

Chapter 5

Seeing the coldness in Clark's eyes, Nyla realized how blind she had been to fall in love with such a man.

Her eyes stung with unshed tears, but she refused to show any vulnerability in front of him. She yanked her hand away, took a deep breath, and headed upstairs. The only thought in her mind was to find a job quickly so she could move out and divorce Clark.

She grabbed a random outfit, tied her hair up with a hairpin, and went back downstairs. She was never one to fuss over her appearance. In the past, she had dressed up for the Sumners' gatherings to make a good impression. Now, she couldn't care less.

Hearing her footsteps, Clark looked up.

Nyla wore a fitted white dress, her waist so slender it seemed it could be encircled with one hand. Her hair was secured with a jade hairpin, revealing her delicate neck. She was breathtakingly beautiful. The grace she exuded was just like when they first met. However, the look in her eyes now was devoid of any warmth.

"Let's go," she said.

They drove to the Sumner residence in silence.

As they arrived and were about to get out of the car, a black Range Rover sped up and stopped abruptly in front of them.

Upon recognizing the car, Clark's expression darkened. It was Damon's car, someone he both feared and disliked.

Damon was known for his reckless and unpredictable behavior. He had refused to take over the Sumner Group when Richard wanted him to run the company, choosing to start his own business instead.

Everyone had expected him to fail, but within five years, his company had grown to be worth several times more than the Sumner Group.

Clark couldn't stand Damon, partly out of jealousy. Once, a comment Clark made about Damon reached Damon's ears, and in retaliation, Damon refused to collaborate with the Sumner Group, costing them millions.

Damon rarely attended family dinners, and Clark had hoped to avoid him.

Luck wasn't on his side today—they met at the door.

He didn't notice Nyla's stiffened expression when she saw Damon get out of his car.

Clark opened the car door and greeted, "Uncle Damon."

Damon glanced at him indifferently, his gaze briefly landing on the passenger seat before he nodded and walked into the house.

Nyla let out a deep breath. When Damon looked her way, she had forgotten to breathe, fearing he might say something outrageous. He was known for his unpredictable nature, always doing whatever he pleased. Fortunately, he said nothing.

She decided she needed to talk to him privately later.

As Clark and Nyla walked into the living room, they saw it was already filled with people. Richard and Marie, the family heads, were chatting with Damon. He was the kind of person who naturally stood out in a crowd.

Noticing Nyla's gaze on Damon, Clark frowned. "Why are you staring at my uncle?"

Nyla withdrew her gaze and replied coolly, "None of your business."

Her coldness irritated Clark. "Nyla, you know I don't like you paying attention to other men."

Ever since they got together, Clark had been extremely controlling, not allowing Nyla to interact with other men. She used to think this was a sign of his love, but now it seemed laughable.

She sneered. "And I don't like you sleeping with other women, but you seem to enjoy it just fine."

Clark said through gritted teeth, "This is a family dinner. We'll deal with this later."

"If you don't want me to bring it up, then stay out of my business," she retorted.

Clark didn't want to cause a scene now because it might affect the Sumner Group and his standing with Richard, who still held all the company's shares.

As they talked, Marie called out, "Nyla, Clark, you're here! Come sit down!"

Nyla took a deep breath, forcing a smile as she approached. She might not like the Sumners, but she maintained basic manners.

"Hello, Grandpa, Grandma," she greeted with a smile.

Marie, who had been urging Damon to settle down and get married, looked pleased to see the couple. "Come, sit down."

She turned to Damon with a hint of dissatisfaction. "Look at Clark. He manages the company well and has a beautiful wife. They might have children soon. And you? Almost 30 and still single. If you don't bring a girlfriend next time, don't bother coming!"

Damon glanced at the couple with a smirk. "She is indeed beautiful."

He just wondered how that petite frame would suffer if she were to have children.

Nyla frowned, feeling uncomfortable with Damon's gaze.

Clark also noticed the inappropriate way Damon looked at Nyla. It wasn't the look of an elder but more like a man admiring a woman. His hand clenched into a fist, and his body tensed.

Marie sighed. "My point is, when will you bring me a daughter-in-law?"

"Depends. If I meet someone I like, maybe I'll bring her back tomorrow," Damon replied nonchalantly.

"You're too picky! I've arranged a good match for you. Date's tomorrow, don't ruin it."

"Then you'll probably have to apologize to another old friend tomorrow."

Frustrated, Marie snapped, "You're going to drive me crazy!"

Damon glanced at Clark. "Clark's been married for years. Instead of pushing me, why don't you encourage him to have kids?"

Marie nodded, realizing Damon wouldn't listen to her. She turned to Nyla and Clark, her expression softening. "Nyla, you and Clark have been married for a few years now. When are you planning to have children?"