

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 51

Chapter 51 Chapter 51

+25 BONUS

Nyla paused as she was about to pick up some food, then looked down. "There's nothing I want."

Earlier this year, Clark had promised to take time off to celebrate her birthday with an island vacation, something she had always wanted to do. Only a few months later, it seemed he had completely forgotten about it and it would make it easier for her to deal with him without any unnecessary feelings of sympathy.

"Then I'll have to think carefully about what to get you. If there's anything you want, you can always tell me.

"Sure."

After dinner, Clark told Nyla to watch TV on the sofa while he cleaned up the dishes. Previously, when

they wanted some alone time, they would give the service staff a few days off, and Nyla would cook herself.

Nyla nodded and left. In the past, she would have taken pity on him for being tired after a day's work and cleaned up herself. Now, she no longer felt that way.

After cleaning up and wiping down the table, Clark washed his hands in the kitchen before sitting down

next to Nyla.

She scooted over a bit to create some distance between them and turned to him. "Now that we've had dinner, when are you planning to leave?"

Clark looked at her helplessly. "Nyla, I just sat down. Since the night you didn't come home, we haven't had a proper conversation. If this continues, the problems between us will only grow bigger." There was a flash of sarcasm in Nyla's eyes at Clark's emotional plea. The only solution to their problems,

from the moment he cheated, was divorce.

"What do you want to talk about?"

"My cheating was definitely my fault. How long do you plan to punish me?"

The uncertainty of not knowing when Nyla might forgive him was too torturous for Clark. He wanted a

timeline.

Nyla's hands tightened slightly at her side, and she looked down. "I said I don't know. Maybe when I no longer love you, I won't care about this anymore."

A wave of bitterness washed over Clark. He would rather she hate him forever than stop loving him. At least if she hated him, it would mean she still thought about him.

After a long silence, he stood up and left quietly.

It was only when Nyla heard the door close that she rubbed her teary eyes. Why did he have to act so affectionate now, after cheating on her? No matter what he did, they could never go back to how things

were.

Suddenly, her phone rang, interrupting her thoughts. Seeing it was Genevieve, she quickly answered.

"Genevieve, is there any news about what happened this morning?"

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"Yes, it's basically clear. Someone did switch the labels of the dilute sulfuric acid and concentrated sulfuric acid."

Nyla bit her lip. "Who was it?"

"Mabel."

"As expected."

After the explosion this morning, Nyla's first suspect had been Lucla. However, Lucia wouldn't be foolish enough to do it herself, so it had to be her lackey.

"I called to ask how you want to handle this. Do you want to call the police or settle it privately?"

Nyla raised an eyebrow. It seemed Genevieve preferred to settle it privately. Otherwise, she would have just called the police

without asking her opinion. It was just that Nyla hadn't done anything to Mabel, yet the latter had tried to ruin her face....

Thinking about this, Nyla said coldly, "Call the police."

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There was a moment of silence on the other end of the phone before Genevieve's voice came through.

"Alright, the police might call you to the station tomorrow to take your statement. Make sure your phone is available." "Okay. Thank you for handling this, Genevieve,"

Genevieve sighed and said earnestly, "Nyla, you're still young. Unlike me, you don't think about the long-

term consequences when making decisions. But sometimes, giving others a chance is also giving yourself a chance."

"I understand. But I can't be lenient with everyone. If Mr. Sumner hadn't been there today, I might have been disfigured."

Moreover, this issue could affect her job. If she got fired from Park Pharmaceuticals because of this, what pharmaceutical company would hire her in the future? It was not that she wasn't willing to let Mabel off, but the latter wasn't willing to let her off.

Genevieve realized she couldn't persuade Nyla, so she said nothing more and hung up.

Nyla put down her phone, thinking about how Damon had used his suit to protect her from the concentrated sulfuric acid this morning. She frowned. This was the second suit she had ruined for Damon. Should Nyla had always disliked owing people anything.

After a few moments of hesitation, she went onto a bespoke clothing website, estimated Damon's size, and ordered two suits, sending them directly to Prospectu

In Genevieve's office.

Genevieve looked at Spencer, who was sitting opposite her, and said tiredly, "Mr. Hogg, Ms. Jayston wants to call the police."

If Spencer hadn't personally come to oversee this, she might have tried to persuade Nyla further, considering this could affect Mabel's future. Then again, if they hadn't found out it was Mabel, Nyla would have taken the fall, and she had almost gotten disfigured. This incident could also change Nyla's future.

Spencer nodded. "Alright, I understand. I'll handle this personally. Mr. Sumner said that such an incident also indicates a lack of oversight at Park Pharmaceuticals. He hopes you'll strengthen employee manage in the future."

"I understand. Thank you, Mr. Hogg."

After Spencer left, Genevieve picked up the fingerprint comparison report on her desk and sighed. They hadn't actually found any fingerprints on the labels. They had spread this false information to see if anyor mistake.

The fingerprints collected that afternoon had been compared with those taken when the employees were hired. Everyone else's matched, except for Mabel's, which didn't match at all. If she hadn't tried to deceit Chapter 52

good.

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Mabel met Lucia for dinner at an upscale restaurant, having safely navigated the fingerprint collection

that afternoon.

*Lucia, your dad is amazing! He actually got those realistic gloves. When I wore them this afternoon, it felt a bit weird at first, but then it felt just like my own skin,

Lucia's eyes gleamed with pride. "Of course. This kind of thing is a piece of cake."

"Now that the issue with Nyla is over, she'll probably be fired tomorrow morning and won't appear in front of us again. About my dad's job...

"Don't worry. I'll talk to my dad tonight. It'll be settled by tomorrow."

As they were talking, two police officers entered the restaurant and walked straight toward their table. At first, they thought there might be a fugitive in the restaurant. However, when the officers stopped at their Chapter 53

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"Ms. O'Neill, we need your assistance regarding today's lab explosion at Park Pharmaceuticals. Please come with us."

Mabel was panicking, her body trembling uncontrollably

"What do you mean... What does the explosion have to do with me? Why do you need my help?"

"You'll find out the details at the police station, Ms. O'Neill."

"I'm not going! I didn't do anything wrong. Ask me whatever you need to here!"

Seeing Mabel's agitation, the two police officers exchanged a look. One of them spoke sternly. "Ms. O'Neill, if you refuse to cooperate, we will have to use force." The officers' solemn expressions made Mabel uneasy.

While she hesitated, Lucia spoke up from across the room. "Mabel, it's just a routine investigation. Go with them. It won't be a big deal. I'll go with you."

Seeing Lucia's cold expression, Mabel reluctantly nodded. "Alright."

the polic

At the police station.

Mabel was taken to give a statement, and the officers asked Lucia to wait outside.

Unable to sit still, Lucia quickly walked out of the station to call Clement.

"Dad, the police just took Mabel to the station for questioning. Don't you know some high-ranking officers? Can you-

Before she could finish, Clement angrily interrupted her, "Shut up!"

Startled by his outburst, Lucia was momentarily speechless.

Clement's angry voice came through the phone again. "Do you know how much trouble you've caused me? Just getting that glove for you almost cost me my job because I offended Damon! Don't drag me into With that, he hung up, not caring about Lucia's reaction.

The police interrogation was effective, and Mabel, feeling guilty, quickly confessed. However, she was careful not to mention Lucia.

After an hour, it was announced that Mabel was being detained.

Lucia was now in a panic, fearing that Mabel might eventually implicate her. As she stood there, unsure of what to do, Nyla walked into the police station.

Seeing her, Lucia struggled to contain her anger and frustration. She nearly confronted Nyla about whether this was her doing. She restrained herself, watching coldly as Nyla entered the interrogation

room.

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After giving her statement, Nyla stepped out of the station and was immediately confronted by Lucia.

"Did you do this to Mabel?"

Nyla found it amusing and raised an eyebrow. "You orchestrated for Mabel to harm me, and now that your plan backfired, you have the nerve to accuse me? You really are shameless." Lucia didn't deny it but merely sneered. "Nyla, you got lucky this time. But I don't believe you'll always be this lucky.*

With that, she turned and left.

Nyla was about to hail a cab when a black Cayenne pulled up in front of her. Clark got out of the driver's seat and sighed in relief when he saw that Nyla was safe.

"Nyla, my friend told me you were at the police station giving a statement, so I rushed over. I'm glad you're alright."

Seeing the worry and concern on Clark's face, Nyla was initially moved-only to notice a bright red lipstick stain on the collar of his white shirt.

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Nyla's eyes lingered on the stain, her gaze betraying a hint of mockery. "It must be tough for you, finding time to flirt with other women and still managing to drop by the police station to see me." Clark was taken aback and frowned. "What do you mean?"

Nyla's expression remained indifferent. "Next time you want to act all caring, at least wipe off the lipstick on your collar first. Otherwise, it just looks ridiculous."

Without waiting for Clark's reaction, she hailed a cab and left.

Clark glanced down at his collar, his expression darkening when he saw the lipstick stain. He tried calling Nyla to explain. After several unanswered calls, her line eventually went straight to voicemail. Clearly, she

had blocked him.

His gaze grew cold upon realizing their relationship, which had just started to improve, had once again hit rock bottom. He sped off toward Nyla's apartment complex but was interrupted by a phone call halfway car around and left.

Nyla had just

gotten home when her phone buzzed with messages from the private investigator she had hired previously. She took a deep breath and opened the messages. Despite bracing herself, the photos of Clark and Jordyn together. There were four or five photos, all showing Clark and Jordyn together.

Nyla smiled bitterly, and her eyes involuntarily reddened. She had been right not to trust Clark. Otherwise, she would have been a fool.

Suppressing her sorrow, she transferred money to the private investigator and asked him to continue monitoring Clark and Jordyn before closing the chat app.

The next morning, Nyla received a call from Damon shortly after getting up.

"Did you buy those suits?" His cool voice, tinged with a hint of laziness, came through the phone.

"Yes, I damaged two of your suits. It wouldn't sit well with me if I didn't replace them."

"You owe me much more than just those two suits. If you really want to repay me, shouldn't you do more?"

Nyla sensed Damon's displeasure and bit her lip, feeling confused. She had expected him to accept the suits, and that would be the end of it. Why was he angry? Despite her confusion, she didn't dare voice her thoughts. Based on their interactions, she knew Damon wasn't someone who easily listened to others.

"Uncle Damon, how would you like me to repay you?" she asked.

There was a pause on the other end, then the call abruptly ended.

Nyla frowned, hesitating for a moment before deciding not to call back. Damon seemed off today, and she didn't want to risk catching him in a bad mood.

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Thinking he might be upset about something else, Nyla put down her phone and went to freshen up.

#25 BONUS

In the CEO's office at Prospectus Technology.

Damon put down his phone while Spencer, standing nearby, asked cautiously, "Mr. Sumner, what should I do with these suits?"

away." Damon frowned at the two suits Spencer was holding and said coldly, "Throw them Sensing Damon's foul mood, Spencer quickly turned to leave but was stopped by Damon's voice.

"Wait."

Spencer turned back and saw Damon's stern expression. Hesitantly, he suggested, "Mr. Sumner, maybe! should send these suits to your villa. Ms. Jayston probably spent a lot of money, and they are your size nodded. "Since you put it that way, send them to the villa.

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"Okay."

As Spencer r walked out of the office, he couldn't help but frown, pondering Damon's attitude toward Nyla.

Earlier today, Damon had immediately called Nyla to question her about the sults, clearly Irritated by her attempt to distance herself from him. Considering Nyla was Damon's niece-in- law, Spencer hoped he had overthought the matter.

After breakfast, Nyla headed straight to Park Pharmaceuticals.

After giving her statement last night, Genevieve had messaged her, saying she could return to work today. and that the company would handle the situation with Mabel.

To her surprise, a middle-aged man stopped her at the entrance of Park Pharmaceuticals. His face was dark and lined with exhaustion, his eyes bloodshot, and his hair disheveled. He looked at her pleadingly. "Ms. Jayston, please, I'm begging you to let my daughter go. My wife was in a car accident and is the hospital. I haven't found a job yet, and if my daughter stays in jail, our family will fall apart."

Nyla instinctively took a few steps back, frowning.

still in

This man resembled Mabel, indicating he was likely her father. However, there was no way Mabel could have described her appearance to him since she was detained. As such, this had to be another of Lucia's "Your wife's car accident has nothing to do with me. I haven't done anything to Mabel, yet she tried to ruin my face and my career. I have no obligation to forgive her."

Nyla tried to leave, but the man, Kenneth O'Neill, blocked her path again.

'Ms. Jayston, I'm desperate. What will it take for you to let Mabel go? I'll kneel if I have to."

Kenneth dropped to his knees in front of Nyla.

Nyla's eyes flashed with disgust. She detested being emotionally blackmailed into forgiving someone who had wronged her. Just because their family was suffering didn't

mean Mabel could harm others without "Kneeling won't change anything. I'm not giving a letter of forgiveness. The court will decide her punishment, not me."

Nyla walked past Kenneth and quickly disappeared from sight.

Across the street, Lucia smirked as she recorded the scene on her phone. She thought Nyla would be trashed by netizens once this video hit the Internet. With Nyla's reputation in tatters, Park Pharmaceuticals Kenneth stood up and approached Lucia, his demeanor submissive. "Ms. Pollard, I did as you asked... About my wife's medical bills..."

"Don't worry. I just had 15,000 dollars transferred. It should last until Mabel is out."

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Thank you so much, Ms. Pollard. Meeting you has been a blessing for our family."

Lucia's eyes flickered with disdain. She sent Kenneth away with a few words and then forwarded the video to a social media influencer, instructing them to embellish the story and make it go viral.

Due to Nyla's injured hands, she couldn't conduct experiments for a while. She had to stay at her desk, reviewing literature and researching experiment directions.

As soon as she sat down, Sasha approached her. "Nyla, how's your hand?"

"Much better. The doctor said I shouldn't get them wet for a while, but they should heal in about two weeks."

Sasha nodded. "That's good to hear."

After a moment of hesitation, she locked eyes with Nyla and asked, "By the

way, when the flask exploded yesterday, everyone ran out, but Mr. Sumner took off his jacket and rushed straight to you. Do you think he might have feelings for you?" Chapter 55

+25 BONUS

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Sasha couldn't help but speculate. Normal people would run from danger, but Damon had run toward it to protect Nyla.

Nyla was taken aback, then frowned. "You're overthinking it. He's my uncle."

"What?!" Sasha's voice shot up, drawing the attention of everyone in the R&D department. Her face turned red, and she quickly lowered her head.

She whispered, "Are you serious? You don't even share the same last name. Are you lying to me?"

"Why would I lie? I can't go into details, but nothing could happen between us. He doesn't like me that way.

Despite Sasha's lingering doubts, she could only nod at Nyla's confident assurance. "Alright then."

"Stop gossiping and get to work," Nyla said as she turned on her computer to read some research papers.

The morning passed quickly. Just before noon, Nyla received a call from Wren.

"Wren, what's up? Is there something wrong with my dad?"

Wren's gentle voice came through the line. "No, he's stable. Do you have time for lunch today? Let's meet up."

"My office is quite far from the hospital, How about dinner instead?"

"Sure, you decide."

After hanging up, Nyla felt a bit puzzled about Wren's sudden invitation.

That evening, Nyla arrived at the restaurant. As she waited for Wren, she noticed a familiar car pull up to the entrance. The back door opened, and a woman stepped out. In an instant, Nyla recognized Jordyn.

Jordyn wore a red strapless gown, her long wavy hair cascading down her back, and her makeup was impeccable. She exuded a charm that could captivate any man. Soon, Clark stepped out of the car, and Jordyn naturally took his arm as they walked inside. If Nyla weren't his wife, she might have thought they made a perfect couple. When Nyla and Clark got married, he had promised to walk through life with her hand in hand. That promise seemed to belong to another woman now.

Clark and Jordyn didn't notice her and went straight into a private room.

Nyla turned her attention back to her surroundings just as Wren arrived.

After ordering, Nyla looked at Wren and asked, "Wren, is there something you want to talk about?"

Wren nodded, her expression gentle. "I heard you and Clark had a fight. I haven't had a chance to ask you because of your father's situation. How are things between you two now?"

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Nyla pressed her lips together, her knuckles turning white from gripping the cup. "Why are you asking about this all of a sudden?"

Wren sighed. "I saw Clark with another woman at the hospital a few days ago. Is he... having an affair?"

Nyla's hand trembled, spilling some tea. Despite knowing her father was hospitalized at the same hospital, Clark still dared to take his mistress there. It was as if he didn't care if his infidelity was exposed. After a moment of silence, Nyla nodded. "Yes."

"As I expected." Wren looked angry. "What do you plan to do about it?"

She had initially thought Clark would be a good partner for Nyla, but now she realized she was wrong.

"I plan to divorce him, but he refuses to split the assets. I'm trying to gather evidence of his affair now." Nyla knew that just having evidence of infidelity wouldn't be enough to get half of the assets. She needed s Wren frowned. "Given his family's status, they won't willingly give you half the assets. And with your father in the hospital waiting for a kidney transplant, our options are limited in helping you."

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If Harris Pharmaceuticals hadn't gone bankrupt, Clark wouldn't have dared to flaunt his affair so brazenly.

Wren looked at Nyla with guilt. "Your father and I owe you an apology. You've been through so much, bearing this burden alone. It must have been really tough."

Nyla shook her head. She wasn't as upset now as she had been when she first discovered Clark's Infidelity. "I'm fine. I took a chance, hoping he wouldn't betray our relationship. I just lost the gamble." She had no regrets about her choice because she had chosen the Clark who once loved her, not the deceitful man he had become.

"It's okay. You'll find someone better in the future."

Nyla smiled faintly. Whether she found someone else or not didn't matter. She just wanted to get the divorce and claim her fair share of the assets. "Wren, please don't tell

my dad about the affair. His health isn't good, and I'm afraid he won't be able to handle it.

Wren nodded. "I understand. Don't worry."

After Nyla and Wren finished their meal, they were about to pay the bill when people came out of the private room where Clark and Jordyn were.

Nyla quickly noticed Clark and Jordyn walking in the center of the group and turned to block Wren's view.

"Wren, I just remembered I have something to do. Let me take you back to the hospital."

After selling her house, Nyla had bought herself a small car.

"If you're busy, I can take the subway back."

"It's fine. I have something I need to tell you."

Hurriedly, Nyla guided Wren out, managing to avoid running into Clark and his group. Given Wren's temper, a confrontation would be inevitable.

Someone at the front of the group from the private room noticed Nyla's silhouette. He raised an eyebrow in surprise. If he wasn't mistaken, that should be Nyla. He glanced at Clark, who was whispering to Jordy Outside, Wren saw Nyla's cute pink car and couldn't help but smile. "This car suits you well."

Nyla smiled back. "I thought so too. I fell in love with it at first sight."

Once inside the car, Nyla handed Wren a sealed bag from the back seat. "Wren, here's 30,000 dollars in cash. Use half for my dad's medical bills and keep the rest for your expenses." Wren was taken aback. "Where did you get so much money?"

"Clark gave me a bag, which I sold to a friend for 300,000 dollars. I thought it would be too risky to give you the entire amount at once, so I'm giving it to you in Installments."

Seeing Nyla's calm demeanor, Wren felt a pang of sadness. "Your father and I have failed you..."

"Wren, this has nothing to do with you or my dad. I used to think Clark's and my money were shared, but

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after he cheated, I realized I was too naive."

Nyla had given up her patent for a heart disease medication worth billions to be with Clark, allowing him to take the credit while she became a housewife. She had forgotten that without her own career and finan Fortunately, it wasn't too late. She still had a chance to start over.

After dropping Wren off at the hospital, Nyla stayed for a while to talk with Harrison before heading home. As she stepped out of the elevator, she saw Clark standing by her door.

He was leaning against the wall, a cigarette in hand. When the light came on, he squinted slightly. Seeing Nyla, he extinguished the cigarette and walked straight toward her. "I heard

you went to Round Roof today. Who did you eat with?"

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Nyla frowned and looked at Clark with displeasure. "Who I ate with is none of your business, is it?"

A dark gleam passed through Clark's eyes as he lowered his voice. "Nyla, I'm not trying to monitor you. I just want to be part of your life."

"Are you really trying to be part of my life, or are you feeling guilty about taking Jordyn to that dinner today?"

Clark widened his eyes, his heart sinking. Nyla had seen them.

"Today

was about meeting a client. She handled this client before she left the company, so she knows the situation better. That's why I brought her along. I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to misunderstand." Nyla smiled. "Do I really need to misunderstand your relationship with her?"

"Nyla, I can assure you that there's nothing between us now. The only person I love is you."

Nyla wanted to ask him why Jordyn had to dress so seductively and hold his arm like a date since it was just a business meeting. Anyone who saw them would think Jordyn was Clark's girlfriend, not his secreta Despite that, she didn't ask. It no longer mattered

"Clark, one lie often requires many more to cover it up.

"Nyla, you don't believe me?"

Clark stared at Nyla intently, his gaze filled with hurt and sadness.

Nyla found it laughable. She wanted to believe him, but shouldn't he give her a reason to?

"I had a long day at work. I don't want to talk about this. Please leave."

Upon seeing Nyla's cold expression, Clark's hands clenched at his sides. His initial guilt and unease slowly turned into frustration. He had humbled himself, yet she still treated him with disdain. He could have Sometimes, being with her was less comfortable than being with Jordyn. At least Jordyn wouldn't give him a hard time.

With that, he said nothing more. When Nyla walked past him without a word, he didn't stop her or try to -explain further.

At home, Nyla grabbed some clothes and headed for the shower. When she came out, she saw that she had over ten missed calls from Valarie. Since Valarie had called her so many times in such a short perio She quickly called back, and Valarie picked up after just two rings. "Nyla, check the Internet! You're trending!

Nyla was surprised. She went online and saw that she was the top trending topic.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 58

[Park Pharmaceuticals' Employee Forces Colleague's Father To Kneel]

After clicking on the trending post, she saw a video of Mabel's father kneeling before her. The camera angle was perfect, capturing Kenneth's helpless expression. Meanwhile, the comments were filled with insults directed at her.

[How can someone be so disgusting? I heard her colleague's father is just an honest farm worker, and she made him kneel! Bullying the honest folks!]

[This woman is too much. Park Pharmaceuticals should consider firing her!]

[I hope one day her parents have to kneel to someone too. Maybe then she'll understand how it feels.]

As Nyla read the hateful comments, her eyes turned cold.

After not hearing Nyla speak for a while, Valarie anxiously asked, "Nyla, what's going on?"

Valarie had known Nyla for years and knew she wasn't the type to make someone kneel in public. There had to be a misunderstanding, but she couldn't defend Nyla online without knowing the full story

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"It's a long story. Just let me handle it," Nyla said and hung up.

As she watched the number of hateful comments against her skyrocket, her expression grew colder.

On the other side, Clark had just returned to his villa when he received a call from Michael. "Mr. Sumner,

with someone posted a video of Mabel's father kneeling to Mrs. Sumner. The Internet is blowing up people cursing her. Should we take the video down?"

Clark's gaze darkened. After a moment, he replied, "No leave it up. I'll deal with it when she comes to me."

He thought he had been too lenient with Nyla recently, which was why she had been so cold toward him. This incident would remind her of her place.

Damon also heard about the online attack on Nyla and immediately contacted her, asking if she needed help removing the video.

Nyla felt a pang of bitterness hearing Damon's calm voice over the phone. The video had been circulating for over an hour, so there was no way Clark didn't know about it. Yet, the one person who should care the most hadn't reached out to her. Instead, it was Damon who called to offer help.

"Uncle Damon, no need. I can handle this myself.

"Are you sure?" Damon asked, his doubt evident.

Nyla couldn't help but smile. "Yes, I was cautious enough to record our conversation whe me outside the office the other day. I'll upload the recording online."

he confronted

Damon was surprised but impressed by her foresight. "Good. If you need anything, you can always contact Spencer."

"Thank you, Uncle Damon."

After hanging up, Nyla uploaded the recording with a scheduled release and set her phone aside to apply a face mask. Lucia had gone to such lengths, so Nyla decided to let her bask in her fleeting triumph.

As the online vitriol against Nyla intensified, Lucia grew more pleased with herself. At first, she feared Clark might intervene on Nyla's behalf, but seeing no signs of it, she concluded he had no intention of helping

With the current trajectory, Park Pharmaceuticals would likely buckle under public pressure and fire Nyla

by tomorrow.

The thought of never seeing Nyla again filled Lucia with satisfaction. Using a fake account, she added a few more hateful comments against Nyla before preparing to go to bed. Suddenly, a notification popped up on her phone. Taken aback, she quickly went back online. Nyla's post had shot to the top of the trending list.

Lucia hurriedly clicked on it and found the audio recording of the conversation between Nyla and

Kenneth.

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+25 BONUS

Lucia gritted her teeth as she read through the comments. The tide had turned completely.

[Oh my god! The reason he knelt was that his daughter almost disfigured Nyla! And Nyla didn't even ask him to kneel. The influencer who posted is so shameless!]

[Apologizing to Nyla. My dad is a farm worker too, so I was quick to judge without knowing the full story. Sorry, sorry, sorry.]

[It's not just the influencer. The blame's on the colleague who tried to disfigure Nyla and the person who filmed this video. They clearly had malicious intent. It must be someone close to Nyla, probably a coworker.]

[Goodness, working with someone who's constantly watching you from the shadows is terrifying. It's disgusting, like a rat in the gutter.]

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Chapter 60

+25 BONUS

Seeing the hateful comments directed at her, Lucia was so furious she nearly crushed her phone. She hadn't

expected Nyla to be prepared for Kenneth's confrontation from the start. Now, not only had Nyla managed to clear her name, but Lucia might also get implicated.

Panicking, Lucia contacted the influencer who had posted the video and asked them to delete it. However, she was told that the account had been locked and couldn't be accessed.

Lucia's heart sank. How could this happen right after Nyla released the recording? Could it be Clark's doing?

The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. If they traced this back to her, she'd be

finished.

Desperate, she rushed to Clement, who was in his study.

After listening to Lucia's explanation, Clement slapped her hard across the face. "You idiot! Are you trying to get us all killed?"

He had warned her before not to go against Nyla, but she hadn't listened and had gone behind his back to create this mess.

Lucia's cheek stung, but she ignored the pain and knelt in front of his desk. "Dad, you're the only one who can help me now. I know I was wrong. I promise I won't go against Nyla again. Please help me one more time."

Clement felt nothing but annoyance when he saw Lucia cry. If she weren't his only child, he wouldn't bother with her. "Get out!"

"Dad..."

"If you don't leave now, you can handle this yourself!"

Relieved by Clement's promise, Lucia quickly got up and left the study. Instead of returning to her room, she went to the kitchen. Knowing Clement was still angry, she decided to make some soup and use deliv Less than half an hour later, Lucia brought a bowl of soup to the study. The door was slightly ajar. As she was about to knock, she heard Clement's deep voice from inside.

"Cyrus, don't forget that without my help all those years ago, your Sumner family wouldn't be wre it is today." Search the (f)indNOVEL.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Lucia paused, a look of confusion crossing her face. All those years ago? Instinctively, she thought of the accident six years ago at Harris Pharmaceuticals. The company collapsed within a month of the incident a stroke. Meanwhile, Clement had moved to another company and climbed the ranks.

Cyrus was Clark's father. Lucia had never seen any interaction between Clement and Cyrus, so they shouldn't know each other by right.

Lucia's hands gripping the tray turned pale, and her heart raced. Could there be more to that accident than she knew?

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She leaned closer to the door, trying to listen more intently, but she pushed too hard and the door swung

open.

Startled by the noise, Clement quickly ended his call.

As the door opened, Lucia met Clement's murderous gaze. She shivered. "Dad..."

Realizing it was Lucia, he softened his expression but still looked displeased. "When did you get here?"

Under his scrutinizing stare, Lucia steadied her nerves and said softly, "I just got here. I brought you some chicken soup.

As she approached Clement's desk, trying to hide her fear, he watched her coldly without speaking. She set the soup down, and only then did she feel a bit relieved when he didn't do anything else. "Dad, did you handle my issue?" she asked nervously.