

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 31

Chapter 31 Chapter 31

+25 BONUS

Clark realized how badly Cindy had been treating Nyla in private. Had she been speaking to Nyla this way for the entire three years of their marriage whenever he wasn't around?

When Clark saw Damon in the surveillance footage, his grip on his phone tightened, his knuckles turning

white.

Watching Damon stand up for Nyla made Clark feel a mix of anger and helplessness. He was Nyla's husband. He should have been the one standing by her side, but he hadn't been there. If Nyla hadn't told him the more Clark thought about it, the more guilt he felt. He had failed Nyla and their eight years of love.

He turned off the video and sent a message to his secretary.

Clark: [If my mother asks you to handle my father's matters in the future, ignore her.]

Michael: [Understood. Do you still want me to investigate your uncle?]

Clark: [Go on.]

Nyla had expected Clark to stay away for a few days after what happened last night. To her surprise, she opened the door the next morning to find him standing there with a bouquet. Clark's eyes lit up with hope when he saw her. "Nyla-"

"What do you want?" she interrupted, sounding impatient. It was a weekend, and she didn't want Clark to ruin it.

"Nyla, I know what happened last night. I promise it won't happen again. Has my mom always been like this to you? Why didn't you ever tell me?"

Nyla could only laugh. "Did you ever care? You've known your mother for years. Don't you know what kind of person she is?"

Under Nyla's piercing gaze, Clark averted his eyes, unable to meet hers.

Nyla laughed mockingly. "Clark, in the past three years, you've had plenty of chances to find out how your mother treated me in private, but you never wanted to. Isn't that right?" Clark opened his mouth to defend himself, but no words came out. What was there to say?

Since their wedding, he hadn't cared about her feelings as much as he used to. When she complained,

he'd dismiss her and use work as an excuse, expecting her to handle her emotions alone. Cindy dared to treat Nyla that way because of his inaction.

"Haven't I hinted at it before? You always pretended not to understand because, in your eyes, my suffering didn't matter.

"If it weren't for your affair and my decision to divorce you, you might never have realized how your mother treats me."

"Nyla, I am sorry..."

1/2

Chapter 31

+25 BONUS

Clark's face was pale. Besides those four words, he didn't know what else to say. Anything he said now would be too little, too late. Any excuse would be meaningless.

"Ever since I found out about your affair, you've been apologizing. But belated apologies can't undo the pain I've endured."

Nyla had once had faith in their love, so she endured Cindy's hostility. She didn't care if others thought she was unworthy of Clark. As long as the two of them were happy together, it was enough. However, the moment she discovered his infidelity, her years of patience became a cruel joke.

Now, she was done enduring.

Chapter 32

Paradise 32

Chapter 32

Seeing the disappointment in Nyla's eyes, Clark felt as if a hand was squeezing his heart, making it hard to breathe.

"Nyla, I know that no matter what promises I make now, you won't believe me. But I will prove it with my actions. I will keep my word."

Nyla had no intention of listening to his promises. She brushed past him and walked away.

Just as Clark was about to follow her, his phone in his pocket rang. He answered, and his secretary's serious voice came through. "Mr. Sumner, there's a problem with one of our deals." Clark's expression darkened. "I'll be there right away."

By the time he ran to the exit of the complex, all he saw was Nyla getting into a taxi and leaving. He pursed his lips, turned around, got into his car, and drove to the company. Once he dealt with work, he would come back to sort things out with Nyla.

When Nyla arrived at the restaurant, Valarie was already there.

"Nyla, you're finally here! I've got some gossip to share with you."

Nyla sat down across from Valarie, placed her bag on the chair next to her, and raised an eyebrow. "What gossip?"

"I heard that Lucia somehow pissed off Clark a week ago and got slapped in a private room. Her face was so swollen she looked like a pig."

Nyla paused as she was about to pour herself some water. She looked up at Valarie. "Who told you that?"

"A girl I'm friends with. She was at the bar that night and saw the whole thing."

Nyla looked down, saying nothing, but she understood. Clark must have investigated the incident and punished Lucia for hitting her. However, his actions would only make Lucia hate her more and make her life at the company even harder. "Nyla... Nyla?"

Nyla snapped out of her thoughts and looked at Valarie. "What is it, Valarie?"

Valarie looked exasperated. "That's what I wanted to ask you. I've called your name several times, and you were daydreaming. What were you thinking about?" "Nothing much..." Nyla shook her head. "I probably didn't sleep well last night. By the way, why did you suddenly ask me out to go shopping today?" Valarie, who usually preferred staying in bed over the weekend, had unexpectedly asked her out.

A blush crept up Valarie's cheeks. "His birthday is coming up, and I want to pick out a gift for him. I thought you could help me choose."

Seeing Valarie's shy and expectant look, Nyla couldn't help but tease her. "Who was it that swore off relationships and called them foolish?"

1/2

Chapter 32

+25 BONUS

Valarie rested her chin in her hands, her gaze full of tenderness. "That was before I met him. After I met him, I realized I'm filled with anticipation before I sleep every night because I get to say good morning to him the next day the moment I open my eyes."

Nyla pretended to be grossed out. "Alright, enough with the mushy stuff. If you keep being this lovey-dovey, I'm going home."

"Okay, okay, I'll stop."

Valarie noticed Nyla was smiling, but there was a sadness in her eyes that she couldn't hide. She sighed inwardly. She had invited Nyla out because she didn't want her to stay cooped up at home.

It had only been a short time since Nyla found out about Clark's affair. When Nyla was alone, she would likely be lost in thought or even cry in secret, but she always put on a facade of calm in front of others. Valarie didn't want to bring up Clark and reopen her wounds. She just hoped Nyla could move on soon and start a new chapter in her life.

After lunch, they headed to the mall.

As soon as they walked into a men's clothing store, Valarie's eyes landed on a black suit displayed in the center of the store.

"Could you take that suit down for me to see?"

"I'd like that suit, please!"

Today's Bonus Offer

Paradise 33

Chapter 33

Two very different voices spoke at the same time.

Valarie turned around and saw a tall woman not far behind her. The woman, Jacqueline Rainford, had fair skin and wavy hair, and wore a red strap dress. Jacqueline's hand was pointing at the suit Valarie had her

eye on.

Noticing Valarie's gaze, Jacqueline smiled and said, "Miss, I plan to buy this suit as a gift for my boyfriend. We're meeting soon. Could you let me have it?"

Valarie really liked the suit and didn't want to give it up, but Jacqueline's polite request made her hesitate.

The sales associate next to her spoke up. "Ms. Weir, this suit is the only one in our store. As a VIP customer, you have priority purchasing rights." Upon hearing this, Jacqueline's expression immediately turned sour. There was just one suit-she must

have it.

"What do you mean by this? Are you showing favoritism?"

Despite Jacqueline's aggressive tone, the sales associate remained calm, maintaining a professional smile.

"Miss, our VIP customers do have priority purchasing rights. Perhaps you could take a look at our other suits. We have many other excellent options-

Before she could finish, Jacqueline cut her off, "All the other suits in your store are too low-class. I wouldn't even use them as rags. This is the only one worth my time. How can I become a VIP customer?" "If you purchase suits from our store more than 12 times in a year, you can become a VIP customer."

Jacqueline scowled. "Are you deliberately making things difficult for me?"

"Not at all. If you don't believe me, you can check the conditions for becoming a VIP at our store."

Jacqueline snorted. "Wait, I'm going to make a call. I must get this suit today."

She dialed a number and, with a coquettish tone, said, Tom, I found a suit that I want to buy for your birthday, but they're making it difficult for me because I'm not a VIP."

The person on the other end probably asked for the location. Jacqueline provided the address and hung up, then looked at the sales associate with a haughty expression. "Wait, my boyfriend will be here soon."

Seeing Jacqueline's arrogant demeanor, Valarie couldn't help but roll her eyes. Why were there always people who thought they were superior to others?

Initially, she had considered letting Jacqueline have the suit, but now she had changed her mind. Turning to the sales associate, Valarie smiled. "Please pack up the suit for me and charge my card." She handed her card to the sales associate, who took it and was about to retrieve the suit when Jacqueline blocked her way.

"My boyfriend will be here soon. I won't let anyone touch this suit before he arrives."

1/2

Chapter 33

+25 BONUS

Valarie had never encountered such an audacious person before. Raising an eyebrow, she said, "There's a first come, first served rule for everything. Do you expect us to waste our time waiting here with you? Please move aside."

Jacqueline glared at her with disdain. "Do you know who my boyfriend is? He's Tom Genge, the CEO of Gen Pharma. If you know what's good for you, you'll SEARCH the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

let me have this suit. Otherwise, I'll make sure you regret it."

As soon as Jacqueline finished speaking, Nyla snapped her head to look at Valarie. If she remembered correctly, Valarie worked at Gen Pharma-and her boyfriend was Tom, the CEO.

As expected, Valarie's face turned pale, and she trembled slightly. Biting her lip, she said slowly and clearly, "Fine, I'd like to see how you plan to make me regret it."

Paradse 34

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Nyla walked over and took Valarie's cold hand, whispering, "Valarie, maybe there's some misunderstanding. Don't be too upset."

Valarie nodded. "Mm, I know."

She wouldn't believe Jacqueline's words until Tom himself confirmed them in person.

Soon, Tom's secretary, Fred Sailor, arrived.

He hurried over to Jacqueline, completely unaware of Valarie and Nyla standing nearby. "Ms. Rainford, Mr. Genge is in a meeting, so he sent me."

Jacqueline pointed her chin in the direction of Valarie and Nyla. "There, they're the ones trying to take the suit from me."

Fred turned to speak but froze when he saw Valarie and Nyla. His face paled.

"Ms. Weir..."

At that moment, Fred had only three words in his mind: "It is over."

Valarie was Tom's current girlfriend, while Jacqueline

was Tom's childhood friend. Fred hadn't expected Jacqueline to run into Valarie on her first day back in the country, let alone in such an unpleasant situation. Noticing Fred's unusual reaction, Jacqueline frowned. "You know her?"

Fred had no time to answer Jacqueline's question because Valarie was now looking at him with a half-smile. "I just heard Ms. Rainford say her boyfriend is Tom Genge. Is that correct?" "Ms. Weir, there must be some misunderstanding. Why don't we wait until-"

Before Fred could finish, Jacqueline cut him off coldly, "Mr. Sailor, what could be misunderstood? It's only a matter of time before Tom and I are together. So, saying he's my boyfriend isn't wrong."

Jacqueline's eyes were filled with determination and confidence. She had grown up with Tom, and the families had always intended to match them.

When she was in high school, she had avoided settling down too soon by studying abroad. After experiencing life overseas, she realized Tom was the best match for her. She

returned this time with the intention of marrying him.

Fred just wanted Jacqueline to stop talking. If she continued, Tom would likely be in big trouble

tonight. "Ms. Weir, Ms. Rainford and Mr. Genge have known each other since childhood, so they are quite close." Before Valarie could respond, Jacqueline frowned and said, "Why are you explaining to her? Wh

Suddenly, Jacqueline seemed to realize something and looked at Valarie with a sharp, cold gaze. After scrutinizing Valarie for a few seconds, she sneered

and raised an eyebrow. "You do have some looks. Tell me, how much does Tom pay you per month? I'll give you ten times that amount. Just stay out of our way."

Her words were filled with contempt, and she looked at Valarie with scorn, clearly mistaking her for

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 34

someone who sold her body.

However, Valarie wasn't angry at Jacqueline's insulting

words. It wasn't worth arguing with someone like her. She smiled faintly and said, "A dirty mind sees everything as dirty. I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. I am currently Tom's legitimate girlfriend."

Jacqueline's face darkened, and disbelief filled her eyes. When she left, Tom had liked her. How could he possibly be with another woman?

"Ms. Rainford, you said you and Tom will be together sooner or later. Are you that eager to be the third party?"

"Shut up!" Jacqueline gritted her teeth and glared at Valarie. "Tom is just playing with you. With our 20-plus years of relationship, you should know what really matters."

"20-plus years, and you still aren't together. Is that something to be proud of?"

"That's because I went abroad, giving you the chance to swoop in. Now that I'm back, do you think I can't make him break up with you within a month?"

Valarie smiled, but there was no warmth in her gaze.

Today's Bonus Offer

Paradse 35

Paradse 31

Chapter 35

"No need, you can have him," Valarie said flatly.

A man entangled with other women wasn't worth keeping-it would only cause her grief.

Jacqueline was stunned and couldn't respond before Valarie turned and walked away.

Fred paled and hurried after Valarie. "Ms. Weir, this is a misunderstanding. At least give Mr. Genge a chance to explain."

Valarie stopped and looked at him coldly. "Three months ago, he went to Meristate, and I couldn't reach him for three days. Later, he explained he was busy with work. Was he really busy with work?"

Seeing Fred's momentary panic, Valarie smirked mockingly. "Now, can you still confidently say this is a misunderstanding?"

She did like Tom, but she wasn't a fool. She had chosen not to pursue the matter then, hoping to give him a chance, but he had let her down.

"Mr. Genge and Ms. Rainford didn't do anything. Ms. Rainford's pet dog died, and she was in a bad state, so Mr. Genge-

"No need to explain. It's unnecessary."

Jacqueline's confidence in claiming Tom as her boyfriend stemmed from his usual interactions with her. He was so attentive that even a phone call from her could make him send his secretary to assist her, no matter how busy he was.

Valarie suddenly recalled a time when she sprained her ankle while hiking. Using the last bit of her phone's battery, she called Tom, who didn't answer but texted back, saying he was in a meeting without even a phone died. If not for a kind couple she encountered, she might have spent the night on the mountain.

It was today that she realized Tom wasn't incapable of caring for someone else's feelings. It was just that, in his eyes, she wasn't important enough.

As Valarie left the mall, she sent Tom a message.

Valarie: [Let's break up.]

She then blocked him.

Seeing Valarie's red eyes, Nyla said softly, "Valarie, if you want to cry, just cry."

She didn't intend to console Valarie excessively. After all, only the person involved truly understood the relationship. From today's events, it

was clear that Tom hadn't maintained appropriate boundaries with other women, allowing Jacqueline to act so arrogantly.

Valarie wasn't one to act impulsively. It was best to support her decision silently.

Valarie wiped away her tears and tried to sound upbeat. "Out with the old, in with the new. Plenty of young guys are after me, and younger ones have simpler histories- no messy childhood sweethearts or female confidantes.

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 35

"But seriously, what bad luck do we have? One husband cheats, and one boyfriend is involved with another woman."

Seeing Valarie act tough, Nyla felt a pang of sympathy. "Why don't you stay at my place tonight?"

Being together was better than overthinking alone.

Valarie shook her head. "No. I'll get a hotel room and think about what to do next."

"Are you sure you don't need me with you?"

"I'm sure. You know me-if I need you, I won't be shy about it."

"Alright."

Nyla didn't insist and went home after dropping Valarie off at a hotel.

As she

stepped out of the elevator, she saw Clark standing at her door with a glower. She frowned, but he suddenly grabbed her wrist before she could speak and asked icily, "Where did you go the night you didn't com

Paradise 36

Chapter 36 Chapter 36

Nyla widened her eyes sharply, shaking off Clark's hand as she took a step back. "What does it have to do with you?"

"You and Uncle Damon stayed at the same hotel that night," Clark said coldly. "Not long after you left, he left too. And the hotel's surveillance footage from that time was deliberately deleted."

If it weren't for a streetlight camera across from the hotel, Clark wouldn't have known any of this. The hotel's surveillance footage of Nyla's comings and goings was deleted. If nothing shady happened, why del The more Clark thought about it, the angrier he became His eyes turned even redder. What he found unusual about Damon's behavior finally had an explanation.

Seeing Clark's disappointed look, Nyla laughed coldly. "Clark, do you think I cheated on you just like you did, and with your uncle no less?"

Clark didn't speak, but his bloodshot eyes were fixed on her, clearly confirming her suspicion.

"So,v

what now? You think I cheated on you. What are you going to do about it?"

Clark slowly clenched his hands at his sides. One was his wife, the other his uncle. Could he expose them to the world? If it had been anyone else, he would have made them suffer. But it was Damon. He coul "Nyla..." His voice was hoarse as if he'd made a tough decision. "We both betrayed each other. Why don't we just forgive and forget, and start over?"

"You think that's possible?"

"You also betrayed me. Let's call it even. Let's forgive each other and go back to how things were. Isn't that good?"

Nyla smirked. "I'm afraid you'll be disappointed. I never betrayed you, and I don't intend to forgive you."

Clark frowned, doubt flashing in his eyes. If she really had nothing with Damon, why would Damon help

her so often?

Seeing Clark's disbelief, Nyla didn't bother to explain further. After all, it would be him who would suffer. He should have a taste of what he had put her through-he deserved it. "Did you really... never betray me?"

"If you like being a cuckold, think I betrayed you. Fine by me." Nyla pushed past him, opened the door, and

went inside.

After resting on the couch for a bit, she opened her laptop to organize last week's experimental data when her phone buzzed with a message from an unknown number.

I'm not giving up. I will make Clark divorce you!]

Nyla read it with a blank face and then deleted it. This woman truly loved Clark, or she wouldn't keep coming back to provoke her like an annoying cockroach. Despite that, Nyla was curious about what the

+25 BONUS

Chapter 36

woman would do next.

If Clark were to cheat on her again when she was "prepared to forgive him, he would probably feel guilty, leading to a better settlement in the divorce. Even if he weren't filled with guilt, Nyla would ensure he ga

After organizing her data, Nyla closed her laptop, grabbed some ingredients from the fridge, and started making lunch. In less than half an hour, she had two dishes and a soup on the table.

She removed her apron, served the meal, and grabbed her tablet from the sofa to the dining table. She turned on a variety show and

watched it while eating, feeling she hadn't had such a relaxing meal in ages.

She was naturally laid-back, but many of her habits had been forced to change by Cindy after marrying Clark.

2/2

Chapter 37

Paradse 37

Chapter 37

For three years of marriage, Nyla endured constant restrictions, only to be repaid with Clark's infidelity. Now, she was done compromising her happiness. She would live comfortably on her own terms.

After finishing her meal, Nyla washed the dishes, brewed a pot of tea, and settled on the balcony with a book, basking in the sunlight. As she read, drowsiness overcame her, and she fell asleep on the lounge chair. She washed her face in the bathroom and decided not to make dinner. Grabbing her keys, she headed out to eat. When she opened the door, she was startled to find Clark standing in the shadows and instinctively took a step back.

"Nyla, it's me." Clark's voice was dry, indicating he had been standing there all afternoon.

Nyla frowned. "What are you doing here?"

"Nyla, can you really not forgive me?"

After a moment of silence, Nyla looked at him calmly. "Clark, when you cheated with your secretary, you must have spent a lot of money and effort on her, right?"

"What do you mean?"

Seeing the confusion in Clark's eyes, Nyla found it somewhat amusing. Was he pretending to be oblivious?

"You were willing to spend money and effort on a mistress, taking her out and showing her a good time. But when it comes to me, all you do is come here to beg for forgiveness without offering anything else?" Clark frowned, his expression shifting from confusion to disbelief. "Nyla, as long as you forgive me, you can use my money for anything you want. Isn't my love more important than material things?" Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "I used to care about your love, but in the end, you betrayed me. And you weren't even willing to spend money or effort on me. How can I believe you love me?" As the saying went, "Where a man's money goes, his love follows."

It was just that Nyla didn't care about Clark's love anymore. Since she had decided to divorce, she would take as much as she could from him, Jewelry and such personal items wouldn't be divided in the divorce

anyway.

Seeing the ridicule in Nyla's gaze, Clark pursed his lips with a dark expression as he pondered.

Nyla didn't waste any more words and pressed the elevator button to leave. Given Clark's character, he would soon figure things out. Regardless of his feelings, they couldn't divorce now. His reputation would p After eating at a restaurant near her apartment, Nyla returned to find that Clark had left. She didn't pay it much mind, watched some variety shows, and then went to bed.

The weekend flew by, and soon it was Monday.

As Nyla stepped into the R&D department, she saw a bouquet of fiery red roses on her desk, next to a

+25 BONUS

Chapter 37

luxury branded jewelry box. She picked up the card on the roses and opened it.

[Nyla, from the moment I first saw you, I felt you were like a blazing rose, setting my heart on fire. I thought about it all night and decided to pursue you again. I hope you'll give me a chance.]

It was signed "Yours forever, Clark" with a heart pierced by an arrow drawn at the end.

Nyla put the card in her bag and opened the jewelry box, revealing a sparkling diamond bracelet.

Her colleague, Sasha, couldn't help but come over, her expression envious. "Nyla, who sent this? Is it from a suitor? I saw that bracelet on TV. It's worth thousands!"

+25

Paradse 38

Chapter 38

Chapter 38

Nyla nodded. "Yeah."

"Your suitor must be quite wealthy. I remember that bracelet symbolizes a lifetime of love for only one person. He must really like you."

A discreet flash of sarcasm crossed Nyla's eyes as she placed the bracelet back in its box. "Maybe." Seeing Nyla's lack of enthusiasm, Sasha felt

a bit uneasy but didn't press further. Over time, she had learned that although Nyla appeared gentle and approachable, she was very private about certain matters. Besides, they weren't close enough for such i

As Nyla closed the jewelry box, Lucia happened to pass by. She caught a glimpse of the diamond bracelet inside and felt a surge of jealousy. After her previous experience at the bar, she decided not to confront

In the evening, as Nyla exited the company, she saw Clark standing a short distance away. She paused and looked at him.

Upon seeing her, Clark quickly approached. "Nyla, let's have dinner together tonight."

Nyla lowered her gaze, her hands slightly clenched. After a moment, she looked up at him, her expression calm. "Alright."

Relieved by her affirmative response, Clark smiled. "I booked a reservation at your favorite restaurant, but/ if you prefer something else tonight, we can switch."

Nyla shook her head. "No need. That's fine."

As they approached the car, Clark hurried ahead to open the passenger

door for Nyla. Since their wedding, Clark had been so busy with work that they rarely had the chance to dine out together. Ironically, he seemed to find the time after she discovered his affair. With that thought, a trace of mockery crossed Nyla's eyes.

Once Nyla was seated, Clark closed the door and walked around to the driver's side. As he started the car, he asked casually, "You didn't like the bracelet I sent you? Why aren't you wearing it?" "I like it, but it's not practical to wear while doing experiments."

Clark fell silent for a moment before speaking again. "Nyla, I don't oppose you working, but doing experiments is exhausting. You used to stay up all night for it in university. I don't want you to be so tired. Let me

His primary concern was that he had discovered Damon's company had invested in Park Pharmaceuticals and was now one of its shareholders.

Although Nyla claimed there was nothing between her and Damon, Clark instinctively wanted to minimize their interaction. His affair with Jordyn had started similarly-

too much time spent together leading to a lapse in judgment. He didn't want to make the same mistake again.

Nyla frowned at him. "This is the work I love. No matter how tiring or hard it is, I find joy in it. I hope you

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Chapter 38

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my choice."

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Clark's grip on the steering wheel tightened, his knuckles turning white.

Sensing that their relationship was finally beginning to thaw, he didn't want to risk another argument that could bring them back to square one. Reluctantly, he decided to let it go for now, planning to address it a "Alright, I'll respect your decision. But if you ever want to quit, just do it. I can support you."

Nyla smiled, saying nothing. Clark could more than support her-

he was already supporting a mistress. Ten more wouldn't be an issue for him, apparently. He seemed to forget that the money he was spending was their marital assets.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 39

Paradise 39

Chapter 39

Nyla ensured she accounted for everything and reclaimed every penny.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Nyla was surprised to find it empty except for them.

"You booked the whole place?" Nyka a

asked.

"Yes, I know you don't like crowded places," Clark replied.

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used to it now. You don't have to go through so much trouble."

Clark looked at Nyla sincerely. "Nyla, we missed out on a lot because I was so busy before. From now on, I'll make sure to give you all the special moments you deserve. His gaze was filled with the same love and tenderness as when they were first in love.

Nyla's heart ached, and she turned away, holding back her tears.

If he had said this before he cheated, she might have been moved, but it only felt bitter now. From the moment he cheated, there was no going back.

Seeing Nyla's silence, Clark reached out to hold her hand, but she pulled away. Disappointment flashed in his eyes, but he quickly regained his composure.

"Nyla, we'll take it slow until the day you can forgive me."

Nyla looked at him. "We'll see."

She knew that day would never come.

During dinner, Clark tried to make conversation, but Nyla's responses were indifferent. Noticing her lack of interest, he felt a pang of sadness but knew he had no right to expect her to treat him as she used to. Nyla, however, wasn't going to let Clark ruin her meal. The steak at this restaurant was excellent, and she didn't want to waste such good food because of him.

After dinner, Clark drove her home. When they arrived, he called out to her just as she was about to get out of the car.

"What's up?"

"I have a gift for you."

He handed her a property deed.

"The apartment you're renting is in an old neighborhood and not very safe. I bought you a place near your office. You can move in whenever you like. It'll be more convenient for work." Nyla looked at the property deed, surprised. "I'm fine where I am."

"No problem. I bought it for you, and you can move in whenever you want."

Nyla nodded and took the deed. "Okay, thank you."

Clark looked at her with a hint of helplessness. "Nyla, we're married. This is what I should do."

+25 BONUS

Chapter 39

Nyla didn't respond to that. Instead, she told him, "It's getting late. I have some experimental data to upload. Take care on your way back."

"Sure. Don't overwork yourself."

"Got it."

After getting out of the car, Nyla walked toward the building.

Clark kept his car parked by the roadside, hoping she would look back. She didn't, even as her figure disappeared from sight.

Clark remembered their university days when they were dating. He would walk Nyla to her dorm every night, and they would linger downstairs, reluctant to part until it was close to curfew. After they got married, However, she was giving him a chance now, and he believed they would eventually reconcile.

Back home, Nyla placed the diamond bracelet next to the property deed and pulled out her phone to make a call.

Read Paradise 40

Paradise 40

Chapter 40

+25 BONUS

The real estate agent was stunned when he heard Nyla's commission offer to sell a house. "Ms. Jayston, are you sure the house is in Karlinan?"

He was puzzled. If Nyla had a property in Karlinan, why did she need the one-bedroom apartment he had found for her in the old neighborhood? "Yes," she replied. "I'll give you the address and the code. Bring potential buyers to see it, and I'll give you 3-% of the sale price as commission."

Nyla knew that real estate agents typically took 1-3% of a property's sale price as commission. Given that the fully renovated house in Karlinan could fetch around 1.1-1.2 million dollars, the agent stood to make a decent sum.

"Ms. Jayston, I have a question. If you already have a place, why did you choose to live in the old neighborhood instead of Karlinan?"

Nyla didn't want to complicate matters, so she replied flatly, "It's not mine. It belongs to a friend."

"Oh, got it. Send me the address and code, and I'll take some photos to list the property tomorrow.

"Thanks."

After hanging up, Nyla found the property deed and sent the unit number and code to the agent, who responded with an "OK" emoji. Nyla then closed the chat.

Noticing that Valarie had updated her social media, Nyla clicked on it. It was a simple post with a black image and a caption: [Started with love, ended with heartbreak].

Nyla pursed her lips. After a few moments of thought, she called Valarie. After several attempts with no answer, she

started to worry. She then remembered that they had previously shared their locations via phone, so she quickly opened the location-

sharing app and saw that Valarie was at her family home. Relieved, she decided to change and go check on her.

Just as she stood up, Valarie called back.

nak up with Tom?

Nyla answered quickly. "Valarie, are you okay? Did you really break up with Tom?"

"Yes," Valarie replied, her voice thick with tears.

"Don't be sad. You always said that when the old goes, the new will come. It's not worth it to be upset over a jerk."

Valarie sniffled but sounded determined. "You're right. Being single again is great. Tomorrow, I'm going to the university to find a younger boyfriend." "I support you."

Valarie couldn't help but laugh at how serious Nyla sounded. "Okay, I'll bring him to meet you once I find

one.

They chatted for a while longer before hanging up.

Nyla put down her phone and sighed, feeling a mix of emotions. She and Valarie seemed to have a knack Chapter 40

for meeting jerks. She just hoped Valarie would move on quickly.

Nyla glanced at the property deed and the sparkling bracelet on her desk, then simply put them in a drawer and got ready for bed.

+25 BONUS

Thanks to the property's prime location in Karlinan, Nyla's house quickly attracted interest. It was sold for 70,000 dollars below market value. Once the contract was signed, the buyer promptly transferred the en

Nyla transferred the agreed commission to the agent, who was all smiles. "Ms. Jayston, if you or any of your friends ever need to sell another property, please let me know."

Seeing his cheerful expression, Nyla couldn't help but smile back. "Sure."

Back home, the first thing Nyla did was take out 10,000 dollars to hire a private detective to follow Jordyn.