

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle

## Chapter 251

"Drink the soup first. I'll think about what you said," Nyla replied.

"Nyla, my dad said that as long as you don't hand the evidence over to the police, you can ask for whatever compensation you want," Clark said.

Nyla placed the bowl on the table, her expression unreadable as she looked at Clark. "I said I would consider it. Focus on your recovery. I'll visit you again tomorrow."

After Nyla left, Clark called Cyrus, frustration evident in his voice. "She still hasn't agreed."

Cyrus sneered. "I told you the self-pity trick wouldn't work, but you wouldn't listen. Are you finally giving up?"

Earlier, Cyrus had planned to kill Nyla outright, but Clark suggested staging a self-pity act, pretending that he had been disabled while saving her. This was supposed to soften her heart and persuade her to destroy the evidence. But it had all been for nothing.

"I didn't expect her to be so heartless. Even with my legs ruined, she won't relent. She wants a divorce and won't destroy the evidence," Clark complained.

He was filled with anger and couldn't understand why Nyla's reaction was so different from what he had anticipated.

"It's because you were too indecisive. I've already got someone watching her. If she really intends to turn the evidence over to the police, I'll make sure she disappears completely," Cyrus stated. Clark took a deep breath, his eyes flashing with a hint of ruthlessness.

If the evidence was handed over to the police, not only would Cyrus face jail time, but he would also be implicated. Since Nyla was so merciless, showing no sentiment, he had to think about himself. "Alright," Clark said.

After leaving the hospital, Nyla made a call as soon as she got into the car.

"Mr. Monaghan, how's the investigation going?" she asked.

A raspy voice replied on the other end, "Ms. Jayston, the driver was terminally ill and had only three months left to live. Yesterday, his

mother took his children and left

Saintomnia. Now, only his wife

remains in the city. I also found out that their lease expires next month, but she hasn't renewed it, as if she plans to leave once his case is settled."

Contemplation flashed in Nyla's eyes as she said, "The fact that his family left and didn't renew the lease is not surprising. With no income, it's normal for them to return to their hometown. What's crucial is to find out if there has been any significant influx of money recently

"That will take some time. If someone is backing him, they're likely paying in cash rather than through transfers," Pete replied.

"Alright. I suspect this incident might be connected to Clark and Cyrus. It would be best to check for any unusual expenses on their part as well," Nyla reminded him.

Given that she had just threatened Clark with evidence to force a divorce and then the accident happened so conveniently with Clark arriving right on time, it seemed too coincidental.

Moreover, after Clark became

paralyzed, instead of using his condition to coerce her into staying,

he surprisingly agreed to the

divorce. He wasn't the type to

selflessly sacrifice like that

That was why, when Clark agreed to the divorce so readily, Nyla decided to go along with his suggestion. If this was connected to Clark, he would likely reveal his true intentions soon. "Understood. I'll notify you as soon as I have any updates," Pete answered.

After hanging up, Nyla tightened her grip on the phone slightly.

Besides the accident, there was also the matter of the evidence. She had asked Pete, who confirmed it wasn't him who sent it to Valarie.

Who else could be helping her from behind? Could it be Damon?

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However, Cyrus was Damon's older brother. If Damon knew about this, he probably wouldn't help her.

After thinking for a while without coming up with any clear answers, Nyla decided not to dwell on it any further and planned to find an opportunity to ask Damon directly.

...

The next morning, Nyla went to the hospital to visit Clark.

When she opened the door to the ward, she saw Jordyn sitting by Clark's bedside, feeding him chicken soup.

She paused and said indifferently, "Looks like I'm interrupting."

There was a hint of provocation in Jordyn's eyes, but she quickly set the bowl down, stood up, and said awkwardly, "No, no. Since you're here, I'll leave now. I'll come back to see Clark after you're gone..."

Before Nyla could respond, Clark spoke up. "Jordyn, please step outside. I need to talk to her."

Jordyn nodded. "Alright. I'll be right outside. Call me if you need anything."

As she passed by Nyla, she whispered, "Nyla, you won't win against me."

Nyla smiled. "Don't worry. I've never intended to compete with you."

A man who cheated should be considered a treasure only by someone like her.

Once Jordyn left, the room fell into silence.

After a while, Clark spoke in a detached tone. "Nyla, I know you don't want to be here and you're busy with work. From now on, Jordyn can take care of me."

Nyla frowned. If Clark hadn't been injured while saving her, she wouldn't have come. Besides, she had to come to take care of him to avoid how Cindy might twist things. "I'm your wife, and you saved me this time."

"Hah." Clark let out a light laugh, with a hint of sarcasm in his eyes. "Even if I saved you and lost my legs because of it, your attitude toward me hasn't changed, has it?"

"You did save me, but that doesn't

erase what you did by cheating. I've given you chances before, but you never handled things with Jordyn and her child properly. Instead, you let her continue to flaunt herself in front of me, didn't you?" Nyla retorted.

What was more important was whether Clark genuinely wanted to save her or if it was all part of his scheme. Nyla hadn't figured that out yet.

If this was truly an accident, she would stay and take care of him. If it was a scheme, she wouldn't be so merciful.

Clark was rendered speechless by her words.

After a long pause, he finally said, "I don't expect you to stay with me now. I just hope you'll spare my father. But you won't agree. You want a man in his 50s to go to prison. How can you be so heartless?"

His tone carried a hint of accusation.

Nyla sneered. "Heartless? Why don't you ask your father why he used such underhanded tactics against Harris Pharmaceuticals?"

"I know this is hard for you to accept

right now, but we can't go back to the past. Compensation is what matters most for you and your

fatherd can keep looking for a net

kidney donation for him. He'll recover and be discharged soon.

"Then, I'll give him some money to start a new business. Maybe he can create another Harris

Pharmaceuticals. Handing over the evidence to the police will only lead to mutual destruction. You won't get any compensation," Clark coaxed.

"Clark, you've threatened me with the kidney donation so many times. In the end, you gave it to someone else. As for compensation, I don't need it!" Nyla snapped.

Clark looked at her with a hint of resignation as he said, "Nyla, maybe I've protected you too well over the years, which is why you're still so naive."

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"Only what you can actually get is truly important. Do you understand? There are so many injustices in this world. Not everyone receives an apology or justice. Justice doesn't align with the truth-it aligns with power," Clark said.

Nyla looked at him with cold eyes and replied, "So, according to you, I should just accept your so-called compensation as if it were charity and act like nothing ever happened?"

"I hope you understand what's most important for you right now. Be realistic. Pursuing fairness has little real meaning," Clark elaborated.

Nyla took a deep breath. "As long as I believe it's meaningful, that's enough."

Upon seeing her firm expression, Clark's gaze darkened. "So you're determined to hand over that evidence to the police, no matter what?" "I said I need time to think," Nyla insisted.

Finally, the last trace of warmth left Clark's eyes. He looked at Nyla with a blank expression and said, "Understood. You can go now." Seeing him like this made Nyla feel uneasy.

"Take care of yourself. If you really can't stand up in the future, I will stay by your side and take care of you," she said.

Clark didn't say anything, his expression as cold as ever.

Nyla said nothing more and left the room.

Once she got into the car, she thought for a while and decided to call Valarie to meet.

In the ward...

Clark stared out the window for a while before picking up his phone to call Cyrus. "Dad, let's proceed with what you suggested."

After finishing the call, he hung up quickly, fearing he would regret it if he waited even a second longer.

From this incident, he had already seen that Nyla had no feelings for him. He wouldn't hesitate any longer. Jordyn walked into the ward and noticed Clark's gloomy expression. She paused momentarily.

"Clark... What's wrong? Did you have a fight with Ms. Jayston?" she asked.

"Stay out of things that don't concern you!" Clark snapped.

Jordyn stiffened. "Alright. I understand."

She sat down by the bedside, her voice soft. "The chicken soup will get cold if you don't drink it. Let me feed you."

Clark glanced at her impatiently. "I'm not in the mood to eat. You can go now."

"But I spent hours making this soup... You-" Jordyn began.

"Get out!" Clark's expression suddenly darkened, becoming terrifying.

Frightened, Jordyn instinctively took a few steps back, her face pale. She bit her lip, eyes filled with hurt. "Alright. If you don't want me here, I'll leave..."

With that, she turned and ran out of the room in tears.

Clark's expression remained unchanged, showing no concern for Jordyn's feelings.

...

Valarie had been waiting in the agreed-upon restaurant for over an hour, but Nyla still hadn't shown up.

Unable to wait any longer, she called Nyla, only to find that Nyla's phone was turned off.

Frowning, Valarie felt an uneasy premonition. Nyla shouldn't have turned off her phone while she was en route.

Over the next few minutes, Valarie

made several more calls, all of

which went straight to voicemail.

Her heart sank as she feared

something might have happened to Nyla.

Just as she was about to call the police, she remembered that she would need to wait 24 hours before reporting a missing person.

After a moment of hesitation, she decided to call Damon instead.

Since Damon had previously asked her about something Nyla needed, reaching out to him might be more effective than contacting Clark.

As soon as the call connected,

Valarie said quickly, "Mr. Summer, Nyla was supposed to meet me earlier. I waited for over an hour, and she still hasn't arrived. Can you have your people help look for her?"

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Damon was in a meeting when he suddenly stood up, his voice low and urgent. "I understand. I'll have people look into it right away."

Spencer, who was nearby, immediately approached him. "Mr. Sumner, what's going on?"

"Dismiss the meeting. We'll continue tomorrow. Contact the two people I asked you to arrange to protect Nyla immediately. She's missing," Damon instructed.

Spencer was astonished, realizing the seriousness of the situation. "I'll handle it right away."

As soon as Damon returned to his office, Spencer knocked on the door with a grim expression and said, "Mr. Sumner, the two guards reported that Ms. Jayston's car has been heading out of town. I've already asked them to try and intercept it."

"Alright. Send me her current location," Damon requested.

"Got it," Spencer answered.

After sending the location, Spencer's phone rang. He answered it, and his face turned ashen as he listened.

"Mr. Sumner... the person in the car... isn't Ms. Jayston..." he said.

Damon's eyes widened sharply, and he exuded a chilling aura. "Who is it then?"

"It's a taxi driver. When Ms. Jayston was paying at a gas station, someone gave him money to drive off in her car. Ms. Jayston is now missing," Spencer replied.

"Useless! You couldn't even keep track of one person! Get the gas station's surveillance footage right now!" Damon barked.

Meanwhile, in an abandoned warehouse on the outskirts of the city...

Nyla regained consciousness. She found herself tied to a chair with tape over her mouth and struggled instinctively.

The warehouse door opened, and Cyrus walked in with four bodyguards.

One of them approached Nyla and ripped the tape from her mouth.

"Cyrus Summer, what are you trying to do?" Nyla asked.

Cyrus smirked coldly, skipping pleasantries and going straight to the point. "Give me the documents you sent to Clark, and I'll let you go."

"Do you think that's possible?" Nyla looked at him coldly, her eyes showing no fear.

"Nyla, you and Clark were once married, and you even called me 'Dad'. I don't want to kill you. Just give me the documents, and we can still be a family," Cyrus coaxed.

"A family?" Nyla's expression was

filled with disdain. "You caused the

bankruptcy of Harris

Pharmaceuticals and left my father waiting for a kidney transplant in the hospital. Do you really think I can act like nothing happened and be part of your family?"

Upon seeing that Nyla wouldn't cooperate, Cyrus' smile turned icy. "Since you refuse to cooperate, I'll have to ensure you disappear completely."

Nyla's eyes flashed with panic. She raised her voice. "Are you trying to kill me to cover your tracks?"

Cyrus nodded. "Yes, I'm going to kill

you. Even if you die, I'll still find the documents. It was your refusal to

cooperate that forced this We could have settled this

uation

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peacefully, but you insist on opposing me."

"Do you realize you're committing kidnapping and murder? You're breaking the law!" Nyla exclaimed.



Cyrus' eyes showed no fear, only pity. "Don't worry. You'll simply disappear. No one will know you're dead, and no one will find your body."

With that, Cyrus' men moved forward, dragging Nyla from the chair and pulling her toward the door.

"You'll get what's coming to you!" Nyla cried.

Cyrus sneered. "Hahaha! 'Getting what's coming to me'? If that were true, I would have been caught when I dealt with Harrison. You're so naïve to believe in such things. I suggest you pray for a better fate in your next life and avoid such misfortune!"

Unnoticed by everyone, a small, square object inside Nyla's clothes blinked faintly.

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As soon as they reached the door, a dozen police officers surged in.

The situation unfolded so quickly that Cyrus was still in shock, his face reflecting fear and anger, when he was pinned to the ground.

"Let me go! Do you know who I am?!" Cyrus growled.

"No matter who you are, you're under arrest for kidnapping. We are taking you into custody!" one of the officers declared.

Cyrus glared at Nyla with a look of deep hatred. "Nyla, you set me up!"

He had been very discreet, keeping his plans to kidnap Nyla a secret from everyone except his trusted associates. The swift arrival of the police meant that Nyla must have known about the kidnapping in advance and set a trap for him.

His eyes burned with rage. It was as if he wanted to tear her apart.

Nyla, pale and frightened, looked at him with wide eyes. "You're insane! You're the one who kidnapped me. How could I possibly force you to do anything?"

Yet, Cyrus caught a fleeting glint of satisfaction and coldness in her eyes.

"Just wait! I won't let you get away with this!" he snarled.

Nyla hid behind one of the officers, looking innocent and fearful.

Furious and realizing he had been caught off guard, Cyrus was soon taken away with his men.

As Nyla exited the warehouse, Pete hurried over to her. "Ms. Jayston, are you alright?"

Nyla shook her head. "I'm fine. Mr. Monaghan, please take me to the police station. I need to give my statement."

Pete nodded. "Of course."

Once they were in the car, Pete expressed his concern. "Ms. Jayston, we were fortunate that the police arrived in time. Otherwise, things could have turned out very differently..." Nyla smiled, no longer displaying the fear and anxiety she had shown earlier when the police arrived.

"Mr. Monaghan, I trust you and appreciate that you warned me about Cyrus' plans to kidnap me," she replied.

Pete looked somewhat resigned. He had intended to advise her to be cautious of Cyrus, not to encourage her to set a trap that would add kidnapping charges to Cyrus' crimes.

"Ms. Jayston, is it really worth

risking your life like this? If you had just handed over the evidence to the police, Cyrus would have ended up in prison anyway," Pete asked.

Nyla glanced down for a moment before responding softly. "It's worth it to me. I consulted a lawyer, and the evidence would only lead to an economic crime charge. With some influence from the Sumners, Cyrus might have avoided jail time altogether. I want to ensure that he faces absolute certainty."

Pete sighed. "You were lucky this time. I hope you won't risk your life like this again. Your life is the most important thing."

"I understand. Thank you, Mr. Monaghan," Nyla said.

As Pete started the car, he added, "I'm still investigating who sent you that document and will let you know once I find out."

"Thank you for your hard work," Nyla said.

"Anytime," Pete replied.

Pete left after taking Nyla to the police station.

...

The Sumners quickly learned of Cyrus' arrest and arrived at the station while Nyla was still giving her statement. They attempted to bail Cyrus out but were unsuccessful.

As Nyla finished her statement and walked out of the room, she saw Richard, Marie, and Cindy among others.

The moment they saw her, their faces turned grim.

Cindy, in particular, rushed up and slapped Nyla. "You jinx! You called the police and had your father arrested! Are you crazy?! You'd better explain to the police that this is all a misunderstanding!"

## Chapter 256

Nyla intercepted Cindy's hand in mid-air, preventing the slap. She fixed Cindy with an icy stare and spoke slowly. "I have only one father. He's in the hospital now, waiting for a kidney because of your husband's scheming, which led to his company's bankruptcy."

Cindy felt a pang of guilt under Nyla's cold gaze. She pulled her hand away and snapped, "I've never seen anyone send their own father-in-law to the police! You'd better clear things up with them right now, or I won't let you off the hook!"

Nyla had always known Cindy was unreasonable, but she hadn't expected her to be this thoughtless. "Do you realize kidnapping is a crime? And he even planned to kill me. I've already given the police the recordings. Do you think this is just a child's game?"

Cindy froze. Before she could respond, Richard, who had been silent, spoke up. "Enough of this commotion at the police station!"

Cindy bit her lip in frustration. With a final venomous glance at Nyla, she retreated to stand behind Richard and Marie.

Richard turned his penetrating gaze on Nyla. "As expected of Harrison's daughter. I misjudged you before."

Nyla wasn't intimidated. She smiled. "I should be the one saying that. I misjudged the Sumners."

She was disgusted by the fact that she had married Clark after Cyrus caused the downfall of the Jaystons. She refused to believe the Sumners were unaware of Cyrus' actions against Harris Pharmaceuticals. Richard sneered. "Young and impulsive. You're bound to suffer the consequences."

With that, he turned and left.

Nyla took a deep breath, knowing this was just the beginning and more challenges were ahead.

After leaving the police station, Richard immediately instructed his lawyer to discuss how to bail Cyrus out.

Upon reviewing the case, the lawyer looked concerned. "The part about using underhanded methods to bankrupt Harris Pharmaceuticals is relatively easy to handle. The main issue is Ms. Jayston's kidnapping. If the victim refuses to forgive, it can result in a severe sentence."

Cindy gnashed her teeth in anger. "From her behavior at the police station, she clearly has no intention of forgiving him!"

Richard shot her a stern look. "Be quiet!"

After consulting with the lawyer for a

while, Richard decided that the lawyer should speak with Nyla. If she agreed to sign a letter of

forgiveness, it would be ideal.net

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they might have to resort to unconventional methods.

Just as the lawyer left, Damon returned.

Marie's eyes were red when she saw him.

"Damon, you must help your brother. He's never faced anything like this in his life! If he's really sentenced, I won't be able to go on," Marie cried.

On the way to the Sumner residence, Damon had already heard about Cyrus' arrest for kidnapping Nyla. His expression remained indifferent,

revealing nothing of hitt

"Dad, Mom, did you know about Cyrus' scheme to bankrupt Harris Pharmaceuticals?" Damon asked.

Marie was taken aback by the question and then frowned. "Does it matter whether we knew or not? The most important thing now is to find a way to get your brother out."

Damon had connections with the police and might be able to secure Cyrus' release.

"Mom, he's now implicated in kidnapping. The police won't release him," Damon stated.

Seeing Damon's indifference, Marie looked at him in disbelief. "He's your elder brother. Are you really going to just watch him get arrested?"

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"Even if he's my older brother, it doesn't change the fact that he kidnapped Nyla," Damon replied firmly.

Cindy's eyes flashed with anger due to Damon's unwavering defense of Nyla. "Damon, you're defending Nyla because you like her. She's just a woman-how can she be more important than your own brother?!"

"What?!" Marie turned sharply to look at Cindy, her face a mask of disbelief. "What nonsense are you spouting?! Have you lost your mind?!"

How could Damon possibly like Nyla? She was his nephew's wife!

Richard's expression grew grim, his gaze toward Cindy sharp.

Cindy, now resolute, bit her lip and continued. "Mom, I overheard Damon confess his feelings for Nyla when I visited her in the hospital once. I didn't tell you before because I was worried you couldn't handle it. But seeing Damon now ignoring his brother's well-being for the sake of an outsider, I couldn't keep it to myself anymore!"

Marie took a step back, collapsing onto the sofa, her expression dazed.

Damon liked Nyla? How could he like Nyla?

She recalled Clark's comment about Damon's feelings for a married woman. She hadn't understood it at the time, but now it made sense!

Steadying herself, she looked at Damon with a mix of disappointment and anger. "Do you really like Nyla?"

His gaze was steady as he replied seriously, "Yes, I do."

Marie slapped Damon across the face, her eyes red with rage, nearly collapsing from the effort.

The alarmed housekeeper, Catherine Talbot, quickly stepped forward to support her wobbling figure.

"Madam, your health is important. The doctor said you shouldn't get angry," Catherine reminded her gently.

Marie shoved her away. "How can I not be angry?!"

She turned to Damon, her body trembling with fury. "Get down

your knees! I introduced you to

so

many suitable women, but you didn't show any interest!

"If you liked a woman from a good family, even if she wasn't a perfect match, might have accepted it. But you're in love with your nephew's wife. Are you trying to drive your father and me to our graves?!"

Damon knelt with a straight back, his expression stoic and unchanging.

His silence only fueled Marie's anger. She pounded her cane on the tile floor repeatedly.

"From now on, you're not to see that woman again! Even if she weren't married to Clark, I'd never approve of you being with her. Not unless I'm dead!" Marie demanded.

Damon looked up, his voice steady. "Mom, I won't stop pursuing her."

Marie raised her cane and struck him on the back, shouting, "Say it again!"

"I said, I won't stop pursuing her!" Damon repeated.

The cane came down again, and Damon echoed his declaration.

After numerous repetitions, Marie's face grew increasingly pale. Overwhelmed by her emotions, she suddenly blacked out and fell backward.

"Mom!" Cindy screamed, rushing to catch Marie, her eyes filled with worry. "Mom fainted! Call the family doctor!"

The living room erupted into chaos as the service staff and Cindy hurried to help Marie into a room and called the family doctor.

Soon, the only ones left in the living room were Damon, still kneeling, and Richard, who remained silent with a grim expression.

## Chapter 258

"Do you really like her?" Richard's voice was authoritative and stern, carrying the weight of his position.

"Yes," Damon answered.

Richard's eyes betrayed his irritation. "Then you'd better stop pursuing her, or the consequences will be more than the Jaystons can handle." Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla reporting Cyrus to the police had crossed Richard's bottom line. He couldn't allow Clark to be associated with her any longer, nor let the Sumners be embarrassed.

Damon's gaze turned icy as he met Richard's eyes. "Dad, if you go after the Jaystons, I'll go after the Sumner Group."

The Sumner Group was Richard's lifelong achievement-his pride and creation.

Richard's gaze flared with anger. "You really want to go against the Sumners for the sake of a woman?"

"Dad, it's not about going against you. It's about you interfering with my feelings," Damon replied.

"If you were with any of the women your mother introduced, we wouldn't have said a word. But you know Nyla is your nephew's wife, and you still choose to be involved with her. How can the Sumners hold their head high in the business world?" Richard demanded.

"I like her for who she is. I don't care what anyone else says," Damon said plainly.

Richard sneered. "You don't care. You have your own company now, and I can't control you. If you truly want to be with her, then consider your mother and me dead. Never set foot in this house again!" With that, he stood up and left.

After being unconscious for over an hour, Marie gradually regained consciousness. Her gaze swept around the bedroom, and when she didn't see Damon, disappointment flickered in her eyes.

"Where's Damon?" she asked.

Cindy frowned. She had been diligently caring for Marie, but as soon as Marie woke up, she asked for Damon without acknowledging Cindy's presence. It was as if Cindy hadn't

been there at all. Cindy snorted. "Mom, don't bother looking. He left shortly after you fainted."

Marie's face grew even paler, and she looked as though she might faint again.

Catherine quickly interjected, "Madam, Mr. Damon had to leave for work after receiving a call."

Seeing Marie's color improve slightly, Catherine turned to Cindy with a look of dissatisfaction. "Mrs. Summer, I'll take care of Madam Summer. With everything that's happened today, you must be exhausted. You should go home and rest."

Cindy had only stayed to keep up appearances anyway. She nodded. "Fine. If there's anything, just call me at the villa."

Catherine nodded. "Sure."

After Cindy left, Marie grew

sorrowful. She looked at Catherine,

her voice choked with emotion. "How could Damon fall for Nyla?

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There are so many women in Saintornia. Why would he choose his nephew's wife? And there were no signs of it before..."

Catherine quickly handed Marie a handkerchief Madam, try not to dwell on it right now. This isn't something that can be resolved quickly The most important thing is to deal with Mr. Cyrus' situation first. After that, we can try to persuade MP. Damon."

Marie shook her head. "I doubt I can persuade him. Since he was a child, if he wanted to do something, no one could change his mind. But if he really insists on being involved with Nyla, I'll die in front of him!" "Madam, please don't say such things. Moreover, Mr. Damon and Nyla haven't done anything yet. There's still a chance to make things right," Catherine comforted.

"If she dares to be with Damon, I won't let her off!" Marie exclaimed.

The idea of Nyla trying to seduce Damon was even harder for Marie to accept than the fact that Nyla had sent Cyrus to the police. After all Cyrus' actions had indeed led to the Jayston family's bankruptcy While Marie was angry, she understood there was a reason behind it.

But Damon was her pride, and Nyla's interest in him was shameless and audacious!



Seeing Marie's rage, Catherine realized she couldn't accept Damon's feelings for Nyla and decided to stop trying to persuade her.

...

After leaving the Sumner residence, Damon drove directly to find Nyla.

Upon arriving, he remained in the car, hesitant to get out.

He had guessed that Nyla was involved in Cyrus' arrest and was somewhat angry about it.

## Chapter 259

Damon was furious that Nyla had taken such a dangerous action without consulting him.

On top of that, Cyrus had caused the Jaystons' bankruptcy, and Damon himself was a Sumner. He wasn't sure if Nyla might also harbor some resentment toward him.

After sitting in the car for a long time, Damon was about to leave when he saw Nyla walking out of her building in casual clothes, carrying two bags of trash. His gaze automatically settled on her, and his previously cold demeanor softened.

Nyla noticed Damon's car as well and hesitated for a moment. After tossing the trash into the bin, she walked over to his car.

As she stopped a few steps from the car, the window on the driver's side rolled down. Their eyes met, and neither of them spoke for a while.

Finally, Nyla bit her lip and spoke slowly. "Uncle Damon, are you here... to reprimand me?"

Damon's gaze darkened, then he smirked. "If I were here to reprimand you, do you think you'd be standing here talking to me?"

Nyla turned pale and found it difficult to meet his gaze, instinctively lowering her eyes. "Then what brings you here?"

Seeing her evasive reaction, Damon frowned and abruptly opened the car door to get out.

Nyla froze, a wave of panic rising in her chest. She instinctively wanted to step back, but Damon's deep voice stopped her. "Don't move!"

Nyla stiffened as Damon quickly approached her. His height cast a shadow over her, and the unique scent of pine surrounded her, like a net closing in.

Her hands trembled at her sides, feeling an impending danger she couldn't escape. Damon's intimidating presence was overwhelming, and just his silence made her want to flee. "Uncle Damon, you..." Nyla began.

Damon's touch was cool as he gently lifted her chin, compelling her to meet his gaze. His dark eyes seemed to draw her in, and her eyes flickered with panic. She clutched the hem of her clothes tightly.

"You've sent my brother to the police. Now everyone in the Sumners despises you, and Clark probably won't help you. Did you ever think about what you'd do if the Sumners retaliated against you and your father?" Damon asked.

His tone was flat, but Nyla's eyes widened, and her body trembled slightly. She had only wanted to see Cyrus behind bars and hadn't considered the possibility of retaliation from the Sumners.

In truth, she hadn't dared to think about it, knowing how easily the Sumners could crush her.

She bit her lip hard and took a deep breath. "No matter what, I need to seek justice."

Upon seeing her determined expression, Damon's eyes flared with anger, and he tightened his grip on her chin.

Was it so difficult to ask for help? Did she have to face all these dangers alone?

"Is this justice more important than your life?" he questioned.

"Yes," Nyla answered.

Damon's anger shifted into a cold, bitter smile. "Fine. Don't say I didn't warn you!"

He released her, turned, and got back into the car, his back radiating irritation.

Nyla didn't understand why he was so upset, but since he was there, it was better to clear the air.

"Uncle Damon, I hope you won't  
come to see me privately again. I've

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sent your brother to the police, and any future encounters will only be awkward. I'll request a new researcher for the Park

Pharmaceuticals project. Let's just act like we don't know each other from now on," Nyla said.

Damon looked back at her, his displeasure almost palpable.

Nyla didn't know why he was looking at her like that, but she could feel his dangerous aura. As she turned to escape, his large hand suddenly grabbed her waist.

"Ah..." she cried.

Damon lifted her effortlessly and spun her around, pressing her back against the cold car door. Before she could react, he kissed her fiercely.

## Chapter 260

"Mmph!" Nyla's eyes widened in shock.

Was Damon out of his mind?!

First, he had forced a kiss on her in the private room, and now he was doing it out in the open... If someone saw them, she couldn't even imagine the consequences.

She tried to push him away with her hands against his chest, but his body was like a wall of steel. No matter how hard she pushed, he didn't budge.

"Uncle Damon- Mmph! Let... Let go..." She struggled to speak.

Damon pressed against her, his eyes blazing with anger. She had kept the fact that she had set Cyrus up to kidnap her a secret, and now she wanted to distance herself from him.

As if!

Anger flashed in Nyla's eyes when she saw that Damon had no intention of letting her go. She bit down hard on his lip.

Damon winced and released her, sneering. "Are you a dog?"

"What does that have to do with you? Don't forget, I'm your niece-in-law!" Nyla hissed.

Damon raised an eyebrow at her attempt to use her status to make him let her go. "You sent Clark's father to jail. Do you really think he will stay married to you?"

"That doesn't concern you. If you don't let me go, I'll call for help," Nyla countered.

Her angry expression, like a cat with its fur bristling, seemed to amuse Damon. He leaned in closer, their lips almost touching.

Nyla's breath caught. "What are you doing?"

"If you want to call for help, go ahead. By tomorrow, everyone will know about this," Damon said.

Damon's indifference to Nyla's threat made her look away coldly. "Don't forget, Cyrus is not only Clark's father but also your older brother. How is it appropriate to be entangled with the woman who sent your brother to jail?"

Damon chuckled softly. "You don't need to use these words to provoke me. Now that you've angered everyone in the Sumners, your only choice to avoid retaliation is to be with me."

Nyla turned to him sharply. "Do you even hear yourself?"

Damon wanted to be with her despite her having sent Cyrus to jail and her opposition to his family?

"Think it over, and let me know once you've decided," Damon said.

Nyla frowned and replied coldly, "There's no need to think it over. I won't agree. I don't want to be involved with the Sumners any further."

If the Sumners found out she was involved with Damon, they'd never let her go. She didn't want to get involved with Damon either.

Damon remained patient. "I have plenty of time."

Nyla looked up at him, her face

expressionless. "Uncle Damon,

many women would want to be net

with

you if you're willing. Why can't you just let me go?"

"Because none of those women are you," he replied.

The sincerity and tenderness in

Damon's eyes made Nyla look away. She

feelin't bear the intensity of h

feelings or the process of falling for someone only to be disappointed.

"I'm nothing special, and I'm still married to Clark. Even if I divorce him, I won't be with you because I don't like you," she stated.

Damon's gaze darkened. "Not liking me now doesn't matter. You will eventually."

Nyla was about to argue back when. Damon suddenly released her and said, "It's getting late. You should go. If you change your mind, contact me anytime."

Nyla lowered her gaze and didn't continue the argument. As long as she didn't give in, Damon couldn't force her to stay with him.

Relieved by this realization, she quickly left without saying goodbye, her heart still racing.

Damon smirked as he watched her retreating figure, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

...

Back home, Nyla's heart finally began to calm down.

When Damon had suggested they be together, she had felt a momentary thrill and almost agreed. In the end, though, reason prevailed.

## Chapter 261

Nyla and Damon came from entirely different worlds. At present, his interest in her seemed like just a fleeting impulse. He would eventually grow tired of her.

It was better to avoid the pain of abandonment than to start something that would inevitably end in disappointment.

After all, she wasn't an 18-year-old girl who might naively believe that Damon would marry her. Given his background, he would surely choose a partner of equal standing in the future.

Nyla didn't want the stigma of having seduced her husband's uncle, nor did she want to suffer another blow to her love life.

She pushed her inappropriate thoughts aside and headed to the bathroom for a shower.

Just as she was about to go to bed, her phone suddenly rang. Seeing it was Clark, she hesitated for a moment before answering.

"Nyla, I heard you called the police and had Dad arrested?" Clark's voice was filled with disbelief as if Nyla had committed a heinous crime.

She let out a light laugh, her eyes flashing with mockery. "Yes."

"Why did you do that? You know Dad only had you abducted to get that document, not to actually harm you!" Clark exclaimed.

"I'm really curious how you can say such shameless things with such confidence. Are you sure he didn't actually want me dead?" Nyla retorted.

If Pete hadn't discovered Cyrus' plans to harm her first, she might already be dead at the bottom of a cliff.

"Of course. You're my wife and his daughter-in-law. How could he really want to hurt you? Besides, I'm disabled now because I tried to save you. Considering my condition, you should go explain things to the police and get Dad released!" Clark demanded.

"But as far as I know, your legs don't seem to be disabled. Why don't you go ahead and cripple yourself, and then I'll consider whether or not to let him go?" Nyla suggested sarcastically.

There was a pause on the other end of the line before Clark's disappointed voice came through. "Nyla, I became like this trying to save you, and now you doubt me. I'm starting to regret saving you that day." Nyla sneered, no longer interested in arguing. She cut to the chase. "Don't pretend to be so noble. The car accident at the courthouse was arranged by you and your dad. Your dad kidnapped me because you urged me several times to delete those pieces of evidence. When I refused, you decided to eliminate me.

"You don't need to refute. The fact that I'm saying this means I have evidence. If you don't want to end up in trouble with your dad, come to the courthouse tomorrow morning to get the divorce. "Let's hope you don't try any more tricks this time," Nyla said, delivering her ultimatum.

Without waiting for Clark's reaction, she hung up.

Clark nearly hurled his phone, his face dark with fury. He couldn't believe that Nyla knew everything. Was he really just a fool in her eyes these past few days? Beside him, Jordyn was startled by his terrifying expression and trembled as she asked, "Clark... What's wrong? Is it that Nyla won't let your father go?"

"Get out!" Clark shouted.

Jordyn turned pale and left the room in fear. Clark was too frightening at the moment.

Once the room fell silent, Clark suddenly burst into laughter. His eyes were bloodshot as he crushed his phone screen from gripping it too tightly.

All these years, he had never truly seen Nyla for who she was. It wasn't too late to understand now.

Divorce... Hah! Did she think a divorce would free her from him?

Laughing madly, he vowed to make her suffer just as he had. She had made him suffer so much-how could he possibly let her off easily?

## **Chapter 262**

Cindy immediately intervened when she learned that Nyla wanted a divorce from Clark.

"Your dad is still in the police station. If you divorce her now, it will only make it harder for her to relent later. As long as she's still your wife, we can at least mitigate the sentence with a letter of forgiveness if your dad is convicted. If you divorce her now, things will only get worse," she said.

Clark's face was grim. "She has evidence of my involvement in the kidnapping. If I don't go along with her demands, she'll turn that evidence over to the police."

Cindy frowned, anger flashing in her eyes. "That scheming woman! She really came prepared! But the more she acts like this, the more you can't divorce her right now. Otherwise, who knows what she'll do to the Sumners."

"Mom, do you still naively believe that if I delay the divorce, she'll let the Sumners off the hook?" Clark asked.

Nyla was determined to sever ties with the Sumners by sending Cyrus to jail.

After this incident, neither Richard nor Marie would ever accept her again. If Clark stayed with her, he would only disappoint them further and ruin his chances with the Sumner Group.

Cindy was furious, but with Nyla holding evidence, she felt powerless. Moreover, considering Damon's attitude, he was likely to protect Nyla.

The more she thought about it, the more she hated Nyla. She regretted ever letting Nyla into their family. Now, the Sumners were in chaos.

"Make sure she gets nothing in the divorce. She must leave with nothing!" Cindy demanded.

Clark sneered. "She hasn't worked for years and hasn't had any children. There's no way I'm giving her anything."

"Just make sure you follow through," Cindy reminded him.

The next morning...

Clark arrived precisely at 10:00 a.m., seated in a wheelchair with Jordyn pushing him from behind.

His eyes flashed with anger and hatred upon seeing Nyla. The thought of her having Cyrus arrested and now demanding a divorce made him want to strangle her and confront her ruthlessness.

In stark contrast to his agitation, Nyla remained remarkably calm. She harbored no lingering feelings for Clark and was determined to sever ties as swiftly as possible.

She handed him the prepared divorce agreement. "Sign this, and then we can proceed with the paperwork."

Clark flipped through a few pages, noting their familiarity. The agreement was identical to the one she had presented when she first discovered his infidelity.

When he reached the asset division section and saw that Nyla was claiming half of his assets, his eyes grew cold.

"I won't sign this divorce agreement. If you want a divorce, you'll have to leave with nothing. Otherwise, I won't agree to it," he declared.

Nyla calmly handed him another document. "Take a look at this before you decide."

Clark took it and opened it. His face darkened as he saw evidence of some of his unsavory activities at the Sumner Group over the years. How had she gotten this?



Clark's eyes burned with killing intent as he glared at her. She had been keeping tabs on him all these years!

Nyla smiled and said slowly, "Don't worry. Once you sign, I'll give you the original documents."

"How can I trust you?" Clark asked.

He had been deceived by Nyla too many times recently. How could he be sure she wasn't just lying about providing the originals while keeping copies for herself?

"Destroying each other is not beneficial for me, and I have no intention of going up against the Sumners.

"I'm only dealing with your father because he was responsible for the bankruptcy of the Jaystons. As for you, aside from your infidelity, you haven't caused me any substantial harm. I just want to clear my name and move on," Nyla explained.

Seeing her serious expression, Clark snorted. "You'd better not try any tricks. I won't be lenient with you."

"Don't worry. I won't," Nyla assured him.

As Clark prepared to sign, Jordyn spoke up from behind him, her voice filled with dissatisfaction. "Clark, do you really trust her? What if she's plotting against you again?"

Clark ignored Jordyn completely, continuing his signing without pause. He signed his name and threw the document back to Nyla.

"Can we proceed with the divorce now?" he asked.

He had stubbornly refused to divorce her before, but now he was eager to finalize it. Once the signature was confirmed, Nyla tossed a USB drive onto his lap and walked briskly into the courthouse. In less than an hour, the divorce certificates were processed.

Nyla's eyes were a little red as she looked at the hard-earned divorce certificate. When she married Clark, she had never imagined it would end like this.

## **Chapter 263**

The past eight years felt like a dream.

Fortunately, it was over now, and there would be no more entanglements in the future.

Clark's eyes flashed with anger upon seeing Nyla's relieved expression. He turned to Jordyn and said coldly, "Did you bring your ID card?" Jordyn was momentarily stunned, but then her eyes lit up with excitement. "Yes! Clark, you..."

"Give it to me. We're registering our marriage now," Clark said curtly.

Jordyn quickly pulled out her ID card from her bag and handed it to Clark, her face alight with anticipation. She had been waiting for this day!

Last night, upon learning that Clark would be divorcing Nyla today, she had rushed to bring her ID card. She planned to use their child as leverage to see if Clark would marry her after the divorce. To her surprise, he proposed marriage to her first!

Clark took her ID card with a stony expression and handed it, along with his own, to the staff. "Get us registered!"

His face was stern, and his tone was rigid, showing no trace of joy.

The staff hesitated for a moment before advising, "Sir, marriage is a significant matter. You've just divorced. Perhaps you should reconsider."

Jordyn shot a disdainful look at the staff and said arrogantly, "What does it matter to you if we're getting married? Just do your job and stay out of it! Besides, I'm carrying his child. Are you going to let my baby be born without a father?"

Contempt flickered in the staff's eyes. She thought Jordyn was quite pretty, yet she had become a mistress—such a shame. She took the documents and started processing the marriage papers.

Clark looked at Nyla with a dark expression and said, "You may not care, but others do. I'm not dependent on you."

Nyla nodded and smiled. "Well, then I wish you both a lifetime of happiness. Make sure to stay together forever and not come back into the market."

Ignoring Clark's displeasure, she placed the divorce certificate into her bag and walked away. Today was her fresh start, and she didn't want those scumbags to ruin her mood.

After leaving the courthouse, Nyla went directly to a top law firm in Saintornia, where she found a lawyer specializing in divorce cases and handed him the divorce agreement.

The two discussed the case for over an hour, and the lawyer, William Harwell, personally saw Nyla out of the firm.

"Mr. Harwell, I'll leave the asset division in your hands," Nyla said.

William nodded. "Ms. Jayston, don't worry. I'll handle it as soon as possible."

After leaving the firm, Nyla was about to head home when she received a call from Wren.

"Nyla, come to the hospital right away. Your mother-in-law just arrived with a group of people, causing a scene in the ward and accusing you of having your father-in-law arrested. Your father has fainted from anger!" Wren informed.

Nyla looked alarmed. "I'll be there immediately!"

...

When Nyla arrived at the hospital over an hour later, the ward was in chaos. Fragments of cups, toiletries, fruits-everything was scattered around the room.

Harrison was lying on the bed with his eyes closed, while Wren, with red eyes, sat beside him, constantly wiping her tears.

Seeing Nyla, Wren looked displeased. "Nyla, what's going on? Why did the Sumners send people to cause trouble?"

"How's my father?" Nyla asked instead.

"He fainted from anger. The doctor just checked him and said he might not wake up for a while. What exactly did you do?" Wren asked.

Nyla briefly explained her recent actions.

Wren scowled and could no longer contain her fury. "Why did you do this? What if the Sumners retaliate against us? Just like today, we have no ability to fight back!"

Nyla bit her lip and lowered her gaze. "I admit I didn't think this through. I'll find someone to protect you and Dad."

"Protect us? Do you think you're more powerful than the Sumners? You've completely offended them, and with your divorce from Clark, they won't let you or us off the hook!" Wren exclaimed, glaring at Nyla.

"Why didn't you discuss this with us before taking action? Our lives were just starting to calm down. What right do you have to make decisions for your father?"

"Even if you did get your father-in-law arrested, no one will admire you. People will only mock the Jaystons for raising a daughter who sent her father-in-law to prison!" Wren scolded.

Before she could finish, Harrison's angry voice came from the bed. "Enough! Stop talking!"

## Chapter 264

Both Nyla and Wren turned their heads simultaneously, realizing that Harrison had woken up.

Nyla hurried over to help him, but he pushed her away.

"Nyla, you've disappointed me greatly," he said.

Confronted with her father's disappointed gaze, Nyla felt hurt. "Dad... even you don't understand me?"

She had done it to seek justice for him, hoping that, even if no one else understood her, he would.

"What good does understanding you do? The matter is over now. Digging it up only affects your life. You still have a long way to go. If you send Cyrus to prison, what if the Sumners retaliate against you?" Harrison asked.

He was no longer in a position to protect her. By pursuing this, she was risking her entire future.

"Should I just pretend nothing happened and continue living in mutual disdain with Clark for the rest of my life?" Nyla retorted.

"Whether you stay with him or not doesn't change the fact that Harris Pharmaceuticals is bankrupt. Is there any way to remedy this situation now?" Harrison asked.

Nyla took a deep breath. "No. I've already given the evidence to the police. Even if there were a way to fix it, I wouldn't go back."

Harrison looked angry. He raised his hand to hit Nyla but, at the last moment, his resolve softened. He lowered his trembling hand and turned his gaze away. "Just go. You don't need to worry about this. I'll handle it. Pretend you never knew about it."

Nyla was appalled. "Dad, what are you going to do? Cyrus has done so much harm to you, and you're still planning to let him go?!"

"It's not about letting him go. It's about asking the Sumners to spare you," Harrison replied.

"I haven't done anything wrong. Cyrus and the Sumners, who covered for him, are at fault!" Nyla insisted.

Harrison sighed and said slowly, "Right or wrong doesn't matter. When you're in a higher position, even if you're wrong, it can seem right. But now, opposing the Sumners will only harm yourself. So even if you're right, it's still wrong. Do you understand?"

Nyla shook her head stubbornly. "I don't understand. Dad, I just want fairness."

"Fairness comes at a price, a price that neither you nor I can afford," Harrison countered.

As his words settled, the room fell silent.

Nyla looked at Harrison. After a long moment, she spoke slowly. "So, Cyrus' actions that ruined the Jaystons and the accident he orchestrated that shattered dozens of families don't require any price? But if I seek justice, I have to pay the price, which I can't afford, right?"

"Yes! If you can't bear the Sumners' retaliation, then you shouldn't have brought this up," Harrison affirmed.

His expression remained indifferent, revealing the numbness of someone who had accepted reality.

He also wanted justice but knew he couldn't afford it. He took pride and found comfort in his daughter's courage to challenge the Sumners with evidence.

However, he also understood that the world respected power and that standing up for fairness when one was weak could be seen as a mistake.

He had once been able to protect her, and although the Jaystons had gone bankrupt, Nyla had married Clark, who could safeguard her. Therefore, he had not taught her these lessons. Now, he felt it was time for her to learn from this experience.

"Dad, since fairness comes at a price, and my future and life are the price, I'm willing to gamble my future and life for it," Nyla asserted.

Harrison's slap landed on Nyla's face. He withdrew his trembling hand, seething with anger. "Do you really think jeopardizing your future and your life will bring you justice?"

"I'm telling you now: even if you risk everything, Cyrus will not face the punishment he deserves. This world operates on the survival of the fittest. If you insist on going your own way, we will sever our father-daughter relationship!"

Nyla stepped back, her gaze at Harrison filled with disappointment. "Dad, you've changed. You've become someone I don't recognize."

With that, she turned and ran out of the room.

Wren, who had been silent, finally spoke with a frown. "Harrison, you spoiled Nyla too much before, which led to her reckless behavior without considering the consequences-"

"Wren, no matter what, Nyla is my daughter. If she's done something wrong, I apologize, but I don't want you to criticize her in front of me," Harrison cut her off.

## Read Chapter 265

### Chapter 265

Chapter 265

When stiffened. Throwing up her hands, she said, "Fine I won't say anything more. I finally understand what it's like to be a stepmother-whatever you do, you're never right. I get it now!" Harrison frowned, looking somewhat helpless. "That's not what I meant "

"Then what do you mean? I've taken care of you diligently these past two years, and I haven't mistreated your daughter. Now, just because I mention the trouble she has caused, it's too much?" Wren questioned.

Seeing Wren's confrontational expression, Harrison felt imitated. He turned his head away and fell silent.

When even more enraged, began complaining about how difficult it had been to care for Harrison over t

years

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After a few minutes Harrison could no longer tolerate it and barked, "Yes, it's been hard taking care of me. but didn't I provide you with enough before Harris Pharmaceuticals' bankruptcy? No matter how she is you have no right to criticize her!"

When sneered. "Then ask her to take care of you from now on! And stop making me do it!"

With that, she angrily turned and stormed out of the room.

As the door slammed shut, the room fell silent once again.

Hamson sighed and picked up his phone, dialing a number.

After leaving the hospital, Nyla went straight to meet Valarie for a drink.

Valarie's eyes widened when she heard that Nyla had divorced Clark.

"Really?! He agreed to the divorce?!" Valarie asked, her voice tinged with disbelief.

Nyla took the divorce certificate out of her bag and handed it to Valarie. "Do you believe me now?"

Valarie examined the certificate, confirming Nyla's claim. She handed it back and clinked glass to her. "Here's to celebrating your successful divorce! Let's not stop drinking until we're completely wasted!" Nyla drank her glass in one gulp and poured herself another full one.

"What's wrong? Isn't divorce supposed to be a good thing? You seem a bit down." Valarie inquired. Nyla took a sip of her drink and briefly recounted the argument she had had with her father.

After listening, Valarie fell silent for a moment before speaking. "I've heard about you sending Clark's father to jail too. From your dad's perspective, he was just trying to protect you. None of you are at fault. The Sumners are."

Nyla smiled wryly, her eyes reddening. "I'm not blaming him. I just feel sad. He's endured so much, and I can't make things right for him."

Valarie gently patted her back and said softly, "You've done well. If it were me, I don't think I'd have your courage. But what your dad said is also true."

Chapter 265

Chapter 265

.25 BONUS

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Chapter 265

+25 BONUS

Given Nyla's current situation, seeking justice was extremely difficult. It was unfair to her and the Jaystons, but what could be done about it? The world was full of injustices.

To receive fair treatment, one must strive to become stronger.

Noticing Nyla's silence, Valarie encouraged her, "Apologize to your dad tomorrow and discuss how to resolve this issue. If you stubbornly pursue Cyrus, the Summers might retaliate against you.

"And for you and your dad right now, getting him treated and focusing on living well is the most Important thing." Valarie advised.

Nyla closed her eyes, feeling a sense of helplessness. Everyone said she shouldn't have gone after Cyrus- had she really made a mistake?

But all she wanted was justice...

After a while, she spoke. "Valarie, I understand. I'll go apologize to my dad tomorrow."

She didn't think she had done anything wrong, but she didn't want to cause her father any more worry, especially with his deteriorating health.

"That's the right attitude. Cheers! Here's to shedding the bad relationship and starting anew!" Valarie cheered.

They drank heavily, and by the end of the night, they ended up sleeping in the private room.

When Nyla woke up the next morning, it was already past 8:00 a.m. As soon as she checked her phone, she saw a dozen missed calls from Wren. Alarmed, she quickly called back. Today's Bonus Offer

## Chapter 266

Chapter 266

#25 BONUS

As soon as the call connected, Wren's frantic voice came through. "Where are you right now? Your dad went to the Summers on your behalf and got into trouble. He ended up in the emergency room after drinking excessively to make amends!"

Nyla's mind went blank, and her body froze in place. It took her several seconds to react. "I'll be there right away!"

Her voice trembled as she spoke.

Valarie, who had just woken up, noticed Nyla's distress and quickly got up. "Nyla, what's wrong?"

Nyla looked up, her eyes red and tears streaming down her face. "My dad is in trouble. I can't drive..."

Valarie's expression turned serious. She grabbed Nyla's hand and said firmly, "We can't drive after drinking so much last night. We'll take a cab."

She led Nyla out of the bar and hailed a cab to the hospital.

When they arrived at the emergency room, the surgery had just ended.

Dr. Leslie Knapp, looking exhausted and irritated, addressed Nyla and Wren with frustration "I've warned you repeatedly that the patient's condition can't handle smoking or drinking. You let him drink excessively. If he had been any later, not even a god could have saved him!"

"Dr. Knapp, I'm sorry. I'll be more careful in the future and ensure this never happens again. Thank you for saving my dad," Nyla said, bowing deeply.

Tears continued to fall.

She was overwhelmed with panic, fearing that if Harrison didn't pull through, she would never forgive

herself.

His face remained stern. "A sincere apology means nothing now. Instead, focus on ensuring the patient doesn't engage in activities harmful to his health."

With that he turned and left.

Back in the hospital room....

Hron had not yet woken up.

Wren sat by the bed, crying.

"Wren, what exactly happened?" Nyla asked, her voice trembling.

She had thought that Harrison would visit the Sumners in a few days, not the very next day.

Wren looked at her with evident displeasure. "After you left yesterday, your dad secretly contacted the Sumners to apologize and ask them to spare you. Richard made him wait outside for over two hours. before finally agreeing to see him.

"After that, I don't know what happened. All I know is that your dad suddenly vomited blood and collapsed. The hospital called me to come."

Chapter

+25 BONUS

Nyla took a deep breath, her anger barely contained. The Sumners had gone too far!

"I understand," she replied.

Wren hesitated before speaking. "Nyla, you saw for yourself that you can't fight the Sumners. Your dad's health can't handle any more stress. Please, I'm begging you, don't continue this fight, okay?" Nyla's hands clenched at her sides as she looked down.

"Wren, I will handle this. Please take care of my

dad."

After leaving the hospital room, Valarie looked at Nyla with concern. "Nyla, what are you planning to do next?"

"Thank you for everything today, Valarie. You should head home now," Nyla said flatly.

Noting Nyla's detached demeanor, Valarie frowned. "Nyla, don't do anything rash. You need to stay calm." Valarie was worried that Nyla might act out due to her father's situation. Nyla forced a smile. "Don't worry. I'm very calm."

She had never been so clear-headed and knew exactly what she needed to do.

"Maybe I should stay with you," Valarie suggested.

"Really, don't worry. I promise not to go to the Sumners and cause a scene. You can trust me on that," Nyla said.

Seeing that Nyla seemed genuinely calm, Valarie finally nodded. "If you need any help, just let me know."

"Okay," Nyla agreed.

After Valarie disappeared down the hallway, Nyla's smile slowly faded, her expression turning cold as she headed toward Leslie's office.

Leslie's expression was still somewhat grim when he saw Nyla. "Ms. Jayston, are you here for something?" Nyla nodded and sat down opposite him. "Dr. Knapp, I'm planning to take my dad abroad for treatment." After leaving the doctor's office, Nyla didn't return to the hospital room but went home instead.

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator, she noticed that her apartment door was wide open, and the living room was in disarray.

Her expression remained blank as she walked inside, finding the place turned upside down, with even the kitchen and bathroom ransacked.

She sat down in the living room, about to call the police, but hesitated. Instead, she dialed a different number.

Chapter 267

## **Chapter 267**

Chapter 267 Chapter 267

+25 BONUS

When Damon arrived, Nyla was sitting on the sofa, staring blankly. Hearing the footsteps, she looked up toward the door. Her eyes were red and filled with helplessness and fear, like a frightened little rabbit. "Uncle Damon, you're here," she called out.

Damon approached her and asked in a low voice, "Are you hurt?"

Nyla shook her head. "I'm okay. I was at the bar with Valarie. I wasn't home... When I came back, this is what I found..."

Damon frowned. "Have you called the police?"

"Yes, I did. They should be arriving soon," she replied.

"Alright. You can't stay here. I'll have Spencer find you a new place," Damon said.

"Can I stay with you for the next few days?" Nyla asked.

As soon as she finished speaking, the living room fell silent, so quiet that they could almost hear each other's breathing.

Damon's eyes narrowed dangerously as he spoke, each word deliberate. "Do you know what you're saying?"

His direct gaze seemed to penetrate everything, making Nyla feel as if she had nowhere to hide. It was as though all her thoughts were exposed to him.

She forced herself to meet his gaze and nodded. "I do."

Damon looked at her and chuckled. "I thought it would take you a while longer to make up your mind."

He knew that Nyla was with him primarily to use him, but that was alright. There would come a day when she would fall in love with him.

Nyla pressed her lips together, about to speak, when footsteps came from the doorway- the police had arrived.

Aside from taking statements, Damon mostly handled the discussions with the police, while Nyla asked questions occasionally.

After the police left, Damon turned to Nyla. "I have to go to the office later. Do you want to come with me, or should I pick you up after work?"

"I need to clean up the house and prepare some clothes," Nyla answered.

Damon nodded. "Alright, I'll arrange for someone to protect you. Call me if you need anything."

His expression remained cool, but his gaze held a hint of warmth. It was like snow melting away, creating ripples in Nyla's heart.

She turned her gaze away and nodded. "Okay."

In the next moment, she found herself enveloped in a warm embrace.

Damon's dry, warm hand stroked her head, his voice low and gentle "Dont be afraid I'm here"

Nyla stiffened for a moment, then wrapped her arms around his waist closing her eyes and stently apologizing in her heart.

She didn't want to use Damon, but being with him was her only way to confront the Summers right now.

She felt too selfish and didn't deserve Damon's feelings

Sensing her response, Damon tightened his hold slightly

After a long moment, he finally released her. I'll come to pick you up later"

His gaze was much warmer than before, causing Nyla's face to flush slightly. She lowered her head and said, "Alright."

Her shy and hesitant demeanor made Damon's eyes darran a little. It took him several seconds to regain his composure. He suddenly understood why people kept their mistresses hidden in the palace in the olden days.

After Damon left, Nyla patted her flushed cheeks and calmed herself down to start toying up the disheveled living room.

By the time Nyla finished organizing, it was already past 3:00 pm. She brewed a cup of tea and sat on the sofa, absently tapping her fingers on the cup.

Since Clark had done this to her home, she needed to get back at him.

After thinking for a moment, she dialed a number for an entertainment news outlet

By evening, a breaking news story had taken over the headlines of major extensinment publications:

[Shocking! Clark Sumner, former CEO of the Sumner Group, remamies his mistress on the very day of his divorce!]

During the evening commute, a typically dull time, this entertainment headline immediately graced

everyone's attention, and people eagerly discussed it.

It wont long before the news reached Richard and Marie.

Richard immediately called Clark, berating and ordering him to suppress the news within an hour.

When Clark called Nyla, she was preparing dinner. Expecting his call, she had taken him off her blocked

list

As soon as the call connected, Clark's nearly shouting voice came through "Nyla, how can you be so malicious?! The biggest mistake of my life was loving you and marrying you against everyone's opposition! Nyla sprinkled some coriander into the soup, thinking that Clark's voice had never sounded so pleasing

She laughed softly and replied slowly, "Don't be in a hurry. You'll have plenty more chances to regret it. Today won't be the last time you do."

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+25 BONUS

After Hyla finished speaking, she hung up and blocked Clark without giving him another chance to speak

Soon, an unfamiliar number called her again, but she ignored it.

After several attempts, the calls stopped.

Nyla served the meal she had prepared on the table. Just as she finished tidying up the kitchen, the doorbell rang

When she checked and confirmed that it was Damon at the door, she opened it.

Noticing the aroma of food, Damon looked surprised. "You cooked?"

Nyla nodded and stepped aside to let him in "Yes. Let's have dinner before we head out"

As they walked into the living room, Damon saw the table set with three dishes and a soup. They looked appetizing, and the tableware was neatly arranged.

After sitting down, Damon suddenly asked, "Did you use to cook often?"

Nyla smiled. "No. Before my divorce from Clark, we mostly had a housekeeper who cooked."

Damon hummed but said nothing more. He picked up his cutlery and took a bite.

After a moment of silence, he set down his cutlery and took a sip of water.

He tried the other two dishes, his hope finally diminishing

He asked Nyla, "Has anyone ever told you that your cooking is good?"

"No, why?" Nyla asked.

"Then why do you still cook?" Damon asked in return. [SEAR\\*ch the Findnøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The dishes looked nice, but the amount of salt was overwhelming, enough to make someone choke.

Damon suddenly regretted agreeing to stay for dinner.

"Is it not good?" Nyla asked, concerned.

e had followed the recipes and assumed the dishes were decent. They shouldn't be that bad.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Try them yourself."

Nyla picked up a piece of asparagus, put it in her mouth, and spat it out immediately.

Was this truly her cooking? She couldn't bear to try the other dishes.

The atmosphere grew awkward, and Nyla deeply regretted her decision to cook for Damon today

After a moment's hesitation, she served him a bowl of soup. "The dishes probably have too much salt. The soup has no salt. Try it."

Damon took the bowl, noticed an eggshell floating in the soup, and set it down. "Let's eat out."

Nyla realized her cooking was barely edible and stood up. "Let me clean up."

+25 BONUS

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"No need. I'll have someone come to clean up," Damon said firmly.

"Alright... I'll go change," Nyla conceded.

After changing clothes, she grabbed her packed luggage, preparing to head to Damon's place directly

after dinner.

As she left the bedroom, she saw Damon standing by the dining table with his back to her, absorbed in his phone.

"Uncle Damon, I'm ready. Let's go," she announced.

Damon turned around, tucked his phone into his pocket, and naturally took her suitcase.

By the time they reached the restaurant, it was almost 7:00p.m.

As they entered, they didn't notice a camera hidden in the shadows capturing the scene.

The person taking the photos was a well-known paparazzo in the entertainment industry. Sky Iverson. He was notorious for exposing celebrities. Everyone in the Industry feared him because his reports were always accurate.

Originally, he was there to snap photos of a popular young star on a secret date with his non-celebrity girlfriend but unexpectedly caught Damon and Nyla instead.

However, seeing that the two looked normal, Sky didn't pay them much attention and quickly returned to tracking the young star.

After dinner, Nyla prepared to pay, but Damon stopped her. "I don't let women pay for things, and besides, you're my girlfriend now."

Nyla was taken aback, not quite used to the term. It had been a long time since she had heard that word.

After paying with a card, Damon noticed Nyla still seemed distracted and couldn't help but smile. "Let's

go."

As they left the restaurant, just as they were descending the steps, a panicked voice called out from behind, "Excuse me, make way!"

Before Nyla could react, she was pushed, causing her to slip and nearly fall.

At that moment, Damon grabbed her by the waist and pulled her into his arms.

Nyla instinctively clutched his shirt. They were pressed tightly against each other, almost without any gap. even feeling each other's heartbeats.

"Are you okay?" Damon's deep, gentle voice came from above.

Nyla nodded and stepped out of his embrace, her heart racing.

Seeing that she was only a little pale but otherwise fine, Damon turned his gaze to the figure running away toward the parking lot. The figure's face was covered, and they did not look back. Chapter 29

Damon's eyes narrowed dangerously.

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Back at the villa, Damon instructed the housekeeper to show Nyla to a guest room while he retreated to his study. He needed Spencer to investigate the man who had bumped into Nyla that evening.

"Mr. Sumner, we've identified the man. He's the popular actor Malcolm Underwood. He was at the restaurant tonight with his non-celebrity girlfriend. He bumped into Ms. Jayston while rushing out after spotting a paparazzo," Spencer reported.

Damon's expression remained icy, and his voice was devoid of emotion. "Give him a lesson."

Spencer was taken aback, realizing he had underestimated Nyla's importance to Damon.

After a moment of reflection, he suggested, "Should we leak the fact that he has a non-celebrity girlfriend?"

Malcolm had a new romantic drama coming out soon and was currently promoting his on-screen romance. If news of his real-life relationship emerged, it could severely damage his public image. Damon hummed in agreement.

Meanwhile, Sky returned to his studio and reviewed the photos from his camera, frowning as he did. He had only managed to capture Malcolm hastily leaving the restaurant. There were no clear shots of his non-celebrity girlfriend.

t any more photos. This

After tonight, Malcolm would likely be more cautious, making it harder to get any would render the past few months of work seemingly pointless.

Suddenly, one photo caught Sky's attention.

In the photo, Malcolm was descending the steps while Damon held Nyla in his arms, his eyes soft with

affection.

Although Nyla was only partially visible, her fair skin and striking beauty were captivating. The presence of Damon and Nyla made Malcolm appear as a mere background figure. Sky stroked his chin, contemplating.

I didn't usually like to pry into high society, as they were far more dangerous than celebrities. Offending a high-society family could be perilous.

Despite his initial instinct to delete the photo, he ultimately decided to keep it because of its quality.

In the middle of the night...

News about Malcolm's relationship with a non-celebrity girlfriend went viral online.

Within half an hour, the post attracted hundreds of thousands of comments, and the site briefly crashed.

Malcolm was woken up by his manager, who questioned him about the situation.

Malcolm was confused.

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"Sophy, I swear I wasn't photographed dining with Nichole. I don't know how it was found out. The photos are unclear, so we'll deny it and issue a clarification and a lawyer's letter. That should fix it," Malcolm explained

Sophy Baird, frowning, replied coldly, "That's not what I'm asking. I'm asking if you've crossed anyone recently. When I contacted the higher-ups at the company to suppress this, they said no PR efforts or clarifications are allowed!"

Malcolm was stunned, his face darkening with anger. "I've been busy with filming and only had dinner with Nichole tonight. I haven't had the chance to offend anyone."

He suddenly remembered bumping into a woman while leaving the restaurant. Even if he had offended her, he had been bundled up so well that she couldn't have known who he was.

Sophy considered this and agreed. She had been with Malcolm recently and didn't know of any major

conflicts

Taking a deep breath, she said coldly, "For now, you and Nichole are not to see each other. I'll investigate further at the company tomorrow morning" Malcolm's face was grim. "What about the leak? I'm currently promoting my new drama with the female lead. This will definitely cost me a lot of fans!"

"Losing fans is better than being blacklisted. We'll deal with it tomorrow," Sophy said.

After Sophy left, Malcolm slumped onto the sofa, his expression dark and brooding.

At 7:00 am, Nyla woke up on time and went downstairs after getting ready.

Damon was reading the news at the dining table. When Nyla sat down, he looked at her and asked, "How did you sleep last night?"

"Quite well, Uncle Damon, could I possibly ride with you to the company later?"

Her car was still at the bar and wouldn't be retrieved until tonight.

"Mm. And from now on, don't call me Uncle Damon," Damon said. Today's Bonus Offer

## **Chapter 270**

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Nyla lowered her gaze and nodded. "Okay."

As they neared the company, Nyla asked Damon to drop her off at the corner.

He frowned, clearly displeased. "Am I so embarrassing to you?"

"It's not that," Nyla replied. "I just got divorced from Clark. If people from the company see us together now, it will negatively affect you."

"I don't mind," Damon said flatly.

"But I do. I need some time to adjust to our relationship, so let's keep it private for now, okay?" she asked, her voice tinged with hope and a hint of hesitation.

Damon covered her eyes with his hand, his voice low and husky. "Alright, but I'll need to collect some interest."

Nyla was startled, her eyes widening "What kind of interest?"

Her lashes brushed against Damon's hand, tickling him slightly. He held her waist and leaned in to kiss

her.

"Mmph." Nyla stiffened, instinctively trying to pull away. As she moved back, she found herself pressed against the car door, unable to escape. She could only surrender to Damon. After what felt like an eternity, Damon finally pulled away.

Nyla was breathing heavily, her normally pale cheeks flushed red. She leered at him, her anger apparent but not fully scathing.

Damon's gaze darkened. "Are you sure you want to look at me like that?"

His eyes narrowed dangerously.

Nyla took a moment to calm herself and said softly, "You don't have to wait for me tonight. I'll head back on my own."

"Okay," Damon replied.

"Then I'll get out now," Nyla said.

Seeing her avoiding eye contact, Damon smiled. "If you don't want to get out, that's fine too. I'll just consider it a small loss on my part." Nyla was rendered speechless. She quickly opened the car door, stepped out, and walked briskly into the crowd without looking back. Damon's smile widened as he watched her annoyed figure.

Upon arriving at the company, he saw a familiar face standing at the entrance.

"Stop the car," he ordered but remained inside, staring icily at Clark.

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+25 BONUS

Clark had not yet noticed him and was scanning the crowd for Nyla. When he spotted her, he hurried over and blocked her path. "Nyla!" he called out.

Startled by Clark's sudden appearance, Nyla instinctively took a step back. She noticed the fiery anger in his eyes and frowned, feeling defensive. "What do you want?" she asked.

Her wariness only fueled Clark's sneer. After she exposed his marriage to Jordyn, Richard had slapped him twice, and Cindy had expressed severe disappointment.

"Now you're scared? Why weren't you afraid when you spread news about my marriage to Jordyn?" he demanded.

His eyes were bloodshot, filled with disgust and hatred. If he hadn't fallen for Nyla, he wouldn't be in this mess! It was all her fault!

"It's not like you didn't send people to ransack my house!" Nyla shot back.

"If I hadn't, how would I know if you were hiding backups to use against me later?" Clark retorted as if his actions were completely justified.

Nyla was at a loss for words, wondering how she had been so blind to his true nature before.

Not wanting to argue further, she tried to push past him.

Clark grabbed her arm, gritting his teeth. "Nyla, you've done this to me. Are you just going to walk away?"

As Nyla was about to shake him off, a cold voice came from behind. "Let her go!"

Both turned to see Damon.

Nyla's eyes widened in surprise. Shouldn't Damon have been at the company already? Clark sneered. "Uncle Damon, this is between me and her. Why are you interfering?"

Damon's gaze was icy. "She's my girlfriend now."-

"What?!" Clark stared at Damon and Nyla in disbelief. It was as though he had just heard something absurd.

## Chapter 271

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Clark sneered. "I was wondering why you were so eager to divorce me. Turns out you've latched onto my uncle. Nyla, you're no different from those cheap women out there."

Nyla slapped him hard across the face, drawing the attention of everyone around them.

Clark had never felt so humiliated. His eyes blazed with fury as he reached out to choke Nyla.

Before he could touch her, a powerful kick sent him crashing to the ground.

Damon pulled Nyla into his arms, looking down at Clark with cold, piercing eyes. "She's your future aunt Show some respect when you speak, or next time it won't just be a kick." Upon hearing the words "future aunt", Clark's face flushed with rage.

"Uncle Damon, Grandpa and Grandma will never allow you to marry a divorced woman. Being with her will only make you a laughingstock in Saintornia!" Clark spat The more he spoke, the more smug he became.

Richard and Marie had always been so picky about the women they wanted for Damon. Yet here Damon was, falling for a woman who had been married before!

"Why don't you worry about yourself? Do you really think marrying Jordyn will give you a shot at inheriting the Sumner Group?" Damon shot back.

Clark's triumphant expression froze, and his hands clenched into fists at his sides. If Nyla hadn't exposed his marriage, Richard wouldn't have been so disappointed in him. Clark wanted nothing more than to strangle Nyla. The love he once felt for her had twisted into pure hatred.

"Uncle Damon, you'll regret this. Just wait," Clark warned.

Damon didn't spare him another glance. He simply took Nyla's hand and walked away.

Nyla tried to pull her hand back, but he didn't let go.

"There are so many people watching-just let go of me for now!" Nyla whispered harshly.

Noticing the shocked stares from those around her, she wished she could disappear. She had hoped to

keep things low-key, but now everyone knew on the very first day.

"What's there to be afraid of? The people in the company aren't stupid. After what just happened, do you really think we can keep this a secret?" Damon asked. Realizing he was right, Nyla stopped struggling.

When they reached the lab door, Damon told her, "Come to my office at noon."

"For what?" she asked.

Lunch," he answered.

Seeing that Nyla was about to refuse, Damon raised an eyebrow. "I just drove you here. A lot of people

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saw us together. Do you really want to eat in the cafeteria with everyone staring at you?"

Nyla pressed her lips together. "I could order takeout.

"It's unhealthy. I'll either come down and eat with you, or you can come to my office. Your choice," Damon replied

His eyes exuded domineering determination, leaving Nyla no room to refuse. After a few seconds of silence, she finally relented. "I'll go to your office" Soon, Damon left, and Nyla sighed. As she turned around, she saw Melody standing a few steps away, her eyes wide with shock and admiration. "Nyla, you're really with Mr. Sumner? I saw the discussion in the company group chat earlier and thought it was just a misunderstanding. Melody gushed.

Having been married to Clark and now being with his uncle, Nyla knew people would talk. She could already imagine the gossip that would follow. However, when she decided to be with Damon, she had mentally prepared herself for this. It simply happened sooner than expected. "Let's get back to work," she said.

Melody wanted to ask more questions, but seeing that Nyla wasn't in the mood to talk, she held back her curiosity.

News of Damon and Nyla's relationship quickly reached Richard and Marie.



Marie was so furious that she fainted, while Richard immediately called Damon, demanding he come

home.

Damon's tone was cold. "Dad, if you're calling about me and Nyla, then there's no need-

Richard cut him off, his voice full of anger. "Are you coming back yourself, or should I go to Prospectus Technology and have a talk with that woman? You decide!" Toys Bonus Offer

## Chapter 272

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After a few moments of silence, Damon answered coldly, head over right after my meeting"

Nyla arrived at the top floor at noon, only to be stopped by Spencer.

"Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner isn't in his office right now," he informed her.

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she still in a meeting?" she asked.

Spencer shook his head, his gaze fixed on her. "No. He got a call from Mr. Richard this morning. He went back to the Summer residence and hasn't returned yet."

Nyla's heart sank. She didn't need to guess-it was clearly about what had happened earlier that morning

"I see. Thank you for letting me know, Mr. Hogg," she replied.

Noticing that her expression remained unchanged, Spencer frowned. "Ms. Jayston, aren't you going to go over there?"

"Even if I did, it wouldn't help. Besides, seeing me would only make the Sumners more upset," Nyla answered calmly.

"This whole situation started because of you. Shouldn't you stand by Mr. Sumner and face it together?" Spencer's gaze was filled with disapproval, his tone turning cold.

It wasn't his place to meddle in Damon's personal life, but Nyla's attitude made him feel that Damon's efforts were going unappreciated. Damon was standing up to his entire family for her, yet she seemed content to hide behind him rather than share the burden.

"Mr. Hogg, if he wanted me by his side, he would've asked me himself-not had you deliver the message. Nyla replied.

Already frustrated, Spencer's response grew more blunt. "If that's how you feel, then there's nothing more

to say."

With that, he turned and walked away.

Nyla wasn't angry. She understood Spencer's protective instincts toward Damon after working with him

for so many years.

As Nyla stepped out of the elevator, she bumped into Melody, who was on her way to lunch.

"Nyla, weren't you supposed to have lunch with Mr. Sumner? How come you're back so soon?" Melody asked, surprised.

"Something came up last minute. I'll just order takeout," Nyla replied.

Melody smiled and looped her arm through Nyla's. "Why order takeout? Let's go to the cafeteria together!"

Nyla wanted to refuse, but before she could say anything, Melody had already pulled her back into the

elevator.

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Meanwhile, Damon was kneeling in the Sumner residence's living room as Richard struck his back with a

thick cane

"I'll ask you one more time-are you going to break things off with that woman or not?" Richard demanded.

Damon kept his back straight, his expression defiant as he met Richard's eyes without flinching. "Dad, no matter how many times you ask, my answer will be the same."

Richard raised the cane again and brought it down hard on Damon's back, opening up yet another wound among the many that already marked his skin.

Sitting nearby, Clark watched with a smug look, feeling deeply satisfied. His side still ached from the kick Damon had given him that morning, and he was itching to grab the cane from Richard and strike Damon himself.

This moment was too good to waste. It would be a shame if Nyla didn't see it.

With that thought, Clark sneered, snapped a photo, and sent it to her.

Nyla felt all eyes on her as soon as she walked into Prospectus Technology's employee cafeteria. Almost everyone was sneaking glances at her, most of them filled with malice.

"Tsk, I wondered what was so special about her. She's not even that pretty. Must be really good at playing her cards, though, getting not one but two Sumner men to fall for her," someone commented.

"Please, Mr. Sumner's just having some fun. You think he'd actually marry a divorced woman? He'll get bored soon and dump her," another said.

"Some women just don't know their place. They think just because they've climbed up once, they can do it again. But they're only setting themselves up for a big fall!" another chimed in.

## **Chapter 273**

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Melody was furious after hearing the gossip and stormed over to the women who were talking.

She

sneered. "I was wondering where that foul smell was coming from. Turns out someone's just jealous!"

One of the women glared at Melody. "We're just telling the truth. Unless the person involved has something to say, who are you to butt in? Don't be someone's puppet. Who knows what dirty tricks she pulled to get close to Mr. Sumner!"

"If you've got what it takes, go land yourself a Sumner not, shut up! And if you think Nyla isn't that pretty, why don't I buy you a mirror so you can see what you look like?" Melody shot back. "You!" the woman snapped,

Melody tilted her chin up defiantly. "You what? Why don't you go repeat every word you just said to Mr. Sumner's face and see if he still lets you loudmouths keep your jobs?"

The woman opened her mouth to retort, but her friend pulled her back. "Forget it. Let's go."

The woman shot Melody a cold look. "You'll regret this!"

Melody crossed her arms and rolled her eyes. "Oh, I'm so scared. What, you gonna bite me?"

Seeing the woman's anger flare up again, her friend quickly dragged her out of the cafeteria.

Only after they were out of sight did Melody turn back to Nyla. "Don't let them get to you, Nyla. They're just jealous."

Nyla's expression remained calm as she replied, "Let's just eat."

They had barely sat down with their food when Nyla's phone buzzed.

She looked down to see a photo from an unknown number, but she immediately recognized the person in

the picture-Damon

His back was a mess of blood and raw wounds, and the sight made her gasp in shock. She jumped to her

feet.

Melody, startled by the sudden movement, looked up at her. "Nyla, what's wrong?"

"I have to go," Nyla said hurriedly.

Half an hour later, Nyla arrived at the Sumner residence.

The maid's face darkened when she saw her. "Ms. Jayston, you need to leave. You're not welcome here."

"I need to see Mr. Richard," Nyla said firmly.

"He won't see you," the maid replied.

Nyla's expression turned icy, and she let out a cold laugh. "Are you sure you don't want to check?"

"There's no need. If you don't leave now, I'll call security!" the maid threatened.

Nyla didn't waste any more words. Instead, she dialed the number that had sent her the photo.

"You saw the picture? Clark's voice was laced with amusement, clearly enjoying himself.

"I'm at the front gate of the estate," Nyla replied before hanging up.

Shortly after, Clark sent another maid to escort her inside.

As soon as Nyla stepped into the living room, she saw Richard raising a cane and bringing it down hard on Damon's back. She paused, her expression hardening. Clark was lounging on the couch, ready to enjoy the drama.

Damon caught sight of Nyla out of the corner of his eye and thought he was imagining things. When he turned and realized it really was her, he barked with a frown, "What are you doing here? Go back!" Ignoring his anger, Nyla calmly walked over to his side.

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Richard sneered. "Perfect timing. I was planning to deal with you next. Since you're here, let's settle this now. If you leave my son, I pretend none of this ever happened. Otherwise, you won't be able to handle the consequences."

Nyla caught the flash of menace in Richard's eyes, but she smirked and spoke slowly. "I won't leave him unless he asks me to."

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A flash of pity crossed Richard's eyes. "Do you really think you can marry into the Sumners again?"

Damon was defying him now only because he still had feelings for her.

It wouldn't be long before he realized the difference between marrying a wife who could help him and one who couldn't. When that time came, he wouldn't choose Nyla.

If Nyla were smart, she'd leave him now..

Nyla replied calmly, "I know a lot of people want to marry into the Sumners, but I'm not one of them. When I married Clark, it was because of who he was, not because of the Sumners behind him. Now, I'm with Damon for the same reason-because he's Damon."

Richard snorted. "Are you willing to swear that you're with him with no ulterior motives? That it's purely because you like him as a person?"

Nyla's hands tightened at her sides. She was about to respond when Damon interrupted coldly, "Dad, enough. Stop pressuring her!"

Richard glared at him. "Shut up! If you don't break up with her today, we'll sever our father-son relationship!"

The room fell into heavy silence as his words hung in the air.

At Richard's fury, Damon remained silent for a moment before slowly straightening up. "Dad, if you can't accept her, I won't force it. Whether you choose to disown me or never speak to me again, I won't leave her."

"What?!" Richard looked at him in disbelief, his gaze filled with disappointment. "You'd give up your family for this woman?"

"Dad, I've said before that who I choose to be with is my decision. No one has the right to interfere." Damon's expression was calm, but his tone was resolute.

He had chosen to start his own business rather than take over the Sumner Group because he wanted control over his own life, not to be bound by others. Even his parents had no right to dictate his choices. After all, he wasn't living his life for anyone else.

Richard said "fine" three times in a row, his gaze on Damon growing colder with each word. "If you're so determined, then get out!"

He turned his back on Damon, clearly too disappointed to look at him any longer.

Damon stared at Richard's back for a moment before taking Nyla's hand and leaving

Clark's eyes flickered with anger and resentment.

When he had wanted to marry Nyla, he had had to kneel outside the Summer residence for three days. Yet now, all Richard did to Damon was to give him a single round of punishment. The favoritism was painfully obvious!

Upon seeing Richard's frail body trembling with emotion, Clark's gaze darkened.

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Richard closed eyes and waved He's so setamines is set that woman, let's see if they can say front for inte

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He stepped forward to help Richard sit down, speaking in a low voice. 'Grandpa, don't be too upset. Uncle Damon is just confused right now. I'll talk to him.' Richard closed his eyes and waved his hand dismissively. "No need. If he's so determined to be with that woman, let's see if they can stay together for a lifetime."

Clark quickly added, "They won't. Once enough time passes, Uncle Damon will realize Nyla isn't worth it."

Disgust flared in Clark's eyes as he remembered all the ways Nyla had manipulated him recently. He couldn't believe he had once thought of her as gentle and understanding.

Richard opened his eyes and snorted. "And you're one to talk? You divorced and then rushed to marry a woman from a powerless, ordinary family. What right do you have to criticize your uncle?"

## Chapter 275

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Clark gnashed his teeth, feeling a surge of anger. It was clear that Richard was favoring Damon.

Unlike Damon, however, Clark didn't have his own company and couldn't afford to defy Richard.

He quickly lowered his head and spoke in a guilty tone. "You're right, Grandpa... I acted on impulse. Besides, Jordyn is carrying my child..." "Enough. I don't want to hear about your relationship problems anymore. You can go now," Richard cut him off sharply.

Seeing the irritation in Richard's expression, Clark took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Alright."

As soon as Damon and Nyla left the Sumner residence, Damon finally released Nyla's hand.

"Why did you come here, knowing you'd be put through the wringer?" Damon's voice carried a hint of anger, making Nyla bite her lip nervously.

She looked up at him, her gaze filled with concern. "I didn't want you to keep getting hurt because of me."

Richard was Damon's father, so she knew Damon wouldn't fight back.

Originally, she had only planned to use Damon and hadn't intended to come over. But when she saw the photo Clark had sent, her heart clenched painfully. At that moment, she realized she had truly fallen for Damon and couldn't just stand by while he got hurt.

Damon was silent for a moment before speaking in a low voice. "I'll let it slide this time, but don't be so impulsive in the future."

He was there today to protect her, but if he hadn't been, she might have been bullied.

"Well, it depends on the situation," Nyla replied honestly.

If he was hurt, there was no way she could just ignore it.

Damon frowned, about to say something, but Nyla cut him off, "Alright, enough lecturing. Your back is seriously injured. I'm taking you to get it treated."

She grabbed his hand and led him to the car.

The warmth of her touch seemed to melt the coldness in his heart.

Just as they reached the car, Clark's mocking voice echoed behind them. "Nyla, are you happy now that you've driven a wedge between Uncle Damon and my grandfather?"



Nyla frowned, a wave of disgust washing over her. Clark was like a cockroach-impossible to kill or get rid of, always there to make things worse.

She turned to face him. "I'll be happy when you're finally kicked out of the Summers and struggling at every

turn."

Clark's expression froze, but then he let out a cold laugh. "Too bad, that day will never come."

## Chapter 275

"Don't be so sure. You've already been kicked out of the Sumner Group, and Jordyn doesn't have the skills to come up with a patent that could get you back in, does she?" Nyla retorted. She stared at Clark coldly, not noticing the dangerous gleam in Damon's eyes when she mentioned the patent.

Panic flashed in Clark's eyes. Afraid Nyla would reveal the truth about the patent in front of Damon, he gritted his teeth and said, "We'll see about that!"

He quickly turned and walked away.

Nyla watched Clark's retreating figure before turning back to see Damon staring at her. She blinked, surprised. "What is it? Why are you looking at me like that?" "Nothing." Damon replied coolly and got into the car without another word.

Nyla stood there, staring through the window at Damon, who was deliberately avoiding her gaze. Confusion swirled in her mind.

Was he angry? But why?

As she settled into the driver's seat, she hesitated for a moment before asking, "Are you mad at me?"

Today's Bonus Offer

## Chapter 276

"No, I'm not," Damon replied.

Nyla raised an eyebrow. His tone was so stiff, and yet he claimed he wasn't angry?

"Then why are you upset? Because I talked to Clark?" she asked.

Damon's gaze darkened. "I'm not that childish."

"Then what are you angry about?" Nyla pressed.

Aside from exchanging a few words with Clark, she couldn't think of anything she had done that might have upset Damon. Besides, she and Clark were divorced now, and the conversation had happened right in front of Damon.

What was there to be angry about?

After a few seconds of silence, Damon spoke in a low voice. "Was the heart medication patent he presented back then something you gave him?"

Nyla paused for a moment before nodding. "Yes. He had just started working at the Sumner Group at the time, and the shareholders didn't respect him. We were married then, and I knew that if he succeeded, it would benefit me too. So, I gave it to him."

Damon smiled, but his tone was sarcastic. "You really did treat him well."

Back then, Clark had used that patent to snatch away several major partnerships from Prospectus Technology and had even undermined the company in the process.

If Clark hadn't been Damon's nephew and if the Sumner Group hadn't been a family business, Damon wouldn't have let him off so easily.

He hadn't realized that the heart medication patent was actually Nyla's work!

He knew he shouldn't let the past affect their current relationship, but the thought of how deeply she had once loved Clark made him feel uneasy.

Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "Are you jealous, Mr. Sumner?"

"No," Damon answered.

"Really?" Nyla asked again.

"Of course. I'm not that childish!" Damon exclaimed.

Nyla held back her laughter and nodded. "Okay, okay, you're not childish. I'm the one being childish. If you're not jealous, then we won't talk about it anymore."

As soon as she said that, the

temperature inside the car seemed to drop dramatically. Damon's face was tense, and his entire demeanor screamed, "Keep away."

Nyla pretended not to notice and started the car.

After taking Damon to the hospital for treatment, Nyla wanted to take him home, but he insisted on going to the office.

She pulled over to the side of the road and glared at him. "You're injured, and you think you can still work?"

"There's a very important international meeting this afternoon. I have to be there," Damon explained.

"Can't you attend from home?" Nyla asked.

"No," Damon answered.

They stared at each other for a moment before Nyla reluctantly restarted the car.

Although she was annoyed that

Damon wasn't taking care of his health, she understood that as the

CEO of Prospectus Technology, he was responsible for the entire

corporation. His schedule was set,

and changing it wasn't easy.

They drove in silence until they reached the company. Just as Damon was about to get out of the car, Nyla suddenly stopped him.

"It's true that I gave Clark the patent I

developed, but that was back when we were deeply in love. I never imagined we would separate. The past can't be changed, but what I can promise you is that I don't love him anymore. The person in my heart now is you," she said.

She looked at him earnestly, her eyes reflecting his image as if he were the only one who mattered to her at that moment. Damon hadn't expected Nyla to explain herself, and his heart softened instantly. The discomfort he had been feeling vanished.

It wasn't her fault she had fallen for the wrong person-it was Clark's.

Besides, if Clark hadn't made those mistakes, Damon wouldn't have had the chance to be with her.

Seeing Damon's calm expression and his lack of visible reaction, Nyla couldn't help but frown. "You don't believe me?"

As soon as she finished speaking, Damon suddenly leaned toward her.

Nyla instinctively backed away, but just as her head was about to hit the window, his hand gently cradled the back of her head.

## Chapter 277

The next moment, Nyla felt a soft touch on her forehead, like a feather gently brushing against her skin, tickling her heart.

Damon pressed a light kiss to her forehead before pulling back, his gaze betraying a hint of guilt.

"Nyla, I'm sorry. Thinking about how much you were willing to give up for Clark made me uncomfortable, but that wasn't fair to you," he apologized. When he decided to be with her, he knew he should accept her past and not hold it against her.

Nyla was momentarily stunned. Then, she wrapped her arms around his waist and leaned against his chest as she murmured, "Okay."

Her body felt soft in his arms, and her fragrance was intoxicating.

Damon's gaze darkened with desire. "Nyla, if you keep holding me like this, I can't guarantee what will happen next."

The restrained desire in his voice sent a shiver through Nyla, a warm tingle spreading across her body as her cheeks flushed slightly.

She quickly pushed him away, her eyes flashing with a mix of mock anger and embarrassment. "I just hugged you for a moment."

Damon awkwardly rubbed his nose and said in a low voice, "I have a meeting to attend. Let's go."

He quickly opened the car door and got out.

Nyla patted her slightly warm cheeks and followed him out of the car, walking together to the elevator.

Damon wanted to escort her to the lab, but she refused.

"You dropping me off at the lab this morning already caused enough of a stir. I don't want to go through that again. Besides, you're injured. You should sit and rest as much as possible," she said. "Alright," Damon agreed, looking at her with a soft expression and a faint smile.

His gaze made Nyla feel a familiar warmth spreading across her face. She shot him a glare. "Stop looking at me like that!"

Her tone lacked any real threat and sounded more like teasing.

Damon chuckled. "Why? You're my girlfriend. Can't I look at my girlfriend?"

"Who stares at someone like that all the time?" Nyla shot back.

"But you're beautiful. I can never get enough," Damon replied.

Nyla's eyes widened in surprise. Was this really the same man she knew, the one who was so ruthless in the business world? How could he say something like that with a straight face?

Unbeknownst to her, the way she stared at Damon, with her lips slightly parted and eyes wide in shock, was incredibly alluring to him.

Unfortunately, there wasn't much he could do since they were in an elevator with surveillance cameras.

Instead, he leaned close to her ear and whispered, "If you keep looking at me like that, I'm going to kiss you."

His voice was low, and his warm breath brushed against Nyla's ear sending a shiver down her spine. The sensation was so intense that she quickly stepped back, creating distance between them.

Nyla looked at him with caution, as if fearing he might actually follow through on his threat.

After all, they were in an elevator, and someone could walk in at any moment.

"Alright. I won't tease you anymore. Come here," Damon said.

Nyla didn't move. "Why?"

She had a sense that nothing good would come from complying with his request.

Damon sighed. "You're standing too far away from me."

Although he wanted to do many things with her, he knew it was better to take things slowly. He didn't want to scare her off.

"This distance is fine, and I'll be out of the elevator soon-" Before Nyla could finish, Damon reached out with his long arm, pulling her into his embrace.

She instinctively tried to break free, but his arm tightened around her waist, leaving her no chance to escape.

As she thought about the

surveillance cameras capturing this

scene and the possibility of the elevator stopping at any moment, she felt a mix of embarrassment and frustration.

"Damon! Don't push your luck!" she scolded.

## Chapter 278

Hearing the annoyance in Nyla's voice, Damon chuckled and let her go. If he kept teasing her, she might actually get mad.

Nyla took a few steps back, smoothing her hair that had become tousled during their playful scuffle. She shot Damon an irritated look. "Alright, don't be mad. I might have to work late tonight, so I'll have the driver take you home first," Damon said.

Nyla frowned. "Your wounds need to be dressed. How late are you planning to work?"

"Not sure yet. As for the dressing, I'll have Spencer take care of it," he replied.

Nyla grew more frustrated due to Damon's casual demeanor, her face turning cold as she remained silent.

Damon sighed. "It's really nothing, just minor wounds. They'll heal in a few days."

"I'll come by after work to change your bandages, and then I'll head home," Nyla said.

When the elevator doors opened, she stepped out, leaving no room for Damon to protest.

Watching her hurry away, Damon couldn't help but smile.

Meanwhile, Clark returned home with a dark expression.

Jordyn, sitting in the living room with an acai bowl, noticed his frown and put down her bowl. "What's wrong? Did Grandpa still refuse to let you back into the Sumner Group?" Clark sneered. "I expected that before I even went."

"Then who upset you?" Jordyn asked.

Clark's eyes flashed with irritation as he took in Jordyn's pregnant figure and slightly fuller body.

"It's none of your business!" he snapped.

He turned and walked briskly toward the study, not wanting to look at her any longer.

The more Clark thought about Nyla standing up for Damon and his uncle's willingness to cut ties with Richard to be with her, the more agitated he became.

When he had wanted to marry her, he had knelt outside the Sumner residence for three days, and she hadn't shown him the same concern.

Now, just a few days after their divorce, she was already involved with Damon!

The more Clark thought about it, the darker his expression became. He was determined to make Nyla regret her actions.

After a moment of contemplation, Clark smirked and called Michael.

"Didn't Uncle Damon have an old flame overseas? Find out where she is now and get me her contact information," Clark instructed.

After hanging up, he set his phone down, his expression icy. Once that woman returned to the country, he was certain Damon wouldn't stay with Nyla.

Back in the lab, Nyla found Melody still napping and quietly walked over to her computer. Seeing that it was almost time to start the afternoon's work, she decided to forgo a and picked up a book to read

instead.

nap

At 1:55 p.m., Melody was jolted awake by her alarm. Noticing Nyla sitting across from her reading, she groggily asked, "Nyla, when did you get back?"

"Not too long ago. Go wash your face. We'll start the afternoon's experiments soon," Nyla replied.

"Okay," Melody said.

Once Nyla began working, she became completely absorbed in the experiment. It wasn't until Melody reminded her that it was time to go home that she realized how late it was.

Noticing Melody's hesitant expression, Nyla asked, "What's wrong? Do you have something to do? If you need to leave, I can finish up here." Melody shook her head and subtly motioned toward the door.

Nyla turned and saw Damon standing at the entrance-tall and imposing, with an air of elegance that made him impossible to ignore.

While removing her gloves, Nyla told Melody, "You can finish up here."

Nyla then led Damon to a nearby office before finally asking why he had come to see her.

"Didn't you say you'd change my bandages after work?" Damon asked.

## **Chapter 279**

Damon's tone carried a hint of grievance.

Nyla looked up, startled. "I was planning to finish up the experiment and then come to you."

"Since I'm already here, why don't you do it now? I've got another meeting soon," Damon said.

"Alright, take off your shirt," Nyla instructed.

As she prepared the fresh bandages and medication, she glanced up to find Damon's bare torso before her. Her grip on the bandages tightened involuntarily.



His upper body was defined with perfectly sculpted abs, and his muscular back appeared both raw and masculine.

Noticing Nyla's gaze fixed on his abs, Damon cleared his throat. "If you want to look, I can take it all off for you tonight. You can admire it all you want."

His teasing tone made Nyla's face flush instantly.

How embarrassing! She had actually zoned out while looking at his abs!

There was no way she was going to admit to something so mortifying, so she denied, "I was just thinking about something. I've seen plenty of men with abs. I wouldn't get distracted by a few muscles." Damon raised an eyebrow. "Oh? And whose abs have you seen?"

"Too many to count. I've forgotten," Nyla lied.

"Have you really forgotten, or are you just pretending?" Damon asked.

His eyes sparkled with amusement. He had clearly seen through her lie but chose to play along, teasing her like a cat toying with a mouse.

Nyla glared at him. "Are you going to let me change the bandages, or should I get back to my experiment?"

"Of course, go ahead," Damon replied.

As she carefully cut away the old bandages, the raw, bloody wounds on Damon's back were exposed once more. She hesitated for a moment, her gaze flickering with concern.

"This must hurt, doesn't it?" she asked.

Richard hadn't held back at all while beating Damon. The deep welts left by the cane would take at least two weeks to heal, assuming Damon took proper care of them.

Damon couldn't see her expression, but he could hear the worry in her voice.

"It doesn't hurt," he told her.

Nyla took a deep breath, remaining silent as she began changing his bandages.

Halfway through, the office door suddenly swung open, and Melody's voice came from the doorway. "Nyla, the experiment is...."

Upon seeing Damon shirtless with

Nyla

eye in shock. She c

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"I didn't see anything! You guys carry on!" she exclaimed.

However, Melody cut her off, "It's fine, it's fine! I didn't misunderstand. You two continue. I'll just head home."

She hurriedly closed the office door and left as quickly as she could.

Nyla was speechless.

She looked at Damon, gritting her

teeth.

your

des your fault! Now she

definitely thinks we were doing

inappropriate."

Content

"How was I supposed to know she'd suddenly burst in? Should I go explain things to her?" Damon offered.

Him explaining to Melody? That would only make Melody's imagination run wild.

"Just turn around. I'm almost done with the bandages," Nyla said.

Once she had finished wrapping and securing the bandages, she started cleaning up the used materials. "Don't bother sending the driver for me later. I have something to take care of."

"Okay. Just be safe and let me know when you're home," Damon replied.

After Damon left, Nyla tidied up the office, double-checked the experiment, and then locked up for the day.

Instead of heading back to the villa, she took a taxi to the bar to pick up her car and then drove straight to the hospital.

...

When Nyla walked into the hospital room, Wren was feeding Harrison dinner.

Wren's smile immediately vanished upon seeing her, and she pretended not to notice.

## Chapter 280

Nyla pursed her lips and entered the hospital room.

"Dad, I'm planning to send you abroad for treatment. The doctor has already agreed. Once your health improves and everything is arranged overseas, I'll buy tickets for you and Wren to go," Nyla announced. Harrison interrupted her, "I'm not going. I'm staying in the country."

Nyla frowned. "Dad, the medical facilities abroad are better, and you need time to recover..."

Harrison cut her off, "After you send me and Wren abroad, what are you planning to do next? Are you going to fight the Sumners alone?"

Nyla lowered her gaze and replied flatly, "No. Didn't you tell me before not to continue?"

"Then why are you still involved with the Sumners?" Harrison slammed his hand on the table, his eyes filled with anger as he stared at Nyla. "When have I been involved with the Sumners?" Nyla asked, bewildered.

"Don't lie to me! You just divorced Clark, and now you're entangled with his uncle. What exactly are you trying to do?!" Harrison demanded.

Nyla widened her eyes, her gaze turning icy. "Who told you that?"

"Does it matter who told me? What matters is whether it's true! Tell me honestly, are you with Damon or not?" Harrison pressed.

The room fell silent.

Wren looked at Nyla with disdain, shocked that Nyla could be involved in such actions. If Nyla had been her own daughter, Wren would have been furious beyond belief. Who would divorce their husband and then get involved with his uncle? It was laughable.

Nyla was silent for a few seconds before admitting directly, "Yes, I'm with him."

Disappointment flashed in Harrison's eyes. He looked tired as he said, "I failed to raise you properly. I've done your mother wrong."

When Clark had first brought this up, Harrison hadn't believed it, thinking Nyla wouldn't do something like this. Now that she had admitted it, he couldn't deceive himself any longer.

"Dad, I know you can't understand this right now. Just focus on your recovery. Don't worry about me," Nyla said.

Seeing her unrepentant attitude, Harrison gritted his teeth and said, "Break off with him immediately. Otherwise, I won't go abroad or see you again!"

Disbelief clouded Nyla's eyes as she instinctively took a step back.

"Dad, I thought you'd be different from the others, but I was wrong. You're just the same as the Sumners," she cried.

Wren sneered. "Nyla, don't blame me for speaking harshly. What good can come from your involvement with Damon? You're only setting yourself up for pain. You wouldn't think he—" Nyla interrupted coldly, "If you know it's harsh, then don't say it. After all, you're not my mother, and you don't have the right to control me."

Harrison slapped her, and the room fell silent instantly.

His hand trembled slightly as he spoke with deep disappointment "Wren is only looking out for you. Even if she's not your mother, she's still an elder. How can you speak to her like that?"

Nyla lowered her head, her long hair concealing her face and emotions. The stinging pain on her cheek was nothing compared to the hurt caused by Harrison's words.

She looked up at him and said

slowly, "I arrange the tickets for you to go abroad. Whether you choose to go or not is up to you. Since you don't want to see me, I won't come back again."

