

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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Wren's voice was pleading, but a chill ran down Nyla's spine. This must be the real reason she had called.

Nyla had already been blackmailed by Clark numerous times with the promise of a kidney donation for her father, only to be betrayed when the kidney was given to Jordyn's father instead.

"Wren, I can't agree to this," Nyla replied firmly. "A person can't live without bottom lines. If I compromise this time, I'll be letting Clark control me forever."

She had compromised too many times before, each instance leading to more pain and betrayal from Clark. She wouldn't trust him again, nor would she compromise.

There was a long silence on the other end of the line, followed by the sound of the call being disconnected.

Nyla had no intention of calling back. She simply put down her phone and went to take a shower.

The next few days passed quietly.

Clark didn't reach out, and Nyla's life returned to its calm routine.

Just when she thought she could approach Richard in about a week to quietly discuss divorcing Clark, news broke out that Jordyn was pregnant. Photos of Clark and Jordyn kissing resurfaced and began trending once more.

Unaware that Jordyn's pregnancy had been exposed, Nyla noticed people giving her sympathetic looks as she walked into the office, leaving her puzzled.

Did she have something on her face?

She had no idea that people were now assuming she would soon be abandoned by Clark. After all, it had only been a few days since their hidden marriage was made public.

Now, news of Jordyn's pregnancy had leaked, along with the recent photos of her kissing Clark. It was hard not to assume that the child was Clark's.

When Nyla entered the lab, she noticed that even Melody was sneaking glances at her, her expression a mix of sympathy and hesitation.

Nyla frowned. "Melody, did something happen? Why is everyone looking at me so strangely?"

"You really don't know?" Melody's gaze filled with even more pity as she looked at Nyla.

"What's going on? Don't just stand there. Tell me!" Nyla demanded.

"Well... just look for yourself," Melody muttered, thrusting a phone screen in front of Nyla.

Nyla took a closer look, and her expression darkened instantly.

She quickly pulled out her phone and called Clark, but despite several attempts, he didn't pick up. With each unanswered call, her expression grew increasingly grim. Meanwhile, Clark was ordering Michael to find out who had leaked the news about Jordyn's pregnancy

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online.

"Mr. Sumner, it was first posted on a foreign website, and we can't trace the specific IP address," Michael reported.

Clark's expression turned icy. "So you're telling me you can't find out who did this?"

"...Yes," Michael replied.

"Useless!" Clark angrily slammed a folder to the floor. "There are only a handful of people who know about Jordyn's pregnancy. Investigate every single one! I refuse to believe we can't uncover the truth!"

He had just publicly announced his marriage to Nyla, and now, someone had deliberately leaked Jordyn's pregnancy. It had to be intentional!

Clark suspected that Damon might be behind it.

"Focus the investigation on my uncle!" Clark ordered.

"Yes, sir!" Michael responded promptly.

As Michael left, Clark's phone rang. He assumed it was Nyla again and was about to hang up, but when he saw it was Richard, his expression turned grim.

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Richard's call at that moment filled Clark with dread.

"Grandpa..." he began hesitantly.

Richard's voice crackled with anger. "Don't call me Grandpa! I don't have such a foolish grandson! The news about that woman's pregnancy has caused a huge scandal, and it's already affecting the Sumner Group's stock prices. You need to resign and leave the company immediately!"

Clark's face drained of color. "Grandpa... what about my transfer to the subsidiary?"

"Don't even think about it. The board is extremely dissatisfied with you right now. You need to handle this scandal. If you can't clean up this mess, don't bother coming back to the company!" Richard bellowed. The words struck Clark like a bolt of lightning, and panic washed over him. "Grandpa, I promise I'll resolve this as quickly as possible. There won't be a next time. If the board members have concerns, I'm willing to start from the bottom at the subsidiary."

If he was expelled from the Sumner Group altogether and barred from the subsidiary, it would be nearly impossible to return to the company in the future.

A long silence followed before Richard's cold voice broke through. "We'll discuss this later. For now, you should take a break and think carefully about what you should and shouldn't do."

With that, Richard hung up.

Despair flickered in Clark's eyes. He knew his grandfather was truly disappointed in him. His cousin, Brandon, had always been eyeing his position. Now that he was leaving the Sumner Group, Brandon would surely seize the opportunity to climb the ladder.

By the time Clark resolved the situation with Jordyn and tried to return, would there even be a place for him at the Sumner Group?

Resentment and frustration churned inside Clark, but he was powerless to change anything.

As he brooded, his phone rang again.

He picked it up and asked coldly, "What is it?"

"Clark... I don't know how, but the news about my pregnancy got out, and now reporters are swarming outside my apartment. What should I do?" Jordyn's voice trembled with panic.

"Lock the door," Clark ordered, his tone firm. "I'll send someone over to deal with the reporters."

"But even if you get rid of them, they'll just come back. Someone even splashed paint on my door and threatened me... I'm scared..." Jordyn sobbed.

Clark frowned. "I understand. I'll come get you soon. We'll find a new place for you to stay temporarily."

He hung up, ready to leave, when the office door suddenly flew open with a loud bang. Six board members stormed in, their faces dark with anger.

The lead board member slammed a document onto Clark's desk. "Mr. Sumner, look at what you've done! The Sumner Group's stock price dropped by a point today! Do you have any idea how much money

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company has lost because of you?"

Clark looked up, his gaze cold. "Mr. Colton, next time, please knock before you enter."

Hugo Colton sneered. "We just held a board meeting and unanimously decided to terminate you. Starting tomorrow, you won't need to come in anymore."

"As long as I'm still the CEO of the Sumner Group, you knock before entering my office," Clark insisted, his voice steely.

"I've said what I came to say. I hope you'll have your things packed by the end of the day. The new CEO will be taking over tomorrow," Hugo warned.

Clark's expression darkened. "Who is the new CEO?"

Before Hugo could answer, a cold voice came from the doorway. "It's me."

Clark turned to see Brandon standing there with a smile.

Clark's hands clenched into fists.

It had taken Clark two years to earn the respect of the board members, and now, their grandfather was appointing Brandon—who had been with the company for only a short time—as CEO?

A surge of bitterness and rage rose within Clark. No matter how hard he worked, he could never measure up to Damon in Richard's eyes. Now, he couldn't even compete with Brandon. How could he accept this?

"Clark, you look surprised to see me," Brandon said, smirking.

Clark's face was icy. "You've only been with the company for a short time. What makes you qualified for this position?"

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Brandon didn't get angry. He calmly replied, "At least I won't cause a scandal that tanks the company's stock price by getting a mistress pregnant. Don't you agree?" 1

Clark glared at him, an intense and menacing aura surrounding him. "Get out!"

"I'll wait for you to pack up your office so that I can move in tomorrow," Brandon taunted.

Soon, everyone left the office, leaving Clark alone. He swept the documents off his desk in a fit of rage and stormed out.

An hour later, Jordyn entered Clark's car with a small suitcase through the back gate of her apartment complex.

"Clark, thank goodness for you. I really don't know what I would've done without you..." she said.

Clark drove in silence, his face dark and stormy.

Sensing his foul mood, Jordyn bit her lip. "Clark... Shouldn't we try to suppress the news about my pregnancy?"

Clark's grip on the steering wheel tightened. "You don't need to worry about that. Your priority now is to make sure the baby is born."

A glint appeared in Jordyn's eyes as she suggested, "I suspect Ms. Jayston is behind this..."

Clark's black Cayenne came to an abrupt stop with a screech. He turned to her with a chilling expression. "You think it was her? Tell me, what would she gain from this?"

Jordyn flinched under his icy gaze, fear creeping into her voice. "Hasn't she been wanting a divorce? If my pregnancy is all over the news, she can use it to take the moral high ground and pressure you into divorcing her..."

"A few days ago, my grandfather promised her that once the scandal of our photos blew over, he'd allow us to divorce in secret. Leaking this wouldn't benefit her in any way," Clark countered. Jordyn lowered her eyes and said slowly, "I still think it was her. After all, blowing this up might help her get a bigger settlement when you divorce."

A bigger settlement?

Clark suddenly remembered that when Nyla first discovered his affair, she had demanded half of his assets. If that was her motivation, it wouldn't be entirely impossible that she was behind this. Moreover, only a few people knew about Jordyn's pregnancy. It was highly likely that Nyla, eager to expedite the divorce, had leaked the information to force his hand.

The thought of being expelled from the Sumner Group because of this filled Clark with a cold, simmering

anger.

After dropping Jordyn off at one of his properties and arranging for a housekeeper to look after her, Clark left.

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When Nyla saw the so-called "evidence" on Clark's phone, her eyes filled with sarcasm. "So, based on this chat screenshot, you've decided it was me?"

"That's not all," Clark replied, his tone cold. "There's also a recording."

He played the recording right in front of Nyla.

As she listened, she finally understood-it was all a setup, specifically designed to frame her. She couldn't figure out what the person behind this stood to gain.

"This voice does sound a lot like mine," Nyla said calmly. "However, if you take it to a forensic lab, you'll see it's been fabricated."

Clark's gaze was full of disappointment as he looked at her. "I gave you the evidence you asked for, but you're still denying it? Nyla, when did you become so malicious?"

"Is it that I'm malicious, or that you want to believe I am? You didn't even bother to have this recording or the chat logs authenticated, yet you've decided it was me. If I really wanted to leak Jordyn's pregnancy, would I leave such obvious evidence for you to find?" Nyla retorted.

Anyone with a bit of common sense could see she was being framed, but Clark was determined to believe she was the culprit.

He was silent for a few moments. When Michael first sent him the evidence, he had his doubts too. The problem was that someone had to take the fall for this.

"Nyla, I've already promised you that Jordyn won't threaten your position. Because of this, my grandfather has lost all faith in me. If I don't handle this properly, I will lose my inheritance and my right to the Sumner Group," Clark said.

"So?" Nyla asked coldly, waiting to hear just how shameless he could be.

"If you tell my grandparents that you can't have children and wanted a child, and that's why I turned to Jordyn..." Clark elaborated.

Nyla slapped him hard across the face, trembling with rage. "Clark, you're utterly despicable!"

She was shaking with fury, unable to believe he would make such an outrageous suggestion.

A handprint bloomed on Clark's face, and his gaze turned icy. "Did I say something wrong? If it weren't for your infertility, would I have strayed?"

As his words hung in the air, the hallway fell into a heavy silence. Hurt flashed across Nyla's eyes, and Clark felt a pang of guilt.

"Nyla, I didn't mean-" he began.

"Enough!" she interrupted, her voice cold and indifferent. "I don't want to hear any more."

Clark looked down, his tone subdued. "We're both a bit emotional right now. I'll come back to discuss this when you've calmed down."

Nyla didn't respond or look at him. She just stared at the floor, her face expressionless.

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With a sigh, Clark turned and left.

Back home, Nyla called Damon. "Uncle Damon, was it you who leaked the news about Jordyn's pregnancy?"

There was a brief pause on the other end before Damon's deep voice responded. "No. Why do you ask?"

"No reason, just curious. You're probably busy, so I won't keep you." She quickly ended the call, realizing that if Damon had been responsible, he wouldn't have bothered to create fake evidence. In her haste, she had overlooked this detail.

The only people who knew about Jordyn's pregnancy and would go to such lengths to frame her were Jordyn and Cindy.

Cindy was aware of Clark's precarious position in the Sumner Group and wouldn't have leaked the news herself.

That left only one suspect.

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Nyla had not yet confronted Jordyn about bribing the maid to swap her dress last time. Just days later, Jordyn was already pushing her luck again.

Considering the so-called evidence against her, Nyla found it laughable. The fact that Clark believed it without even verifying it showed just how blind and foolish he had become.

After a moment's thought, Nyla called Michael. She obtained the audio being used as evidence from him and immediately sent it to a reputable forensic agency in Saintornia. Given the money involved, they promised results within three days.

Nyla then packed a few changes of clothes and checked into a hotel, knowing Clark would likely come looking for her the next day. Until the results arrived, she had no intention of engaging in any pointless arguments with him.

As expected, as soon as she arrived at the office the next morning, she received a call from Clark. His voice was agitated, almost frantic. "Where are you? You didn't come home again last night?! Were you with Damon?"

Nyla frowned and hung up on him. He called back multiple times, but she simply declined each call until she finally blocked his number out of sheer annoyance.

Realizing he had been blocked, Clark decided to wait outside Prospectus Technology. Now that he had been ousted from the Sumner Group, he had plenty of time and was determined to force Nyla to accompany him to the Summer residence.

As Nyla left the office that evening, Clark immediately confronted her. His face was dark, and his eyes blazed with anger. "Nyla, have you thought about what said yesterday?"

"You really think I'd consider something like that?" Nyla retorted.

She moved to walk past him, but he grabbed her arm. "How does ruining me benefit you? You used to say you loved me, but now you can't even do this one small thing to help me. Were all your feelings for me a lie?"

Clark's aggressive stance made Nyla laugh in disbelief. It took a special kind of nerve to say something like that with a straight face.

"Are you seriously blaming me for this? You're the one who couldn't keep it in your pants and got someone else pregnant. That's why you're in this mess," Nyla said.

Clark gnashed his teeth, his voice cold. "No matter what, you're coming with me to the Summer residence to explain this."

Nyla yanked her arm free, her voice firm. "Sorry, but I'm not in the habit of taking the blame for others."

In their three years of marriage, she hadn't become pregnant. If Clark had desired a child so desperately, he could have divorced her and pursued a relationship with someone else.

If he genuinely believed their marriage was failing, she would have let him go without protest. Instead, he chose to cheat.

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Now, he had the audacity to demand that she go to his family and claim that her desire for a child drove him to be with Jordyn.

Clark's shamelessness knew no bounds.

"Are you really this heartless?" Clark glared at Nyla, his eyes bloodshot and his expression terrifying.

His entire demeanor radiated a chilling menace, and Nyla felt a pang of unease, instinctively taking a few steps back.

Clark reached out to grab her.

Just as his hand was about to touch her, a cold voice echoed from the side, "Touch her, and you can kiss that hand goodbye."

Clark froze, then slowly turned to see Damon approaching with a poker face.

Clark snorted and narrowed his eyes dangerously. "Uncle Damon, I've already been kicked out of the Sumner Group. Do you really think you can still use it to threaten me

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"I don't need the Sumner Group to deal with you," Damon said, his voice cold.

Clark's expression darkened. He scoffed. "Nyla and I are married. Whatever happens between us is none of your business." "Even as her husband, you have no right to force her into something she doesn't want to do," Damon replied, his tone unwavering. Besides, it wouldn't be long before Clark and Nyla were divorced.

The two men locked eyes, and the tension between them was palpable, the air around them seeming to drop in temperature.

"Clark, stop harassing me. I'm not going to agree with what you just proposed, no matter what," Nyla said coldly.

Clark felt a chill in his heart. Nyla knew how important the Sumner Group was to him, yet she still refused to help.

With Damon standing there, he realized that trying to reason with her was futile.

"Nyla, I'll come back another time," Clark said.

Nyla frowned. No matter how many times he came, she knew she wouldn't change her mind. Before she could respond, he turned and left.

"If he comes back to bother you, just call security and have him thrown out," Damon advised Nyla.

Nyla nodded. "I will. Thank you, Uncle Damon."

"I'll drive you home," Damon offered, his usually cold eyes softened with a touch of warmth.

Nyla felt a bit flustered and looked away, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. "No need. I have my car."

"Alright, drive safely," Damon said.

After Nyla left, Damon called Spencer. "Arrange for two people to keep an eye on Nyla from the shadows."

When Clark had left, his eyes had been filled with resentment. If Nyla continued to refuse his demands, who knew what he might do to her?

Back at the hotel, Nyla turned on her phone and was immediately greeted by a flood of messages from Valarie.

More photos and details of Clark's affair with Jordyn had been leaked online, and Jordyn's social media account had been exposed.

An angry mob of users had swarmed her comments, cursing her so viciously that she ended up trending.

Nyla wasn't particularly interested in the drama. She sent a few casual replies to Valarie before opening a food delivery app to order dinner.

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As Clark approached the villa, he noticed a swarm of reporters gathered outside. His expression darkened. He could handle those at the door, but he knew that many more paparazzi were likely hiding nearby, waiting for a chance to pounce.

With that in mind, he turned his car around and headed for Jordyn's place.

When Jordyn saw him, her face lit up with joy. "Clark, what are you doing here?"

Clark brushed past her, his expression icy as he walked into the living room. "Jordyn, did you have anything to do with this?"

He suspected that something was amiss with the exposure of her pregnancy.

The only person who could help him now was Nyla. So, when Michael found the so-called evidence, he didn't ask anyone else to investigate further. There was only a chance to turn things around if Nyla was

behind it.

Jordyn's eyes filled with tears, and she looked at him with a wounded expression. "Clark, what good would it do me to expose this? Didn't you see the reporters outside my house? If you had been any later, they would have broken down the door."

She looked pitiful as she cried, but Clark remained unmoved.

"Because of this, I've been kicked out of the Sumner Group. This better have nothing to do with you, or you'll wish you were never born!" Clark hissed.

His icy stare made Jordyn shudder. She shook her head quickly. "It really has nothing to do with me."

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Clark didn't believe Jordyn's words, but he chose not to respond. Suddenly, his phone rang.

"Mr. Sumner, more photos and details about your affair with Jordyn have been exposed. The online backlash is intense, and... the Sumner Group just released a statement saying you've been dismissed," Michael informed him.

The statement from the Sumner Group didn't mention Clark's resignation. It stated that he had been fired, indicating that Richard was genuinely furious.

Clark clenched his phone and took a deep breath before replying, "I understand. Let me know if there's anything else."

"Okay," Michael replied.

After hanging up, Clark took a moment to collect his thoughts, grabbed his coat, and left.

Jordyn called after him, but he ignored her completely.

He drove to the Sumner residence and, upon arriving, did not go inside. Instead, he knelt at the entrance. Richard and Marie were taking a walk in the garden when they were informed of the situation. Richard snorted. "If he wants to kneel, let him! It's a good chance for him to reflect on his foolish actions!" Marie couldn't bear it. "No matter what, the situation has happened. Forcing him out of the Sumner Group like this is a bit excessive."

"If we don't teach him a lesson this time, he'll just keep making foolish mistakes. We don't need to worry about him," Richard said firmly.

Seeing Richard's determination to punish Clark, Marie sighed and stopped arguing. After all, this incident had not only harmed the Sumner Group but also embarrassed the entire Sumners. Prominent families in Saintornia were already taking pleasure in the Sumners' misfortune.

After dinner, Nyla was about to read some documents when her phone began buzzing incessantly. As soon as she unlocked it, she was met with a flood of messages from Cindy, each one probing her. Cindy: [Do you know Clark has been kneeling at the Summer residence's entrance for hours? Where are you?]

Cindy: [Is this how a wife behaves? I heard you're the one behind this mess. How could you be so ruthless?]

Cindy: [You're the one who can't have children. How dare you expose this?]

Cindy: [Go to the Summer residence and kneel with him, or I won't let you off the hook!]

Cindy continued to send messages.

Nyla skimmed through a few and then blocked Cindy, instantly restoring peace to her world.

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Soon after, Cindy began bombarding Nyla with phone calls, but Nyla persistently hung up and blocked her number.

If Clark ended up left at the Sumners' door, it would be none of her concern. No one forced him to kneel there.

Frustrated by being blocked, Cindy threw her phone. "This wretched woman! I should never have let her into the family. She's a disaster, ruining Clark's life!"

Nearby, Cyrus frowned and said coldly, "What good does complaining do now? The most important thing is to get Clark reinstated in the Sumner Group. Otherwise, Brandon will replace him soon."

"No way! I'm going to the estate right now. I'll kneel with him. I don't believe Mom and Dad won't see us!" Cindy declared as she stood up to leave.

"Can't you stop making things worse?" Cyrus snapped.

Cindy turned to look at him, her eyes filled with anger. "Making things worse? You're not exactly helping. I don't see you coming up with any solutions. It's your failure as a father that's forcing Clark to depend on your father's favor!"

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Cyrus was livid. "How dare you blame me? You raised such a worthless son who can't even manage one mistress properly!"

"Shut up!" Cindy retorted, her chest heaving with anger. "If you hadn't been out of the house all the time with your string of mistresses, Clark wouldn't have turned out like this. He learned it all from you!" Cyrus sneered. "I'm not going to argue about old grievances. It's pointless now. You'd better not make things worse. If you really anger the old man, Clark might never get back into the Sumner Group." After all, the Sumners had more than one heir.

As Cyrus was about to leave, Cindy tried to stop him but was shoved aside, nearly falling. When she managed to steady herself and looked around, Cyrus had already disappeared.

Clark had been kneeling at the Sumner residence entrance all night. When it started pouring rain in the middle of the night, he stayed put, enduring the downpour until he collapsed.

The next morning, a maid found him unconscious at the door.

Marie quickly called the family doctor and had Clark carried back to his room.

After a hectic morning, Clark finally woke up.

Seeing the familiar bedroom, he managed a faint smile. His plan had worked-the strategy of using his suffering had paid off. The rain had come just in time. Otherwise, he might still be outside the mansion. When Clark saw that the IV drip was almost empty, he pulled it out and went downstairs.

Seeing Richard and Marie sitting in the living room, he walked up to them and knelt.

"Grandpa, Grandma, I know I've disappointed you greatly. I hope you can eventually forgive me, but more than anything, I hope you don't let this affect your health," he said. Richard maintained a stern expression, well aware that Clark's suffering was a calculated move. With years of business experience, he was not easily fooled by such tactics. Marie sighed and said, "You're still ill. Get up for now."

Clark shook his head. "Grandma, I've made mistakes, so I should kneel."

"Now you realize you were wrong? What do you plan to do about it?" Richard asked.

Clark straightened up and said, "This incident was orchestrated by Nyla, but I'm also at fault. I don't blame her. I'll face all the consequences alone."

Richard's face darkened with anger. "What will you use to take responsibility? The Sumner Group has lost billions because of this scandal. It has grown so large that even if we clarify things now, no one will believe it."

Clark paused as if finally making up his mind. "Grandpa, I will send Jordyn abroad and ensure she doesn't appear in Saintornia again."

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Richard looked at him coldly, clearly disappointed. He hadn't expected Clark to come up with such a half-baked solution after days of contemplation.

"And what about the child she's carrying?" Richard asked.

"She's in poor health, and an abortion could be life-threatening. Besides, it's my child, so I plan to let her have it," Clark replied.

"Foolish!" Richard's eyes blazed with anger. "If you do this, don't ever call me Grandpa again!"

Marie's expression was also grim as she looked at Clark. "Clark, you've been married to Nyla for three years without getting her pregnant. Now you're bringing a child from a mistress into the mix. Are you trying to ruin the Sumners' reputation completely?"

"Grandma, the reason we haven't had a child in three years is that she can't conceive. No matter how hard we try, it won't work." Clark threw Nyla under the bus.

"What?!" Marie looked at him in shock. "Are you sure it's her problem?"

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"Yeah. We did tests before. Her body has a hard time conceiving, so I plan to have Jordyn carry the baby and then let Nyla raise it as her own," Clark informed.

Marie was infuriated. "Why are you only mentioning this now?!"

Had she known earlier that Nyla couldn't have children, she would never have allowed Clark to marry her, no matter how long he had knelt.

Clark lowered his head, his voice lacking confidence. "I thought with some time and treatment, we'd eventually succeed..."

Marie forced herself to stay calm and said coldly, "Call Nyla back immediately. You must divorce her!" Given Nyla's previous disrespect toward her, Marie was already dissatisfied. Now that she knew Nyla couldn't bear children, she would never allow her to remain married to Clark.

Clark looked up at Marie. "Grandma, I won't divorce her. Even if she can't have children, I don't care." "You're truly insane. If you don't divorce her, you're no longer my grandson!" With that, Marie stormed off. Richard looked at Clark with a cold gaze. "I agree with your grandmother. Besides, Nyla plans to divorce you. Do you really want to spend your life with a woman who can't bear children?"

They had been married for only three years, and Clark had already cheated. What would happen in the future?

Unlike before, Clark was unusually stubborn this time as he said, "Grandpa, no matter what you say, I won't divorce her."

"If you don't, I won't let you return to the Sumner Group!" Richard snapped.

Clark smiled bitterly and said, "I have already been kicked out of the Sumner Group and am too ashamed to go back. After this, I've realized that relying on others isn't dependable. I'm planning to start my own business."

Richard turned icy. "Do you think you're as talented as Damon and can succeed in business just like that?"

Over the years, Clark had endured Richard's belittlement, but at this moment, he could no longer hold back.

He had tolerated so much over the years, and now, because of a single scandal, Richard had easily abandoned him. If Damon had been the one to cheat, Richard would not have expelled him so swiftly. In the end, it was nothing more than favoritism.

"Grandpa, I may not be as clever as Uncle Damon, but at least I will work hard on my own. And I won't covet someone else's wife!"

Richard's eyes widened in shock. "What did you say? Coveting someone else's wife?"

Clark stood up straight, gazing at Richard with a mocking expression. "Ask him about it yourself. I also want to see if he has the nerve to confess to you!"

With that, Clark turned and left without looking back.

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Richard's angry shouts followed him, but he ignored them.

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Outside the Sumner residence, Clark gazed up at the clear blue sky, his eyes burning with resentment and anger. He was determined to carve out his own path and never be threatened by anyone again. Damon was in a meeting at Prospectus Technology when his phone on the table suddenly vibrated. Seeing Richard's name on the screen, he looked surprised and said, "Let's take a ten-minute break." He picked up the phone and walked to the window. As soon as he answered, Richard's furious voice came through. "Damon, Clark just accused you of coveting someone else's wife. What's going on?"

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Damon narrowed his eyes. It seemed Clark really didn't want to return to the Sumner Group.

"I'm in a meeting right now. I'll explain everything to you tonight," Damon said.

Since Nyla and Clark weren't divorced yet, Damon didn't want the Sumners to know about his feelings for Nyla. Although he had fallen for her first, the Sumners would likely think she was the one who had seduced him.

Richard didn't respond and just hung up.

Damon called Spencer over and instructed quietly, "Find out where Clark is and bring him to see me after the meeting." Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The meeting dragged on for over two hours before it finally ended.

When Damon announced it was over, the department managers visibly relaxed.

Back in Damon's office, his gaze turned cold when he saw Clark sitting on the couch.

The atmosphere was tense and oppressive.

Damon sat down across from Clark and said coldly, "No matter what you tell your grandfather, I won't give up on Nyla."

Clark smiled. "Uncle Damon, whether you give up or not doesn't matter to me. I'm not divorcing her, so you'll never be with her."

Damon's gaze hardened. "Whether you divorce or not isn't up to you."

Clark's eyes flashed with sarcasm. "If it's not up to me, then it's not up to you either. Now that I'm out of the Sumner Group, you can't use it to threaten me. What can you do to make me divorce her?" Clark had no intention of divorcing Nyla and planned to flaunt his relationship with her in front of Damon, making the latter suffer.

"You acting this way only makes me think she must have been blind before," Damon said.

Clark sneered. "Uncle Damon, provoking me won't help, As long as I'm alive, I won't let you be with her!" With that, Clark got up and left.

Once the office door slammed shut, Damon sat down at his desk, opened the bottom drawer, and retrieved the file he had stashed away earlier. After a moment's thought, he made a phone call. In the evening, Valarie arrived at the restaurant.

As she sat down across from Damon, she was still somewhat surprised that he had asked to meet her. "Damon... I mean, Mr. Sumner, what do you need to see me about?" she asked. Damon pushed a file across the table to her and said in a serious tone, "Please give this file to Nyla. She'll

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know what to do with it."

Valarie's eyes widened in surprise, and she frowned. "Mr. Sumner, if I remember correctly, Nyla is now working at Prospectus Technology. Wouldn't it be easier for you to give it to her directly?" Damon nodded. "Yes, but I have reasons for not being able to hand it to her myself. I hope you can keep this confidential."

"Can I ask why?" Valarie was curious about why Damon needed her to deliver the file.

"Ms. Weir, I can't disclose the specific reasons. However, if she chooses to tell you, you'll understand when you hand over the file. If you agree to help, I'll owe you a favor," Damon said.

Valarie took the file and smiled. "Forget about the favor. I heard that when I was in a coma after falling from the hotel, it was you who called for the ambulance and sent me to the hospital. You also helped find out that it was Jacqueline behind it. Consider this a way to repay you for that."

"Thank you, Ms. Weir," Damon replied.

"However, this file must be important. If Nyla asks where I got it, what should I say?" Valarie asked.

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"Just say it was sent to you by someone named Pete," Damon replied.

If Pete hadn't suddenly disappeared, Damon wouldn't have needed to find Valarie.

"Got it," Valarie said.

After their discussion, Valarie decided not to stay for dinner with Damon, as they weren't close.

"If there's nothing else, I'll head out now," she said.

Damon looked at her seriously. "Ms. Weir, please keep this matter confidential. I don't want anyone to know that I handed you this file."

"Don't worry. I'll keep it to myself," Valarie assured him.

Once Valarie left the restaurant, she went directly to Nyla's place.

When Nyla saw Valarie, she was pleasantly surprised. "Valarie, what are you doing here?"

Valarie smiled. "I missed you, so I came by. Let me in first."

Nyla stepped aside to let her in. Once they were seated in the living room, Valarie took the file from her bag and handed it to Nyla.

Nyla took it with a puzzled expression. "What's this?"

As soon as Nyla opened it and read a few lines, her expression changed drastically. "Valarie, how do you have this?"

Seeing Nyla's serious demeanor, Valarie said casually, "Someone named Pete sent it to me and asked me to give it to you. Do you know him? What's in the file?"

Valarie leaned in to take a look, but Nyla quickly closed the file and asked, "Did you read this?"

Noticing Nyla's reluctance to share the contents, Valarie shook her head. "No, I haven't read it. But why are you being so secretive? Is it classified?"

Nyla took a deep breath and replied, "Valarie, I can't tell you what's in the file right now. I'll explain it to you when the time is right."

Valarie, who generally didn't like prying into others' private matters, chose not to press further.

"Alright. I have other things to do. I'll visit you again next time," she said.

"Okay. Let me see you out," Nyla replied.

At the door, Nyla looked at Valarie with gratitude. "Valarie, thank you. This file is very important to me."

Seeing Nyla's serious expression, Valarie couldn't help but smile. "No need to thank me. We're friends, after all. Take care."

After Valarie left, Nyla immediately

called Pete, but his phone was off. She also sent him a message but received no reply. Suspecting he might be in trouble, she transferred some money to him and expressed her thanks before opening the file to review it.

The file contained evidence not only of Cyrus collaborating with Clement to scheme against Harris Pharmaceuticals but also of other criminal activities involving both of them.

As Nyla read, her frown deepened. She didn't hear the faint sound of the door lock turning.

It wasn't until she heard soft

footsteps that she looked up in

shock, her face turning pale when she saw Clark. Instinctively, she closed the file and coldly asked, "What are you doing here?"

Seeing her reach for her phone on the table, Clark said calmly, "Nyla whether you contact Damon or call the police won't make a difference. I'm your husband. It's only natural for me to be here."

Ignoring his words, Nyla quickly unlocked her phone.

Clark was quicker. The moment she unlocked it, he snatched her phone away.

Nyla tried to grab it back, and the file fell to the floor. As it opened, Clark glanced down at it.

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Nyla panicked and lunged at Clark. "Give me back my phone!"

Clark stumbled backward from her sudden attack, struggling to regain his balance. He grabbed her hand and said coldly, "I came here today to discuss something with you." Nyla wrenched her hand away. "I have nothing to discuss with you."

She looked up at him with a cold, unyielding gaze, her demeanor starkly different from the gentle woman he once knew.

"Nyla, I've informed my grandparents that I won't be returning to the Sumner Group. I'm planning to start my own business," Clark said.

Nyla's expression remained unmoved. "What you do has nothing to do with me."

Clark's gaze darkened. "Nyla, we're married. We're supposed to spend our lives together. Do you really want to make our relationship so strained?"

His words struck Nyla as somewhat amusing. How could he still be dreaming that she would spend her life with him?

Nyla's silence caused Clark's grip on the phone to tighten, his knuckles turning white.

He took a deep breath and said softly, "It was wrong of me to ask you to tell my grandparents that you wanted a child. I apologize. I won't force you to do things you don't want to do in the future." "If that's all you wanted to say, you can leave now," Nyla said curtly.

"Nyla, I need your help to start my business. You're working for someone else at Prospectus Technology.

"Why not join me? You'll only need to focus on drug research in the lab. I'll handle everything else and give you shares in the company. You'll be a shareholder. What do you think?" Clark offered.

Nyla laughed softly. "So you've finally revealed your true intentions. But it's a pity. I don't have a second patent right now. Even if I did, I wouldn't give it to you."

In the end, it was clear that Clark was clinging to her only because she was useful to him.

Clark frowned. "How can you not have one? Aren't you developing drugs at Prospectus Technology? You could bring that project over."

Seeing his presumptuous attitude,

Nyla felt a growing sense of estrangement. The once-spirited young man had transformed into a manipulative and hypocritical figure.

"You really have no limits," Nyla spat.

Noticing the mockery in her eyes, Clark gnashed his teeth and said coldly, "If you hadn't exposed Jordyn's pregnancy, I wouldn't have been kicked out of the Sumner Group. You need to take

responsibility for that."

"I've already had someone authenticate that so-called recording. The results should be out tomorrow. You really don't know who leaked this information?" Nyla asked.

Faced with Nyla's clear, unwavering gaze, Clark suddenly felt uneasy and looked away.

"Even if this isn't your fault, as my wife, you should support me. Only if my business succeeds will the Sumners value you," Clark insisted.

The Sumners' approval? Nyla once desired it, but now she didn't care at all.

However, if she didn't find a way to get Clark to leave, there was a risk he would discover the file.

When Nyla realized this, she pursed her lips, her gaze reflecting her

internal struggle. "I need to think ne

about it. If the company finds out, I could end up in prison."

Upon seeing her hesitation, Clark's expression softened slightly. "Alright. I'll give you time to think it over."

"I need to rest now. You should go," Nyla said.

Clark understood Nyla's nature, so he didn't push further and handed her back the phone.

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"Call me when you've made up your mind," Clark said.

Nyla took her phone, her gaze lowered in silence. After Clark left, she quickly locked the door and propped a chair against it, finally feeling a bit of safety.

After a moment of reflection, she called Damon.

In the Sumner residence's living room...

Richard and Marie sat on the sofa with grim expressions, while Damon stood nearby.

"Clark says you have feelings for a married woman. Is that true?" Richard asked, his gaze stern and scrutinizing.

As Richard's most distinguished son, Damon was expected to uphold the family's reputation. Richard could not tolerate any scandal involving Damon and a married woman.

Marie also looked displeased. Despite introducing Damon to many eligible young women, he hadn't shown interest in any of them. If it turned out he was interested in a married woman, it would be a major embarrassment.

Realizing the matter couldn't be hidden for long, Damon decided to be straightforward. "Yes."

Richard slammed his hand on the table, his face dark with anger. "I don't care who you're interested in! You need to end this immediately!"

Marie clutched her chest, unable to believe what she was hearing. "Damon, you've never caused us any trouble. With your status, you can have any woman you want. Why on earth are you fixated on a married woman?"

Damon met their gaze steadily and replied, "She'll be divorced soon."

Marie was so distressed she could barely speak. "Even if she divorces, it's unacceptable! If you're involved with a divorced woman, what will people say about you? They'll say you've lowered yourself to pick up someone else's leftovers!"

Damon's expression remained impassive. "I don't care what people say. A woman's worth isn't defined by how many times she's been married."

Hearing this, Richard threw his mug

in frustration and stood up angrily. "I'm not going to waste any more time talking to you. If you continue to pursue that woman, we'll cut off our father-son relationship

With that, he stormed out.

Damon was his pride, and he would not tolerate any blemishes in his life. As for the woman, he would investigate her background. If she was reasonable, he'd offer her money to stay away. If not, he'd ensure she disappeared from his life.

Marie looked at Damon with disappointment. "Damon, are you really going to turn the Sumners upside down for a divorced woman?"

Damon's expression remained calm,

showing no sign of retreat or

compromise. "Mom, it's not me causing trouble for the Sumners. It's

you

Who I choose to be with is a

personal matter.

"You can offer advice, but whether I take it is up to me. If you try to command me, the outcome will only disappoint you."

"You!" Marie was stunned by his resolve, her face flushed with anger as she struggled to find words.

"It's getting late. I'm leaving now. If you're willing to accept her, I'll bring her to meet you once we confirm our relationship. If not, I won't make you meet her," Damon said. With that, he turned and left.

Behind him, Marie's angry voice called out, "Stop right there!"

Damon ignored her and quickly walked out of the Sumner residence.

As soon as he got into the car, his phone buzzed. Seeing it was Nyla, he was momentarily surprised and answered the call. "What's up?"

"Uncle Damon, can you come over for a moment?" Nyla asked.

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When Damon arrived at Nyla's place, it was already an hour later.

"What's going on?" he asked.

Nyla looked up at him with reddened eyes. "Uncle Damon, can you help me find a place to stay? If I look for one myself, Clark might continue to harass me."

Upon seeing the hint of vulnerability in her eyes, Damon's gaze hardened. "Did Clark come by earlier?"

Nyla nodded. "Yes. I don't know where he got the keys, but he just walked in."

"Alright. I'll handle the rental. Do you need help with the divorce?" Damon asked.

Nyla looked down. "The divorce should be happening soon."

"Got it," Damon replied.

Noticing Damon's gaze resting on her, Nyla nervously clenched her hands and mustered the courage to look up at him. "If that's all, and since it's getting late, I'll see you out." Damon stood up. "No need. Get some rest."

After leaving the neighborhood, Damon called Spencer. "Clark broke into Nyla's place tonight. Did the two people I asked you to arrange not notice anything?"

The thought of Clark being alone with Nyla made Damon frown. With Clark expelled from the Sumner Group, who knew what he might do next?

"Mr. Sumner, I'll find out what happened right away," Spencer answered.

"Whatever the reason, replace them with new ones. Also, find a place to rent under your name," Damon instructed.

"Understood. I'll handle it immediately," Spencer replied.

After hanging up, Damon put his phone down and drummed his fingers absently on the steering wheel. The dim light in the car made his stern face appear half-hidden, giving off an intimidating aura.

The next morning, Nyla received a call from the authentication center. After reviewing the report, she immediately sent a copy to Clark.

It wasn't long before Clark called her, sounding somewhat resigned. "Nyla, it's all in the past. Why bring it up again?"

Nyla snorted. "In the past? You wronged me. Don't you think you owe me an apology?"

There was silence on the other end of the line.

After a few seconds, Clark spoke quietly. "I already apologized last night. You used to never be so aggressive. I barely recognize you now."

"It's because I was too easygoing

that you felt you could hurt me repeatedly. But I don't want to dwell

on the past. Bring your ID, annet

we'll

get divorced today," Nyla said.

Clark's voice turned cold. "Nyla, I'm not divorcing you. Besides, you said last night you'd think about what i proposed. Why the sudden change? Did Damon put you up to this?"

"Last night was just a temporary measure to get you to leave. I'll send you a document shortly. Meet me at the courthouse at 10:00 a.m. If you don't show up, I'll take the document to the police," Nyla stated.

With that, she hung up and sent Clark the file she had prepared the night before.

Shortly after, he called again, but she ignored it and blocked his number before heading to the courthouse with her ID.

She was certain Clark would come.

Clark stared at the photos Nyla had sent, his eyes red.

Could the incident with Harris Pharmaceuticals six years ago really be connected to Cyrus?

If these documents were authentic and Nyla turned them over to the police, Cyrus would surely end up in prison.

After a moment's reflection, Clark forwarded the photos to Cyrus.

It wasn't long before Cyrus called him.

Chapter 245

"Who gave you those documents?" Cyrus questioned.

Clark's voice was icy. "Nyla sent these documents to me. Dad, did you really have something to do with the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident six years ago?"

Cyrus's voice roared with anger. "How can you believe a woman over me?"

"It doesn't matter whether I believe you or not," Clark replied. "What matters is that Nyla is using these documents to force me into a divorce. She said if I don't agree, she'll turn them in to the police." "What?!" Cyrus ground his teeth, his voice filled with fury. "She must not be allowed to take those documents to the police!"

Clark smiled bitterly. He had hoped, even if just a little, that the documents were fabricated by Nyla to pressure him into a divorce. Cyrus' reaction made it clear that everything in those documents was true. "Dad, why did you do this? How am I supposed to face Nyla now?" Clark asked.

"I did it all for the Sumner Group. If I hadn't brought down Harris Pharmaceuticals, do you think the Sumner Group would be where it is today? Do you think you'd be the CEO?" Cyrus retorted.

"My position as CEO was earned because Nyla transferred her patent to me. It has nothing to do with you!" Clark hissed.

Nyla must have known about this incident long ago, which was why she was so determined to divorce him. Her hatred for him and the Sumners must run deep.

After all, if it weren't for that accident, she would still be the Jayston heiress, and her father wouldn't be living in the hospital, dependent on medication.

Cyrus roared, "If she wants a divorce, then let her have one! Those documents must not reach the police!"

Clark tightened his grip on his phone and abruptly hung up.

When Cyrus called back, he immediately turned off his phone.

Clark despised Cyrus, but no matter what, Cyrus was still his biological father. He couldn't bear to see him go to prison. However, he also didn't want to divorce Nyla...

It seemed there was no other choice now.

In Cyrus' office...

Cyrus' expression darkened severely when Clark's phone was turned off. He walked to the window, his cold eyes flashing with a hint of cruelty, and dialed a number on his phone.

At 9:50 a.m., Nyla was waiting at the courthouse for Clark.

She knew Clark well. Although he resented Cyrus, he had always longed for his father's approval. After seeing those photos, he would surely come to get divorced. Her phone

suddenly vibrated with a message from Valarie. As Nyla looked down to reply, she didn't notice a van speeding toward her, drawing nearer and nearer.

"Watch out!"

At the sound of a terrified shout, Nyla looked up and saw the van barreling toward her, her eyes widening in shock. The van was moving too fast for her to avoid. Just as the van was about to hit her, a black Cayenne suddenly appeared, crashing into the van.

The collision was deafening.

The van was pushed off course and slammed into a pillar at the courthouse entrance. The Cayenne rolled once on the ground before bursting into flames. Screams erupted around Nyla. Some people were calling for ambulances, while others were calling the police.

Recognizing the Cayenne as Clark's

car, Nyla was momentarily stunned and quickly ran toward the burning vehicle. Just as she reached the car, she was yanked back.

Chapter 246

When Damon arrived at the hospital an hour later, he found Nyla sitting in a chair outside the emergency room, her clothes stained with blood. She exuded a grim, lifeless aura.

He frowned and quickly approached her, crouching down.

Upon seeing her pale face, his gaze darkened. "Are you hurt?"

Hearing Damon's voice, Nyla seemed to snap back to reality. Her red-rimmed eyes slowly focused. When she realized it was Damon, she suddenly reached out and hugged him, her voice trembling. "U-Uncle Damon, Clark had an accident trying to save me... He's lost a lot of blood..." she stuttered.

Noticing her unstable emotions, Damon gently patted her back and spoke softly. "It's going to be alright. Don't worry. He'll be fine."

"What are you doing here?!" A sharp voice came from around the corner.

Nyla instinctively pulled away from Damon and turned to see Cindy approaching them angrily, followed by Cyrus, who also looked grim.

Cindy's gaze was like a knife, filled with murderous rage. Her son was in the emergency room fighting for his life, and there Nyla was, appearing to seek comfort from another man!

Cindy reached out to slap Nyla, but her hand was caught by a strong grip.

"This is a hospital. Please show some decency," Damon warned.

Cindy sneered and shook off Damon's hand, her eyes blazing with anger. "Damon, how dare you lecture me? You're the one lacking decency!"

"Don't forget, Nyla is your niece-in-law. The man inside is her husband. He had an accident trying to save her, and here she is, already in your arms. What a shameless woman!"

Damon's face darkened, his aura becoming menacing. "If you can't keep your comments in check, don't blame me for being rude."

"Oh, really? Let's see how rude you can be! You're making such a disgusting scene in public and don't want anyone to comment?" Cindy retorted.

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Before she could finish, Cyrus coldly interrupted, "Enough! The most important thing right now is to wait for Clark's surgery to be over. We can discuss the rest later."

With that, Cyrus' icy gaze fell on Nyla, his eyes flashing with hostility.

Cindy, already seething with anger, turned to Cyrus. "Why wait? This woman has already made a fool of your son. How can you stand it? Cyrus, are you still a man?"

Nyla lowered her gaze and remained silent. She didn't want to argue with Cindy at this moment. Even if she explained, Cindy wouldn't believe her.

Moreover, she had developed feelings for Damon and couldn't claim to be entirely innocent.

Cindy's accusations turned Cyrus' face ashen. He slapped her hard. "If you can't see what's important right now get out of here! Stop making a scene while Clark is in surgery!"

Cindy covered her face with her hand, staring at Cyrus in disbelief. Her eyes were filled with disappointment and resentment. "Cyrus, I must have been blind to marry you!"

Cyrus looked at her, his eyes devoid of warmth.

Seeing that he wouldn't support her, Cindy shot a venomous look at Nyla and said through gritted teeth, "If anything happens to Clark, I will never forgive you!" Damon stepped in front of Nyla, his gaze icy. "Then it depends on whether you have the ability to do anything to her."

Facing Damon's sharp gaze, Cindy scoffed and fell silent.

Chapter 247

The corridor fell silent. Even the drop of a needle would have been audible.

After an indeterminate amount of time, the emergency room door finally swung open.

Cindy rushed forward to intercept the doctor. "Doctor, how is my son?"

"There's no immediate danger to his life, but he may never be able to walk again. Please be prepared for that," the doctor replied.

"What?" Cindy staggered back, her eyes wide with disbelief and fear. She grabbed the doctor's hand desperately. "Doctor, he's my only son. You have to save him!"

If Clark were to become disabled, he'd lose any chance of inheriting the Sumner Group. Richard would never hand over the company to someone unable to walk.

The doctor pushed her hand away and shook his head. "I've done all I can. The patient will be moved to a regular ward soon. You can visit him there."

Cindy spun around to face Nyla and charged at her. "Nyla, you wretched woman! You've done this to my son. I won't let you get away with it!" Before she could reach Nyla, Damon stepped in and blocked her path. He stood between them, preventing any harm from coming to Nyla.

Cindy was so agitated that she lashed out at Damon, trying to slap him.

Cyrus' face turned pale as he quickly grabbed her.

"Are you out of your mind?" Cyrus demanded.

Cindy shook him off, her eyes red. "Yes, I'm mad! My son is crippled, and I can't even vent my frustration? It's all Nyla's fault. I should never have let her marry Clark. I regret it so much!"

She collapsed onto the floor, tears streaming down her face. She cried and pounded her chest like a mad woman. Clark was her only child, her last hope for the future. Seeing him turned into a cripple was more painful than death.

Cyrus grabbed her and pulled her up, his voice stern. "Go see Clark in the ward first. We'll deal with the leg issue later."

With that, he dragged Cindy away.

Damon turned to Nyla, who had remained silent, and said softly, "Don't blame yourself too much. This isn't your fault."

Nyla took a deep breath and looked up at Damon. "Uncle Damon, this wasn't an accident. Someone tried to kill me." When the van charged at her, it had shown no signs of slowing down. If anything, it had accelerated. The intention was clear.

"I'll look into it. If it turns out to be deliberate, I'll find out who's behind it," Damon assured her.

"Thank you, Uncle Damon," Nyla replied.

"Let's go to the ward," Damon said.

As they reached the ward, they saw two police officers standing at the door. When they noticed Nyla and Damon, they approached them.

"Ms. Jayston, we need to take your

statement regarding this morning's

accident. Is this a good time for

you to be interviewed?" one of the officers asked.

Nyla pressed her lips together, her voice hoarse. "Yes. Is it alright to do it here?"

"That's fine," the officer answered.

The officers and Nyla took a seat on a bench outside the ward, and the questioning began.

No one noticed that Cyrus' face momentarily darkened.

After the statement was taken,

which took about half an hour, Nyla

couldn't help but ask, "By the way,
was the driver who caused the
accident arrested?"

"The driver died on the spot. Tests showed that he had alcohol in his system, so he was likely driving under the influence, which caused him to lose control of the vehicle," the officer replied.

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Nyla suggested, "I think he aimed the van at me deliberately. This might not have been an accident."

The two officers exchanged a glance before one of them addressed her. "That's a possibility we can't rule out, but we'll need to wait for the investigation results. From what we know now, the most likely cause is drunk driving. Have you had any recent conflicts with anyone?"

Nyla thought for a moment, then shook her head. "Not that I can think of."

"Understood. We'll investigate that possibility further. If you remember anything else, please let us know," the officer replied.

"Alright, thank you," Nyla said.

After the officers left, Nyla couldn't help but replay the details of the van charging at her.

Could this really have been an accident? But... who would drink in the early morning?

After waiting outside the ward for a while and confirming that Clark's condition had stabilized, Damon wanted to take Nyla home to rest.

However, she refused, "I'm not tired. I want to stay here and wait for him to wake up."

Clark had lost his legs saving her. There was no way she could think of resting now.

Damon frowned and said coldly, "You're in no condition to stay here. I'll have someone guard the ward door and notify you as soon as he wakes up."

"No. I can manage myself," Nyla declined.

Her detached and distant expression made Damon's heart sink. He crouched down to her level and spoke firmly. "Even if you stay here, you can't do anything. You should go back-"

Nyla interrupted. "Uncle Damon, Clark lost his legs saving me. Even if I went back, I wouldn't be able to sleep. Besides, I'm feeling very unsettled right now... Can you let me stay here quietly for a while?" Damon was silent for a few seconds, then said, "Alright. I'll stay here with you."

With that, Damon sat down next to her. The familiar scent of pine from him filled the air as Nyla leaned against the cold wall. Her eyes were half-closed, lost in thought.

Cindy, watching from the side, was infuriated by the sight.

These two were unbelievably shameless!

It wasn't until after 11:00 p.m. that Clark finally woke up.

Cindy was the first to notice. Her face lit up with excitement as she rushed over. "Clark, you're awake! Is there anywhere you feel discomfort?"

Her voice choked up as she spoke. Just thinking about Clark never walking again felt like having her heart sliced with a knife, sending waves of dull pain through her.

"Mom, how is Nyla? Is she alright?" Clark asked.

When Clark's first concern was Nyla, Cindy's expression darkened. "You care about her? Don't you know that-"

"Enough! Clark has just woken up. Don't start with these irrelevant matters!" Cyrus interrupted, his gaze cold.

He didn't want to add to Clark's stress by bringing up his disability so soon after waking up.

Nyla and Damon approached the bedside.

Nyla looked down at Clark and said softly, "I'm fine."

Worry flashed in Clark's eyes when he saw her clothes stained with blood. "Are you injured? Why is there so much blood on your clothes?"

"All the blood is from you. I'm not injured," Nyla answered.

Clark visibly relaxed. "That's good."

Noting Damon standing beside Nyla, Clark said, "Uncle Damon, thank you for coming to see me. I know you're busy with work, so you don't need to stay." Damon's expression remained neutral. "It's fine. I'll take her home later."

Clark's already pale face turned even darker. "Uncle Damon, Nyla is my wife. I'll arrange for someone to take her home. You don't need to worry about it."

Before Damon could respond, Cindy sneered. "Damon, even though Clark is bedridden, Cyrus and I are here. It's not your place to interfere in our family matters."

n?

"Are you sure you want to argue in the hospital room?" Damon's gaze was devoid of any warmth.

Cindy ground her teeth. Considering Clark's condition, she refrained from saying more, but her anger was still evident.

Chapter 249

"Dad, Mom, it's getting late. Nyla can stay here with me. You should head home and get some rest. Come back tomorrow morning," Clark said.

Cindy had initially wanted to stay and care for Clark, but upon realizing that his condition was caused by Nyla, she agreed to Clark's request. "Alright. I'll come back tomorrow."

After they left, Nyla turned to Damon. "Uncle Damon, thank you for today. You should go home and rest. Let me walk you out."

Damon frowned, his demeanor growing colder. "You're exhausted too. I'll arrange for a caregiver to come soon. I'll take you home." "No. I'll stay here to take care of him tonight," Nyla insisted.

Understanding her stubbornness, Damon nodded after a few seconds of silence. "Alright."

He turned and walked toward the door, and Nyla got up to see him off.

When she returned, she noticed Clark's expression had changed slightly. Pretending not to notice, she sat down by the bedside.

After a long silence, Clark finally spoke. "Nyla, can you stop being so cold toward me?"

Nyla looked at him calmly. "Clark, I'm grateful for what you did, but things can't go back to how they were."

Clark's face fell, and he forced a smile. "You still want a divorce, don't you?"

Nyla nodded. "Yes. I'm not giving up on the idea of divorce, but I'll take care of you until you recover."

"You know that's not what I want," Clark said.

"After learning about your infidelity and what your father did to my family, how can I just ignore everything and stay with you?" Nyla asked.

Clark lowered his gaze, his face as pale as a ghost. He had hoped that Nyla would soften because he had saved her, but he was mistaken. She had always been indifferent to those she didn't care about. He closed his eyes and spent a sleepless night.

...

The next morning, Cindy arrived with chicken soup.

Seeing her, Nyla got up and said, "I'm going to rest at home now. I'll come back in the evening to take care of you."

Before she could finish, Cindy sneered. "How can you sleep knowing that Clark is like this because of you?!"

Nyla ignored her and walked out of the room after informing Clark. As she left, she could still hear Cindy cursing her. Nyla didn't slow down, acting as if she didn't hear anything.

Outside the hospital, she saw Damon's car parked nearby. She tried to ignore it, but he got out and stopped her. "I'll give you a ride home," Damon offered.

"Uncle Damon, there's no need. I can take a cab," Nyla refused.

"You choose either you get in the car yourself, or I'll help you into it. It's up to you," Damon insisted.

Nyla bit her lip. After a few seconds of silence, she opened the passenger door and got in.

On the way home, neither of them spoke.

When the car stopped at the

entrance of the apartment complex, Damon turned to find Nyla still doted in thought. His brow furrowed slightly.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked.

Nyla snapped back to reality and, after a moment's hesitation, said, "Uncle Damon, I still feel that this incident wasn't an accident."

Damon looked at her. Her hair was

disheveled, her face pale, and her eyes were tired, but her gaze betrayed determination that made

him feel a pang of sympathy.

"You're exhausted. Go home, take a shower, and get some rest. Leave the rest to me. Don't think about it for now," Damon coaxed.

Nyla bit her lip. "Uncle Damon, you don't believe me, do you?"

"I do believe you, but the most important thing is for you to rest right now," Damon reassured.

His expression was serious, and there was no trace of insincerity. He truly believed in her.

For some reason, Nyla felt a lump in her throat. She looked away, trying to hold back her tears. "Thank you, Uncle Damon," she thanked him.

After the accident, she had felt lost

and helpless until Damon's

assurance that he believed her. It was the first time she felt a sense of relief. Even if she wasn't sure herself, Damon was willing to trust her.

"Go home and rest. Don't worry about anything else for now. There will be a solution," Damon comforted.

Chapter 250

After watching Nyla enter the apartment complex, Damon left.

On his way back to the company, he was deep in thought about how to ensure that Clark and Nyla would divorce smoothly.

Since Clark's legs were now disabled from saving Nyla, he might use this as leverage to keep her with him. Damon's gaze grew colder as he considered this possibility. Meanwhile, in Cyrus' study...

"Make sure that driver keeps his mouth shut. If this leads back to me, I won't let you off!" he barked.

A man in his 30s, with his head lowered, stood before Cyrus' desk and replied, "Mr. Sumner, don't worry. He was dying anyway. He'll definitely keep quiet for the sake of his family." Cyrus nodded, his eyes filled with calculation. "Good. Make sure the money for his family is in cash. Leave no evidence."

"Understood!" the man answered.

After his subordinate left, Cyrus leaned back in his chair with a cold smirk.

...

In the evening, Nyla arrived at the hospital with a thermos of soup, only to hear Clark's furious shouts from inside the room.

"Get out! I don't believe this! I can't be disabled! Get everyone out!"

The door to the room was flung open, and Cindy and Jordyn walked out with red, swollen eyes.

Upon seeing Nyla, Jordyn's eyes flashed with hatred.

"Nyla, because of you, Clark will never walk again. Are you happy now?" she demanded.

Nyla found it strange that a mistress would have the audacity to question her. Not wanting to argue in the hospital hallway and give others a show, she ignored Jordyn and walked into the room. As soon as she stepped inside, a cup shattered at her feet.

"I said, get out! I don't want to see anyone right now!" Clark growled.

When Clark saw that it was Nyla, his angry expression momentarily froze. He then turned his head away and said coldly, "I don't want to see you either. Can you leave me alone for a while?" Nyla pursed her lips, carefully avoided the broken pieces, and sat down by the bedside.

"I understand that it's hard for you to accept this right now and that you might regret saving me. But nothing can be changed now. Once your injuries improve, we can go abroad and see if there's any hope for treatment," Nyla assured him.

Clark smiled bitterly and said slowly, "Nyla, I'll never regret saving you. To me, you're more important than these legs. I even feel fortunate that I was able to save you that day it's just that I need time to accept the fact that I might never walk again."

Nyla looked down, her hands clenching involuntarily, her gaze filled with struggle.

With resignation, Clark continued.

"You've always disliked me and wanted a divorce. Now that I'm

disabled, 'don't have the right tonet

keep you with me, and I don't want to burden you. Once I'm a bit better, we'll go through with the divorce."

Nyla was silent for a moment before responding. "Alright."

Disbelief flickered in Clark's eyes at her response, and he gripped the bedclothes tightly. He hadn't expected that even after losing the use of his legs for Nyla, she still wanted a divorce.

"About the document you sent me earlier... Can you, for the sake of me saving you, not send it to the police?" Clark asked.

When Nyla looked up at him, he hesitated but added, "I know my father did some terrible things to the Jaystons, but he's still my biological father. I can't just let him go to prison." Nyla opened the thermos and poured a bowl of chicken soup for Clark.