

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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"I'm looking into it. It should be resolved in the next couple of days."

A flicker of joy flashed in Lucia's eyes. "Thanks, Dad!"

"Don't celebrate too soon. If there's a next time, I won't intervene," Clement warned sternly.

"Got it. I'll go back to my room and sleep now. You should get some rest too," Lucia replied, turning to leave.

Just as she turned, Clement spoke again in an ominous voice. "Lucia, you better not have overheard something you shouldn't have. Don't expect me to overlook family ties if you did."

Lucia could hear the warning in Clement's tone and bit her lip. When she turned back to him, her expression was filled with confusion. "Dad, what shouldn't I have heard? I don't understand."

Clement looked at her coldly. Seeing her puzzled expression, as if she truly hadn't heard anything, he suppressed his suspicions. "It's better if you don't understand. Go rest now."

It wasn't until Lucia locked the door behind her when she returned to her bedroom that she realized she was drenched in cold sweat. She had sensed Clement's hostility earlier-

it was the first time he had ever looked at her with such icy eyes. But it only confirmed her suspicions that whatever Clement had mentioned was definitely related to the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident years ago. Despite that, she dared not investigate further. If Clement found out, she couldn't bear the consequences. Taking a deep breath, she decided to bury this matter deep inside her heart- she wouldn't utter a word about it.

Clark had waited for over an hour, but Nyla still hadn't called him. Growing impatient, he called Michael. "Has Nyla contacted you to help remove the video?"

There was a moment of silence before Michael responded. "Mr. Sumner, half an hour ago, Mrs. Sumner turned the tide with a recording of her conversation with Kenneth. She probably... doesn't need our help. Thinking about how Clark had said he would wait for Nyla to come to him for help, Michael wondered if Clark felt mocked. Nonetheless, he wouldn't dare tell Clark this.

Clark questioned, "Why didn't you report this to me?"

"Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry, it's my negligence," Michael answered.

The key was that he also did not expect that Clark hadn't paid attention to the change in public opinion online.

Your full attendance bonus this month is docked. It'll be a week's salary if there's a next time." With that, Clark hung up.

Thinking about how Nyla would rather solve things herself than call him for help, Clark felt a surge of frustration and immediately called her.

The phone rang for a long time before Nyla answered. Before he could say anything, her irritated voice

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came through. "Do you realize what time it is?"

She had finally fallen asleep only to be woken up by Clark's call, leaving her in a foul mood.

"Why didn't you call me to help with what happened tonight?"

Clark's accusatory tone made Nyla laugh. Did he expect her to beg for his help?

"Why would I call you?"

"I'm your husband. If you had just told me, I would have had Michael take down the video. But you didn't even send me a message. You don't regard me at all."

Every word Clark spoke was filled with anger, and his tone was colder than ever.

Nyla didn't know how to describe

what she felt at that moment. It was as if the man who once loved her had vanished before her eyes, and she could only watch helplessly. All her emotions drained away, leaving only a sense of helplessness.

She turned on her bedside lamp, sat up, and spoke calmly. "You are my husband, but only in name. If you truly cared about me, you wouldn't wait for me to beg for your

help knowing I was being wronged. You would have acted on your own.

"Clark, you don't care about me. You just want to win."

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Clark believed he was in control of the marriage. So, when he discovered that Nyla had handled the incident on her own without asking for his help, he angrily called to question her.

If it had been the Clark from eight years ago, he wouldn't have waited for her to surrender—he would have protected her at all costs. The 28-year-old Clark was no longer the same as his 20-year-old self. Nyla lowered her gaze, her eyes involuntarily reddening

The silence on both ends of the line was deafening, with only their breaths audible. After over a minute of this, Clark still hadn't spoken.

Not willing to wait any longer, Nyla ended the call. She rubbed her tear-stained eyes and couldn't help but chuckle bitterly.

She felt useless. Despite vowing not to let him affect her anymore, she still felt hurt. Clark had occupied eight years of her life. Perhaps she needed another eight years to slowly move on.

In the living room of the villa, Clark didn't have the courage to call back after Nyla hung up. When she accused him of wanting to win rather than caring for her, it felt like a punch to his heart, rendering him speechless.

He couldn't understand why things had come to this between them. He should have felt compassion for her, but instead, he wanted to use this situation to make

her submit, to become like the gentle and compliant Jordyn. Maybe Nyla hadn't changed at all. Maybe it was him who had changed.

At that thought, he messaged Michael, instructing him to investigate the video incident thoroughly.

Michael worked quickly and had everything figured out by the next morning.

"Mr. Sumner, it was Mrs. Sumner's colleague, Lucia Pollard. She's likely also involved in the lab explosion incident."

Clark's expression turned icy. "Then teach her a lesson

"I looked into it. Lucia's father, Clement Pollard, used to be the purchasing manager at Harris Pharmaceuticals. After Harris Pharmaceuticals went bankrupt, he joined a subsidiary of the Sumner Group and is no

Clark sneered. Then let's start with Clement."

"Understood."

Not long after Michael left, Cyrus showed up, surprising Clark.

Since being ousted from the list of heirs, Cyrus had been given a subsidiary company to manage by Richard. Most expected it to fail under Cyrus' playboy ways, but he had surprisingly made it thrive. Though "r Cyrus' philandering ways meant he rarely came home, resulting in a distant father-son relationship with

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Clark, with their meetings limited to holidays and special occasions.

"Dad, what brings you here?"

"I heard you're planning to fire Clement?"

Clark frowned. "How did you find out?"

"Never mind how I know. You absolutely cannot fire him."

Seeing Cyrus' stern and serious demeanor, Clark pressed his lips together. "Give me a reason."

"You'll understand later. If you don't want this matter reaching your grandfather and him knowing you fired a subsidiary executive over a woman, then do nothing.

Clark scoffed. "Are you threatening me?"

"Yes. You have one minute to decide. If you can't make up your mind, I'll call your grandfather immediately."

They stared at each other, icy determination in their eyes. As the seconds ticked by, Cyrus' expression grew colder with each passing moment.

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Clark's expression was tense, filled with anger. He knew Cyrus could definitely follow through on his threats. After all, Cyrus had never cared about him.

Finally, he called Michael, his voice cold. "Don't take any action against Clement for now."

Hanging up, he glared at Cyrus. "You can leave now."

Cyrus' gaze darkened. "One day, you will understand that everything I do is for your own good."

Clark didn't reply. Instead, he picked up a file, pretending he hadn't heard anything.

There was a flash of coldness in Cyrus' eyes at Clark's indifferent face before he turned and quickly left.

Michael was already on his way to the subsidiary company when Clark's call came. Finding the situation inexplicable, he turned back. Just as he entered the office, a chill ran down his spine, as if he had stepped "Don't worry about it. Just spread the news that it was Lucia who filmed the video."

Seeing Clark's cold expression, Michael dared not ask further questions. He nodded before leaving.

When Lucia arrived at work in the

morning, she immediately felt the odd glances from others. Especially in the R&D department, none of her colleagues struck up a conversation with her. Every time she tried to speak, they either seemed too busy. It wasn't until she went to the restroom that she heard voices inside discussing her.

"Lucia usually acts nice and innocent, but who knew she was so malicious behind our backs? She actually filmed that video to slander Nyla. From now on, who would dare to associate with her?"

"Heh, no wonder Nyla was at odds with her from day one at work. Looks like she knew her true colors."

"Better keep our distance from her in the future. Who knows? She might snap a video of us and post it online just because she doesn't like us."

Listening to the gossip, Lucia was furious beyond measure. Didn't Clement promise he would handle this? Why did everyone in the company know it was her doing?

Right, it must be Nyla!

She for

found Nyla and dragged her to the stairwell.

"Nyla, are you spreading rumors in the company that I filmed the video of forcing Kenneth to kneel?"

Seeing Lucia's agitated state, Nyla remained composed. "You did something shameful. Shouldn't you feel guilty after it's exposed? How are you still boldly accusing me like this?" "So it's really you!"

Nyla raised an eyebrow, thinking that Lucia's comprehension skills were seriously lacking. When did she

ever admit to anything? Nyla was also puzzled about who might be secretly helping her.

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Upon arriving at the company in the morning and learning about the situation, her first thoughts were of Valarie and Damon. However, both denied any involvement when she asked them. "Believe what you want," Nyla said dismissively. She turned to leave, done

wasting time with Lucia. Search The (f)indNOVEL.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

However, Lucia stepped forward and blocked her path, her gaze filled with anger and resentment. "You need to explain right now that this has nothing to do with me!"

Nyla found it amusing how confidently Lucia was commanding her even after doing something wrong.

"Dream on," Nyla replied and turned to walk away, but Lucia grabbed her.

As they struggled, neither noticed how close they were getting to the stairs.

Suddenly, Lucia stepped into empty space, pulling Nyla along as they tumbled down the stairs together...

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When Clark arrived, Nyla had only just woken up. Due to a mild concussion, she felt dizzy and nauseous as soon as she opened her eyes, so she kept them shut while lying down.

Sensing someone sitting beside her hospital bed, she thought it was Valarie returning with medicine.

"Valarie, I feel awful. I think I'm going to be sick..."

Seeing Nyla's furrowed brows and her pale face covered in cold sweat, Clark was heartbroken. He quickly grabbed a tissue from the nearby table and wiped the sweat from her forehead.

As Clark came closer, Nyla caught a whiff of his cologne and suddenly opened her eyes wide. When she saw that it was indeed Clark, she turned her head away and said with disgust, "Don't touch me."

Her resistance was clear in her eyes. Clark's hand froze in midair before he withdrew it and sat down. "Fine, I won't touch you. Just let me know if you need anything."

Nyla was feeling so uncomfortable at the moment that she didn't bother trying to get Clark to leave. She simply closed her eyes as if he didn't exist.

Valarie then returned with the medicine. Upon seeing Clark, she raised an eyebrow before she smirked. Mr. Sumner, you came to see Nyla. Aren't you afraid your lover will get jealous?"

Ever since Nyla had told Valarie about Clark's affair, Valarie had seen him attending numerous business events with Jordyn, who always posed as his secretary. A few times, unable to stand Jordyn's hypocrisy, Thinking of how Nyla had loved such a scoundrel for eight years made Valarie furious.

Clark's displeasure flashed in his eyes. His voice was deep as he said, "I am Nyla's husband. It's only right, for me to take care of her. As for you, Ms. Weir, if you have nothing else to do, you may I J." Valarie's expression turned mocking. "You don't seem to have the authority to command me, and I'm not comfortable leaving Nyla with you."

The two locked eyes, a cold tension filling the air, almost like an electric current passing between them.

Their

staring contest was interrupted by Nyla's cough, prompting Valarie to quickly walk to the bedside. and speak gently. "Nyla, are you still feeling uncomfortable?" "Yeah, I want some water."

Upon hearing this, Clark quickly poured a glass of water and handed it over. Valarie frowned but took the glass of water and helped Nyla take a few sips

After just a couple of sips, Nyla felt too uncomfortable to drink more.

Valarie's heart ached upon seeing Nyla in such distress and her hatred for Lucia intensified.

Although Lucia was in worse condition, suffering from multiple fractures and a concussion, it was entirely her own fault.

Once Lucia recovered, Valarie wouldn't let her off so easily!

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Suddenly, Nyla's phone on the table rang.

Clark noticed the caller ID as "Uncle Damon" and squinted. Before he could react, Valarie answered the call. Clark's gaze turned icy when he heard Damon was coming to see Nyla, and his presence seemed to Valarie noticed his unpleasant expression but ignored it, dismissing it as his usual moodiness.

Soon, Damon arrived, accompanied by Spencer holding flowers and fruits.

Valarie stood up with a smile. "Mr. Sumner, you came in person!"

Earlier, she had thought Damon was being courteous on the phone and would perhaps send a secretary

over at most.

Compared to Clark, Valarie had a much better impression of Damon. At least he didn't engage in affairs.

"I happened to be nearby," Damon said as his gaze fell on Nyla lying pale on the hospital bed. His brows furrowed involuntarily. "What did the doctor say? Is it serious?"

"Mild concussion, some minor scrapes. She should be fine in a few days," Valarie answered.

Damon nodded, about to say something when a cold voice cut in.

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Uncle Damon, thank you for coming to see Nyla, but you're usually busy, so there's no need for you to come in the future." Clark's tone lacked politeness, and his gaze toward Damon was filled with hostility, but Damon looked at him calmly, showing no sign of being provoked.

Clark felt frustrated and ground his teeth in anger. Damon's attitude made him feel like his punch had landed nowhere.

Damon ignored Clark's remark, turned to Valarie, and said, "Ms. Weir, I have another meeting shortly. I'll take my leave now."

Valarie nodded. "Alright, I'll see you out."

"No need," Damon replied.

As Damon turned to leave, Clark followed and intercepted him in front of the elevator, staring at him with a stern expression. "Uncle Damon, I hope you understand that Nyla is my wife and your niece-in-law, not just some random woman. I hope you don't have any inappropriate thoughts."

Damon glanced at Clark, his gaze devoid of warmth. "If I were you, I'd be more concerned about my wife's condition right now, not other trivial matters."

Under Damon's icy gaze, Clark's hands clenched into fists by his side. "Of course. I care about Nyla's condition, but that doesn't mean I can neglect other things."

Damon chuckled, a hint of mockery flashing in his eyes.

"If I recall correctly, just a few days ago you were gallivanting around with your secretary. Instead of warning me, you might want to figure out how to keep it hidden from your grandfather." Before Clark could respond, the elevator doors opened, and Damon walked straight in without glancing back at him.

Even as the elevator descended, Clark's face remained grim.

He returned to the hospital room over ten minutes later.

Nyla had already fallen asleep, but her sleep seemed restless, her brows still furrowed.

Clark sat down across from Valarie and noticed the bouquet on the table, which seemed glaring. Suddenly, he stood up, grabbed the flowers, and walked out.

Seeing his actions, Valarie couldn't help but frown. Just as she was about to speak up, she thought about how Nyla had finally managed to fall asleep and reluctantly followed Clark out. When she saw him tossing Damon's flowers into the trash at the end of the hallway, she hurried over. "Clark, are you insane? These are flowers from Nyla's visitor. Who are you to throw them away?" Clark's expression remained indifferent. "I'm her husband. I have the right to handle things for her."

Valarie was almost amused by Clark's audacity. She used to think he had a good personality and truly loved Nyla. Today, she realized she had been blind.

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"Never mind that Damon is your uncle. Even if a friend had sent those flowers to Nyla, you have no right to dispose of them."

Clark looked coldly at Valarie. "Ms. Weir, considering you're Nyla's close friend, I don't want to argue with you. But I have a bad temper. If you continue to meddle in our affairs, the Weirs might not fare well." Valarie sneered. "Are you threatening me?"

"Not a threat, just a reminder."

"Thanks for the reminder, Mr. Sumner. But since you know I'm Nyla's friend, I won't stand by and watch her be mistreated."

Clark's eyes grew cold as he was about to speak when his phone rang. Seeing Jordyn's name on the screen, he frowned.

Valarie also noticed the name, and a hint of disgust flashed in her eyes.

He went.

disgusting, juggling between his mistress and begging Nyla for forgiveness.

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"Mr. Sumner, if you no longer love Nyla, please let her go, considering the eight years of your relationship.

"Don't continue clinging to a mistress while refusing to divorce her, draining whatever little love is left between you."

With that, Valarie turned and left without caring how unpleasant Clark's expression became.

Clark's fingers holding the phone turned faintly white, his gaze heavy and cold. His phone kept ringing. and he walked to the stairwell to answer.

"What is it?"

Jordyn's voice sounded grave from the phone. "Clark, I have something important to tell you."

"I'm busy right now." Just as Clark was about to hang up, something said on the other end froze him in place. After several seconds, he spoke in a low voice. "I'll come see you shortly."

Back in the hospital room, Valarie saw that Nyla had woken up and quickly approached her bedside. "Nyla, I've already asked for soup to be prepared for you. It should arrive soon. Just rest a little longer." "Okay."

Not long after, Clark pushed open the door and entered the room.

Seeing his grim expression, Valarie sneered. "Mr. Sumner, finished chatting with your mistress?"

Clark frowned at her, clearly displeased. If Valarie hadn't been Nyla's friend, he would have dealt with the Weirs long ago for speaking to him like that.

"Nyla, there's a contract issue at the company. I need to go back to handle it. I'll come back after it's resolved," Clark told Nyla.

Nyla lay with closed eyes, not responding, clearly uninterested in engaging with him.

Beside her, Valarie mocked, "Is it really a company issue, or is it something with Jordyn? Mr. Sumner, you should know in your heart."

Clark looked coldly at her. "Valarie, because you're Nyla's friend, I've been tolerant of you. If you don't want the Weirs to suffer bankruptcy, stop challenging my limits again and again."

Maybe Valarie had been working behind the scenes to incite Nyla's resistance to him. Upon thinking that, Clark's anger flared, his gaze darkening even more.

Hearing him threaten Valarie, Nyla frowned and opened her eyes to look at him. "If you're leaving, just go. Don't bother coming tonight. Valarie is here."

Her detachment pierced Clark. "Nyla, it really is a company matter that's forcing me to leave."

His explanation didn't seem to matter to Nyla anymore

"It's fine. Just go," she said.

Seeing Nyla close her eyes again, Clark pursed his lips and turned to leave.

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As the hospital room door opened and then closed, the room fell silent.

Valarie held Nyla's hand, gritting her teeth. "Nyla, ignore him. Once you're better, I'll arrange for male escorts at the club for you-

one each day. Since this scumbag won't divorce, let's give him a heap of cuckoldry!"

Nyla couldn't help but smile, suppressing the bitterness in her heart. "No need. He's not worth me ruining myself."

"How is this ruining yourself? It's called enjoying life! When I move out from home in a while, I'll get myself a male escort." Nyla was rendered speechless.

After leaving the hospital, Clark drove straight to find Jordyn. As he opened the door, he asked coldly, "What's the report?"

Jordyn stepped aside to let him in, handing him a medical report from the table.

"Clark, I didn't mean to look... When you and Ms. Jayston were having your checkup, I hadn't left the Sumner Group yet, so I used my number. That's why when the report came out, the clinic called me to pick up the report. When Jordyn was Clark's secretary, she managed his daily life, including tasks like picking up reports. Clark ignored her explanation and opened the medical report.

When Clark saw that Nyla had been diagnosed with infertility, he suddenly tightened his grip on the report, his fingertips turning faintly white. He hadn't expected that after three years of trying, it was Nyla who couldn't conceive!

and Ms.

Noticing his unpleasant expression, Jordyn spoke cautiously, "Clark, previously, when you and Jayston weren't planning for children, you only did routine checkups. If it weren't for this preconception check, maybe you-

"That's enough!" Clark coldly interrupted her, his gaze intense as if he could devour her.

Jordyn couldn't help but tremble, not daring to speak again.

"Has anyone else seen this medical report besides you?" Clark asked.

Jordyn shook her head, cautiously replying, "No... Clark are you planning to keep this matter a secret?"

"It's none of your concern. Pretend you know nothing about it. If a single word leaks out, I'll make sure you suffer, he warned.

Hurt flickered in Jordyn's eyes. "Don't you trust me? And... even now that you know Ms. Jayston can't bear children, you don't plan to divorce her?"

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"I won't divorce her. Even if I did, I'd never marry you. Just carry the child to term, and that's all you need to worry about. The rest isn't your concern!" With that, Clark stormed out, medical report in hand.

After the door slammed shut, Jordyn wiped a tear from her eye with a smirk.

Clark didn't return to the hospital that night.

Nyla had sensed it long before, so she couldn't say she was disappointed.

After a few days of recuperation in the hospital, Nyla had recovered about 70-80%. Aside from occasional dizziness, she was mostly fine. The doctor said she could be discharged that afternoon. "Nyla, I have something to do this afternoon. I'll send my driver to take you home," Valarie offered.

"No need. I don't have much stuff. I'll just take a taxi," Nyla replied.

During Nyla's hospital stay, Clark hadn't visited after the initial appearance. It had been Valarie taking care of Nyla, causing Valarie to miss out on a lot, which made Nyla feel quite guilty.

"I'll still have the driver come. He's free this afternoon anyway. I have to go now. Let me know when you get home." Valarie hurriedly left.

Nyla continued organizing her clothes and personal items. Hearing the hospital room door open behind her, she thought it might be Valarie returning for something, so she turned with a smile. Seeing it was Jordyn, she frowned. She hadn't expected to see this

woman again, but evidently, she had underestimated her shamelessness. "You're not welcome here. Please leave."

Seeing Nyla's cold gaze, Jordyn smirked. She moved to sit down by the bedside uninvited, provocation.

gaze full of

"I heard you were hospitalized, so I came to see you. I've been feeling under the weather these days, and Clark has been with

me, so I didn't have time to come see you," Jordyn said, her tone devoid of any true apology.

Nyla looked indifferent. "He was busy, so he sent a mistress to visit me?"

Jordyn was annoyed but quickly reverted to her previous smug smile, standing up and approaching Nyla.

"Ms. Jayston, I don't know if you've heard, but love doesn't have a sequence. The one who isn't loved back is the mistress. Now that Clark refuses to divorce you, it's only because he's worried about his position. Finally, Nyla stopped what she was doing. Looking at Jordyn's smug expression, she spoke calmly "Love may not have a sequence, but shouldn't there be some sense of propriety?"

"Calling yourself a mistress with such superiority, it's a first for me. Even if Clark doesn't love me anymore, as long as we're not divorced, you two can only skulk around like rats in the gutter.

"You say he loves you, then why hasn't he loved you enough to divorce me? Don't overestimate your importance. He may have many mistresses, but there seems to be only one Mrs. Sumner."

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Jordyn's face paled slightly, her hands by her side subconsciously clenched. She hadn't expected Nyla to be so sharp-tongued.

However, it seemed Nyla wouldn't be able to explain herself later even if she had a hundred chances.

Nyla kept her head down as she continued packing her things when suddenly, Jordyn grabbed her wrist. She instinctively pulled away and caused Jordyn to stagger back, bumping into the cabinet next to the b

"Ouch!"

"Nyla, what are you doing?!"

Nyla turned around to see Clark walking into the hospital room with a dark expression.

So this was what had been in store for her.

"You saw-everything, didn't you? Do you still need to ask me?" Nyla retorted.

Jordyn sat on the floor, her face pale with pain, but she managed to force a smile.

"Clark, don't blame Ms. Jayston. It's my fault for wronging her. It's only right for her to get angry at me."

Clark quickly walked over to help her up, his gaze at Nyla now cold. "She's weak. Even if you're angry, you shouldn't lay hands on a pregnant woman!"

ley as well.

Nyla's grip on her clothes tightened involuntarily, her gaze meeting Clark's, now icy

Was he blind?

Jordyn was pregnant, but wasn't Nyla a patient too?

Clearly, it was Jordyn who had come to her hospital room looking for trouble, yet Clark immediately assumed it was Nyla's fault without asking for the cause and effect. Their eight years of relationship seemed to count for less than a secretary who had been with him for only

a year.

"If you

don't want me to lay hands on her, then don't let her swagger in front of me." Nyla's indifferent expression made Clark even more displeased.

At that moment, Clark didn't know if he was angrier that Nyla hadn't explained herself or that she seemed indifferent to him. "Apologize!"

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Nyla felt like she was listening to a joke. She had never seen a husband embrace his mistress and order his wife to apologize to the mistress.

"Do you think she deserves it?" she asked incredulously

Tears welled up in Jordyn's eyes as she clutched Clark's sleeve, choking out, "Clark, please don't make things difficult for Ms. Jayston. It's my fault. As long as it calms her down, she can treat me however she

wants."

Clark gave Jordyn a cold glance. "Shut up."

Sensing Clark's anger, Jordyn trembled uncontrollably, lowered her gaze, and said nothing more.

Watching them embrace, Nyla felt only mockery. Was this what Clark had meant by having nothing to do with Jordyn? Was he taking Nyla for a fool?

Unable to bear watching further, Nyla hastily stuffed her belongings into her bag and turned to leave.

"Stop!" Clark yelled.

Footsteps echoed behind her, and the next moment, a large hand grabbed her wrist.

Before Nyla could react, Clark pulled her forcefully toward the exit.,

His grip was strong, causing Nyla to stumble, nearly falling.

When she tried to shake him off, his grasp on her wrist was like a vice, leaving her no chance to break free.

It wasn't until he dragged her into the stairwell and backed her against the wall that he forced her to look up at him from below, his eyes burning red.

"Nyla, do you still have any feelings for me?"

When Clark had embraced Jordyn, he had hoped to see signs of anger or sadness on Nyla's face, even the slightest hint. Unfortunately, the result disappointed him. She

showed neither anger nor sadness, only At that moment, his heart felt like it was being squeezed, the unbearable pain spreading through every fiber of his being.

More than Nyla's lack of explanation, what he found even harder to accept was her indifference toward him now.

Upon seeing Clark's red eyes, Nyla's expression flashed with scorn. "What do you think?"

Clark pinched her chin, forcing her to look up at him. "If you don't have any feelings left, it's okay. We still have a lifetime ahead, and there will come a day when you'll care about me again."

Nyla slapped his hand away, trembling with anger. How could he expect her to love him as before while he tangled with Jordyn? Didn't he think it was unfair to her?

"Clark, must you disgust me?"

She had only wanted a divorce, to get what rightfully belonged to her, and then draw a clear line between

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them. But he had gone too far.

Clark's gaze darkened. "Even if I disgust you, I won't let you leave. Nyla, we're destined to be entangled for a lifetime."

A lifetime... Once such a beautiful term for them, now felt like a shackle.

"Clark... My stomach hurts so much..." Jordyn's voice suddenly came from behind him. He turned around, about to tell her to leave, but he abruptly noticed her pale face, and his gaze darkened, He looked back at Nyla. "Wait for me. I'll take you home."

Nyla looked away without saying a word.

Clark's eyes flashed with helplessness upon seeing her stubborn demeanor. He let go of her and turned to walk toward Jordyn, his gaze turning icy. "I'll take you back to the ward." After they disappeared from view, Nyla turned and left directly.

While Clark sent Jordyn back to her ward, he remained silent, his face stern.

Sensing the heavy atmosphere around him, Jordyn wanted to speak several times, but each time she hesitated and remained silent.

When they reached the door of the ward, Clark was about to turn and leave. Jordyn's face paled in panic, and she quickly reached out to grab him.

"Clark..."

Clark's icy gaze fell on Jordyn's hand, which was pulling at his sleeve. "Let go."

Intimidated by his cold stare, Jordyn instinctively released her grip.

"Clark, I just heard that Ms. Jayston was also in this hospital today, so I went to see her."

Clark smirked mockingly. "You know very well if you were there to see her or to provoke her. Do you think just because she can't have a child, you can marry me with this child?"

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After all, before knowing

that Nyla couldn't have children, Jordyn wouldn't have dared to provoke Nyla while pregnant. Clark hadn't exposed Jordyn's clumsy acting in front of Nyla just now simply because she was carrying his child. Th

Jordyn's fingers trembled as she bit her lip, tearfully looking at him. "Clark, I didn't mean that..."

Impatience flashed in Clark's eyes. "You better really didn't."

Jordyn bit her lip, sounding disappointed. "Were you... Using me to test Ms. Jayston just now?"

Clark knew she had plotted against Nyla but hadn't exposed her. She had thought he had feelings for her, but it turned out she had deceived herself.

Clark pinched Jordyn's chin, his gaze full of disdain. "You'd better straighten yourself out. I like smart women, but being too clever is just stupid."

As Jordyn froze, Clark released her and walked away.

Tears fell from Jordyn's eyes as she watched him leave. Subconsciously, she touched her abdomen. Although she knew she could not beat Nyla now, she had a trump card with this baby.

One day, she and the child would weigh more than Nyla in Clark's heart. He hadn't paid any attention to Nyla while they were hospitalized together because she was feeling unwell from the pregnancy. As Jordyn thought about it, determination flashed in her eyes.

In another VIP ward on the same hospital floor, Lucia was infuriated upon hearing that Nyla had been discharged. They had both fallen down the stairs, but why had she ended up with multiple fractures, bruises Lucia had initially thought about using Nyla as a shield when they fell, but instead, she had ended up being the one sacrificed for Nyla. The more she dwelled on it, the angrier she became..

A series of knocks sounded on the door. Irritated, Lucia asked, "Who is it?"

The door opened, and Kenneth walked in with a fruit basket and an ingratiating look. "Ms. Pollard, I heard you were hospitalized, so I came to see you."

Lucia was already annoyed, so her mood worsened at the sight of Kenneth, "What are you doing here?"

Even her service staff wouldn't accept such a shabby fruit basket, let alone her.

Kenneth placed the fruit basket down and sat beside the hospital bed. "Ms. Pollard, the money you gave me last time is almost gone... My wife's medical bills...I can't keep up with them..."

Lucia frowned coldly. "I gave you 15,000 dollars, and you're telling me you're out of money in just a few days? Do you think I'm an ATM?"

Kenneth, feeling guilty, awkwardly replied, "I thought I shouldn't always bother you... so I took some to the casino to try my luck. If I had won, I wouldn't have to come to you again. I didn't expect my luck to be s Chapter 69

+25 BONUS

Lucia snickered. "What does that have to do with me? Given my relationship with Mabel, giving you 15,000 dollars was already more than generous."

Kenneth scowled as Lucia refused to give him more money. "Ms. Pollard, are you planning

to cut us off? Don't forget, Mabel went to jail for helping you. If she hadn't done so, I wouldn't have needed to come to you for money.

"If you cut us off, I'm afraid I won't be able to keep quiet about what Mabel and I did for you."

Lucia's expression grew cold, and a murderous intent surged in her eyes. A middle-aged man with no background dared to threaten her now.

Keeping her head down, she suddenly devised a plan. If executed correctly, she could deal with both Nyla and Kenneth.

She looked up at Kenneth with a smile.

"How could I cut you off? It's just that I don't have much money myself. But if you're willing to listen to me, I'll make sure you get more money than you could ever spend in a lifetime."

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When Kenneth heard that, greed filled his eyes. "Never be able to finish spending in my lifetime? So we're talking hundreds of thousands?"

A hint of mockery flashed in Lucia's eyes. What a country bumpkin-he couldn't even conceive of anything beyond hundreds of thousands.

"If this plan succeeds, we're not talking hundreds of thousands-we're talking millions!"

"Really?" Kenneth's cheeks flushed red from excitement as if he could already see millions beckoning to

him.

"Of course. Come closer, and I'll explain carefully to you." Lucia lowered her voice, and Kenneth nodded eagerly, excitement evident in his eyes.

In the end, he looked at Lucia earnestly and said, "Ms. Pollard, I'll do whatever you say as long as it gets me the money."

After Kenneth left, Lucia sneered. Before long, all the people she detested would disappear from this world.

Nyla had not been home for long when Clark came knocking.

Nyla could see from the surveillance monitor that he looked angry. She pretended not to notice and went straight to her bedroom

She had originally thought that he would leave if she didn't open the door for him and made him wait outside for a while. She hadn't expected him to call a locksmith right away.

Upon hearing the door open, Nyla initially thought she had misheard. It wasn't until the footsteps approached closer to the bedroom that she quickly got up to lock the bedroom door.

Clark twisted the doorknob but couldn't open it and looked somewhat helpless. "Nyla, come out. Let's talk, okay?"

Nyla didn't say anything but called the police.

Soon, the police arrived.

It wasn't until the police knocked on the bedroom door and explained their purpose that Nyla opened it.

Clark was subdued by two police officers, his hands cuffed behind his back, looking

He frowned at Nyla. "Nyla, explain to the police that we're husband and wife."

remely disheveled.

Nyla looked at him coldly and then told the police officers, "Officers, he and I are indeed married, but we are currently separated. He suddenly hired a locksmith to break into my home today, and who knows what it would be best if they could detain him for a few days to teach him a lesson.

The police officers nodded and looked at Clark. "Come with us to the station."

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"Nyla, I hired the locksmith because you didn't open the door for me, and I was worried about you," Clark said earnestly, but Nyla found it laughable.

She was certain that not only would they have argued, but her safety might have been threatened if she had opened the door when Clark was fuming earlier.

"You can save these explanations for when you're making your statement to the police. If you ever try to enter my home again without my consent, I'll have no choice but to take legal action against you." Clark w suffered such indignity.

At the police station, he refused to speak until his lawyer arrived and negotiated directly through the lawyer.

Under the lawyer's mediation, coupled with Clark and Nyla's marriage certificate, the police released him but still issued a verbal warning. "Even if you're married, you can't break and enter like that."

The lawyer nodded repeatedly and had to listen to the police for a while before leading Clark away. As soon as they left the police station, Clark ordered coldly, "Take me to Nyla."

The lawyer looked at him, somewhat helpless. "Mr. Sumner, I suggest you calm down before seeing Ms. Jayston. Otherwise, if she applies for a restraining order from the court, it will negatively impact the comp