended not to have heard anything.

It wasn't until nearly noon that Damon finally agreed to meet them.

A group of eight adults, accompanied by four children, soon entered the living room.

Nyla sat with Mason, keeping him occupied, while Damon lounged on the sofa, watching them with a small smile. They ignored the guests completely.

The guests' expressions darkened.

One man, who had previously interacted with Damon on business, spoke first. "Mr. Sumner, we brought our children here today to apologize to Mr Mason. Whatever it takes for him to forgive them-whether it's scolding or punishment-we'll accept it."

As soon as he finished speaking, the other parents hurriedly echoed his words.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"I feel the same way, Mr. Sumner," one of the parents said, her voice trembling. "I never expected my son to do something so cruel to a classmate. Whatever it takes to make it right, I'll do it—even if that means making my son kneel down and apologize right now!"

Another parent spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, this is my failure as a parent. I want to personally apologize to you. I'm truly sorry."

One by one, eight adults, all around Damon's age or older, lowered their heads and offered their apologies.

Damon watched them coldly, his face unreadable.

Meanwhile, Nyla continued playing with Mason as though she hadn't noticed the scene unfolding.

Mason, having recovered from his initial shock, remained silent. He calmly stacked his toy blocks, as if he hadn't heard a word of their apologies.

The children who had bullied him earlier huddled close to their parents, their faces pale with fear.

Seeing their strict, distant parents suddenly humbled in front of Damon, they began to understand the gravity of the situation.

Finally, Damon looked at them.

"There's been a misunderstanding. The reason Prospectus Technology terminated its contracts with your companies wasn't due to personal grudges.

"We simply realized how busy you all are. Managing your businesses must be exhausting, and you clearly have no time to care for your families. We decided to ease your burden a little," he said flatly.

Bullshit! Ease their burden?

When Prospectus Technology canceled their contracts with them, Spencer had made it clear: the company would never work with them again.

He had also warned other firms against using their products. If any company was caught working with them, Prospectus Technology would cancel their contracts with them as well.

It had been a death sentence for their businesses.

Realizing they had no other choice, the parents dragged their children over, scolded them, and forced them to apologize to Mason.

Although their fury simmered beneath the surface, the parents maintained strained smiles.

"Yes, yes, Mr. Sumner! You're

absolutely right. I'll make sure to et

mana

both my business

family better from now on

never happen again!"

will

"I already gave my son a beating before bringing him here today. If I ever find out he bullies another classmate, I'll punish him every single time!"

"Mr. Sumner, we truly understand our mistake. We've disciplined our kids. Please, just give us another chance-please don't destroy our businesses!"

Damon smirked. "You're overreacting. I don't have that kind of power-ruining someone completely."

"O-Of course, of course..." one of the parents stammered. "It's just that times are tough for businesses right now. Prospectus Technology is our biggest client. If you stop working with us, my company will go bankrupt within a month. Please, Mr. Sumner, have mercy!"

The others jumped in immediately, all desperately pleading for leniency.

Damon glanced at the children, trembling beside their parents, their faces ghostly pale with fear.

Deciding they had suffered enough,

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he finally spoke. "I'll let it go this time. But if anything like this happens again, you'll have to face the consequences on your own."

"Yes, yes! Thank you, Mr. Sumner!" The parents quickly expressed their gratitude before turning to their children and forcing them to apologize once more.

The children, already shaking with fear, stood before Mason on the verge of tears. Sniffling and sobbing, they apologized.

Mason looked up, eyeing their tear-streaked faces and runny noses with faint distaste.

He suppressed his disgust and said, "It's okay. We're classmates. We should help and care for each other. I forgive you."

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

The parents and the children sighed in relief after hearing what Mason said.

Some parents even began praising him, encouraging their own kids to learn from his kindness.

After another ten minutes of pleasantries, they finally left, and the house fell silent again.

Damon turned to Nyla. "Are you satisfied with how this was handled?"

Nyla glanced at him. "That's not a question for me. You should be asking Buddy. If he's satisfied, then I'm satisfied."

Mason looked up at Damon and smiled. "Thank you, Daddy. I'm very happy with the outcome."

"As long as you're happy. If anyone at school bullies you again, you need to tell Mommy and Daddy right away. Let us handle it, okay?" Damon reminded him.

Mason nodded seriously. "I know, Daddy."

This time, he had intentionally acted upset in front of his parents, ensuring they noticed something was wrong so they would discover he was being bullied.

Thinking about it, he felt a little sneaky.

Then again, they had bullied him first, so it seemed only fair.

With Mason's issue resolved, Damon shifted his focus to preparing for his and Nyla's wedding.

He had already made up his mind. In just two weeks, when the weather was warm and before Nyla's pregnancy began to show, they would hold the wedding. Mason would be their flower boy.

As Monday rolled around, Damon's schedule filled up again.

Originally, he had wanted an island wedding, but with Nyla's pregnancy, a long flight would be too exhausting. Harrison's health also wasn't the best, so traveling far wasn't an option.

Instead, he booked the largest hotel in Saintornia for the ceremony.

Two weeks before the wedding, he reserved the entire hotel and worked closely with the wedding planners to finalize every detail.

Time flew, and soon, the day before the wedding arrived.

Early that morning, Damon headed straight to the hotel.

By then, most of the decorations were in place, and the finishing touches were being added.

As he walked into the lobby, Whitney Fielding, the wedding coordinator, was overseeing the final preparations for the grand Ecuadorian rose display.

Since they were fresh flowers, they had to be arranged the day before to ensure they stayed in peak condition for the ceremony.

Noticing Damon's arrival, Whitney quickly approached him. "Mr. Sumner, you're here."

"How much longer until everything is finished?" Damon asked.

Whitney checked her watch. "We've completed about a third of the rose arrangements. If everything goes smoothly, we'll be done by 6:00 p.m. Worst case, it'll be finished by 10:00 p.m. tonight."

"Good. Thank you for your hard work," Damon replied.

Hearing those words, Whitney was momentarily stunned-then flattered. "It's our pleasure, Mr. Sumner."

Damon walked past the lobby and up to the second-floor dressing room.

In the center of the room, a strapless wedding gown was displayed on a mannequin. Adorned with 9,999 diamonds, the dress sparkled under the lights like a shimmering galaxy.

He could already picture Nyla wearing it tomorrow, looking absolutely breathtaking.

After everything they had been through, he was finally going to marry her. He was finally going to show the world how much he loved her.

Satisfied that everything was on track, Damon left the hotel and headed to work.

That afternoon, Damon called Valarie, asking her to accompany Nyla to the venue the next day.

When Valarie heard his plans, she

couldn't help but sigh. "Mr. Sumner, I

used to think you were just a cold, boring businessman. But today, I realize I completely misjudged you."

When it came to creating romantic surprises, Damon was miles ahead of Brandon.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Brandon only knew how to send flowers, gifts, or food every day. He never thought to create surprises like Damon did.

Valarie could always predict what Brandon would send, and it never surprised or touched her.

It was boring.

"I'll leave it to you tomorrow, then," Damon reminded her.

"I'm happy to help," Valarie replied. "But I have a suggestion for you."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "What suggestion?"

"Teach Brandon how to create surprises." Valarie huffed. "That way, he won't just stand outside my office building every day."

Damon chuckled. "Thanks for the compliment. I'll do my best."

After hanging up, Valarie tidied her desk, grabbed her bag, and left the office.

As soon as she stepped outside, she spotted Brandon waiting nearby.

She rolled her eyes and pretended not to see him.

Brandon quickly caught up. "Valarie, I've been waiting outside your office for half a month now. Can't you just give me a chance? Let's have a meal together."

Valarie glanced at him. "Brandon, if you don't know how to chase a woman, go ask your uncle. I have something urgent to do, so I don't have time for this."

Without another word, she got into her car and drove off.

Brandon stood frozen, watching Valarie's car disappear. He pulled out his phone and dialed Damon.

"Uncle Damon, what have you been up to lately? Why did Valarie tell me to ask you how to pursue a woman?" he asked.

Half an hour later, Valarie arrived at Damon's villa and rang the doorbell.

When Nyla opened the door and saw Valarie, she looked surprised. "I thought you were super busy lately. How do you have time to visit?"

"If I'm here, I obviously have a reason. I need you to come with me to an event," Valarie said.

Nyla chuckled. "What kind of event needs me to come along?"

"A business banquet. But my dad set up a few blind dates for me there I don't trust my own judgment, so I need you to help me see if any of them are worth considering. Valarie fabricated the excuse smoothly.

Nyla frowned. "But it's a business event. There's a chance Damon will be there...

He hasn't been letting me go out lately. If he sees me at the banquet, he'll definitely be mad."

Lately, Damon had been treating her like a rare treasure. If he wasn't home, he wouldn't let her leave the house except to walk around the villa garden. He was terrified she might trip, bump into someone, or anything else might happen to her.

At first, Nyla hadn't been concerned, but his behavior had made her start to feel uneasy about going out.

"He won't be there. I heard he is leaving on a business trip tomorrow. If you're worried about safety, can hire eight bodyguards to make sure no one gets near you," Valarie assured her.

Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "I'm not a national treasure. I don't need that kind of protection. It's true I haven't gone out in a while.

"I'll ask Damon tonight. If he's really leaving on a business trip, I'll sneak out and go with you."

"Great! It's a deal! You can't back out-my happiness depends on you!" Valarie insisted.

Seeing how serious Valarie was, as if missing this banquet would ruin her future happiness, Nyla laughed. "Okay, okay. I got it."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"Then it's settled. I'll pick you up tomorrow morning. We'll need to get our hair and makeup done too," Valarie said.

Nyla nodded. "Alright."

That evening, during dinner, Damon mentioned his upcoming business trip.

Nyla looked slightly surprised but quickly nodded. "How long will you be gone?"

"Two or three days. I'm not sure yet," Damon replied.

"Okay, got it."

Damon placed a piece of braised pork on her plate and gently reminded her, "While I'm away, let Lydia and the maids handle things. Don't try to do everything yourself."

"I know. Don't worry," Nyla assured him.

After dinner, once Damon had gone to his study, Nyla called Valarie. "He's definitely leaving in the morning. Come pick me up after nine."

"Got it," Valarie answered.

After hanging up, Nyla turned on the TV and curled up on the couch, waiting for Damon to finish working. Before she knew it, she had dozed off.

Around 10:00 p.m., Damon emerged from his study to find her asleep on the couch again.

With a sigh, he walked over, scooped her up, and carried her upstairs.

The movement stirred Nyla awake. She blinked drowsily at him. "Damon, are you done working?"

"Yeah. From now on, don't wait up for me. Sleeping on the couch isn't comfortable," he said.

Nyla wrapped her arms around his neck. "You work so hard even after coming home. I just want to keep you company... but I get so sleepy lately and doze off without realizing it..."

"Mm. Your most important job right now is taking care of yourself. Be good and wait for me in bed next time," Damon reminded her.

"Okay," Nyla murmured.

Damon laid her down on the bed before heading into the bathroom for a shower.



When Nyla woke up the next morning, Damon had already left.

She freshened up, had breakfast, and sat in the living room to wait for Valarie.

At 9:00 a.m., Valarie's car pulled up outside the villa.

A surge of excitement welled up in Nyla's heart as she thought about the  
calmed herself before stepping out of the car and walking inside.

finernoon banquet. She quickly

"Nyla!" Valarie called out.

Hearing her voice, Nyla looked up with a smile. "Valarie, you're here."

"Yeap, let's go."

Once they were in the car, Valarie glanced at Nyla. "First stop-hair and makeup." "You're the one going on a blind date. I don't need all that, do I?" Nyla asked.

"Of course you do! We both need to look our best for the banquet!" Valarie said, starting the car and heading toward the city center.

By the time their hair and makeup were done, it was nearly noon.

Worried Nyla might be hungry, Valarie took her out for lunch before driving to the hotel.

As they stepped into the venue, Nyla's breath caught at the sight of the stunning sea of Ecuadorian roses.

"Is there a wedding here today?" she asked in surprise.

The entire setup was exactly how

she'd always envisioned her dreamet

wedding. When she married Damon, she wanted something just like this.

Valarie shook her head. "Not that I know of. Let's go upstairs first."

When Valarie led Nyla into a dressing room, Nyla's gaze fell on the wedding dress hanging in the center-a breathtaking gown adorned with 9,999 diamonds.

Her heart skipped a beat.

She spun around to face Valarie, eyes wide with disbelief. "Wait... everything downstairs... was prepared by Damon?!"

Valarie nodded, smiling. "Mm-hmm. He's been planning this for a long time. The entire venue was decorated based on your preferences."

## Chapter 1349

At that moment, Nyla finally understood what Damon had meant by a "surprise."

Her eyes welled with emotion as she turned to Valarie. "Where is he now?"

"I'm not sure, but he's probably still handling the wedding preparations. Try on the dress first and see if it fits!" Valarie said with a grin.

Nyla blinked back her tears and nodded. "Okay."

With Valarie's help, she slipped into the wedding dress.

It fit her perfectly-just as she had imagined.

Gazing at her reflection in the mirror, she felt a bit dazed.

It had been so long since she'd last worn a wedding dress-so long that she had almost forgotten what it felt like.

Beside her, Valarie admired the sight. "You look gorgeous! My best friend never disappoints. Oh, wait there's still this!"

Nyla turned to see Valarie holding a diamond-studded tiara. She couldn't help but smile.

"Let me put it on for you," Valarie offered.

"Okay."

Valarie carefully adjusted the tiara on Nyla's head, making sure it sat just right.

"Perfect," she said, satisfied.

Nyla looked at her with gratitude. "Valarie, thank you."

"Oh, come on, no need for that between us! The wedding starts at 2:18 p.m. You still have time to rest. Want to take a nap?"

Nyla laughed. "There's no way I could sleep right now!"

Valarie chuckled. "Yeah, I get it. If I were you, I'd be way too excited to sleep too."

A thought struck Nyla. "Wait a minute... So was it around the time you started asking me all those weird questions that Damon began planning this wedding?"

Valarie nodded, then let out an exaggerated sigh. "Yes! You have no idea how ridiculously meticulous he was.

"Before decorating the venue, he made a questionnaire-over 5000 questions, all about your favorite colors, flowers, places... Do you have any idea how I survived those days?!"

The memory was something Valarie would rather forget. Some questions she could answer, but others? She'd had to ask Nyla directly.

"You really went through a lot," Nyla said, amused.

Before Valarie could respond, a knock sounded at the dressing room door.

"Come in," Nyla called.

The door opened, and Brandon stepped inside, carrying a food container.

Dressed in a tailored blue suit, he stood tall, his sharp, handsome features impossible to ignore.

Valarie glanced at him a few times before looking away.

"Aunt Nyla, how's everything going?" he asked.

"Almost ready. I was just chatting with Valarie."

Brandon nodded and set the food container on the table. "Uncle Damon prepared

these for you. If you're hungry, have a bite."

"Thank you," Nyla said.

"Of course. Aunt Nyla, if you need anything, just text me."

Valarie waved him off. "Don't worry, I'll take good care of her. You're the gman today, right? You must be

Leave this to me and go do your thing."

Brandon hesitated, as if he wanted to say something. But then, remembering that today was Nyla and Damon's wedding, he swallowed his words.

"Alright. I'll head out then," he said in a low voice.

As he left, Nyla turned to Valarie. "You two still haven't made up?"

"It hasn't even been a month yet. I'm still waiting to see how he does," Valarie replied.

Lately, Michelle had been causing trouble again, and Valarie wasn't sure if Brandon could really hold his ground.

Nyla considered giving her some advice, but in the end, she held back.

Love was something only those involved could truly understand. Outsiders could only see the surface. Saying too much wouldn't help.

Opening the food container, Nyla found it filled with all her favorite snacks. She couldn't help but smile.

"Valarie, you barely ate anything earlier. Want some?" she asked.

Valarie glanced at the food, raised an eyebrow, and replied, "I'm already full from all the PDA I've been force-fed today."

Time passed quickly, and before they knew it, it was already 2:00 p.m.

Valarie led Nyla out of the dressing room, where Harrison waited at the entrance, seated in his wheelchair.

The moment Nyla saw him, her eyes welled with tears. "Dad."

Harrison's voice thickened with emotion. "I'm here to walk you down the aisle."

Nyla squeezed his hand as they descended the stairs together.

At the entrance to the grand hall, Nyla held her bouquet with one hand and her father's hand with the other, her heart racing with anticipation.

The doors swung open.

Damon stood at the end of the aisle, dressed in a sharp white suit. His eyes locked onto Nyla's, filled with nothing but love and tenderness.

Even from across the hall, Nyla could feel the intensity of his gaze-focused, burning with emotion.

Her fingers tightened around her bouquet as she walked slowly forward, guided by her father.

As soon as she entered, flower petals rained down from above.

"Wow!" Gasps of awe filled the room.

"This is so romantic! I want a petal shower like this at my wedding!"

"This must be what happiness looks like. I'm so jealous!"

"I'm going home tonight to dream about marrying a guy like Damon!"

Mason, dressed in a suit, walked ahead of them, scattering petals along the aisle.

Nyla and Harrison moved toward Damon, step by step.

The closer they got, the softer Damon's smile became.

Finally, Nyla stood before him.

They gazed at each other, love radiating between them.

Harrison gently placed Nyla's hand into Damon's. "Damon, I'm entrusting my daughter to you today. I hope you cherish her,

protect her, and if you ever argue, I hope you'll be the one to

compromise. May you both live a long, happy life together.

Damon held Nyla's hand firmly. "Dad, don't worry. I'll take care of her for the rest of my life."

Harrison patted Damon's hand, holding back tears. "I believe you. Please don't let me down."

After Harrison stepped down, it was time for the exchange of rings.

Damon opened a velvet box, took out a ring, and handed it to Nyla. "Nyla, for the rest of our

lives whether in wealth or poverty, joy or sorrow-I will never let go of your hand. Will you marry me?"

Tears filled Nyla's eyes as she choked out, "Yes, I will."

They slipped the rings onto each other's fingers.

Damon pulled her into his arms, pressing a kiss to her forehead.

"You look stunning today," he whispered.

The room erupted into cheers, the air thick with joy and celebration.

After the ceremony, Valarie escorted Nyla to the dressing room to change into her reception outfit.

As soon as they stepped out of the elevator, they saw Alexander waiting outside.

Nyla paused in surprise, then  
approached him. "You're here?"

Kongl

Damon said you've been really busy  
lately."

tono

"It's your wedding. No matter how busy I am, I had to be here," Alexander said.

He handed her a small gift box. "Your wedding gift."