

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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When Nyla caught Clark cheating with Jordyn, it had such a profound impact on her that her mind had gone blank, and she had even forgotten to record video evidence.

However, knowing Jordyn's persistence, she would definitely continue pursuing Clark. Once they rekindled their relationship, Nyla could obtain evidence to force Clark to agree to a divorce.

Nyla and Clark had been together for eight years, and she didn't want to resort to plotting against him. But he refused to divide their assets and wouldn't agree to a divorce, so she felt she had no other choice. After Nyla explained her requirements to the private detective, their conversation ended. She

opened her banking app and stared at the remaining balance of close to 1,000,000 dollars, lost in thought. She needed to find a way to make this money her personal asset.

As she was contemplating, her phone suddenly rang. She was surprised to see it was Genevieve.

"Genevieve, what's up?"

"Nyla, Mr. Sumner, the CEO of Prospectus Technology, will be at the lab tomorrow to check on the progress of the experiments. Come to work early and get prepared." Prospectus Technology's CEO... Nyla was rather certain it was Damon.

She recalled her previous encounters with Damon, which had left her feeling embarrassed each time, and unconsciously pursed her lips. Would she clash with Damon again? Not hearing Nyla's response, Genevieve thought she was nervous and added, "Don't worry too much. Just follow your usual routine tomorrow."

"I understand," Nyla snapped back to reality and replied softly.

After hanging up, she opened her computer to review the experiments she needed to prepare for tomorrow. Satisfied with the plan, she washed up and went to bed.

Whether it was psychological or not, Nyla had several nightmares throughout the night, all involving Damon. She didn't sleep well at all.

Upon waking, she had almost forgotten those dreams, only recalling the feeling of falling in each one.

When she arrived at the company just after 7:00 a.m., she found that most of her colleagues in the R&D department hadn't arrived yet.

After preparing the instruments and chemicals needed for today's experiment, she began her work. If she progressed quickly today, she might be able to move some of tomorrow's tasks up. As it approached the start of the workday, the other colleagues finally entered the lab, yawning in their lab

coats.

Sasha came in with a yawn, noticed Nyla grinding drugs in a mortar-with several more already ground beside her-and widened her eyes in surprise.

"Nyla, why are you here so early today?"

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Nyla nodded investors are coming to check on the experiment program today, so came in early to

prepare

"Oh, I see

Visits from superiors or investors to the lab were commenzurenols, Sasha was red dom yawning again she walked over to her own desk.

Despite that, words socken unwittingly could sometimes have unintended consequence

Mabel heart Nvia's words just as she entered. There was a glimt in her eves before she turned offto find

Upon hearing what Maicel had to say, Lucia's was narrowed coldly it seemed like she could settle the score today for what happened lust time. She leaned incline to Mabel's ear and whispered a tow words. Ma

Lucia snickered "Have you forgotten how sweilen my face was that day? This is just traching her a lesson. If you don't do as i say, my Tamily might not be able to help with your father's ob

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As soon as Mabel heard that, her face paled further. Her mother had been in a car accident half a month ago, and the surgeries and hospitalization had already cost 7,000- 8,000 dollars. Her savings were nearly depleted. If her father couldn't find a job soon, they wouldn't be able to afford the medical expenses next month.

Lucia's father was an executive at a subsidiary of Prospectus Technology, so pleasing Lucia could easily secure her father a job. This was why Mabel was willing to be Lucia's lackey.

Her hesitant gaze hardened as she looked at Lucia and said, "Okay, I'll do as you say."

Lucia showed no surprise at this. She raised an eyebrow with a smile. "Good. As long as you handle this well, I'll have my dad arrange a job for your father tomorrow."

After Mabel left, Lucia glanced toward the lab with a smirk.

Meanwhile, Nyla ground the drugs and sequentially added them into a beaker along with the solvent, using a glass rod to initiate dissolution. Once the reaction was nearly complete, she filtered out the residue a time in her lab notebook.

This process was repeated five or six times until all the previously ground powder was dissolved.

During the distillation process, Nyla stepped away briefly to retrieve 20 milliliters of dilute sulfuric acid from the adjacent reagent storage room, intending to add it to the reaction mixture later.

Shortly after Nyla left the storage room, a furtive figure sneaked in and switched the labels on the bottles of concentrated and dilute sulfuric acid.

While Mabel did this, her hands trembled. After all, this was her first time plotting against someone like this. After switching the labels back, she hurriedly left.

Back in the lab, Nyla finished distilling the reaction mixture, dismantled the flask and condenser, and began setting up

a new reaction apparatus. Just as she was about to ignite the alcohol lamp, footsteps and voices approached the door.

Everyone in the lab turned to see Genevieve entering with a smile on her face, Behind her were over a dozen well-dressed people, led by Damon.

By chance, Damon's eyes met Nyla's, but he quickly looked away as if they were strangers.

Genevieve spotted Nyla and quickly said, "Nyla, come over here! Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Sumner, CEO of Prospectus Technology. He's the one investing in the asthma treatment drug you're Currently Nyla walked up to Damon and greeted him, "Hello, Mr. Sumner. I'm Nyla Jayston, responsible for the -development of the asthma treatment drug."

"Hello. We're just here to observe today. No need to be nervous. Just proceed with your experiments as usual,"

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"Understood."

Genevieve smiled at Nyla. "Nyla, continue with your experiment."

Nyla nodded, then turned and resumed her work at the lab bench. She was dressed in a white coat, with her long hair tied back, focused and drawing the attention of others without realizing it. Damon raised an eyebrow, a hint of surprise flashing in his

s eyes.

This Nyla was completely different from the one who had married Clark and become a full-

time housewife. Apart from her attractive appearance, she now exuded a lively energy that was a stark contrast to her previous reserved and uninteresting demeanor.

After Nyla lit the alcohol lamp, she tilted her head slightly as she jotted down in her notebook: [8:37 a.m., began heating.]

When the thermometer in the triangle flask showed a temperature of 75°C, she began pouring the dilute sulfuric acid into the flask. After pouring in just a few milliliters, the solution in the flask suddenly boiled rapidly.

Realizing something was wrong, Nyla quickly stopped, but it was already too late.

The flask suddenly exploded, sending shards and solution splattering everywhere.

Everyone in the lab was startled and instinctively moved back.

Genevieve was appalled. She was about to urge Damon to hurry out of the lab, but he swiftly moved toward Nyla instead.

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"Mr. Sumner!"

Genevieve stared in panic at Damon's back. If anything happened to him in the lab, her position as the head of the R&D department would be in jeopardy.

Nyla quickly backed away, raising her hand to shield her face. Some of the liquid sprayed directly onto her hands, causing quick burns that left black scars, the pain almost making her cry out. Suddenly, a suit jacket covered her head, and her wrist was firmly grasped. Through the gap in the clothing, she saw the distinct knuckles of the hand holding hers, dry and warm against her skin.

In a daze, before Nyla could react, the person had already pulled her to the nearby sink, turning on the faucet and rinsing the areas of her hands burned by the concentrated sulfuric acid-

It wasn't until the water flowed over the back of her hands that she snapped back to reality, quickly pulling the suit jacket off her head and withdrawing her hands from Damon's grasp.

"Mr. Sumner... I can handle this myself..." She lowered her gaze, ignoring the strange emotions that had just surged within her. Damon was Clark's uncle, so his help earlier was likely due to his relationship with After Nyla rinsed her hands for a while, the burning sensation finally subsided. She turned off the water and glanced around the messy lab, subconsciously biting her lip.

"Mr. Sumner, let's go out first."

The two walked out of the lab, and Nyla was about to return the jacket to Damon when she met his icy gaze. She tightened her grip on the jacket, feeling that Damon was furious-and the object of his anger.. was her...

She understood it. No investor would be pleased to see their investment project encounter such difficulties.

Genevieve hurried over, relieved that Damon was unharmed, then turned to Nyla with a frown. "Nyla, what exactly happened? How did the explosion happen suddenly?"

Nyla was about to speak when Damon interrupted in a deep voice. "Let's go to the hospital first."

Genevieve widened her eyes in panic. She quickly looked at Damon. "Mr. Sumner, are you injured?!"

"Not me, her."

"I'm fine. I can go to the hospital later. Genevieve, I added the dilute sulfuric acid required for today's experiment earlier, When I added it, I felt something was wrong. Someone must have switched it with. concentrated sulfuric acid."

Genevieve's expression immediately turned serious. If someone had deliberately tampered with it, that person was beyond reprehensible.

The failure of this experiment today wouldn't only offend Damon, but Nyla would also face consequences for her work mistake, possibly even losing her job.

Lucia was both angry and resentful as she took in Genevieve's changing expression, evident that she

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believed Nyla's words. Lucia remembered clearly that Genevieve not only didn't believe her when she claimed that Nyla was the one behind the anonymous report, but Genevieve also rebuked her. Why was Genevieve not doubting Nyla's truthfulness this time?

Lucia looked at Nyla. "Nyla, we haven't figured out what happened yet. Both concentrated and dilute sulfuric acids are stored in the storage room. It's possible you misread the labels when you fetched them. Ho Genevieve glanced at Lucia coldly

before saying in a stern tone, "Mr. Sumner, I will investigate this matter thoroughly and provide you with an explanation."

Damon's eyes narrowed. "I'll be waiting."

Genevieve nodded and looked at Nyla, her tone not particularly friendly. "Go to the hospital to treat your Injuries first. You don't have to come to work for the next few days. We'll wait for the investigation results. If Nyla had indeed mistakenly taken the wrong reagent, she might not be allowed to independently conduct drug research anymore. "Okay, understood."

Nyla turned to leave, but Damon suddenly spoke up. "I'll take you there."

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Genevieve paused, looking at Damon in disbelief. From her limited interactions with him, she knew he wasn't the type to go out of his way to help others. He certainly wouldn't personally escort an employee from a company he had invested into the hospital.

Lucia knew Damon was Clark's uncle, but hearing him offer to take Nyla to the hospital sparked a wave of jealousy. She had seen Damon on TV, when he founded Prospectus Technology, and admired him gre Moreover, while Damon and Clark were uncle and nephew, their positions in the business world differed vastly. If Lucia could be with Damon, she could easily overshadow Nyla in the future.

Thinking this, she quickly said, "Nyla, I'll accompany you. It's inconvenient for you to go alone and handle. registration and such."

Nyla glanced at Lucia. Initially surprised by Lucia's sudden kindness, she understood when she noticed Lucia's lingering gaze on Damon. Did Lucia have a crush on Damon now? Being able to momentarily forg disagreements showed Lucia's adaptability.

"No need. I can manage on my own."

That statement was directed at both Damon and Lucia, Nyla briskly walked toward the elevator, and just as she reached it, another figure appeared beside her.

"It's not convenient to hail a cab right now. I'll take you. Damon's cold voice came from above Nyla's

head.

She looked up to meet his unwavering gaze and frowned. "Mr. Sumner, thank you for your kindness, but there's no need to trouble yourself."

As soon as she finished speaking, the elevator arrived. She entered first, and Damon followed.

"I don't like repeating myself, I also need to go to the hospital, so sending you is just along the way."

Upon hearing this, Nyla turned to him abruptly. "Did the concentrated sulfuric acid splash onto you too?!"

Nyla's widened eyes, as she stared at Damon like a startled rabbit, made him itch to pat her head. However, considering her status, he refrained and averted his gaze, responding with a cool hum. "Where are you injured?"

Nyla's eyes filled with guilt. Someone had clearly tried to harm her by switching the dilute sulfuric acid with the concentrated one, and Damon ended up getting involved because of her. "On my back."

Nyla reached out to grab his shirt to turn him around and inspect his injuries, but she hesitated halfway, realizing it wasn't appropriate.

Damon looked at her fair hand by his side, a dark glint crossing his eyes. "What's wrong?"

Nyla withdrew her hand and lowered her gaze. "Mr. Sumner, could you turn around so I can see where exactly you're injured and how serious it is?"

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"Okay."

Seeing several black burns from the concentrated sulfuric acid on the back of Damon's white shirt, Nyla couldn't help but bite her lip.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry for implicating you today. I'll cover all your medical expenses," she said in a guilty

tone.

Damon turned back around. "No need. It won't cost much."

Compared to himself, he was more concerned about the injuries on Nyla's hands. After all, girls cared more about their appearance in his impression. If scars marred her originally flawless hands, she would lik

"It's not about the money. Today's incident was my fault, so covering your medical expenses is the least I can do... I'm really grateful that you're holding me responsible."

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"Who said I'm not pursuing it?"

"How do you plan to pursue it?" Nyla looked at Damon, somewhat unsure. If he wanted money, she had just sold that house in Karlinan, so she should be able to afford it. She just hoped he wouldn't ask for too

Her demeanor, in Damon's eyes, resembled that of a startled rabbit, evoking a sense of pity. He involuntarily frowned. "Do you always stare at men like that?"

Nyla lowered her gaze. Weren't they talking about his injury? What did her gaze have to do with anything?

Before she could come up with

a response, Damon continued. "You said someone switched your reagents today? If someone really targeted you, I'll hold the mastermind responsible when Genevieve finds out the truth."

As soon as he finished speaking, the elevator reached the first floor.

"Let's go. We need to treat the injuries first."

What, Damon walked out.

Since he was going to the hospital for treatment as well. Nyla didn't dwell on it. Besides, it wasn't convenient to hail a cab right now.

Nyla benefitted from Damon's presence. Several doctors were already waiting at the hospital entrance, ready to escort them to treat their injuries.

Jordyn happened to come out of the hospital and saw Nyla and Damon getting out of the car together. She immediately took out her phone and snapped a photo.

She had been blocked by Clark before, so she sent the photo to Clark's most trusted secretary, Michael.

Jordyn: [Michael, if I'm not mistaken, this is Mrs. Sumner, right? Why is she at the hospital with Clark's uncle?]

Michael didn't reply to her, but he did inform Clark about the incident.

After all, after he reported that Nyla and Damon had stayed at the same hotel on the same night, Clark had thrown his phone on the spot. Now the two were together in the hospital again. As expected, when Clark saw the photo on Michael's phone, he glowered instantly. He immediately called Nyla

The call was about to hang up automatically before the other party answered.

"Yes?" Nyla's cold voice came through, and Clark's hand holding the phone kept tightening. He took a deep breath before asking. "Where are you?"

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds before Nyla spoke. "At work. If you have something to say, say it. If not, I'll hang up."

"Nothing."

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As soon as Clark said that, Nyla hung up directly.

Clark smirked icily. He had finally persuaded himself to believe that there was nothing between Nyla and Damon, but what did she do? Going to the hospital with Damon and lying to him! *Prepare the car. We're going to the hospital."

The nurse spoke after Nyla put down her phone, "Ms. Jayston, treating the wound might be a bit painful later. Please bear with it."

"Mm. will this scar?" Nyla asked.

"This wound isn't too deep. If you take good care of it later, it should recover completely."

With that assurance, Nyla finally felt relieved.

On the other side, Damon had his wounds treated and left the treatment room first.

His wounds were on his back. They were just minor burns, requiring only a few days of medication.

As soon as he walked out of the treatment room, he saw Clark approaching with an icy expression, his face filled with anger.

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Clark only spoke when he stood in front of Damon. "Uncle Damon, I hope you'll stay away wife in

the future."

Damon raised an eyebrow, sensing the guard and hostility in Clark's gaze. He chuckled, and the temperature around him dropped sharply. "What do you mean by that? Do you think I have ulterior motives towa

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Clark stared expressionlessly at Damon, a hint of mockery flickering in his eyes. "What do I mean? I think you understand very well, Uncle Damon. Besides the one overseas, you've never shown any interest in

me."

"As her husband, you're never around when she's wronged. Instead of reflecting on yourself, you're lecturing me." Damon's expression darkened, and he exuded an oppressive aura that sent shivers down one! Clark's confidence visibly wavered. "Next time something like this happens, please Inform me in advance, Uncle Damon. I don't want any other men near my wife I hope you understand."

Damon sneered lightly. "I'm not that free. If you need others to inform you about her situation, maybe your marriage doesn't need to continue."

With that, he walked away. He didn't even glance at Clark's displeased face.

Only after Damon disappeared at the end of the hallway did Clark take a deep breath, push open the door, and walk in.

Nyla had just finished having her wounds treated and was preparing to leave when she saw Clark walking in through the door. She frowned. "Why are you here?"

Seeing her openly distant and indifferent expression, Clark felt a wave of helplessness. On his way there, he had already had Michael investigate. Nyla's experiment had suddenly exploded today, and Damon had happened to be on the scene, so he had sent her over on the way.

Despite that, Clark still felt uneasy. He wished he had been there instead so that he could have protected her and prevented any harm from coming to her.

"I heard you were injured, so I came to see you." His gaze fell on Nyla's freshly bandaged hand. "What did the doctor say?"

Nyla lowered her gaze, calmly saying, "It's nothing serious. You don't need to come over specifically next time."

Clark's expression immediately turned cold. "Nyla, I'm your husband. Are you really going to let me pretend I don't know when I'm clearly aware that you're hurt?"

"That's not what I meant. I just think you're busy, and coming over for such a small matter not only wastes time but also serves no purpose."

"Do you think your injury is a small matter?"

Under Clark's probing gaze, Nyla pursed her lips and remained silent.

*Do you remember when you used to tell me even if you just slipped and almost fell by accident?"

"You said it-that was before. People mature over time."

Clark walked up to Nyla, staring at her calm face, and said slowly, "Nyla, it's not that you've matured. It's that you no longer want me to be a part of your life. You want to gradually distance us in this way and even

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Nyla's hands trembled slightly at her side as she looked up at him.

"You're overthinking it. I really just think this is a small matter and not worth telling you to worry about."

"Then why can Uncle Damon?"

Nyla furrowed her brow. What did Damon have to do with this?

"When the experiment went wrong earlier, your uncle happened to be in the lab. He was also injured and needed to come to the hospital for treatment. Thus, he brought me along."

Seeing Nyla mention Damon without any change in expression, Clark's heart, which had been hanging, finally settled back into place.

"Well, even though he's my uncle, he's still another man. If you encounter any problems in the future, just call me directly."

Nyla didn't plan to seek Clark's help, but she also didn't want to continue dwelling on this matter with him. As such, she nodded perfunctorily. "Got it. I'm going back now. You should head back to the company too."

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"I'll take you cook. You should move back to the

back. With your hand injured, It's inconvenient for you to villa for now. Once your injury heals, you can go back to your rental place."

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There was a flash of dissatisfaction in Nyla's eyes as she looked at Clark in displeasure. "I'm just injured, not paralyzed. I can take care of myself." They locked eyes for a

moment, and Clark eventually relented. "Fine. Then I'll have the maid prepare meals and deliver them to you every day." Seeing Nyla still wanting to refuse, he added in a low voice, "Choose between coming back to the villa with me or having the maid send you meals."

Having been with Clark for eight years, Nyla knew his personality well. He was never easy to persuade. If she refused again, he might actually go as far as forcing her back to the villa and keeping her there. "I'll choose the second option."

The tension in Clark's lips finally relaxed at her words, and his gaze softened as he looked at her. "I'll send you back."

When he found out that Nyla hadn't moved to Karlinan, he frowned. "Why didn't you move there?"

"I'm used to living there. That can wait."

Seeing her reluctance to discuss further, Clark felt a twinge of discomfort but restrained himself from saying more.

On the way back to Nyla's rental house, he had intended to chat with her, but as soon as he got in the car, he received a call from a business partner. The call didn't end until they were near Nyla's apartment complex.

Turning to look at her delicate but blank face, Clark felt a bitter pang in his heart.

Previously, when they were alone together, Nyla would always talk animatedly with a smile on her face, as if she would never tire of it. Now, she seemed indifferent, and they sat in relative silence. "Nyla, be careful not to get your wound wet these days. If there's anything inconvenient in your daily life, just give me a call."

Nyla nodded with a straight face. "Got it."

Clark could see that she didn't seem to take his words to heart, and his expression turned desolate. Sensing the change in Clark's mood, Nyla remained unresponsive.

In the past, she used to be concerned about his busy work schedule, always attentive to his moods, wanting their time together to be relaxing-

it had become a habit. It seemed she should get rid of this habit for good.

Soon, the car stopped at the entrance of the apartment complex.

Clark wanted to accompany Nyla upstairs, but she refused. "I had a failed experiment today, plus my hand injury. I'm not in a good mood right now. I want to be alone. You should go back to the company."

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Without giving Clark a chance to speak, she closed the car door and walked away.

The temperature inside the car instantly dropped.

Michael, in the passenger seat, hesitated for a moment before asking in a low voice, "Mr. Sumner, I heard that when a woman is upset, giving her a handbag can usually cheer her up. Should we get one for Mr Clark furrowed his brow. "Arrange it."

"Alright."

Sensing the atmosphere in the car lightening up a bit, Michael instructed the driver to head back to the

company.

Clark's expression still bore a trace of gloominess. After all, he had clearly seen Nyla's attitude toward him today, which was no different from rejecting him outright.

No matter what, he had been the one to cheat first. Nyla's current demeanor toward him was something he deserved. He just didn't know how long it would take for her to forgive him and for them to reconcile. Genevieve sat behind her desk in the R&D Department Manager's office at Park Pharmaceuticals, reviewing the lab's surveillance footage from this morning.

There were no cameras in the lab or the reagent storage room, so she could only watch the footage from the corner cameras.

After watching it repeatedly, Genevieve's gaze finally settled on Mabel.

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In just over an hour, Mabel appeared several times on the surveillance footage. By the third time, she seemed visibly flustered. If the labels of dilute sulfuric acid and

concentrated sulfuric acid had indeed. been Genevieve stopped the surveillance footage and instructed her assistant to notify Mabel to come to her office.

Upon hearing that Genevieve wanted to see her, Mabel immediately became nervous, glancing involuntarily at Lucia, who was sitting diagonally across from her.

However, Lucia didn't even look her way, appearing calm and nonchalant as if nothing was amiss. Left with no choice, Mabel reluctantly followed Genevieve's assistant to the office.

Just as she arrived at the door, her phone vibrated-it was a message from Lucia.

Lucia: [No matter what Genevieve asks, insist that you have nothing to do with it. You don't know anything. If you dare to drag me into this, you know the consequences.]

Mabel replied with an "Okay", and Lucia quickly unsent the message.

Mabel put her phone away and pushed open the door to the office.

Genevieve looked at her without much of an expression. "Have a seat."

As Mabel sat down across from Genevieve, she feigned confusion. "Genevieve, what can I do for you?"

"This morning, you were in and out of the lab and R&D department several times. What was the reason for that?"

Mabel subconsciously balled her hands on her knees while she answered in a calm demeanor, "I went to the lab this morning to prepare for an experiment and realized I had forgotten to record some data from "During this time, did you visit the reagent storage room?"

"No." Mabel shook her head, then looked at Genevieve with disbelief. "Genevieve, are you suspecting me? I have no grudge against Nyla. How could I possibly harm her?"

Seeing the hurt in Mabel's eyes, Genevieve calmly said, "I'm not suspecting you. I'm just planning to question everyone who was in the lab this morning. Since there's no surveillance in the reagent storage room Upon hearing this, Mabel breathed a sigh of relief. She had taken a gamble, banking on the absence of surveillance in that area. She was confident that any suspicions would not stick to her.

Naturally, Genevieve didn't miss the change in Mabel's expression and continued calmly. "Although there's no surveillance, Mr. Sumner's team has arrived. They extracted several fingerprints from the labels of acid. They plan to compare them with the fingerprints of everyone in the R&D department.

"If no one's fingerprints match, we can basically rule out the possibility of someone swapping the labels.

The smile on Mabel's face gradually stiffened. She had been too panicked at the time and hadn't even

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remembered to wear gloves. If they checked fingerprints, she would be done for!

"When will Mr. Sumner's people come to collect our fingerprints?"

"They'll probably come this afternoon, but don't worry. Collecting fingerprints won't take long. It won't delay your experiments."

"... I see..."

have a

"Well, I don't else here. You can go back to work."

Mabel didn't know how she made it back to her desk. The thought of Damon's team coming in the afternoon to collect her fingerprints and discovering she had swapped the labels of dilute and concentrated sulf She looked up at Lucia, her gaze pleading for help.

Lucia frowned, then got up and walked toward the restroom.

Mabel quickly followed.

Entering the restroom, Lucia made sure the stalls were empty before locking the door. Her voice was cold as she questioned, "What's with that mournful expression?!"

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Mabel's hands trembled with fear as she spoke in a shaky voice. "Just now, Genevieve told me that a team from Prospectus Technology came over. They collected several

fingerprints from the labels of dilute and concentrated sulfuric acid. They're going to collect our fingerprints this afternoon to compare."

Lucia's gaze darkened as she gritted her teeth, staring at Mabel. "You fool! Didn't you know you should wear gloves when you swapped the labels?"

"I... I was too panicked. I just forgot... and by the time I remembered, it was too late..." Mabel was on the verge of tears. "Lucia, what do I do... You have to help me..."

Lucia looked impatient. "How can I help you? Can I magically change another person's fingerprints?"

When Nyla's flask exploded during the experiment, Damon's secretary immediately ordered the lab and adjacent reagent storage room to be sealed off. They never had a chance to wipe the fingerprints off the I "But I can't lose this job. Otherwise, I won't be able to afford my mom's medical bills..."

Mabel was willing to do anything for Lucia to secure a job for her father so they could earn money for her mother's medical expenses. If she lost the job, what would be the point of it all?

Seeing Mabel's unstable emotions, Lucia knew she had to find a way to placate Mabel, or she would also be implicated.

"Don't worry for now. I heard there's a local company researching simulation gloves that replicate even fingerprints. I'll figure out a way to get you a set. You should be able to get through this afternoon." "Really?" A glimmer of hope flashed in Mabel's eyes as she looked excitedly at Lucia. [SEARCH THE \(f\)indNOVEL.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Yeah. Go back to work for now. I'll make a call to my dad."

"Okay."

After Mabel left, Lucia called Clement. "Dad, I need your help with something."

Meanwhile, Genevieve was on the phone with Spencer

After listening to Genevieve's explanation, Spencer chuckled. "Ms. Reeve, I'll need to consult with Mr. Sumner about this."

After hanging up, Spencer walked into Damon's office and knocked.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Reeve from Park Pharmaceuticals needs our help. She wants us to send a team over to collect fingerprints from everyone in their R&D department."

Damon frowned, looking up at him. "Reason?"

"She said it's to determine if anyone tampered with the labels on the reagents used by Ms. Jayston during -her experiment."

"Understood. You handle this matter."

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After Spencer left, Damon returned to the documents, but he found it hard to focus.

Earlier, when Nyla's wounds were being tended to, he noticed seven to eight wounds of varying sizes on her hands. She had endured quite a lot, not making a sound when the wounds were being treated.

Thinking about it, Damon furrowed his brow involuntarily. Why did he care whether she was in pain or not? She wasn't his wife.

Irritated, he opened a drawer, took out a lighter, and lit a cigarette, trying to suppress his restless emotions.

Back at home, Nyla didn't have to wait long before the doorbell rang

Checking the monitor, she saw it was Michael and went to open the door.

"Mr. Parkin, what's the matter?"

"Mrs. Sumner, Mr. Sumner sent you this purse."

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Surprise flickered in Nyla's eyes when she saw the latest luxury bag of the season in Michael's hands..

"Why would he suddenly send me a purse?"

"Mr. Sumner said you weren't in a good mood, so he wanted to send you a gift to cheer you up."

Nyla didn't particularly desire luxury bags, but since Clark sent it, she had no reason to refuse. She nodded and took the purse from Michael. "Alright. Please thank him for me."

Seeing that Nyla didn't seem particularly thrilled, Michael tentatively asked, "Mrs. Sumner, you don't like the bag?"

"It's fine. I prefer gold over bags, though."

After all, gold had better liquidity and could also be crafted into beautiful jewelry.

Michael was stunned, not expecting Nyla's preferences to be so plain and blunt,

"Alright, understood. I'll let Mr. Sumner know, I'll head back to work now."

After seeing Michael off, Nyla returned to the living room, placed the bag on the table, and took a few photos to send to Valarie.

Valarie: [?]

Nyla: [Help me check how much this bag can sell for.]

Valarie: [Clark's gift?]

Nyla: [Yeah.]

Valarie immediately called Nyla.

"That bag is the latest launch. Conservatively, it could sell for over 300,000 dollars. There are only two in Saintornia right now. It's not easy to find. Clark went through quite some trouble to please you." Nyla lowered her gaze, her face devoid of any emotion

"See if anyone is interested in buying this bag. I want to sell it."

Valarie was somewhat surprised, but considering Nyla's character, she found it reasonable and said, "If you don't want it, sell it to me. I've been looking for this bag lately, but couldn't find one." "Come over to pick it up give it to you."

I'll

"Really? Giving me a 300,000-dollar bag just like that, can you bear it?"

"I don't have any attachment to it. Besides, it's Clark's money anyway."

Compared to the money Clark spent on Jordyn, this bag was like a drop in the ocean.

"Never mind. If you don't want money, I won't take it."

"Then buy it from me at the original price."

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Chapter 50

"Okay, I'll have someone come over to pick it up later. I have a social engagement tonight."

+25 BONUS

In the evening, Clark finished work and returned to the villa.

The service staff had already packed up the meal and were ready to deliver it to Nyla when he told them, Pack a bit more. I'll have dinner with her." "Yes, Mr. Sumner."

The servants repackaged the meal, and Clark took it and drove to find Nyla.

When the doorbell rang. Nyla was binge-watching a TV series. Seeing Clark on the monitor with two food containers, Nyla frowned.

She opened the door but didn't intend to let him in.

"Give it to me."

Clark understood her meaning but didn't move. There was a hint of grievance in his charming eyes as he

looked at her.

"Nyla, I was busy at noon and didn't eat lunch. I came straight here after work just to have dinner with you.

Nyla wanted to say he didn't have to come and she hadn't asked him to, but considering her plan, she stepped aside to let him in after a moment of hesitation.

Clark's tall figure made the already small living room seem somewhat cramped as he entered. He placed the food containers on the dining table, opened them, and then called Nyla over to eat. "Your birthday is in half a month. What do you want for your birthday this year?"

