

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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"Brandon, from now on, I'm entrusting Valarie to you," Jonathan said. "She's been spoiled by us and can be a little willful at times. I hope you'll be patient with her in your marriage, and I wish you both a lifetime of happiness together."

Brandon held Valarie's hand tightly, his expression solemn. "Dad, don't worry. I'll cherish her with all my heart."

Jonathan nodded, stepping down from the stage. He discreetly wiped away his tears.

After exchanging vows and rings, Valarie and Brandon sealed their love with a kiss, surrounded by cheers and applause.

On the way home from the wedding, Nyla glanced at Damon. "I saw Mr. Weir wipe his tears so many times today. When Bunny gets married, you'll definitely be just like him, sneaking off somewhere to cry."

Damon's grip on the steering wheel tightened slightly, his gaze sharpening. "No one will ever be good enough for my daughter. If she never gets married, we'll take care of her for the rest of our lives."

Nyla raised an eyebrow and chuckled. "What if she meets someone she truly loves and wants to marry?"

"Then I'll thoroughly vet him. If I find even the slightest flaw, I won't let them be together," Damon declared.

Nyla was speechless.

Yeap, just as everyone said he was a total girl dad.

When they got home, Nyla had barely gotten out of the car with Mia in her arms when Mia reached toward Damon, asking to be held.

Damon immediately took her from Nyla, smiling. "Nyla, why don't you drive from now on? I'll hold Bunny."

Nyla shot him a look. "Absolutely not. This is because you let her sleep next to you every night while I was in postpartum recovery. Now, she's completely glued to you. If you keep carrying her around, the first word she learns is definitely going to be 'Papa.'"

She then added, "Starting tomorrow, you're not allowed to take Bunny to the office anymore. I'll take care of her at home and strengthen our mother-daughter bond." Damon raised an eyebrow. "Nyla, are you jealous because she likes me more?" Nyla huffed. "Bunny doesn't like you more. She loves us equally."

"If that's the case, why won't you let me take her to the office? Plus, if I bring her, you won't be as exhausted," Damon reasoned.

Nyla stayed quiet.

"If you don't say anything, I'll take

that as your agreement to let monet

keep bringing Bunny to work," Damon said as he turned and walked toward the villa.

Nyla quickly blocked his path. "No way... I just don't want Bunny to

interfere with your work. If you net

take

her every day, your productivity will definitely suffer."

"It won't. In fact, I work more efficiently while she naps, just so I can have more time to play with her when she wakes up," Damon replied.

Nyla fell silent.

As they entered the living room, she wasn't ready to give up on spending more time with her daughter before she started talking.

"Damon, you already work so hard. Let me take care of Bunny from now on. I'm home all day anyway, and I don't want you to wear yourself out," she proposed.

Damon smiled at her. "You really don't want me to get exhausted?"

"Of course! You're juggling work and childcare. It's too much!" Nyla responded.

"Alright then. Starting tomorrow, I'll teach you how to manage the company. You can help me run things at work," Damon said.

"No way. Business is way too complicated for me. Taking care of a baby is much easier. Let me handle that instead," Nyla refused.

Damon persisted, "But Bunny will cry if she doesn't see me. Just thinking about her crying breaks my heart."