

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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In the next moment, Damon pushed Nyla away, his expression dripping with disdain. "Ms. Kinsey, even if you're throwing yourself at me, I won't let you off easily

Nyla's face flushed with anger.

Throwing herself at him? What gave him the impression that she wanted to seduce him?

She raised an eyebrow and gave him a once-over.

Her scrutinizing gaze made Damon frown instinctively, his face darkening even further.

"Mr. Sumner, not a single part of you meets my standards, and your temper is dreadful. Rest assured, even if every other man on Earth disappeared, I wouldn't be interested in you," Nyla declared. Damon let out a cold laugh. "A man like Oliver is definitely more suitable for you. After all, he's someone. who bends to your every whim."

He couldn't understand how someone as successful as Oliver could fall for a woman like her.

Nyla's expression hardened. "You have no right to judge Oliver."

"Oh? Just one comment and you're so protective of him. It seems you really do like him. In that case, give me Buddy, and you can have another child with him," Damon stated.

Nyla looked at him in disbelief, unable to comprehend how he could say something so cruel. "Damon, what do you think children are? Something you can toss aside whenever you want?" Damon's expression turned cold. "I won't let my child call someone else 'Dad'!"

"I've already said it-Buddy is not your child," Nyla emphasized.

Just as Damon was about to respond, his phone suddenly rang.

Seeing the name flashing on the screen, he answered. "Yes?"

"Damon, I got the child's used cup and have sent it to the testing center," the caller said. [SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

A flicker of emotion crossed Damon's face, but he quickly masked it with an impassive expression. "Got it. Let me know when you have the results."

Hanging up, he turned to Nyla, his voice icy. "Nyla, I've obtained Buddy's DNA. In less than 24 hours, I'll know if he's my child."

The moment his words fell, Nyla's face turned ashen, and her entire body froze in place.

When she finally processed what he had said, anger surged within her. "Damon, what gives you the right to do this?!"

Seeing her still ready to strike, Damon grabbed her wrist, his tone chilling. "I'm Buddy's father, so I have every right."

Realizing the situation was beyond redemption, Nyla ceased to deny it. She looked at Damon with a blank expression. "Don't forget, you have a fiancée."

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"I don't need your concern. Erin is a good woman. Even if I take Buddy back, she will treat him well," Damon countered.

Nyla snorted. "You've really become blind after losing your memory."

Erin-a good woman? If Nyla hadn't seen her true colors, she might have believed Damon's words.

Taking a deep breath, Nyla shook off Damon's grip and headed home. She needed to figure out how to keep Mason with her. Once Damon learned the truth, he would do everything in his power to take Mason away. Mason was her lifeline, and she wouldn't allow anyone to take him from her!

Back home, Nyla sank onto the sofa, pinching the bridge of her nose in exhaustion. What could she possibly do to ensure that Damon couldn't take Mason away?

Suddenly, an idea struck her. If she married Oliver, perhaps Damon wouldn't be able to take Mason from

her.

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Soon after, Nyla dismissed the idea of marrying Oliver just to prevent Damon from taking Mason. It wouldn't be fair to Oliver at all.

No matter what, she refused to hand Mason over to Damon,

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In the following days, Damon did not appear before Nyla again. Rather than feeling relieved, her mood grew heavier.

On Friday, as the workday came to a close, Nyla had a premonition and felt increasingly restless.

Her anxiety peaked when she received a call from Pauline, who informed her that Mason was not at kindergarten and that he had been picked up by his father.

Nyla was

was taken aback. She forced herself to stay calm, replying, "I understand. You go home first. I know where he is."

After hanging up, her hands trembled as she dialed Damon's number.

She called several times, but he deliberately ignored her. Gritting her teeth, she continued to try.

Finally, after what felt like an eternity, he answered.

"What is it?" Damon asked.

"Damon, where have you taken Buddy?! Bring him back immediately, or I'll call the police!" Nyla warned. There was silence on the other end for a few seconds before Damon's cold voice came through. "Ventaly, Unit 1."

He hung up after that.

Nyla grabbed her bag and instructed her assistant to finish up the experiments. She rushed to Ventaly.

Ventaly was a high-end residential area in Capitarnia, designed to resemble picturesque water towns, complete with exquisite architecture and winding waterways. It unfolded before her like a beautiful painting. Despite the scenery, Nyla had no time to appreciate it as she hurried toward Unit 1.

The front door was open, clearly awaiting her arrival.

Taking a deep breath, she strode inside.

The villa's minimalist black-and-white decor was striking. Upon entering, she saw only Damon sitting in search the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

the living room.

She glared at him coldly. "Damon, where's Buddy?!"

Damon looked up at her, his eyes devoid of warmth. "Ms. Kinsey, please have a seat."

"I asked you where Buddy is! Don't make me call the police!" Nyla warned.

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While Nyla was agitated, Damon remained eerily calm. Please sit. You're Buddy's mother, so I won't prevent you from seeing him. But if you continue with this attitude, I assure you that you won't see him again."

Fuming. Nyla sat down across from him. "What do you want?!"

Seeing her take a seat, Damon pushed a file across the table to her. "First, take a look at this document. Once you sign it, I'll arrange for you to see Buddy."

As she picked up the file and read "Voluntary Relinquishment of Custody," her fury erupted. She tore the agreement to shreds and flung the pieces at Damon, exclaiming. "You must be dreaming! There's no way I'll give up Buddy's custody! You have no right to separate us The sharp edge of the paper grazed Damon's face, leaving a small cut from which blood began to seep. He wiped the blood away, his gaze icy as he stared at Nyla.

"Ms. Kinsey, if you're unhappy with any of the terms or feel the compensation isn't enough, we can discuss it further. But I will not relinquish Buddy's custody," he said.

Nyla laughed in anger. "What right do you have to fight this with me? What have you done for Buddy over the years?"

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Damon's expression darkened significantly. "If it weren't for you hiding Buddy's existence, I wouldn't have missed these years of his growth.

"Nyla, your selfishness is the reason it took us this long to find each other. I won't hand my child over to a woman as selfish as you!"

"You have no right to call me selfish! Since you won't return Buddy to me, we have nothing more to discuss. I'll see you in court!" With that, Nyla turned and left. Damon glared at her retreating figure, filled with disgust and anger. He had never encountered such an ungrateful woman.

His phone rang, and he picked it up to see that it was Spencer.

"Mr. Sumner... Buddy has been crying for Ms. Kinsey and refuses to eat anything. His eyes are swollen," Spencer informed him.

Damon's expression remained taut and cold. "Let him starve if he doesn't want to eat!"

*But if he keeps crying like this, it's not going to help..." Spencer tried to reason. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

After a moment of silence, Damon replied coldly, "I'll be there right away!"

Meanwhile, Nyla called the police as soon as she got into her car.

The police were able to find surveillance footage showing Mason being taken away.

When Nyla saw that it was Spencer who had picked Mason up, she wasn't surprised. Her expression darkened as she dialed Spencer's number.

As soon as the call connected, she heard Mason's heart-wrenching cries, and her heart clenched.

"Spencer, where have you taken Buddy? If you don't tell me, I'll report you for kidnapping!" she demanded.

Spencer didn't respond but instead held the phone to Mason's ear. "Buddy, it's your mom on the line."

Mason immediately stopped crying, sniffing. "Mommy Where are you? Mommy... Please come get me."

Nyla had never let Mason cry this hard in all the years she had taken care of him. Damon had only had him for a short time, and Mason's voice was already hoarse from crying.

Her heart ached as she pushed down her anger and spoke gently. "Buddy, don't be scared. Mommy will be there soon, okay?"

"Okay, but you have to hurry..." Mason said.

There was a pause before he could finish, then a cold voice came through. "Ms. Kinsey, until your reconsider, I won't let you see Buddy."

"Damon, what right have to do this?!" Nyla trembled with rage, every word laced with fury.

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"Because I'm Buddy's father. If you want a paternity test, I can arrange for one to be sent to you shortly."

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Damon replied before hanging up.

When Nyla called back, the line was busy.

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Just then, a police officer approached her, his expression sympathetic. "Ms. Kinsey, the car left the school and turned onto a side road without surveillance. It may take longer for our technical team to trace their movements."

Nyla nodded. "I understand. The person who took my son is Spencer Hogg, the secretary of Prospectus Technology's CEO. He might know where my son is now."

Upon hearing that, the police officer's expression grew serious. "We'll find him and gather more information right away."

As he finished speaking, a man in a suit, carrying a briefcase and wearing gold-rimmed glasses, entered the police station

The man introduced himself, saying, "Hello, Ms. Kinsey, I'm Gerrard Chaucer, Mr. Sumner's lawyer. I will be handling all matters regarding Buddy's custody moving forward." Chapter 554

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Nyla scoffed. "Damon took my son without my consent and now wants to fight me for custody? He's dreaming!"

Gerrard adjusted his glasses and handed her a document from his briefcase. Search the Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Ms. Kinsey, this is the paternity test report showing that Mason Kinsey and Mr. Damon Sumner are father and son. He has the right to contest custody," he said.

Nyla didn't take the document. Instead, she looked at Gerrard with a poker face. "That paternity test was done without my consent. I won't acknowledge it!"

Gerrard remained calm "Ms. Kinsey, this paternity test holds legal validity. My client is prepared to file a lawsuit. Of course, it would be best to resolve this peacefully, but if that's not possible, he will have to pursue legal action" Regardless, Damon was determined to fight Nyla for custody of Mason.

Nyla nodded. "Fine, let him file a lawsuit."

With that, she walked past Gerrard and left.

Gerrard called Damon to update him. "Mr. Sumner, Ms. Kinsey still refuses to agree. It seems we might have to go to court."

"Understood. Stick to the original plan," Damon replied before hanging up.

He rubbed his temples, then pushed open the bedroom door.

Mason was still crying, now reduced to soft sobs. When he heard the door open, he grabbed a crystal ball from the bedside table and threw it at Damon.

"Go away! You're a big bad guy! I hate you!" he cried.

Since Mason wasn't strong enough, the crystal ball landed on the carpet, rolling a few times before stopping in the corner.

Damon recalled how Nyla had once thrown documents at him-her expression and actions were almost identical to Mason's now. His eyes narrowed.

"You've really picked up some bad habits from Nyla," he remarked.

Mason instantly exploded. "Don't talk bad about my mommy! You're a big bad guy, a villain! I hate you! I don't want you as my dad! I want Uncle Oliver to be my dad!"

Damon's veins throbbed on his forehead, visibly pulsing with anger. "Whether you like it or not, I am your father. You can't call anyone else your dad!"

He recalled how Oliver had defended Nyla and concluded that Oliver must behave like a total pushover in private as well. Otherwise, Mason wouldn't lean on him so much.

The thought of another man playing the role of a father to Mason during Damon's absence only intensified his resentment toward Nyla.

"I don't want you as my dad! You might as well be dead, just like Mom said!" Mason yelled.

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The temperature in the room dropped instantly.

Facing Damon's icy glare, Mason shivered, instinctively looking away while feeling even more hatred for

him.

This man was nothing like Oliver-he wasn't gentle, didn't treat Mason well, and spoke ill of his mother. Mason vowed to hate this man for life and refused to acknowledge him as his father.

"Say that again?" Damon's voice dripped with iciness, a terrifying presence surrounding him as if he were a demon from hell.

Mason, frightened by his dark expression, burst into tears again. "Waaah... I hate you... I don't want you....! want my mommy..."

As his cries filled the room, Damon felt a headache coming on. He couldn't help but shout, "Shut up!"

Mason flinched, his cries pausing for a moment before escalating into even louder wails.

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Damon's expression darkened significantly. Lacking any experience with children, he instinctively applied the same tactics he used with his subordinates to Mason, only to find it backfiring spectacularly. Frustration filled his eyes as he looked at Mason, who was wailing loudly.

If Mason weren't his son, he would have thrown him out for causing such a scene in his own home.

Spencer returned with snacks and walked into the bedroom to find Damon and Mason locked in a standoff-one looking furious and the other crying his eyes out.

A headache began to form in Spencer's temples.

"Mr. Sumner, didn't Buddy calm down before I left? How did he start crying again so quickly?" Spencer asked

Damon, clearly agitated, snapped, "You handle it!"

With that, he turned and walked away.

Spencer was rendered speechless.

Damon had been the one to make the kid cry, and now he was expected to fix it?

Sighing in resignation, Spencer set down the snacks and squatted beside Mason, trying to comfort him.

Outside the bedroom, Damon lit a cigarette but didn't smoke it. He stared into the swirling smoke, unable to shake off his irritation.

He wasn't good with kids. Although he had dealt with clients' children at the dinner table, they were always polite. He had never encountered a kid with such a terrible attitude as Mason.

It had to be Nyla's fault for not teaching Mason properly. Thinking of her, he couldn't help but recall her stubborn yet beautiful face, which only added to his frustration.

Both she and Mason were a handful.

How had he ended up entangled with such a woman and even allowed her the chance to secretly bear his child?

Suddenly, a sharp pain shot through Damon's head, causing his face to pale.

Minutes passed before the pain subsided, and he lost interest in pondering how he had met Nyla. He extinguished his cigarette and picked up his phone, intending to head back to the bedroom when it suddenly rang. Seeing Erin's name flash on the screen, Damon realized he hadn't contacted her in nearly a week while busy with the amusement park project.

As Erin was his fiancée, he felt it was important to inform her about Mason. After all, it wasn't fair to keep such a significant detail from her. With that thought in mind, Damon answered the call.

"Damon, what have you been up to lately? We haven't seen each other in almost a week. Are you free for dinner tonight?" Erin asked

"I have something to tell you," Damon replied, his voice remaining cool as usual

"What is it?" Erin's voice was filled with curiosity, a hint of playfulness in her tone

"I have a son," Damon stated flatly.

A loud thud echoed from Erin's end, followed by her frantic voice. "Damon what are you saying? I don't

understand!"

Damon's gaze drifted as he replied slowly. "A woman secretly gave birth to my child. I plan to bring him to live with me"

"H-How is that possible? Is that woman lying to you." Erin's voice trembled, sounding choked up. [SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET](http://SEARCHTHEFINDNOVEL.NET) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"I've already done a paternity test." Damon informed her.

Silence fell on Erin's end as her response faded away.

After a moment of silence, with no reply from her, Damon said in a low voice, "The child will live with me from now on, which isn't fair to you. So, you might want to reconsider our engagement. If you wish to break it off, I can- "Don't! I don't want to break off the engagement!" Erin exclaimed.

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Erin's expression darkened. After spending so many years with Damon, she would never allow a sudden, unexpected child to derail her plans.

Taking a deep breath, she suppressed her anger and resentment. She spoke in a calm tone. "Damon, I'm having a hard time accepting this right now. Please give me a week.

"I need some time to process this. Once I've sorted it out, I'll come find you. Let's not contact each other in the meantime."

Fearing that Damon would bring up the idea of breaking their engagement again, Erin abruptly hung up. She gritted her teeth, anger boiling beneath the surface.

That bitch, Nyla, had the audacity to inform Damon about the existence of that child without any warning! She had even pretended not to be interested in Damon, but it had all been an act! Erin dialed another number, her voice seething with anger. "What have you been doing?! Why haven't I heard anything about what I asked you to do?!"

"It's coming along, Ms. Hulle. Don't worry," the person on the other end replied."

Erin scoffed. "I warn you, if you mess up my plans, I won't let you off the hook!"

If it weren't for the other party's slow progress, Nyla wouldn't have had the chance to bring that bastard child right in front of Damon!

The person on the other end fell silent, heavy breathing indicating they hadn't hung up.

Erin didn't care about their feelings, coldly stating, "You have three more days. If you can't handle something this small, you can leave!"

She ended the call, still seething with frustration, her face a picture of fury. As long as Nyla was around, she would never find peace! When Nyla got home, she immediately called Caroline,

Caroline arrived about half an hour later.

Seeing Nyla's disheveled state, her eyes filled with concern. "Nyla, don't worry. Buddy has been with you for years. He's deeply attached to you. Even if it goes to court, he'll choose you!"

Nyla shook her head. "Since Damon has already sent someone to take him and has prepared a lawyer and a paternity test, he won't let me see Buddy easily. What I'm afraid of is that he's deliberately stalling. He can wait, but I can't....

"I called his secretary just now. Hearing Buddy's heartbreaking cries made my heart ache. Every second I can't see him feels like torture.

Caroline encouraged her, "Now more than ever, you need to stay strong. Buddy is counting on you to bring him back. I know a few good lawyers. I'll introduce them to you."

Taking a deep breath, Nyla looked at Caroline. "Caroline, I actually need to ask for your help."

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"What is it?" Caroline inquired.

"Damon's lawyer is Gerrard Chaucer. You should know he's very famous in Capitarnia and even nationally. It'll be tough for an ordinary lawyer to win. I want to ask your sister to help with this case," Nyla said.

Caroline's expression grew conflicted. Her elder sister, Bailey Lovell, was indeed very skilled. If she took the case, their chances of winning would increase significantly

It was just that... Bailey had previously had a relationship with Gerrard. After their breakup, both had carved out successful careers and had never crossed paths, either publicly or privately, since.

Bailey had once stated she wouldn't take cases involving Gerrard, and though he hadn't publicly announced it, he would avoid any case that Bailey was involved in as well.

In recent years, both had become well-known lawyers in Capitarnia, yet it felt like they were in a standoff, each avoiding the other.

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Caroline hadn't asked directly, but she sensed that Bailey still hadn't moved on from her past relation which was why she was reluctant to meet Gerrard.

"Nyla, I can introduce you to other lawyers. I know several who are just as capable as my sister. You could consider them," Caroline suggested.

Nyla shook her head. "For custody cases like this, your sister is the most well-

known. She has never lost a case she's taken, so I really want to give it a shot. I just want to meet her. If she declines, I won't push her. If it weren't for Mason's custody, she wouldn't have reached out to Caroline for help.

Caroline understood that and nodded after a moment of hesitation. "Alright, I'll arrange for you to meet Bailey, but whether or not you can convince her is up to you"

"Thank you, Caroline!" Nyla exclaimed.

"Don't thank me just yet. The chances of success are low. Besides, I've watched Buddy grow up, so I'll do everything I can to help." Caroline replied.

Nyla felt a wave of gratitude. "Okay."

*But

why haven't you asked Oliver for help? He's the CEO of the Raynor Group. He must know just as many lawyers as I do. If he helps you, you might not even need to hire one-he could probably convince Damon to return Buddy," Caroline hypothesized. Nyla lowered her gaze and shook her head. "I don't want to rely on him for everything."

Caroline paused for a moment. "Alright then."

She understood Nyla's reluctance to involve Oliver, especially after what happened with Clark. Nyla had depended on him so much that she had given up her studies to marry him, only to end up being cheated

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That eight-year relationship had left its mark on Nyla, and now she found herself hesitant to rely on anyone again.

After comforting Nyla and seeing her emotions stabilize, Caroline finally breathed a sigh of relief. "I'm going to see Bailey now and arrange your meeting. Wait for my call."
"Okay," Nyla replied.

Not long after Caroline left, Oliver arrived.

"Nyla, I heard about Buddy. I've already sent people to find him. We should locate him soon, so don't worry," he reassured her.

Nyla nodded. "Thanks, but you're busy right now, I can handle this myself."

Just as Oliver was about to respond, his phone rang.

After answering, he turned to Nyla with a smile. "Nyla, we've found Buddy!"

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When Nyla and Oliver arrived, his men had surrounded the villa. A similar number of black-clad men ed off against Oliver's team, both sides glaring at each other but making no move.

As soon as they saw Oliver and Nyla, the crowd parted to let them through. Upon entering the living room, the atmosphere grew tense as Oliver's gaze met Damon's.

Oliver spoke first. "Mr. Sumner, if you don't return Buddy to Nyla today, this matter won't end well."

Damon let out a light laugh, completely unfazed by Oliver's words. "Mr. Raynor, Buddy is my child with Nyla. What's it to you? What right do you have to interfere? I've never met someone so eager to raise someone else's child." Before Oliver could respond, Nyla interjected coldly, "It absolutely involves

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The living room fell into a tense silence, the temperature dropping sharply.

Oliver turned to Nyla, disbelief written all over his face, mixed with a hint of joy flickering in his eyes. He knew she was trying to deceive Damon, but seeing her stand up for him made him feel happy nonetheless. Damon narrowed his eyes, drumming his fingers idly on the table. "You can marry him if you want. I don't care. But I won't be giving Buddy back to you."

Nyla's expression darkened. Just as she was about to respond, a small figure dashed toward her.

"Mommy." Mason rushed into Nyla's arms, clinging to her leg and crying heart-wrenchingly.

Hearing him sob over the phone had been one thing, but seeing his tear-streaked face now made Nyla's blood boil.

"What have you done to Buddy? Why is he crying like this?!" she demanded, glaring at Damon.

Damon's expression remained icy. "He just left you for a strange environment. It's normal for him to cry. He'll settle down."

Nyla was fuming. "He's just a child! You had Spencer force him to come here without letting him see me, and you think that's normal?!"

Annoyance flickered in Damon's eyes as he replied coldly, "If you hadn't hidden his existence all these years, we wouldn't be in this situation."

The thought that his own son looked at him like a stranger-and even an enemy-filled Damon with irritation. All of this stemmed from the woman in front of him.

Nyla nearly laughed in frustration, "You should recover your memory before saying that!"

She couldn't believe Damon could still speak so confidently while lacking the full truth of their past.

Damon's expression darkened as she stood her ground. Was she implying that he had wronged her before?

For a moment, his face clouded with fury. "No matter what happened in the past, I will not let you take Buddy away today."

Oliver stepped forward, shielding Nyla and Mason behind him as he confronted Damon, "Mr. Sumner, Prospectus Technology just established a foothold in Capitarnia. Are you sure you want to confront the Raynor Group now?" Damon's expression hardened. [SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET WEBSITE](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Oliver had caused numerous problems for Prospectus Technology when it was trying to enter the Capitarnia market. Initially, Damon had assumed it was just competition from local interests. Now, he realized that Oliver had been targeting him because of Nyla. "Oliver, do you think I'm afraid?" Damon shot back.

Oliver smiled but did not respond. He simply glanced at the phone on the table, seemingly waiting for something.

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Upon noticing Oliver's gaze, Damon's expression darkened even further.

If they were in Saintomia, Oliver wouldn't even have the right to challenge him. But this was Capitarnia. With Prospectus Technology's foundation still shaky, if Oliver intended to pursue a mutually destructive approach, it would complicate matters significantly. Soon, the phone on the table rang.

When Damon didn't answer, Oliver raised an eyebrow. "Aren't you going to answer, Mr. Sumner? Are you afraid?"

Damon scoffed and answered the call, his expression quickly souring.

After hanging up, he glared at Oliver. "Are you really sure you want to target Prospectus Technology when no one gains anything?!"

"For me, it's not a lose-lose situation, Mr. Sumner. The Raynor Group has been established in Capitania for over a century, while Prospectus Technology has only been around for two years," Oliver stated.

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The Raynor Group would suffer some losses in the short term, but their foundation would remain intact. Damon stood up and, as he walked out, said, "Mr. Raynor, many people are hoping to see the Raynors fall from grace. I hope you won't regret it!" With that, he pushed past Oliver and Nyla and left.

Oliver turned to Nyla, his gaze softening. "Nyla, it's okay now. Let's take Buddy home."

Nyla didn't move, her eyes locked onto him. "Oliver, what did you do to Prospectus Technology?"

She had clearly heard Damon's words. Oliver had convinced Damon to stop obstructing her from taking Mason away, but it was evident that the Raynor Group had paid a price for it.

Oliver's expression remained calm. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. It won't impact the Raynor Group too much. My dad once told me that if I let the Raynor Group fall, he'd kick my ass, so I won't act recklessly."

Realizing he was just trying to comfort her, Nyla bit her lip and refrained from pressing further."

She understood Oliver-he wouldn't share what he didn't want to discuss, no matter how many times she asked.

Squatting down to Mason's level, she wiped the tears from his eyes. "Buddy, let's go home. Mommy will take you home."

Buddy nodded, sniffing. "Mommy, my backpack is still in the room." SEARCH THE Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Uncle Oliver will go get it for you," Oliver said.

After he retrieved the backpack, they left together.

Damon stared coldly at the documents in his hands in the backseat of the Maybach as Spencer reported on the current situation.

"Mr. Sumner, the Raynor Group suddenly intervened in the amusement park project. Now it's stuck at the final approval stage, and they're not giving me a chance to meet. Every time I reach out, they say they're either abroad or on a business trip," he said. It was clear that this was just an excuse.

Damon's expression remained calm, but the knuckles gripping the documents turned white, revealing just how angry he was.

"Schedule a meeting with Mr. Groover," he ordered.

Timothy Groover was the liaison for a previous collaboration between Prospectus Technology and the government.

Spencer paused, suddenly recalling that Timothy had a relative working in the relevant assessment department. Chapter 550

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"Got it, I'll do it now!" he said.

After setting up the meeting with Timothy, Spencer was about to breathe a sigh of relief when Damon shot him a cold glance.

"How did Buddy end up running out today?" Damon asked.

Sweat broke out on Spencer's palms. "I... I'm not sure. I just got a call from my assistant about an issue with the amusement park project, and I didn't pay attention."

"Spencer, you've been with me for years. I won't tolerate this again. If it happens once more, resign," Damon said.

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Under Damon's piercing gaze, Spencer realized that any attempt to defend himself would be futile. He looked down and fell silent. 1

As Damon returned to the documents, his mind drifted to another matter.

With everything going on-managing the amusement park project and dealing with the Raynor Group-he hadn't had time to spend with Mason.

He decided to let Nyla stay with Mason a little longer. Once the amusement park project was on track and Oliver was too busy to assist her, he would take Mason away from her.

At that point, she wouldn't stand a chance without Oliver's help!

After dropping Nyla and Mason off at home, Oliver hurriedly left.

Back in the familiar surroundings of home, Mason began to calm down, but he still remained close to Nyla, a hint of anxiety in his eyes.

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Nyla held Mason close, soothing him softly. "Don't be afraid, Buddy. I will always protect you and won't anyone take you away again."

Mason nodded. 'Mommy, I hate that man! He says he's my dad, but I don't want him to be

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Nyla bit her lip. "Let's not think about that right now. Just get some rest, and I'll take you to school

tomorrow."

The next morning, Nyla dropped Mason off at school.

As soon as she found his teacher, Lilith, the latter looked surprised and asked, "Ms. Kinsey, isn't Buddy transferring schools? Why did you bring him today?" Nyla paused, confused. "What do you mean, transferring?"

Im not entirely sure. The principal just informed me that Buddy was transferring and told me not to get involved anymore," Lilith replied.

Understanding the situation, Nyla handed Mason over to Lilith and said, "I see. Ms. Page, Buddy isn't transferring. Please take him to class. I need to speak with the principal" "Okay, you go ahead," Lilith answered.

Nyla nodded and walked straight to the principal's office. When she knocked and entered, the principal was on the phone. She waited until he finished before speaking up. "Mr. Hale, I'd like to know who arranged for Mason Kinsey's transfer," she asked.

The principal, Sebastian Hale, didn't have much of an impression of Nyla, but his expression changed as soon as he heard the name Mason Kinsey.

"Oh, you're Mason's mother, right? Please, have a seat." Sebastian smiled, his demeanor becoming a bit more accommodating. "The transfer was handled by Mr. Sumner's secretary. You're Mr. Sumner's wife, aren't you?"

Nyla's expression turned cold. "No, I have no relationship with him, and neither does he with Mason. In the future, if anyone claiming to be Mason's father comes here, I hope you'll ignore them."

Sebastian was taken aback, his brows furrowing. "When Mr. Sumner's secretary came, they brought at paternity test. Did you have a fight with Mr. Sumner?"

Damon had invested millions in the school, so he naturally leaned in his favor. After all, no one would invest such a substantial amount in a school just to transfer a child who wasn't even their own.

"Mr. Hale, I chose this school for its security. If my child can be transferred without my knowledge, I might consider exposing your school," Nyla stated. Search the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Upon hearing that, Sebastian was appalled. Many of the students' parents had significant backgrounds. If this sort of scandal got out, it would tarnish the school's reputation, causing irreparable harm. Thinking quickly, he said, "Ms. Kinsey, please don't be angry. We certainly mishandled this situation, and I Chapter Se

assure you it won't happen again!"

+25 BONUS

Nyla was primarily there to secure that assurance, not to cause trouble. After all, if things escalate Mason would have to transfer, too. He was already familiar with his classmates, and transferring would mean starting all over again, which could negatively impact him. She nodded and stood up. "As a parent, I enrolled my child here hoping he would have a safe learning environment. I sincerely hope similar issues won't occur in the future."

Chapter 561

Chapter 561

Chapter 561

After leaving the principal's office, Nyla went to find Lilith and informed her that Mason would be attending school. Only then did she leave the building. +25 BONUS

tinue

Once Nyla arrived at the lab, Caroline hurried over and whispered, "Nyla, my sister agreed to meet with you. Here's the time and the restaurant address for tonight. She's really busy, so you must be on time. She has a flight to catch at 10:00 p.m." Nyla's eyes lit up with surprise, and she excitedly grabbed Caroline's hand. "Thank you so much, Caroline! I'll treat you to dinner on Saturday."

"That's not important. What matters most is Buddy's situation. But honestly, don't get your hopes up too high. Bailey probably won't take the case," Caroline said.

"Yeah, but I have to try," Nyla replied. For Mason, even knowing the chances were slim wouldn't make her

give up

"Okay, good luck," Caroline wished her.

The day flew by, and as soon as work ended, Nyla rushed to the restaurant. She arrived a few minutes early, and Bailey was punctual.

As soon as they sat down, Bailey spoke up before Nyla could say anything. "Ms. Kinsey, Caroline briefly explained your situation. I'm afraid I can't take this case. I'm sorry."

Nyla hadn't expected Bailey to get straight to the point. Her gaze dimmed. "Ms. Lovell, if you don't intend to take the case, why did you agree to meet me?"

"My sister insisted that I meet you. While I can't take the case, I can recommend another lawyer who has a similar level of expertise," Bailey offered.

Nyla paused, looking intently at Bailey. "But I only trust you. If there's any lawyer who could win against Gerrard, I believe it's you."

A flicker of emotion crossed Bailey's face. She seemed touched but quickly shook her head firmly. "I'm sorry. I really can't take this case."

After glancing at the time, she stood up. "I need to catch a flight. Here's my business card. If you need help finding another lawyer, feel free to reach out."

She left, but just a few steps away, Nyla called after her, "Ms. Lovell, is your refusal to take cases related to Gerrard because you're still hung up on that relationship?" Bailey paused briefly but said nothing as she hurried out.

Nyla didn't chase after her. She knew it would be pointless. Since Bailey wouldn't take the case, she would have to find another lawyer.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 561

Back home, Mason was sitting on the sofa watching TV, while Pauline was busy in the kitchen.

Everything seemed perfectly normal, but Nyla wondered how long this peaceful life could last.

When Mason saw her, he jumped up and ran over, hugging her legs. "Mommy, where did you go?"

Nyla forced a smile and patted his head. "I had to work a bit longer."

Mason frowned. "Mommy, if you're not happy, you don't have to smile."

Nyla's smile froze, then slowly faded. If even Mason could see that she was upset, her expression must have been pretty bad.

She squatted down to meet his gaze. "Buddy, I'm fine. I'm just a bit tired from work."

Mason shook his head. "You're lying. You're sad because of that bad man. Before, you never looked this upset, no matter how tired you were."

Chapter 562

Chapter 562

Nyla could no longer hold back her emotions and pulled Mason into a tight embrace.

Her eyes were red, but she stubbornly fought against the tears. She couldn't understand why, after five years and with Damon having lost his memory, he still wouldn't let her go and insisted on disrupting her peaceful life.

He was the high-ranking CEO of Prospectus Technology, while she was just a pharmaceutical researcher. Even though she had achieved a great deal in her field, it paled in comparison to the prominence of Prospectus Technology. She had worked so hard-why couldn't he just leave her alone?

Noticing Nyla trembling, Mason gently patted her back. "Mommy, don't be sad. I will never admit that bad. man is my dad! I want to stay by your side forever!"

Hearing this, Nyla tightened her hold on him and nodded. "Yes, Mommy won't let you leave me either."

Just then, Pauline entered with the dishes.

Upon seeing Nyla holding Mason at the entrance, she said, "Ms. Kinsey, dinner is ready. Why don't you go change and wash your hands?"

Suppressing her emotions, Nyla released Mason and stood up. "Okay."

As Nyla was a

about to take Mason for a walk after dinner, she suddenly received a call from Caroline.

"Nyla, do you know that something's happened with the Raynor Group?" Caroline asked.

a was taken aback. "What happened?"

"I just heard that the Raynor Group suddenly tried to snatch an amusement park project from Prospectus Technology and ended up spending hundreds of millions to get in. Now the shareholders are meeting to confront Oliver." She then added, "I heard it from the grapevine, so I'm not sure if it's true..."

Nyla's expression darkened. "Thank you, Caroline. I'll ask Oliver."

Hanging up quickly, she was about to call Oliver when she realized he was likely in a meeting. Not wanting to disturb him, she opted to send a text message instead.

After sending the text, she waited but received no response.

An hour passed without a word from him, and she began to pace around the living room, worry gnawing at her. Oliver had never taken this long to reply before, so this must be serious.

Finally, Oliver returned her call at around 10.00 p.m. "Nyla, everything here is under control. I can handle it, so don't worry."

Hearing the fatigue in his voice filled Nyla with guilt. If it weren't for her and Mason, he wouldn't be facing difficulties with the company's shareholders.

"Oliver, don't worry about us anymore. I don't want our situation to make things harder for you at work or cause you trouble with the shareholders." Her voice trembled, tinged with barely noticeable pain. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

+25 BONUS

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After a few seconds of silence, Oliver spoke again, his tone gentle yet firm. "Nyla, you don't need to worry about me. I promised to protect you both, and I will keep that promise."

Nyla bit her lip, her eyes filled with guilt and sadness. "But because of us, you're-"

Oliver interrupted, his voice low, "This isn't your fault. Damon is the one going too far. You're my girlfriend, and I won't let him bully you. Don't worry about me. If I take action,

I have the ability to handle the consequences." Nyla lowered her gaze, a complex mix of emotions rising in her heart. "I don't deserve this from you."

"In my heart, you deserve everything. Don't say such things. I don't want you to look down on yourself. It makes me sad," Oliver said.

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Nyla felt a mix of emotions, unsure of what to do. Oliver had done so much for her, bearing immense pressure, yet he had never mentioned it to her. What she was facing now seemed trivial in comparison.

If Bailey refused to help, Nyla would continue seeking her out until she agreed. With this thought, she felt a sense of clarity.

"Oliver, thank you!" she exclaimed.

"I told you not to say thank you," he replied.

"This is the last time, I promise!" Nyla insisted.

Oliver chuckled. "Okay, I'll trust you one more time. I have work to do, so I'll stop talking now. Goodnight."

After hanging up, his secretary spoke quietly. "Mr. Raynor, the shareholders still won't leave..."

Without replying, Oliver put away his phone and walked into the meeting room with a serious expression.

As soon as he entered, the shareholders began voicing their displeasure.

"Oliver, you've let the company get into such a mess over a woman. What were you thinking?" one shareholder demanded, slamming his hand on the table, his anger evident.

"This loss isn't small. You need to give us an explanation!" another chimed in.

I'll find a way

Oliver clenched his fists, trying to suppress his inner fury. "This is just a temporary setback. I'll

to resolve it."

Another shareholder stood up, his tone icy. "Oliver, stop giving us excuses! Your personal feelings are

going against the company's interests. You need to provide a clear solution, or we'll demand a change in management!"

But

Oliver took a deep breath and met their gazes with resolve. "I understand your concerns and anger, but please trust me. I'm actively seeking solutions, and negotiations with several partners are already underway. We'll recover the losses soon." *Easier said than done! The first angry shareholder scoffed. "If you can't solve this crisis, you should resign!"

Oliver gritted his teeth. "Fine. If I can't resolve this crisis, I'll take responsibility. But until then, please give me some time and space."

After the meeting ended, Oliver returned to his office, exhausted, and rubbed his temples. Suddenly, his

phone rang

Glancing at the caller ID, he frowned-it was Damon.

"Mr. Raynor, consider this a warning. If you stay out of my business with Nyla, I can let you off the hook and won't target your company." Damon's voice sounded cold and arrogant. Oliver tightened his grip on the phone, his teeth clenched. "Damon, you're dreaming if you think I'll agree

to that!"

Damon chuckled mockingly. "You're really stubborn. I'm curious-what's more important to you, your

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company or that woman?"

With that, he hung up.

Oliver slammed his phone on the desk in frustration. Rage coursed through him-no matter what, he wouldn't give up on Nyla.

Just then, there was a gentle knock on the office door, and his secretary entered cautiously. "Mr. Raynor, we just received word from our partners-they want to reconsider the cooperation." Oliver wearily waved his hand. "I understand. You can leave now."

After the secretary left, he gazed out at the cityscape, his resolve hardening

Chapter 564

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The next morning, Nyla drove Mason to school, her mind elsewhere.

Mason noticed her distraction and tightened his grip on his backpack.

When they arrived at the school, Nyla forced a smile and gently said, "Buddy, Mommy will pick you up tonight." Mason nodded. "Okay."

After watching Nyla leave, Mason accessed his smartwatch and dialed the number Spencer had given him.

A moment later, a cold voice came through the line. "What is it?"

Mason took a deep breath, his small face tense. "I want to meet you."

In the principal's office an hour later...

Mason sat across from Damon, his baby face filled with anger. "What will it take for you to stop bothering my mom and me?"

Although he was only four years old, there was no hint of fear in his gaze. He even bore a striking resemblance to Damon's commanding demeanor.

Damon looked at Mason, who mirrored his own features, a complicated expression crossing his face. [SEARCH THE Findnovel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

At such a young age, Mason should have been innocent and carefree. Yet there he was, trying to negotiate like an adult because of Nyla.

"Buddy, I'm your biological father. If you're willing to return to the Sumners, I won't interfere with Nyla

nymore," Damon explained.

mason's expression hardened as he glared at Damon. "I hate you! I won't acknowledge you as my dad! I'm not living with you!"

His disdain was unmistakable, and it was evident that he truly detested Damon.

Rather than getting angry, Damon raised an eyebrow. "If you want something from others, you can't expect to give nothing in return. That's no different from stealing." "But I've been living happily with my mom! You're the one who suddenly came in and disrupted our lives. Why should I have to give anything up?" Mason retorted. Damon hadn't expected such a sharp response from a four-year-old.

If Mason had grown up with him, he would have learned even more-the resources he could offer far outweighed what Nyla could provide in a lifetime.

"You don't have the leverage to negotiate with me right now. I've already told you how to proceed. The choice is yours, and I won't interfere," Damon said. He stood up to leave, but as he reached the door, he felt a tug on his pants.

Looking down, he met Mason's pleading eyes and was momentarily taken aback. Mason resembled him,

+25 BONUS

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but his big doe eyes were almost identical to Nyla's.

'I don't want to be separated from Mommy," Mason said.

Damon frowned. After a moment of silence, he replied coldly. "Staying with that woman will ruin your future. I won't allow you to be with her."

Mason's eyes instantly filled with tears as he cried out, "No! Mommy is the one who loves me the most in the world! You can't do this!"

Despite being only four, he had learned to read faces. While Nyla had reassured him that no one would take him away, he knew she couldn't compete with the stern man before him. The thought of Damon's indifference toward Nyla made Mason hate him even more. He would never accept him as his father!

Damon's expression remained cold and unyielding. "You're still young, but one day you'll understand that living with me is far better than living with that woman,

Mason defiantly jutted his chin, tears streaming down his face. "I don't want to understand! All know is you're a big bad guy who makes my mom sad! I hate you! I hate you!"

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After saying that, Mason turned and ran away, his small figure filled with despair and helplessness.

Damon watched him go, his expression devoid of warmth.

Sebastian, visibly shaken, quickly stepped forward. "Mr. Damon... your son is still young. You have to coax him. Being too strict will only make him hate you more. Damon's icy gaze fell on Sebastian, causing him to blanch. He quickly lowered his head, mentally cursing himself for speaking out of turn.

"How do you suggest I coax him?" Damon asked.

Sebastian's eyes widened in disbelief as he looked up at Damon. Had he really heard that right? Damon was asking him how to handle a child?

Noticing Damon's growing displeasure, Sebastian hurriedly replied, "I know how to handle kids. Although he is only four, he's starting to develop his own sense of self.

"The most important thing is to respect and understand a child's thoughts. Within certain limits, let them make their own choices. You need to give them enough time and space

to express themselves. With enough patience, you can build a good relationship with them." Damon's expression darkened further. Respecting Mason's feelings? Wouldn't that mean allowing him to stay with Nyla?

Cutting off Sebastian's ongoing explanation, he said coldly, "That's enough."

Sebastian abruptly stopped and glanced at Damon, but only saw him striding away. He scratched the back of his head, wondering if Damon had truly listened.

Ji

Damon was almost out of sight, Sebastian remembered he wanted to ask about additional fun...g for the school and hurried to catch up.

He managed to stop Damon just as he was about to get into his car. After stating his purpose, he noticed Damon's impassive expression, which made him feel uneasy.

Carefully backing away, he forced a smile. "Mr. Damon, if funding is tight, it's okay if you can't invest-

'I'll consider it. Thank you, Mr. Hale," Damon interrupted.

Not long after Damon returned to Prospectus Technology, Spencer knocked and entered the office.

"Mr. Sumner, Mr. Fred Burrige from the Raynor Group is here, likely about the amusement park project," he reported.

Previously, Oliver had invested heavily to compete for that amusement park project, hoping to pressure Damon into returning Mason to Nyla. In the end, they lost the bid to Prospectus Technology, resulting in significant losses.

As a result, Oliver's hard-earned influence at the Raynor Group was at risk. Many shareholders were seizing the opportunity to push him out of the CEO position. It seemed Fred was one of them. +25 BONUS

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Damon glanced at Spencer. "Let him in."

"Yes, sir," Spencer replied.

As soon as Fred entered, he greeted Damon with a smile. "Mr. Sumner, long time no see."

Damon maintained a neutral expression. "What brings you here today, Mr. Burrige?"

Sighing, Fred replied, "Mr. Sumner... since you're a straightforward person, I'll be direct. I'm here regarding the amusement park project."

Damon shot back, "It seems inappropriate for you, as a shareholder of the Raynor Group, to be involved in

the amusement park project. If the Raynor Group hadn't interfered, Prospectus Technology wouldn't have had to spend an additional hundreds of millions to secure it."

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+25 BONUS

Fred's expression stiffened. He quickly said, "Mr. Sumner, this was entirely Mr. Raynor's decision. By the time I found out, it was too late. Otherwise, I would have stopped him.

*Moreover, the Raynor Group has suffered significant losses this time, and many shareholders are secretly trying to remove Mr. Raynor from the CEO position."

Damon remained expressionless, seemingly uninterested. "That doesn't concern me."

Fred carefully observed Damon's face, hoping to glean something from his expression, but found nothing.

The rumors about Damon being cunning seemed accurate-dealing with him required caution.

Realizing he needed to take a risk, Fred steeled himself and said, "Mr. Sumner, I

know your bo

you have

grievances with Mr. Raynor. I can help you deal with him."

Damon chuckled, but his eyes were devoid of warmth. "Help me?"

Fred's face turned a shade paler, but thinking of his objective, he pressed, "It could be mutually beneficial. I want the CEO position at the Raynor Group."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "I didn't know you were so ambitious, Mr. Burridge. But even without you, I can handle the Raynor Group. I have no need or reason to collaborate with you. Please leave."

Fred was taken aback by the rejection. "Mr. Sumner, when Prospectus Technology first entered Capitarnia, Mr. Raynor made things difficult for you. Don't you want to retaliate?"

"How I choose to act is my business. Before you use someone else as a pawn, you'd better assess your own capabilities," Damon warned.

Under Damon's cold stare, Fred felt as if all his intentions had been seen through. He quickly averted his gaze not daring to meet Damon's eyes.

Heed to defend himself, "What do you mean? I would never use you that way!"

Damon was done with the conversation. "I'll pretend you never came today. Spencer, please see Mr. Burridge out."

Spencer stepped forward, saying quietly, "Mr. Burridge, this way."

Gritting his teeth, Fred insisted, "Mr. Sumner, I can offer you 5% of the Raynor Group's shares if you help me deal with Oliver!"

Damon put down the documents he was holding and looked up at Fred with a smile. "So, you do understand after all. It seems you were just pretending to be naive before." Fred silently ground his teeth, feeling resentful. Damon was doing this on purpose!

However, the thought that Damon's help could make him CEO of the Raynor Group pushed him to suppress his dissatisfaction.

"Mr. Sumner, can we discuss the specifics of the plan now?" Fred asked.

In the following days, Nyla noticed that every time she messaged Oliver, he took a long time to reply.

+26 BONUS

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Concerned, she reached out to a friend at the Raynor Group and discovered that Oliver had been facing significant pressure from shareholders.

Previously, he had invested hundreds of millions of his own money to compete with Prospectus Technology for the suburban amusement park project, but he ended up losing everything.

The shareholders were furious, demanding that he find a way to recover the losses. He had even made a public promise to resign if he couldn't resolve the crisis.

It was no wonder he took so long to reply to her messages lately, and his responses were always weary. Knowing he was under so much pressure because of her made her feel deeply guilty. After much hesitation, Nyla finally made a call.

Half an hour later, she walked into a high-end cafe.

At a table by the window sat a woman nearing 50. With her neat short hair and white suit, she bore the wrinkles of age gracefully, and her serene smile felt like a refreshing breeze. Chapter 567

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+25 BONUS

As soon as Aubrey Jane Keith spotted Nyla, she set down her coffee and waved her over with a smile. "Nyla, over here!"

Nyla sat down across from her. "Ms. Keith, I'm sorry for being late. There was traffic."

Aubrey Jane looked at her with a warm gaze, as if she were a younger family member. "No problem! I'm not busy today. What made you want to meet for coffee?"

Noticing Nyla's hesitance, Aubrey Jane grew more intrigued. "What's wrong? It's rare to see you like this." Taking a deep breath, Nyla replied, "Ms. Keith, I actually wanted to ask for your help."

Surprised, Aubrey Jane raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

It must be important for Nyla to bring it up to her.

They had met at a drug research conference, where Nyla had saved Aubrey Jane after she fainted due to low blood sugar. As they got to know each other better, Aubrey Jane grew fond of Nyla. They not only shared interests but also similar life experiences. Aubrey Jane had struggled in her younger days while raising her son alone, building the Keithstone Group, into what it was today. She admired Nyla's bravery and tenacity, traits she recognized in her younger self.

Nyla briefly explained the recent events and then looked at Aubrey Jane. "I heard that the Keithstone Group has a resort project and that the partner hasn't been decided yet. I'd like to ask you to give the Raynor Group a chance."

"Nyla, I've said before, you saved my life, and you can ask me for one favor, as long as I can fulfill it," Aubrey Jane replied, pausing before adding, "I'm willing to collaborate with the Raynor Group, but are you

want to use this debt of gratitude for such a small matter?"

Surr

Nyla nodded. "Yes. This situation arose because of me. I don't want him to suffer because of my issues."

"Okay, I'll have my secretary contact the Raynor Group right away." Aubrey Jane promised.

"Thank you so much, Ms. Keith!" Nyla exclaimed.

Aubrey Jane took a sip of her coffee and smiled. "I hope he proves worthy of your sincerity."

After chatting for a bit longer, Nyla left.

Not long after she exited, Aubrey Jane stood up to leave as well.

Just then, a cheerful voice called out, "Ms. Keith, what a surprise to see you here! What a coincidence!"

Turning around, Aubrey Jane saw Erin approaching with a bright smile.

Ms. Hulle, what a surprise," she replied.

Erin felt a rush of excitement. When Damon had visited her home, she had overheard him and her father discussing ways to collaborate with the Keithstone Group. With the Keithstone Group's resort project still lacking a confirmed partner, many local companies were keen Patrick had visited Capitarnia several times recently, but he had only met Aubrey Jane once, and she had

+25 BONUS

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outright refused his offers.

If it hadn't been for an invitation from a friend to a gathering hosted by the Keiths, Erin wouldn't have had the chance to meet Aubrey Jane at all. She had hoped to see Aubrey Jane again but hadn't managed to

do so.

Now that she had this unexpected encounter, Erin saw an opportunity to get closer to Aubrey Jane and perhaps recommend Prospectus Technology for collaboration. If the partnership could be secured, it would impress Damon immensely! Chapter 558

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With that thought in mind, Erin looked at Aubrey Jane with growing eagerness. "Ms. Keith, are you here shopping?"

Aubrey Jane smiled, but her gaze was noticeably distant. "No, I'm here to meet a friend. Ms. Hulle, if there's nothing else, I have a meeting soon. Let's chat another time."

Seeing her about to leave, Erin quickly spoke up. "Ms. Keith, I heard that the Keithstone Group has a resort project, and the partnership hasn't been finalized yet- Aubrey Jane interrupted her with a polite smile, "Ms. Hulle, we just confirmed our partner for the project. I'm sorry. We'll work with the Hulle Group if there's a chance next time." Erin stood frozen for a few seconds, trying to process what she had just heard. "Ms. Keith, may I ask which company you're partnering with?"

A flash of displeasure crossed Aubrey Jane's expression. "I'm afraid that information is not convenient to share right now, Ms. Hulle. Goodbye." Search TheFindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Once Aubrey Jane disappeared from view, Erin quickly realized she needed to inform Damon about the

.news.

She pulled out her phone, ready to call him, but hesitated for a moment. Instead of making the call, she tucked her phone away and drove straight to Prospectus Technology to find him. When Damon saw her, surprise flickered in his eyes. "What brings you here?"

Erin placed a takeout container of soup on the table and said, "It's been a while since we last met, and I've given it some thought. Damon, I'm willing to accept your child,

regardless of the past. What matters is our future ther." Damon paused, his pen stilling as he looked up at Erin, and frowned slightly. "Erin, I think you should reconsider."

Ever since he learned that Mason was his son, he had not thought about marriage at all.

Mason was still so young, and without a foundation of feelings between them, building a relationship would take time. If he continued with Erin, Mason would have to adjust to two strangers, which would be unfair to both Mason and Erin.

Erin's eyes were filled with determination. "Damon, I've thought it through clearly. I love you, and that won't change because of your child or anything else.

"I may not have experience with kids, but I'm willing to learn. I believe I can be a good mother. Besides, a child needs love, especially at such a young age. Silence filled the office as Damon remained quiet

Watching his handsome profile, Erin instinctively clenched her hands. She had already compromised so much. Did he still want to break their engagement? After a moment of silence, Erin realized that Damon still wasn't going to speak. It seemed he intended to

+25 BONUS

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end their engagement. Thus, she decided to change the subject. "By the way, I wanted to tell you about something else today."

""What is it?" D

"What is it?" Damon asked.

"The Keithstone Group's resort project has already secured a partner," she informed him.

Surprise crossed Damon's face as he raised an eyebrow. "How do you know that?"

"I ran into Ms. Keith while I was out shopping. I was hoping to help you secure the opportunity, but as soon as I mentioned the resort project, she said they had already confirmed their partner, though it hasn't been publicly announced yet," Erin elaborated. Damon had indeed wanted to pursue that resort project-not just for profit, but to help establish a solid foothold for Prospectus Technology in the city.

However, after the situation with Mason and some issues with the amusement park project, he had temporarily set it aside.

"I understand. Thank you for letting me know," he replied.

Seeing Damon's lukewarm demeanor, Erin couldn't help but grit her teeth. "Damon, I won't keep you any longer. When you have time, bring that child over so we can meet. After all, if we're going to live together in the future, we need to build a bond in advance."

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Damon narrowed his eyes, about to speak, when Erin quickly said, "I won't disturb you then. Remember to drink the soup on the table and don't work too hard."

She turned and hurried out, her steps frantic, as if something were chasing her.

Damon's gaze grew colder as he watched her leave. Regardless of Erin's consent, he was determined to end their engagement.

Spencer walked in with some documents, and Damon instructed, "Forget about the Keithstone Group resort project proposal."

Spencer was taken aback. "Mr. Sumner, we've been preparing that proposal for over half a month, and it's nearly finished. Besides-" "The Keithstone Group has already confirmed their partner," Damon stated.

Spencer swallowed the rest of his words and nodded. "Understood."

As he left the office, he informed another secretary to stop working on the proposal when his phone rang. Seeing it was Richard, he tightened his grip on the phone and frowned. Why was Richard contacting him out of the blue?

Spencer went to the stairwell to answer the call, only to be met with Richard's icy voice. "Spencer, did you say something to Damon?!"

Richard, what do you mean?" Spencer was confused. What could he have possibly told Damon?

Richard huffed. "If you didn't say anything, then why is Damon suddenly investigating what happened during his memory loss?!"

Spencer froze for a moment, then recalled Damon's recent confirmation that Mason was his biological child. After losing all memories of Nyla, she had become a stranger to him. Given his sharp instincts, Damon would certainly suspect something was off regarding his ear. Moreover, Spencer's previous actions had raised Damon's doubts, and he no longer trusted Spencer. It made sense that Damon would investigate what had occurred during the months he had lost his memory without informing Spencer.

With this realization, Spencer replied quietly, "Mr. Richard, I haven't mentioned anything to Mr. Damon. He's been complaining about headaches lately and might be recalling fragments of memory, which is why he's looking into it."

"Make sure you've said nothing. Keep your mouth shut and think about your family before you speak." Richard snapped before hanging up.

Spencer put away his phone, his head slightly bowed. His expression appeared dark in the dimly lit

stairwell.

On her way back to the lab, Nyla tried to call Oliver to inform him that Aubrey Jane had agreed to collaborate with the Raynor Group, but he didn't pick up. Chapter 569

25 BONUS

Thinking he might be busy, she decided against calling again.

In the Raynor Group conference room...

The shareholders glared at Oliver.

"Mr. Raynor, is this what you promised us would be resolved? Now several partners want to terminate their contracts, all because of your rash decision to compete with Prospectus Technology for the amusement park project. This has resulted in losses of hundreds of millions. "Hah! Mr. Raynor, you were the one who said you'd resign if this happened. You can leave right now!"

"Leave? You talked a good game back then, but I bet you're reluctant to give up your position now. Frankly, Mr. Raynor, you don't have the capability of your father, so stop ruining this company. If you keep leading us, the Raynor Group might end up bankrupt under your management." Oliver's expression turned icy as he took in the scornful glares directed at him. "Those partners have only expressed a desire to terminate. No contracts have been signed yet. I'll arrange to meet with them again. There's still room for negotiation." Just then, his secretary, Liam Tilley, walked into the conference room with a

grim look on his face. "Mr. Raynor, the partners considering termination have arrived. They're currently in the reception area."

Chapter 570

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Oliver's gaze darkened as he replied, "Got it. I'll head over right now."

The expressions of the shareholders turned grim. It was clear that these business partners were here to discuss terminating contracts.

"Mr. Raynor, if you can't persuade the partners to change their minds, you should resign today, or I'll contact your father to see if it's time for him to consider replacing you with someone more suitable!" one of the shareholders threatened. Oliver's gaze turned icy as he glared at the shareholder who had spoken.

The man was momentarily intimidated, his face paling slightly, but he quickly regained his composure and retorted, "Mr. Raynor, looking at me like that won't help! I'm doing this for the good of the company!" "Honestly, I've always known these rich heirs don't know how to do business. Letting them take over the company would be a disaster!"

"Right? We're only here because we don't hold as many shares as he does."

"If this keeps up, I might consider selling my shares and investing elsewhere."

As their derisive voices filled Oliver's ears, he left the office with a dark expression.

Liam followed closely behind and said in a low voice, "Mr. Raynor, those partners don't look happy. Today might not end well. Perhaps you should talk to Mr. Sumner."

T

he could finish, he fell silent under Oliver's cold glare.

Liam sighed inwardly, realizing it was unnecessary for Oliver to be put in this difficult position because of a woman. After all, he had witnessed how well Oliver treated Nyla over the past five years, while she had always remained distant, offering nothing "Make some coffee." With that cold command, Oliver pushed open the door to the reception room.

Hours later, several partners walked out of the reception room, their faces grim.

The last one coldly declared, "Mr. Raynor, since we've come all this way, there's no chance of continuing our partnership. If you're unwilling to terminate the contract, we can't guarantee the efficiency of future progress!"

Oliver smiled, but his eyes remained icy. "You'd be the ones in breach of contract, and the Raynor Group can afford that kind of time."

These partners decided to terminate their collaboration, as they were now aligned with Prospectus Technology. They seemed to have forgotten that when they were just small companies, only Oliver had been willing to collaborate with them, helping their greedy attitudes were truly repulsive.

"Fine, Mr. Raynor. I hope you don't regret this!" one of the partners snapped.

With that, the group stormed out in anger.

+25 BONUS

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Realizing that the partners were intent on dissolving their collaboration, the shareholders began to voice their complaints.

As the tension reached a peak, Fred spoke up. "Everyone, please calm down. I have a way to resolve this crisis for the Raynor Group."

At his words, all eyes turned to him.

"Mr. Burrige, what's your plan?"

Fred smiled. "To be honest, I have a close relationship with Mr. Sumner from Prospectus Technology. He has agreed to let the Raynor Group participate in the amusement park project. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The shareholders' faces lit up at the news. If the Raynor Group could join that project, it would certainly help recover their recent losses and perhaps even turn a profit.

"Mr. Burrige, I didn't realize you had such a strong connection with Mr. Sumner, despite your usual negligible presence. It's thanks to you that we might pull through this crisis!" *Absolutely! I'd say you have more capability than Mr. Raynor!"

"Don't even mention Mr. Raynor! He did well in the past, but now he's risking the company for a woman. It's just madness!"

The shareholders chorused.

Chapter 571

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ed listened to the others praise him while criticizing Oliver, he felt immense satisfaction.

er the past few years, Oliver had done an admirable job running the company, and Fred had not found opportunity to unseat him as CEO.

With this latest mistake, Fred was determined to take advantage of the situation and claim the position for himself.

No... He intended to make the Raynor Group change its name to Burridge!

"I can help the company through this crisis," Fred said. "But if Mr. Raynor has another impulsive moment that harms the company's interests, there might not be anyone to cover for him next time."

"Mr. Raynor did lead the company through significant growth in the past, but someone who would jeopardize the company's survival over a man is unfit to be a leader. Don't you all agree?"

The shareholders, no fools themselves, quickly understood that Fred wanted to replace Oliver.

With Fred's 30% stake, he was indeed the most viable candidate to succeed Oliver as CEO. After all, Fred's father had co-founded the Raynor Group alongside Oliver's father, dedicating much of his life to the company. He had even passed away from a heart attack while working on company documents.

Fred's family had sacrificed everything for the Raynor Group.

However, Fred had kept a low profile over the years, and the shareholders were unsure about his capabilities. [SEARCH THE FindNovel.net website](http://www.thefindnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

While Oliver had made a major misstep this time, many still leaned toward supporting him.

Noticing their hesitation, Fred smiled and said, "I understand if you don't trust me just yet, but I'll prove my ability to manage the Raynor Group."

"Excellent!" A booming voice suddenly echoed from the doorway.

The shareholders turned to see none other than Oliver's father, Hugh Raynor, entering the room.

Everyone was momentarily stunned, except for one shareholder sitting in the corner-he was the one who had informed Hugh.

As Hugh walked into the meeting room, the shareholders greeted him with respect. He took a seat at the head of the table, giving Fred an approving look-although it seemed as if he were looking through him, at someone else.

Upon seeing Hugh, Fred's hands clenched under the table, and a flash of hatred flickered in his eyes. If it had not been for this man, his father would not have died. Now, it was time for the Raynors to repay that debt.

Hugh drew his gaze back, scanning the room before declaring, "I've been made aware of the situation. This is my fault for failing to raise my son properly. I agree that Oliver should step down, and Fred should take over as the new CEO of the Raynor Group." The room fell into a stunned silence. Everyone exchanged bewildered glances, struggling to process what they had just heard.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 571

Did they hear him correctly? Hugh was agreeing to his son's resignation? Was he really throwing his own child under the bus?

Hugh held 51% of the Raynor Group's shares. While handing the company over to Oliver a few years ago, he had given him 46%. As long as father and son stood united, no one could possibly remove Oliver as

CEO.

But now, with Hugh backing Oliver's resignation, it was clear he wouldn't be casting his vote for his son. This gave Fred a genuine chance at becoming CEO.

Suddenly, the door burst open, and Oliver stormed in, his expression cold and tense.

"Dad, what are you doing here?" he demanded.

Hugh remained calm, but the weight of his authority was unmistakable, making the air in the room feel

thick.

"If I hadn't come, how would I know you've been making so many reckless decisions over a woman?" he asked sharply. Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 572

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+25 BONUS

Oliver frowned. "Dad, let me explain. I-"

"Shut up!" Hugh snapped, cutting him off. "I'm here to clean up the mess you made. Since you clearly lack the ability to manage the Raynor Group, it's better to let someone more competent take over than to watch you destroy the company." Oliver stared at his father in disbelief, unable to process what he was hearing.

"I've worked hard for the company these past few years, and you're kicking me out over one mistake?" he asked, his voice heavy with frustration.

A flicker of emotion crossed Hugh's face before he turned away, his expression hardening.

"If this were just a simple investment failure, I wouldn't be so severe. But the fact that you caused such heavy losses over a woman is something I absolutely cannot tolerate!" Hugh said.

The room fell into an uneasy silence.

The shareholders, stunned by the intensity of the confrontation, held their breath. Most had only suggested Oliver resign in the heat of frustration, hoping to give him a wake-up call. None of them had expected Hugh to take it this far. Oliver took a deep breath and nodded. "Fine. Since you've already

to discuss. I'll wrap up the files I'm handling within three made up your mind, there's nothing left

One of the shareholders, unable to remain silent any longer, finally spoke up. "Mr. Hugh, Mr. Oliver... let's not be hasty. Yes, the mistake was serious, but it doesn't merit a full resignation. A smaller punishment should suffice. Maybe we can-" "Let him go!" Hugh interrupted harshly. "Without the Raynor Group, he's no

Oliver inhaled deeply, resisting the urge to respond. Without another glance at Hugh, he

walked out of the room.

Cand

Since childhood, Oliver had never understood why his father was always so hard on him. No matter how

much he achieved, he never earned Hugh's praise. Yet, the moment he reprimands were swift and brutal.

At times, he even wondered if he was truly his father's son.

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made the slightest misstep, the

As Oliver exited the meeting room, Liam rushed up to him. "Mr. Oliver, Mr. Hugh's just speaking in anger.

If you apologize, this will all blow over. Besides, Mr. Hugh and the shareholders don't know about the work you've been doing behind the scenes.

"They're only seeing the surface-level losses. Once you explain everything, they'll Understand."

Oliver was quiet for a few seconds before speaking in a low voice. "It's fine. I'm just tired."

For years, he had worked tirelessly, striving for all in the hope that one day his father would truly acknowledge him. perfection. He had never dared to make a single misstep, 4 never be satisfied.

But today, he finally understood. No matter what he did, Hugh

+25 BONUS

Chapter 572

He no longer wanted to exhaust himself trying to earn someone else's approval.

Someone who didn't love you wouldn't start loving you just because you were perfect. Not loving you was simply that-they didn't love you.

"Mr. Oliver..." Liam wanted to say more, but seeing the exhaustion on Oliver's face, the words stuck in his

throat.

Liam had worked alongside Oliver for five years and had witnessed how cautious and on edge Oliver had been throughout that time. He knew Oliver wasn't truly happy. The only time he ever saw Oliver smile genuinely was when he was with Nyla. Maybe stepping away from the company wasn't such a bad thing for him after all.

The news of Oliver resigning as CEO quickly reached Nyla. She was so stunned that she nearly dropped the test tube in her hand.

Caroline, who was standing beside her, was quick to catch the test tube and place it back on the rack. She said seriously, "Nyla, this might not have anything to do with you. Don't overthink it."

Nyla gave a bitter smile. How could it have nothing to do with her?

If it weren't for her, Oliver wouldn't have gone against Damon. He wouldn't have fought him for the amusement park project, and it wouldn't have led to the Raynor Group's losses that forced Oliver to resign.

"Caroline, can you watch the experiment for me? I need to give him a call," Nyla said.

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+25 BONUS

When Oliver received Nyla's call, he was in the middle of packing up his personal belongings. Despite working at the Raynor Group for five years, there wasn't much that was solely his. His voice, as always, was gentle. "Nyla, what's wrong? Shouldn't you be in the lab right now?"

Nyla felt a sting in her nose, and her voice grew hoarse. "Oliver, did you get forced out of the Raynor Group because of me?"

Although she tried to keep her emotions in check, Oliver could still hear the slight tremble in her voice, as if she were on the verge of tears.

He remained silent for a couple of seconds before replying softly, "This has nothing to do with you. I've been wanting to take a break for a while, and now's as good a time as any." "Liar!" Nyla snapped.

She wasn't naive. She knew how much effort and ambition he had poured into his work-things he never openly shared.

Taking a deep breath, Nyla spoke softly but firmly. "Oliver, I'm sorry. This is my fault. I'll find a way to make it right."

Sensing something off in her tone, Oliver instinctively frowned. "Nyla, you don't need to-

"I need to get back to the lab. Let's talk later." With that, Nyla hung up.

She took a deep breath, her eyes now filled with determination.

After Oliver resigned from the Raynor Group, Hugh personally appointed Fred as the interim CEO.

As soon as the meeting ended, Fred couldn't wait to call Damon.

"Mr. Sumner, I've successfully pushed Oliver out of the Raynor Group. He won't be able to challenge you again," he reported. "Now, about the amusement park project you mentioned bringing the Raynor Group into-when can we meet to discuss the details?" Damon raised an eyebrow in surprise. "How did you manage that?"

He hadn't even begun to make his move yet. With Fred's limited shares, it shouldn't have been so easy to SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

take down Oliver.

Fred smirked as he replied coldly, "I don't know what's gotten into Hugh, but he personally came to the company and ordered Oliver to resign on the spot, without any leniency. He even appointed me as interim CEO." Damon narrowed his eyes.

Hugh didn't stand by his own son? He kicked him out of the Raynor Group and let a man with clear ulterior motives take over? What was he playing at?

"I'll have my secretary contact you about the partnership. I have a meeting to attend," Damon said and placed his phone on the desk, a thoughtful expression crossing his face.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 573

Hugh's actions had to have a purpose, but what was

he trying to au

Damon had never met Hugh, but he had heard of him—a wily old fox with business world.

Kars of experience in the

Many had suffered losses dealing with him. Damon knew he needed to tread carefully.

At that

cer knocked and entered. "Mr. Sumner, Mr. Chaucer is here."

encer in and casually sat on the black leather sofa in the middle of the office. Without himself a cup of coffee and downed it in one go.

was used to this. He waved Spencer off and went to sit across from Gerrard.

"What brings you here today?" he asked.

Gerrard gave him a complicated look. "I've person."

in you for years, but I never thought you'd be this kind of

Damon shot him a sharp look. "What kind of person?"

"You asked me to dig into Nyla's past when you wanted me to prepare a lawsuit against her, right? Well, guess what I found?" Gerrard asked. "What is it?" Damon's impatience was palpable.

Sensing Damon was on the verge of losing his temper, Gerrard quickly dropped the act.

"I found

something about her past... She wasn't always named Nyla Kinsey. She used to go by Nyla Jayston, and... she's your nephew's ex-wife." Today's Bonus Offer

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As soon as Gerrard finished speaking, he felt the temperature in the room drop several degrees.

Damon's expression had darkened noticeably.

Still, Gerrard asked, "You really don't remember anything? Nyla was your nephew's wife. Even if you don't remember her name, surely her face should have left an impression."

Nyla was beautiful-the kind of beauty that was hard to forget. Although Gerrard had only met her once, her image remained vivid in his mind.

Damon's face grew colder as he tried to recall the name and face of Clark's ex-wife. Yet, his mind was

blank.

In his memory, Clark had brought his wife to family gatherings after their marriage, but right now, he couldn't recall a single detail about the woman. Even the events of Clark's marriage and divorce felt hazy. Damon had never been close to Cla

After Damon's car accident, Richard had sent Clark abroad for some mistake, and Damon had stopped paying attention to him. He had only learned about Clark's divorce much later. Since it hadn't concerned him, he hadn't cared. Now, discovering that Nyla was Clark's ex-wife left Damon undeniably shocked. How had he become entangled with her?

Everything seemed to be traced back to the car accident five years ago. There was a very real possibility that he hadn't been in a coma the entire time, contrary to what Richard had told him.

As this unsettling thought settled in, Damon's expression darkened further.

"Look into what happened when I lost my memory," he ordered. "I want the full story of what transpired between Nyla and me, and why she secretly gave birth to my child."

Gerrard hesitated before asking, "And the lawsuit against Ms. Kinsey?"

"Put it on hold until we know the whole truth," Damon replied.

After Gerrard left, Damon reached for his phone to summon Spencer to the office and question him about what had happened between him and Nyla.

However, just as his hand touched the phone, he paused.

Based on the evidence Gerrard had uncovered, it seemed likely that Spencer had betrayed him. Not only Spencer-perhaps everyone in the Sumners had been lying to him. As he mulled over this revelation, his phone suddenly rang.

Seeing Nyla's name on the caller ID, he answered.

"Ms. Kinsey, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"I'd like to meet with you," she replied.

Damon's tone turned cold. "If this is about custody of Buddy, we can talk. If it's anything else, there's no

+25 BONUS

Chapter 574

need."

"I just sent you a photo, Mr. Sumner. Take a look before deciding whether or not to meet." She hung up before

could respond.

His phone vibrated, and he opened the message.

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Damon's eyes landed on the picture, his grip on the phone tightened, and fury twisted his features.

Just immediately after, another message came through-an address.

His eyes darkened. Without hesitation, he grabbed his coat and stormed out the door.

Half an hour later, Damon sat across from Nyla, his expression livid.

"When was that picture taken?" His voice was ice-cold, his gaze fixed on her like a predator about to

pounce.

Nyla remained calm, meeting his stare. When it was taken doesn't matter. What matters is that if you don't back off from Oliver, I guarantee that by tomorrow, this photo will be all over the Internet. Everyone will see an almost completely naked Damon Sumner." Damon's eyes narrowed, burning with fury. "You can try

The fact that Nyla had such an intimate photo of him proved they had some kind of relationship in the past. Yet... he had no memory of it.

This only reinforced his suspicion that something had been off about his car accident.

Nyla's gaze remained steady as she spoke, her tone deliberate. "Mr. Sumner, Oliver is important to me. If you keep hurting him, I won't hesitate to take you down with me."

Damon's eyes bored into hers.

Without thinking, he asked, "And what about me? What am I to you?"

+25 BONUS

Chapter 574

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Chapter 575

Chapter 575

The moment the words left Damon's mouth, he regretted them.

His expression darkened instantly. He had no idea why he had said petty jealousy toward another man.

Nyla was caught off guard as well, freezing for a moment.

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Something that sounded so much like

Before she could respond, Damon added coldly, "Don't get the wrong idea. I just figured since you went ahead and had my child on your own, you must really like me." Nyla pressed her lips together, her gaze indifferent as she looked at him.

"You're overthinking it, Mr. Sumner. The fact that I gave birth to Buddy was an accident, and it had nothing to do with you. I don't like you," she replied.

Damon let out a snicker. "Good. Any man liked by a woman like you is unlucky."

Nyla's face darkened. She hadn't expected the amnesiac Damon to be so vicious with his words. [Search the Findnøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm here to talk about Oliver, not to discuss which she said.

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"He tried to compete with Prospectus Technology for a project and lost, costing his company a fortune. He got fired as a result. It's not my problem. If anything, I'm the victim Damon stated.

Nyla frowned, suspicion flickering in her eyes. "You're sure you didn't sabotage him?"

"If I had, getting kicked out of the Raynor Group would have been the least of his worries," Damon replied flatly.

He was growing impatient. He stood up, towering over her. "Instead of using photos to threaten me, why don't you tell Oliver to stop scheming behind my back if he doesn't have the skills for it?" With that, he turned and walked out.

Nyla lowered her head in silence for a while, thinking about how else she could help Oliver.

Her phone suddenly rang, interrupting her thoughts.

Seeing it was Mason's teacher, she quickly answered.

"Ms. Kinsey, Buddy got into a fight in the classroom. Please come to the school as soon as you can," the teacher said.

By the time Nyla arrived at the school, more than half an hour had passed.

She rushed into the teacher's office and saw Mason standing alone in a corner. His clothes were dirty, smeared with shoe prints. His face was bruised, and his forehead was scraped.

Across from him stood a chubby boy, Kayden Conway, also injured. Beside him was a middle-aged woman with a sour expression, scolding Mason relentlessly.

Upon seeing Mason hang his head, Nyla's heart clenched. She hurried to his side, pulled him behind her,

+25 BONUS

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and glared coldly at the woman.

"I'm Mason's mother. If you have something to say, say it to me. Why are you verbally attacking a child? Learn some decency!" Nyla snapped.

At that, the middle-aged woman, Regina Flint, exploded. She sneered and shoved her son forward. "Look at what your son did to mine!"

Her gaze swept over Nyla, and a flash of jealousy crossed her face before turning into disdain. "I've heard rumors about you-that you're not exactly respectable. Looks like it's true. No wonder you've got a fatherless bastard who's just as poorly behaved!" Nyla was about to respond when Mason suddenly charged forward, grabbing Regina's leg and biting down

hard.

"Aaah!" Regina's scream filled the office. "Get off me, you little bastard! Let go, or I swear I'll make your pay!"

Furious, Regina grabbed Mason by the collar, ready to throw him to the floor.

Just as Nyla moved to intervene, the door to the office swung open.

"Who called my son a fatherless bastard?" a voice asked.

Today's Bonus Offer

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Everyone turned to look toward the door. The first thing they noticed was a pair of long legs, followed by Damon's cold, imposing face.

His gaze landed on the hand clutching Mason's collar.

Regina felt a chill run straight through her spine, and she shivered. Instinctively, she let go of Mason.

At that moment, she had a terrifying sense that Damon might just chop off her hand. It was only a gut feeling, but his glare alone filled her with fear.

Nyla hurriedly caught Mason, her gaze full of concern. "Buddy, are you okay?"

Mason nodded. "Mommy, I'm fine..."

His eyes kept darting toward Damon, an unusual glimmer in them.

Whenever other kids had bullied him in.. past, it had always been just his mother standing up for him. He had dreamed that one day his father would show up out of nowhere and make those bullies pay for hurting him and Nyla. Now that his father had truly appeared, his feelings were complicated.

On the one hand, he wanted his father to protect him and Nyla. On the other, he knew that Damon didn't like Nyla, and the latter didn't like him either.

While Mason was lost in thought, Damon had already approached them.

His icy glare seemed to freeze everything around him. When he looked at Regina, his eyes burned with fury.

"Why don't you repeat what you just said about my son?" he asked darkly.

Regina couldn't meet his gaze, but her voice still carried a hint of anger. "What did I say wrong? Just look at my son! See how badly he's been beaten!"

She pulled Kayden from behind her and pinched his arm hard, making him cry out.

"Look at him! His face and body are covered in bruises. If the teacher hadn't stopped them, who knows what would have happened? If you don't apologize and pay up today, I'm not letting this go!" Regina threatened.

She scoffed, thinking Damon in a suit wouldn't intimidate her. After all, her husband was a sales manager in E.N. Valley, and most parents treated her with respect. Search the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Besides, she had already looked into Nyla's background-she was just a lowly drug researcher. Damon might seem impressive, but someone like Nyla couldn't possibly know any big shot.

Damon ignored Regina and turned to Mason instead. He asked, "Why were you fighting?"

Mason's eyes welled up with tears, but he stubbornly refused to let them fall. He turned his head away, remaining silent.

Damon frowned, about to speak, when Nyla knelt before Mason. Meeting his eyes, she gently said, " Buddy, Mommy's here. Don't be scared. Tell Mommy why you fought, okay?" Chapter 576

+25 BONUS

After a long pause, Mason finally muttered, "He called me a bastard... said I didn't have a dad..."

Nyla's eyes turned cold. She nodded. "Okay, Mommy understands."

She patted Mason's head softly, then stood and faced Regina. "You heard that. Your son insulted mine first. If anyone should apologize, it's your son." Regina sneered, crossing her arms. "And what if your son didn't tell the truth? Maybe he insulted my boy first. Besides, even if my son said that, was he wrong?"

Nyla turned to the teacher. "Where did they fight? There should be security cameras at school, right?"

The teacher looked troubled. "There are, but the cameras broke yesterday, and they won't be fixed until tomorrow at the earliest."

At this, Regina's expression shifted from nervous to smug.

"No cameras, huh? Then it's just your word against mine. And let's not forget your son threw the first punch. My boy's all bruised up-I'm not letting this slide!" she declared.

The teacher gently tugged at Regina's sleeve, signaling her to stop talking with a meaningful look.

Did Regina not realize who she was dealing with? The man standing in front of her was the CEO of Prospectus Technology, who had recently donated an entire building to their school.

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+25 BONUS

The teacher didn't understand why the CEO of Prospectus Technology was claiming to be Mason's father. However, she knew that if she allowed Regina to continue her tantrum, her own job might be in jeopardy.

Regina remained oblivious to her silent warning. She glared at the teacher and said coldly, "You don't need to say anything more. My son was beaten up so badly this time. I must make that little bas- Mason pay for it!" Damon smiled-anyone familiar with him would recognize this as a sign of his growing fury.

"And what kind of price do you want my son to pay?" he asked.

Regina mistook his question as a sign of fear and sneered. "He should get on his knees and apologize to my son, promise never to lay a hand on him again, and compensate

us for 15,000 dollars in medical expenses!" Damon nodded. "Is that all? Shouldn't your son also get a full check-up? There might be some internal injuries that aren't visible."

Regina was taken aback, clearly not expecting Damon to be so cooperative.

She quickly regained her smug composure. "Of course! He should get a full check-up. That way, Mason will learn his lesson and won't dare hit anyone again!"

"Alright," Damon replied, turning to Spencer. "Have someone take them to the hospital for the check-up."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer replied.

On the way to the hospital, Spencer gathered information about Kayden, who had fought with Mason.

He handed a tablet to Damon as he reported, "Mr. Sumner, the boy who fought with Mr. Mason is Kayden Conway. His father, Noah Conway, is the sales manager at E.N. Valley, one of Prospectus Technology's subsidiaries. He's competent and even toasted you at the last company banquet."

Noah Conway? Damon thought for a moment but had no recollection of him.

"Tell him to come to the hospital too. If he can't manage his own family, how can he manage such an important department?" Damon said.

Spencer took back the tablet, inwardly feeling a little sorry for Noah. If this situation wasn't handled properly, Noah's position as department manager might be at risk.

At the hospital, Regina insisted on subjecting Kayden to every possible test, regardless of relevance.

To an outsider, it seemed as though she was trying to secure a full physical exam.

While the tests were conducted, she coached Kayden to say that everything hurt, attempting to exaggerate the seriousness of the situation.

*

The doctors were baffled by her antics. They could determine from the exams whether there was a real injury-words alone would not alter the results.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 577

When the tests returned, revealing nothing more than a few minor bruises Regina's expression soured.

She angrily grabbed the doctor and questioned, "What is this report? My son is clearly injured, and you're telling me it's not even classified as minor? Are you in on this with Nyla The doctor frowned. "Ma'am, please let go of me. We are a reputable our tests are very low.

and her people?!"

wal, and the chances of error in

"We informed you from the beginning that these were superficial injuries that would heal in a few days. There was no way they could reach the level of a minor injury."

"That's impossible! You must have been paid off! I demand anoth

Her loud outburst quickly drew a crowd. Noticing her audience, she convinced that things would go her way as long as she made

With that thought, she dramatically threw herself to the floor.

set of tests!" Regina yelled.

grew even more emboldened, enough of a scene.

"I can't live like this! My son was beaten up so badly, and now the hospital won't even acknowledge his injuries! They're all in on it, taking dirty money from those who hurt my boy! Where's the justice? Where's the fairness in this world?!" she cried. Just as her wails filled the room, a voice thundered from behind the crowd, "Have you had enough of this SEARCH the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

nonsense?!"

Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 578

Chapter 578

Chapter 578

+25 BONUS

Regina looked up in shock as Noah pushed through the crowd, his face filled with anger.

A wave of guilt flashed in her eyes as he approached. She scrambled to her feet, flustered. "Honey... why are you here?" she asked weakly.

Noah's expression was dark, his voice tightly controlled to keep from shouting. "If I hadn't come, who knows what kind of scene you would have caused? Can't you just stay home? Do you have to come out here and make a fool of yourself?" There was no hiding the disgust in his eyes as he looked at Regina, who had once been his employee.

After a work dinner one night...

Regina managed to get into Noah's bed but then disappeared the next day. He searched for her for a while but eventually gave up when she couldn't be found.

To his surprise, she showed up at his door six months later-pregnant, with a fetal sex determination report in hand. Noah's mother had always wanted a grandson and threatened to disown him if he didn't marry Regina. Reluctantly, Noah agreed to the marriage. At first, Regina seemed caring and thoughtful, so he decided to try to make it work.

Unfortunately, the honeymoon phase did not last long.

Not long after their son was born, Regina's true nature emerged. She became controlling, constantly checking Noah's phone. If she saw him talking to any woman for even a few minutes, she would pick a fight, sometimes even showing up at his office to create a scene. Noah was worn down, both at work and at home. Over time, he grew to loathe her. They had been sleeping in separate bedrooms for years, and he handed over most of his salary each month. All he hoped for was that she would just stay home and take care of their son. Despite this, Regina couldn't even do that. She had caused a scene at his workplace just recently, and now here she was again, stirring up trouble at the hospital. A

Regina gritted her teeth, her temper rising. "Do you even know what happened? Our son got beaten up today! And all you do is blame me! I gave you a son-how could you be so heartless, Noah?"

Noah had no patience for her dramatics.

"I already talked to the kindergarten teacher on my way here. She said Kayden insulted Mason first. Mason was hurt too. You're coming with me, and the two of you are going to apologize to him!" he demanded.

He tried to pull Kayden along, but Regina smacked his hand away and shouted, "Noah! I'm telling you right now, there's no way I'm making my son apologize!"

"If you try to force me, I'll go online and tell everyone about what you did to me. Let's see how long you can hold onto your precious manager position after that!"

+25 BONUS

Chapter 578

Noah felt utterly exhausted as he looked at her.

On the way to the hospital, he had already figured out that the child Kayden had insulted was the son of the headquarters CEO. His job was probably already in Jeopardy.

He had hoped to resolve things by apologizing and resigning gracefully, but now it seemed that option was off the table.

Upon seeing him fall silent, Regina's eyes lit up with satisfaction. She knew how much his job meant to him-every time they argued, he would cave as soon as she threatened his position.

After a long pause, Noah spoke slowly. "If that's what you want, then go ahead. Tell everyone. don't need to keep living like this."

I'm done. I

Regina's face went pale as she grabbed his arm. "What do you mean? Are you going to abandon us? Over something so small?!"

Noah looked at her, feeling utterly drained.

Regina had never understood what really mattered. For years, he had been juggling the heavy demands of his job and the chaos she created at home. Now, he was just TOO tired to keep it up anymore.

Chapter 579

Chapter 579

"I'll leave the house, the car, and all the savings to you and Kayden. I don't want anything," Noah said. [Search the Find_Novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He then pushed past the stunned Regina and walked away.

Watching him leave with such determination, Regina finally panicked. She quickly chased after him and blocked his path. "Honey, I'm sorry! Don't leave me and our son! I promise I'll apologize! Please don't do this! I'm scared!"

Noah looked at her expressionlessly. "Let's get a divorce. I'll prepare the papers, and you'll just need to sign them."

"No!" Regina cried, her eyes brimming with tears.

Confusion and disbelief clouded her gaze. She couldn't understand how a simple fight between their son and a classmate had escalated to this point.

What she didn't realize was that this was just the last straw. Her previous tantrums and unreasonable behavior had led to this moment, but she thought it was just about this one incident.

"I won't divorce you! Noah, don't even think about leaving me and our son! I know you've been seeing that new female intern at the company. She calls you after work under the guise of discussing work. Don't think I'll let you have your way!" Regina shouted. "Think what you want. Either way, I'm set on leaving this marriage," Noah countered.

After today's events, he understood clearly that staying with Regina would only drag him down further, making him just like her.

"If you dare to divorce me, I'll take Kayden and jump out of the hospital window!" Regina threatened.

Suddenly, she scooped up Kayden and dashed toward the end of the hallway.

Noah was appalled and sprinted after her, but he was too late.

Just as Regina pressed the struggling Kayden against the window, Noah's face turned pale.

"Regina, are you insane?! Put our son down!" he shouted.

Regina smirked at him, her eyes wild. "If you mention divorce again, I'll drop Kayden out the window, and I'll jump after him!"

Noah stared at her, his anger boiling over as his chest heaved. This woman was out of her mind!

Kayden, frightened by his mother's fierce demeanor, burst into tears.

His cries drew the attention of Damon and others nearby.

Seeing Regina's frantic behavior, Nyla quickly covered Mason's eyes and told Damon, "You handle this. I'll take Buddy downstairs first."

Damon's gaze flicked over her face as he replied quietly, "Okay."

After Nyla left with Mason, Damon turned to Noah. "What's going on here?"

+25 BONUS

Chapter 579

He had asked Noah to come to deal with the fight between Kayden and Mason, but it had escalated to the point where Regina appeared ready to jump out a window in just a few minutes. Noah hung his head in shame. "Mr. Sumner, I'll take care of this. I promise to give you a satisfactory

answer."

Damon frowned, his icy gaze sweeping over Regina and the still-sobbing Kayden, but he remained silent.

Taking a deep breath, Noah looked at Regina, his expression now calm. "Just put our son down. I won't mention divorce again."

Regina lit up, though she still hesitated.

Noticing her uncertainty, Noah continued. "I promise I won't bring it up again."

With that assurance, Regina finally set Kayden down.

Pale with terror, Kayden immediately plopped down on the floor, having wet his pants.

Noah turned to Damon, his face grim. "Mr. Sumner, I apologize for this scene. I will take my son and wife to apologize properly another day. As for my position as sales manager, I fear I might not-"

Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 580

Chapter 580 Chapter 580

+25 BONUS

Before Noah could finish his sentence, Damon interrupted, "Mr. Conway, at Prospectus Technology, we value capability. As long as you handle this matter properly, it won't affect your job. But it's best if you learn to balance your family and work." Noah's previously dim eyes lit up abruptly, and he quickly assured him, "Don't worry, Mr. Sumner. I'll take this to heart and make sure it never happens again!" Damon nodded and turned to leave.

Noah walked over to Kayden, pulling him up from the floor as he said coldly, "I'll take you to apologize to Mason in a couple of days."

Regina, standing nearby, looked at him. "Honey-"

Noah turned and struck her hard, causing her to fall to the floor.

Covering her face in disbelief, she stared at him. "You actually hit me?"

"If you want to die, do it yourself! Don't drag Kayden down with

He then grabbed the trembling Kayden and left.

Why Noah hissed.

Regina clutched her face, fury filling her eyes, but she gritted her teeth and chased after them.

Meanwhile, Damon stepped out of the hospital and saw Nyla and Mason. His gaze softened as he walked toward them.

Nyla crouched down, applying medicine to Mason's wound. Although she was gentle, Mason winced in pain. Suddenly, his gaze shifted to something behind her. Noticing his change in focus, she turned around, and her eyes fell on Damon's long legs, followed by his handsome face.

"Mommy, Daddy's here!" Mason cheered.

Upon hearing Mason instinctively call Damon "Daddy", Nyla's grip on the cotton swab tightened.

Although Mason didn't voice it, she knew he still wanted his father by his side.

Shaking off her thoughts, she stood up and looked at Damon. "Thank you for today, Mr. Sumner."

Due to the coldness in Nyla's eyes, Damon's gaze hardened as he replied, "Buddy is my son. It's what I should do."

Nyla managed a forced smile. "We won't bother you with these things in the future, especially since you're quite busy."

Damon had no intention of arguing and simply said, "I'll drive you home."

Nyla wanted to refuse but relented when she caught Mason's hopeful glance. "Alright," she answered.

Chapter 580

+25 BONUS

On the way back, Nyla pondered whether it was unfair to prevent Mason from spending time with Damon. She snapped back to reality when Mason called her several times. "Mommy, are we home? What were you thinking about so deeply?" he asked.

Nyla smiled. "Nothing. Let's get out of the car."

She exited first. When she helped Mason out, she noticed Damon was already holding Mason's backpack. She pressed her lips together but said nothing as she took Mason's hand and walked toward their home. The elevator ride was silent, broken only by the sounds of the machinery.

Mason's gaze flitted between Damon and Nyla, though he seemed lost in thought.

Nyla, expressionless with her head down, didn't notice his little antics.

When the elevator doors opened, she was about to lead Mason out when she froze at the sight of someone standing at the entrance.

Oliver stood at the door, looking shocked and a bit hurt as he watched the scene unfold.

Inside the elevator, Nyla held Mason, while Damon carried Mason's backpack-like a happy family of

Even though Oliver knew Nyla wouldn't be with Damon like that, the sight still stung his eyes.

Chapter 581

Chapter 581

However, Oliver quickly adjusted his expression and walked toward Nyla and Mason.

+25 BONUS

As Nyla stepped out of the elevator with Mason, she looked surprised to see him. "What brings you here today?" Oliver's demeanor was warm. "I came to check on you and Buddy."

He then turned to Damon. "Mr. Sumner, thanks for sending Nyla and Buddy back. Just hand me the backpack."

He reached for the backpack in Damon's hand, but the latter subtly moved it out of reach, his expression cool. "No need. Buddy is my child. It's my responsibility. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Oliver raised an eyebrow but didn't press the issue. When he pulled his hand back, he noticed the bruise on Mason's face. "What happened to Buddy?"

Nyla kept her explanation brief. "He got into a fight at school, but it's all been sorted out."

"How did it get so bad?" Oliver asked.

"The other kid was hurt worse. Let's not stand out here. Come inside," Nyla said.

She opened the door. As she turned to take the backpack from Damon, he suddenly spoke up. "Ms. Kinsey, I'd like to see Buddy's living environment, if that's alright." Given his request, Nyla, despite her reluctance, felt she had no choice but to agree.

Damon walked into the living room.

Nyla's current place was a spacious flat, with a large living room mostly filled with various children's toys. The decor featured a cream color palette, making it feel warm and inviting. From the many unique decorations around the room, it was clear that someone who loved life lived there. Watching Damon's back, Oliver subconsciously narrowed his eyes. Once inside, Nyla asked Mason to show Damon around while she pulled Oliver into the kitchen to make coffee together.

"Oliver, I heard you resigned from the Raynor Group. I'm really sorry for dragging you into this," she said.

Nyla had sensed something was off from the moment she saw him at the door. He was smiling, but the corners of his eyes drooped, clearly indicating that he wasn't in a good mood. Oliver paused in his actions, and after a few moments of silence, he quietly replied, "Nyla, it's not your fault."

The main reason for his departure from the Raynor Group wasn't just the failed investment-it was that Hugh wanted him out.

Oliver couldn't understand why he had made just one mistake and was being pushed out of the company.

Hearing him say that only made Nyla feel guiltier.

Chapter 581

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+25 BONUS

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Chapter 581

+25 BONUS

In the living room, Damon watched the two of them standing close together, his eyes turning icy.

Nyla had previously mentioned wanting Oliver to be Mason's father, and it seemed she was seriously considering it now.

Just as Damon was about to head to the kitchen, his phone buzzed in his pocket.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Mr. Sumner, I can't find any information about your past. I suggest you either return to Saintornia or go abroad to ask your nephew," the person on the phone said. 1 "Got it," Damon answered.

After hanging up, he immediately instructed Luca to book a flight to Meristate and find out the exact address of Cyrus and his family, who had left the country shortly after he woke up. They hadn't returned in years, and while he hadn't thought much of it before, he now felt it was unusual given his memory issues.

"Mr. Sumner, there's a flight in two hours. You'll need to go to the airport now. Should I book a later one for you?" Luca asked.

"No need. Just book the one in two hours. I'll head to the airport right now," Damon replied.

He put away his phone and glanced at the two in the kitchen, who were still leaning close and speaking softly.

Clearing his throat, he said, "Ms. Kinsey, I have to take care of something, so I'll leave now. If Buddy encounters any issues at school later, just call me directly." Chapter 582

Chapter 582

Chapter 582

Nyla turned around and said indifferently, "Alright, I won't see you out, Mr. Sumner."

Damon's gaze darkened further as he sensed her dismissive attitude. He knew she wouldn't call him. Even if she didn't, it was fine-the principal would notify him. "Goodbye," he replied.

After Damon left, Oliver hesitated for a moment before asking how Damon had ended up coming back with them that day.

Nyla couldn't help but raise an eyebrow. "You've been holding that in for a while, haven't you?"

Oliver exchanged a glance with her and laughed. "I'm just a bit curious."

Nyla briefly recounted how Mason had gotten into a fight at school and how Damon had arrived not long after her.

After hearing this, Oliver frowned. "Nyla, with something that serious happening, why didn't you contact me?"

Nyla pressed her lips together and looked down. "I was too anxious at the time. It didn't occur to me."

Besides, she had just learned that Oliver had been forced to resign because of her and Mason. Even if she had remembered, she wouldn't have called him. She had already caused him enough trouble and didn't want to burden him again. "Well, just remember not to forget next time," Oliver reminded her.

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Looking at her serene profile, Oliver said softly, "Don't worry about me leaving the Raynor Group. I can

handle it."

Leaving the Raynor Group was only temporary. He had other plans outside the company. If he couldn't return, he would build his own business empire from scratch.

Nyla opened her mouth to reply, but Oliver's phone suddenly rang.

Seeing it was Hugh, he frowned but answered the call.

"Dad, what's up?" he asked.

"You need to come back right now. I have something to discuss!" Hugh ordered.

Just as Oliver was about to respond, he heard a busy signal.

He looked at Nyla with a helpless expression. "I wanted to have dinner with you and Buddy, but it looks like I can't. My dad wants me back."

"There will be plenty of chances in the future. Take care of your matters first," Nyla assured him. [SEARCH the FINDNOVEL.NET website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Yeah," Oliver replied.

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 582

After leaving Nyla's home, Oliver drove straight back to his house.

As soon as he stepped into the living room, Hugh threw a document at his feet. "Oliver, I didn't expect you to have this kind of capability! You think you're impressive?!" Looking at Hugh's furious face, Oliver felt confused as he picked up the document.

When he saw that it was related to the Keithstone Group's resort project, he was taken aback. "The Keithstone Group wants to collaborate with the Raynor Group?"

Hugh scoffed. "What are you pretending to be confused about? The Keithstone Group said they would only sign the deal with the Raynor Group if you were the CEO. That's why you resigned so easily today-I knew you were waiting for this!" Oliver frowned. "What do you mean? I spoke to the Keithstone Group, but they said the Raynor Group wasn't on their list of potential partners. That's why I gave up on the project. How could they-"

"You know exactly what's going on! If you want to return to the Raynor Group so much, fine, but Fred must become vice CEO!" Hugh laid down his terms.

Oliver didn't understand why the Keithstone Group would make such a demand, but it didn't matter now. No matter how he explained, Hugh wouldn't believe him.

He slowly raised his gaze to meet Hugh's and spoke deliberately. "Dad, I want to ask you why you're treating me like this. I've been the CEO of the Raynor Group for five years and thought I was doing a good job. Why, just because of one mistake, did you force me to resign? Does my hard work over these five years mean nothing to you?!"

Chapter 583

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Hugh stiffened for a moment before his expression turned furious.

"What we're discussing is how you'll do anything to get back into the Raynor Group. I asked you to leave because you're jeopardizing the company's interests for a woman. I won't tolerate that!" he barked. Oliver nodded, his gaze cold. "Isn't it because you want Fred to take my place and use me as a stepping

stone?"

Hugh shot up from his seat. "What nonsense are you talking about?!"

His face was flushed with rage, but Oliver noticed a flicker of guilt in his eyes.

"Whether I'm talking nonsense or not, we both know the truth. I just want to understand why you're paving the way for Fred at my expense," Oliver said calmly.

"That's enough!" Hugh slammed his hand on the table, shouting, "I don't want to argue about this useless stuff! You'll get your position back, but I'm very disappointed in you!"

Meeting Hugh's enraged gaze, Oliver chuckled. "Dad, I've been disappointed in you too."

With that, he turned and left.

Back in his room, Oliver immediately called Liam.

"What's going on with the Keithstone Group? Didn't they say the Raynor Group wasn't under

consideration? Why are they suddenly interested in collaborating, and why are they insisting that I must

be the CEO for the contract to go through?" he asked.

Liam's voice held the same confusion. "Mr. Raynor, I'm not sure about the details yet, but I'm investigating. I'll get back to you as soon as I find out."

"Okay," Oliver replied.

Less than an hour later, Liam called back with an update. "Mr. Raynor, I've looked into it. It seems Ms. Kinsey has a connection with the Keithstone Group's CEO. She reached out to Ms. Keith, and that's why they agreed to give the project to the Raynor Group." Oliver tightened his grip on the phone. "Got it. Thanks."

After hanging up, he thought about calling Nyla but decided it would be better to see her in person the next day to get the full story.

Oliver smiled. Even if Nyla hadn't helped him, he had other ways to return to the Raynor Group. Still, it felt nice to think she cared. At least now, Nyla would worry about him.

The next morning, Nyla ran into Regina and Kayden while dropping Mason off at school.

Regina, who had been so arrogant the day before, looked haggard. Her eyes were red and swollen, a clear sign she hadn't slept well.

Nyla had no intention of greeting her. After reminding Mason to call her on his watch if anything happened, she turned to leave..

+25 BONUS

Chapter 583

Just as she was about to go, she heard Regina call out, "Ms... Ms. Kinsey, please wait a moment."

Surprised, Nyla turned back.

"Is there something you need?" she asked. -

Regina approached, her face full of guilt. "Ms. Kinsey, what happened yesterday was mine and Kayden's fault. After I got home, I thought it over and had a talk with Kayden. He won't speak out of turn again, and I hope you can forgive us."

The night before, Noah had a huge argument with Regina. He had warned her that if the situation wasn't handled properly, he would definitely lose his job, and the whole family would suffer the consequences. When Regina learned Mason was Damon's son, she instantly regretted her actions.

Damon was not someone they could afford to offend. If they angered him, it wouldn't just be about Noah losing his job-it could be a matter of life and death.

Although Regina wasn't highly educated and had a fiery personality, she understood the gravity of her choices.

Chapter 584

Chapter 584

Nyla was surprised to see Regina apologizing.

"Mrs. Conway, if you're truly sincere, you should have Kayden apologize to Mason, not me," Nyla remarked.

Regina quickly replied, "Of course! When are you and Mr. Sumner free? We'd like to invite you to dinner so Kayden can apologize to Mason in front of us parents. That way, he'll learn his lesson."

"No need for dinner. As long as Kayden apologizes to Mason, that's enough," Nyla said.

"Ms. Kinsey, are you still unwilling to forgive me?" Regina asked.

Seeing Regina's helplessness, Nyla guessed she was worried about Damon holding a grudge against

Noah at work.

"Mrs. Conway, I don't have much contact with Mr. Sumner. If you really want to treat him to dinner, that's fine. Just make sure Kayden apologizes, and I won't say anything bad about your husband to Mr. Sumner," Nyla replied. Hearing this, Regina let out a sigh of relief. Just as she was about to respond, Nyla turned and got into her car, driving away.

Watching the car disappear, Regina frowned and hesitated before dialing Noah's number.

"Hey, honey, Nyla doesn't want to have dinner with us. She said as long as Kayden apologizes to her son, that's enough," she informed him.

At a villa on the outskirts of Meristate, Damon parked his car and walked up to the door, ringing the bell.

Soon, he heard footsteps approaching, and the door opened to reveal a scruffy-looking man.

Damon's brow furrowed involuntarily. "Clark?"

Behind the door, Clark stood disheveled, with an unkempt beard and hair. His loose clothes hung off him as though he were homeless.

Upon seeing Damon, hatred and anger flickered in Clark's eyes. "Damon, what are you doing here?!"

Damon felt a wave of displeasure. It had been years since they last met, and Clark hadn't even addressed him as "Uncle". How rude. But, remembering the purpose of his visit, he suppressed his annoyance. "I came to ask about my relationship with Nyla Kinsey," he stated.

"Nyla Kinsey?" Clark's beard twitched as he coldly replied. "Are you talking about Nyla Jayston?"

"Yes, she used to be called Nyla Jayston. She's your ex-wife... My memory's a bit hazy, and I can't find any information about our past, so-" Damon began, but Clark abruptly cut him off.

"In the past? What do you mean? She's not dead?!" Clark's voice was sharp with disbelief.

Damon was startled by the intensity in Clark's eyes. "Yes, she's alive and doing quite well. What's it to you?"

+25 BONUS

Chapter 584

Not only was she doing well, but she had also secretly given birth to his child. If it weren't for this unexpected discovery, he wouldn't have even known he had a son.

Suddenly, Clark grabbed his arm, his eyes wide with shock. "Where is she now? She's really not dead?"

"Yeah," Damon replied with a frown, his gaze growing colder. "I came to ask you about my past with her, not for you to question me." Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Hahaha! She's not dead! She's alive!" Clark exclaimed as he released Damon's arm.

Nearly dancing with excitement, he rushed upstairs and completely ignored Damon, who was still standing at the door.

Damon's expression darkened. Was Clark losing his mind? And who wouldn't groom themselves at all?

He pulled out his phone and contacted Luca, speaking coldly. "Notify Clark's parents and tell them I'm at the entrance of his villa."

Read Chapter 585

Chapter 585

Chapter 585

Less than half an hour later, Cyrus arrived.

+25 BONUS

Seeing Damon standing coldly at the entrance of the villa, he felt a bit awkward and greeted him, "Damon, why didn't you let me know you were coming? I could have sent someone to pick you up from the airport."

"I came to ask Clark a few questions. What's been going on with him these past few years abroad? Why does he look like this now?" Damon asked.

Just as Cyrus was about to respond, Clark appeared, dragging a suitcase behind him. Without acknowledging either of them, he placed the suitcase in the trunk and tried to get into the car.

Cyrus quickly stepped in front of him. "Clark, where are you going?"

"Nyla is still alive. I need to go back and find her," Clark said.

Cyrus was stunned. "What did you say? Nyla is alive? That's impossible!" Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

M

Five years ago, Nyla had fallen into the sea, and Damon had sent people to search for her for a month, but they had found nothing. How could she still be alive?

"Clark, have you forgotten to take your medication again? I'll call a doctor to check on you," Cyrus said.

Clark's eyes flashed with disgust as he snapped, "I'm not sick! Uncle Damon told me Nyla is alive. He wouldn't come all this way just to lie to me!"

Besides, Damon hadn't regained his memory and didn't even know about the past. It was even more unlikely that he would deceive him.

"Even if she's alive, it's impossible between you two. Don't you remember what Grandpa said? If you go back to the country, he'll cut off our family's financial support immediately!" Cyrus reminded him.

www.

After Damon had been hypnotized to forget Nyla, Richard had been worried Clark might slip up if they stayed in the country. He had sent them abroad and forbidden their return, providing them with 1.5 million dollars a month for living expenses. In Meristate, Clark had tried to return home several times, but each time he had been stopped by Richard's men.

Over time, he stopped trying, and his spirit faded, turning him into who he was now—someone who drank all day and slept, unwilling to do anything else.

Clark halted in his tracks.

After a long silence, he coldly stated, "That won't happen. We've been together for so many years. Once I return, I'll properly apologize to her and keep pursuing her until she forgives me."

With that, he moved toward the car.

Frustrated, Cyrus slapped him hard and scolded, "Clark, can you calm down for a second? How much longer do you want me and your mother to worry about you? If you dare to leave today, your mother and I will die right in front of you!" Clark clenched his fists and turned to look at Damon, rage boiling in his eyes. "This is all your fault,

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 585

Damon! I wouldn't be living like this-unable to go home, without any purpose-if it weren't for you!"

Damon's expression remained cold. "Your lack of ambition has nothing to do with me."

"Hah!" Clark sneered and stepped closer, his eyes blazing with years of resentment. "It has everything to do with you! Oh right, I forgot-you lost all your memories of Nyla, so now you can pretend none of this concerns you." Damon's eyes widened as he snapped, "What do you mean? Speak clearly."

"I know everything, but why should I tell you? You've ruined my life! You've made it so my parents and I can never return to the country! Why should I share the truth with you? If you really want to know, go back and ask my grandfather-your beloved fa-" Before Clark could finish the word "father", Cyrus struck him hard.

"Shut up! Do you even realize what you're saying?" Cyrus berated.

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Clark's head snapped to the side from the slap, yet he laughed aloud. "Dad, you're scared Grandpa will cut off your allowance if you upset him. But I'm not afraid. Now that I know Nyla is alive, I have to go back to the country!" Damon's gaze hardened, his voice ice-cold as he addressed Cyrus, "What did Clark mean?"

Cyrus didn't have time for Clark's outbursts. He turned to Damon, his expression tense. "Damon, I don't know anything. Clark hasn't been right in the head since he went abroad. He's just rambling."

If Richard discovered they had leaked information about Damon's hypnosis, they would be in serious trouble—he'd cut off their allowances, and that would be the end of them.

Damon's face grew even colder. "Cyrus, I think I can determine for myself whether he's in his right mind."

Cyrus sighed, his shoulders slumping in defeat. "Damon, stop asking. I really don't know anything."

Damon sneered. "Fine. If you won't tell me, I'll ask Dad myself!"

Without another word, Damon turned and walked away.

As Damon strode off, Clark tried to get into the car, but Cyrus called for someone to stop him. "Clark, I can't let you go back to the country. It's for your own good." Clark prepared to struggle, but with a quick signal from Cyrus, one of the men behind him struck Clark at the base of his neck. He crumpled, unconscious, to the ground. Leaving the villa, Damon immediately instructed Luca to book a flight home. Since neither Cyrus nor Clark would talk, he would have to confront Richard directly.

Nyla was on her way to the lab when she received a call from Oliver, inviting her to lunch.

She checked her schedule and decided to accept, seeing that none of her experiments were time-

sensitive.

At noon, she arrived at the restaurant right on time. As she sat down across from Oliver, he handed her

the menu.

"Take a look and see what you'd like," he said.

With a smile, Nyla accepted the menu and asked, "Why did you suddenly want to have lunch with me today?"

Knowing she had experiments to conduct, Oliver typically scheduled their meals for dinner.

"I have something urgent to ask you," he replied.

"What is it?" Nyla asked. When she looked up and met his serious gaze, she momentarily froze.

"There's a resort project with the Keithstone Group that the Raynor Group originally didn't qualify for. But yesterday, Ms. Keith's secretary contacted us, saying they agreed to collaborate on the condition that I return as the CEO of the Raynor Group," Oliver explained. +25 BONUS

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Nyla raised an eyebrow. "So you're back at the Raynor Group now?"

Oliver nodded. "Yes, thanks to you. But Ms. Keith wouldn't agree so easily on such a major project. Did you strike some sort of deal with her?"

Nyla noticed the worry in his eyes, which warmed her heart.

"You don't need to worry. There's no deal involved. At an event some time ago, Ms. Keith fainted from low blood sugar, and I helped her. She said I could use that favor to negotiate a condition," she replied. Oliver frowned u

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+25 BONUS

Oliver paused, his gaze falling on Nyla's hand resting on his. Her skin was fair, her fingers delicate, resembling fine porcelain. It was hard for him to look away. "Nyla, thank you," he said softly.

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "You're thanking me while telling me not to say thank you? That's pretty polite of you."

Oliver chuckled. "Alright, I'll try to avoid saying it in the future, too."

"That's more like it," Nyla teased.

After they finished their meal, Oliver dropped Nyla off at the lab before heading back to the Raynor Group.

As soon as he walked into his office, he noticed Fred sitting on the couch.

"Mr. Burridge, are you looking for me?" Oliver asked.

Fred glared at him, his voice laced with resentment. "Oliver, even if you've regained this position, you won't be able to keep it for long!"

"You don't need to worry about that, Mr. Burridge. Just focus on your own work," Oliver replied calmly.

Fred snorted, stood up, and brushed past Oliver as he walked toward the door, deliberately bumping shoulders with him.

Oliver remained unfazed and took a seat at his desk, ready to start working.

A short while later, Liam knocked and entered. "Mr. Raynor, here are the documents for the collaboration with the Keithstone Group. Please review them when you have time."

Oliver nodded. "Okay, just leave them on my desk. And could you look into any connections between Fred and my father? I want to know if they've had any dealings behind the scenes." "Sure," Liam replied.

Late that night, Damon entered the Sumner residence, his expression somber.

Richard, seated in the living room, showed no surprise at his arrival.

"Back already?" he asked.

Damon took a seat across from his father, his expression blank. "Dad, since you're here waiting for me, you must know why I came today." Richard nodded. "I know, but I don't intend to tell you."

Damon's face darkened significantly. "I just want to recover my memories. What gives you the right not to tell me?"

Richard's demeanor remained indifferent. "I'm doing this for your own good. That woman is cunning. The

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fact that she secretly had your child shows her true nature. I don't want you to be entangled with her any longer."

"You even found out about my child with her. You really have your ears everywhere," Damon said, his voice mocking and devoid of warmth.

Richard did not take offense at his tone and replied seriously, "Although I don't like that woman, the child is still a member of the Sumners.

"I've already sent someone to bring the child back and raise him in Saintornia. As for that woman, I'll give her a sum of money to sever her ties with the child."

As his words hung in the air, the living room plunged into a suffocating silence.

Damon scowled. "You have no right to do this. This is between me and her. I'll handle it myself. It's not up to you to interfere."

Richard slammed his cup down, shattering it into pieces as coffee spilled everywhere.

"Not up to me to interfere? If I don't, you'll just get tangled up with that woman again. She'll ruin you!" he yelled, his aging face twisted with anger and the muscles around his eyes twitching in fury. Damon remained unfazed, meeting Richard's gaze directly. "You say she'll ruin me. Then tell me, how exactly will she do that?"

Richard sneered. "As Clark's wife, your niece-in-law, she seduced you and tarnished your reputation, making you a target for everyone. Isn't that ruining you?"

"Do you know what people were saying about the Sumners five years ago? They said I raised a son who was involved with his niece-in-law! An uncle who made his nephew a cuckold!"

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Mentioning this made Richard's chest rise and fall with anger. He cursed in his heart, wondering why Nyla hadn't died back then.

"Is that really all it takes?" Damon asked.

"Yes! For the Sumners, reputation is more important than anything!" Richard snapped.

Damon took a deep breath, trying to suppress the emotions threatening to boil over. "What exactly did you do to me five years ago? Why don't I have any memories related to her?" Richard maintained a straight face. "You don't need to worry about that. You'll never remember that woman, and I won't allow you to remain entangled with her.

"Remember, you're engaged now. If you get involved with her again, she won't be able to handle the consequences!"

"And what if I want to be involved with her?" Damon pressed.

He didn't have any feelings for Nyla. In fact, he felt a bit of repulsion. However, he was even less willing to let others dictate his life.

Whether he ended up hating Nyla or falling in love with her again after regaining his memories was his own business. It was not for anyone else to decide. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Then you can try and see if she's as lucky this time as she was five years ago!" Richard growled.

Upon detecting the threat in Richard's tone, Damon's eyes turned icy.

"Dad, you may not be willing to talk, but I'll find a way to make everyone around you speak. I want to see whether their lives or their loyalty to you is more important," Damon threatened in return. Richard fumed, his finger trembling as he pointed at Damon. "Damon, you've gone too far!"

Damon smirked. "You're my father. Don't you know my personality by now? No one is going to dictate my life-not even you!"

With that, Damon turned to the bodyguards behind him and coldly said, "My father's health isn't good. He should stay in the estate and try not to go out."

"Damon, what do you mean by that?! Are you trying to imprison me in the estate?!" Richard questioned.

Damon turned back to look at the

furious Richard. "How could that be? I'm just worried about your health. Of course, you could tell me the truth right now, and then I'd have everyone in the estate leave

Seeing Richard fall silent, Damon turned and walked away. After all, whether Richard spoke or not, knowing the truth was just a matter of time.

After Damon left, Richard immediately called Cyrus, instructing him to return from abroad at once.

In Capitarnia, Nyla had just finished bathing Mason and was getting ready for bed when she heard some noise at the door.

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Her heart sank, and she hurriedly sent Mason to lock the door to his room.

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She slowly approached the door, planning to see what was going on. Just a few steps from the door she heard a "click" as it was pulled open.

Nyla instantly turned pale and quickly ran toward the living room, where her phone lay on the sofa.

However, just a few steps later, a wet towel covered her nose. A pungent smell hit her, and she quickly lost consciousness. "Nyla! Nyla! Wake up!"

Nyla jolted awake from a shaking sensation.

She opened her eyes to see Oliver looking at her with concern. She sat up abruptly, remembering what had happened before she fainted, and quickly asked, "Where's Buddy?!"

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Oliver's expression was grim. "Nyla, the door was open when I arrived, and I found you unconscious in the living room. Buddy... is missing..."

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"What?" Nyla exclaimed.

She pushed Oliver away, scrambled to her feet, and rushed toward Mason's room.

The door stood open, revealing a complete mess inside.

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Nyla widened her eyes as she quickly searched for any sign of Mason but found nothing. A wave of panic washed over her, and she began to tremble uncontrollably.

As she turned to run out the door, Oliver quickly grabbed her arm. "Nyla, calm down. I've already called the police and sent my team to look for Buddy. Trust me, we'll find him soon. You don't even know where to start looking for him..." Nyla shook off his hand and continued toward the door, her face devoid of emotion.

Oliver blocked her path, his voice firm for the first time. "Nyla, I can't let you leave. If Buddy is still missing and you run into trouble, I will never forgive myself."

Nyla glared at him coldly. "Let me through!"

"No! Capitarnia is enormous. Where are you going to look for Buddy? You need to calm down," Oliver coaxed.

"I am calm! I don't want to stay here. If I just do nothing, it will only make my suffering worse," Nyla pleaded.

Thinking of Mason being taken away and in danger, she felt as if her heart were being ripped apart, the pain making it hard to breathe.

Oliver grasped her shoulders, speaking in a serious tone. "I know you're hurting right now, but the more upset you are, the more you need to force yourself to stay calm. Think carefully: Did you see what those intruders looked like?" Nyla forced herself to recall the scene but quickly shook her head. "I don't remember. When I saw the door open, I turned to run to the living room. I only got a few steps before I was knocked out."

Oliver nodded and shared his theory. "While you were unconscious, the police came. Nothing was stolen from the house, and aside from being knocked out, you weren't harmed. This rules out revenge or burglary as motives.

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"They only took Buddy, which means that was their main goal. The person who most wants to take Buddy away from you is Damon, so..."

Nyla's head snapped up. "Are you saying those people were sent by Damon?"

"I just think it's a possibility. If Damon's people are the ones who took him, at least we won't have to worry about Buddy's safety. He is Buddy's biological father and won't harm him," Oliver analyzed

As soon as he finished speaking, Nyla gritted her teeth. "It has to be him!"

She pushed past Oliver and hurried to the living room to grab her phone, dialing Damon's number.

The phone rang a few times before he answered. "What's going on?"

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Every word Nyla spoke came SEARCH the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

through clenched teeth. "Damonet

where did you take Buddy? Give him back to me right now! Otherwise, I won't let you off!"

There was silence on the other end for a few seconds before he replied coldly, "I don't understand what you're saying."

Nyla scoffed. "Are you really pretending not to understand? Using such despicable tactics to take Buddy away from me-you're not a man at all!"

"Nyla, I told you, I have nothing to do with Buddy's situation," Damon replied.

"Nothing to do with it? If you really had nothing to do with it, then why weren't you worried when you heard Buddy w

uddy was missing? Why didn't you

even ask how he went missing?"

Nyla demanded.

The line fell silent again.

After several seconds, Damon's voice came through. "I really didn't have anything to do with it, but you can rest assured he's safe."

"You finally admitted it! If it really wasn't you, how do you know he's safe right now?!" Nyla questioned.

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+25 BONUS

"You just need to know that he's safe. You don't need to ask anything else," Damon said before hanging up.

When Nyla called again, he refused to answer. She fumed, nearly losing her mind.

Oliver grabbed her arm, worried she would act impulsively. "Nyla, calm down. At least we know Buddy is safe. I'll find out where Damon is hiding him, and we will definitely locate him. Don't worry." With Oliver's gentle reassurance, Nyla finally began to calm down.

"Okay, I understand. Thank you for your help, Oliver," she said.

"What's going on with you and Buddy is my business too. You've been through a lot. Sit down and rest for a bit," Oliver advised.

"Alright," Nyla replied.

Oliver guided Nyla to the couch, relieved to see her calmer than before. He immediately called his subordinates to find out Damon's whereabouts.

Nyla took a deep breath to suppress her impulse to find Damon and looked up at Oliver. "It's getting late. You should head home now."

"It's fine. I'll stay with you a little longer," Oliver said.

The living room fell into silence.

Oliver wanted to say something comforting, but he knew that unless they found Mason soon, any reassurance would be meaningless.

Over an hour later, Oliver's phone rang.

Nyla's gaze snapped to his phone, her eyes filled with anticipation.

Oliver answered the call, and his subordinate's serious voice came through. "Mr. Raynor, we've tracked Damon to Saintornia but haven't located Buddy yet."

"I understand. Keep looking," Oliver instructed.

After hanging up, he hesitated before looking at Nyla.

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Nyla bit her lip. "I heard everything, Oliver... I'm planning to go to Saintornia."

Over the years, Nyla had never

mentioned Saintornia. Whenever

conferences or business trips to that area arose, she always declined to attend.

Oliver knew she had been avoiding that place since the incident five years ago.

As time passed, the memory had become an old scar that she could forget most days, but it still throbbed painfully when touched.

Oliver looked at her, his expression serious. "Are you sure? Once you go to Saintornia, your peaceful life

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will be disrupted."

Nyla forced a smile. "The moment Damon learned about Buddy, my life was already thrown into chaos."

She had been running away five years ago, but now she was ready to face everything head-on.

Seeing the determination in her eyes, Oliver nodded. "Alright, I'll go with you."

"No, I can handle it myself," Nyla insisted.

Oliver frowned. "Nyla, you..."

Nyla fixed him with a steady gaze and replied firmly, "Oliver, trust me. If I really can't handle it, I'll contact you immediately."

Oliver had just returned to the [SEARCH THE website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Raynor Group, and she didn't want

him to be affected by her and Mason's situation. She understood better than anyone the effort he had put in over the past few years and how much he wanted to gain Hugh's approval.

Reluctantly, Oliver nodded. "If anything happens, you have to call me right away."

"Okay," Nyla promised.

After booking her a morning flight to Saintornia, Oliver intended to drive her to the airport but was met with her refusal. "You have work at eight. I'll just take a taxi," she said.

"Then, I'll send my driver with you.

Don't

me again, or I'll take you

In the myself," Oliver warned,

giving

her an ultimatum.

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Nyla glanced at Oliver with a mix of resignation and nodded. "Alright, you should head back now. You can still get a few hours of sleep before dawn." "Okay, stay safe. Call me if anything comes up," Oliver said.

After seeing him off, Nyla pulled out her suitcase and began packing. In less than half an hour, she was ready to leave.

The trip from Capitarnia to Saintornia would take over three hours.

Nyla hadn't slept all night and felt utterly exhausted, yet sleep refused to come. If it were up to her, she would never set foot in Saintornia again.

But for Mason, she had to go back.

Cyrus had just reached the entrance of the Sumner residence when Damon's men blocked his path.

"What's the meaning of this? Am I not even allowed into my own home?" Cyrus demanded.

A cold voice echoed from the group. "Of course you are, Cyrus. Welcome back."

At the sight of Damon, Cyrus' expression darkened, his fists clenching at his sides.

"Damon, I heard you've locked up Dad. Have you lost your mind?" Cyrus exclaimed.

Damon smirked, unfazed by Cyrus' glare. "What are you talking about? I'm just concerned for Dad. He's getting old and doesn't need to be burdened with my problems. I thought it'd be best for him to rest at home for a while. How does that sound like locking him up?" Cyrus ground his teeth, his voice cold. "I don't want your excuses. I want to see him."

"Fine," Damon replied, gesturing to the bodyguards to move aside.

Cyrus scoffed, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "I wonder if Dad regrets handing the Sumner Group over to you, considering the disaster you've made of it."

Years ago, Richard had sent the family abroad because of Damon, keeping them from returning. Cyrus still harbored resentment, but he also knew his own skills couldn't match Damon's. As much as he hated to admit it, Damon was better suited to run the Sumner Group, even if accepting that truth stung.

"I wouldn't know, but you can always ask him," Damon replied.

Cyrus' eyes turned cold as he walked straight into the residence without another word.

When he reached the door to Richard's room, he noticed two bodyguards stationed on either side. He frowned in anger.

What Damon was doing was no different from imprisoning him!

I want to see my father," Cyrus demanded.

"Mr. Richard just took his medicine. You can go in directly, Mr. Cyrus," one of the bodyguards informed

+25 BONUS

Chapter 591

him.

Cyrus froze. "What medicine?!"

"It's a supplement he takes every day," the bodyguard explained.

Cyrus finally breathed a sigh of relief. If Damon had given their father anything strange, he wouldn't let him off easily.

He pushed open the door to find

Richard looking far older than he et

had five years ago. His hair had turned completely white, and Cyrus' eyes welled with emotion,

Over the years, he had wanted to return to see Richard many times, but he had always been turned away.

Although Cyrus harbored resentment toward his father, his longing to see him was stronger.

As time passed, perhaps with age, he had started reflecting on himself. He realized he had been neither a good son, nor a good father, and certainly not a good husband.

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He had let too many people down.

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"Dad!" Cyrus knelt before Richard, his eyes brimming with tears.

Richard's expression softened, and he gently patted Cyrus' shoulder.

He hadn't allowed Cyrus to return to

the country all these years, but

matter

hat, Cyrus was still h

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How could he not miss his son.

"As long as you're back, that's enough... Where are Clark and Cindy?" Richard asked.

"I came back in a hurry. They'll return in a few days," Cyrus replied.

Richard nodded. "I see. You know why I called you back."

Chapter 592

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"Yes, Dad... I know Damon is your favorite son, but what he's done this time is just too much. Are you really going to keep putting up with him?" Cyrus asked.

Richard fell silent for a moment before sighing. "I know. The reason I called you back is because of this. Once he regains his memories, he'll probably end up turning against all of us." Cyrus hesitated and lowered his voice. "Dad, the doctor who performed Damon's hypnosis died in an accident three months ago. So, Damon might not be able to regain his memories." "Whether he can or not is no longer important. After this incident, I've realized it's better to hand the company over to someone obedient rather than a disobedient son," Richard concluded. Cyrus' eyes lit up, and he clenched his fists in excitement. Could it be...

"Dad, are you saying..." Cyrus trailed off.

"I still have 20% of the shares in the Sumner Group, and I plan to transfer them all to Clark," Richard said.

Disappointment flickered in Cyrus' eyes. He had hoped Richard would give the shares to him.

But then he reconsidered. If Clark became the CEO of the Sumner Group, he could still benefit from the profits. Why bother working when he could just enjoy the money without the effort? "Dad, is this really true?" Cyrus asked, seeking confirmation.

Richard nodded. "Yes. Once Clark returns, I'll transfer the shares to him."

"But Damon..." Cyrus suggested.

Richard snorted. "Since he refuses to listen to me, there's no reason for me to leave the company to him!"

It was clear that Richard was genuinely disappointed in Damon. This was for the best, Cyrus thought. Damon had never valued the Sumner Group anyway. It was better to leave it to Clark.

"Dad, what's most important now is to get Damon's people out of here. We can deal with the rest later," Cyrus added.

A cold glint flashed in Richard's eyes. "Don't worry. He'll make sure those people leave soon enough."

Cyrus was taken aback, about to ask what he meant, but Richard waved him off. "You just got back. Go

rest for now."

"Okay. If anything comes up, just call me," Cyrus replied as a reminder.

As he stepped out of Richard's room, he ran into Damon.

"What did Dad say to you?" Damon asked.

Cyrus shot him a cold look. "If you want to know, go ask him yourself."

Damon smirked, his eyes glinting with a hint of mockery. "Cyrus, I heard you had something to do with my amnesia five years ago. Is that true?"

His gaze was sharp as if he could see right through Cyrus,

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Chapter 592

Cyrus instinctively looked away. "I don't know what you're talking about."

"Let me be clear. If you tell me the truth about what happened five years ago now, I'll let it slide. But i

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find out on my own, it won't end well for you," Damon warned.

Cyrus' heart skipped a beat, and cold sweat trickled down his back. He knew Damon's character all too well and sensed the threat in his tone.

If it hadn't been for the unexpected

death of the doctor who was supposed to handle Damon's

hypnosis, Cyrus might have spilled the truth and let Damon track down the doctor himself.

If anything went wrong during the re-hypnosis, it wouldn't be his fault.

With that thought, a chilling glint flashed in Cyrus' eyes.

"Damon, I really don't know anything," he said.

Damon smirked, brushing past him as he entered Richard's room without hesitation..

"What are you doing here?!" Richard barked, glaring at Damon, his expression filled with disappointment.

He had spent years grooming Damon, only for him to turn against him over a woman. The betrayal was enough to drive him mad!

Damon's face remained impassive. "Where are you hiding Buddy?"

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Chapter 593

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Chapter 593

Richard looked up at Damon, displeased. "Is this how you talk to your father?"

Damon's expression was tense, his eyes devoid of warmth. "My attitude toward you depends on your actions."

Richard scoffed. "Good! Very well! I really raised a fine son!"

"I'll ask you again. Where is Buddy right now?" Damon repeated.

"If you want to know, go look for him yourself," Richard replied.

Damon narrowed his eyes, speaking each word slowly. "Dad, you should know my patience is limited." "Are you threatening me? What do you think you have to threaten me with?" Richard snapped.

"Not much. Just something in my possession that could destroy the Sumner Group," Damon said calmly. Richard's expression shifted dramatically as he fixed his gaze on Damon. "You think you can scare me with that?" Damon raised an eyebrow. "Donald Dunlop from the board-he's your man, right?"

Over the years, despite Richard's official retreat from the company, he had maintained several spies within the Sumner Group.

Damon had identified them but hadn't bothered to remove them, as there had been no direct conflict with his father. Still, he was well aware of their covert activities.

Richard's face paled. Donald was one of his most deeply embedded people in the company. It shocked him that Damon knew about Donald, let alone the others.

"Damon, I didn't think you were keeping tabs on me!" Richard exclaimed.

"If you hadn't sent people to take Buddy or deceived me, I would've pretended not to know," Damon replied coldly.

Richard gritted his teeth. "What do you understand?! I did it to protect you! Do you expect me to just sit back and watch you die? You were willing to throw your life away for that woman back then. If I hadn't found a way to make you forget her, do you think you'd still be here today?"

Damon was taken aback. Was he really willing to risk his life for Nyla? How could that be?

"All I want to know is where Buddy is," he said.

Richard took a deep breath, his voice lowering. "I can tell you, but only if you remove the people you've placed in the estate."

Damon considered for a moment, then nodded. "Fine."

Richard provided an address, and Damon immediately turned to leave.

Just as he reached the door, Richard's weary voice echoed behind him. "When you pick up that child, bring him back here. He's my grandson. I want to see what he looks like."
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Damon paused briefly but didn't respond. He simply opened the door and walked out.

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Less than two hours later, Damon picked up Mason.

Upon seeing Damon, Mason's face twisted with anger.

"You bad guy! Why did you bring me here? Take me back to my mom hate you! I don't want to be with you!" Mason growled, his small fists clenched tightly, ready to strike.

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Damon frowned and instructed one of his men, "Take him back to the villa and keep an eye on him. Don't let him escape."

"I don't want to go to any villa! I want to be with my mom! I want my mom!" Mason yelled.

Before he could finish, someone picked him up and carried him toward the waiting car.

Mason struggled fiercely, but his strength was no match for an adult. He was soon shoved into the car and driven away.

Luca stepped forward. "Mr. Sumner, Ms. Kinsey is looking for Mr. Mason. Should we take him to-"

Before he could finish, Damon cut him off coldly, "No. It's not safe for Buddy to be around her right now. We'll deal with that after this

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situation is resolved."

Since Mason had been taken directly from Nyla by Richard's men, it was clear she couldn't protect him. Damon wouldn't let Mason remain in danger any longer.

Chapter 594

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"What should I do next?" Luca inquired.

"Head back to the office," Damon ordered.

As soon as Damon arrived at the office, he instructed Luca to notify the shareholders and department managers to convene a meeting.

After learning that all his projects had slowed down during his time in Capitarnia, Damon was furious.

Everyone in the room trembled in fear, too scared to speak up.

Damon slammed the documents on the table and spoke without expression. "I'm giving you one week to get everything back on track. No mistakes. Otherwise, you're out!",

The conference room, filled with dozens of people, fell into a tense silence. Not even a breath could be heard, as no one dared to attract Damon's attention.

Suddenly, a phone rang.

Damon frowned and glanced at his phone. After a moment of hesitation, he answered.

"Is there something you need?" he asked.

"Damon, I'm in Saintornia now. Where is Buddy?" Nyla asked.

Damon raised an eyebrow, surprised that she had come to Saintornia.

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"I already told you, he's in a very safe place. As for where that is, I can't disclose it," he replied.

"Buddy needs me. He's only five years old! Suddenly being taken away from everything familiar and everyone he knows will scare him. Is it really necessary to be so despicable just to grab custody?!" Nyla demanded.

Damon couldn't help but laugh in anger. She had let someone take her child away while she was supposed to be caring for him, and now she had the nerve to question him?

"It's normal for him to feel unfamiliar. He'll get used to it over time. It's definitely better than staying with you. You can't even protect your own child. Shouldn't you reflect on that?" Damon countered.

"You're the one who used despicable means to come to my home and take Buddy away. What right do you have to criticize me? You should be the one reflecting!" Nyla retorted.

"Say whatever you want. I'm not letting you see Buddy again," Damon said, hanging up.

As he set his phone down, the

people who had been cautiously glancing at him quickly averted their eyes fearing he would catch them staring.

Damon glanced around the room and said icily, "Remember what I said. Meeting adjourned!"

Back in his office, Damon loosened his tie and began working. He continued late into the night until a call

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from the villa interrupted him.

"Mr. Sumner, it's bad! Mr. Mason

wouldn't eat dinner and tried to sneak out through a window on the second floor. He fell and is on his way to the hospital now," the maid reported. en

Damon's face darkened. "You can't even keep an eye on a child? Useless!"

He immediately called for Luca, speaking coldly. "Have the driver bring the car around. I need to go to the hospital." With that, he strode toward the elevator.

Luca followed, already on the phone

with the driver as he hurried to catch up. After finishing the call, he turned to Damon, noting his grim expression.

"Mr. Sumner, why the sudden trip to the hospital?" Luca asked.

"Buddy tried to escape and fell from the second floor," Damon replied, his expression severe.

Luca was shocked. Mason was only five years old, and a fall from that height could result in serious injuries. "How badly is he hurt?" Luca asked.

"I don't know," Damon said, his frustration mounting.

He added coldly, "Get rid of everyone at the villa. They're useless!"

"Understood!" Luca responded.

The elevator quickly reached the ground floor, and Damon headed straight for the exit.

Just as he stepped out of Prospectus Technology, a figure suddenly darted in front of him, blocking his path.

Seeing it was Nyla, he frowned in irritation. He turned to Luca and demanded angrily, "How did she get here?!" Chapter 595

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Luca shook his head. "I don't know either."

Nyla grabbed Damon, her voice cold. "Where is Buddy?"

Damon, clearly annoyed, shrugged off her hand. "I told you, he's in a very safe place."

"I don't believe you! Not unless you let me see him!" Nyla exclaimed.

Damon's patience finally wore thin. He turned to Luca. You handle this."

With that, he got into the car and drove off.

Nyla tried to follow, but Luca stopped her. "Ms. Kinsey, even if you catch up, if Mr. Sumner doesn't want you to see Buddy, you won't be able to. But I assure you, he's safe. There's no need to worry."

"No need to worry?" Nyla shot him a cold look. "If your child were suddenly taken from home, wouldn't you be worried? Mr. Fleming, do you honestly think Mr. Sumner's actions are justified?"

Luca hesitated, at a loss for words. "Ms. Kinsey, I'm just his secretary. I can only follow Mr. Sumner's

orders."

"Fine, I won't make it difficult for you. I'll just wait here until he lets me see Buddy," Nyla replied.

Luca sighed. "Do as you wish. But Mr. Sumner won't change his mind for anyone. Even if you wait here for a long time, he won't agree to let you see the child."

Soon, Damon arrived at the hospital.

Mason's injuries had already been treated, and he had been moved to a private room.

Upon seeing Mason's arm in a cast and the scrapes on his face, Damon's expression darkened.

The maid noticed him and quickly stood up. "Mr. Sumner."

Damon replied indifferently, "You can go back."

"Yes, sir," the maid answered before leaving.

The room fell silent.

Mason turned his head away, refusing to look at Damon.

"Do you really think that by refusing to eat or trying to jump out of the window, I'll let you go back to your mother?" Damon asked.

Mason didn't respond, staring blankly out the window, his profile almost identical to Damon's.

"Are you sure you don't want to eat?" Damon asked again.

Mason glanced back at him. "None

of your business! I'd rather

than eat your food! You're larvae

kidnapper!"

Seeing the anger on Mason's face, Damon remained calm. He called Luca to have some food delivered

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to the hospital.

"Even if you buy it, I still won't eat!" Mason insisted.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Who said it's for you? I'm hungry too after working all day."

Mason, momentarily taken aback, turned his back on Damon, clearly upset.

Within half an hour, Luca entered the hospital room, carrying several bags of food.

"Mr. Sumner, I got everything you asked for," he said.

Damon nodded. "Good, hand them over."

As he opened the bags, the aroma of food filled the room.

Mason, having not eaten all day, couldn't help but swallow hard at the smell.

Damon took a bite of a fried chicken drumstick and exclaimed through a mouthful of food, "This is delicious!" Mason turned to glare at him. "Can you eat somewhere else? You're bothering me!" "Nope," Damon replied curtly.

Mason fell silent, his gaze flicking briefly to the drumstick in Damon's hand before he quickly looked away. He needed to hold out. He wanted to see his mother more than he wanted the fried chicken.

Damon continued eating, working his way through various dishes, while Mason managed to resist looking back, which surprised Damon. He hadn't expected a

5-year-old to have such willpower.

Picking up the last drumstick, Damon waved it deliberately in front of Mason. "Are you sure you don't want any?"

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"I said I'm not eating!" Mason declared, turning his head stubbornly away from the tempting food in front

of him.

"Even if you starve yourself, I still won't let you see your mother. Are you sure you want to put yourself through this?" Damon asked.

"It's none of your business!" Mason shouted back.

"Alright. I'm curious to see how long you can keep this up," Damon replied calmly.

For the next few days, Mason continued to refuse food. His once-chubby cheeks quickly thinned, and his face grew pale. Even when Damon tried to force food into him, Mason would spit it out, determined not to eat.

As Mason's condition worsened day by day, the doctor called Damon to the hospital.

"Mr. Summer, Mason already has a fracture. If he keeps refusing to eat, his health will deteriorate, and his injuries will heal much more slowly..."

Damon's expression darkened. He had tried everything over the past few days, but Mason remained defiant. The boy's only goal was to return to Nyla.

Seeing Damon's silence, the doctor sighed. "Mr. Summer-"

"I understand. I'll make sure he eats today," Damon said, his voice firm.

He took out his phone and dialed Nyla's number. "Pinnacle Hospital, third floor. If you want to see Buddy come now."

Nyla's voice trembled with panic. "What happened to Buddy? Why is he in the hospital?"

"You'll find out when you get here," Damon replied, hanging up before she could ask more.

Damon stood there, thinking about his next move. He couldn't allow Mason to go back to Nyla. She wasn't capable of protecting him, and sending Mason back with her would only put him in danger again. Soon, Nyla arrived, rushing toward Damon as soon as she saw him. "What happened to Buddy?!" Damon looked down at her. She was panting, clearly anxious, her eyes

wide with worry for Mason. "It's nothing serious. He jumped from the second floor and fractured his arm, and he's been throwing a tantrum, refusing to eat, just to see you for the past few days," Damon replied. Nyla gasped, her voice rising sharply. "He jumped from the second floor?! And you call that nothing serious?!"

Facing her accusatory gaze, Damon felt a fleeting pang of guilt.

However, in an instant, his expression turned cold. "I didn't call you here for an interrogation."

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+25 BONUS

Nyla glared at him, her anger intensifying. "When Buddy was with me, he barely even fell off a chair. He's been with you for just a few days, and he jumped from the second floor? Shouldn't I be questioning you?!" "Do you even want to see Buddy?" Damon shot back.

At those words, Nyla scowled. "Which room is he in?"

"I'll let you see him, but you must agree to one condition," Damon said.

"What condition?" Nyla asked.

"I won't let Buddy stay with you anymore. If you want to be with him, you'll have to move into my villa," Damon stated.

As soon as he finished, Nyla replied coldly, "No way! I won't agree to that!"

Damon's expression hardened. "You

can't protect Buddy. If I let you take him, he'll just be taken from your home again. If you don't agree, you won't see him again."

"On what grounds are you doing this?!" Nyla demanded.

Meeting her furious gaze, Damon answered sternly, "Because I'm Buddy's father. You have one minute to think it over. This is your only chance to stay with him."

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Nyla glanced at Damon, her eyes blazing with anger. "Damon, you're such a jerk!"

"Fifty seconds left," Damon replied, his tone flat

His expression was cold, and the icy glint in his eyes sent chills through her.

"Fine, I agree," Nyla finally conceded.

She was resolute-she couldn't bear the thought of losing Mason again.

Damon didn't seem surprised by her surrender. He answered coldly, "He's in Room 302."

Without looking back, Nyla hurried down the hall.

When she reached the door, she stopped abruptly, taking a deep breath. Her hand trembled as she grasped the doorknob, slowly pushing the door open. Even though she had tried to prepare herself, the sight of Mason hit her harder than expected. Her eyes immediately filled with tears.

In just a few days, he had lost weight, his face pale and gaunt. He looked utterly defeated.

"Buddy..." Nyla's voice broke, tears spilling over.

Mason turned his head, disbelief flickering across his face. As soon as he saw her, the dullness in his eyes vanished, replaced by a spark of life. "Mommy!" he cried, leaping off the bed and rushing into her arms.

Nyla crouched quickly, catching him in a tight embrace. "Mommy's here. Don't be scared. I won't leave you again. No one's going to take you away."

As Mason buried his face into her shoulder, the familiar scent of gardenias enveloped him, and his tears flowed freely.

"I missed you so much, Mommy," he sobbed.

"I missed you too," Nyla whispered, gently rubbing his back. "But no more tears now, okay?"

She soothed him until his sobs turned to quiet sniffles.

"Mommy, are you taking me home? I don't want to stay here. I want to go home..." Mason's voice wavered.

Nyla paused, her hand stilling as she wiped his tear-streaked face.

After a moment, she answered softly, "We can't go home just yet, sweetie. You're still sick and need to stay here until you get better. But once you're well, we'll go home."

"But I don't want to stay here! I hate that mean daddy! I don't want him to be my dad!" Mason complained,

"Okay, okay, we won't let him be your dad. But you need to get better first. Also, you have to promise Mommy that you won't do anything so dangerous again. Hearing you jumped from the second floor nearly gave me a heart attack!" Nyla said, her voice strained with conce As she spoke, she picked Mason up and gently placed him back on the bed.

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+25 BONUS

"That's only because that mean dad wouldn't let me see you and locked me up!" Mason exclaimed, frustration evident in his voice. Nyla frowned. "But that doesn't mean you can hurt yourself to get what you want. Have you forgotten what I taught you?"

Feeling a pang of guilt, Mason lowered his head and mumbled, "No matter the situation, the most important thing is to protect myself." "Since you remember, why would you do something like this?" Nyla asked softly, her expression a mixture of worry and sadness.

Mason pouted, his voice weak. "Because I wanted to see you, and I didn't want to be separated from you..."

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As the tears Mason had been holding back finally spilled over, Nyla's heart softened.

"Alright, let's not talk about that anymore. I promise I won't leave you again, okay?" she said gently.

Mason nodded, sniffing. "Mm."

Just then, the door to the hospital ward opened, and Luca walked in, carrying a food container.

"Ms. Kinsey, this is from Mr. Sumner. Mr. Mason hasn't eaten in several days," he said as he approached. Nyla reached out to take it. "Thank you."

"Of course. I'll be right outside, so

call me if you need anything," Luca replied before exiting the room. After Luca left, Nyla placed the food container on the table beside the bed. She opened it and set the meal

in front of Mason.

Seeing the simple vegetable soup and a few side dishes, disappointment flickered across Mason's face. He looked up at Nyla and pleaded, "Mommy, I want a fried drumstick..."

"We can't have that right now. You

need to eat light while you're in the hospital. Once you're discharged, I'll make it for you, okay?" Nyla coaxed him with a reassuring smile.

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Although a bit reluctant, Mason nodded. "Okay."

As Nyla sipped her soup, she received a call from Oliver.

"Nyla, how's the progress in Saintornia? Have you found Buddy?" Oliver asked.

Nyla lowered her gaze and moved to the window, responding quietly with a soft hum.

Upon sensing something was wrong, Oliver's voice grew concerned. "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

After a moment of hesitation, Nyla opened up slowly. "Damon won't give Buddy back to me. He says I can't protect him. I can stay with Buddy, but I have to move to his villa."

A heavy silence hung on the other end of the line.

Nyla bit her lip. "I agreed to his terms. Oliver, maybe we should just-"

Before she could say "forget it", Oliver interrupted, "Nyla, I know you're in a tough spot. Once I take care of things in Capitarnia, I'll head to Saintornia, and we can figure out what to do next, alright?" "Oliver, you're such a good person. I don't want to drag you down anymore," Nyla reasoned.

"You've never been a burden to me. I've waited five years for a chance to stand by your side. I don't want to give that up. So please, don't give up on me that easily, okay?" Oliver urged. 1

Nyla's grip tightened, and tears pricked at the corners of her eyes.

How did she deserve someone as good as Oliver? S~earch the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Guilt and sadness surged through her as she replied earnestly, "Okay."

After hanging up, Nyla slipped her phone into her pocket and turned around, only to meet a pair of icy

eyes.

She frowned. "Mr. Sumner, when did you come in?"

"While you were on the phone by the window," Damon replied.

Nyla said nothing more and sat down by the bed. The only sound left in the room was Mason quietly drinking his soup.

Damon's gaze drifted to Nyla, seated across from him, her eyes focused on her phone. Her long hair was tied back in a ponytail, her head slightly lowered, revealing her smooth forehead.

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She wore a simple white dress that hugged her slender waist, drawing his attention despite his efforts to

resist.

But... would he have been this captivated by a woman like her five years ago?

No matter how he considered it, it seemed unlikely.

Suddenly, Nyla's gentle voice from earlier, when she was speaking with Oliver, echoed in his mind, and Damon couldn't help but frown.

+25 BONUS

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"I need to remind you of something." Damon said abruptly.

Nyla looked up, confusion in her eyes. "What is it?"

"Who you're with is your business and doesn't concern me. But if you marry another man and start a new family, I won't let you take Buddy with you," Damon emphasized. Nyla frowned. "Mr. Sumner, are you saying you're willing to stay unmarried for Buddy's sake?"

"Of course not," Damon replied flatly.

"Then what right do you have to stop me from taking Buddy? If you marry someone else, you'll likely have more children. Do you honestly think you can always prioritize Buddy?" Nyla countered.

"I can't guarantee that," Damon admitted. "But I can give Buddy a better education and more resources. His life will be far smoother with me than with you."

Nyla let out a frustrated laugh,

setting her phone down and locking

eyes with him. "Mr. Sumner, your life might seem smooth and successful, but do you feel free? Are you happy?"

Damon's eyes narrowed, his voice darkening with anger. "Whether I'm happy or not is none of your concern."

"I don't care about your happiness," Nyla said, her tone calm but firm. "For me, the most important thing is that Buddy grows up free and happy."

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The room fell into silence.

Damon paused, a complex emotion welling up inside him.

He had been raised with an elite education, where practicality and benefit always came before freedom and happiness. Every decision he made was driven by gain. Emotions had never held much weight for him. He had never considered whether he was happy.

When Nyla told him that the most important thing was for Mason to grow up freely and happily, something in his heart stirred.

Amid the silence, Damon's phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that it was Erin, he subtly furrowed his brow and stood to leave the room.

As he walked out, the oppressive atmosphere in the room lifted.

When he returned after the call, Mason had finished his soup, and Nyla was tidying up.

Watching her graceful profile, Damon pressed his lips together and said in a low voice, "I have a meeting at the company later. I'll come back to see Buddy tomorrow." - Nyla hummed.

Her indifferent attitude didn't bother Damon. He turned and left quickly.

The next morning, Luca brought breakfast for Nyla and Mason.

"Mr. Fleming, it's a long way from the company for you to come here. You don't need to bring meals anymore. I can just grab something at the hospital entrance," Nyla told him. Luca hesitated slightly. "Let me check with Mr. Sumner first."

"No need. I'll talk to him when he comes to see Buddy," Nyla replied.

Luca nodded. "Alright."

After Nyla and Mason finished breakfast, she tidied up and began dealing with lab matters on her phone.

After more than two hours of work, she finally wrapped things up.

Looking up, she noticed Mason glancing toward the door every now and then.

Nyla paused, lowering her gaze without a word. She understood that, despite Mason's attempts to hide it, admiration flickered in his eyes whenever he looked at Damon. At just five years old, Mason had never met his father, and

natural for him to feel dra was only

After a moment of reflection, Nyla made up her mind.

When Damon arrived, Mason was napping.

Nyla lowered her voice. "I need to talk to you."

+25 BONUS

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Damon looked surprised. "About what?"

"Let's talk outside," she suggested.

to him.

Once they were outside the room, Nyla's expression remained neutral.

"Mr. Sumner, we should try to get along during this time. Even if we disagree, let's avoid arguing in front of Buddy. I don't want to cause him any emotional distress," she said.
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Damon stared at her in silence, seemingly lost in thought.

Nyla frowned at his lack of response. "Mr. Sumner, are you listening to me?"

"Mm, I understand," Damon finally said.

Nyla hadn't expected him to agree so easily and was caught off guard. She had prepared a long list of reasons to convince him, but it seemed they weren't needed after all. "That's all I wanted to say," she muttered, turning to return to the room.

Before she could leave, Damon spoke up. "Luca mentioned that you asked him to stop bringing meals?"

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"Yes. I can just grab something from

around the hospital," Nyla replied, only now recalling the matter. "I'm not comfortable with you eating outside food," Damon said, his tone firm. And I realize it's a burden for Luca to keep running between the company and the hospital. Starting tomorrow, I'll have a housekeeper bring meals every day."

"That's unnecessary. The food nearby is fine," Nyla insisted.

Damon's expression didn't change, his eyes resolute. "Ms. Kinsey, I have my principles, and I don't intend to argue over something this minor."

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Nyla pursed her lips and nodded. "Alright."

She and Damon returned to the hospital room, where Mason was already awake.

Upon seeing Damon follow Nyla in, Mason's eyes brightened momentarily before he turned his head away, acting indifferent. +25 BONUS

Damon approached the bedside and sat down, his expression serious. "How are you feeling today? Does your arm still hurt?" Mason huffed. "It's none of your business!"

Accustomed to Mason's attitude, Damon remained calm. Instead of getting upset, he reached out and ruffled Mason's hair.

"Hey, don't touch me!" Mason dodged his hand, looking annoyed.

Watching Mason reveal this childish side to Damon made Nyla feel bittersweet.

Perhaps because Mason had never had a father figure in his life, he always acted so mature around her, never letting himself behave like this.

Damon raised an eyebrow and tried to pat Mason's head again. "If you don't want me to, I will."

Mason scowled. "Are you really that bored? Why are you picking on a kid? You don't even act like an adult!"

Nyla was surprised too-she had never seen Damon behave so playfully.

Damon seemed briefly thrown off by his actions. A hint of embarrassment flickered in his eyes before he returned to his usual composed self.

He had a partnership meeting that afternoon, so he didn't stay long. Rising to his feet, he said, "I'll come see you tomorrow, Buddy."

Mason ignored him, maintaining an indifferent front. Yet, his eyes lingered on Damon, betraying a reluctance to see him go.

Noticing this, Damon couldn't help but smile slightly.

He then glanced at Nyla. "I'm heading out now."

For the following week, Nyla stayed at the hospital with Mason. Once his other minor injuries had healed sufficiently, the doctor cleared him for discharge.

"Ms. Kinsey, although he's leaving the hospital, you'll still need to be careful at home. Come back in a

month so we can check on how the bones are healing. If everything looks

good, we'll remove the cast

then," the doctor instructed.

Nyla nodded, listening attentively to the doctor's advice.

After collecting the medication, she took Mason's hand and walked out of the hospital.

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Damon had already arranged for a driver to wait at the entrance.

Just as Nyla helped Mason into the car, an excited voice called out from behind. "Nyla, you're really alive!"

Even after five years, Nyla immediately recognized the voice as Clark's.

Her grip on the car door tightened slightly.

With a neutral expression, she turned to face him. "I don't think we're the kind of people who greet each other anymore. If we run into each other in the future, please just

pretend you don't know

Clark's excited expression faltered at her cold indifference, leaving him flustered.

Nyla looked almost the same as she had five years ago, but the hatred in her eyes was unmistakable. He took a few hesitant steps forward, stopping when he noticed the wary look on her face.

"Nyla, I know I wronged you before. When I heard about your accident five years ago, I regretted it deeply. If I hadn't cheated, we wouldn't have-

"Enough!" Nyla interrupted coldly. "I don't want to hear you reminisce about the past. It means nothing to me now. My life is great, and I hope you won't disturb me again." With that, she got into the car and instructed the driver to leave.

Clark watched as the car drove away, his hands clenching at his sides. He had missed her once-he couldn't afford to miss her again.

