

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 21

Chapter 21

"Got it, but I need some time to process this. Please leave now."

Clark frowned, noticing Nyla's indifference. "Nyla, I said I'd give you time, but can you stop pushing me

away?"

Frustrated by his persistence, Nyla looked him in the eye. "You say you'll give me time, but have you really? The day after I found out about your affair, you tried to force yourself on me, and today you did it again.

"From the start, I haven't seen any real remorse from you. You're just trying to smooth things over quick

quickly, but I can't move on that fast. At least not right now. Do you understand?"

Seeing the redness in Nyla's eyes, Clark felt a pang of guilt and regret. He reached out to hold her, but she stepped back and avoided his touch, leaving his hand suspended awkwardly in the air.

"Clark, in all these years of marriage, I've never wronged you. We've been together for eight years, not eight months or eight days.

"You betrayed me and expect me to accept it quickly. Do you think that's possible? Unless my feelings for you were fake, no normal person could adjust that quickly.

"I can't calmly accept your infidelity so soon. I'm begging you, please stop pushing me."

Initially, Nyla just wanted Clark to leave, but as she spoke, she couldn't help but choke up.

Ever since discovering Clark's affair, she had been trying not to think about him. She would

keep herself busy enough to fall asleep the moment she hit the bed, hoping time would dull the pain of betrayal. However, Clark's relentless pressure left her no time to heal. Clark's heart ached at the sight of her tear-filled eyes. "Nyla... I'm sorry..."

Ever since Nyla mentioned divorce, he had apologized many times, but this was the first time it felt

sincere.

Nyla wiped her tears, gradually regaining her composure. "Just go. I don't want to see you right now."

Clark pressed his lips together, wanting to stay but knowing she wouldn't agree. He nodded reluctantly. "You're living alone outside, so be careful. If anything happens, call me."

Nyla didn't respond, her expression cold.

As he turned to leave, he caught a glimpse of a black suit jacket draped over the sofa. He paused, recognizing it as the one Damon had worn during his visit.

Damon, who never meddled in others' affairs, not only helped Nyla leave the villa today but also gave her his jacket. The last time they went to the family home, Clark noticed Damon's subtle glances at Nyla. Despite this, Damon was his uncle, and he had no interest in women. It must be a coincidence.

Not wanting to dwell on it, Clark quickly left.

Downstairs, he received a call from his subordinate.

"Mr. Sumner, the doctor refuses to perform the abortion on Ms. Cheatham. Her uterine lining is too thin,

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and there's a high risk of severe bleeding

Clerk's expression darkened instantly "Find another doctor. There must be someone willing to do it."

He hung up abruptly.

The subordinate, fearing the consequences, hesitated before calling Cindy

After hearing the situation Cindy hesitated for a long time before making a decision. "Bring her back!"

Clark didn't visit Nyla for the rest of the weekend and she enjoyed a rare period of calm

On Monday morning, Nyla had just awed at the R&D department when Genevieve stormed in, furious, She confronted Lucia in front of everyone tua, come to my office right now!"

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Instantly, everyone in the R&D department turned their eyes to Lucia.

Genevieve had never spoken to Lucia in such a harsh tone before, leaving Lucia more surprised than embarrassed. "Genevieve... what's wrong?"

Genevieve didn't respond and simply turned to walk back to her office.

As Lucia felt the curious gazes of her colleagues, her face turned red with embarrassment. When her eyes met Nyla's, her anger flared even more. She was certain Nyla was waiting to see her make a fool of he Suppressing her rage, she bit her lip and followed Genevieve into the office.

As soon as the door closed, Genevieve threw a document onto the desk in front of her. Take a look!"

Her tone was full of disappointment, and her gaze on Lucia was disapproving.

Confused, Lucia picked up the document and began to browse. Her face grew paler with each page, and her hands started to shake. How could this have happened?

Upon

seeing Lucia's guilty expression, Genevieve's voice grew colder. "I used to think you were meticulous in your work. Do you even realize what you've done? Tampering with experimental data? Do you know how "Genevieve... I know I was wrong. I just wanted to make our data look better..."

Genevieve let out a bitter laugh. "Are you sure you only wanted the data to look better? The first batch of lab mice showed various complications, yet you didn't record any of it. You falsified the records, saying e Lucla panicked under Genevieve's icy stare. She had been so careful-how had she gotten caught?"

Suddenly, she thought of Nyla. The details in the report matched the timeline since Nyla joined the company. It had to be her!

Nyla had been there only a week and had already noticed the falsified data.

Lucia bit her lip hard, seething with anger and hatred. She wished she could storm back to the department and slap Nyla, that wretched woman!

"Genevieve... I'm so sorry. We've been developing this drug for over a year with no progress. I got desperate and made a terrible mistake. Please, forgive me this one time. I swear it won't happen again!" Genevieve stared at Lucia coldly, scrutinizing her.

Lucia couldn't meet her eyes and looked down, feeling even guiltier.

After a few long minutes of silence, Genevieve finally spoke. "I've already reported this to the headquarters. I'll try to speak on your behalf, but the final decision is out of my hands."

For years, Genevieve had believed Lucia to be diligent and conscientious. But after seeing the report exposing her data falsification, she lost all respect for Lucia and had no intention of covering for her. Lucia looked up in disbelief. "Genevieve... you could have covered this up for me. Why did you report it to

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the headquarters? Does one mistake erase all the hard work I've done?"

She had spent countless nights working on experiments, sometimes even sleeping in the lab. Why was Genevieve focusing only on her mistake and not acknowledging her efforts?

When Genevieve saw that Lucia showed no real remorse, her voice hardened. "The hard work you've

done is what you're paid for, especially when it comes to developing life-saving drugs. I can accept failure in experiments, but I will not tolerate fraud. No excuses."

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It was clear to Lucia that Genevieve wasn't going to let her off the hook. She took a deep breath and said slowly, "I understand. Whatever decision the company makes, I will accept it."

With that, she turned and left.

As soon as she exited Genevieve's office, she could no longer contain her anger. She stormed back to the R&D department.

Nyla was engrossed in her work, looking through some documents, when she heard the sound of hurried footsteps approaching from behind. As soon as she turned around, a slap landed hard across her face. Nyla looked up, her gaze cold as she stared at Lucia.

Despite herself, Lucia felt a flicker of fear under Nyla's clear, unyielding gaze and instinctively wanted to step back. But once she remembered the report Nyla had filed against her, her confidence returned, and "This slap is just a lesson for scheming against me behind my back. If you dare-

Before Lucia could finish her sentence, Nyla grabbed her hair and slapped her back just as hard.

Lucia was stunned-she never expected the usually gentle Nyla to retaliate. By the time she regained her senses, her face was flushed with rage.

"How dare you hit me?!" she yelled, raising her hand to strike Nyla again, but her wrist was caught mid-air. She leered at Nyla, her eyes blazing.

Nyla leaned in, her voice low enough for only the two of them to hear. "Are you sure you want to make a scene and let everyone know you tampered with the data? The R&D department has more than just your gets the best projects and resources. Do you think the others will stay quiet if they find out?"

Lucia's expression changed. The final decision from the headquarters hadn't come through yet. If she caused a commotion now, it could make things worse for her.

Gritting her teeth, she spat, "You just wait!"

She wrenched her hand free and stormed off, thinking about how her father had connections with some higher-ups who might be able to help her.

After Lucia left, a female colleague who was on good terms with Nyla approached her. "Nyla, your face is swollen. There are some ice packs in the fridge. Let me get one for you to reduce the swelling." Nyla nodded. "Thank you, but I'll go get it myself. Don't let me disrupt your work."

She quickly walked to the break room, found a clean towel, and wrapped an ice pack in it, pressing it gently against her swollen cheek. The pain made her wince slightly.

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She wondered how long it would take for the swelling to go down. She cherished her appearance-what

woman didn't?

In hindsight, she thought she should have hit Lucia even harder.

Near the railing on the second floor of the department, Spencer, who had watched the whole scene unfold, couldn't help but remark, "I didn't expect Ms. Jayston to be so tough despite her gentle appearance." Damon remained expressionless, but a hint of interest appeared in his eyes. It seemed his niece-in-law wasn't the meek and docile person he had thought. Confronting enemies head-

on like that might not always be beneficial in the workplace, but it wasn't his concern.

"Let's go," he said.

They had come to check on the progress of an experiment but ended up witnessing an unexpected drama instead.

Spencer hurried to catch up with him. "Mr. Sumner, should we investigate what happened?"

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Damon gave him a cool glance. "It seems like you have a lot of free time lately.

"No, no, not at all. I still have plenty of files to sort through this afternoon... Spencer quickly ducked his head, silently vowing to rein in his curiosity next time.

After Nyla iced her cheek for about ten minutes, the burning pain subsided, so she returned to her desk.

As soon as she sat down, her colleague, Sasha Yates, rolled her chair over and whispered, "Nyla, everyone is talking about what happened between you and Lucia. What happened? Why did she suddenly hit y Nyla didn't want to blow things out of proportion. If she made a big deal out of it, Lucia might lose her job Considering she had just joined the company, forcing Lucia out would make her colleagues think she wa Besides, despite Lucia's recent data tampering, she had produced some valuable research in the p and the company would likely handle the matter privately.

past,

Nyla shook her head. "It's nothing, just some personal issues."

Seeing that Nyla didn't want to elaborate, Sasha didn't press further. "Okay, but be careful. Lucia may seem understanding and easygoing, but she holds grudges. After this, she will certainly target you." "I understand."

Nyla knew Lucia would hold a grudge but wasn't worried. As long as she acted with integrity, she had nothing to fear from Lucia's schemes.

Meanwhile, Lucia called her father. After explaining the situation, Clement replied, "Got it. I'll make a call." Lucia waited anxiously. Even if she had to leave Park Pharmaceuticals, it couldn't be because of data ta Thankfully, Clement acted quickly. He called back shortly, reassuring her that everything was handled.

Since Lucia's actions hadn't caused significant damage, the company intended only a minor punishment- docking her one month's salary and giving her a verbal warning.

Near the end of the workday, Genevieve called Lucia to her office to discuss the resolution from the headquarters.

Despite Lucia's frustration at Genevieve for reporting the incident, Lucia knew it was unwise to confront her superior. "I understand, I will take this as a lesson and ensure it never happens again." Genevieve remained indiffefent. "Good. This matter is being handled privately by the company. Don't spread the word about your salary deduction, or the company will have to take more serious action." "I understand... But what about the person who reported me? What does the company plan to do about

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them?" Losing a month's salary wasn't a big deal, but Lucia couldn't let this go unchallenged. If she had to suffer, so should Nyla.

"The report was anonymous. There's no way to find out who did it, so this matter is closed. Don't dwell on it."

Lucia bit her lip. "It had to be Nyla. The reported experiments match the ones we've been conducting since she joined. The data and timeline fit perfectly."

Genevieve frowned, clearly displeased. "You have evidence to support that claim?"

"The timing of the experiments listed in the report is evidence."

Genevieve's gaze hardened. "You never considered that someone from your own team might have framed Nyla? They've been working with you all along and are fully aware of your data tampering. It wouldn't I

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Chapter 25

"No way! They wouldn't betray me!"

"If you think it's Nyla, then show me evidence. If you don't have any, keep your mouth shut. The company is already being lenient with you, so don't push your luck." Facing Genevieve's penetrating gaze, Lucia felt like all her schemes were laid bare. She lowered her head, feeling a bit guilty. "I understand. I'll go back to work now." Genevieve didn't respond and picked up a file to read.

Lucia knew that G

Genevieve was clearly angry, so she didn't dare say more and left the office quietly.

Back in the R&D department, the first thing she did was walk over to Nyla's desk.

"Nyla, playing dirty tricks behind someone's back isn't a real skill. I suggest you focus on your work. After all, you've got a three- month probation period. If anything goes wrong, you won't get the permanent position. Don't you agree?"

Nyla remained expressionless at Lucia's smug expression, lowering her gaze to continue reading her documents.

Before Lucia could say more, the woman next to her snapped, "Hey, are you deaf or mute? Didn't you hear Lucia talking to you?"

"Oh, Mabel, don't be so harsh. I just wanted to warn someone who only dares to play tricks behind others backs," Lucia interjected.

Mabel O'Neill snorted. "If anyone dares to mess with you again, I'll make sure they can't stay in the R&D department!"

Nyla frowned. Lucia and Mabel's constant chatter was so annoying she couldn't focus on her work. Her expression turned cold. "Lucia, that comment about playing dirty tricks fits you better. If you're really that Lucia was taken aback before she glared at Nyla with a gaze full of venom. "Very well. We'll see about that."

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She then dragged Mabel away.

Finally, it was quiet again.

Nyla thought she could finally concentrate on her research. Immersed in several papers, she took notes as she went. Before she knew it, it was well past working hours.

The ringing of her phone snapped her back to reality, and she saw it was already past 6:00 p.m.

Seeing Clark's name on the caller ID, she hesitated. If she didn't answer, he might just show up at her apartment. With a sigh, she answered the call. She didn't want to confront him until she had the means to handle him.

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"What's up?"

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Her voice must have sounded too cold because there was a brief silence on the other end.

"Nyla, the weather is getting cooler. Patricia told me you didn't bring your fall clothes. I've brought some for you."

Nyla lowered her gaze. "Where are you now?"

"Downstairs at your office."

"Give me five minutes."

She hung up, quickly shut down her computer, packed up, and left.

As she stepped out of the building, she spotted the black Cayenne parked by the curb.

Clark, dressed in a gray suit, leaned against it. His tall frame and handsome features drew many admiring glances.

Nyla walked up to him quickly, her expression indifferent. "Where are the clothes?"

Clark's eyes lit up with joy upon seeing her, but his expression quickly shifted. He reached out to touch

her cheek, catching her off guard. She didn't pull back until his warm palm cupped her face.

Clark's gaze turned dark and cold, and he exuded a menacing aura. "Who did this?"

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Nyla indifferently looked away from the anger practically pouring from Clark's eyes. "No one. I tripped and fell."

"You fell and managed to slap yourself on the face?"

Nyla lowered her gaze and spoke softly. "This is my business. Can you just leave it alone?"

Clark grabbed her hand firmly, his voice serious. "You are my wife. Someone hit my wife, and you think I can just ignore that?"

"I told you it's my business, and I've already handled it. Just give me the clothes."

After a moment of tense silence, Clark relented, seeing Nyla wasn't going to say more.

"Let me drive you home."

"No need. The subway takes just ten minutes."

Clark frowned at the resistance and cold distance in Nyla's eyes.

"Nyla, I'm not asking you to forgive me right now. But I hope you won't reject my kindness. Otherwise, can't guarantee what I might do."

A flicker of sarcasm crossed Nyla's eyes as she caught the threat in his last words.

"Clark, is this what you mean by not forcing me anymore?"

"I just want to drive you home. How is that forcing you?"

Seeing his self-righteousness, Nyla pressed her lips together, too tired to argue. She knew he would only stick to his point.

She quickly thought it through. She might as well use a free driver and avoid the crowded subway, so she replied, "Fine, then. Thanks." Seeing her agree, Clark finally smiled.

Clark left after dropping her off at home and helping carry the clothes upstairs.

Back in his car, he didn't start the engine but called his secretary instead.

"I want to know who hit my wife today at Park Pharmaceuticals within half an hour."

After Clark left, Nyla dragged the suitcase to her bedroom and started unpacking. It was mostly long sleeves and autumn coats and pants-clothes she often wore.

The way they were folded suggested Clark had packed them himself. For a moment, she felt a twinge of softness, but remembering his betrayal quickly erased it.

Once she was done organizing her clothes, she headed to the kitchen to make dinner.

Her current life, though much busier than being a housewife, felt fulfilling. She had no desire to return to waiting at home for Clark every day. Besides, they could never go back.

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At 10:00 p.m. in a VIP room of a bar in Saintornia.

Clark sat on the sofa, his expression icy as he looked at the woman kneeling on the floor in disarray. His gaze was cold and unforgiving.

Feeling Clark's oppressive aura, Lucia couldn't stop trembling, her heart full of fear.

"Ms. Pollard..."

At the sound of Clark's voice, Lucia shuddered violently.

Tonight, she had come to the bar with Mabel to celebrate not being fired. However, after a few drinks and some dancing, several men in black had suddenly dragged her out and brought her there. The moment she saw Clark, she immediately knew he was there about her hitting Nyla earlier that day.

"Mr. Sumner, I was wrong... Please, let me go..."

Her terror and desperation satisfied Clark. He raised an eyebrow. "How did you slap my wife today? Slap yourself the same way now. When I'm satisfied, I'll let you go. How about that?" Lucia bit her lip, trying to suppress her fear.

Just as she was about to speak, Clark seemed to read her mind and added, "Ms. Pollard, if you're reluctant to, that's fine. Just know that the Pollards won't be able to survive in Saintornia anymore."

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Clark's nonchalant words made Lucia feel like she had fallen into an icy abyss. She knew all too well that he had the power to follow through, and the Pollards lacked the means to resist.

She raised her hand and slapped herself hard across the face. "Keep going."

At first, Lucia felt the sting on her face, but after a while, her cheeks went numb, and she was simply repeating the action mechanically. She didn't know how long it had been or how many slaps she had dealt he Just as Lucia felt she might pass out, Clark finally got

up and walked over to her. He looked down at her as if she were an insignificant insect. "Ms. Pollard, I hope you remember this lesson. Avoid my wife in the future. Next time, I won't be so lenient."

With that, he walked past her without waiting for a reaction, followed by his bodyguards who had been there to prevent her escape.

The room was soon empty except for Lucia.

Her tightly wound emotions finally unraveled, and she covered her face, sobbing uncontrollably. She had never suffered such humiliation in her life.

"Nyla! I swear I won't let you off so easily!" Lucia thought resentfully.

When Lucia got home and saw her swollen face in the mirror, her hatred for Nyla intensified. It had to be Nyla who complained to Clark, which was why he came to find fault with her tonight.

The thought filled Lucia with anger and jealousy. The Jaystons had gone bankrupt and were now beneath the Pollards. So why did Nyla get to marry Clark while she couldn't even secure a wealthy heir as her

husband?

She resolved to find a man of higher status than Clark and crush Nyla under her feet!

As Clark exited the bar, he received a call from his subordinate. Whatever was said made his expression darken considerably, and he hung up before driving straight to Cindy's place.

Cindy was waiting in the living room, not surprised at all by the anger on Clark's face. "There's no need for you to be angry. I've decided to keep the child."

Clark's face turned ashen. "Mom, are you out of your mind? If the others find out, you know the

consequences."

"The doctor said that an abortion could be fatal for both mother and child. Besides, if you hadn't been reckless, this child wouldn't exist. Let her have the baby, and I'll handle everything." "How exactly do you plan to handle it?"

"We'll take it one step at a time. Besides, you and Nyla have been married for years, and she still isn't

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pregnant. Who knows if she can even have children? If she can't, then Jordyn's child can be raised by her."

Clark fell silent. He and Nyla had been intimate often, and they hadn't deliberately used protection. Yet, even after trying for several months, they still had no children. Cindy's suggestion made him question whether seeing his silence, Cindy continued. "This is decided. Your father and Elijah can't take over the Sumner Group. The old man won't kick you out over a woman."

Clark frowned. "Mom, have you forgotten about Uncle Damon?"

If Damon wanted to come back and inherit the Sumner Group, all of Clark's efforts over the years would

be in vain.

Cindy sneered. "Don't worry. He doesn't stand a chance against you."

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Clark sensed there was more to Cindy's words. He was about to inquire further when a maid assisted the semi-drunk Cyrus Sumner into the living room.

Clark frowned upon seeing Cyrus and simply said, "Mom, I'm heading back now."

With that, he turned and walked past Cyrus to leave.

Cyrus frowned but said nothing.

Back at the villa, Clark called his secretary, Michael Parkin, instructing him to purchase a mansion in Jordyn's name.

Michael sounded surprised. "Mr. Sumner, if Mrs. Sumner finds out..."

"Be discreet. Don't let anyone know, especially Nyla."

If Nyla found out Jordyn was keeping the baby, she would be more determined to divorce him. Thinking about it made Clark feel troubled.

"Alright, I understand."

Ending the call, Michael sighed softly..

This was no different from pushing Nyla away. Clark's affair was already unforgivable now, keeping a woman outside was like digging their marriage's grave.

Michael knew he was just a secretary and had to do as Clark ordered.

Over the next few days, Lucia took leave and did not come to work.

Nyla officially entered the lab to start developing drugs. She thought life would continue quietly, but Cindy came to her on Friday night.

They met at a restaurant near Nyla's company.

Just as they sat down, Cindy said, "I heard you moved out because Clark has another woman outside."

Nyla paused flipping through the menu and looked up at Cindy.

Seeing Cindy's displeasure, Nyla closed the menu and said calmly, "It seems like in your eyes, this is just a trivial matter."

"Of course. If Clark didn't like you, do you think you could marry into the Sumners with your background? As the wife of the future decision-

maker of the Sumner Group, you'll only hold Clark back if you can't even tolerate this."

Nyla chuckled at Cindy's self-righteousness.

When Nyla and Clark were fine, she wouldn't argue with Cindy, even if the latter said things she didn't like, out of respect for Cindy being Clark's mother. But she didn't intend to endure it anymore.

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"It seems you must have had a lot of experience when you were young, given your tolerance."

It was said that when Cyrus

was young, he had many admirers, and his womanizer reputation spread throughout the upper class in Saintornia. Because of this reputation, Richard removed him from the candidate list of successors to the S Group and began to train Clark.

Cindy scowled, her eyes betraying her revulsion. "Is this your attitude when you talk to your elders? Your upbringing is truly exceptional!"

Nyla stood up nonchalantly. "I don't need you to worry about my upbringing. If you have time, it would be best to keep an eye on your son because I really can't understand what kind of family would raise a married man who has an affair." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The mockery in her tone infuriated Cindy. She took the water in front of Nyla and splashed it on her face.

Nyla wanted to avoid it, but it was too late. The water splashed onto her face, and the side of her hair and coat were immediately soaked. She frowned, about to speak when suddenly a few tissues were handed to her.

"Here, wipe yourself."

Nyla was surprised to see Damon handing her the tissues. She took them and murmured a thank you. Cindy hadn't expected to run into Damon there, especially not while he witnessed her splashing water at her daughter-in-law. She felt a momentary flush of embarrassment.

"Damon... What are you doing here?"

"I just came for a meal with a client. I didn't expect to witness such a spectacle."

Cindy's expression darkened. "I'm just teaching this inexperienced daughter-in-law of mine a lesson. I am sorry you had to see this."

Damon smirked, but his eyes held no warmth.

"My subordinates informed me earlier that you intend to keep the child that Clark h they had it wrong. I didn't think you'd be so foolish." outside. I thought

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"It seems I've overestimated your kindness. After all, your son cheated first, yet you splash water on your daughter-in-law. Such a bizarre mother-in-law is indeed rare."

With each word Damon uttered, Cindy's expression darkened further. In the end, it turned icy.

"Damon, this is a family matter. As an outsider, it's best you not interfere."

Damon arched an eyebrow. "I wasn't planning to interfere, but don't you think it's too much to bully a young girl like this?"

Cindy only dared to be so audacious because she knew the Jaystons were bankrupt. Even if she treated Nyla harshly, they couldn't do much to her.

Cindy gritted her teeth in anger. "Too much? Just because Clark has a woman on the side, she throws a fit, moves out, and even talks about divorce. Who's really being too much?"

"Isn't Clark at fault for the affair in the first place? It's the Sumners who wronged Nyla, not the other way around. If you can't see this, I don't think Clark should continue working at the Sumner Group." Cindy paled, trembling uncontrollably. "Damon, whose side are you on?"

"I'm on neither side. I'm just advising you to be a kinder person if you want your son to inherit the Sumner Group."

Under Damon's icy gaze, Cindy took a deep breath, picked up her bag, and left.

"Uncle Damon, thank you... for today..."

Damon turned to look at Nyla. He briefly glanced at her wet clothes stuck to her chest, then casually averted his gaze.

"You don't call me Uncle Damon for nothing. It's the least I should do. Let me take you home. You're in no condition to catch a cab right now."

With that, he turned and headed toward the door,

Nyla followed his gaze and glanced down. Her soaked white shirt had become nearly transparent, revealing a

tantalizing hint of cleavage. She bit her lip and subconsciously covered herself, feeling her cheeks flush.

In the car, Nyla sat pressed against the door, trying to minimize her presence.

Thankfully, Damon remained engrossed in his documents, not sparing even a glance her way, which put her at ease.

When the car stopped at the entrance of The Fleur, Nyla prepared to get out when Damon suddenly spoke. "If you want to divorce Clark, I can introduce you to divorce lawyers."

Although Clark was Damon's nephew, cheating was something Damon found unforgivable. Moreover, the way Cindy had publicly treated Nyla today showed she had little regard for her daughter-in-law. Nyla paused, her fingertips gripping the handle turning white.

The inside of the car fell quiet for several seconds before Nyla spoke softly. "Thank you, Uncle Damon.

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When I need it, I will come to you for help."

Damon furrowed his brows but didn't press further. "Okay."

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As Nyla got out of the car and watched it disappear from view, she turned to head into her building. Unexpectedly, she saw Clark standing at the entrance, glaring at her with a dark expression. Nyla's gaze hardened as she pretended not to see him and walked past.

As she passed by Clark, he grabbed her wrist. "Nyla, was it Uncle Damon who just dropped you off?"

His questioning tone made Nyla uncomfortable. She shook off his hand coldly. "It's none of your business.

Clark blocked her path, about to speak, when he noticed her partially damp shirt. His expression darkened further. "What happened to your shirt?"

Once Clark thought of Nyla being in the same car as Damon in her current state, his eyes flashed with unsettling hostility. She belonged to him alone, and he would never allow another man to lay a finger on

her.

Nyla scoffed. "You should ask your mother about that.

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Clark paused, frowning. "What do you mean?"

"Ask her, and you'll know," Nyla replied curtly, then walked past him without another word.

Clark immediately called Cindy. "Mom, did you go see Nyla today?"

Cindy, still smarting from her confrontation with Damon at the restaurant, sneered at his question. "She went to complain to you? Truly shameless!"

Clark's eyes flashed with anger. "Mom, I told you not to interfere in my matters with Nyla. Why didn't you

listen?"

"If I didn't do it for you, do you think I'd willingly go to see her? She's making a fuss about you having a woman on the side. Can't even manage a woman... Others would see you as a joke if they knew!" "This is our business. If you keep going to Nyla in secret, I won't care about Dad's affairs anymore."

"You-"

Clark didn't give her a chance to speak and hung up abruptly. He pocketed his phone, visibly frustrated.

He hadn't settled his affair, and now Cindy was causing trouble for Nyla. If he were Nyla, he wouldn't forgive him either.

After standing downstairs for a while, Clark finally went upstairs. He took a deep breath before he knocked on the door of Nyla's apartment.

Soon, Nyla's indifferent voice came from inside. "I don't want to see you today. Please leave."

A bitter feeling surged in Clark's heart. "Nyla, I didn't know about my mom seeing you. I just told her not to

interfere in our affairs.

"I just want to see you. Once I see you, I'll leave. Okay?"

He waited for a long time without hearing any response from inside. His heart sank. He knew very well that Nyla wouldn't open the door for him tonight. After lingering outside the door for a while, he turned and left.

In the car, Clark immediately called Michael. "Find out what my mom said to my wife today."

Just as he was about to hang up, he suddenly remembered that Damon had brought Nyla back earlier." Also, find out how Damon knows my wife."

Damon had a rebellious personality and did things according to his own wishes. When he was in a bad mood, he wouldn't even do Richard and Marie favors, let alone send someone unfamiliar home. Clark absentmindedly tapped his fingers on the steering wheel after he set his phone down.

If once was a coincidence for Damon, twice in a row couldn't be accidental.

Thinking of this, Clark glowered.

He had been with Nyla for eight years and knew very well that she was the type of woman men loved the

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most-pure yet seductive, irresistible to men,

Even though he had strayed with Jordyn, it was only a momentary novelty, not genuine affection.

If Damon dared to covet his woman, he wouldn't let it go easily-even if Damon was his uncle.

+25 BONUS

Michael acted swiftly.

As soon as Clark returned home, a video was sent over. He clicked on it, and it showed surveillance footage of Cindy and Nyla at the restaurant earlier in the evening.

When Clark saw Cindy's assertive demeanor and the derogatory remarks she made to Nyla, his gaze turned icy.

It seemed he had been too lenient in what he had said to Cindy over the phone earlier. He knew Cindy didn't approve of Nyla. Still, he had always assumed that even if she wasn't satisfied, she would treat Nyla