

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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Taking Mia to work was exhausting, but every time she smiled at Damon, it made everything worth it.

"She'll be fine. Didn't you just say she loves us both equally? She'll cry for a bit, but if you stop taking her to the office, she'll get used to being at home," Nyla reasoned.

Seeing Nyla's determination, Damon finally relented. "Alright, we'll try it tomorrow. But if she cries too much, you'll have to take her to the office."

"Deal!" Nyla said.

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After getting ready for work the next morning, Damon kissed Mia on the cheek and headed for the door.

As soon as he changed his shoes at the entrance, she reached her little arms toward him, asking to be held. She had grown so accustomed to going to the office with him every day that it had become a reflex.

Damon glanced at Nyla. "Nyla, maybe today we should—"

Nyla interrupted, "Nope. You go to work. And if you're free for lunch, don't bother coming home. If you need to work late, no rush to come back either."

Damon chuckled. "You're really pulling out all the stops just to bond with Bunny, huh?"

"What? I have no idea what you're talking about. I'm just thinking about the company's best interests," Nyla denied.

"Alright, alright. I'm heading out then," Damon said.

"Drive safe," Nyla reminded him.

An hour later, Damon was in the middle of a meeting when his phone rang. It was Nyla.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"Damon... Bunny won't stop crying. I'm on my way to the office now. I'll hand her over to you," Nyla said.

As soon as Damon left, Mia started crying. No matter how much Nyla tried to comfort her, nothing worked. Seeing her baby cry so hard she started hiccupping broke Nyla's heart, so she had the driver take

them to the office.

"Alright, don't panic. Put me on speaker. I'll talk to her," Damon reassured her.

Signaling Spencer to pause the meeting, Damon stepped out of the room.

He coaxed Mia over the phone, speaking to her gently until she

finally calmed down. He continued

soothing her until Nyla arrived at his office, carrying Mia. Finally

Seeing Mia's tear-streaked face, Damon immediately took her into his arms and rocked her gently.

Watching him soothe their daughter so effortlessly, Nyla let out a resigned sigh. Maybe it really was best to let things stay as they were.

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For Mia's first birthday, Damon and Nyla threw her a small celebration, inviting only close family and friends.

Guests brought gifts for a traditional gift-picking ceremony, where the baby would pick an item to symbolize her future.

Valarie brought a golden plate, while Brandon gifted a golden spoon.

Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "You two really think alike. Your gifts are practically the same."

"They're totally different!" Valarie

argued. "If she picks mine, she'll probably grow up to be a

government official. If she picks

Brandon's, she's destined to be a food critic. What about you guys? What did you prepare?"

"I got her a book, and Damon picked a brush. My dad prepared a piano-oh, and we also have a mortarboard," Nyla answered.

Valarie nodded. "Sounds good. But mine's the biggest and shiniest. Bunny will definitely choose it later!"

Brandon shot her a look. "By that logic, my spoon is the longest. She's going for mine."

"Length doesn't matter. Bigger is better!" Valarie retorted.

She glared at Brandon, who instantly backed down, nodding. "Right, right. Whatever my wife says is always right."