

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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"That's more like it," Valarie chirped.

Nyla couldn't help but say, "Valarie, stop bullying Brandon all the time."

Brandon turned to her and sighed dramatically. "Aunt Nyla, since you mentioned it, I have to say something. You have no idea what I've been through these past six months, I— Ouch!"

Before he could finish, Valarie pinched his waist. "What was that? Tell me, Brandon. Have you been unhappy these past six months?"

"N-No... I've been very happy..." Brandon winced.

"Have I bullied you then?" Valarie pressed.

"No..." Brandon murmured.

Valarie huffed. "If not, then keep your mouth shut, or Nyla will really think I mistreat you."

Brandon gave her a pitiful look, lowering his head like a scolded puppy.

Before they married, Valarie had been gentle and beautiful in his eyes. But after marriage, he realized how wrong he had been.

Gentle and beautiful? All an illusion.

If he stayed out drinking and came home late, he'd have to choose between sleeping on the couch or outside.

The worst part? He couldn't even complain about it.

After all, he had chosen his wife. He had to spoil her, no matter what.

Nyla was about to speak when Lydia approached. "Mrs. Sumner, Mr. Sumner asked for you. Ms. Mia's first birthday grab ceremony is about to begin."

"Alright, I'll be right there," Nyla replied.

She turned to Valarie and Brandon. "Let's go."

A large round table had been set up in the center of the living room.

Mia, dressed in a pink princess dress and matching socks, sat in the middle of the table. She curiously looked at the people around her, her big eyes filled with wonder.

Surrounding her were objects for the grab ceremony. In addition to those Nyla and Damon had prepared, there was also a toy car, a small hammer, a stethoscope, a calculator, and more.

Everyone watched her intently, eager to see what she would pick.

Finally, Mia began to move.

She crawled forward and picked up

the act figurine right in f

of

She studied it for a moment

before putting it down. Com Top

After glancing at the other objects, she suddenly turned and crawled toward Valarie's golden plate.

Valarie's eyes lit up with excitement as she grabbed Brandon's arm. "See! I told you she'd pick my golden plate!"

Brandon nodded. "Yeah, you're right. I guess size does make a difference..."

As they spoke, Mia reached the golden plate, and Valarie held her breath. She had to pick the golden plate!

Under everyone's eager gaze, Mia slowly reached out her little hand. Instead of grabbing the plate, she picked up the calculator beside it.

Valarie pouted.

She reassured herself that it was fine. Mia had also picked up the astronaut figurine earlier but put it down. She'd surely realize soon that the golden plate was the better choice.

But once Mia got hold of the calculator, she clutched it tightly and refused to let go.

Damon turned to Nyla, grinning. "Looks like our daughter wants to take over the family business."

They let Mia try two more times. No matter what else caught her attention, she always went back to the calculator.

Damon couldn't hide his pleased smile. It seemed he had his successor.

After the ceremony, everyone gathered for a group photo.

Damon held Mia in his arms while Nyla held Mason's hand. The family of four sat at the center of the picture.

Everyone was smiling, and at that moment, happiness was frozen in time.

-The End