

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 211

Chapter 211

Was Nyle really just going to let Clark have his way it seemed than the only way to distance herself from him was to get a divorce

Before she could do that, Harrison's kidney surgery needed to be complete Otherwise, Clark would continue to use the situation to threaten te freales solely on herself, she would have to wait in line for a kidney, not knowing how long t

might take

Nyla looked up at Clark and said coldly, if you want me to move back, fire"

Clark's face lit up with hope, but her next words made his smile freeze

"I will move back in after my father's kidney transplant is completed," she said.

A heavy silence fell over the hallway.

Clark clenched his fists. If he hadn't rashly given the kidney to Jordi's father, he would have agreed immediately. With no new kidney donation available now, he couldn't make that promise.

Seeing his silence, Nyla assumed he intended to use the kidney donation to keep threatening her and grew even colder in her gaze.

"If you're not willing, then don't come looking for me. I won't agree to move back, though you could always just force me. After all, you've done that before, haven't you?" she said. "Nyla... I promise I won't treat you like this again," Clark said earnestly.

Nyla's expression remained scornful. "You've made countless promises before, and it seems you've broken every single one."

Clark's face fell, and he opened his mouth but couldn't find a defense.

After a tense moment, he said quietly, "Give me some time regarding the surgery."

"Sure. Then don't come looking for me during this time. I don't want to see you." Nyla made herself clear.

Seeing Nyla's icy demeanor, Clark felt a pang of sorrow but ultimately conceded. "Alright. I understand."

Only after Clark took the elevator and then open her door and go inside.

As soon as Clark got downstairs, he called Michael. "Find a kidney donation that matches my father-in-law within a month."

After hanging up, Clark left with a dark expression.

Soon, it was Marie's birthday.

As soon as Nyla got off work, she saw Clark's car parked on the side of the road. She considered pretending not to see him, but he quickly got out of the car and approached her. "Nyla, it's Grandma's birthday today. Come with me to her party," Clark said.

Nyla didn't have much affection for Marie, but she was an elder, and Nyla's presence was expected. Not attending might lead to comments about the Jaystons' manners. Have you prepared a birthday gift?" Nyla asked.

Clark nodded. "Yes. Grandma likes antiques. I bought an antique vase at an auction recently."

"Let's go then," Nyla agreed and headed toward Clark's car.

Noticing he hadn't followed, she turned back, puzzled. "Why aren't you coming?"

Clark snapped out of his reverie and hurried to her. "Oh, I was lost in thought. By the way, you should change into something more formal."

He had assumed it would take some effort to persuade Nyla to attend the party, but it had gone surprisingly smoothly.

Nyla was dressed casually, and given that the party would be quite grand, formal attire was indeed more appropriate. Thus, she nodded. "Alright."

In less than half an hour, Clark's car stopped in front of the villa.

"I've had the service staff prepare a formal dress for you. It's on your bed. Just change into it," Clark informed her.

Nyla nodded and got out of the car, heading into the villa. Once inside the bedroom, she picked up the dress from the bed and tried it on, only to find it was very loose and clearly not her size. Chapter 211

She glanced down at the dress, her expression turning cold.

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Chapter 212

It seemed someone was already getting impatient.

After tossing the dress aside, Nyla found a white V-neck slit dress in the closet and put it on. She removed the hair tie, letting her hair cascade down. She then

straightened her hair with a flat iron and spent five minutes on a light makeup look before she was ready to leave.

As soon as she got into the car and was about to fasten her seatbelt, Clark's deep voice suddenly came from beside her. "Why aren't you wearing the dress I had prepared for you?"

Nyla raised an eyebrow and looked at him coldly. "That dress isn't my size."

Clark, perceptive as ever, quickly understood, and his expression darkened. "I'll look into this."

Nyla offered a slight smile. "Let's go to the party first."

Her face was small and delicate, perfectly made up with light makeup. Her long hair flowed like silk behind her. In her white dress, she looked like a fragrant gardenia, so beautiful it was almost impossible to look away.

Clark's gaze lingered on Nyla with deeper intensity. He knew she didn't trust him, so he sighed and fell silent, starting the car.

When Clark's black Cayenne arrived at the Sumner residence, it was already surrounded by luxury cars.

The Sumner Group and Prospectus Technology were top-tier conglomerates in the city, and many from the upper echelons of society had come to the birthday party, eager to make connections. After Clark and Nyla got out of the car, Clark retrieved the prepared gift from the trunk and handed it to a maid at the door.

They walked through the garden and finally entered the main hall.

The main hall was filled with lively chatter and peals of laughter. Prominent figures who were usually seen only on TV were mingling, while high society ladies and socialites chatted among themselves. Everyone wore smiles, though the authenticity of those smiles was questionable.

+25 BONUS

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In the center of the hall, Marie sat in the main seat with a beaming smile, flanked by Cindy and Anne.

"Let's go greet Grandma first," Clark said, reaching to take Nyla's hand.

Nyla subtly pulled away.

Clark's eyes dimmed, but he didn't press the issue and walked over to Marie first.

"Grandma," he greeted.

Nyla followed and greeted her as well.

Upon seeing Clark, Marie's face lit up with a kind smile, though she didn't glance at Nyla.

"Clark, you're back!" Marie exclaimed.

"Yes, it's your birthday. If I didn't come, Grandpa would punish me," Clark joked.

Marie's smile widened. "Enough with the jokes. Go and entertain the guests."

Clark nodded. "Alright."

As Clark prepared to lead Nyla away, Marie said, "Let your wife stay here. I'll introduce her to some people."

Clark's eyes brightened with pleasure. Ignoring Nyla's reluctance, he said, "Nyla, I'll go ahead. You stay here with Grandma."

Nyla's eyes flashed with impatience, but Clark didn't give her a chance to refuse. After issuing his instruction, he quickly turned and left.

Marie regarded Nyla with a neutral expression. "Alright, stand behind me."

Nyla hesitated for a moment but then moved to stand behind Marie.

Anne's expression was sarcastic. "Mom, don't bother introducing someone from a minor family like hers to those high society ladies. After all, she's been married to Clark for so long and hasn't had a child. Who knows if they'll divorce one day? It'll just create more trouble and require more explanations."

Nyla knew that the Sumners had always looked down on her. Over the years, she had reformed around them, making every effort not to upset them in any way.

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Paradise 213

Chapter 213

+25 BONUS

This had only caused the Sumners to treat Nyla with even more disregard.

Nyla had endured their behavior before because she had expectations for Clark. Now that her love for him was gone, tolerating it would reduce her to nothing more than a doormat.

She smiled and replied, "Getting a divorce is still better than never get. What do you think, Aunt Anne?"

married.

Anne's face immediately darkened, her gaze sharp as daggers. "Say that again?!"

Anne had once been in a relationship and waited for that man after their breakup. Now, approaching 40 and still unmarried, it had become a sore spot for her. No one dared to mention it in her presence. Marie also felt offended. Since Nyla had previously confronted her, Marie had

harbored resentment. She had hoped Nyla would eventually apologize, but instead of showing remorse, Nyla had begun criticizing Anne!

Cindy looked at Nyla with surprise and suspicion. Was Nyla out of her mind to say something like that?

Nyla maintained a calm smile. "Aunt Anne, repeating it won't change anything. Besides, I adhere to the principle of not offending others unless they offend me first. As a Sumner, you should understand that well

"Enough!" Marie's voice turned cold. "It's my birthday party today. Do you have to cause trouble and make things unpleasant?"

Nyla remained indifferent. Was she really the one making the family uncomfortable, or was it Anne's provocative comment?

"Grandma, you're right. Since Aunt Anne doesn't like me, I'll leave and not trouble her further. It would be embarrassing for the Sumners if a scene were to occur in front of the guests," Nyla said as she excused herself.

With that, she turned and walked away. She had no patience to stay and endure the harassment from these women, as flattering them offered her no benefit.

On the second floor, Cyrus watched Nyla leave with a calculating gaze. He turned to a nearby attendant and asked coldly, "How are the preparations going?"

"They're all set, but... doing so might..." the attendant murmured.

"No might Cyrus out him off sharply, emphasizing each word "Tonight's plan must succeed. Follow my instructions, or you know the consequences."

The threat in his tone made the attendant trembles slightly. He quickly nodded and hurried away

After walling for over half an hour, Damon finally arrived.

Cyrus smirked as he descended the stairs.

After Damon spoke with Marie and turned to find a place to rest, a glass of red wine was handed to him.

"Damon, what have you been up to lately? I've had my secretary trying to set up a meeting with you, but we haven't managed to connect," Cyrus greeted

A glint appeared in Damon's eyes upon seeing Cyrus. He took the glass with a neutral expression.

"It's Mom's birthday party tonight, Cyrus. Let's not discuss business," Damen replied. Cyrus' grip on the wine glass lightened, and his smile grew wider. "Anything you say. As your elder brother, I'm just concerned about you."

Damon remained silent, his face impassive and revealing no emotion.

However, Cyrus had no intention of leaving and continued to chat idly.

Suddenly, Damon's gaze shifted to the northwest corner of the main hall, and his brow furrowed slightly.

Following Damon's gaze, Cyrus saw a man talking to Nyla, and his expression turned understanding

Just as Damon was about to approach Nyla a few business associates blocked his way

Paradse 214

Chapter 214

"Mr. Sumner, long time no see. I heard Prospectus Technology recently invested in the government project in the east suburb."

"I'm also interested in that project. I wonder if you could give me a chance to get a piece of the action, Mr. Sumner?"

Damon, who lacked the patience for idle chat, reluctantly paused to acknowledge the men speaking as it was Marie's birthday party. He greeted them with little enthusiasm. "Good evening, Mr. Lowe."

While Damon was being cornered by business associates, Nyla had already dismissed the man she was speaking with and was seeking a quiet place to rest. Suddenly, a maid from the Sumners rushed up to her. "Ms. Jayston, Ms. Cindy has asked to see you. She's waiting for you at the pavilion in the garden."

Nyla glanced toward Marie. Seeing that Cindy was indeed absent, she frowned slightly. "Did she say what it's about?"

"No, but it seemed quite urgent. Ms. Jayston, you should go quickly," the maid urged.

Noting the urgency in the maid's gaze, Nyla lowered her eyes to hide the suspicion flickering in them.

"Understood. I'll go right away," she replied.

The maid had yet to leave, so Nyla said coolly, "Tonight's the party, and there are many guests. You should return to your duties."

"Ms. Jayston, Ms. Cindy insisted that I bring you there personally. If you're not seen, I'll be punished..." the maid elaborated.

Nyla acknowledged the fear in the maid's eyes with a nod. "Alright. Let's go."

She didn't miss the brief flash of triumph in the maid's eyes.

The direction the maid led her was indeed toward the garden, but it wasn't the path to the pavilion.

After walking for a while, Nyla stopped and questioned, "Where are you taking me?"

The maid halted and turned back to face Nyla. "Ms. Jayston, I'm sorry."

+25 BONUS

The moment the words left her mouth, two more maids suddenly appeared behind. Nyla and grabbed her arms.

Feigning panic, Nyla shouted, "What are you trying to do-"

Before she could finish, a sharp pain shot through the back of her neck, and everything went black as she lost consciousness.

In the hall...

Cyrus smiled as he felt his phone vibrate twice. He gave a discreet signal to those surrounding Damon, who then made some parting comments and found an excuse to leave.

Upon seeing Damon's empty wine glass, Cyrus' smile grew colder.

"Damon, Mom told me yesterday that tonight's guests are all prominent people from the city. If you're interested in any of the young ladies, just let her know, and she'll arrange it," Cyrus said.

Having been hassled by the guests and now finding Nyla missing, Damon was already in a bad mood. He replied coolly, "Not interested."

Cyrus sneered inwardly. It wasn't that Damon wasn't interested-it was just that the woman he was interested in was his niece-in-law.

"You're not getting any younger. Mom is so worried about your marriage that her hair is turning gray," Cyrus nagged.

Damon's expression remained neutral to Cyrus' feigned concern.

"Mom's gray hair is just a sign of age. Besides, you and Cindy have been married, and that marriage certificate only proves you're legally married. The mistresses you've kept over the years are probably too many to count on both hands," Damon deadpanned.

Cyrus was taken aback, scowling. His younger brother had a sharp tongue!

Publicly revealing his shortcomings was quite embarrassing. Fortunately, there weren't many people around, and Damon's voice wasn't loud, so not many would have heard.

Cyrus sighed. "Fine... I admit I have no right to criticize you. I won't bring it up again."

Damon set down his wine glass and left without another glance at Cyrus. Chapter 214

+25 BONUS

Cyrus' eyes were filled with anger as he watched Damon's retreating figure.

After tonight, he would see if Damon still dared to show him such disrespect!

Damon walked out onto the terrace, and the cold breeze made him feel a bit dizzy.
Today's Bonus Offer

Paradise 215

Chapter 215

Just then, a maid hurried over to Damon, "Mr. Damon, Ms. Jayston suddenly fainted. I couldn't find Mr. Clark."

Hearing this, Damon looked up, his voice cold. "Where is she?"

"She's upstairs now. Madam Summer and the others are busy with the gues You should go and check on her," the maid replied.

If it were any other time, Damon would have noticed something was off. Nyla had fainted, so why hadn't a doctor been called? Instead, they were asking him to check. on her. However, having drunk the spiked glass of wine Cyrus had given him earlier, Damon felt dizzy and sluggish. He didn't immediately realize something was amiss.

By the time he noticed, he was already in Clark's room.

"Mr. Damon, Ms. Jayston is inside," the maid said.

Damon stopped abruptly, his eyes narrowing with suspicion. "I'll wait here for the doctor."

Entering without knowing what was happening could lead to unforeseen consequences.

It was becoming clear to Damon that this was a trap set by Cyrus. He hadn't anticipated that his elder brother would drug him, especially at their mother's birthday party.

It seemed Cyrus had become completely ruthless in pursuing his own goals.

The maid, frightened by Damon's intense gaze, turned pale. "Mr. Damon, Ms. Jayston has been sweating profusely. Maybe you should go in and check on her. The doctor will be here soon..."

Damon sneered and grabbed her by the neck. "Daring to scheme against me in the Sumner household? Do you have a death wish?"

He tightened his grip, making the maid's face turn ashen. She knew that admitting the truth would not only anger Damon but also bring repercussions from Cyrus.

"Mr-Mr. Damon, what are you saying? I don't. I don't understand..." she stammered.

You don't? Then go and get Cyrus. He should understand! Damon hissed.

Feeling increasingly hot and his mind growing hazy, Damon cursed inwardly.

How much of this drug had Cyrus given him if he stayed here any longer, he might lose all rationality, and who knew what would happen next?

Thinking of this, he shoved the maid aside and turned toward the stairs

Just as he took a few steps a sharp pain shot through his neck.

Cyrus' face was icy as he watched Damon collapse. "Get him into the room."

Cyrus had used the latest aphrodisiac on Damon, one so potent that even the most restrained person wouldn't be able to resist. Since Nyla was someone Damon had feelings for, Cyrus was confident Damon wouldn't be able to control himself.

The service staff hurriedly carried Damon into the room and locked the door from the outside

Alright. Go back to work," Cyrus dismissed them.

With a final glance at the locked door, Cyrus smiled in satisfaction. It was as if he could already see hundreds of millions of dollars coming his way.

Inside the room.....

As soon as Nyla heard the door lock, she opened her eyes.

Turning her head, she saw Damon lying beside her, his face flushed. She was taken aback

She had originally assumed Cindy had sent the maid, so she had played along to see what was going on. She hadn't expected that her father-in-law was trying to put her in Damon's bed!

This realization made her feel nauseous.

Cyrus and Clark were truly despicable!

While she was processing this, Damon woke up early due to the drug. He reached out to touch Nyla's face when he saw her. His usually cold, deep eyes were now burning with a heat that seemed to sear. As his hot hand was about to touch Nyla's face, she suddenly reached out and grabbed his wrist.

Paradise 216

Chapter 216

"Uncle Damon, wake up," Nyla said, pushing him away.

She quickly got out of bed and watched him warily, gripping the bedside lamp tightly, ready to use it for self-defense if he charged at her.

Damon nearly fell off the bed from her push.

After a few seconds, he looked at her in confusion, his usually cold face now flushed. His eyes burned with a fierce intensity, as if a fire were scorching right through one's heart. "Come here," he commanded.

Nyla frowned but stayed where she was.

Damon looked dangerous. His gaze was filled with a predatory desire as if he might devour her at any moment.

Nyla's mind raced, trying to understand Cyrus' motive.

Tonight was Marie's party. Had Cyrus chosen this moment to create a scandal, intending to make it look like she and Damon were having an affair?

No, this would not only embarrass the Sumners but also severely offend Damon. It was more likely that Cyrus wanted Damon to have relations with her and then use this as leverage to blackmail him. Nyla narrowed her eyes at that thought.

Cyrus' ruthlessness knew no bounds. After bankrupting Harris Pharmaceuticals, he was now willing to put his daughter-in-law into his younger brother's bed for personal gain.

While she was thinking, a faint pine scent suddenly filled her nostrils. She widened her eyes, and before she could react, Damon grabbed the back of her head, snatched the lamp from her hand, and tossed it behind the door.

In the next moment, a shadow fell over Nyla, and she felt a warm, moist touch on her lips.

"Mmph!"

Nyla's eyes widened in disbelief as she found herself inches from Damon's face. His usually cold and deep eyes now burned with an intense heat. His hand, still gripping her firmly, felt like a blazing fire that spread from her neck throughout her entire body, causing her to shudder.

When she realized Damon was kissing her, she tried to push him away, but it was futile. His solid chest felt like an impenetrable wall, unyielding to her efforts.

In desperation, she bit his lip hard.

Damon winced in pain and released Nyla, his gaze darkening with a predatory intensity, like a lion awakened to its prey.

The sight of his bleeding lip made him appear even more feral, but the pain seemed to bring him back to some semblance of sanity. He gripped Nyla's chin, his eyes shadowed with an intensity that unnerved her.

Nyla's hand tightened around a needle hidden behind her. If Damon forced himself on her, she would have no choice but to use it.

After a tense few seconds, Damon suddenly released her and strode quickly into the bathroom.

The door slammed shut.

Nyla trembled as she collapsed onto the bed. It felt like she had narrowly escaped disaster.

Not daring to waste time, she quickly scanned the room for any hidden cameras. She turned off the lights and soon spotted a pinhole camera on the TV across from the bed, its red light blinking.

With a stoic expression, she unplugged the camera and sat on the bed, contemplating her next move.

Although Damon was drugged and unlikely to pose an immediate threat, staying there was still dangerous.

Nyla moved to the window. They were on the second floor, and the garden lay just outside. The drop wasn't too high. With proper control, she should be able to jump without injury.

She glanced at the closed bathroom door, removed her shoes, and climbed over the railing, jumping down. She rolled on the grass to cushion her fall.

Apart from some pain from the landing, she was unhurt.

ire

Relieved. Nyla put her shoes back on and was about to stand when she suddenly heard footsteps from the bushes, followed by a soft, seductive voice "Clark... I'm just here to bring a gift for your grandmother. I'll leave soon, PI

be mad okay?

don't

Paradise 217

Chapter 217

Nyle froze upon hearing Jordyn's voice

"Jordyn, I've warned you before. I have no intention of marrying you. And what right do you have to bring a gift to my grandmother? Are you some mistress I'm keeping on the side? Clark demanded.

After a brief silence Jordyn's voice trembled as she responded, "Cl. I'm not foolish enough to think you'll marry me. I just wanted to deliver a gift to your grandmother to thank you for finding a kidney for my father

"Shut up!" Clark's voice was cold and cutting Jordyn, if you mention this again, I won't let it slide!

"Clark Jordyn pleaded

"Get out, now!" Clark's voice was filled with anger

Jordyn seemed frightened. After a moment, she replied softly, "Clark. Please don't be angry. I leave right away

The sound of her high heels faded, signaling her departure. Soon after, Clark also left.

Nyla remained seated on the grass, her head lowered, her body hidden in the darkness. It was as if the night had swallowed her whole, merging her with the shadows.

After an unknown amount of time, she looked up, her red eyes filled with derision. It made sense now why Clark had reacted the way he had when she asked about getting her father a kidney transplant

The kidney meant for Harrison had been given to Jordyn's father. Clark had known that Harrison had been waiting for this kidney for two years, yet he had given it away so easy Clearly, Nyla meant nothing to him

The Summer father and son had ruined her family's company, schemed to send her to Damon's bed, and now, Clark had betrayed their relationship by giving away the most important thing to her-to his mistress father.

It was just perfect!

Nyla bit her lip hard enough to taste blood, keeping it clamped between her teeth even as the metallic taste filled her mouth. She had initially planned to gather evidence and d

1. d.

Clark, but now she regretted that decision

Chapter 17

Cyrus and Clark had made her life a living hell. She couldn't let them get away with in so easily.

Given her own limitations, dealing with Clark and Cyrus alone would be impossible. The simplest solution was to align herself with Damon. Nyla's eyes flashed with conflict.

Damon had helped her a lot, and she had feelings for him, so she didn't want to hum him. But it seemed there was no other way now. Taking a deep breath and gaining a resolute look in her eyes, she straightened her dress and slowly walked back to the main hall.

As soon as she entered, Clark approached her with a frown. "Where have you been?"

Meeting his questioning gaze, Nyla kept her expression neutral. "I felt a bit claustrophobic, so I stepped outside for some fresh air. Why?" "Did you run into anyone?" Clark asked.

Nyla chuckled. "Should I have run into anyone?"

Clark visibly relaxed and lowered his voice. No. There are many guests today, and was worried someone might trouble you."

"Got it," Nyla replied.

Her indifference brought a scowl to Clark's face, but since it was Marie's birthday party, he set his displeasure aside. "If you're fine, go talk to Grandma and Mom-*

Before he could finish, Cyrus' cold voice came from the side. "Clark, your grandmother is calling for you."

Nyla turned to look at Cyrus, noticing the anger and surprise in his eyes. She raised an eyebrow and smiled but said nothing.

To Cyrus, Nyla's smile was nothing short of a blatant provocation. He hadn't expected her to escape and ruin the hidden camera he had set up.

Cyrus' anger flared since his plans were thwarted, and killing intent flashed in his eyes.

Paradse 218

Chapter 218

When Clark saw Cyrus, his scowl deepened

"Got it. I'll go over right away," he said in a deep voice.

After Clark left, Cyrus looked at Nyla with a smile that didn't reach his eyes. "How did you manage to escape?"

"Dad, what are you talking about? I don't understand," Nyla replied, her face displaying apparent confusion as if she genuinely didn't know.

Cyrus sneered, his eyes growing colder. "You'd better truly not understand."

Only after Cyrus turned and walked away did Nyla finally release her tightly clenched hands. Her palms ached, but her expression remained unchanged.

As the evening approached its end, Damon finally made an appearance. He had changed into a different outfit, his hair slightly damp, and his complexion pale. His chiseled features were as cold as a glacier, radiating an icy aura.

Noticing his mood, those who had intended to approach him quickly backed off. No one wanted to be on the receiving end of his displeasure.

Marie noticed him and looked slightly displeased. "Damon, where have you been? I had people looking for you everywhere.

"I was a bit tired earlier and found a quiet place to rest for a while," Damon replied calmly.

"The party's almost over. Don't wander off again. By the way, this is Ms. Chilton Lara. You've met her before."

Damon glanced at the woman Marie was referring to. She met his gaze with a shy, hesitant expression before quickly lowering her eyes, her cheeks tinged with a blush.

He withdrew his gaze and replied indifferently. "No impression.

The woman's smile faltered, and she nervously twisted her hands

"Get to know her better, and you'll have an impression. See Ms. Chilton home this evening." Marie instructed.

"I don't have the time." Damon refused without a second thought, his expression showing no emotion.

Chapter ore she could speak, Lara stood up and said, "Mrs. Sumner, I suddenly remembered I have something to do. I'll excuse myself now."

Without waiting for Marie's response, Lara turned and left.

"Look what you've done. Now' you've offended Ms. Chilton. Are you happy? Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

tone was sharp.

Ignoring the accusation, Damon remained unperturbed.

rie's

"If you don't want to offend every prominent family in the city, stop introducing me to Ms. Hulle, Ms. Chilton, and the others," Damon replied calmly.

"You!" Marie glared at him. "Are you trying to drive me mad?"

"As long as you stop setting me up on these blind dates, you won't have to be upset," Damon retorted.

Marie was choked with frustration. "With so many women your age here tonight, didn't any of them catch your eye?"

"No," Damon answered flatly.

"Fine, just stay away from me. I'm tired of seeing you!" Marie snapped, waving him off.

Without another word, Damon turned and walked out.

As he left, Cindy tried to soothe Marie, but her gaze followed Damon's retreating figure with a hint of mockery.

It wasn't that he wasn't interested in anyone. It was just that the person he was interested in was impossible to have. Even if Nyla wasn't married to Clark, Richard and Marie would never approve of her. Outside the main hall, Damon called over the butler and said coldly, "Get me a copy of tonight's surveillance footage."

The butler looked confused but didn't dare ask questions upon seeing Damon's icy demeanor. He immediately went to make the copy.

"Mr. Damon, some of the cameras in the house malfunctioned tonight, so there are a few areas without footage," the butler informed him hesitantly.

trason's hips pressed into a thin line, his expression menacing

Malfunctioning? What a coincidence.

Understood. You can go back to your work, he dismissed the butler c

frathon held the USB drive tightly with a smirk. Did they think breaking the cameras would prevent far from finding evidence?

Mane's tarthday party continued until just before midnight.

Today Homes Offer

Paradse 219

Chapter 219

Before leaving Damon ordered that the service staff who had followed Cyrus' orders. be bound and brought directly before Marie and Richard.

These traitorous servants need to be dealt with sooner rather than later," he said.

Richard's face darkened. "What's going on here?"

"You should ask my dear older brother about that," Damon replied.

Richard turned his cold gaze to Cyrus. "You explain."

Cyrus grimaced. He hadn't expected Damon to expose the matter so publicly.

The living room fell silent as everyone's eyes focused on Cyrus, who remained unwilling to speak.

"if you don't explain, I'll investigate it myself Richard slammed the table, his eyes burning with anger.

It was clear that Damon's dramatic display meant Cyrus' actions were anything but simple

Under Richard's icy stare, Cyrus felt the mounting pressure. He was about to reveal everything when he looked up and met Damon's smirking gaze.

"Cyrus, you should understand the gravity of the situation," Damon reminded him.

Hearing the threat in Damon's tone, Cyrus gritted his teeth and said coldly, "I drugged Damon and arranged for a woman to be sent to his bed for the sake of an investment in the company."

He didn't mention that the woman was Nyla, knowing that not only Damon would come after him, but also that Clark would likely despise him even more.

"Preposterous!" Richard was both enraged and disappointed as he looked at Cyrus.

Marie, too, was in disbelief. "Cyrus, have you gone mad? Damon is your brother, your own flesh and blood. How could you drug your own family? Do you want to drive me and your father to our graves?" "Dad, Mom, I'm sorry... I had no other choice, Cyrus apologized, lowering his head, his eyes filled with anger and resentment.

If only Damon had invested in his company as requested, Cyrus wouldn't have been driven to each desperate measure, nor would Damon have exposed him

"We can't" you say? If you had no choice but to drug Damon, would you find yourself with no choice but to harm your own family in the future? Marie demanded.

As to the old wing and stay there until your brother is well enough to growled

two maids escorted Cyrus away in silence.

Tonight, everyone. You can go now. We need to rest, Richard and Marie dismissed the remaining guests

As Damon was about to get into his car outside the house, Clark suddenly asked, "Uncle Damon, my dad mentioned preparing to send a woman to your bed. Who is that woman?" Damon raised an eyebrow. "Why the sudden interest?"

I'm just curious. Who is this woman? Clark pressed.

Since they had been so tight-lipped about the woman's identity, Clark had a bad feeling it seemed too coincidental that Nyla had also disappeared for a while.

"You don't know her, so there's no need to be curious, Damon said before getting into the car and driving off

As Damon's car disappeared from view, Clark turned to Nyla and, as if casually, asked, "Nyla, why do you think my dad chose tonight to drug Uncle Damon?"

If Cyrus's goal was simply to find a woman, there would have been no need to do it during Marie's birthday party. Such an action, if discovered, would embarrass the Summers and would not be forgiven by Marie or Richard. There must have been a specific reason for choosing this night. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Hips looked up, her expression indifferent. If you're so curious, your dad is currently in the old wing. Why don't you go ask him yourself?

Paradise 220

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Clark frowned, displeasure evident in his eyes.

Nyla didn't even glance at him as she opened the car door and got in.

During the drive back, they remained silent. At traffic lights, Clark glanced at Nyla several times, as if he wanted to say something.

Nevertheless, Nyla kept her gaze fixed out the window, offering no indication that she wanted to talk.

When they reached Nyla's building and she was about to get out of the car, Clark finally spoke up. "Nyla, does Dad's scheme against Uncle Damon tonight have anything to do with you?" Nyla turned to him, her eyes cold. "Why would you think it's related to me?"

Clark's gaze grew heavy. After a long pause, he shook his head. "No reason. I just noticed you disappeared for a while earlier, so I thought I'd ask."

"If you really want to know the truth, you should ask your dad," Nyla said and then pushed the car door open to leave.

At home, Nyla sat on the sofa and pulled out her phone to find Damon's contact information. After a moment's hesitation, she called him.

The phone rang a few times before Damon answered. He didn't say anything, and the line was filled with their breathing.

Nyla lowered her gaze and said slowly, "Uncle Damon, you once said that if I wanted a divorce, I could contact you anytime. I want to divorce Clark now. Can you help me?"

As she spoke, she could clearly hear Damon's breathing become heavier on the other end of the line.

"Why the sudden decision to divorce? Is it because of what happened tonight with Cyrus?" Damon asked.

"Partly," Nyla admitted, though she didn't want to explain further

Damon was silent for a few seconds before responding in a low voice "Come to my

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office tomorrow morning"

After hanging up, Nyla set her phone down, covered her eyes with her hands, and sighed softly.

If Damon ever found out she was using him, he might never forgive her. Yet, as she thought about what Clark and Cyrus had done to her and the Jaystons, her expression hardened. Furthermore, being close to Damon would make investigating Cyrus eas

Ultimately, she was just being selfish.

The next morning, Nyla got up an hour early, spent half an hour on her makeup, and chose a fitted dress to wear.

When she arrived at the company, she went straight to the top floor.

As she entered Damon's office, he was preparing to review documents. An inscrutable emotion flickered in his eyes upon seeing her.

"You're wearing makeup today?" Damon asked.

Nyla paused momentarily before nodding. "Yes."

Damon didn't pursue the matter further. He was pleased that she had put effort into her appearance for him.

She took a seat across from him, and he finally spoke. "You were serious about wanting a divorce from Clark?"

"Yes. There's no need to continue this marriage," Nyla replied.

She knew that if she asked for a divorce, Clark would not agree. Only with Damon's help could she ensure a smooth divorce.

"How much do you want in terms of asset division?" Damon asked.

Nyla looked up in surprise, her gaze confused. She had expected Damon to only help with the divorce, not to negotiate for her share of the assets.

*50% would be ideal, but if not, it's fine. I just want the divorce," she clarified.

"Alright, I understand. You can go back for now," Damon said.

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Seeing Damon's calm demeanor, Nyla hesitated for a moment before speaking softly. "Uncle Damon, I've tried to discuss the divorce with him before, and he was very resistant... Damon chuckled, raising an eyebrow as he looked at her. "Are you doubting my ability to get you that divorce?"

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