

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 221

Chapter 221

Nyla shook her head. "That's not what I meant I just want to say that, whether or not the divorce goes through, I'm very grateful to you, Uncle Damon."

"I don't need your gratitude in words," Damon replied.

Nyla looked up, meeting Damon's deep, penetrating gaze. Unease washed over her, and she quickly averted her eyes.

"Then... what do you want?" she asked.

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"Once you've divorced him, I'll tell you what I want," Damon answered.

Nyla bit her lower lip. "Alright."

It wasn't until she left Damon's office that she finally felt the weight of his intense, probing gaze lift.

Nyla let out a breath of relief. A vague idea of what Damon might want lingered in her mind, but since she had already made up her mind, she wouldn't regret whatever she had to sacrifice. As she reached the elevator, she ran into Erin coming out.

Upon seeing her, Erin's eyes narrowed, and the smile on her face vanished instantly. "Ms. Nyla, if I'm not mistaken, this is the CEO's office, not your lab," Erin remarked. Erin, being a woman herself, could easily tell that Nyla had put extra effort into her appearance today. The thought that it might be to seduce Damon made her grip her documents tighter, her knuckles turning white as she glared at Nyla. Nyla remained calm. "Ms. Hulle, I don't believe I'm your subordinate, so where I go isn't your concern."

Erin sneered. "I just wanted to remind you that you're Clark's wife, Damon's niece-in-law. You'd do well to remember your place."

"There's no need for you to remind me of that," Nyla retorted.

As Nyla stepped into the elevator, she looked back at Erin and said, "Ms. Hulle, don't think that hiding behind others and scheming won't eventually catch up with you. Walk the path long enough, and you'll run into something nasty."

What did she mean by that?

Erin's expression shifted as she realized that Hyla was referring to Jacqueline's plot against Valarie,

The elevator doors closed, cutting off Nyla's cold stare.

Erin took a deep breath to steady herself, No matter what suspicions Nyla harbored, she couldn't possibly have any evidence.

Erin needed only to focus on making Damon fall in love with her. Once she married him, dealing with Nyla would be as simple as saying the word.

That evening, after work, Nyla drove to the hospital to visit Harrison.

As she reached the door of his hospital room, she heard the sound of an argument inside. She quickly pushed the door open and was shocked to see Jordyn standing there.

"Jordyn, what are you doing here?!" Nyla demanded, her eyes narrowing.

Everyone in the room turned to look at her.

Jordyn's smile deepened.

"Ms. Jayston, I just came to check on Mr. Jayston, but it seems I'm not very welcome here," Jordyn replied sarcastically.

"Get out of here right now!" Nyla roared.

She had never encountered someone as shameless as Jordyn, who dared to show up at her father's hospital room and cause trouble.

Jordyn looked at her mockingly. "If I were you, Nyla, I'd divorce Clark. After all, I'm carrying his child,"

"Get out!" Nyla yelled again.

"Fine, I'm leaving. It's not like I want to stay here anyway. This place smells so cheap, it's suffocating," Jordyn sang as she waved her hand in front of her nose, pretending to fan away the smell. Without another word, she walked past Nyla and left.

Nyla turned to Harrison, who lay in the hospital bed. She couldn't meet his eyes, afraid she would see disappointment there.

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SINCERCO

"Dad, Wren, I'm sorry... I didn't know she would come and make a scene... Dad, please don't be upset. Your health is what matters most," she pleaded.

Harrison sighed. "Nyla, when I saw her and Clark getting cozy at the hospital last time, I had my suspicions. I'm not disappointed, I just feel that this is all so unfair to you..."

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Nyla forced a bitter smile. She had always tried to maintain the illusion that her marriage was fine in front of Harrison, but now she realized how foolish she had been. "Dad, this was the path I chose. I can accept the consequences," she replied.

Before marrying Clark, Harrison had warned her that life with the Sumners might not be easy, especially since the Jaystons were bankrupt.

Nyla had believed that as long as she and Clark loved each other, they could overcome anything. Now, she understood how naive she had been.

Harrison sighed softly, his voice gentle. "Nyla, don't worry about me. If you feel like you can't stay with him anymore, I'll support whatever decision you make."

Nyla's nose tingled as tears threatened to fall. She replied, "Dad, I know. But right now, the most important thing is for you to focus on getting better."

Harrison wanted to mention his plan to discharge himself from the hospital, but seeing Nyla's red-rimmed eyes, he held back. He decided to wait for a better time to bring it up. After spending some time in the hospital room, Wren walked Nyla out.

At the hospital entrance, Wren looked at her with concern and said, "Nyla, I know staying with Clark is hard on you, but if you're thinking about divorce, I just ask that you wait until after your dad's kidney transplant. I'm begging you..."

The plea in Wren's gaze made Nyla's expression darken. She hesitated for a moment before deciding to tell Wren the truth. "Wren, the kidney we found before... Clark gave it to someone else." Wren's eyes widened in disbelief, and she staggered back a step.

"What did you say?" she asked, her voice trembling.

"Wren, will find another kidney for my dad, but it might take some time," Nyla assured her.

Wren didn't respond, her face turning ashen

They had been waiting for that kidney for years, and now Nyla was telling her that someone else. Anyone would find that hard to accept

Clark had gi

long since When quietly turned and started walking back toward the Hospital. Her steps were unsteady, and Nyla quickly moved to support her Nylated to comfort her Wren, MI find a way to get the kidney-" you find?

Before she could finish, Wren pushed her away. "Find a way? What way Clark's people searched for over two years before they found that kidney. How many years will it take you? Your dad can't wait that long!"

Wren's eyes were filled with anger and despair. It was as if someone who had been wandering in darkness suddenly saw a ray of light, only for that light to be abruptly snuffed out

Seeing Wren so agitated, Nyla pressed her lips together. "Wren, I know this is hard to accept right now. We can talk about it when you've calmed down.

"Nyta, does Clark giving the kidney to someone else have anything to do with you?" Wren demanded.

Her gaze was accusatory. Clark had assured them that the kidney would go to Harrison, so why had he suddenly changed his mind?

Nyla's hands clenched at her sides. After a moment, she finally uttered, "Yes."

"I knew it," Wren said, walking away without looking back.

Nyla didn't try to stop her. She knew Wren was blaming her. While she could understand Wren's feelings, she didn't believe she was at fault. The blame lay with Clark After watching Wren disappear into the hospital, Nyla turned and left.

Late at night, in the Prospectus Technology CEO's office...

Spencer handed a document to Damon, his expression hesitant as he asked, "Mr. Sumner, are you sure you want to give these documents to Ms. Jayston?" Today's Bonus Offer

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Inside the folder were all the pieces of evidence showing how Cyrus had conspired with Clement to sabotage Harris Pharmaceuticals. If this folder were given to Nyla, it would likely send Cyrus to prison. No matter how terrible Cyrus was, he was still Damon's older brother.

Damon took the file, his expression cold. "I know what I need to do. You can go now."

his icy

Spencer hesitated. He wanted to persuade Damon further, but see demeanor, he decided to leave without saying more.

Once the office was quiet again, Damon opened the file and examined its contents. After a moment, he placed it in the bottom drawer of his desk.

Giving this evidence to Nyla would certainly lead to her divorce from Clark, but it would also mean Cyrus' downfall. Despite all the despicable things Cyrus had done, he was still family.

After a moment of thought, Damon called Spencer back into the office and quietly gave him a few instructions.

The next morning...

Nyla had just woken up when she received a call from Valarie.

"Nyla, you need to check the trending topics right now!" Valarie exclaimed.

Nyla quickly opened her phone and was shocked to see photos of Clark and Jordyn kissing all over the Internet.

Before she could process what was happening, Clark called her.

"I'm outside your door. Open up," he said.

His voice was cold, and Nyla frowned, a sense of unease washing over her.

"What are you doing at my door? You think I'm the one who leaked those photos online, don't you?" she asked.

There was a moment of silence on the other end before Clark spoke again. "My grandparent know about it. They want us to go to their residence together." "Fine. Give me five minutes," Nyla said.

She quickly got dressed and ready, stepping out of her apartment within five minutes

To her surprise, Clark was already waiting at her door. He looked exhausted, with dark circles under his eyes, clearly having not slept well.

"Let's go," she said curtly.

As they waited for the elevator, Clark asked in a low voice, "Are you sure you had nothing to do with this?"

Nyla shot him a cold look. "If you think I did it, then show me the evidence. If you don't have any, then shut up."

Ever since she discovered that Clark had given the kidney intended for Harrison to Jordyn's father, she could barely stand the sight of him. She wished he would disappear and had no interest in pretending otherwise.

Clark took a deep breath, trying to keep his composure. "Nyla, I just need to know. When we face my grandparents later, I need you to cooperate with me."

Nyla's expression remained icy. "Why should I cooperate with you? To help you lie to your grandparents about not cheating? Do you really think they're that stupid?"

The moment those photos of him and Jordyn were posted online, his infidelity became impossible to hide.

Given Clark's high status in the city, a reporter who had taken pictures of him cheating would typically have tried to sell the photos to him first, rather than expose them immediately.

Nyla recalled her conversation with Damon about wanting a divorce and had a gut feeling he might have been involved in leaking the photos. But with Clark standing right next to her, she couldn't confirm her suspicions.

Clark warned, "Nyla, don't forget about your father's kidney-"

Nyla cut him off with a bitter laugh. "Clark, are you seriously trying to blackmail me with that kidney again? Do you really think I'm that gullible?"

Clark's eyes flashed with guilt as he asked coldly, "When did I ever lie to you?"

"Haven't you already given the kidney to Jordyn's father? Now you're trying to use it to blackmail me into helping you lie? You're truly shameless!" Nyla retorted.

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Chapter 224

Clark's eyes widened in shock, his expression darkening. "How did you-"

"Does it really matter how I found out?" Nyla interrupted.

Clark fell silent, his face tense as he stared at her.

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When the elevator doors opened, Nyla walked in without hesitation. Set Clark still standing at the entrance, she asked coldly, "Aren't we going to the family home?"

Clark took a deep breath and stepped into the elevator. He looked at Nyla and said, "Nyla, Jordyn's father was in a car accident, and it was an emergency-"

Nyla, clearly fed up, cut him off sharply. "Don't bother making excuses. The fact is, you've already made your choice between me and Jordyn."

Clark attempted to explain, "It's not like that-

"Enough. The more you explain, the more disgusted I get!" Nyla snapped.

Clark's face froze, and the elevator fell into silence, the only sound being its soft hum as it descended.

Soon, they reached the ground floor.

Nyla walked out of the elevator and headed straight to her car.

"I'll see you at the family home," she said curtly.

Clark frowned and replied, "Nyla, my grandparents are going to be furious. There are some things we need to discuss on the way. You should ride with me."

Nyla turned to him, her voice devoid of warmth. "There's nothing to discuss. I'll tell them the truth."

Now that Clark had given away the kidney that could have saved Harrison, she had no reason to cover for him. In fact, she planned to use this opportunity to push for a divorce. Without another glance at him, she got into her car and drove off.

It wasn't until Clark's figure disappeared from her rearview mirror that she picked up her phone and called Damon.

The phone rang a few times before he answered. "What's wrong?"

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Damon's deep voice sounded distant, almost echoing in Nyla's ear.

She bit her lip before asking softly, "Are you in a meeting? Am I interrupting?"

Damon sat at the head of the table in the conference room at Prospectus Technology, surrounded by the company's board members. His cold expression and commanding presence made him an intimidating figure to everyone in the room.

"It's fine. Go ahead," Damon replied.

"Uncle Damon, I just wanted to ask if you arranged for Clark's affair photos to be leaked online?"

Damon's gaze hardened.

"Yes," he answered.

"Got it. Thank you, Uncle Damon," Nyla replied.

"Is there anything else?" Damon asked.

"No, that's all," Nyla answered.

After hanging up, Damon's voice returned to its usual icy tone. "Let's resume the meeting."

The board members kept their heads down, but their minds were racing.

They

ey couldn't help but wonder who was important enough for Damon to take a call in the middle of a meeting—a rarity, as he had never done so before.

An hour later, Nyla arrived at the Sumner residence.

Clark was already there.

Without exchanging any words with him, Nyla walked straight into the house.

As soon as they stepped into the living room, Richard's angry voice greeted Clark. "Get over here and kneel!"

Clark's face pulsed. He took a deep breath and walked over to kneel in front of Richard and Marie.

On the nearby sofa, Cindy and Cyrus sat with equally grim expressions.

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Nyla halted a few steps behind Clark, ignoring the icy glare Cindy directed at her. She found it ironic that Cindy, whose son had been the one to engage

to look at her with such disdain.

Clark dared

Richard turned to Clark, his expression filled with deep disappointment: "Clark, have you forgotten the Sumners' code of conduct?"

It was hard for him to grasp that the grandson he had raised with such care was now following in his father's footsteps, entangled in an affair just like Cyrus had been. Today's Borsus Offer

Paradise 225

Chapter 225

The disappointment in Richard's eyes made Clark's heart sink. "Grandpa, I just couldn't resist the temptation for a moment. I know I was wrong."

Richard's anger deepened. "If you can't resist even a small temptation, how will you handle greater ones in the future? I can't trust you with the Sumner G

should resign.*

Clark was appalled.

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Just as he was about to speak, Cindy's voice, filled with indignation, cut him off." Dad, aren't you being too harsh on Clark? He only strayed because Nyla can't have children. Do you really expect Clark to spend his whole life with a woman who won't give him children?"

Nyla let out a cold laugh. Cindy was really grasping at excuses for Clark's affair. It was as if his lack of self-control was somehow her fault.

"Don't you think that's ridiculous? Before Jordyn got pregnant, did he even know that would happen?" Nyla countered.

"What? That woman is pregnant?" Marie asked, looking at Clark with a mix of frustration and disappointment. "Clark, how could you be so foolish?"

If this got out, the Sumners' reputation would be in tatters.

Clark kept his head down, unable to meet Marie's gaze. He knew she was his only hope now.

"Grandma, I'm sorry. I really know I was wrong. I promise it won't happen again, and I've worked at the Sumner Group for so long. I don't want to leave," he pleaded.

Nyla's expression was full of disdain. "Clark, you really want to have it all, don't you?" "Shut up!" Cindy snapped. "If you had kept Clark under control, he wouldn't have gotten involved with that other woman. You're just as much to blame for this mess!" Nyla wanted to roll her eyes but knew Cindy wasn't the one who had the final say there, so she didn't bother arguing. Instead, she turned to Richard and said calmly, Grandpa, now that Clark's affair is known to everyone, I have no interest in maintaining is marriage. I'm planning to divorce him."

Everyone in the room turned their eyes to her, especially Clark, who stared at her with a mix of ange

fisbelief.

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Nyla was bringing up divorce at this critical moment?!

"No! I won't divorce you!" Clark blurted out.

Richard glowered, lowering his gaze as he sank into deep thought. Although he was in his 70s, his authoritative presence still commanded respect and fear.

Nyla ignored Clark and kept her eyes on Richard, waiting for his response.

After a tense silence, Richard finally spoke, his voice heavy. "I understand how you feel, but you can't divorce Clark right now."

At this point, the only evidence available online was photos, with no substantial proof. If Nyla divorced Clark now, it would be akin to indirectly admitting that he had indeed had an affair. Although Richard was deeply disappointed by Clark's actions, Clark was still someone he had personally groomed for the family business. He couldn't just abandon him over one mistake. His harsh words earlier were intended to teach Clark a lesson, ensuring he wouldn't repeat such behavior.

Nyla's hands clenched at her sides, and her gaze grew cold as she looked at Richard. She hadn't expected that, even with Jordyn pregnant, the Sumners would still side with Clark. "And what if I insist on getting a divorce?" she asked.

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Chapter 226

Richard looked at her with a gaze full of superiority. "You don't have a choice."

Nyla's gaze was resolute as she replied, "I have a recording of Clark's affair. If you don't agree, I'll make it public."

Her determination was clear-she intended to use this opportunity to

divorce Clark.

Richard's expression remained cold, unaffected by her threat. "Don't forget, your father is still in the hospital. I don't want to make things ugly, so I hope you'll be smart about this. Once this scandal dies down, I'll arrange for a quiet divorce." TH

"Why should I believe that you'll actually let us divorce?" Nyla pressed.

"You have no choice but to trust me. Right now, you don't have the leverage to negotiate," Richard stated bluntly.

Nyla's hands clenched tightly. For a moment, she considered revealing Cyrus' plot against

Harris Pharmaceuticals, but she held back at the last second. Until she had solid evidence that could send Cyrus to prison, she couldn't let the Sumners know what she was aware of. She took a deep breath and told Richard, "One month. If we're not divorced by then, I'll go public with Clark's affair!"

"Fine. Now, let's discuss how to handle this situation," Richard replied.

Half an hour later, Nyla and Clark walked out of the Sumner residence.

As soon as they reached the door, Clark grabbed Nyla's wrist, gritting his teeth. "Nyla, no matter what, I won't divorce you!"

Nyla pulled her hand away, her expression mocking. "Clark, you will divorce me-unless you don't care about losing the Sumner Group."

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+25 BONUS

With that, she turned and got into her car, driving away.

Midway through her drive, she received a call from Valarie, asking about the Sumner Group's statement.

Earlier at the Sumner residence, Richard had mentioned that the Sumner Group would issue a statement claiming the photos were just a matter of misleading angles, downplaying the situation. They planned to wait until the scandal lost traction and then have Nyla and Clark attend a few events together to show that their marriage was still intact.

"It's exactly what you saw. The Sumners are sweeping it under the rug," Nyla said.

Valarie was furious. "The Sumners are really pushing it too far!"

"Getting angry isn't worth it. Clark's grandfather has already agreed that once this blows over, I'll be able to divorce Clark quietly," Nyla said.

"Really? If you can finally get that divorce, it'll be a relief. What Clark and Jordyn have done is disgusting," Valarie remarked.

Nyla wasn't entirely convinced, but

she knew she had to gather enough evidence to put Cyrus behind bars. That was the only way to ensure the divorce would go through without any issues.

"Yeah. Valarie, I'm driving right now. Let's talk later," Nyla said.

After hanging up, she turned her car around and headed straight to the police station to meet Lucia. She spent over half an hour there.

Whatever their discussion entailed

Nyla signed a letter of leniency before leaving.

Not long after she got home, Damon called her.

"Things didn't go well back home?" he asked.

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Nyla lowered her gaze and replied softly, "No. Your father promised that he would arrange for Clark and me to divorce quietly once this scandal has passed."

There was a brief pause on the other end before Damon's deep voice came through. "Did Clark agree to that?"

"If he doesn't agree, your father probably won't pass the Sumner Group to him," Nyla said.

"Alright," Damon answered.

They fell into silence. Given their current relationship, there wasn't much more to say.

"I have some things to take care of... I'll go now," Nyla said, excusing herself.

"Yeah. If you need anything from me, don't hesitate to call," Damon said.

After hanging up, Nyla set her phone aside and opened her laptop. She entered the account and password Lucia had given her into the cloud drive. Soon, she opened an encrypted file.

As she read through the contents, her expression grew icy.

The encrypted file contained not only evidence of Cyrus' plot against Harris Pharmaceuticals but also a wealth of incriminating information about Clement's illegal activities over the years.

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Chapter 227

+25 BONUS

If these pieces of evidence were exposed, they would ensure that both Cyrus and Clement spent the rest of their lives in prison,

Nyla made several copies of the files and stored them in different locations before finally shutting down her computer.

With this evidence in hand, she had the power to fight back if the Sumners failed to keep their promises.

Regardless of whether they honored their word, she was determined to hand over these files to the police eventually, ensuring that Clement and Cyrus would face the consequences of their actions.

The next morning, as Nyla arrived at the office, Melody greeted her excitedly. "Nyla! I can't believe it-

you're married to Clark Sumner, the CEO of the Sumner Group! Doesn't that mean Mr. Damon Sumner of Prospectus Technology is your uncle?"

It was no wonder she had always felt that Damon treated Nyla with a certain level of care-it turned out they were family.

Nyla frowned slightly. "How do you know about this?"

This explained why she had sensed odd looks from the employees of Prospectus Technology when she arrived this morning. Before Nyla and Clark got married, they announced the wedding but kept her identity private, so only a few people knew about it. Melody paused, momentarily startled, then said, "Didn't a gossip account post a picture yesterday of Mr. Clark supposedly having an affair with his secretary? This morning, he released a statement saying that you're his wife and that your relationship is strong..." Chapter 227

+25 BONUS

Nyla quickly pulled out her phone and went online, where she indeed found Clark's statement.

Not only had he released a statement, but he had also shared numerous details about their married life, portraying himself as a devoted husband who would never betray his wife.

Nyla's hands trembled as she gripped the phone, stunned by Clark's shamelessness. He had chosen this moment to reveal their marriage, just to clear his name.

Seeing Nyla's dark expression and lack of any joy, Melody realized she might have said the wrong thing. "Nyla..."

Nyla took a deep breath and looked at her. "Let's focus on the experiment. I'll be back in a moment."

She walked out of the lab and immediately called Clark.

"Clark, what's the meaning of that statement?" she demanded.

"Ms. Jayston, Clark is busy making me fresh juice right now. If you have something to say, I can relay the message." Jordyn's sweet voice echoed from the other end of the line.

Nyla frowned, her tone cold. "Put him on the phone."

"I'm afraid that's not possible. He's a bit too occupied to take your call," Jordyn replied, her tone dripping with glee and provocation.

Nyla scoffed and ended the call without another word.

When she returned to the lab and

saw Melody nervously avoiding her gaze, Nyla felt a pang of

helplessness. "Melody, I'm not upset with you. I was just surprised, that's all

Melody let out a sigh of relief. "That's good. I was worried I had said something wrong."

*25 BONUS

"No. This has nothing to do with you. Let's focus on the experiment," Nyla said.

Melody nodded. "Right. By the way, Nyla, Mr. Hogg delivered an invitation earlier this morning. I left it on your desk, so don't forget to check it."

Nyla walked over to her desk and picked up the envelope.

Spencer had sent an invitation to a pharmaceutical research

symposium in Saintornia, hosted by the Sumner Group and attended by several pharmaceutical companies. The focus of the

symposium was closely related to her current research, so attending could be very beneficial for her work.

She checked the date-Friday evening.

With no other plans at that time, she asked Melody to clear her

schedule so they could attend the symposium together.

Just as Nyla was about to start the experiment, her phone buzzed with a message from Damon, inviting her to dinner that evening. Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

Chapter 228

Chapter 228

Surprise flashed in Nyla's eyes. Why would Damon suddenly invite her to dinner?

As she hesitated, another message from him appeared on her phone.

Damon: [I'll be waiting in the parking lot at 6:30 p.m.]

It seemed he wasn't giving her a chance to refuse.

Considering that he had helped persuade Richard to agree to her divorce from Clark, she felt she owed him a meal as a thank you.

Nyla replied with a simple "Okay". She then put her phone away and focused on her experiment.

"Nyla, our recent experiments have been going really well. In a little while, we should be able to start testing on lab mice," Melody said excitedly.

Nyla shook her head. "It's not that simple. Before we move to trials, we need to go through countless experiments and trial and

error to find the best solution. It can take years, even over a decade, for a drug to go from research to market."

Melody looked shocked, momentarily pausing her work with the test tubes. "It takes that long?"

"Yes, and even during trials, there can be many unpredictable factors that require constant adjustments," Nyla elaborated.

If one lacked patience, this line of work could be really tough. The

early stages of experimentation were often filled with repeated failures, and it was difficult to pinpoint why things weren't working. The daily repetition could be exhausting and monotonous. "I see." Melody sighed, clearly disappointed. She had assumed the

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experiment might wrap up in six months, not realizing it could take years. With her lively personality, such a slow-paced and demanding process was particularly challenging

Nyla tried to comfort her. "But don't worry too much. Who knows? Maybe we'll get incredibly lucky, and every experiment will succeed. In that case, we could move to trials pretty quickly." Knowing Nyla was trying to comfort her, Melody forced a smile and nodded.

Nyla didn't say anything more. She knew that research could be tedious, and if Melody couldn't stick it out, it might be better for her to find a different path sooner rather than later. That evening, Nyla took the elevator down to the basement level.

Damon's car was parked not far from the elevator.

After getting in, she looked at him, her expression serious.

"Uncle Damon, let me treat you to dinner tonight," she offered.

Damon glanced at her with a slight smile. "Why?"

"To thank you for leaking the news about Clark's affair," Nyla replied. Damon raised an eyebrow, nodding with a hint of amusement. "Alright" There was an unreadable emotion in his dark eyes that made Nyla feel uneasy. She looked away, her ears turning slightly red.

The car grew quiet as Damon picked up a file to continue reading.

The scent of gardenias from Nyla filled the car, distracting him. He found himself staring at the same line of text for several minutes before finally closing the file with a sigh.

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"I'm planning to send your father abroad for treatment," he said in a low voice,

Nyla was taken aback and instinctively refused, "That won't be

necessary. I'll find a way to take care of my father's treatment myself."

"You wouldn't want any surprises to derail your divorce from Clark, would you?" Damon asked.

Nyla lowered her gaze, her hands slowly clenching in her lap. She knew the Sumners might continue to use Harrison to threaten her. Sending him abroad for treatment would indeed be better. At least she wouldn't have to worry about him being used against her.

However, Harrison was weak, and she worried he wouldn't survive a long flight. Moreover, if he were overseas, she wouldn't be able to reach him quickly if something happened. After a moment of silence, she still declined. "Uncle Damon, I

appreciate your thoughtfulness, but I don't want to send my father abroad."

Today's Bonus Offer

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Nyla's voice was gentle yet resolute.

Damon knew her well enough to understand that once she made up her mind, no one could change it. Thus, he didn't press the matter further.

As they arrived at the restaurant entrance, they ran into Clark and Jordyn.

The moment Clark saw Nyla and Damon together, his expression turned cold.

"Uncle Damon, why are you here alone with Nyla?" Clark asked icily.

"Thelped her out with something, and she's treating me to dinner to thank me. Is that a problem? Or are you just eager to provide the tabloids with more material? Perhaps you want to give the paparazzi more evidence of your affair?" Damon retorted.

Clark sneered. This restaurant was one of the most private in the city- only the wealthy and influential dined there. The paparazzi wouldn't

dare to invade this space.

"Since we've run into each other, why don't we all have dinner together?" Clark suggested.

Damon shot him a frosty glance. "Sitting your pregnant mistress at the same table as your wife-only you would think of that."

Clark's expression darkened. He wouldn't have suggested it if he wasn't so keen on preventing them from spending time alone together. Before he could say anything, Jordyn jumped in.

"Ms. Jayston, I don't mind joining you for dinner. After all, I'm not that petty," she said.

Nyla hadn't intended to engage with Jordyn, but

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causing trouble, she couldn't let it slide.

"And what right do you have to be petty? Is it your shamelessness?" Nyla shot back.

Jordyn's face paled, and she glared at Nyla with icy eyes..

Not wanting to waste any more time on them, Nyla turned to Damon." Uncle Damon, shall we go inside?" "Sure," Damon replied.

Clark moved to stop them, but Jordyn held him back. "Clark, making a scene here won't do us any good."

Everyone dining there held

significant status in the city. Given

that Clark and Nyla were still married, a public confrontation could easily turn Jordyn into a target of public scorn.

Clark took a deep breath,

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suppressing his anger, and leered at

her. "If you hadn't insisted on coming here, we wouldn't be in this mess!"

Jordyn sighed. "But if we hadn't come, would Nyla have told you she was dining with your uncle alone?"

Clark's expression darkened further, fury flickering in his eyes.

Throughout the meal, Clark

remained distracted, barely engaging in Jordyn's attempts at conversation. When they finally

finished, he arranged for the driver

to take Jordyn home while he waited outside the restaurant for Nyla and Damon.

After half an hour, just as his patience was wearing thin, Nyla and Damon finally emerged, side by side.

Nyla wore a white dress, her long hair tied back, accentuating her delicate and beautiful features. Standing next to the impeccably

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dressed Damon, they looked like a couple straight out of a fairytale- perfectly matched.

The sight pierced Clark's heart. He quickly strode over, blocking their path, his face a mask of irritation.

"I'll take you home," he told Nyla.

"That's not necessary. I'm riding with Uncle Damon," she replied calmly.

Clark's anger bubbled like a volcano on the verge of eruption. He seemed ready to lose control.

"Nyla, don't forget-you're still my wife!" he snapped.

Nyla chuckled, her gaze clear and piercing.

"And I don't recall any law that says just because you're my husband, I have to listen to everything you say," she retorted.

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Clark let out a cold laugh. "If you dare get in the car with Uncle Damon, I'll call my grandparents and tell them he has feelings for you!"

Nyla frowned, shocked at how low Clark was willing to go.

The air around Damon instantly turned icy. He fixed Clark with a piercing stare, his presence overwhelming. "If you think you can handle the consequences, go ahead and make the call." "Uncle Damon, all you ever do is threaten me with the Sumner Group. But guess what? I don't care about the Sumner Group anymore," Clark said, attempting to sound confident.

To Damon, it was almost laughable. He sneered. "You don't care about the Sumner Group? Or is it because your affair photos went viral and your grandfather is so disappointed in you that he's planning to demote you to one of the subsidiary companies? Soon, you won't even be the CEO of the Sumner Group."

Clark's face flushed with embarrassment as Damon exposed the truth. "It's just a temporary demotion. It doesn't mean I won't have the chance to return to the Sumner Group," Clark said, clinging to his pride.

"You're right. You might get another chance. But if you keep pestering Nyla, that chance might just go to your cousin instead," Damon replied calmly.

Clark's hands clenched into fists at his sides, frustration and hesitation warring in his eyes. He knew he couldn't go head-to-head with Damon right now. Doing so would only make things worse. But he was done holding back.

Raising his head, he met Damon's gaze without flinching. "Uncle Damon, do whatever you want. But right now, I'm taking Nyla with me."

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A tense silence fell over the restaurant entrance, so quiet one could hear a pin drop, as his words hung in the air.

Nyla took a deep breath and spoke calmly. "Clark, we're getting divorced soon. There's no point in you continuing to pester me."

He had already paraded Jordyn around in public, clearly signaling that she mattered to him. Nyla didn't see the point in dragging out this argument.

"I told you! I'm not divorcing you," Clark insisted.

Nyla frowned, unwilling to continue the conversation. She turned to Damon. "Uncle Damon, I'll just take a cab home."

With that, she walked toward the street.

Clark moved to stop her, but Damon blocked his path. "Clinging to her like this will only make her hate you more."

Clark glared at Damon with disdain. "Uncle Damon, there are so many women in the world. Why do you have to make me a cuckold?"

Damon's expression remained neutral, "You're the one who cheated first. Instead of reflecting on your own mistakes, what right do you have to question me?"

"Even if Nyla and I do get divorced, you'll never be with her. Grandpa and Grandma would never approve," è Clark said, convinced that Damon's interest in Nyla was just a passing fancy and that he'd never actually marry her.

"That's none of your concern," Damon replied, noticing out of the corner of his eye that Nyla had already gotten into a taxi.

Not interested in continuing the pointless conversation with Clark, he got into his car and left.

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Back at home, Nyla rested on the couch for a while. Just as she was about to get ready for bed, her phone rang.

Surprise flickered in her eyes when she saw that it was Wren, but she answered. "Wren, is something the matter?"

Wren's voice came through, laced with guilt. "Nyla, I was wrong the other day at the hospital. I said some harsh things, and I hope you can forgive me."

Wren was an elder. Since she had already apologized, Nyla couldn't hold a grudge, even if she still felt uneasy about it.

"Wren, I'm not angry. I understand that you were worried about my father's condition," she replied.

Wren seemed relieved, her tone

softening. "Nyla, I know you've been

through a lot with Clark's affair... but what's done is done. I wanted to discuss something with you. How about waiting until Clark finds a kidney donor for your father before you two finalize the divorce? Would that be okay?"

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