

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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Nyla nodded and said, "Yes, I know."

Nathaniel was about to respond when Damon suddenly turned to Nyla, his eyes cold. He asked, "Do you know me that well?"

Nathaniel was taken aback, frowning at Damon. He couldn't understand why Damon was deliberately making things difficult for Nyla. Did he dislike Clark so much that he extended that hatred to Clark's wife? Nyla bit her lip and lowered her gaze. "No, thank you for tonight, Uncle Damon. It's late, so I'll be going now. Enjoy your evening."

Damon sneered. "I helped you, and you think a simple thank you is enough?"

Nyla paused, then turned back to him and asked, "What do you want as thanks, Uncle Damon?"

Damon looked at the woman pouring him a drink and said, "Teach her how to repay a life-saving favor."

Nathaniel frowned, feeling that Damon was being too harsh by having an escort from a nightclub teach Nyla how to repay a debt of gratitude.

The woman smiled, looking up at Damon with a flattering gaze. "Mr. Sumner, if you saved me, I'd offer myself to you."

Damon's expression remained unchanged, revealing nothing about his satisfaction with the answer.

Nathaniel couldn't hold back any longer. "Damon, this is too much."

Nyla hadn't done anything to offend Damon, so why was he humiliating her like this?

Damon coldly looked at him. "What? Are you planning to repay me on her behalf?"

Nathaniel was rendered speechless.

Noticing that Damon's demeanor was entirely different from his usual calm self, Nyla calmly said, "Uncle Damon, you're drunk." Damon turned to look at her.

In the dim light, her eyes shone like clear water, and her expression was defiant. Something pricked at his heart, and he subconsciously tightened his grip on the glass.

If she had a softer personality, he might have used more forceful means to separate her from Clark. But he knew she wasn't the type to submit to any man. Pressuring her to divorce Clark and be with him would only push her further away.

Suddenly, the sound of glass shattering filled the room Damon had crushed the glass in his hand.

"Damon!"

"Mr. Sumner!"

Nathaniel and the woman beside Damon exclaimed, their eyes filled with concern as they looked at his bleeding hand.

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Bright red blood dripped from Damon's palm, but he seemed unfazed, his expression icy as he glared at Nyla and barked, "Get out!"

Nyla's gaze lingered on his bleeding hand for a moment before she turned and left without a word.

Damon watched her go, his aura growing even colder.

Nathaniel immediately called for a first-aid kit, frowning at Damon. "The one who wronged you is Clark, not Nyla. Why are you making things difficult for her? Do you care about your reputation at all?" Damon sat in silence, staring at the table in front of him, lost in thought.

Nathaniel turned to Caleb for support, but the latter simply said, "This is a Sumner family affair. Why are you so concerned?"

"What kind of family matter is this?" Nathaniel retorted.

Caleb didn't respond, his gaze thoughtful. If Damon's feelings for Nyla were what he suspected, the Sumner family wouldn't have peace for a while.

He glanced at Damon with a look of helplessness.

If Richard and Marie discovered that, despite years of introducing Damon to numerous suitable women, he had shown no interest in any of them and had instead fallen for Nyla, they would be furious.

Of all people, he had to choose a married woman-and not just any woman, but his nephew's wife. The thought alone was enough to give anyone a headache.

After leaving the bar, Nyla drove back to the villa

As soon as she entered the living room, she saw Clark sitting on the sofa, his expression stormy.

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"Why did you come back so late tonight?" Clark asked.

"Had some things to deal with," Nyla answered.

Clark didn't press further and simply nodded. "By the way, we've found a kidney donor for Dad. If everything goes well, he can have the surgery in a month."

Nyla paused mid-action while changing her shoes, looking up at him in disbelief. "Really?"

Clark felt his breath catch at the sight of her excited expression and bright eyes, which reminded him of when they first got together.

"Yes," he replied.

"That's great! Thank you!" Nyla exclaimed.

Her gratitude was heartfelt. If they hadn't found a match, her father's health wouldn't have held out much longer.

"We're husband and wife. It's my responsibility," Clark said dismissively.

Nyla pursed her lips and remained silent. To her, they had long ceased to be husband and wife. They were just two strangers bound by a piece of paper. "Regardless, I really appreciate it," Nyla reiterated.

Noticing the distance in her gaze, Clark felt a wave of helplessness. No matter what he did, he couldn't seem to bridge the gap between them.

Just as he was about to say something, his phone rang. Seeing it was Michael, he said, "I need to handle some work. It's late, and you should rest. Goodnight."

With that, he took the call and walked toward the study

"Mr. Sumner, Samuel has arrived in Saintornia," Michael reported.

Clark paused, a cold glint flashing in his eyes. "Got it. Proceed as we discussed."

"Understood," Michael replied.

Clark ended the call with a cold smirk. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Since that unpleasant encounter at the bar, Nyla hadn't seen Damon for several days.

Friday night marked the end of the first phase of the experiment, so Nyla and Melody stayed in the lab until after 11:00 p.m.

As they walked to the elevator, chatting, Melody sighed. "I used to occasionally run into Mr. Sumner when I got off work, but I haven't seen him at all lately. These experiments are tedious. I need some eye candy to relieve my fatigue."

Nyla chuckled, about to respond, when the elevator doors opened. She froze upon seeing the man inside,

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dressed in a suit.

Did Melody's words have some sort of magic? Speak of the devil, and he appeared. Melody's eyes widened in surprise, then lit up with admiration when she saw Damon. The universe really granted her wish quickly. If only she had wished to win the lottery!

Nyla and Melody stepped into the elevator and greeted Damon.

Melody tugged on Nyla's sleeve, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Nyla smiled slightly but remained silent, looking down.

Damon must have been very busy these past few days. She noticed the dark circles under his eyes and the exhaustion on his face.

The elevator was silent except for the hum of its descent.

Soon, they reached the basement level. Damon stepped out first, with Nyla and Melody following close

behind.

Suddenly, Damon spoke in a low voice. "You shouldn't stay so late at work. It's not safe for two women."

Hearing this, Melody gazed at him with increased admiration. He was a handsome employer who encouraged employees not to work late-what a rare find! Melody nodded. "Mr. Sumner, tonight was just an exception. We usually leave on time."

Damon didn't respond and walked toward his car parked nearby.

At that moment, a man wearing a hat and mask suddenly appeared, rushing toward Damon.

Nyla's face turned pale as she saw the gleam of a knife in the man's hand. Reacting instinctively, she rushed forward to push Damon out of the way.

"Watch out!" she shouted before a sharp pain pierced her abdomen and darkness overtook her.

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When Nyla woke up, she blinked at the white ceiling above her and took a moment to recall what had happened.

"You're awake! Do you feel any discomfort?"

Nyla turned her head to see Damon, who looked worn out, standing by her bedside. She shook her head. "Aside from some pain in my abdomen, I'm fine. How long was I out?"

"A full day," Damon replied.

Nyla frowned. "That long?"

"Yes, the stab wound damaged your spleen," Damon explained.

The doctor had said that if the wound had been a centimeter deeper, Nyla could have bled out and might not have survived.

The more than ten hours Damon had spent waiting outside the operating room had been the most agonizing of his life, each second stretching into eternity.

Pale and weak, Nyla slowly sat up. "Did they catch the attacker?"

Damon nodded, his voice icy. "Yes. He was the son of the owner of a rival company to Prospectus Technology. After their bankruptcy, he was pursued by creditors and chose to take revenge on me." He lowered his gaze, concealing the fierceness in his eyes. Samuel would never see the light of day again.

Nyla was about to speak when the door suddenly slammed open.

Clark stormed in and glared at Damon with a murderous intensity.

"Damon! Not only did you get Nyla hurt, but you also blocked the news, making me investigate for a whole day. Do you really think you can do whatever you want in Saintornia?"

Nyla looked at Damon in shock. She had already found it strange that Clark, given his aversion to Damon, had allowed him to stay by her bedside. She hadn't expected Damon to have blocked the news. Damon looked at Clark indifferently. "This is a hospital room. She just woke up and needs a quiet environment."

Before he could finish, Clark interrupted coldly, "What right do you have to say that? If it weren't for you, she wouldn't be hurt!"

Damon's gaze dimmed.

It was true that this incident was his fault. However, Nyla's act of pushing him out of the way had confirmed something for him-she cared about him.

Knowing that was enough. He would handle the rest. He would clear every obstacle between them, leaving her to simply wait for him.

Just as he was about to speak, his phone rang. Seeing it was Spencer, he walked to the balcony to answer

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"What is it?" Damon asked.

Spencer's voice was grave. "Mr. Sumner, I've found out what you asked me to investigate. Ms. Jayston has been looking into the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident from six years ago. It seems your older brother is involved."

Damon's grip on the phone tightened, his face darkening.

He had been puzzled about why Nyla had returned to Clark. Spencer's words provided the answer. She was investigating the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident. No wonder...

If that accident was connected to Cyrus, then the Sumners were responsible for the Jaystons' bankruptcy. How could she be with him as if nothing had happened?

Spencer asked after a moment of silence, "Mr. Sumner, should we stop Ms. Jayston from investigating?"

One was the woman Damon cared about and who had just saved him, while the other was a Sumner. Just the thought of it gave Spencer a headache.

Damon spoke in a low voice. "Find out everything about this incident. I want the full story in a week!" Ending the call, Damon pocketed his phone and returned to the room with an icy demeanor. Clark glared at him. "Uncle Damon, I'm Nyla's husband. I'll take care of her. You can pay for the medical expenses and leave."

"I won't leave until she's discharged," Damon stated.

Clark's eyes flashed with sarcasm as he asked, "Staying here will only make things difficult for Nyla. Are you sure you want to force her?"

"Is that a threat?" Damon questioned, his eyes narrowing dangerously as he regarded Clark.

"You bet. If you don't want everyone to know about your feelings for Nyla, you should leave," Clark pressed.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "It seems the Sumner Group doesn't want to cooperate with Prospectus Technology anymore."

Clark smirked, his gaze filled with confidence. "Uncle Damon, if you end the partnership with the Sumner Group, everyone in Saintornia will know about your feelings for my wife by tomorrow." Just as he finished speaking, he felt a massive pressure overwhelm him.

"Do you think the media will choose to offend you or me?" Damon asked.

Clark's smile froze before he answered, "They wouldn't dare offend you, but if Grandpa and Grandma found out, they'd be furious."

Damon leered at him, his chilly aura almost tangible. "Clark, you're the first to dare threaten me like this." Clark remained unfazed. "Uncle Damon, you're also the first to dare covet my wife." Tension crackled between them, making Nyla frown in frustration.

"Enough, both of you. I don't need either of you to take care of me," she said.

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Clark looked at Nyla, his face darkening. "Nyla, don't be stubborn. You're weak right now, and I need to take care of you."

Most importantly, he wanted to be the one looking after her, not giving Damon any opportunity. After all, he was her legitimate husband, While Damon's presence was inappropriate. Nyla's expression was cold. "I'll hire a nurse."

"Nyla..." Clark began.

Nyla ignored him and looked down, acting as if she hadn't heard.

After a moment of silence, she looked up at Damon. "Uncle Damon, you saved me at the bar, and I took a knife for you this time. We're even now. Don't come here anymore." Damon's face grew grim. "You did it just to even the score?"

The bitterness in Nyla's heart surged at his questioning tone, but she remained composed as she replied, " Yes. What other reason could there be?"

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Damon's expression was grim, and his voice was icy. "I suppose I was just being delusional."

With that, he turned and left.

Clark glanced at Nyla, his eyes burning with anger. "What was that about the bar? Why wasn't I aware?" [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Was there a need to tell you? Could you have gone back in time to protect me?" Nyla retorted.

Clark gritted his teeth. "Nyla, you know I don't want you getting involved with my uncle!"

Just the thought of Nyla getting hurt because of Damon, and potentially ruining his own plans, made Clark's anger boil over.

Nyla's expression remained indifferent. "I don't want you getting involved with Jordyn either, but you still sneak off to see her, don't you?"

Clark's face darkened, but he couldn't refute her.

Seeing his face turn red, Nyla let out a small laugh. "Enough. Just go. I really don't want to see you right now."

Clark stared at her in silence for a long time, his eyes cold. "Don't forget, with just one word from me, your father's kidney transplant might not happen." Fury flashed in Nyla's eyes. "Clark, is threatening me with my dad all you know how to do?"

Clark stepped forward and gripped her chin. "If it works, that's all that matters. If you don't behave, your father's kidney will go to someone else next month." Nyla bit her lip hard, tasting blood but refusing to let go. She stared at Clark, his once-familiar features now seeming foreign.

Was this really the man who had promised to love her forever and never let her be sad?

She had believed in his promises, but now she realized how naive she had been. Maybe he had meant those promises, but people's hearts changed.

"What do you want me to do? Apologize? Beg you?" she asked.

Clark sneered, his tone mocking. "Nyla, don't act like I've wronged you. Can you honestly say you took that knife for my uncle without any personal feelings involved?"

From the way Nyla had looked at Damon earlier, Clark could tell she wasn't as indifferent to him as she claimed. But she was his wife, meant to love only him. How could she love another man? "Yes!" Nyla exclaimed.

Clark smiled dangerously and leaned in, speaking softly. "Nyla, I know you too well. When you lie, your right pinky finger twitches slightly. You probably don't even realize it."

Nyla's eyes widened slightly, and she gritted her teeth as she glared at him. "What do you want?"

"It's not about what I want. It's about you not listening. need to show you the consequences of defying me," Clark said.

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With that, he released her and turned to leave. He had just reached the door when he heard hurried footsteps behind him.

The next moment, Nyla grabbed the hem of his suit jacket. "Clark, please don't give my dad's kidney to someone else. I'm begging you."

Her voice, tinged with a sob, softened Clark's heart a bit. Since she had discovered his affair, this was the first time she had spoken to him like this.

He turned to look at her, seeing the pleading in her eyes, and his breath caught slightly.

After a long moment, he finally spoke in a low voice. "This is your last chance. I hope you make the most of it."

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Leaving the hospital room, Clark saw Damon standing not far away. He approached with a stern expression. "Uncle Damon, did you wait here just to say something to me?"

Damon's eyes were cold. "I'm the one who has feelings for her. If I find out you're making things difficult for her, I'll ensure you lose everything you have."

Clark sneered. "You're quite the romantic, Uncle Damon. If you loved someone other than my wife, I might even be touched."

The thought of Damon coveting Nyla made Clark wish Damon would disappear from this world. If Nyla hadn't intervened, the one in the hospital bed would have been Damon! "You two will get divorced eventually," Damon stated flatly.

Clark glared at Damon. "Even if I die, I won't divorce her. If you have the courage, go ahead and kill me."

"Do you think I wouldn't dare?" Damon scoffed.

Damon's oppressive aura felt like an impenetrable wall, closing in on Clark. His hands clenched tightly at his sides, as fear began to creep in despite his outward composure.

"I know you would dare. But if you kill me, Grandpa and Grandma will never allow Nyla to be with you. Her family might suffer because of your love. Can you protect them forever? Uncle Damon, watch your own actions," Clark said through gritted teeth.

After leaving the hospital, Clark called Michael. "What's the situation with Samuel?"

"He's taken all the blame and hasn't mentioned being instructed by anyone," Michael answered.

Clark wasn't surprised. He had given Samuel an offer he couldn't refuse. He told Michael, "Keep an eye on it. Let me know if anything changes."

Hanging up, Clark smirked. Damon was lucky this time, but next time, he might not be so fortunate. After all, he had plenty of enemies.

Back in his office, Damon found Spencer rushing in with a file. "Mr. Sumner, I found something about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident from six years ago. You should take a look." Seeing Spencer's grave expression, Damon frowned and took the file. After reading just two pages, his face turned grim.

"Mr. Sumner, this evidence..." Spencer began.

"Destroy it immediately. We can't let Pete find out," Damon ordered.

Damon's face was grim, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the file. He hadn't realized that the funds Cyrus had used to sabotage Harris Pharmaceuticals had been borrowed from him. Cyrus had claimed he would acquire a small company, and Damon had taken him at his word, transferring the money without question.

If Nyla found out, she would never forgive him. This secret had to remain concealed.

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"And what about your brother's scheme against Harris Pharmaceuticals? Should we cover that up as well? Spencer asked.

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"No. We can leak some clues to Pete at the appropriate time," Damon replied.

If Nyla got hold of the evidence, she would leave Clark.

Spencer was surprised but wisely refrained from asking further questions, nodding before leaving the

office.

Once alone, Damon's gaze grew colder. He hadn't intended to target Clark, but the latter's threats earlier that day made it clear-it was time to teach him a lesson.

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As soon as Clark returned to the company, several angered shareholders stormed into his office.

"Mr. Sumner, what's going on with Prospectus Technology? I just spoke with their manager, and he said they won't be continuing their partnership with the Sumner Group. You brokered this deal, so you need to take full responsibility!"

If the Sumner Group lost the Prospectus Technology contract, it would cost them at least 100 million dollars. Coupled with the previous contract losses with Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group because of Nyla, the shareholders' dissatisfaction with Clark had reached its peak.

Clark looked up at them, noting their angry faces. He spoke calmly. "Please don't worry. I will find out what happened and give you an explanation. For now, return to your work."

"No way. You need to call Damon in front of us, or we can't trust you!"

Clark's gaze turned cold as he looked at Jason Dinsmore, a shareholder who held 3% of the company.

Although Jason's shares were not significant, his grandfather had contributed greatly during the company's early days. As such, Jason considered himself a veteran, often speaking with a sense of entitlement. On a regular day, Clark might have tolerated this. But today, given his bad mood, Jason's timing couldn't have been worse. He was asking for trouble.

Clark sneered. "Mr. Dinsmore, if you're in such a hurry, why don't you make the call? You can even take my position as CEO if you'd like."

Jason's face darkened with dissatisfaction. "Mr. Sumner, I don't have the capability to be the CEO. But if this issue isn't resolved, are you going to need Mr. Richard to step in and clean up your mess again?" Clark's expression grew colder, his eyes narrowing as he stared at Jason with a dangerous glint.

Oblivious, Jason continued sarcastically. "You're almost 30. When I was your age, I was already building this company with Mr. Richard. Yet, you still need him to bail you out. It's embarrassing!" Jason grew more agitated, not noticing the other shareholders signaling him to stop. When he finished, he realized the room had fallen eerily silent.

Jason faced Clark's icy gaze and involuntarily took a step back, feeling a twinge of guilt. He raised his voice, trying to mask his unease. "Mr. Sumner, why are you looking at me like that? Am I wrong?" Clark smirked. "No, Mr. Dinsmore. You're absolutely right." [SEARCH THE WEBSITE TO ACCESS CHAPTERS OF NOVELS EARLY AND IN THE HIGHEST QUALITY.](#)

"Then call Damon right now," Jason pressed.

The other shareholders exchanged uneasy glances, hoping to avoid becoming collateral damage.

"Urn, Mr. Sumner... I have some documents to review. I'll head back now..."

"Yeah, I need to meet a client soon. If I don't leave now, I'll be late..."

As the other shareholders hurried out, Jason scoffed at their cowardice.

Clark's eyes remained fixed on Jason. "Mr. Dinsmore, if I recall correctly, your grandson works at the

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Sumner Group as well?"

Jason's expression faltered. "Yes... Why?"

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Clark smiled. "Oh, nothing much. I just remembered he made a mistake at work recently."

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His tone was casual as if discussing the weather, but the implication made Jason tremble, his eyes betraying his guilt.

"He's young. Mistakes happen... You were new once too, Mr. Sumner..." Jason tried to reason.

"Mr. Dinsmore, I've never made the mistake of embezzling company funds. If the other shareholders find out, your grandson could lose his job-or worse, end up in prison. Don't you agree?"

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Although Clark was smiling, Jason felt a chill run down his spine, leaving him uneasy.

After several moments of silence, he finally managed to say, "Mr. Sumner... my grandson didn't mean it. If you let him off this time, I promise he won't make such a foolish mistake again..."

Seeing the fear in Jason's eyes, Clark felt no sympathy. "It seems your grandson isn't that impressive. He's in his 20s and still needs you to beg on his behalf."

Realizing Clark was throwing his previous words back at him, Jason felt a surge of anger.

Still, he swallowed his frustration and said through gritted teeth, "Mr. Sumner, it was my fault for not teaching my grandson properly."

"If you can't even discipline your own grandson, you shouldn't be pointing fingers at me," Clark replied.

Jason felt utterly humiliated but forced a smile. "Of course... Regarding my grandson's actions..."

"As long as you know what to say and what not to say in the future, your grandson will be fine," Clark

warned.

Jason quickly said, "I understand, Mr. Sumner."

After Jason left the office, his face darkened with rage. Clark was so arrogant that Jason swore to teach

him a lesson.

In his office, Clark called Damon. "Uncle Damon, what is this about? Are you targeting me because of what happened at the hospital?" Damon's cold voice replied, "The decision to terminate the contract with the Sumner Group was made by

the board of directors."

Clark snorted. "Don't give me that nonsense. Do you think I don't know that you're the one calling the shots at Prospectus Technology?"

"If you disagreed, no one would dare to cancel the contract with the Sumner Group."

"I've helped the Sumner Group a lot these past few years. Continuing the partnership would only result in losses, so terminating it is a rational decision," Damon answered.

Clark ground his teeth and said angrily, "The controversy with Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group just passed, and now you're ending the contract with the Sumner Group. You're obviously targeting me." "You're overthinking it. I don't mix personal matters with business. I have a meeting to attend. That's all," Damon said before hanging up.

Clark was livid. As he prepared to call back, Jordyn suddenly called.

Annoyed, he rejected the call, but she persistently called again and again, preventing him from reaching Damon.

Furious, he finally picked up. "Are you insane? I'm at work!"

Jordyn seemed startled by his outburst.

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After a moment, she cautiously said, "Clark... I didn't want to bother you at work, but I think someone was following me when I came back from grocery shopping... I'm scared..." Her voice trembled, laced with tears.

Clark took a deep breath, pinching the bridge of his nose as he processed the situation.

Suddenly, he realized something. He had always been careful when meeting Jordyn. It was unlikely anyone would be tracking her. The most likely culprits were Nyla or Damon. At that thought, his expression darkened.

"Don't worry about it," he told Jordyn. "I'll send a couple of people to protect you and find out who's been following you."

After hanging up, Clark called Michael into his office. "Send two people to protect Jordyn and investigate if someone is actually following her."

"Yes, Mr. Sumner," Michael answered.

That evening, Nyla was sitting in her hospital bed, eating soup, when the door suddenly slammed open. Clark stormed in, his expression cold. She frowned. "Clark, do you have to ruin my appetite during dinner?"

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Clark stared at her coldly and asked, "Why are you having someone watch Jordyn?"

Nyla paused before replying calmly, "If I don't monitor her, how will I know when you meet up with her and lie to me again?"

Clark frowned but then suddenly relaxed. "Nyla, you still care about me, don't you?"

Otherwise, she wouldn't have someone monitoring Jordyn to see when they met.

Nyla looked up at him, seeing the joy in his eyes. She thought he was truly confident, so much so that he believed she still liked him.

Nevertheless, his misunderstanding was useful, saving her a lot of trouble.

"I just don't want to be constantly cheated on, nor do I want to live in your lies," she replied.

Her cold demeanor only convinced Clark further. He believed her recent actions were meant to get his attention and win him back from Jordyn.

He knew her well. If she didn't love him anymore, she wouldn't have returned. Getting close to Damon was just another way to make him jealous.

"Nyla, I promise you, I have no feelings for Jordyn. The person I love is you. So you don't need to monitor her anymore. Once she has the baby, I'll send her away immediately," he promised.

How disgusting. How could he say that with a straight face?

Nyla looked at him with a trace of sarcasm in her eyes. "And what about her child?"

Clark hesitated before answering seriously, "We've been married for years and haven't had a child. If you're willing, we can raise the child as our own."

Hearing the implication that she couldn't have children, Nyla let out a cold laugh. "I have no interest in raising someone else's child. And do you think I could accept raising the child of my husband and his mistress?"

She wanted to knock some sense into Clark. Did he think that just because she moved back, she could tolerate everything he did? Clark's face fell as he said, "If you don't want to raise the child, I won't force you. I won't let the child appear in front of you." Nyla looked down, saying nothing. She couldn't completely cut ties with Clark yet.

As for Jordyn and her child, she didn't care. If she didn't care about Clark, why would she care about irrelevant people?

"Do as you wish. I've said it before. Once you deal with this matter, we can address our issues," Nyla said.

Seeing the stubbornness in Nyla's eyes, Clark sighed. He wished she were gentler like Jordyn and not so headstrong.

In their social circle, men of his status often had affairs. Why could other wives accept it, but not her? Hadn't he treated her well over the years?

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Just because he had cheated, she had to make things so difficult...

Even though Clark knew she cared about him, he felt exhausted. His busy workdays were already overwhelming, and coming home to Nyla's cold attitude only added to his stress.

"Take care of yourself. I have work to do, so I'll leave now. I've hired a nurse for you. If you need anything, just tell the nurse," Clark said, then left.

After leaving the hospital, he drove straight to Jordyn's house.

When Jordyn opened the door and saw him, here it up with joy. "Clarko, why are you here? Have you

had dinner? I was just about to eat. Want to join me?"

Jordyn's wholehearted affection immediately soothed Clark's frustration from dealing with Nyla. He smiled.

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"I haven't eaten yet," Clark said.

"Then go wash your hands. I'll get the food ready," Jordyn replied warmly.

All evening, Jordyn chatted about her day, and Clark felt his heart gradually leaning toward her.

Despite the strength of his previous feelings for Nyla, her constant coldness was causing them to wane.

Meanwhile, Nyla was about to go for a walk after finishing her dinner when she received a call from Pete.

"Ms. Jayston, your husband's men found me. They warned me to stay away from Jordyn or they'd call the police," Pete said.

Since Pete began investigating the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident, he had an assistant keeping an eye on Jordyn. Unfortunately, the assistant was inexperienced and had been caught quickly. "It's fine. You don't need to monitor her anymore. I'll transfer your payment shortly," Nyla said.

She had been monitoring Jordyn to gather evidence of Clark's affair, but it no longer seemed necessary. Once she had the evidence needed to send Cyrus to prison, Clark would likely be furious and agree to the divorce.

After hanging up, Nyla transferred the money and recalled the time she had overheard Cyrus borrowing money from Damon in his study. She decided to contact Pete to check on the investigation's progress. Although Pete didn't respond immediately, she wasn't concerned, knowing how busy he could be. Suddenly, the door to her hospital room opened, and Damon walked in carrying a food container. He looked composed in a white shirt with a few buttons undone, revealing his tanned skin and collarbone. His tailored trousers accentuated his long legs, giving him an almost fairytale-like appearance. Nyla was momentarily stunned until he reached her, causing her to awkwardly avert her gaze. "Uncle Damon, you didn't have to visit. The doctor said I could be discharged in a few days," Nyla said. As Damon approached, his subtle cologne enveloped her, making her breath feel a little lighter.

He sat down beside her, opened the container, and handed her a bowl of chicken soup as he replied, "You're my lifesaver. If I didn't visit, wouldn't that be ungrateful?"

"Uncle Damon, I've already told you that taking that knife was my way of repaying you for saving me at the bar," Nyla replied.

Damon looked at her calmly. "Drink the soup first."

He knew that if she truly had no feelings for him and was only repaying a debt, she wouldn't have instinctively protected him. After all, self-preservation was human nature. Nyla frowned, feeling that he hadn't listened to her. She told him, "I already had some soup."

Without pushing, Damon placed the soup back. "Then have it later."

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 179

The room fell silent.

When Damon showed no intention of leaving, Nyla couldn't hold back anymore. "Uncle Damon, I want to rest. It's inconvenient with you here."

Damon nodded, stood up, and said, "I'll sit on the sofa then. You can sleep and call me if you need anything."

Nyla was rendered speechless. That wasn't what she meant.

Clenching her teeth, she said, "Uncle Damon, your presence here makes me uncomfortable. I hope you can leave."

Damon paused and looked at her, raising an eyebrow. "Can I take that to mean you care about me, is why you're uncomfortable with me here?"

Paradse 180

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Chapter 180

Chapter 180

Nyla frowned. "Uncle Damon, I've explained this many times. If you insist on thinking that way, I can't stop you."

Damon smiled, his cold demeanor momentarily softening. It made it difficult to look away. "Nyla, is it really so hard to admit that you like me?"

Under the intensity of his dark eyes, Nyla's heart rate quickened. She clutched the hem of her hospital gown, feeling as if something was slipping out of her control.

After a long pause, she pressed her lips together and spoke. "Uncle Damon, I'm your niece-in-law. If word got out about what you're saying, do you know what the consequences would be?" "I can protect you," Damon claimed.

Nyla laughed lightly. "Clark said similar things before, but that didn't stop him from cheating after we got

married.'

When a man wanted to win over a woman, he'd say anything. Whether he could follow through was another matter.

Damon's face darkened. "I'm not like him."

Nyla shook her head, looking at him seriously. "What's the difference? You want me to admit I like you, and then what? Sneak around with you? How would I be any different from Clark?"

Damon had helped her immensely, especially during her lowest moments. It would be a lie to say she wasn't moved. But that didn't mean she would abandon her principles and become someone she despised.

"I can help you divorce Clark," Damon offered.

Nyla looked at him, realizing he didn't understand her at all.

It made sense-someone as privileged as he wouldn't understand her position.

"Uncle Damon, you're just infatuated with me. You've never considered me an equal. If you did, you wouldn't say such things so easily," she countered.

Damon's expression grew grim, and the room seemed to grow colder. "Do you think everything I've done is just a whim?"

Outside the hospital room, Cindy stood frozen in shock and anger.

Damon had feelings for Nyla? How could he? She was his nephew's wife!

And Nyla, that wretch-she couldn't even have children, Marrying into the Sumners had been a blessing, yet she wasn't satisfied and dared to seduce her husband's uncle. She should never have been allowed into the Sumners in the first place!

Cindy felt an intense urge to burst in and confront them, but her hand froze on the doorknob. Considering the potential consequences of confronting Damon, she shivered. If she fell out with him, he might orchestrate Clark's downfall.

Chapter 180

+25 BONUS

Even Damon's parents couldn't control him.

Sighing deeply, Cindy quickly left.

Inside, Nyla maintained a calm demeanor as she looked at Damon.

"If it's not just a whim, let me ask you-if I divorce Clark, will you marry me?" she inquired.

Damon frowned and remained silent. Marriage was something he had never seriously considered.

Seeing his silence, Nyla smiled faintly. "Uncle Damon, I'm almost 30. I don't have the luxury of time like an 18-year-old. If I divorce Clark, my next relationship will be with the intention of marriage." She wouldn't spend another eight years helping a man grow.

With Damon's status and pride, he would never marry a divorced woman. Besides, she had to deal with Cyrus. There was no future for her and Damon.

After Damon left, Nyla no longer felt like going for a walk. She played on her phone for a while before going to sleep.

Meanwhile, Cindy called Clark and asked him to come home after much consideration.

"Mom, what did you want to talk about?" Clark asked, sitting across from her with a puzzled look.

Paradse 181

Chapter 181

Cindy took a deep breath. "Do you know about Nyla and Damon?"

Clark's expression shifted, and Cindy gnashed her teeth. "So you do know! That woman actually dares to cheat on your

Hearing Cindy's harsh words about Nyla, Clark furrowed his brow. "Mom, it's not what you think. This has nothing to do with Nyla. It's Uncle Damon being presumptuous."

Cindy sneered. "Presumptuous? Do you think I'm a fool?! If she wasn't making advances on Damon, would he even notice her?!"

Clark's face darkened. "If you keep insulting Nyla, I'm leaving right now."

Seeing him get up to leave, Cindy shouted, "You stop right there!"

Clark ignored her and continued walking. Enraged, Cindy stood in front of the door. "Don't think you can leave until I'm done talking"

Observing her unreasonable behavior, Clark remained expressionless. "What else do you want to say?" "You're just going to let her cheat on you with your uncle?" Cindy demanded.

"I've already told you, Nyla doesn't like Uncle Damon. He's the one pursuing her," Clark replied. Cindy didn't believe that. Why would Damon be interested in a married woman when he could have anyone he wanted?

"I don't care who's pursuing whom; this can't just be ignored!" Cindy yelled.

Clark's impatience showed, and his tone turned icy. "What do you want me to do? Damon knows Jordyn has my child. Do you think making this public will help me?"

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revealing Damon's interest in Nyla wouldn't benefit anyone. Maintaining the status quo was an option.

Cindy ground her teeth. "Are we just going to let them have an affair right under our noses?"

"Mom, I've told you, Nyla doesn't like Uncle Damon, and I won't let anything happen between them," Clark retorted.

"How can you be so sure? Have you put a tracker on Nyla?" Cindy questioned.

Just thinking about Nyla daring to flirt with Damon made Cindy furious. She had known from the start that Nyla was no good!

"This is my problem. It's not for you to worry about," Clark said.

Cindy's face turned red with anger. She had been trying to help, only to be met with such a response!

*Fine, fine, I'll mind my own business. You've grown wings now and don't need my interference. Do whatever you want. I won't interfere, Cindy said, giving up. Clark didn't respond. He pushed past her and left.

Chapter 181

+25 BONUS

At the door, he ran into Cyrus and greeted him with a long face. "Dad."

Cyrus, aware that Clark had always disliked him, nodded and walked past him into the villa. As soon as he opened the door, he saw Cindy standing in the foyer, looking disappointedly at the door. "What are you doing standing here?" Cyrus asked.

Upon seeing Cyrus, Cindy's expression darkened.

"What else would I be doing? Your son is being cheated on, and you're asking me that?" she snapped,

Cyrus glowered, "What's going on? Explain it clearly!"

Cindy recounted the conversation she had overheard between Damon and Nyla outside the hospital room, embellishing the details as she went.

She ended with a cold sneer. "Letting her into the Sumners was the worst decision I've ever made!"

Initially, Cyrus was furious to hear about Clark being cheated on. But when he learned it involved Damon, his expression changed.

He had been struggling to secure funds for the company, and when he mentioned it to Damon, it seemed that Damon wasn't inclined to help. If Damon had feelings for Nyla, he could use that to his advantage. If he could get Nyla into Damon's bed, he might even secure the funds or obtain a subsidiary from Damon!

Seeing Cyrus's silence, Cindy demanded, "What are you going to do about this?"

Paradse 182

Chapter 182 Chapter 182

Cyrus scowled and spoke in a low voice. "Don't worry about this. I'll figure something out." Cindy was momentarily taken aback but then frowned at him. "What are you planning to do?"

"Just focus on your social gatherings. Leave the rest to me," Cyrus said, walking past her into his study. Once inside, Cyrus pondered for a moment. With Marie's birthday next month, he realized he could use the occasion to his advantage.

By the time Damon and Nyla were together, he could leverage that situation to threaten Damon into providing the funds he needed.

With this plan in mind, Cyrus sighed in relief. His frustration over the lack of funds dissipated.

To him, women were merely playthings. As long as they served a purpose, he would use them to get what he needed. Even if Damon had feelings for Cindy, Cyrus wouldn't hesitate to maneuver her into Damon's bed and deal with the aftermath later.

As for Clark, Cyrus would find him a more suitable marriage partner in the future.

In the CEO office of Prospectus Technology....

Spencer noticed Damon frowning and appearing deep in thought as he brought in some documents.

"Mr. Sumner, these are the documents that need to be handled tonight," Spencer reminded him.

"Just leave them there," Damon said.

Spencer nodded, placed the documents down, and turned to leave.

Just as he reached the door, Damon called out, "Oh, I have a question for

Spencer turned around. "What is it?"

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wondered if Damon had noticed any mistakes or oversights in his work that he himself had missed.

"Do women. all want to get married?" Damon asked.

Spencer was surprised. He had never imagined that Damon would be interested in such matters. Damon was always focused on advancing the company, not on personal issues. Since it wasn't a sudden whim, it must be related to his recent meeting with Nyla.

After a brief pause, Spencer replied, "I suppose so. Women's youth is precious. My ex-girlfriend used to talk about our future together all the time."

"Why did she become your ex?" Damon asked.

"Because I didn't want to get married, and I didn't want to waste her time," Spencer answered.

Damon frowned, his tone serious. "Got it. You can go back to work now."

Once the office fell silent again, Damon's gaze grew distant. He drummed his fingers absently on the desk. He had never considered marriage before and had no plans to marry anyone.

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Chapter 1112

To him, the happiness he and his partner shared was sufficient. Although he wanted to be with Nyla, he had no intention of marrying her. After all, a marriage certificate didn't ensure fidelity-if it did, Clark and Cyrus wouldn't have had affairs.

He came to understand that while he liked Nyla, marriage was not something he desired with her.

Weighing the pros and cons, he decided it was better to end the relationship before his feelings deepened. He couldn't offer her what she wanted, and continuing would only cause her further harm. Damon called the internal line and instructed, "Hire a caregiver to look after Nyla at the hospital. Have someone bring her meals every day until she's discharged."

Spencer was puzzled by this request but quickly said, "Understood. I'll take care of it."

After hanging up, Damon pushed his discomfort aside and began reviewing the documents.

For the next few days, neither Clark nor Damon visited Nyla at the hospital.

Nyla found peace of mind in following the doctors and nurses' advice-going to bed early, getting up early, taking her medication, and changing her dressings on time. Her recovery was progressing smoothly.

Since her check-up appointment was scheduled at this hospital, she decided to proceed with it as her recovery continued.

Nyla didn't trust Cindy, but she was unaware that as soon as she finished her check-up, the information would reach someone else.

Paradse 183

Chapter 183

The other party smirked. "The money will be transferred to you tonight. You know what to do with the

report."

"Don't worry. I understand how things work when money is involved."

"Pleasure working with you," the other party replied.

The day before Nyla's discharge, Pete finally replied to her message.

Nyla planned to meet him after leaving the hospital, but this time they arranged to meet at a café rather

than a bar.

When Nyla saw Pete, she was taken aback. Although it had only been a short while, Pete was visibly injured-his left hand was in a cast, and he had a crutch beside him.

"Mr. Monaghan... How did you get hurt? Was it related to the investigation?" she asked.

Pete handed her a USB drive and said in a low voice, "Ms. Jayston, this is all I could find. I can't Investigate further. It's too dangerous." Noticing Pete's reluctance to discuss his injuries, Nyla decided not to press the issue. She accepted the USB drive with a nod. "Understood. I'll transfer your payment shortly. Thank you for your hard work during this time. I'm sorry about your injuries," Nyla said. Pete said nothing more. He stood up and added, "Ms. Jayston, I'll be leaving now."

Shortly after he departed, he received a notification of a payment. Checking his phone, he saw that Nyla had sent him triple the amount. After a moment of hesitation, he sent her a message.

Pete. Ms. Jayston, this matter is more complicated than you think. I advise you to stop investigating. Cherish your peaceful life.]

Seeing Pete's message, Nyla pursed her lips.

This issue involved Cyrus, and the Sumner family's influence was deeply rooted in the city. Targeting Cyrus would inevitably impact the entire Sumner family. Once the

Sumners noticed, they would not let her off easily. She had no means to counter their power.

Nyla's grip on the USB drive tightened, her knuckles turning white, but her eyes showed no trace of hesitation.

The accident had not only bankrupted Harris Pharmaceuticals but had also claimed the lives of over 20 workers, devastating their families. Meanwhile, the culprits had escaped justice, living lives of luxury. Why should this be allowed?

Even if she failed, she had to try with all her might. She could no longer live in ignorance.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 183

Nyla sent a message.

Nyla: [Mr. Monaghan, thank you, but this is the only path I have.]

After sending the message, she paid and went home.

At the villa, Nyla copied the files from the USB drive to her computer. After reviewing the contents, she decided to focus on Clement.

Among the evidence Pete had collected were numerous criminal records linked to Clement, who had connections with Cyrus. It appeared Clement had been working behind the scenes for Cyrus all these

years.

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After some consideration, Nyla decided to meet with Lucia. The latter had been the first to suggest that the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident was no accident, so she might have more information.

Nyla created an encrypted document to store the files and hid the USB drive in the bottom drawer of her vanity, feeling a bit more secure.

A series of knocks came at the door, followed by a maid's voice. "Mrs. Sumner, dinner is ready."

Nyla hummed in response and went downstairs. She saw Clark sitting in the dining room with a computer in front of him, engaged in a video call with a subordinate.

Upon seeing Nyla, Clark said, "The meeting will end here. We'll continue at eight tonight."

After ending the call, he set the computer aside and looked at Nyla. "I had Michael pick you up today, but he mentioned you were discharged early."

Nyla hummed and sat down opposite him.

Soon, a maid brought a bowl of soup and placed it in front of her. "Mrs. Sumner, this was specially made by the kitchen on Mr. Sumner's orders." "Got it," Nyla replied.

Noticing her cold demeanor, Clark frowned. "Did you get upset because I didn't pick you up from the hospital?"

Paradse 184

Chapter 184

"No, why?" Nyla asked.

Her mind was still preoccupied with when she would visit Lucia, so she had paid little attention to Clark.

"Nyla, the reason I haven't visited you these past few days is that I've been swamped with work. Uncle Damon deliberately terminated his partnership with the Sumner Group to target me, and I only managed to resolve this issue this evening, Clark explained.

Nyla nodded. "I see."

Clark felt exhausted due to her cold response. He had been getting only four hours of sleep each night due to his busy schedule and looked worn out, but Nyla seemed oblivious, still sulking.

In the past, Clark would have tried to appease her. Now, he didn't feel like saying anything more. He fell silent, and the dining room was soon filled only with the clinking of cutlery.

After dinner, Clark went straight to his study, while Nyla drove to the police station.

Lucia's case had not been decided yet, so she was still in jail. After some time apart, Lucia looked pale and demoralized.

When Nyla arrived, Lucia's eyes flashed with resentment. "What are you here for? To gloat over my misfortune?"

Nyla's expression remained calm as she replied, "I'm preparing a letter of leniency. Even if it doesn't get you off the hook entirely, it may lead to a lighter sentence."

Lucia hesitated, showing little joy, and looked at Nyla with suspicion. "What's your angle?"

"You mentioned something last time I visited. I need more details," Nyla said.

Lucia fell silent. She knew Clement and Cyrus were involved but didn't have specific details. Her earlier

remarks had only been meant to cause Nyla pain.

Seeing Lucia's troubled expression, Nyla guessed she didn't know much more and said, "If you don't know more, then I'm afraid I can't issue the letter of leniency."

Lucia had nearly caused Nyla's death. She wouldn't earn Nyla's help without providing the necessary information.

Seeing Nyla about to leave, Lucia quickly said, "Wait! I know something else!"

"What is it?" Nyla asked.

"My father has a day each month when he doesn't come home. Also, the golden tiger-head ornament on the third shelf of his study bookshelf can open a hidden room that contains a safe. I've tried to open it, but I couldn't. There might be something very important inside," Lucia revealed.

Nyla's expression remained impassive, showing no reaction.

"The information you've given is useless. Following him might get me discovered, and I can't get into his study," she said matter-of-factly.

Lucia gnashed her teeth and whispered in a tone only they could hear, "I've been thinking while locked up."

+25 BONUS

Chapter 104

The code for the safe in his study is likely your mother's birthday."

Nyla frowned, her gaze darkening. "Do you know what you're saying?"

The idea that the code to Clement's safe could be her mother's birthday seemed absurd.

Lucia scoffed. "Why do you think I was dressed so similarly to you when we were younger? I was puzzled before but never thought much about it. It's during my time here that I've noticed something amiss." Seeing Nyla's skepticism, Lucia added, "Believe it or not, but I also know a secret about your mother. If you issue the letter of leniency, I'll tell you."

"What secret?" Nyla asked.

"If I tell you now, will you still issue the letter of leniency?" Lucia retorted.

Nyla didn't trust Lucia, and Lucia didn't trust Nyla either.

"It's best if what you're saying is true. Otherwise, you'll have to face the consequences," Nyla threatened.

"Don't worry. You'll find that exchanging a letter of leniency for the secret I know is very worthwhile," Lucia promised.

Nyla didn't say anything more. She stood up and left.

Lucia's comment suggested that Clement might have had an interest in her mother. Given that Clement and her parents were university classmates, Nyla could verify this information with Harrison before deciding whether to make a deal with Lucia.

Nyla drove to the hospital and headed swiftly toward the inpatient department. She was unaware, though that someone was observing her from a distance.

Today's Bonus

Paradse 185

Chapter 185

Jordyn was surprised to run into Nyla again at the hospital. After a moment's hesitation, she decided to follow her.

Nyla, preoccupied with her own thoughts, didn't notice that she was being followed.

By the time Nyla arrived at Harrison's hospital room, it was already past 9:00 p.m. Only Harrison was inside.

"Dad, where's Wren?" Nyla asked.

Harrison looked up, surprised to see his daughter. "Why are you here so late? Wren went home to get me some fresh clothes."

Nyla sat by the bedside, her expression serious. "Dad, I need to ask you something."

Harrison smiled. "What's the matter? Why the serious face?"

"When you, Mom, and Clement were in university, did Clement have a thing for Mom?"

Harrison frowned. "Did someone say something to you?"

Seeing his reaction, Nyla was convinced Lucia's information was correct. "So it's true?"

Harrison sighed. "That's all from many years ago, and your mother and I are divorced now. Why are you asking about this?"

Nyla paused. After the divorce, Nyla's mother had quickly gone abroad and had been out of touch ever since.

"I just need to confirm a few things," she said.

"Nyla, the past is the past. Focus on your own life now. That's what matters," Harrison said.

Ing Harrison's loving gaze made Nyla's heart ache. If it hadn't been for that accident six years ago, he would still be the owner of Harris Pharmaceuticals, not the old man now dependent on his son-in-law's favor.

"Don't worry, Dad. I understand. It's getting late. I'll head back now," Nyla replied.

As Nyla got up to leave, Jordyn quickly stepped into a nearby stairwell to avoid being seen.

Once the footsteps had faded, Jordyn pulled out her phone and dialed a number. "Find out what illness Nyla's father has."

When Nyla arrived home, it was already past 10:00 pm

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Clark was sitting in the living room, looking displeased. "Where have you been?"

"I went to visit my dad at the hospital," Nyla replied.

"That's it?" Clark pressed.

Nyla changed her shoes and looked up at him. "What else would I be doing? Do you think I went to

+35 BONUS

Chapter 185

secretly meet Uncle Damon?"

Clark scowled. He had indeed thought so earlier.

"Nyla, I'm just concerned for you. It's unsafe for you to be out alone at night. If you wanted to visit your father, you could have asked me to come with you," he said,

Nyla smiled with a hint of sarcasm in her eyes. "You said you've been very busy during dinner. How could I ask you to trouble yourself with my dad?" [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Clark rubbed his forehead,

such a harsh manner? Ny somewhat helpless. "When did we become like this, always talking in

such a harsh manner? Nyla, we're supposed to be lovers, not enemies."

He wanted to resolve their issues, but Nyla never gave him a chance. He wasn't sure how much longer he could keep trying. His love for her seemed to be wearing thin with every cold remark she made. They had once loved each other deeply-he didn't want their relationship to end in animosity.

Nyla laughed lightly and asked, "Clark, don't you think it's your fault we've become this way?"

She had given him her heart for eight years, only to end up betrayed. How did he have the nerve to question why they had grown apart?

Before Clark could respond, his phone rang. Upon seeing Jordyn's name on the screen, his gaze froze.

Nyla saw the name too, and her smile turned into a mocking smirk as she walked past him.

Clark tensed, wanting to stop her but clenching his fists instead. He didn't answer the call until Nyla disappeared down the hallway. "What's up?" he asked.

Jordyn began, "Clark, something happened to my dad. Can you-".

"No. Jordyn, I'm not your husband. I have no obligation to clean up your family's mess!" Clark cut her off.

Paradse 186

Chapter 186

The phone was silent for a few seconds before Jordyn's voice, trembling with tears, broke through. "I know, but I don't know who else to turn to... I'm sorry I'll find a way myself and won't bother you anymore With that, Jordyn hung up.

Clark furrowed his brow, frustration surging within him. He appreciated Jordyn's gentle and understanding nature, but he didn't want to be entangled with her family. If he got involved now, they'd come to him with every problem in the future. He wasn't running a charity.

However, considering that she was still carrying his child, he felt he should at least help handle the situation.

After a moment of hesitation, Clark finally put on his suit jacket and left.

Upstairs, after Nyla finished her shower, she heard the sound of a car engine starting outside. Pausing mid-motion, she walked to the window and saw Clark's car driving away.

She drew her gaze back, dried her hair, and completed her skincare routine before going to bed.

When Clark arrived at the hospital, he found Jordyn sitting outside the operating room, trembling uncontrollably. Beside her sat a middle-aged woman, her face etched with worry, her hair streaked with gray- clearly someone worn down by a hard life.

Clark approached and asked coldly, "What's going on?"

Jordyn looked up with red, tear-filled eyes and instinctively threw herself into his arms. "Clark... He had an accident while bringing me something... The doctors say it's very serious. I'm so scared..." Clark frowned, patting her back. "Calm down. Let's wait until the surgery is over."

my dad...

Just then, an angry voice echoed. "What are you doing?!"

Clark and Jordyn turned to see Harrison storming toward them, his face red with fury.

Wren, who was behind him, tried to hold him back but failed.

Harrison reached Clark and slapped him hard across the face.

Clark didn't flinch, though the slap left a clear mark.

Jordyn was taken aback. "Clark..."

Harrison's face flushed with anger, his whole body trembling. "Clark, how did you promise me you would treat my daughter when you married her? And now, here you are with another woman, hugging and comforting her in the middle of the night. How can you face my daughter?"

He had been puzzled about why Nyla had been so dejected lately and had moved out on her own. It all made sense now. Clark was cheating!

The thought of Nyla suffering so much while still putting on a brave face and hiding her pain made Harrison's heart ache.

+25 BONUS

"Dad, it's not what you think. Let me explain," Clark pleaded.

Harrison's eyes were icy. "I'll call Nyla over. You can explain everything to us in front of her!"

Harrison began to dial Nyla with trembling hands, but Clark snatched the phone away.

"Dad, I know you're angry. She's my secretary. Her father is having surgery right now. I was just comforting her," Clark said, trying to sound convincing.

Clark needed to find a way to calm Harrison down, or else he'd be left without any support if Nyla decided to divorce him.

Harrison wasn't buying it.

What kind of employer would visit the hospital in the middle of the night to comfort his secretary while her father was in surgery? And why would he be hugging her instead of simply talking to her? Today's Bonus Offer

Paradise 187

Chapter 187

+25 BONUS

Besides, Harrison had never seen a secretary who dared to address her employer by name.

"Clark, I may be old, but I'm not a fool! Do you think that just because the Jaystons are down, we'll put up with whatever you do to my daughter?"

Clark frowned. "Dad, you're not well. Let me take you back to your room so we can talk this through."

He reached out to help Harrison, but the latter pushed him away. "Don't touch me! Give me back my phone. I told you to call Nyla over. You will explain everything to her face-to-face!" "Dad, this is a matter of life and death. Can't you stop making a scene?" Clark said.

Seeing the impatience in Clark's eyes, Harrison sneered. "I must have been blind to your true nature! Don't bother calling me 'Dad' anymore. I'll make sure Nyla divorces you."

With that Harrison turned and walked away. After just a few steps, he suddenly collapsed and lost consciousness.

Nyla was awakened by the phone ringing in the middle of the night.

By the time she hurried to the hospital, it was after 1:00 am.

"Wren, what happened? Why did Dad suddenly faint? And why is Clark here?"

Wren scoffed. "You should ask him yourself. He was just caught hugging and comforting that woman in front of your father,"

Had she known it would turn out like this, she wouldn't have called Harrison out for a walk when he couldn't sleep.

When they reached the small garden downstairs, they saw Clark rushing into the hospital building. Harrison, worried that something had happened to Nyla, had followed, only to witness the scene.

Nyla turned to Clark, her eyes icy. "Clark, is it really that hard for you to control yourself? You had to be out there hugging Jordyn? How can you still have the nerve?"

Clark was already boiling with frustration, and Nyla's accusations only made his gaze turn colder. Jordyn's father is in surgery. I saw her distress and was just trying to comfort her,"

Nyla snickered. "When my father was in surgery, you wouldn't even come to a company meeting. But now, that Jordyn's father is having surgery, you're rushing to the hospital in the middle of the night to comfort her.

"If you care about her so much, I'll make sure you get what you want. I'll personally tell your grandparents about Jordyn's pregnancy tomorrow morning"

Clark's face darkened. "How dare you?!"

If she revealed this to Richard, he'd be forced out of the Sumner Group.

"You're being so obvious. Even if I don't say anything, it won't stay hidden for long. I'm tired. Let's just end this," Nyla said.

Paradse 188

Chapter 188

+25 BONUS

Before Nyla could say anything, Wren suddenly grabbed her hand. "Nyla, you know how much your father has suffered from being in the hospital all these years. If we can arrange a kidney donation, he can be discharged soon..."

Seeing the urgency in Wren's gaze, Nyla felt a wave of bitterness.

From the moment Clark used the kidney to pressure her, she felt defeated. She couldn't just watch her father die. She had no choice but to pretend nothing had happened.

Noticing Nyla's blank expression, Wren, desperate, continued. "Please, just consider it a favor for me. If you agree, I'll even get on my knees for you."

Wren began to kneel in front of her.

Nyla quickly helped her up and said, "Wren, I know what I need to do."

"Thank you... I'm sorry..." Wren said, almost in tears with relief. She then noticed Nyla's pale face and tried to keep her own emotions in check.

Turning to Clark, Nyla said coldly. "You should go. When Dad wakes up, I'll explain everything to him so he doesn't think you were unfaithful during our marriage." Clark stepped forward to hug her, ignoring her resistance, and whispered in her ear, "Nyla, if I'm not here with you, your father won't believe it when he wakes up!"

Nyla took a deep breath, fought the urge to push him away, and turned her face coldly to the side without saying a word.

Clark smiled with satisfaction, his eyes flashing with coldness. It seemed that Harrison's kidney transplant would have to be delayed. Otherwise, how could he keep Nyla under his thumb?

Not far away, Jordyn saw Clark embracing Nyla and was furious. She vowed not to let Nyla have it easy!

Recalling Clark and Nyla's conversation about the kidney donation, Jordyn suddenly had an idea and quickly left.

It wasn't until dawn that Harrison woke up. Upon seeing Clark and Nyla together, his first words were to

demand a divorce.

Nyla, seeing his agitation and fearing another fainting spell, hurried to his bedside and said softly, "Dad, you misunderstood what happened last night. That woman is a good friend of mine. I was just having stomach pain, so I asked Clark to come over."

Harrison looked at Nyla with disappointment in his eyes. "Nyla, are you also going to lie to me? Even though the Jaystons are bankrupt, I don't want you to be unhappy in your marriage. I only wish for you to be happy. Do you understand?"

How could Nyla not understand?

When she was a child, Harrison always made time for her, no matter how busy he was.

In the absence of her mother, Harrison showered her with double the love, treating her like a princess. He often said that his greatest wish was for her to live freely and happily. Nothing else mattered.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 188

Nyla took a deep breath and looked at Harrison. "Dad, he's someone I love. I'm happy with him, and last night's situation was truly a misunderstanding."

Harrison frowned, about to speak, but Wren quickly added, "It's okay, Harrison. When you were unconscious, Nyla and Clark explained everything to me. It really was a misunderstanding. They're fine, don't be so suspicious."

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"Really?" Harrison's frown softened. Since Wren was also saying it was a misunderstanding, he began to doubt whether he had misjudged Clark after all.

"Of course it's true. The two of them were so frightened when they saw you faint. They stayed in the hospital all night. Don't make things harder for them. "Nyla, you and Clark should go get some rest," Wren said.

Nyla nodded. "Dad, Clark has to go to work later. We'll come back to see you another time."

With that, she took Clark's hand and left the room.

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As they reached the elevator, Nyla's expression turned cold. "You can go be with Jordyn. I'm heading

home to rest."

Clark frowned. "I'll take you home. You haven't slept all night. I'm worried."

Nyla smiled, her gaze filled with sarcasm. "Isn't Jordyn's father in surgery? Shouldn't you be more concerned about that?"

"Nyla, no one is more important to me than you," Clark insisted.

Nyla looked at him. His eyes still held affection, but she no longer felt any warmth toward him.

"Don't say things like that. The more lies you tell, the more you end up believing them yourself," she said. Before Clark could respond, a choked voice came from behind them. "Clark... my dad..."

Clark turned to see Jordyn with tears in her eyes, looking as if she might break down at any moment. His hands tightened into fists without him realizing.

Nyla, noticing his reaction, chuckled. As the elevator doors opened, she stepped inside without a backward glance. She had no interest in fighting over a cheating man with another woman. "What's wrong with him?" Clark asked.

The doctor said. his kidney has ruptured... H-He needs a transplant..." Jordyn sobbed.

"What?" Clark turned sharply to look at Nyla, but she was already gone. His eyes were filled with coldness when he saw that the elevator had reached the ground floor.

Clark wondered if he should commend Nyla for her composure, as she had managed to walk away so calmly despite Jordyn's distress.

Jordyn's sobbing sounds brought him back to reality. He turned to see her wiping her tears and felt a surge of frustration.

"How come he suddenly needs a kidney transplant?" he questioned.

Jordyn choked on her tears. "It's not just the kidney. Other organs are also damaged, though not as severely. The kidney is the most critical... Clark, what should I do? If my dad dies, our family will be ruined

Clark understood that Jordyn's family background was modest. Her parents were farmers, and she had a younger brother still in high school. Their income came primarily from farming. Her father's death would indeed be a devastating blow.

Clark's gaze darkened as he thought about the kidney originally intended for Harrison. He had planned to delay Harrison's transplant but had not considered giving the kidney to someone else. However, seeing Jordyn so distraught, he felt a pang of sympathy. "I'll see what I can do about the kidney, but I can't guarantee I'll find one."

Jordyn's eyes widened in shock, her expression filled with gratitude. "Really? Thank you! Clark, I don't know how to thank you... If you can find a kidney, you'll be our family's savior!"

Her gratitude and emotional reaction satisfied Clark's ego as a man, almost making him promise to find a kidney immediately. Jordyn's reaction seemed more genuine compared to Nyla's distant and cold demeanor after her thank-you.

The more Clark thought about it, the more frustrated he felt. Apart from his infidelity, he felt he hadn't done much wrong, yet Nyla had condemned him without a chance to explain.

Seeing Clark's grim expression and deep in thought, Jordyn lowered her gaze and remained silent. Clark's lack of a direct refusal indicated there was still room for negotiation. She was determined that Harrison would not receive the kidney.

Jordyn needed to ensure the situation pushed Nyla into despair, creating an irreparable rift between her and Clark.

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Chapter 190

When

Nyla returned home, she messaged HR to request a day off and slept until nearly noon. Upon checking her phone, she noticed several missed calls and a text message.

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[Ms. Jayston, your medical report is ready. Our staff tried calling you but couldn't reach you. You o either pick up a hard copy at the hospital's medical office or call us back to receive an electronic version. Have a great day!]

Nyla immediately called the hospital to request an electronic copy of the report. As she opened it, her heart sank.

The result was devastating-she was indeed infertile.

Her

eyes filled with tears, not because of Clark, but because her dream of having her own child seemed impossible. She might never be able to become a mother.

Her phone slipped from her hand as she covered her eyes, tears streaming down her face.

After an unknown amount of time, she finally calmed down.

Taking a deep breath, she washed her face and decided to visit another hospital for a second opinion soon. If the infertility was confirmed, she would have to accept it and plan her future accordingly. After a quick bite, she went to work.

As Nyla parked her car and approached the elevator, she heard footsteps and Spencer's voice.

"Mr. Sumner, here's this afternoon's schedule for you," Spencer said.

Nyla turned slightly and met Damon's dark eyes.

Sumner, Mr. Hogg," she greeted.

Damon's ze lingered briefly on Nyla's red eyes and tired face before moving away.

"How are you feeling? If you haven't fully recovered, you can take more time off," he reminded her.

Noticing his cold demeanor, Nyla guessed that her words at the hospital had made an impact. At that moment, however, she was preoccupied with something else, so she didn't focus on Damon's attitude. She lowered her gaze and said softly. "The wound has mostly healed, so staying at home isn't necessary."

Damon hummed in response and said nothing more.

Spencer, observing the chilly interaction, was surprised. Had they had a falling out?

The elevator arrived.

Nyla stepped inside. When she saw that Damon didn't follow, she asked, "Mr. Sumner, aren't you coming?" Damon calmly replied, "I left a document in the car. You go ahead."

"Okay," Nyla said.

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+25 BONUS

As the elevator doors closed, Spencer looked at Damon in confusion. "Mr. Sumner, what document? Should I go get it?"

Damon pressed the elevator button. "No need. It's not an important document. I'll get it next time."

Spencer was about to mention that an extra trip would be troublesome, but he suddenly realized that Damon wasn't missing any document—he was clearly avoiding Nyla.

He couldn't understand why Damon's attitude toward Nyla had changed so drastically. Was it because of the marriage discussion? If so, it made sense.

Damon had always been indifferent to marriage, rejecting all of Marie's matchmaking efforts. He could be in a relationship, but he had no intention of marrying.

It seemed Spencer no longer needed to worry about Damon's interest in his niece-in-law affecting the company's stock price.

When Nyla entered the lab, Melody, who was preparing solutions, brightened up upon seeing her.

"Nyla, you're back?" she asked.

Nyla nodded and approached her. "Continue with what you're doing. I'll change into my lab coat and come help."

"Sure!" Melody chirped.

After putting on her lab coat, Nyla joined Melody and reviewed the experiment log. Satisfied that Melody was following her previous instructions, she set the log aside and began working on the experiment. Having not seen Nyla for a while and being alone in the lab, Melody was eager to chat. "Nyla, the news about you saving Mr. Sumner has spread around the company. Now everyone's saying that you and Mr. Sumner are dating."

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Nyla paused, then replied without much emotion, "Don't worry about those rumors. They're not

attention

Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter 191

+25 BONUS

Melody glanced at Nyla, hesitated for a moment, but kept her thoughts to herself. When the attack occurred, she had been too slow to react, but Nyla had immediately rushed to Damon's side, shielding him from the blow.

Melody had a vague sense that Nyla's feelings for Damon might be different. However, since they only exchanged greetings at the company and never showed signs of closeness, she wasn't sure about their relationship.

Lost in thought, Melody was jolted back to the present by Nyla's serious tone. "There's a leak in the filter paper. Didn't you notice?"

Melody snapped back to reality and looked down, spotting a hole in the bottom of the filter paper. The solution had leaked through and contaminated the previously filtered liquid, meaning they would need to

start over.

"I am sorry, Nyla. I didn't notice," Melody apologized.

"There's no need to apologize. Just be more careful when doing experiments. If you can't focus, take a break," Nyla replied calmly.

The experiment they were conducting was relatively low-risk, so a moment of distraction wasn't a big deal. However, Nyla knew that in future organic experiments, any lack of focus could lead to dangerous situations, potentially causing explosions with serious consequences.

Melody nodded quickly. "I'll make sure it doesn't happen again."

Nyla didn't say anything more and continued with her work.

Soon, the workday came to an end. As Nyla was gathering her things to leave, she received a call from Valarie, inviting her to dinner.

They met at the restaurant, and Valarie frowned when she saw Nyla. "Has something happened recently? You look so worn out."

Nyla didn't want to worry Valarie, so she shook her head. "No. I've just been a bit tired from work."

"Well, a big dinner tonight will be a nice treat," Valarie said, trying to lift her spirits.

Seeing Valarie's enthusiasm, Nyla smiled. "Okay."

After they were seated and had ordered their food, Valarie asked, "By the way, has Tom or Jacqueline caused you any trouble lately?"

"No, but Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group have teamed up to terminate contracts with the Sumner Group and Prospectus Technology, causing significant losses," Nyla replied.

"Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group have probably suffered more. Prospectus Technology and the Sumner Group have started to retaliate, and many partners are terminating contracts with them. Tom and Jacqueline's situation must be quite tough now," Valarie added.

Valarie's family owned a moderately-sized company, so she kept up with business news.

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+25 BONUS

Nyla's expression remained neutral. "Even if it's tough, it's their fault."

Valarie snorted. "They got what they deserved. But I bet Jacqueline will come looking for you soon. Don't

go soft on her."

If Valarie had been at the party, she would have torn Jacqueline apart.

"Don't worry. I won't," Nyla replied.

Jacqueline had set her up at the party, and now Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group were using contract terminations to pressure the Sumners into coercing her to apologize.

Nyla knew that if she forgave Jacqueline, she'd be a fool.

After dinner, Valarie dragged Nyla out for some shopping.

Noticing that Valarie was more focused on picking out clothes for her than for herself, Nyla couldn't help but smile-"Valarie, are you planning to buy me clothes?"

Valarie picked up a red strapless gown and nodded. "Yes. Don't you remember? Your birthday is coming

up soon."

Nyla was momentarily stunned before recalling that her birthday was indeed approaching. With everything going on, she had forgotten about it.

Since being with Clark, they had always spent their birthdays together as a couple. He probably wouldn't remember this year.

"I've been too busy lately," Nyla said.

Valarie frowned. "Has Clark forgotten as well?"

"I'm not sure, but given our current situation, celebrating together doesn't seem appropriate," Nyla

reasoned.

She sighed but didn't press further. She knew Nyla's personality well enough to understand that once she discovered Clark's infidelity, she would never reconcile with him. As for Nyla moving back, she didn't ask any more questions. Even close friends shouldn't pry too much.

"Alright, I'll celebrate for you. I'll buy you this dress today, and on your birthday, I'll have a surprise for you!"

Valarie enthused.

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Chapter 192

Nyla's eyes widened in surprise. "What kind of surprise?"

"If I tell you now, it won't be a surprise, will it?" Valarie countered.

"Alright then," Nyla conceded.

After Nyla and Valarie finished shopping and were about to leave, they unexpectedly ran into Jordyn and Cindy, who were also shopping and carrying multiple bags.

"What are you doing out shopping late at night instead of staying home? That dress you're holding-you couldn't afford it even if you worked a whole year. My son works hard for his money, and you don't do anything to help him except spend it all," Cindy scolded.

Cindy's gaze at Nyla was almost burning with anger. If Valarie hadn't been there, Cindy would have been even harsher, especially given Nyla's affair with Damon,

Valarie hadn't expected Cindy to be so harsh toward Nyla in public. She sneered and was about to speak. when Nyla interjected, "Mrs. Sumner, it appears that the money you and Ms. Cheatham are spending also comes from Clark. While it's understandable for you to use his funds, I have the right to reclaim any money spent by Ms. Cheatham."

Cindy and Jordyn looked offended.

"Nyla, I'm more than willing to spend money on Jordyn. If you had a child, I'd spend money on you too!" Cindy scoffed.

Nyla smiled, showing no concern. "Since Ms. Cheatham likes having children so much, she should have more. Otherwise, the Sumner fortune will have no heir.

"You!" Cindy was furious. She hadn't expected Nyla to be so bold in public.

"Apologize immediately, or I'll call Clark to come and teach you the Sumner rules himself," Cindy threatened.

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "Oh? Is it the Sumner rules for the husband to have an affair and father a child outside of marriage while the mother-in-law openly shops with the mistress and mocks the rightful spouse?"

"I didn't expect you to be so sharp-tongued. If I had known you were like this, I would never have let Clark marry you!" Cindy hissed.

"Mrs. Sumner, discussing past grievances won't help. It only shows that you're powerless against me now,

Nyla said flatly.

Cindy was so enraged that she nearly collapsed. Each of Nyla's words drove her to fury to silence her immediately.

Nyla ignored Cindy and pulled Valarie away.

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Once they were out of the mall, Valarie couldn't help but complain, "Is your mother-in-law out of her mind? If you hadn't stopped me, I would've definitely let her have it." Nyla's expression remained calm. "She's always like that. Just ignore her."

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"I'm really fed up Doesn't Clark do anything about it? Valarie asked.

"He's too busy focusing on acquiring the company shares to care about this kind of thing." Nyla replied

She no longer had any expectations of him, so she wasn't upset. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Valarie sighed and said no more. After all, it was Nyla's marriage. If she didn't want to leave, she must have her reasons.

By the time Nyla got home, it was already past 10.00 pm.

Clark hadn't returned yet, so she went straight to her bedroom to shower and get ready for bed

Just after finishing drying her hair, there was a knock at the bedroom door.

She opened the door. "What's up?"

"I heard about what happened tonight from my mom. It won't happen again," Clark promised.

It seemed Cindy had complained to Clark.

Nyla nodded. "Got it. If that's all, I'm going to bed."

Upon noticing her coldness, Clark's eyes dimmed.

After a few seconds of silence, he said quietly, "I'll be on a business trip tomorrow, so I might not make it back for your birthday. Let me know what you want as a gift, and I'll get it ready in advance." In the past, no matter how busy he was, he would always clear his schedule to be with Nyla on her

birthday.

Today's Bonus Of

Paradse 193

GET IT NOW

Chapter 193

+25 DONUS

Clark had recently faced numerous issues with the Sumner Group, and as CEO, he had to prioritize company matters

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Nyla wasn't disappointed at all. She lowered her gaze and said, "I don't really want anything. It's okay if you don't get me a gift."

Clark frowned. "Then I'll just get what I had in mind."

"Alright," Nyla complied.

They fell into silence. Clark looked at her, hoping she would tell him to take care as she used to before his business trips, but she kept her eyes down and said nothing. Eventually, he stopped expecting anything from her.

"I still have some work to finish. Get some rest early," he said.

With that, he turned and left.

Back in his study, he had just settled in when he received a call from Michael.

"Mr. Sumner, I checked, and Ms. Cheatham's father does indeed need a kidney transplant. However, there isn't a suitable donor yet, so he's still in the ICU," Michael informed him, "I understand. Have someone look for a kidney donation," Clark instructed.

"Okay," Michael replied.

After hanging up, Clark considered the situation and decided to reserve the kidney for Harrison. After all, Nyla was more important to him.

The next morning, as soon as Nyla arrived at the company, she was stopped by Jacqueline.

"Ms Jayston, we need to talk," Jacqueline said.

Nyla was a bit surprised. Valarie had mentioned the night before that Jacqueline might come to see her, but she didn't expect to be confronted at the company entrance so soon,

"We don't really have anything to talk about," she told Jacqueline.

Nyla tried to walk past Jacqueline, but the latter persistently followed her.

"Ms. Jayston, it was indeed my fault at the banquet. I apologize again. Could you please speak to Mr. Sumner and ask him to go easy on Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group?" Jacqueline requested. Previously, Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group had teamed up to terminate their contracts with the Sumner Group.

The Sumner Group had not responded, and without sending Nyla to apologize, they subsequently terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology as well-only to be deceived by them. Now, Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group had lost several major contracts, their market value had

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+25 BONUS

plummeted by hundreds of millions, and it continued to decline.

With no other options, Jacqueline had come to beg Nyla for help.

Nyla regarded her coldly. "If I'm not mistaken, it was Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group that terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology.

"I have no shares or position at Prospectus Technology, merely a regular employee. Do you really believe I have enough influence to persuade Mr. Sumner to go easy on Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group?"

Jacqueline gritted her teeth. Nyla clearly had no intention of assisting her. Nevertheless, her father had warned her before she came that, regardless of how difficult Nyla might be, she had to ask for help. She forced a smile. "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner is your uncle, and he stood up for you at the banquet. If you're willing to persuade him, he'll definitely agree."

Nyla found this amusing. Jacqueline had previously plotted against her, and now she sought her help? Was she trying to treat her like a fool?

"I don't think our relationship is close enough for me to speak on your behalf to Mr. Sumner. Isn't Ms. Hulle your good friend? Instead of wasting time with me, you should ask her. She'll definitely be able to assist you," Nyla said, brushing past Jacqueline and leaving.

Jacqueline stared at Nyla's retreating figure, filled with humiliation and anger. She had humbled herself to beg Nyla, only to be dismissed so coldly.

That bitch!

Once Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group emerged from this crisis, she would make sure to pay Nyla back!

In a parked Maybach nearby, Damon said coldly. "Warn the Rainfords to stop harassing Nyla. Otherwise, they'll face the consequences."

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"Understood!" Spencer replied but then turned back to look at him, his expression hesitant

"Is there something else?" Damon asked.

"It's not a big deal... It's just... With Ms. Jayston's birthday coming up, should we prepare a gift for her?" Spencer asked.

Damon frowned, his gaze showing irritation. "What does her birthday have to do with me?"

Spencer quickly shook his head. "No, nothing.

"In the future, you don't need to report anything about her to me. Professionally, she's just an employee from Park Pharmaceuticals. Personally, she's my niece-in-law, We need to keep our distance," Damon clarified,

Spencer lowered his head. "Understood, Mr. Sumner."

Back at home, Jacqueline was fuming.

After learning that Nyla had refused to help, Jacqueline's father, Byron Rainford, scolded her and instructed her to keep trying until Nyla agreed to assist.

She was burning with frustration. Given Nyla's attitude that morning, continuing seemed pointless.

While she was brooding, she suddenly received a call from Erin.

Knowing what Jacqueline had been through that morning, Erin invited her out for a shopping spree to cheer her up.

When they met, Jacqueline vented her frustration.

Erin listened sympathetically. "It's clear that Nyla is holding a grudge from the banquet. I didn't expect her to be s. petty."

Jacqueline gritted her teeth. "The thought of having to beg her makes me sick."

"Isn't Tom helping you?" Erin asked.

Although Gen Pharma suffered significant losses, Tom was supported by his family background. He could resolve the issues facing both Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group with a simple visit home.

At the mention of Tom, Jacqueline's face darkened. "Don't bring him up. He's been avoiding me lately. I bet that bitch Valarie said something to him!"

Upon recalling Tom's comment that he now saw her as just a sister, Jacqueline's anger flared. She couldn't believe Tom wanted to marry Valarie!

Erin narrowed her eyes. "Aren't you planning to win him back? Are you just going to watch him with Valarie?"

"Of course not. However, with the Rainford Group in such a dire situation, I can't keep chasing after him," Jacqueline replied.

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Erin sighed. "You're putting the cart before the horse. As long as you're with Tom, the Genge Group will likely cooperate with the Rainford Group because of his influence. The Genge Group is just as significant as the Sumner Group."

Jacqueline's eyes lit up. Right, if she could secure Tom she'd also secure the Genges behind him.

Seeing that Jacqueline was considering her advice, Erin added, "What you need to focus on now is driving Valarie away from Tom, not begging Nyla."

Jacqueline nodded. "Erin, you're right! I know what I need to do now!"

A week passed quickly, and soon it was Nyla's birthday

As soon as she arrived at work that morning, she received a message from Valarie.

Valarie: [Come to Room 302 on the third floor of Hyphen Hotel after work. I have a surprise for you.]

Nyla couldn't help but smile.

Nyla: [Okay.]

Later in the evening, just before getting off work, Clark transferred 1,340,000 dollars to her along with an apology note.

Clark: [Nyla, sorry I can't make it back. I've asked my assistant to send a cake and a gift home. Happy Birthday!] Nyla read the message with a neutral expression, did not reply, and chose not to accept the money.

After cleaning up the lab equipment, she changed out of her lab coat and left the office.

Halfway there, she received a call from Valarie asking how far away she was.

"There's some traffic, so I'll probably be there in about half an hour," Nyla said.

"Alright, I'll wait for you," Valarie replied.

Finally, Nyla arrived at the hotel around 7:00 p.m. She paid the cab fare and was about to enter the hotel when suddenly a shadow fell from above, landing right in front of her. Nyla froze in shock.

When she saw that it was Valarie, her eyes widened in disbelief as she shouted, "Valarie!"

Today's Bonus Offer

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Chapter 195

Nyla rushed over to Valarie, but in her panic, she stumbled and fell beside her.

Valarie's eyes were closed, her clothes torn and ragged, and her face bore visible handprints.

+35 BONUS

Seeing the blood pooling beneath Valarie, Nyla finally remembered to call for emergency help. Her hands shook as she fumbled with her phone, dialing several times before finally getting through.

With a trembling voice, she reported that someone had fallen from a building, choking up as she provided the address.

After hanging up, Nyla dared not touch Valarie. She trembled uncontrollably, tears streaming down her face.

Valarie had come here to celebrate her birthday. If something happened to her, Nyla would never forgive herself.

Nearby, a black Maybach was stopped at a red light.

Noticing the crowd gathered around the hotel, Spencer glanced over curiously and then frowned.

He spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, the person in the center of the crowd appears to be Ms. Jayston-"

Before he finished speaking, the sound of a car door opening came from behind.

Spencer turned in surprise to see Damon swiftly crossing the street.

For the first time, Nyla felt time dragging on endlessly. With each passing second, it seemed like Valarie's breathing grew fainter.

In her daze, she was transported back six years to when Harrison Pharmaceuticals went bankrupt and Harrison had coughed up blood and collapsed in front of her.

The ringing in her ears grew deafening. She covered her ears, her already pale face now nearly colorless.

"Nyla... Nyla!" A deep voice pulled her back from the darkness.

Nyla looked up, her gaze slowly focusing. The moment she saw Damon, she grabbed his hand desperately, as if he were a lifeline.

"M-Mr. Sumner, c-can you help me? Valarie fell from the building. I-I called for an ambulance, but it's been so long, and t-they still haven't arrived..." she stuttered, Damon frowned. "Don't panic. I'll handle it."

Within five minutes of Damon making the phone call, the ambulance arrived. The paramedics assessed Valarie's condition and quickly placed her on a stretcher and into the ambulance.

In the ambulance, Nyla shakily asked the paramedic about Valarie's condition.

The paramedic said solemnly, "She needs surgery. We can't be sure of the specifics yet."

Upon reaching the nearest hospital, Valarie was immediately rushed into surgery.

Seeing Nyla staring intently at the operating room, Damon pulled her aside and said softly, "Don't worry."

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she'll be fine."

Nyla covered her face, tears slipping through her fingers. It's all my fault. If it weren't for celebrating my birthday, she wouldn't have fallen."

Noting her distress, Damon gently removed her hands from her face and forced her to look at him.

Isn't your

fault. No one wanted this to happen. I'll make sure we find out exactly what happened.

Valarie was an adult. She wouldn't just fall from a building without a reason. Either someone had pushed her, or the situation was so dire that she had had to justip. Regardless, this was no accident. "Yes, call the police..." Nyla murmured as she fumbled for her phone.

Before she could unlock it, a large hand grasped her wrist.

"I'll take care of this. Your job right now is to stay calm. Don't be afraid. Valarie will be fine," Damon reassured her.

Nyla's frantic heart began to settle as she looked into Damon's calm eyes. "I understand. Thank you"

Seeing her calm down a bit, Damon released his grip, moved aside, and called Spencer to review the hotel's surveillance footage to determine what had happened before Valarie's fall.

Soon, Spencer called back, "Mr. Sumner, the hotel's surveillance cameras were down an hour before Ms. Weir fell. We haven't been able to find anything."

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+25 BONUS

Damon's expression darkened as he said coldly, "Then check the surveillance footage around the hotel." "Understood. I'll get on it right away," Spencer replied.

After ending the call, Damon approached Nyla. She spoke in a hoarse voice. "What's the update? Have you figured out what happened?"

*Not yet, but it should be soon," Damon answered.

Nyla nodded, lowering her gaze. "Uncle Damon, I'm really grateful for your help today. It's getting late, so you should go back. I'll stay here."

Damon looked at her. She was staring down, her hands tightly clenched, and her body still trembling. He remained silent for a moment before sitting down beside her. "I'll stay with you," he said firmly.

Nyla said nothing more, silently praying that Valarie would be okay.

Soon, Valarie's parents arrived after hearing the news. When they learned that Valarie had fallen while going to celebrate Nyla's birthday, Phoebe Shersby, Valarie's mother, turned icy. "I'm so sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Weir..." Nyla apologized.

Phoebe, filled with anger, raised her hand to slap Nyla. Just as her hand was in the air, it was grabbed firmly.

Facing Damon's cold and intimidating gaze, Phoebe flinched, and a hint of fear rose in her heart.

"Mrs. Weir, I understand your anxiety given the situation with Ms. Weir, but that doesn't give you the right to lash out at others," Damon said.

Seeing Damon standing in front of her, Nyla spoke softly. "Uncle Damon, I'm okay. This happened because of me..."

Damon turned to her, his voice stern. "Be quiet."

Under his icy stare, Nyla fell silent, not daring to speak further.

Valarie's father, Jonathan Weir, quickly pulled Phoebe back as he noticed Damon's barely contained anger. "We don't have all the details yet. You need to calm down."

"How can I stay calm when my daughter's life is uncertain?" Phoebe cried.

Jonathan frowned. "This was clearly aimed at Valarie. Even if she hadn't gone to celebrate Nyla's birthday, the attacker would have found another opportunity."

If Nyla had been the target, the assailants would likely have waited for her to arrive at the hotel. However, Valarie hadn't made any recent enemies. Could the attack be related to Jonathan's business rivals? Phoebe remained silent, her gaze fixed on Nyla with open hostility.

The Weirs sat opposite Nyla and Damon, a heavy silence settling over them. The hallway was eerily quiet.

Chapter 196

+25 BONUS

After what felt like an eternity, the light above the operating room door finally extinguished.

They rushed to find the doctor.

Jonathan was the first to speak, his voice urgent. "Doctor, how is my daughter?"

The doctor removed his mask, his expression grave. "The wounds have been treated, and bleeding has stopped. However, she sustained a head injury during the fall. We cannot determine when she will regain

consciousness."

Phoebe's knees buckled, and she would have collapsed had Jonathan not caught her.

Her voice choked with emotion, she asked, "What do you mean you can't determine when she'll wake up? Will my daughter... be in a coma?"

The doctor shook his head. "We cannot say for certain at this time. We will monitor her in the intensive care unit for three days. If she does not awaken after that, the possibility of a vegetative state increases significantly

"Doctor, please, you must save my daughter. She's so young..." Phoebe sobbed.

"That will depend on her own strength, the doctor replied.

Disbelief etched on her face, Nyla involuntarily stepped back. Valarie would be possibly comatose? How could she fathom that someone she had spoken to just hours ago might end up in such a state? Seeing the guilt and anguish in Nyla's eyes, Damon realized the depth of her remorse and regret. His frown deepened, revealing his concern.

After Valarie was transferred to the ICU, Nyla followed. Upon seeing her, Phoebe lunged at Nyla in a frenzied attempt to strike her.

Jonathan intervened swiftly, but not before Nyla's face bore the mark of a stinging slap, a crimson handprint on her pale skin. Tony's Bonus Offer

Paradse 197

Chapter 197

+25 BONUS

Chapter 197

Damon's gaze turned icy as if he could kill with a stare.

Phoebe felt a pang of guilt under his harsh scrutiny. However, as she gazed at her daughter in the ICU, uncertain of her fate, her anger reignited.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm not afraid of you. After all, my daughter is in this state. What do I have to lose?" she stated boldly.

Nyla stepped forward, looking up at Damon. "Uncle Damon, it's natural for Mrs. Weir to be upset. She's Valarie's mother. I'm fine."

Jonathan sighed and turned to Nyla. "Ms. Jayston, you should go home for now. I'll let you know if Valarie improves."

Although Nyla longed to stay, she realized her presence would only add to the tension.

"Okay," she agreed.

Nyla took one last glance at Valarie through the glass, took a deep breath, and turned to leave. Instead of going home, she found a quiet bench in the hospital lobby. "Uncle Damon, you should go back now," she suggested.

Damon stood firm. "And you?"

"I'm staying here tonight. I won't be able to sleep at home anyway." Nyla replied.

Staying there would ensure she would be immediately informed of any change in Valarie's condition.

"I'll have someone watch over things and notify you immediately if Valarie wakes up. But staying here. won't help. Come back with me," Damon insisted.

Nyla shook her head. "Uncle Damon, it's okay. You've already done so much for me tonight. I-" Before she could finish, Damon unexpectedly bent down and scooped her up.

Startled, Nyla instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck

As he carried her toward the hospital exit, she protested, 'Uncle Damon, put me down. Even if you take me back, I'll just come back here later.'

Damon remained silent, his expression grim as he strode forward.

Nyla's frustration grew as he wasn't listening. "Uncle Damon, put me down! I said I don't want to go back!"

Damon looked down at her, his eyes cold. "Staying here is just wasting time. The most important thing now is to get some rest and figure out who did this to Valarie, not to uselessly wait around!" Nyla tightened her grip around his neck. After a few seconds, she spoke quietly. "Put me down. I can walk.

tible

Damon was right. Besides waiting for Valarie to wake up, she needed to find out who was responsible for

this.

12

Chapter 197

+25 BONUS

Seeing that Nyla understood, Damon didn't say anything more or put her down. He quickly walked to the curb and placed her into the car. "Drive," he ordered.

Half an hour later, the car stopped in front of a large, standalone villa.

Nyla frowned. "Where is this?"

"My place," Damon answered.

Her expression changed. "Uncle Damon, please have the driver take me home."

"You can either stay here tonight or find your own way back. It's up to you," Damon said, getting out of the car and walking toward the villa.

Seeing the villa surrounded by darkness, with occasional mysterious noises, Nyla hesitated but eventually followed Damon inside.

The villa was decorated in a minimalist black, white, and gray scheme. It was devoid of any bright colors or warmth, giving it a cold and unwelcoming feel-much like Damon himself.

Damon took a bottle of water from the fridge and sipped it. He frowned when he noticed Nyla still standing by the door.

"The slippers are in the cabinet by the door. You'll stay in the second room on the left side of the second floor," he informed her, then turned and headed toward his study.

Seeing him about to leave, Nyla snapped back to reality. She quickly changed into slippers and rushed to block his path. "Uncle Damon, have you found out how Valarie fell from the building? What did you discover?"

Paradise 198

Chapter 198

+25 BONUS

Damon's gaze darkened. "Not yet. The hotel's surveillance was damaged, so I had Spencer check the cameras around the hotel. The most important thing for you tonight is to get some rest. We can handle everything else tomorrow morning."

"Got it. Thanks, Uncle Damon," Nyla said gratefully..

"There's no need to thank me. Although it might not be the best time to say this, happy birthday," Damon wished her.

Nyla was momentarily taken aback, then replied softly, Thank you."

If Valarie didn't wake up, she might never enjoy her birthdays again.

"Get some rest," Damon urged.

"Okay," Nyla agreed.

She went to her room, decorated in the same black, white, and gray scheme as the living room. A faint, pleasant fragrance lingered in the air-one she couldn't identify but found quite nice.

After taking a shower, she lay down, expecting to have trouble sleeping, but fatigue soon overcame her, and she drifted into a deep sleep. Unbeknownst to her, shortly after she fell asleep, a maid quietly entered the room, took a box of ointment from the bedside table, and left. The fragrance in the air diminished significantly after the maid departed.

In the study downstairs, Damon was reviewing documents when the maid knocked and entered. "Mr. Sumner, Ms. Jayston is already asleep." Damon nodded. "Alright. You should get some rest too."

"Yes, sir. Don't stay up too late. Work is endless," the maid reminded him,

"I know," Damon replied.

Seeing his focus still on the documents, the maid sighed and left.

The next morning, Nyla woke up to find it was already past 8:00 a.m. She was surprised because she

usually had trouble sleeping away from home, yet she had slept so soundly there.

After getting ready, she went downstairs where breakfast was already set out on the table.

Damon was sitting at the table, reading the news.

"Good morning. Uncle Damon," Nyla greeted.

"Good morning. How did you sleep last night?" Damon asked, setting his tablet aside and looking at her.

"Pretty well," she replied.

Damon nodded and resumed eating breakfast.

+25 BONUS

Nyla wanted to ask about Spencer's progress but decided it was best not to interrupt Damon while he was eating. She waited until breakfast was over.

"Uncle Damon, have there been any updates on Valarie's situation?" she asked.

"Still under investigation. There hasn't been much progress," Damon answered.

Disappointment flashed in Nyla's eyes. "Okay."

"I'll have HR give you a few days off. Come back to work once you've had a chance to recover," Damon said.

to work.

Nyla shook her head. "No need. I can return to

Damon looked at her. "Aren't you going to the hospital anymore?"

"I wouldn't be of much help at the hospital, I'll visit Valarie after work each day," Nyla replied.

Seeing her calm demeanor and recognizing that staying occupied at work might be better for her than dwelling on the situation, Damon nodded. "Alright."

On

the way to Prospectus Technology, Nyla asked Damon to drop her off a couple of blocks from the company so she could walk the rest of the way.

Damon didn't insist and had the driver stop.

After thanking him, Nyla got out and headed toward the company.

The black Maybach soon merged into traffic and disappeared from Nyla's view.

As soon as she reached the company entrance, she received a call from Clark.

"Nyla, where did you spend the night?!" he demanded.

Clark was shocked to receive a call from the housekeeper first thing in the morning, saying Nyla hadn't come home all night. Since their wedding, she had always returned home on time, making it unusual for her to be gone for an entire night.

The more he thought about it, the more suspicious it seemed.

Nyla looked down and responded calmly. "Clark, I'm an adult, not your property. I don't need to report where I go to you."

Clark sneered. "Even if you don't tell me, I can find out. I'm giving you two options-either tell me now or, when I find out who you were with, the kidney for your father..."

Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

Chapter 109

Paradse 199

Chapter 199

Nyla bit her lower lip hard, not letting go even when she tasted blood.

After a long moment, she finally said coldly, "Clark, is that all you can do?!"

"You're the one pushing me. I just wanted to know where you were last night. That's all. If you refuse to tell me, it only makes me think you're hiding something," Clark insisted.

Nyla took a deep breath and enunciated each word, "I stayed at your uncle's house last night."

The phone call fell into a suffocating silence.

Nyla could clearly hear Clark's breathing becoming heavier. She continued slowly. "Valarie had an accident last night. I was emotionally unstable, and Uncle Damon was worried I might overthink things if I went home, so-"

Clark sneered. "So he took you to his house? Nyla, don't tell me nothing happened between the two of you alone!"

"There was service staff in his house, and it wasn't as sordid as you imagine!" Nyla countered.

Clark didn't believe a word of it. "Not as sordid as I think? So you just kissed and hugged, but didn't go all the way, right?!"

"Clark!" Nyla's eyes flashed with cold anger. "You don't know what happened last night. Valarie-"

Clark cut her off. "Don't use Valarie as an excuse. Nyla, I already told you this was your last chance, and you squandered it!"

His voice was icy, and Nyla had a bad feeling. She quickly said, "If you don't believe me, I can explain everything when you come back from your business trip."

"No need for an explanation. I'm smart enough to judge for myself," Clark said and hung up.

When Nyla tried calling back, he wouldn't answer. She clutched her phone tightly, her heart sinking. Taking a deep breath, she hurriedly sent him a series of messages

Nyla: [I really just stayed at Uncle Damon's place last night. Nothing happened between us. If you don't believe me, you can call him right now.]

Nyla: [Also, Valarie had a surprise for me at the hotel last night, but when I arrived, she had fallen from the building right in front of me. I was in shock, and Uncle Damon happened to pass by and helped me.] Nyla: [Please call me when you see this message, and I'll explain everything slowly. Okay?]

She sent several messages, but they seemed to vanish into thin air. Clark did not respond at all.

Nyla was not worried about him misunderstanding her-she feared he might impulsively give her father's kidney donation to someone else.

Her heart felt as though it were on fire-agonizing and restless

Had she known that the housekeeper would report to Clark, she would have insisted on returning last night. But it was too late for regrets now.

+25 BONUS

Meanwhile.

In a fit of rage. Clark called Michael and ordered him to give the kidney donation to Jordyn's father.

Michael hesitated. M. Sumner, Mrs. Sumner finds out about this, it might..."

Clark, consumed by fury and almost losing his sense of reason, was not listening to any objections. "The kidney donation obtained can go to whoever I want! Do as I say?" "Understood." Michael replied, acquiescing

After hanging up. Clark remained seething. He saw the unread messages from Nyla but could not bring himself to read them. He deleted the entire chat

This time, he was determined not to forgive her so easily.

Paradise 200

Chapter 200

Chapter 200

Jordyn quickly received a call from Michael at the hospital.

When she learned that Clark had donated the kidney to her father, she couldn't contain her joy. She had thought it would take longer for Clark to agree, but it happened so swiftly!

Now, she just needed to find a chance to tell Nyla about it. She touched her still-flat belly, her eyes filled with scheming.

All day. Nyla had tried calling Clark more than a dozen times, but he hadn't answered any of her calls.

It seemed she would have to wait until he returned from his business trip to explain everything.

Spencer entered the CEO's office with a file and knocked on the door. "Mr. Sumner, we've made some progress on last night's incident."

Damon put down his documents and looked up at him.

Spencer handed over the file and reported, "We found a suspicious vehicle that left through the hotel's back door shortly after Valarie's incident. This car had a fake license plate and quickly vanished down a that left the

road without surveillance. We're still tracing its final location."

Damon opened the file, his expression turning icy. "Start by investigating the hotel staff. The fact that the surveillance was conveniently down during Valarie's incident suggests there's likely an insider involved." Spencer nodded. "Should we inform Ms. Jayston about this now?"

"Not yet. Let's wait until we have more concrete results Damon replied.

"Understood," Spencer said.

"I want the final results within a day," Damon requested.

was

Spencer felt the pressure immediately. Finding the culprit within a day was an enormous task. However, thinking about his monthly salary motivated him to push forward.

Jacqueline was on the phone at the Rainford villa, screaming in frustration, "What kind of mess are you people making?! I just asked you to take a few photos of her clothes being removed, and now it's turned into a fall?!"

If Tom and the Weirs found out, they would never let her off.

Jacqueline was so furious she could barely contain herself.

"You don't understand. We didn't expect her to jump out of the window when we weren't looking. By the time we realized what was happening, it was too late... the person on the phone said.

Jacqueline gritted her teeth. "The police will definitely trace this back to you. I'll transfer some money to you. You need to leave the country immediately and never come back. If you get caught and involve me, Chapter 2001

you'll make sure your family is informed"

With that, she hung up and immediately broke the SIM card, flushing it down the toilet.

Despite the money transfer, Jacqueline remained wordled. She could only hope the police wouldn't trace it back to her.

After much hesitation, she packed her bags, booked the earliest flight out, and prepared to lay low abroad for a while.

When Jacqueline's mother, Charlotte Nichols, saw her dragging a suitcase and asked where she was going, Jacqueline hurriedly said she was going on a trip and then drove off without looking back. Noticing her daughter's unusual behavior, Charlotte quickly called Byron.

Spencer worked quickly. Before long, he located the vehicle and apprehended the suspects as they were about to flee.

At first, the two insisted they had done nothing wrong. After a beating, they quickly confessed everything- and Spencer was surprised to learn that Jacqueline was behind it.

"Mr. Sumner, they revealed that Jacqueline had instructed them to take compromising photos of Valarie. When Valarie jumped out of the window, one of them grabbed her foot, which likely caused her to land headfirst...." Spencer reported.

A three-story fall wasn't very high, and if the jump was controlled, one might not be seriously injured at all.