

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

c 1381

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

"Valarie, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have given you the silent treatment for so long. I wasn't even angry anymore. I just... couldn't bring myself to reach out first," Brandon said.

Valarie frowned slightly, her eyes filled with disbelief. "Then why is it that every time I texted you or came to see you, you acted so cold? And now, as I'm leaving, you suddenly run over and hug me like you don't want me to go. Don't you think you're being unreasonable?"

Brandon lowered his gaze. "Because I felt like if I let you walk away, we might really break up.

Valarie pressed her lips together and remained silent.

To be honest, when she turned to leave just now, breaking up had definitely crossed her mind.

How could a relationship where communication didn't work, and every conflict led to silence, last?

After a moment of silence, Brandon looked up at her again. "Valarie, I know ignoring you all this time hurt you. I'm sorry. I was just trying to figure out how we could be together in a way that felt right for both of us."

"You don't have to apologize. I've been thinking too. I realize now that I was unfair to you. I'm sorry. I'll try to do better in the future," Valarie replied.

Brandon hummed.

They exchanged a smile, warmth softening their gazes.

Brandon pulled Valarie into a hug and said gently, "Valarie, I hope we can move forward without fighting like this again."

The past two weeks without her had been unbearable. He'd buried himself in work, trying to distract himself, but she was all he could think about in the quiet moments.

Was she eating well? Was she thinking about him too?

Even if she hadn't come to find him today, he knew he wouldn't have lasted much longer before reaching out himself.

Life without her felt empty. Every second dragged. Only when she was by his side did he feel at peace.

...

After they reconciled, Charlie noticed

a drastic improvement at the office. At least his boss wasn't walking around with a perpetual storm cloud over his head anymore.

Saturday arrived, and Valarie had dinner plans with Nyla and Damon.

When they arrived, they saw Valarie and Brandon sitting together, chatting and laughing.

Nyla raised an eyebrow as she took her seat across from them. "So, I take it you two made up?"

"Yeah. Nyla, thanks for talking some sense into me earlier," Valarie admitted.

If it weren't for Nyla pointing out where she'd gone wrong, Valarie probably would've just stayed stubborn, leading to a bigger fight, maybe even a breakup.

"I'm just glad to see things worked out," Nyla said with a smile.

After dinner, Valarie and Brandon planned to see a movie.

Valarie turned to Nyla. "Do you guys want to come? You and Damon have never been to the movies together, right?"

Nyla shook her head. "No, but I doubt Damon would enjoy it. He doesn't like crowded places."

Brandon nodded. "That sounds like my uncle."

Before Damon could speak, Brandon added, "But you know, going to the movies is kind of a must-do date for couples. Then again, dragging my

uncle to the movies would be

pushing it.

"Aunt Nyla, being with him must be tough, huh? A lot of typical couple activities

are probably off-limits for you."

Seeing the regretful look on

Brandon's face, Damon suddenly felt

competitive. He forced a smile "It's

just

t@movie. What makes you think I

can't do it? We'll go."

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Brandon widened his eyes in disbelief. "Seriously?"

"Of course. I'll have Spencer book the tickets now," Damon said, pulling out his phone.

Before he could make the call, Nyla quickly stopped him. "Damon, there's no need. I don't actually want to go to the movies."

"You sure? If you do, I can book the tickets now," Damon reassured.

Brandon smirked. "Uncle Damon, you seriously didn't realize Aunt Nyla was just trying to give you an easy way out?"

Nyla laughed softly. "I really don't want to go. Plus, I'm a little tired. I'd rather just go home and rest."

Just as Brandon was about to respond, he suddenly winced and turned to Valarie. "Why'd you pinch me?"

Valarie blinked innocently. "When did I pinch you? Are you imagining things?"

"You definitely-" Brandon began.

Before he could finish, Valarie interrupted, "Alright, alright. Our movie is about to start. Let's go!"

She turned to Nyla. "Nyla, we'll head out first. You should go home and rest. You've got a baby to take care of."

Nyla nodded. "Alright."

Without giving Brandon another chance to speak, Valarie clamped a hand over his mouth and dragged him away.

Sometimes, that fellow could be so unpredictable. Who knew what nonsense he'd blurt out next?

Nyla watched them leave with a smile.

Once they were out of sight, Damon turned to her. "Are you sure you don't want to go to the movies?"

"Mm. And you don't have to do things you wouldn't normally do just for me. Watching a movie doesn't have to be in a theater. We can always watch one at home," Nyla said.

"But would that feel different for you? Brandon says relationships need a sense of occasion sometimes," Damon asked.

Nyla chuckled. "You already do plenty of thoughtful things. Besides, I really am tired. Let's just go home."

"Alright." Damon took her hand, their fingers interlocking as they made their way to the parking lot.

When they returned to their villa, Damon's phone rang.

It was Alexander. Damon frowned as he listened.

Noticing his expression, Nyla glanced at him with concern. "Damon, what's wrong?"

After hanging up, Damon turned to

her. "Nyl

there's something I need

to tell you. But I want you to be

prepared first. It's about your mother."

Nyla's stomach sank. "What is it?"

"Promise me you won't get too upset. You're pregnant, and I don't want you to stress," Damon said gently.

"I promise. No matter what she's done, I won't let it affect me," Nyla vowed.

Damon hesitated before saying. "Alexander just called. Your mom's health test results came back last month. She has brain cancer. The doctors say she has about six months left."

Nyla lowered her gaze, her expression calm. "I thought you were going to tell me she was scheming against us again. We've already cut ties. Whatever happens to her now has nothing to do with me. I don't need updates."

She felt nothing for Emerald and wouldn't let her emotions be stirred. Absolutely not.

She stood to go upstairs, but Damon caught her wrist. "Nyla, she asked to see you one last time."

Nyla pulled her hand away and walked upstairs. "Tell Alexander I don't want to see her."

Damon watched her retreating figure, concern flickering in his eyes.

Nyla liked to act indifferent, but deep down, she was someone who felt things deeply.

Even though Emerald had mistreated her in Meristate, there had been a time when Nyla had known motherly love.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Damon was concerned that Nyla wasn't as calm as she appeared, and he feared she might regret her decision in the future.

It wasn't until she disappeared at the top of the stairs that Damon finally dialed Alexander's number. "She said she doesn't want to see Ms. Kinsey. I'll try to talk to her in the next few days, but if she really doesn't want to, I won't force her."

"Alright, thank you," Alexander replied.

After hanging up, Alexander put his phone away and walked toward the hospital room.

Inside, Delia gripped Emerald's hand tightly, her eyes swollen and red from crying. "Mom, why don't we visit a few more hospitals for another check-up? You've always been healthy. How could you suddenly be sick? This must be a misdiagnosis!"

In contrast to her daughter's panic, Emerald remained remarkably calm. "Delia, I've already been to three different hospitals, and the results were all the same. There's no need for more tests."

"How am I supposed to believe that you only have six months left? Brian's in jail, facing sentencing at any moment, and now you're sick. What am I supposed to do?!" Delia cried.

A flicker of sadness crossed Emerald's eyes as she watched her daughter sob uncontrollably. "Enough. You need to grow up. You don't have to stay here overnight. Go home and rest."

After Delia left, Emerald turned to Alexander. "Well? She doesn't want to come, does she?"

Alexander nodded. "No. But Damon said he'd try to persuade her."

Emerald smiled. "She's just like me. If she says she won't come, she won't. There's no need to contact her again. Here, this is my will. Once I pass, I want it executed as written."

She handed Alexander a document.

Alexander frowned. "Aunt Emerald, isn't this too soon? The diagnosis just came in. If you follow the treatment plan, there's still a good chance you could recover."

Emerald's grip tightened around the document.

After a long silence, she shook her head. "No I've decided not to seek treatment. Just let things be. Look through the document and see if anything is missing or needs to be changed."

"Aunt Emerald-" Alexander began, wanting to persuade her.

Emerald interrupted, "Alexander, you know me. Once I've made up my mind, no one can change it."

Seeing her determination, Alexander

had no choice but to take the will and review it. After reading it, he frowned. "You're leaving so much to Nyla. She won't accept it."

"That's up to her. I've had a lot of time to think these past few days, and you were right-I owe her a lot. Unfortunately, I realized it too late. Now, the only thing I can do for her is this," Emerald confessed.

Alexander sighed and nodded. "Alright. There's nothing wrong with the document."

I'll have it notarized tomorrow."

"Good. Thank you," Emerald replied.

After Alexander left, Emerald picked up her phone and made a call. "When do you have time? I'd like to meet with you."

An hour later, Andre pushed open the hospital room door and walked inside.

Stopping by the bed, he looked down at Emerald, his eyes burning with hatred. "Ms. Kinsey, what do you want?" he asked.

"You probably already know that your family's downfall was because of me. That's why I called you here today," Emerald said.

Andre's hands clenched into fists, his eyes seething with rage.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Andre's voice was cold. "What are you trying to say?"

"I know you hate me. I don't have much time left, so I'm not afraid of your revenge. But my daughter is innocent. I hope you'll stay away from her and stop deceiving her. You're only with her to get back at me, aren't you?" Emerald asked.

Andre let out a mocking laugh. "Even if you're dying, I won't let you off so easily."

Compassion had long since abandoned him—the day his family fell and his sister lost her life.

"Fine. If you want to expose me to the media or whatever else, I won't resist. Just stay away from my daughter," Emerald warned.

Andre shook his head. "No, I'll continue seeing Delia. Before you die, I want you to experience the pain I've endured all these years. So just sit back and watch, then leave this world with guilt and regret."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Emerald took a deep breath, her eyes turning cold.

She had planned to leave Andre alone, but since he refused to listen, she saw no reason to spare him any longer.

She would ensure that Andre never had another chance to hurt Delia before she died.

A chilling glint flashed in her eyes.

...

Over the next month, Nyla kept to herself.

Aside from picking up and dropping off Mason at school, she stayed home, either learning flower arranging or reading about pharmaceutical developments. She never mentioned Emerald before Damon, nor did she ask about her condition.

Damon had tried to bring it up several times, but Nyla would always change the subject.

He assumed there was still plenty of time to talk to her about it and persuade her to see Emerald so she wouldn't have any regrets.

However, a month later, he received an unexpected call from Alexander. Alexander informed him that Emerald had been arrested for attempted murder. Damon was stunned. "Isn't she sick? How could she suddenly be arrested?" The sound of wind rustled through the phone-Alexander was clearly walking outside.

"I don't have all the details yet. My lawyer is looking into it. You know the person pressing charges, too. It's Andre," Alexander said.

Damon fell silent for a moment before replying, "I see. I've worked with him before, but we lost contact after Nyla and I moved back."

"If you don't mind, could you reach out to him and ask him to drop the charges? My aunt's health is deteriorating. If she stays in prison, it will only worsen," Alexander requested.

"I'm afraid I can't do that," Damon replied.

If he were in Andre's shoes, knowing that Emerald was responsible for his family's downfall and his sister's death, he wouldn't forgive her either.

He had no right to ask Andre to let Emerald go. She had brought this on herself.

Alexander was quiet for a moment before asking, "Do you know something?"

"You should look into Andre's sister's death. It's connected to Ms. Kinsey," Damon hinted.

"Got it. Thanks for telling me," Alexander replied.

After ending the call, Damon set down his phone and headed upstairs to find Nyla.

When he entered the bedroom, he found her still asleep. Quietly, he walked to the bedside and sat down, gazing at her peaceful face.



When Emerald had taken Nyla away, he thought he'd never see her again. That was why he had no fondness for Emerald and never wanted anything to do with her.

No matter what, though, she was still Nyla's biological mother. Even though Nyla had said she never wanted to see Emerald again, today's news was something she needed to know.

Whether Nyla chose to go to Meristate was up to her.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

More than half an hour later, Nyla finally stirred from her nap.

When she opened her eyes, she found Damon sitting by her bed, watching her. She froze for a moment, caught off guard.

Rubbing her eyes, she realized he was still there and confirmed she wasn't dreaming.

She slowly sat up, her voice still heavy with sleep. "Why are you here? Shouldn't you be in your study working?"

"I missed you, so I came to see you," Damon replied.

Nyla narrowed her eyes. "You definitely have something to say if you're here all of a sudden."

Damon chuckled, a little helpless. "I guess I can't fool you."

"Of course not. I know you too well. Ever since I got pregnant, you've never come to see me like this in the afternoon," Nyla said.

"Alright. Go freshen up first, and I'll wait for you downstairs," Damon suggested.

"Okay," Nyla replied.

After washing up, she went downstairs and sat beside Damon. "Alright, tell me. What's going on? You're acting all mysterious."

Damon hesitated for a moment before speaking. "Nyla, Ms. Kinsey has been charged with murder and is currently in prison."

Nyla's smile faltered. Her voice grew cold. "What does that have to do with me? I've already told you before that I don't want to hear about her. I don't care."

"I just heard from Alexander that her health is deteriorating. If she stays in prison, she might not survive the six months the doctors predicted. I just wanted to let you know so you can decide whether or not you want to see her."

Nyla lowered her gaze, silent for a while before looking up at him. "I'm not going. And I won't regret it, so you don't need to worry about me."

Even if she saw Emerald, what would they say to each other?

Immediately upon returning to the country, she had resolved to live as though she'd never known a mother. Visiting Emerald now felt like betraying everything she had endured in Meristate.

She couldn't and didn't want to forgive her.

Maybe one day in the future, she'd regret this decision, but that would be a problem for her future self. She didn't care about it now.

Seeing her unwavering resolve, Damon nodded. "Alright, I understand. I won't bring it up again."

"Okay," she replied.

In the following weeks, Damon continued receiving updates about Emerald from Alexander.

He learned that Emerald's health had worsened, leading her to overnet collapse several times in prison. She was taken to the hospital for treatment, but each time, she was sent back afterward.

Meanwhile, Andre refused any settlement and demanded the harshest sentence possible.

The Nixons were also embroiled in public controversy because of Emerald's imprisonment. Eventually, Mar helped Vik take control barely stabilizing the situation.

Within the Nixons now, there was a delicate balance of power between Vik, Alexander, and Cortez.

None of this concerned Damon. It had nothing to do with him or Nyla.

A few months later, news came that Emerald had passed away in prison.

Damon was with Nyla at a prenatal checkup when he received a call from Alexander.

"Aunt Emerald left a portion of her assets to Nyla. When do you two have time to come to Meristate to settle the paperwork?" Alexander asked.

Before Damon could respond, Nyla walked out of the exam room, holding a medical report and smiling brightly. "Damon, the doctor said the baby is perfectly healthy!"

Taking the report from her, Damon smiled.

Into the phone, he said, "Alexander, I'll get back to you tonight."

After hanging up, he gazed at the report with a smile. "So beautiful."

Seeing the warmth in his expression, Nyla leaned in beside him and pointed at the ultrasound image. "This is the nose, and this is the mouth..."

Damon studied the image for a long moment before carefully tucking it away. Then, he took Nyla's hand and led her out of the hospital.

## Chapter 1386

Once they were in the car, Nyla suddenly recalled Damon's phone call earlier.

"By the way, what did Alexander want?"

After a brief pause, Damon glanced at her. "He said Ms. Kinsey left you an inheritance and asked when we'd be able to go to Meristate to take care of it."

Nyla pressed her lips together before replying, "Call him later and tell him to donate it or keep it for himself. I don't want it."

"Alright," Damon replied.

When they arrived home, Damon helped Nyla settle onto the couch, placing a pillow behind her back for support. Then, he said seriously, "Nyla, you've been through enough. Let's not have any more kids after this."

During her first pregnancy with Mason, Damon hadn't been around, so he hadn't realized how difficult it was for her.

Now, experiencing this pregnancy with her, every checkup and blood draw made his heart ache.

Once Nyla gave birth, he planned to get a vasectomy. Two kids were enough for them.

Nyla shot him a look. "This wasn't exactly planned, was it?"

If not for that one accident, she wouldn't be pregnant now.

Damon nodded. "Yeah, it was my fault. If you're upset, you can hit me."

Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "Alright, alright. Now go get me some water. I'm thirsty."

"Got it." Damon immediately stood and strode toward the kitchen.

Nyla's gaze softened as she watched him leave.

Throughout her pregnancy, Damon had cared for her meticulously, pampering her beyond measure.

He was a great husband, and she knew he would be a wonderful father too.

...

As the months passed and Nyla's belly grew, she became more exhausted, suffering from back pain almost every night.

Finally, the long wait ended, and her due date arrived.

Damon immediately arranged for her to be admitted to the hospital.

Three days after her due date, she suddenly went into labor late at night.

Damon rushed to call the doctor and nurses, who wheeled her into the delivery room.

Four hours later, their second child was born-a baby girl.

Damon didn't even look at the baby. Instead, he rushed to check on Nyla. His eyes turned red when he saw her pale face and damp hair. "Nyta, you worked so hard. Thank you!"

Nyla managed a weak smile. "Did you see our daughter yet?"

Damon shook his head. "You rest first, I'll see her later."

Since Nyla had a natural birth, she was discharged three days later.

Back home, Brandon and Valarie came over to meet the baby.

Looking at the tiny newborn nestled against  
envy.

so adorable. She'll be as

nova, Valarie was filled with

beautiful as you when she grows up. I hope I have a daughter one day, too."

Nyla glanced at her. "Aren't you and Brandon planning to get married?"

Valarie shook her head. "I don't know. He hasn't proposed yet. I can't exactly bring it up myself, can I?"

"I'll have Damon feel him out for you. You two have been together for quite a while now," Nyla suggested.

Valarie quickly waved her hands. "No, don't! If he wants to marry me, he'll propose himself. If he doesn't,

even if I hold a knife to his throat, it won't change anything. Just leave it be."

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Nyla was silent for a moment before nodding. "Alright. If you ever need Damon to help figure out Brandon's thoughts, just let me know."

"I will. Don't worry about us, though. You just gave birth. Your main priority should be resting," Valarie said.

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Valarie lingered in the bedroom for a while, but when she saw Nyla looking tired, she stood up and left.

Downstairs, only Brandon was in the living room.

Valarie walked over to him and asked, "Where's Damon?"

"He had something to take care of for work, so he went to the study. How's Aunt Nyla?" Brandon asked.

"She seems to be doing well, and the baby is adorable. Oh, right, I forgot to ask what the baby's name is. I only know her nickname is Bunny," Valarie said.

Just thinking about Mia Sumner's cute little face made Valarie smile. She was already looking forward to the day the baby would call her godmother.

A flicker of something crossed Brandon's eyes. "You really like kids, huh?"

"Of course! I've said before that once Nyla had the baby, I was going to be her godmother," Valarie answered.

Hearing that, Brandon frowned slightly. "If you're the godmother, then what about me?"

Valarie looked confused. "What do you mean? You can just be—"

She suddenly paused, realizing something was off.

Damon was Brandon's uncle, which meant Mia was technically Brandon's cousin.

If Valarie became Mia's godmother, wouldn't that complicate their family hierarchy if she married Brandon?

Would she have to call Nyla "Aunt Nyla," along with Brandon?

Just picturing that made Valarie shudder and shake her head vigorously.

Yeah, being Mia's godmother was no longer an option.

"Ugh, forget it, My head hurts just thinking about it. We were in such a rush coming here that I didn't even have time to pick out a proper gift for Bunny. If you're free later, come with me to the mall. I want to pick something nice for her," Valarie said.

Brandon nodded. "Alright. I'm free this afternoon. I'll go with you."

...

An hour later, Brandon pulled his car up in front of the mall.

They both got out and headed straight for the baby section. While Valarie carefully compared baby clothes and bottles, Brandon simply stood nearby, quietly watching her.

As she read labels and compared products, he imagined what she'd be like if they had a child

together—meticulously selecting everything and ensuring the baby had only the best.

The thought made him smile. The idea of that future felt warm and fulfilling.

"Brandon... Brandon?" Valarie called out.

Hearing her voice, Brandon snapped out of his thoughts and turned to her. At some point, she had walked up beside him, her face full of confusion.

"What is it? Did you decide on something?" he asked.

Valarie sighed, exasperated. "What were you daydreaming about? I was asking which of these two outfits looks better."

She held up two identical baby onesies—one soft pink and the other creamy beige.

"I think the pink one looks cuter," Brandon commented.

"Right? I thought so too. Okay, pink it is. Let me pick out a few more things," Valarie said.

She tossed the pink onesie into the shopping basket and continued browsing.

Brandon stood by her side, watching her with a gentle smile.

Maybe... it was time for them to start thinking about marriage.

Their relationship had been stable for months now. Every week, they took turns having dinner at each other's house.

Of course, every time they visited Valarie's home, Phoebe would subtly-or sometimes not so subtly-hint that they should get married.

Brandon had always assumed Valarie wasn't interested in marriage since she never responded to those hints. He hadn't considered proposing.

But today, seeing her so excited about picking out baby clothes made him start to imagine a future with her-building a family, raising a child.

That thought filled his heart with warmth.

After more than three hours of shopping, they finally left the mall, their arms full of bags.

Once they loaded everything into the car, Valarie turned to Brandon. "I'm starving. Let's grab something to eat."

Brandon nodded. "Sure. What are you in the mood for?"

"I'm not picky. Is there anything good around here? I don't feel like going too far," she replied.

Brandon paused, then said, "There's a place with ethnic cuisine nearby. I went there once for a business meeting-it was pretty authentic. Want to give it a try?"

"Sounds good," Valarie said.

"It's about a ten-minute walk. Let's go," Brandon suggested.

As they walked toward the restaurant, they passed a bridal boutique.



Valarie's gaze lingered on the wedding dresses displayed in the window. She wondered when she'd finally get the chance to wear one and marry the person she loved.

She glanced at Brandon, who was walking ahead, focused on finding the restaurant. He hadn't noticed the bridal shop.

Ten minutes later, they arrived at the restaurant and placed their orders.

As they waited for their food, Brandon noticed Valarie seemed unusually quiet.

"Are you okay? Tired from shopping?" he asked.

Valarie looked up at him, her voice slow. "When we were walking here, we passed

a bridal shop. I saw a wedding dress in the window. It was beautiful."

"Do you want to go back after we eat and try it on?" Brandon asked.

Valarie stared at him for a moment. His expression was calm, as if suggesting something casual. She shook her head. "No, just seeing it was enough. It might not even suit me."

"You won't know until you try it. Let's go after dinner. If you like it, we can buy it," Brandon insisted.

After a brief pause, Valarie couldn't stop herself from asking, "Brandon, do you know what wearing a wedding dress means?"

If he didn't understand what she was implying, he must be an idiot.

Brandon furrowed his brow, then abruptly stood up. "I need to take care of something. Wait here for me."

With that, he turned and quickly walked out of the restaurant.

Valarie stared after him, utterly confused.

What the hell? Did he just... run away because he didn't want to answer?

If that's what happened, she wouldn't let him off the hook.

Valarie waited for nearly an hour. The food had already been

Her

but Brandon still hadn't ret

patience was running thin.

Taking a deep breath, she realized he probably wasn't coming back.

She stared at the food in front of her but suddenly had no appetite.

She had never thought Brandon could be this much of a coward. Even if he didn't want to marry her, did he really have to run away like that?

He even told her to "wait for him."

Liar.

Swng

Valarie grabbed her purse and stood up, ready to leave.

Just then, the restaurant lights dimmed, and the room was plunged into darkness.

She fumbled for her phone, but before she could pull it out, she saw a soft glow appear in the distance.

## Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Valarie looked up and saw the approaching glow.

When the figure finally stopped in front of her, she realized it was Brandon.

Frowning, she asked, "Where did you go? I waited so long for you. And what are you hiding behind your back?"

Brandon flipped his phone face-down on the table, revealing the flowers he had hidden. Then he dropped to one knee.

"Valarie, I had planned a perfect proposal for you, but when you asked earlier about the meaning of wearing a wedding dress, I knew I couldn't wait any longer.

"Before I met you, my life revolved solely around work. I never paused for anyone I never cared whether the sun was rising or setting, or if the moon was full or waning. But everything changed after I met you.

"I began cherishing the thought of greeting you every morning, sharing meals with you, and standing by your side for life.

"Valarie, I want every morning to begin with us waking up together, and every night to end with us holding each other as we fall asleep."

Finally, Brandon asked, "Will you marry me?"

Tears filled Valarie's eyes as she stared at the ring he offered her. Her throat tightened, as if something prevented her from uttering even a simple "yes."

Unable to speak, she could only nod, tears streaming down her face.

Brandon's cautious expression melted into pure joy. His hands trembled as he removed the ring from its box and slipped it onto her finger.

"Valarie, I promise to love you forever," he declared.

The next morning, Valarie drove to the villa to deliver the gifts she had bought for Nyla.

When Nyla saw the dozens of baby outfits Valarie had brought, she looked

stunned. "Why did you buy so many? She won't even get a chance to wear them all!"

Babies grew so fast. What fitted this month might not fit next month. With all the clothes Valarie had bought, Mia could wear a different outfit every day for a month and still have extras left over.

"She can wear as many as she can! Don't you know? A girl's wardrobe should always have new outfits." Valarie grinned. "Oh, and I have good news for you."

"What good news?" Nyla asked.

Valarie held up her left hand and wiggled her fingers, laughing.

When Nyla saw the engagement ring on Valarie's finger, her eyes widened in shock. "You two moved this fast? Didn't you just say yesterday that you didn't know when you'd get married?"

"Yeah, but when we were on our way to dinner last night, we passed a bridal shop. I mentioned how

beautiful the wedding dresses were inside and asked if he knew what wearing a wedding dress meant. And then... he proposed. It was a little sudden, but he was so sincere—I couldn't say no!" Valarie explained.

Seeing the happiness radiating from Valarie, Nyla beamed. "Valarie, congratulations! You've finally found your happiness!"

Valarie sighed. "Yeah, but there's just one little regret."

"What regret?" Nyla asked, puzzled.

"I can't be Mia's godmother anymore. If I do, after I marry Brandon, our family hierarchy will be a mess," Valarie muttered.

Nyla burst out laughing. "You should practice calling me 'Aunt Nyla' now, just to get used to it."

Valarie rolled her eyes. "Calling you Aunt Nyla should come with a gift since you're acknowledging me as your niece-in-law! Do you have one ready?"

## Chapter 1390

"Of course! When's the wedding?" Nyla asked.

Valarie shook her head. "We haven't decided yet. He'll come to my house in a few days to discuss it with my parents."

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "You're about to get really busy. Planning a wedding alone will take a lot of work."

"Yeah, I'm already getting a headache just thinking about it," Valarie replied.

...

For the next few months, Valarie was completely consumed by wedding preparations and work, barely having time to catch her breath.

The wedding was set for August 8th, leaving them with less than six months to finalize everything.

Valarie even traveled abroad several times to meet with designers and ensure her wedding dress was exactly what she wanted.

Beyond the dress, she and Brandon spent hours discussing every detail—from the venue to the wedding favors and bouquet choices.

After months of nonstop planning, the big day finally arrived.

Valarie was already up, getting her hair and makeup done at 2:00 a.m.

By the time Nyla arrived around 7:00 a.m., Valarie was fully dressed on her bed, waiting for the groom's side to pick her up.

When she saw Nyla, Valarie groaned. "Getting married is exhausting! I've been up since before dawn and haven't stopped moving since."

Nyla laughed. "Weddings are always tiring, but it's worth it. You'll want to look back on today without any regrets."

"Yeah, you're right." Valarie nodded, then looked around. "By the way, where are Bunny and Buddy? Why didn't you bring them?"

"They're with Damon. Bunny can't be apart from him, and Buddy can't be away from his sister. The three of them are practically inseparable now," Nyla explained.

Valarie chuckled. "Damon's famous now. Everyone calls him a 'daughter-obsessed dad.' He even takes her on business trips! Brandon says his uncle has completely changed."

Who would've thought Damon would turn out like this?

Nyla shook her head. If Mia didn't get fussy without Damon and cry whenever she couldn't see him, he probably wouldn't take her on his trips.

"Alright, enough about them. Today is your day," Nyla said with a smile.

She reached into her bag and handed Valarie a small box. "This is my wedding gift for you. I hope you like it."

Valarie opened the box and at the

Stunning ped

the box and gasped

sapphire necklace inside.

heardrop-shaped

"It's

beautiful! Nyla, thank Nyla, thank you so much!"

"As long as you like it." Nyla hugged her. "Valarie, you have to be happy."

"I will," Valarie promised.

After giving her the gift, Nyla left for the hotel.

...

As soon as Nyla entered the wedding banquet hall, she saw Damon holding Mia

in his arms, chatting with guests.

Mia watched him intently, not even

él

fussing Meanwhile, Mason sat

beside them, trying to get Mia's attention. Unfortunately, she didn't even glance his way.

Seeing this, Nyla couldn't help but smile. She quickly walked over.

Noticing her, Damon turned with a warm gaze.

"Did you see Valarie?" he asked.

"Yeah. Here, let me hold Bunny for a while. You should take a break," Nyla offered.

"I'm fine. I'm not tired," Damon replied.

Seeing he had no intention of letting go, Nyla didn't insist and sat down beside Mason instead.

An hour later, the wedding ceremony officially began.

After the host's opening remarks, the grand doors of the banquet hall slowly opened.

Valarie, arm in arm with her father, walked down the aisle.

Her gaze stayed locked on Brandon, a soft smile on her lips.

As they reached the front, her father placed her hand in Brandon's and gently patted their joined hands. Despite his best efforts to hold back tears, his eyes shimmered with emotion.