

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Chapter 651

Upon hearing this, Nyla's heart lurched, and her face turned pale.

Mason had actually jumped out of a third-floor window!

Nyla couldn't imagine how desperate he must have felt to do that. The more she thought about it, the more her heart ached, and tears streamed down her face without her even realizing it.

The person on the other end of the line noticed the silence and became alert. "Why aren't you talking?! You're not Clark?!"

Nyla bit her lip hard, not daring to speak, and hung up. She rushed to the bathroom, filled a basin with water, and splashed it on Clark's head.

He woke up soon, realizing he was tied up, and saw Nyla looking down at him.

He paused for a moment before breaking into a smile. "Nyla, I didn't expect you to be so much smarter after five years apart."

Nyla glared at him. "I don't have time for your nonsense. Where did you lock up Buddy?"

Clark sneered. "You want to know? Go find him yourself. Saintornia isn't that big. If you search for ten days or half a month, maybe you'll get lucky and find him."

Seeing that Clark wasn't going to talk, Nyla wasn't surprised. "You kidnapped Buddy to use him to threaten Damon for money, right? Do you really think you have a chance to leave the country now? If you tell me where Buddy is right now, I can write a forgiveness letter for your lawyer."

Clark smiled, his expression smug. "Nyla, do you think I'm an idiot? I can't leave here anyway, so why not take someone down with me? If Buddy dies, you and Damon will never be together, right?"

Watching the smile on Clark's face, Nyla slapped him hard.

"Clark, you're disgusting! Being with someone like you is the biggest regret of my life!" she growled.

"Hahaha, regretting won't change anything. Besides, I've become this kind of person all because of you and Damon, haven't I?" Clark retorted.

Now that he was tied up and

couldn't escape, he had no intention of trying. Even in death, he wanted to make Damon and Nyla miserable, hoping they would hate each other every time they saw one another.

Seeing the madness in Clark's eyes, Nyla tightened her grip on the lamp, her hatred growing stronger. It was Clark who ruined her life. Just as she was finally finding peace, he was back to destroy it again. If only she had never met him!

Noticing the loathing and hatred in Nyla's gaze, Clark couldn't help but laugh. If he couldn't have her love, her hatred was just as good. Suddenly, Clark's phone rang again.

Seeing that it was Damon calling, Nyla quickly answered.

"Did you find Buddy?!" she asked. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

There was a brief silence on the other end before Damon's deep voice came through. "We haven't found Buddy yet, but my team has confirmed your location. They be there to rescue you in about three minutes."

This made Nyla even more anxious. "I'm safe for now. Don't waste time sending someone to get me! Go find Buddy first!"

"The person who kidnapped him just called and said Buddy jumped from a third-floor window! He must be injured, and we can't let them find him! Don't worry about me-finding Buddy is more important!"

Damon coaxed, "Don't panic. We've already pinpointed Buddy's location. I believe we'll find him within half an hour. Staying close to Clark is only going to put you in more danger."

Chapter 652

Nyla was frantic as she raised her voice. "I said don't worry about me! Buddy is what matters! Where is he? I'm going there right now!" Damon fell into silence on the other end.

"Say something!" Nyla urged.

"It's dangerous. I'll go find Buddy myself. Just stay put until my people arrive and leave with them," Damon instructed.

Before Nyla could respond, he hung up.

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Seeing Damon put his phone away, Spencer asked with concern, "Mr. Sumner, those people are armed. Shouldn't we involve the police?"

Damon's eyes were icy as he replied, "Those people are desperate. If the police get involved, they might lash out and harm Buddy. You stay here and keep me informed if anything happens. I'll head over first." Spencer wanted to argue further but could see that Damon was unyielding. He simply reminded him, "Be careful!"

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Clark, who had overheard the entire conversation, smirked.

Damon wouldn't tell Nyla where Mason was, probably because he was worried about those armed men.

Since Damon was going to go anyway, letting Nyla join would make things more interesting. It was just a pity she might end up dead.

As Clark contemplated how Nyla was never going to be with him anyway, he concluded that her dying was better than her being with Damon. If he couldn't have her, he would rather destroy her. "Nyla, don't you want to know where Buddy is? I'll tell you," he said.

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Soon, Damon's men burst into Clark's villa.

However, the room only held Clark, bound on the floor. There was no sign of Nyla.

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As soon as Damon arrived at the abandoned flour mill on the outskirts of the city, he received a call from Spencer.

"Mr. Sumner, our people went over but didn't find Ms. Kinsey. She's probably already made her way to you," Spencer reported.

Damon's expression darkened as he cursed, "Bunch of useless fools!"

He hung up and called Clark, but the call went unanswered. Putting his phone away, he hurried into the flour mill with a grim face.

The mill had been abandoned for over 20 years, overgrown with weeds and marked by crumbling walls. It looked dilapidated.

The low, run-down buildings next to the mill had once served as dormitories and a cafeteria for the workers.

Damon rushed inside, searching for any sign of Mason. Unbeknownst to him, Nyla had entered the flour mill from the opposite side at the same time.

Before long, a few of his men dragged a burly man over.

"Mr. Sumner, we found this fellow in the cafeteria, but he's tight-lipped and won't say a word," one of Damon's subordinates informed him. Damon's gaze turned icy as he ordered, "Break his legs first."

As soon as the words left his mouth,

the man let out a horrific scream. His face turned as pale as a sheet, large beads of cold sweat rotting down his forehead.

"Where are the others?" Damon demanded.

The man gritted his teeth, forcing a smirk. "Even if you kill me, I won't talk. Besides, you should consider what will happen to your son once they find him. Will he fare worse than me?"

Damon's eyes narrowed, and he replied slowly, "I'm not the only one with a son. If I remember correctly you have a son in middle school overseas. If something happens to my son, do you think your son will live?"

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The man's smile instantly froze, his face turning even paler than before.

Chapter 653

Damon kept a poker face as he said, "I'll give you three seconds. If you don't talk, I'll personally send you abroad to collect your son's corpse." A flash of panic crossed the man's face, and his voice trembled with fear. "I'll tell you... I'll tell you... They all went up the mountain..."

"You better not be lying to me. Otherwise, you'll regret ever being born," Damon threatened.

He left a few people behind to watch the man and led the majority of his team up the mountain.

At the back of the flour mill loomed a medium-sized mountain. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

With deep autumn approaching, the leaves of the shrubs and trees had begun to turn yellow and fall, making the area feel desolate and abandoned. Damon's expression was grim, and he emanated a chilling aura.

Meanwhile, Nyla had searched the flour mill for a long time but hadn't found Mason. Instead, she ran into Damon's subordinates.

"Ms. Kinsey... what are you doing here?" one of the subordinates asked.

"Where's Damon?" Nyla shot back.

"We just caught one of the kidnappers. Mr. Sumner is currently-"

Before he could finish his sentence, his colleague yanked him back.

Realization struck him, and he quickly shook his head. "I've been here looking for Mr. Mason. I don't know where Mr. Sumner went..."

"Do you know something? Has something happened to Buddy?" Nyla asked anxiously.

Panic filled Nyla her usual calm demeanor had completely vanished.

Mason was still in danger, and she had no idea if the kidnappers would find him first. She struggled to remain composed.

"No... we still haven't found Mr. Mason..." Damon's subordinate said.

"Then why were you hesitating just now? If you have news, please tell me. I'm begging you!" Nyla pleaded.

Seeing Nyla about to kneel in front of them, the two men were startled and quickly reached out to help her up.

They comforted her, saying, "Ms. Kinsey, please don't do that! Mr. Mason is really fine..."

"If he's fine, then why were you two so hesitant earlier?" Nyla demanded.

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"Well... I'll tell you. Mr. Mason might have escaped to the mountain. Mr. Sumner has gone up there with some people, but the thugs have guns. It's better if you don't go up... Just wait for Mr. Sumner..." Before he could finish, Nyla had already turned and sprinted toward the mountain.

The two men hurried to catch up. If Damon found out they had let Nyla go up the mountain, they would be in serious trouble. Even though Nyla looked frail, she ran quickly.

The two athletic men struggled to keep pace with her. They were both frantic Mason hadn't been found yet. If anything happened to Nyla, Damon would definitely not spare them.

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"What do we do? We can't catch up with Ms. Kinsey..." one of the men asked anxiously.

"Stop talking nonsense! She's almost out of sight!" the other man exclaimed.

Soon, Nyla vanished from their view.

Gasping for breath, the two men exchanged fearful glances.

"S-Should we notify Mr. Sumner?" one of them asked.

After a moment of silence, the other man replied quietly, "Let's hold off for now. We shouldn't distract Mr. Sumner any more than necessary, and Ms. Kinsey might not get into trouble..."

They discussed it for a while and decided not to tell Damon. They would first try to find Nyla.

Meanwhile, Nyla began searching for Mason, marking her path as she entered the mountain.

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After more than two hours of searching, she still hadn't found Mason and had not encountered a single person along the way.

Her heart grew heavier. Mason was so small and might still be injured. If those people found him first...

The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became. She stumbled, lost her footing, and fell.

"Ah!" Nyla screamed as she hit the ground hard, rolling uncontrollably down the mountainside.

Intense pain surged through her, and she desperately grabbed for anything within reach.

Fortunately, the slope she rolled down was dotted with trees, and she crashed into one, finally bringing herself to a halt.

Chapter 654

Nyla felt pain coursing through every part of her body. It took her several minutes to catch her breath.

She leaned against the tree to stand up slowly, her face pale. Her clothes were torn from the thorns, leaving her looking ragged and disheveled.

As she looked up at the spot from which she had fallen, she bit her lip. Just as she was about to climb back up, she caught sight of a cave partially obscured by bushes.

The cave entrance was on a slope and mostly hidden by vegetation. If she hadn't been in the right position, she would have completely missed it.

After hesitating for a moment, she decided to investigate.

Her foot had already twisted when she fell, and moving now sent sharp pain shooting through her. But she had no choice-she needed to see. Clutching the bushes, she slowly made her way toward the cave entrance.

As she approached, she noticed the bushes rustling.

Holding her breath and suppressing her racing heart, Nyla called softly into the cave, "Buddy... are you in there?"

The bushes shook again, and soon Mason's head peeked out. He looked stunned for a moment, disbelief in his eyes. "Mommy..."

Mason's hair was a mess, his face smeared with dirt and cuts from the thorns.

Nyla felt a pang of heartache and was about to rush over when an angry voice came from not far away.

"Bowen, look! That bitch is over there!" a guy shouted.

Nyla quickly turned around to see two of the men who had kidnapped her and Mason running toward her, guns in hand.

"Buddy, stay inside and wait for Daddy. No matter what you see, don't make a sound!" Nyla whispered harshly before fleeing in the opposite direction.

Bowen and Nick had only intended to check the bushes out of curiosity when they spotted Nyla. They forgot all about the cave as they ran after her. With Nyla's injured foot, she was no match for them as they quickly closed in.

As they reached for her, a cold voice echoed nearby. "If you dare to touch her, I will make sure you and families disappear without a trace!"

Bowen and Nick froze momentarily, then Bowen gritted his teeth and shouted, "Nick, grab her! If we can catch her, we can negotiate with Damon!" Nick quickly reacted, lunging for Nyla.

However, Nyla didn't give him the chance. She threw herself to the ground, rolling rapidly down the mountainside.

As Nyla tumbled, Damon felt as

though a hand had gripped his heart. His eyes widened, and his mind went blank as he instinctively lunged toward her.

No one saw his movement clearly, but he was already beside Nyla.

Nyla stared at him in disbelief, her voice filled with panic. "Damon, are you crazy?!" Damon didn't answer. He simply held her tightly, trying to protect her from further harm. They rolled swiftly down the mountain, colliding with rocks and branches along the way.

Nyla felt as if her body were being pulled apart, unbearable pain radiating from every part of her. Despite that, she knew that Damon, who was holding her tightly, must be suffering even more.

Emotions swirled within her, almost drowning her. Tears streamed down her face.

Why was he being so foolish?

He had lost his memory, and she had been pushing him away all this time.

Why was he still risking everything to save her?

"Damon, why-" Before she could finish, Damon's head slammed into a protruding rock.

A wave of intense pain crashed over Damon.

Darkness enveloped him while familiar yet foreign scenes flashed through his mind...

Chapter 655

Nyla and Damon had rolled down to a relatively flat area.

Nyla quickly grabbed onto a nearby shrub. Thorns dug into her fingers, but she was determined not to let go. Finally, they came to a stop.

She let out a sigh of relief and turned to look at Damon, only to find him with his eyes tightly shut. His face was pale, and cold sweat beaded on his forehead. Her heart sank instantly.

"Damon... wake up. Are you okay?" she asked.

She called his name several times, but he didn't respond.

However, his hands still gripped her waist tightly.

Panic flashed in Nyla's eyes as she began to search him.

Thankfully, his phone was still with him. She quickly took it out and dialed Spencer's number.

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When Damon finally regained consciousness, it was three days later.

Every part of his body ached-even breathing felt immensely difficult.

Spencer, who was beside him, noticed that he was awake and hurried over. "Mr. Sumner, you're awake! I'll go get the doctor right away!"

Spencer was filled with excitement as he quickly headed to the door.

Soon, the doctor arrived.

After conducting an initial examination, he visibly relaxed as he informed them, "Mr. Sumner has passed the critical phase. Now he just needs to rest. He should fully recover in about a month." Spencer nodded. "Got it. Thank you, doctor."

After the doctor left, Spencer saw that Damon wanted to get up and helped him adjust the bed.

He asked, "Mr. Sumner, how are you feeling now? Would you like some water or..."

Damon nodded weakly. "Mm, water."

Spencer quickly brought a glass of warm water, helping Damon drink half of it before taking it away when Damon stopped drinking.

After drinking, Damon finally felt that his throat wasn't as parched.

"How's Nyla?" he asked.

Spencer replied, "Ms. Kinsey is fine. Thanks to your protection, she only sustained minor injuries and should be discharged in a couple of days."

"We also found Mr. Mason. He was frightened but unharmed. The people who kidnapped him, along with your nephew, have been captured and locked up. They'll be dealt with once you're feeling better."

"Okay, understood," Damon replied, falling silent again and lowering his gaze to conceal the depth of his emotions.

The ward descended into silence.

Spencer sensed something was off about Damon but couldn't pinpoint what exactly.

"Mr. Sumner, I'll go notify Ms. Kinsey that you're awake," Spencer said.

As soon as he finished speaking, Damon's cold voice cut through the air. "No need. I'm very tired and don't want to see anyone right now. You can head out as well." Seeing Damon's pale face, Spencer agreed that he needed to rest.

He nodded and replied, "Alright, I'll wait outside. Call me if you need anything."

Once outside, Spencer gently closed the door and dialed Luca's number.

"Mr. Sumner is awake. Inform Prospectus Technology's shareholders," he said.

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During Damon's coma, many shareholders had been eager to seize control before he woke up. If it weren't for Damon's usual ruthlessness, which still held some power over them, they would have acted the moment they learned he was down.

After hanging up, a cold glint flashed in Spencer's eyes.

Once Damon was back on his feet, he would certainly start cleaning house among those treacherous shareholders.

Before long, Nyla arrived, wearing a

large hospital gown with the wounds on her face beginning to scab over. She looked significantly better than when Spencer first found he and Damon.

"Ms. Kinsey," Spencer greeted.

Nyla nodded. "How's Mr. Sumner?"

"He's awake," Spencer answered.

"What?" Nyla's eyes widened in surprise. "Why didn't you notify me? I need to go see him..."

Chapter 656

Before Nyla could finish, Spencer stepped in front of her.

"Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Sumner just woke up. He mentioned that he doesn't want to see anyone right now and prefers to rest. Perhaps you could come back this evening or tomorrow?" Spencer suggested. Nyla halted and looked at Spencer. "How is he right now?"

"The doctor has checked on him and said he's passed the critical phase. He just needs to rest," Spencer answered.

Hearing this, Nyla finally relaxed. "Alright, I'll come back with Buddy tonight."

In the ward, Damon heard Nyla's voice as soon as she reached the door.

His gaze instinctively turned toward the entrance, where her slender silhouette was faintly visible through the frosted glass. The emotions in his eyes grew increasingly complex.

While tumbling down the mountain with Nyla, he had hit his head against a rock. At that moment, memories had started flooding back.

Five years ago, he had wronged her, and five years later, he had wronged her even more.

Damon managed a wry smile filled with bitterness. As he thought about everything he had done and said to her upon their reunion, his heart clenched, causing a pain that felt almost suffocating. How could he have treated the woman he loved so cruelly, even in his lost memory?

To think... she had given birth to their child all on her own.

He couldn't imagine how difficult her life must have been over the years, and he didn't dare to. Just the thought of it felt like a hole had opened in his chest, letting in a chilling draft that penetrated to his bones. The footsteps outside gradually faded away until they vanished.

Damon closed his eyes. Now that Nyla had a new relationship, perhaps the best ending for both of them would be to forget the past entirely.

In the evening...

When Nyla brought Mason to see Damon, Spencer was feeding him.

Damon's hand was broken and in a cast, requiring assistance.

Nyla approached the bedside. "Mr. Hogg, why don't I take over?"

Spencer hesitated for a moment, about to hand the bowl to Nyla when he caught Damon's cold gaze out of the corner of his eye.

He quickly withdrew his hand, forcing a smile. "Ms. Kinsey, it's fine. Mr. Sumner is almost done."

Nyla didn't insist. Damon would be in the hospital for quite a while, so she would have plenty of opportunities to care for him.

Seeing Damon wrapped up like a mummy, Mason couldn't help but tear up. "Daddy, does it hurt a lot?"

During Damon's coma, Nyla had kept Mason away, fearing that the sight of his father unconscious would leave him traumatized.

Now that Damon was awake, she decided to stop hiding the truth from Mason.

Damon looked at Mason, his gaze suddenly deepening.

This was his first time seeing Mason since regaining his memory. This child, the product of his love with Nylapbore a striking resemblance to him.

"Mason, it doesn't hurt," he answered.

"You're definitely lying! It hurts even when I fall lightly. You rolled down the mountain. How could it not hurt? But you protected Mommy, so you're my hero!" Mason cheered

Meeting Mason's adoring gaze, Damon felt an unfamiliar warmth swell within him, his expression softening.

"I'm honored to be your hero," he replied.

"Then you need to get better soon. You promised to take me to the amusement park again!" Mason reminded him. Damon couldn't help but smile. "Alright! I'll recover quickly so I can take you to the amusement park."

Chapter 657

"Thank you, Daddy!" Mason exclaimed.

Damon's gaze shifted from Mason to Nyla, and a complex emotion flickered in his eyes before settling back into calmness. "Ms. Kinsey, how's your recovery going?" he asked.

Caught off guard by Damon's cool stare, Nyla hesitated.

For a brief moment, she felt as though he might have regained his memory, but she quickly pushed that thought aside.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm doing much better now. I've already arranged for my discharge. I truly appreciate what you did for me that day. If it weren't for you, I might not be here anymore," she said gratefully.

She had never expected Damon to risk his own life to protect her, and the memory of him throwing himself toward her still stirred her heart.

Damon lowered his gaze and replied indifferently, "You are the most important person in Buddy's life. I just didn't want him to be sad."

Nyla paused but nodded. "Regardless, I'm very grateful. If you don't mind, I'd like to come and take care of you until you're discharged."

Since Damon had saved her life and didn't need money, she felt that taking care of him during his hospital stay was the least she could do to express her gratitude.

"It's not necessary," Damon declined.

Nyla frowned. "Mr. Sumner-"

"It's not appropriate. If you care for me, Mr. Raynor will likely be displeased. Besides, what happened five years ago... Spencer has already told me that I was the one who wronged you, so you don't need to feel guilty," Damon said.

Nyla was taken aback, about to respond when Damon's cold voice cut her off. "I'm tired. You can go now. During this time, I'll have someone protect you and Buddy, so you don't have to worry about any dangers."

Upon seeing Damon close his eyes, Nyla's hands clenched slowly.

"Alright, Mr. Sumner, thank you for everything," she replied.

After Nyla and Mason left, Damon opened his eyes and looked at Spencer. "Tell me how those guys were captured afterward."

"After you and Ms. Kinsey fell, those two knew they couldn't escape, so they stopped resisting. One more was caught at the top of the mountain.

"As for Mr. Mason, he was hiding in a cave covered by bushes and only came out after they were all captured," Spencer answered. "Got it," Damon replied.

In the following days, Nyla finally found a new place to move into.

Damon's health gradually improved to the point where he could start walking again.

Although Damon had told Nyla not to come by, she still brought soup for him every day, accompanied by Mason.

At first, Damon refused her offerings. Later, he simply ignored her, acting as if he didn't see her when she came over.

As Damon's health improved, he began preparing to confront Clark about the kidnapping of Nyla and Mason. Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Cyrus and Cindy somehow learned that Damon had imprisoned Clark and stormed into the hospital to confront him.

"Damon, where have you locked

my son? warn you to let him

threatened as she barged

right now, or I'll call indy

Damon was drinking soup at the time.

Cindy's anger flared due to his calm demeanor. She knocked the bowl out of his hand, spilling soup all over the blanket. Damon's gaze turned darkened, and the chill radiating from him made Cindy shudder and instinctively take two steps back.

Grinding her teeth, she mustered her courage and shouted, "Damon, you don't have to put on this intimidating act! I'm not afraid of you! Where's Clark? If you don't tell me, I swear I'll make you regret it!"

Chapter 658

Damon looked up at Cindy, his eyes frosty. "If you want to call the police, go ahead. But I can guarantee that your son will soon be busy working behind bars."

Cindy froze, then sneered. "What nonsense are you talking about? You're the one who should be locked up!"

Behind her, Cyrus' expression changed. He knew Damon's character-if he didn't have solid proof, he wouldn't make such definitive statements.

Something must have happened during Clark's disappearance. Otherwise, Damon wouldn't have randomly locked him up.

Cyrus quickly pulled Cindy behind him and whispered, "Be quiet for now!"

Indignant, Cindy still kept her mouth shut at Cyrus' urging.

"Damon, you're Clark's elder. If he did something wrong, you can punish him however you like to teach him a lesson. But keeping him locked up indefinitely doesn't seem right, does it?" Cyrus probed. Damon's icy gaze shifted to Cyrus' fawning face.

He spoke slowly. "Clark kidnapped Nyla and my son, Buddy. He then used Buddy to demand 150,000,000 dollars from me. He even planned to kill him after getting the money. How do you think I should punish him so he'll remember this lesson?" Cyrus froze, disbelief flooding his eyes. "How is that possible? He wouldn't do something like that..."

Behind him, Cindy's eyes widened in shock. She had heard Clark mention that Nyla was alive. Not only that, but she had also given birth to Damon's child.

At the time, she didn't dare believe it, but it turned out to be true. That vile woman!

Damon raised an eyebrow, and his gaze toward Cyrus became unreadable. "What's impossible? You gave him the money he used to hire the goons." "What?" Cyrus' face instantly drained of color.

He had assumed that Damon knew

about Clark secretly buying shares

from the Sumner Group's

shareholders, which was why he had locked him up. He never expected

Clark to commit such a heinous act!

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When Clark had that thought, Cyrus had tried to warn him, but he wouldn't listen. Now he had ruined his own life!

No, wait... Damon was still holding Clark captive. This hadn't made the news either. It seemed Damon was still considering family ties and intended to keep this under wraps.

Cyrus looked at Damon, pleading, "I

didn't raise him well... Regardless he's your nephew. Can you please let him go this time? I'll take him abroad. He won't be back to see you again!"

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Cyrus was adamant, but Damon's expression showed no sign of change.

"Cyrus, some things only need to be experienced once," he said.

Clark nearly caused Nyla and Mason to lose their lives. He could never let someone who posed a danger to them go abroad.

Who could guarantee he wouldn't come back to seek revenge on Nyla and Mason one day if he wasn't happy?

What Damon needed to do was protect Nyla and Mason.

Upon seeing the fleeting murderous intent in Damon's eyes, Cyrus' heart sank. Suddenly, he dropped to his knees before Damon with a thud.

Cindy was startled and rushed to pull him up. "Cyrus, are you crazy?! How could you kneel to Damon?! Get up!"

Cyrus pushed her away, his gaze locked onto Damon. His eyes were reddened and full of desperation.

"Damon, Cindy and I only have this [search the FindNovel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

one son. If he dies, we won't be able to live either. I'm not asking for much. Whatever you do to him is fine as long as you spare his life. I'll accept anything, even if it means he's crippled! Can you do that for me?" Cyrus begged.

Chapter 659

Damon looked down at Cyrus and spoke slowly. "Cyrus, you were the one who found the doctor to hypnotize me five years ago, weren't you?" Cyrus stiffened, disbelief flooding his face as he met Damon's gaze. He looked shocked and fearful as he stuttered, "Y-You... regained your memory?"

How could this be possible? Maverick Herbert had left the day after Damon rejected Richard. How could Damon have found him?

Even if he had, there was no way Maverick could have restored Damon's memory...

"I have to thank my dear nephew for that. If he hadn't sent someone to kidnap Nyla, I wouldn't have fallen from the mountain trying to save her and hit my head, triggering all my memories," Damon said. His expression was calm, but Cyrus could sense the tumultuous emotions swirling beneath that calm facade.

He gritted his teeth. "Yes... I did find the doctor who hypnotized you, but I did it for your own good..."

"For my own good?" Damon chuckled softly, but the smile sent chills down Cyrus' spine.

"Do you think I'm a fool? Were you really doing it for my sake, or was it to get the Sumner Group?" Damon asked.

Cyrus' lips moved, as if he wanted to speak, while his heart sank.

Damon knew all of his hidden motives and his true purpose. No matter how he tried to argue, it would only make him seem more ridiculous.

"I didn't believe I had wronged your family before I lost my memory.

"Yes, I was with Nyla, but that was after Clark cheated. I started dating her only after their divorce. So, I haven't done anything wrong to Clark either," Damon said.

"There's your plot from five years ago, and now Clark's abduction of Nyla and Buddy. Do you really think I should let Clark go?" he asked.

Cyrus felt as if the ground had suddenly been pulled from beneath him, causing him to collapse.

He finally understood what despair meant, realizing that what Damon said indicated his stance he would not spare Clark.

"I know it's pointless to say anything now. We have wronged you. I'll give my life to atone for Clark's actions. Just, for the sake of him being your nephew, please let him go. This is my last wish as your elder brother," Cyrus pleaded.

He then stood up, pushed Cindy aside, and rushed toward the window.

Cindy, startled, fell to the floor. "Cyrus!"

Damon's expression didn't change. He didn't even blink.

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Just as Cyrus was about to leap out the window, Damon's icy voice halted him. "Unfortunately, I'm not a Summer. Even if you jump, I won't spare Clark."

Cyrus froze mid-action, collapsing onto the floor. His face was etched with despair and pain.

He now understood why those who opposed Damon in the business world either vanished without a trace or kept their distance.

Even murder required bloodshed, but Damon could strike at the heart, leaving one feeling even more hopeless after experiencing despair.

He looked at Damon, realizing he had never truly understood his younger brother.

"When did you find out?" he asked.

Damon replied, "I could pull up the surveillance footage from the Summer residence's living room. What do you think?"

Cyrus turned abruptly to Cindy, who lay on the floor, pale and trembling.

Anger surged within him as he lashed out, "Cindy! Aren't you the perfect wife! Clark's dearest mother, huh?!"

If she hadn't mentioned it in the

living room that day, Damon might

never have known, and Clark might have been spared out of

consideration for being his nephew.

Now, it was all over!

Chapter 660

Cindy's lips quivered as she opened her mouth, but she couldn't utter a single word.

She hadn't expected Damon to install surveillance cameras in the Sumner residence's living room. Even if she had known, her hatred for him might have driven her to blurt it out intentionally. "Damon, everything that's gone wrong is my and Cyrus' fault. We didn't raise Clark properly. If you want revenge, come after us. Please, spare Clark!" Cindy begged.

Damon showed no reaction to her pleas, merely saying, "I need to rest. Leave the room within a minute."

Cindy and Cyrus froze. They exchanged glances, realizing this was their only chance to save Clark.

Cyrus struggled to stand up and addressed Damon, "I have over a million dollars left. I'll give you all of it. I'll persuade Dad to hand over the Sumner Group to you, as long as you let Clark go." Damon remained indifferent, a hint of impatience flickering in his eyes. "Do you really think you have the right to negotiate with me? Those things mean nothing to me. I won't spare Clark." Seeing his icy demeanor, Cyrus and Cindy finally understood that no matter how much they begged, it would be in vain.

"Damon, even though you're not a Sumner, I've always considered you my brother all these years. You'll regret treating us this way one day!" Cyrus snapped.

Disgust flashed in Damon's eyes as he pressed the call button, summoning his subordinates to throw them out.

As the hospital room door opened and closed, Cyrus and Cindy's shouts faded away.

Damon's expression settled back to calm. To him, family ties were merely tools for binding interests.

...

Once they were thrown out of the hospital, Cindy despaired. "Cyrus, what are we going to do now? If we lose Clark, I can't go on living..." Search the Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Do you even have the right to say that? If you hadn't mentioned those things in the family residence, Damon wouldn't have found out..."

"Forget it, there's no point in talking about that now. I'm going to see Dad and see if he has any ideas," Cyrus replied, hurrying away.

Cindy hesitated for a moment before quickly following him.

In the Prestons' living room...

Rebecca sat on the sofa, her body covered in bruises. She stared blankly at the television, which was the only source of sound in the otherwise empty villa.

The cold light from the chandelier cast a harsh glow on her face, illuminating the fingerprints left on her skin.

Suddenly, her calm expression shifted, her eyes filling with deep hatred.

The television news was reporting the kidnapping of Nyla and Mason by Clark, along with Damon's serious injury while attempting to save

them. Now, everyone knew that Nyla was alive.

Rebecca tightened her grip on the remote control, her gaze locked onto Nyla's face, seething with resentment.

If it weren't for Nyla, she wouldn't have been forced into marrying Nathaniel. The past five years wouldn't have been a living hell.

Five years ago, Damon had nearly driven the Preston Group to bankruptcy.

If he hadn't suddenly lost his

memory afterward, Nathaniel would have struggled to keep the company afloat. Although he had managed to prevent the company's collapse, they were left deeply in debt.

QUMS

Under Damon's covert oppression, the Preston Group barely managed to survive.

After Nathaniel and Rebecca were married, he initially ignored her.

However, as it became harder to secure contracts for the Preston Group, he started arguing with her when he got home. Those

arguments escalated into domestic violence, and eventually, he even pushed her into bed with business

partners to secure cooperation deals.

Chapter 661

If Rebecca didn't agree, Nathaniel would simply drug her and send her over.

She had tried to escape before, but each time, he had caught her and responded with brutal beatings. After enduring this repeatedly, she gradually became numb to it.

She had never imagined that the man who once claimed to love her, who promised never to let her get hurt, would transform into the monster he was now.

Over the past five years, she finally understood why Damon hadn't harmed her when he discovered she was responsible for Nyla's fall into the sea. Instead, he had forced her to marry Nathaniel. He truly was ruthless!

Rebecca had thought she would be tormented by Nathaniel until her death. She had never expected that Nyla was still alive-not only alive but also the mother of Damon's child!

All the built-up resentment and anger over the years surged within her like a tidal wave, nearly drowning her.

The remote control smashed against the television screen, creating a spider web of cracks.

...

When Cyrus rushed to the hospital room, Richard was preparing to rest, with a maid sitting nearby to watch over him.

"Dad, Clark's in trouble..." Cyrus said.

Richard frowned and asked coldly, "What does that have to do with me? Figure it out yourself."

He recalled the last time he had listened to Clark. They had filmed a video together and posted it online, only to be immediately ridiculed. Former enemies laughed at his misfortune, while even those who were friendly called him foolish, which made him furious. Now, he regretted agreeing to Cyrus and Clark's return home. Not only had they failed to reclaim the company from Damon, but they had also brought him disgrace!

Cyrus forced a smile as he approached the bed. "Dad, if you don't help Clark this time, no one will be able to save him. He's your grandson... You-"

Richard impatiently interrupted, "Stop with the nonsense! What did he do?"

After a brief hesitation, Cyrus

reluctantly explained that Clark had kidnapped Nyla and Mason. He left out the part about Clark using Mason to blackmail Damon and his plan to eliminate Mason.

Richard was so furious he nearly fainted again, his face turning beet red. "What kind of upbringing did you and Cindy give him?! How could he do something like this? Do you think

Damon will listen to

Seeing Richard's reaction, Cyrus didn't dare mention that Damon already knew he wasn't a Sumner. He feared it would push Richard over the edge.

"Dad, Clark did make a mistake, but he was only trying to use Nyla and Mason to pressure Damon into giving up the company. It was just a moment of confusion," Cyrus tried to explain.

"A moment of confusion?" Richard's eyes widened as he angrily exclaimed, "You call kidnapping someone a moment of confusion? Is he a three-year-old?!"

"I'm telling you, I won't help him! I can't help him even if I wanted to! From now on, I'll pretend he doesn't exist. You and Cindy can get lost! I never want to see you two again!"

The thought of everything that had

happened since their family's return was infuriating to Richard. Having to give his shares to such unreliable people was worse than feeding them to dogs!

Cyrus stared in disbelief. "Dad, how can you be so heartless?"

"Get lost! Just seeing your stupid face annoys me!" Richard snapped.

Cindy had just walked into the hospital room when she heard Richard berating Cyrus and refusing to use his shares to save Clark.

She immediately exploded, pointing at Richard and hurling insults.

Chapter 662

Cindy was so agitated that her words were incredibly harsh as if she were finally releasing all the pent-up emotions of the past few years. Richard was so furious that his face turned purple. He trembled as he pointed at her before collapsing.

The maid was taken aback and hurriedly called for a doctor, also contacting Brandon.

With Clark missing, Damon unlikely to come, and neither Cyrus nor Cindy attending to Richard, there was no choice but to summon Brandon.

...

When Brandon arrived, Richard was still in surgery.

Cyrus and Cindy were there, their grim expressions revealing little emotion.

He greeted them briefly and then turned to the maid. "What happened? Why did Grandpa suddenly faint again?"

The maid glanced nervously at Cyrus and Cindy, hesitating to speak.

It was easy to infer that Richard's collapse was somehow related to them.

Brandon turned to Cyrus. "Uncle Cyrus, what's going on? What did you do to Grandpa?"

Cyrus remained silent, his gaze dark.

When Richard had fainted moments ago, a thought had crossed Cyrus' mind: maybe it wouldn't be so bad if Richard died. After all, he could inherit Richard's fortune if that happened. Aside from Richard's shares, his cash and property alone would be enough for them to live comfortably for the rest of their lives.

As for Clark, Cyrus would save him if possible. If not, there was nothing he could do.

When Clark had first suggested kidnapping Mason, Cyrus had advised against it, but he hadn't listened. It wasn't his fault now. Cindy scoffed. "What could we possibly do to him? He fainted because of his poor health. Are we supposed to take the blame?" Brandon already had a poor impression of Cindy, so he involuntarily frowned. Despite this, he chose not to say anything further. After all, he'd find out what happened once Richard's surgery was over.

This time, Richard's surgery took an unusually long time, lasting over ten hours before the lights in the operating room finally went out.

The doctor stepped out, looking serious. "Mr. Richard's condition is quite severe. He may suffer from paralysis. You all need to be mentally prepared."

Brandon's eyes widened in disbelief. "Doctor, how could my grandfather's condition suddenly worsen like this? He was said to be recovering just a few days ago."

The doctor frowned, sounding irritated. "I told you before that he shouldn't be stimulated, and look at what you've done! If it happens again, not even the best doctors can save him!"

With that, the doctor left without further comment.

Brandon turned to Cyrus and Cindy, who had been silent. His voice was icy. "Uncle Cyrus, I doubt Grandpa will want to see you when he wakes up, so please leave now!"

He had known all along that Cyrus and Cindy were only around Richard for his shares, but he hadn't expected them to provoke him while he was still weak.

No matter what happened, Richard was still their father. How could they do something like this?

Cyrus scowled. "Brandon, you're not in a position to teach me a lesson or tell me what to do. I'll wait for Dad to wake up before I leave."

Chapter 663

Brandon looked at him coldly. "Even if Grandpa wakes up, he probably won't want to see you." SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"You have no right to interfere!" Cyrus snapped.

Brandon remained silent, scoffing as he turned to leave.

Cyrus and Cindy followed him, standing resolutely by the hospital room door and refusing to budge. They even had their meals brought to them.

...

A few hours after Richard returned to the hospital room, he finally woke up.

Cyrus and Cindy quickly surrounded his bedside. "Dad, you're finally awake!"

Seeing their enlarged faces, Richard nearly passed out from anger again. "G-Get out... You... get out!"

His face was pale, and his words emerged as whispers, lacking any authority due to his weakness.

"Dad, the doctor said you need to rest and can't get angry anymore. It was all our fault earlier. I promise we won't upset you again," Cyrus pleaded.

Realizing he couldn't rid himself of them, Richard simply closed his eyes and pretended he hadn't heard anything.

A cold glint flashed in Cyrus' eyes, but he maintained a concerned expression. "Dad, please rest well. Cindy and I will be right here. If you need anything, just call us."

As soon as he finished speaking, Brandon's icy voice cut in from the side. "Uncle Cyrus, can't you see Grandpa's face is ashen? I believe his condition will improve significantly once you leave."

Anger flickered across Cyrus' face as he turned to look at Brandon, annoyance etched on his features. "What does this have to do with you? Who are you to lecture me?"

Brandon smiled and replied calmly, "I certainly don't mean to lecture you. I just want to remind you that Uncle Damon plans to take Clark to the police station. After that, who knows if you'll ever see him again? I suggest you hurry over and meet him now to avoid any regrets."

At this, Cindy lunged at Brandon in a frenzy, shouting, "Shut up! How dare you curse my son! I'll rip your mouth apart!"

Before she could reach him, Cyrus held her back. "Let's go see what's going on first! Don't waste time here!" He quickly dragged Cindy away.

Once the room fell silent again, Brandon sat by the bed. "Grandpa, don't worry. I won't let them disturb you anymore."

Richard blinked, his eyes reddening. He hadn't expected that the grandson he had always neglected would be the one to stay by his side in the end.

Tears

cloned down his

Sal as he stammered,

something to say

go... get Parker... have... to say to him..."

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Brandon sighed softly. "Grandpa, your top priority is to get better first. We can discuss everything else later."

Richard slowly shook his head. He could feel that half of his body was no longer functioning, and he was much weaker than before. Deep

down, he knew he wouldn't last

much longer.

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He needed to arrange for the distribution of his assets. Otherwise, it would be too late when he could no longer speak.

"Go... call... the lawyer... I know... my condition..." he said.

His mouth twisted as he spoke, the paralysis affecting half of his face.

Brandon felt a pang of sadness.

After a moment of silence, he nodded. "Okay, don't get too worked up. I'll contact Mr. Frampton right now."

Within an hour, Parker arrived.

After greeting Brandon, he hurried into the hospital room.

Chapter 664

Cyrus and Cindy arrived at Damon's villa, only to be stopped at the door. They tried to force their way in, but the bodyguards pushed them to the ground.

"Please leave immediately, or I'll call the police," one of them warned.

Earlier, Damon had instructed that Cyrus and Cindy were not to be let in if they arrived.

Cyrus turned livid. "How dare you stop me! Do you know who I am? I'm Damon's older brother!"

The bodyguard remained expressionless. "Sorry, but Mr. Sumner has ordered that you cannot enter. Even if you are Mr. Sumner's father, I only follow Mr. Sumner's orders. If you want to get in, you'll need to contact him and have him give the go-ahead." "Fine! Just wait!" Cyrus snapped before stepping aside to dial Damon's number.

It connected, but no one spoke.

Beside him, Cindy was frantic, repeatedly asking if he had reached Damon. Her incessant questions only added to Cyrus's agitation.

Finally, in a fit of rage, he slammed his phone to the ground and yelled, "You call him yourself!"

Cindy was startled by his shout, then gritted her teeth and retorted, "Cyrus, are you even a man? You can't even protect your own son. What good are you?"

"Then what good are you? All you do is act like a shrew and scream!" Cyrus shot back.

The two erupted into a heated argument at the villa door, completely abandoning their usual dignified personas and behaving like two mad people. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Damon stood by the window, watching them with an indifferent expression.

As their shouting escalated, they began to dredge up each other's past misdeeds. Their tempers flared, and they even started fighting in the street.

The bodyguards at the villa entrance intervened, pulling them apart and saying "Causing a scene here won't help Mr. Sumner has already sent

Clark to the police st

"What?!" they exclaimed in unison, their eyes wide with disbelief as they stared at the bodyguard.

Damon had actually done something so ruthless!

Noticing their incredulity, the bodyguard said expressionlessly, "Mr. Sumner didn't just make him disappear from this world-he sent him to the police station.

"That already shows some consideration for past ties. If you continue to pester Mr. Sumner, you might not like the consequences."

Both understood the implication: if they continued to bother Damon, Clark might truly disappear from this world for good.

Cyrus gritted his teeth, filled with resentment. Right now, however, there was nothing he could do except swallow his anger.

They rushed to the police station and encountered Nyla, who was there giving her statement.

At that moment, neither Cyrus nor Cindy displayed their earlier arrogance, as they both recognized that Nyla was the only one who could save Clark. As long as she didn't press charges, Clark might not end up in prison.

...

Cindy hurriedly approached Nyla,

pleading, "Nyla... no... Ms. Kinsey, for the sake of our past as in-laws, and considering you and Clark as husband and wife, I beg you to det Clark go. I promise he won't disturb your life anymore. He just loves you too much!"

Nyla paused and looked at her, raising an eyebrow. "Mrs. Sumner, has anyone ever told you that you're shameless?" For Cindy to say something like that after everything that had happened, Nyla couldn't help but view her with new eyes.

Cindy secretly seethed with hatred

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but maintained an increasingly humble demeanor. "Ms. Kinsey... matter what you say to me, I'll accept it. Just please let Clark go. He's still young and can't be ruined..."

Chapter 665

Mockery flashed in Nyla's eyes. "You call being in his 30s young? That's more like being a man-child."

If it weren't for Cindy constantly cleaning up Clark's mess, he wouldn't have become increasingly reckless, ultimately resorting to kidnapping others.

Cindy continued to plead, "Ms. Kinsey... if you could just let Clark go—"

Nyla interrupted her, "I won't let him off. He's currently in police custody, and kidnapping is a criminal offense that can't be dismissed."

"All you have to do is write a forgiveness letter, and the judge will definitely show leniency," Cindy insisted.

"Would you offer that to someone who tried to kill Clark?" Nyla retorted.

Cindy froze.

After several seconds, she mumbled, "But... you two were once in love and married for a few years... Why act so ruthlessly? He just made a momentary mistake..." "Save that for the police. Let's see if they'll believe you," Nyla said, turning away as she left.

Cindy wanted to chase after her, but Cyrus stopped her. "It's pointless to go after her. She hates Clark so much right now that she'll never agree to a forgiveness letter." "But aside from pleading with Nyla, we have no other options," Cindy replied.

Cyrus' expression darkened as he said, "No, there's one other way."

"What is it?" Cindy asked.

"We get our hands on Dad's inheritance and then leave the country," Cyrus answered.

Cindy looked at him in disbelief, gritting her teeth. "What do you mean, Cyrus?! You don't plan on caring about Clark anymore?!"

"Do you think I don't want to? The police are already involved. What more can I do? And don't forget, Damon has almost complete control in Saintornia."

"Who would dare to help the person he targets? Right now, it's a miracle that we can still protect ourselves!" Cyrus argued.

"As for Clark, let's just pretend he never existed!" he added.

If Clark hadn't stubbornly gone against his advice, things wouldn't have ended up like this. He had brought this upon himself.

As soon as he finished speaking, Cindy slapped him hard across the face, trembling with anger. "Cyrus, I misjudged you! You're so heartless! Since you don't plan to care about Clark anymore, let's cut all ties and never speak again!" "Fine, let's cut all ties! I'm fed up!" Cyrus snapped before walking away.

Cindy glared at his retreating figure, her eyes filled with resentment.

...

When Nyla got home, Mason rushed into her arms the moment she stepped through the door.

"Mommy, where have you been? I missed you so much!" he exclaimed.

Upon seeing the unease in Mason's eyes, Nyla's heart softened. Ever since the kidnapping, he had been plagued by nightmares, and only recently had he begun to feel better.

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Now that she had suddenly gone out, he probably felt insecure again.

Nyla knelt, revealing an egg tart she had hidden behind her back.

Smiling, she said, "Didn't you say you wanted an egg tart? I went to get you one."
"You're the best, Mommy!" Mason cheered.

He happily accepted the egg tart and walked toward the dining table, beaming. Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Watching his cheerful steps, Nyla couldn't help but smile.

Just as she was about to head back to her room, her phone suddenly rang.

Seeing an unfamiliar number, she immediately rejected the call.

The other side didn't call back, and she didn't think much of

a wrong number or a telemarkably

After changing into her loungewear, Nyla entered the kitchen and opened the fridge, only to find it nearly empty. She decided to do some grocery shopping after lunch

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She took out the remaining ingredients and began washing and preparing the food.

Just as she finished washing the vegetables, the doorbell rang.

She walked to the door and looked through the peephole but saw nothing.

Frowning, she returned to the living room to check the surveillance footage.

Chapter 666

Soon, Nyla noticed a person wearing a baseball cap and a mask, both items obscuring their face. The individual left a bouquet of roses at her doorstep and walked away. Nyla frowned and called Oliver, asking if he had sent her the flowers.

His voice came through with a hint of laughter. "I've been busy with a merger lately. Looks like I have a rival."

Nyla couldn't help but chuckle. "Rival? It might just be a prank."

"I'm starting to feel the pressure," Oliver teased.

"Well, if you're feeling pressured, you should come over for dinner tonight. Buddy and I miss you," Nyla invited.

"From now on, you should split that last sentence into two," Oliver suggested.

Nyla paused, then raised an eyebrow. "Okay, I miss you, and Buddy misses you too."

There was silence on the line for a few seconds before Oliver's deep voice replied, "Alright, I'll be there at 6:30 p.m."

After hanging up, Nyla's smile gradually faded. If it wasn't Oliver who had sent the flowers, then who was it? Or had they been sent to the wrong address?

After some hesitation, she finally opened the door. She noticed a card attached to the roses and picked it up to read.

[Welcome back, Nyla.]

Nyla's grip on the card tightened, her knuckles turning white as she took a deep breath and threw the roses and the card into the trash bin downstairs. After finishing lunch, Nyla took Mason out for groceries.

She wasn't sure if it was her imagination, but she had a strong feeling that she was being watched as soon as they left the building. She turned around several times but saw no one. While shopping at the supermarket, the feeling of being watched intensified, sending a chill down her spine.

After hurriedly buying what she needed, she returned home with Mason.

It wasn't until Nyla sat on the sofa in the living room that the feeling of being watched finally faded.

Having always trusted her instincts, she took out her phone and dialed Damon's number.

Earlier, Damon had mentioned he would send someone to protect her and Mason. Perhaps the feeling of being monitored was due to those people he had sent. Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The phone connected quickly, and Damon's cold voice came through. "What's wrong?"

Since Damon had rescued Nyla, she felt less animosity toward him and more of an inexplicable connection whenever they spoke.

Taking a deep breath to suppress

her emotions, she replied, "Mr. Sumner, you said you'd send

someone to protect us. When I went out today, I felt like I was being

watched. Are they youte?"

There was a moment of silence on the other end.

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It took several seconds before Damon replied, "My people have been following you for a few days. s. If you feel like you're being watched, you wouldn't have just noticed today. Besides that, have you observed anything else strange?"

"Uh, someone sent a bouquet of roses today with only the words 'Welcome back, Nyla'. I don't know who it's from..." Nyla said.

Upon hearing that, Damon's

expression turned icy. "Got it. I'll

increase the security detail for you and Buddy. If possible, it's best if you two move back in with me for a while."

Nyla bit her lip, hesitating.

On the one hand, she didn't want to return.

On the other hand, the trauma from her previous kidnapping by Clark still lingered, and staying there made her anxious.

Sensing her worry, Damon spoke calmly. "If you don't want to see me, I'll call ahead every time I go back and won't have meals with you and Buddy."

Chapter 667

Nyla was silent momentarily before saying softly, "Mr. Sumner, I need some time to think about this. I'll contact you once I've made a decision."

After hanging up, she let out a soft sigh, her expression complex.

Mason's safety was very important, but she didn't want to have any more interactions with Damon. Ever since the kidnapping incident, she had found it difficult to feel calm whenever she thought of him. She decided the best course of action was to distance herself from him.

After pondering for a while, Nyla made up her mind.

...

In the evening, Oliver arrived just as she finished cooking.

"I could smell the ribs as soon as I stepped out of the elevator! Have you ever thought about opening a restaurant?" Oliver asked.

Nyla smiled at him, raising an eyebrow. "With a way of talking like that, I should reward you by making sure you finish all the ribs without leaving a bite."

Oliver nodded. "Deal!"

Hearing the voices, Mason ran out of his room. When he saw Oliver, he immediately dashed over to him.

Oliver caught him and lifted him, weighing him in his arms. "Buddy, it looks like you've been eating well lately. You've put on quite a bit of weight since your hospital stay."

Mason wrapped his arms around Oliver's neck and pouted. "Uncle Oliver, are you complaining that I'm getting fat?"

Oliver couldn't help but chuckle as he patted Mason's soft hair. "How could Uncle Oliver think you're fat? No matter what, you're the cutest in my eyes. Plus, a little extra weight is just a sign of a lively and healthy boy." "Then, I'll eat more so I can grow up faster and protect Mommy," Mason declared.

Seeing Mason clench his chubby little fists, Oliver nodded. "I believe in you, Buddy."

Nyla watched the two interact, finding it amusing. "Alright, go wash your hands. Dinner will be ready soon."

With that, she turned back to the kitchen to grab plates and cutlery.

By the time she returned to the dining area, Mason and Oliver had already washed their hands and were seated at the table, eagerly waiting to eat.

Nyla handed Oliver the cutlery and said, "I'll get the food. You two can start eating."

However, when she came back out, she found Oliver and Mason still sitting there patiently.

Nyla raised an eyebrow and asked, "What's going on? Waiting for me?"

Oliver nodded and picked up a rib for her. "You worked hard cooking. Of course, we should wait for you."

"Okay, eat up," Nyla announced.

Once Nyla took a bite of the rib, Oliver and Mason finally started eating.

With each dish Oliver tasted, he complimented Nyla, making her feel a bit giddy.

"Is it really that good?" she asked.

"Of course! Your cooking is the best I've ever had," Oliver declared.

Nyla smiled. "Then, I'll cook for you more often."

Oliver shook his head. "No need. Just occasionally is fine. I don't want you to tire yourself out."

"Alright, but you should eat more," Nyla replied.

Watching the interaction between the two, Mason ate quietly, his little face alternating between happiness

and worry. [SEARCH THE FINDNOVEL.NET WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

He was happy because his mother

looked so joyful with Oliver, but he

was worried because he because he wanted his parents to be together.

belongs to [en.kikistoria](#)?

Even though Oliver was very kind to him, he still wanted Damon around.

But he knew his mother didn't like his father and didn't want to be with him.

Couldn't the three of them just be together?

That way, he could be with his father, mother could be with

Oliver, and they could all be honest

together.

If Nyla knew what Mason was currently thinking, she would probably be speechless.

Chapter 668

After dinner, Oliver suggested that Nyla take Mason to the living room to rest while he cleaned the table and washed the dishes.

Nyla instinctively declined, "You don't have to. You're a guest."

"I'm also your boyfriend," Oliver replied, raising an eyebrow. "As your boyfriend, it's only right that I wash the dishes after dinner. I can't let you do everything." Reluctantly, Nyla nodded. "Alright, I'll listen to you."

Oliver tidied up the table, washed the dishes, wiped down the kitchen counters, and mopped the floor before heading to the living room.

Nyla was playing with Mason, competing to see who could stack the blocks faster.

Mason was quick, nearly finishing with no blocks out of place, while Nyla's stack was a chaotic mess, teetering as if it could fall at any moment.

Oliver watched them with a gentle gaze. He asked, raising an eyebrow, "Nyla, do you want me to help?"

Nyla looked up and met Oliver's smiling eyes.

Just as she was about to respond, a loud crash interrupted her as her blocks toppled over, scattering pieces everywhere.

At the same time, Mason placed the final block on his tower, completing it perfectly.

Nyla glanced at Mason's neat, beautiful stack and then at her scattered blocks. She felt a little disheartened-it was embarrassing to be outdone by a child who wasn't even five years old. Oliver's smile deepened. "You take a break. I'll play with Buddy."

Nyla nodded. "Sure."

Whenever she played these educational games with Mason, she felt like she didn't have the right IQ for it. Plus, Mason seemed to enjoy playing with Oliver more.

When Oliver said he'd join him, Mason's eyes lit up.

Nyla got up, and Oliver took her place, starting to help Mason clean up the fallen blocks.

"I'll go get some snacks for you two," she said.

She stood and walked toward the kitchen, Grabbing a watermelon from the fridge, she cut it up and placed the pieces on a platter

Just as she was stepping out of the kitchen, the doorbell rang.

Seeing Oliver preparing to get up to answer it, Nyla said, "You keep playing with Buddy. I'll get the door."

When she reached the door and looked through the peephole, she was surprised to see Damon standing outside. After a moment's hesitation, she opened the door.

"Ms. Kinsey, I came to discuss this morning's incident-" Before Damon could finish his sentence, he abruptly halted.

The sight of Nyla standing there in her loungewear, her long hair pulled up into a bun that revealed her smooth forehead, made her look both beautiful and vibrant.

Her flawless skin and exquisite features could easily pass for those of a university student in her late teens.

What took Damon by surprise was the atmosphere in the living room.

Oliver was playing blocks with Mason, both of them smiling, while Nyla held a plate of watermelon, exuding a sense of peace.

They appeared to be a warm and harmonious family, and his presence disrupted that tranquility.

Damon felt himself tense up involuntarily, and his gaze gradually dimmed.

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The person who should have been sitting there playing with Mason was him. But five years ago, he hadn't protected Nyla. Five years later, he missed his chance again.

Now, he didn't even have the right to compete with Oliver.

Oliver and Mason heard the noise and turned to look at the door.

They both paused. Oliver's smile faded slightly, while Mason excitedly ran to the door.

"Daddy, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Damon caught Mason as he ran into his arms, lifting him and answering softly, "I came to check on you and your mom."

Chapter 669

Nyla pressed her lips together before replying softly, "Mr. Sumner, please come in."

Damon entered, holding Mason, and glanced at Oliver, who was standing in the middle of the living room.

"Mr. Raynor, I hope I'm not interrupting," he said.

Oliver met his gaze without hesitation. "Not at all."

Their eyes locked, and although both were smiling, the atmosphere felt tense, as if the air had thickened around them.

Nyla placed the watermelon on the table and broke the silence. "Mr. Sumner, Oliver, have a seat."

Oliver looked at her warmly. "Is it okay for me to be here while you and Mr. Sumner talk? If it's not a good time, I can step out." "It's fine. There's nothing to worry about," she replied.

As Damon listened to their conversation, bitterness swelled in his heart, and he subconsciously tightened his grip on Mason.

Mason exclaimed, "Daddy, you're holding me too tight!"

Nyla and Oliver turned to Damon, who quickly loosened his grip on Mason and said apologetically, "I'm sorry, Buddy. I got a little distracted." Mason shook his head. "It's okay, Daddy. I'm not mad at you."

"Mm. If anything ever feels uncomfortable, just let Daddy know," Damon replied.

"Okay," Mason chirped.

Damon lowered his gaze, suppressing his surging emotions, and walked over to sit across from Nyla and Oliver, still holding Mason.

"Ms. Kinsey, I came here today to

discuss this morning's incident. I sent you several messages, but you didn't reply, so I became a bit

worried and decided to come by," he

explained.

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When he looked at Nyla, he struggled to keep his feelings in check, trying to maintain an expression that revealed nothing of the man who had regained his memories.

Nyla picked up her phone and realized Damon had indeed sent her a few messages. However, she hadn't checked it since Oliver's arrival.

"I'm sorry. I didn't see them. I've

thought it over, and I won't be

moving back. I plan to move in with Oliver. As for Buddy, if he wants to he can go with you. Once everything settles down, he can decide whether to stay with you or me," Nyla stated.

After the kidnapping incident, Nyla recognized that Damon loved Mason just as much as she did, so she wouldn't force Mason to stay with her. She wanted him to make his own choice. As soon as she uttered those words, the living room fell into silence.

Not only was Damon taken aback, but even Oliver looked astonished.

After several seconds, Damon frowned and said, "Buddy definitely wouldn't want to be separated from you. If you don't want to move back, I can send more people to protect you both." en

Oliver raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Sumner, I can also protect Nyla and Buddy. If Buddy wants, he can move in with Nyla and me."

Damon's cold gaze felt heavy, pressing down on Oliver.

For an ordinary person, this glare might have been enough to make them falter. Oliver held his ground, meeting the stare calmly. [SEARCH the FINDNOVEL.NET website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Sensing the unusual tension between them, Nyla frowned and opened her mouth to speak, but Damon interjected, "Mr. Raynor, my child does not need someone else to protect him."

Chapter 670

Seeing the hostility in Damon's eyes, Oliver let out a light laugh. "Mr. Sumner, I don't mean to offend. I've watched Buddy grow up, so protecting him is my responsibility." Damon's expression remained cold. "I can protect my own son."

After saying that, he turned to Nyla, his face impassive. "If you move in with Mr. Raynor, then Buddy can move back to the villa. If you and Buddy continue living here, I will send more people to protect you both. I won't allow anyone to take advantage of the

situation." Noticing the heavy atmosphere, Mason fell silent, lowering his head and softening his breath.

Nyla pressed her lips together.

After a long moment, she finally said, "I understand. Buddy and I will continue living here."

A bit of the frost in Damon's gaze melted away as he put Mason down and stood up. "It's getting late. I won't disturb you any longer."

After saying goodbye to Mason, he turned and left.

Oliver stood up and said softly, "Nyla, I have a meeting tomorrow morning, so I should head back too. I'll send a few people to protect you and Buddy. I won't let anyone harm you." "No need, with Mr. Sumner-

Oliver interrupted her, his voice gentle yet firm, "Nyla, you're my girlfriend, and I've watched Buddy grow up. You both mean a lot to me.

"Mr. Sumner's security might be sufficient, but if I don't do anything, I won't feel right about it, so please don't refuse me."

Nyla sighed and didn't respond further.

As Oliver left Nyla's place, his expression gradually turned cold.

Once downstairs, he saw Damon waiting a short distance away, just as he had expected.

He approached Damon. "Mr. Sumner, I assume you're waiting for me?"

"Yes. Mr. Raynor, I hope you can keep your distance from my son from now on!" Damon's voice was filled with warning.

Oliver seemed unfazed, raising an eyebrow. "I'm afraid I can't do that. Nyla is my girlfriend, and Buddy is her child. I've spent nearly five years with Buddy, so I won't distance myself from him because of your preferences."

The two fell silent, with only the gentle rustling of the leaves in the breeze breaking the stillness.

Damon stood under the streetlight, half of his face shrouded in darkness. SEARCH THE FindnoveL.NET website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

His expression was grim and somber as he warned, "Oliver, you better treat Buddy well. If I find out you've done anything to hurt him, I won't let you off the hook." Oliver smiled. "Don't worry. I love Nyla, and I will love the person she cherishes most as well."

Damon's eyes were icy. He said nothing more and turned to leave.

He had only taken a few steps when Oliver suddenly called out from behind him, "Mr. Sumner, if I'm not mistaken, you've likely regained your memories, right?" Damon froze mid-step and turned to look at him. "What did you just say?"

"Playing dumb isn't very interesting. While I don't know why you're hiding this from Nyla, if you're going to keep it a secret, you might as well do it for a lifetime. I don't want Nyla to be caught in the middle between you and me," Oliver replied.

Damon frowned coldly. "Don't worry. In her heart, I am incomparable to you."

That was evident from her attitude toward both him and Oliver.

"I know. I just feel that since the two of you are history, you shouldn't keep appearing in her life, reminding her of those painful memories repeatedly," Oliver said.

Damon's iciness surged. After giving Oliver a cold glance, he turned and left.

Chapter 671

The next few days passed uneventfully, and Nyla's tension eased a little.

Just after she and Mason finished dinner on Friday night, she suddenly received a call from Brandon.

"Aunt Nyla, can you bring Buddy to the hospital right now?" Brandon asked.

Nyla paused for a moment before speaking. "What happened?"

She wasn't particularly close with Brandon, so why would he suddenly ask her to come to the hospital? Could something have happened to Damon? The thought made her heart skip a beat, and her face paled.

"My grandfather passed away late last night. The lawyer came today to read the will, and he said both you and Buddy need to be present," Brandon explained.

Nyla was shocked. She hadn't expected Richard to pass away so suddenly.

She asked again, "Didn't he seem to be in good health not long ago?"

Brandon sighed and spoke softly. "I'm not sure either. The doctor did say he was gradually recovering, but last night, he suddenly... Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

"Anyway, let's not dwell on that now. If you're available, could you please bring Buddy over? Grandpa must have left something for him."

Nyla frowned, feeling somewhat resistant. "Even if he left something for Buddy, we don't need it."

When Richard was alive, she never expected anything from him, let alone now that he was gone.

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before Brandon's somewhat helpless voice came through again. "But if you don't come, the lawyer won't read the will. Everyone has to be present. Could you please come this one time?" Remembering how Brandon had helped Valarie before, Nyla thought momentarily and eventually agreed, asking him for the hospital and room number.

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It took about an hour for her to arrive at the hospital with Mason.

Inside the room were Brandon, Cyrus, Anne, and Damon.

As soon as Anne saw them, she sneered. "Mr. Frampton, have you lost your mind? Why are these two irrelevant people here for the reading of my father's will? If I'm not mistaken, she's already divorced from Clark, right? What place does she have in the Sumners?"

Her tone was sharp and unpleasant, barely stopping short of outright insulting Nyla. Naturally, Nyla had no intention of responding politely.

However, before she could speak, Damon coldly interjected, looking directly at Anne, "It's because part of Dad's will pertains to her and Buddy. Feel free to take it up with Dad if you're unhappy about it."

Anne's face turned pale as she pointed angrily at Damon. "What do you mean by that, Damon?! Are you cursing me to die too?!"

Damon shot her a cold glance. "If you keep treating them this way, my words might just come true."

Anne glowered but dared not speak again. She knew that when Damon lost his temper, he could be ruthless, even to his family.

Once the room quieted down, Parker finally took out the will, preparing to read it.

"Now, I will read the will," he announced.

As soon as he began, everyone's eyes were fixed on him. Even Nyla felt curious about the contents of Richard's will.

"I, Richard Sumner, being of sound mind, leave the following instructions for the distribution of my personal assets to prevent any disputes after my passing: "First, I bequeath 20% of my shares in the Sumner Group to my grandson, Brandon Sumner.

"Second, I bequeath 75,300,000

dollars in personal savings. Of this,

300,000 dollars will go to my daughter, Anne Sumner. The remaining funds, along with all real estate including a villa in West Saintornia-and other financial assets such as investment funds, will go to my grandson, Mason Summer."

Chapter 672

"Third, to my eldest son, Cyrus Sumner, I leave the legacy of my own selfishness and cold-heartedness, hoping he will make good use of these traits and find them beneficial.

"Fourth, to my youngest son, Damon Sumner, I leave only two words Suit yourself.

"This will reflects my true intentions and has been notarized, giving it legal validity.

"Signed and stamped by Richard Sumner, dated August 19, 2024."

As soon as Parker finished, Cyrus jumped up, his face red with rage.

"I don't accept this will!" he yelled. "There's no way my father would do this! He wouldn't leave me without a single penny!"

Parker looked at him calmly. "Mr. Cyrus, this will has already been notarized. If you don't believe it, you're welcome to investigate. There are records on file."

"No! This isn't fair! I won't accept this will! It's unfair, and I refuse to acknowledge it!" Cyrus cried.

Furious, he turned to Anne, whose expression mirrored his displeasure.

"Anne, do you really think this will is real? Dad only left you 300,000 dollars. Don't forget, you were always his favorite! There's no way he'd just leave you with 300,000 dollars! This must have been altered by Damon and Brandon!" Cyrus barked. Anne was already unhappy with the will, so when she heard that, her cold eyes narrowed at Damon.

"Was it you? Did you alter Dad's will? There's no way he'd give 75,000,000 dollars and all his properties and funds to that basta-"

She stopped short, unable to say the last word under Damon's icy stare. Her lips trembled, but she didn't dare finish.

However, unwilling to let go of the

idea of all that wealth, she gritted her teeth and continued. "Damon, don't you find your behavior

disgusting? All that money at

property were supposed to be mine! What do they have to do with Nyla and her son? Dad would never leave those to them!" Content Belongs to

Damon's expression remained indifferent as he replied, "Mr. Frampton has already stated that the will is notarized. If you don't believe it, you can verify it yourself."

"You're capable of altering the will, so what's to stop you from bribing a lawyer?!" Anne accused.

Parker's face flushed with anger, and his voice trembled. "Ms. Sumner, you need to provide evidence for your accusations, or I will sue you for slander!"

Anne snickered. "Go ahead and sue. I won't acknowledge this will anyway. I'll take it to court if I have to-"

"Enough!" Brandon finally lost his

patience. "Aunt Anne, do you really

think 300,000 dollars is

insignificant? Before Grandpa passed, he gave you millions every month as spending money, yet you squandered it away at the gambling table. Grandpa still indulged you.

"But when he was hospitalized, you didn't even bother to visit him once. He shouldn't have left you a single cent!"

Guilt flickered across Anne's eyes,
but she quickly regained her
composure and retorted, "You
showed up acting like the perfect
grandson just to grab 20% of the

Sumner Group's shares. I never realized you had such a scheming mind! I must have misjudged you all along!"

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Chapter 673

Brandon glared at her coldly. "I dull in comparison to you, Aunt Anne-ignoring Grandpa when he was sick and still managing to pocket 300,000 dollars from his inheritance." "300,000 dollars!" Anne sneered. "What can 300,000 dollars even do?!"

"If you keep gambling like before, it might not last even a month. But if you're frugal, it may sustain you for a few years," Brandon countered.

Anne was so angry she almost spat blood.

Her hatred for Richard deepened. All that money and property were left to Nyla's bastard child-wasn't that basically the same as giving it directly to Nyla? The more Anne thought about it, the angrier she became.

She turned to Nyla, who had been silent, and questioned, "Nyla, do you really have the nerve to accept that money and those properties?"

Nyla hadn't been interested in Richard's inheritance at all, but Anne's accusatory tone made her uncomfortable.

Raising her eyebrows, she smirked. "Since your father left it to Buddy, why wouldn't I accept it? Did you think I'd give it up and let you have it instead?"

She'd rather donate the money and properties than let the Sumners benefit from them.

Anne looked at her with disgust. "So, this is your true face. You secretly gave birth to Damon's child just to fight for an inheritance, didn't you?!"

"If that makes you feel better, then sure, think that," Nyla retorted.

Dealing with someone like Anne wasn't worth the effort of explanation. She would only believe what she wanted anyway.

Ignoring Anne's death glare, Nyla turned to Parker and asked, "Mr. Frampton, I'd like to ask-can Mason's inheritance be transferred? I want to transfer everything to Damon."

She didn't need the money or care

about what Richard had left. None of

it could make up for the pain she

had experienced in the past or for Mason not having a father for

almost five years.

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Given Cyrus and Anne's attitudes, keeping those assets with her and Mason would only bring danger. If the inheritance went to Damon, they might be upset but wouldn't dare act against him.

A hint of surprise flashed in Parker's

eyes. Richard had left a considerable amount for Mason. If converted to cash, the properties and funds would be worth billions. She was just giving it all away?

"When Mr. Richard entrusted me with the will, he didn't mention any restrictions on transferring the inheritance," Parker replied.

"Then please draft a transfer agreement on the spot. I'll transfer all of Mason's inheritance to Damon," Nyla requested.

Parker hesitated and instinctively looked at Damon for his opinion. "Mr. Damon, what do you think?"

"If she wants to transfer it, then draft the agreement," Damon replied.

Cyrus and Anne were stunned. Neither had expected Nyla to give all the inheritance to Damon.

Cyrus gritted his teeth, his eyes filled with resentment.

"No, we can't let Damon have it! The inheritance left to Mason shouldn't be valid anyway because Damon isn't even a Sumner!" he shouted. Everyone but Damon looked shocked.

Brandon was the first to react, frowning as he objected, "Uncle Cyrus, even if you want the inheritance, you can't just make up such lies." [SEARCH THE Find_Novel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Cyrus sneered coldly. "If you don't believe me, ask him to get a paternity test from your grandfather. He was adopted from abroad by your grandparents-he's not really a Sumner. His son has no right to the Sumner inheritance."

Chapter 674

Brandon instinctively turned to Damon.

Seeing that Damon showed no reaction, he couldn't help but clench his jaw. "Uncle Damon, is what Uncle Cyrus saying true?" "It is," Damon confirmed.

Brandon's eyes widened as he struggled to process the news. Damon wasn't part of the Sumners!

Cyrus laughed coldly. "As long as you admit it, Damon, then you, Nyla, and Mason have no right to Dad's inheritance." [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Meeting Cyrus' mocking gaze, Damon remained indifferent. "The will is valid. Whether or not I'm part of the Sumners is irrelevant."

"You!" Cyrus shifted his approach after his previous tactic failed. "You already have Prospectus Technology. Why fight us over a small inheritance?"

"I built Prospectus Technology without a single cent from the Sumners. And who wouldn't want more money?" Damon retorted.

"Well, I won't recognize this will! I'll see you in court!" Cyrus huffed.

Damon looked at him nonchalantly. "I'm afraid you won't get the chance to sue me. After all, you're the one who killed Dad."

"What?" Cyrus' face turned pale, and his eyes flashed with guilt. "What nonsense are you spouting?! Dad's health was failing anyway. What does that have to do with me? Besides, he didn't leave me a single cent. Why would I kill him?" "You didn't know he wouldn't leave you anything before you did it. Save your excuses for the police," Damon replied flatly.

Brandon and Anne both turned to glare at Cyrus.

Brandon's rage stemmed from his uncle harming his own father, while Anne was angry that Cyrus had acted too quickly, not giving her a chance to get Richard to change his will.

"Uncle Cyrus, how could you hurt Grandpa?!" Brandon demanded.

"Cyrus, have you lost your mind?!" Anne cried.

Cyrus shook his head frantically, his face aghast "No, I didn't! I didn't hurt Dad! Are you really going to believe Damon's baseless accusations? He's just trying to distract us from the inheritance so he can keep it all for himself!"

Brandon stepped closer, his eyes cold. "Are you sure he's lying?"

He knew Damon's character. If Damon didn't have concrete evidence, he wouldn't have made such a definitive statement. So, it must be true-Cyrus had killed Richard!

"Of course!" Cyrus replied instantly.

"I don't believe a word you say. Grandpa's health had been

improving after the surgery, but you were cruel enough to harm your own father. If Grandpa hadn't set up his will, you'd be able to get a share of his inheritance now, wouldn't you?!"

Cyrus' eyes widened in shock, and he continued to shake his head. "No, no, you're spouting nonsense!" Seeing the guilt written all over Cyrus' face, everyone present understood that Damon was telling the truth.

Anne let out a scream and rushed forward, slapping Cyrus across the face. "Cyrus, you idiot! This is all your fault! I could've gotten more of the inheritance, but you ruined it!"

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Cyrus, caught off guard by her sudden attack, felt scratches forming on his face. Enraged, he began to fight back.

Chapter 675

The scene quickly descended into chaos.

Nyla immediately pulled Mason behind her, ensuring that Cyrus and Anne wouldn't accidentally harm him.

Damon stepped closer to her, speaking in a low voice. "You and Buddy stand behind me."

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Brandon watched Anne and Cyrus fight with a look of disappointment.

They were family, yet they were squabbling over money. To think that Cyrus would kill his own father for it-it was despicable.

Parker, who had been stunned into silence, now looked at the scene with disbelief. He frowned, wondering if he knew too much now.

He was only there to read a will, yet he had just discovered that Damon wasn't even a Sumner and that Richard had been killed by his own son, Cyrus...

The hospital room door opened, and two police officers walked in. They were momentarily taken aback by the chaotic scene but quickly stepped forward to separate Cyrus and Anne. [SEARCH THE website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Once Cyrus and Anne had calmed down, one of the officers turned to Cyrus and said, "Mr. Cyrus Sumner, you are under suspicion of murder. Please come with us."

Fear flashed in Cyrus' eyes as he instinctively took a step back. His face, scratched and bleeding from the fight with Anne, looked eerily frightening as it twisted with panic. "No... No, that's impossible. I didn't do anything! I'm not going with you..." he stuttered.

The officer's expression hardened as he said, "Mr. Cyrus Sumner, we have evidence. If you refuse to cooperate, we will have to take you in by force."

It was as if Cyrus didn't hear them. He turned and tried to run out of the room, but one of the officers quickly tackled him to the floor and cuffed him. "No! This is illegal! I didn't do anything! Mr. Frampton, you're the Sumners' lawyer-say something!" Cyrus cried.

Parker remained impassive. "Mr. Cyrus, my contract with the Sumners ends once I've executed this will. You'll need to hire someone else."

A man who would kill his own father for money-there was no way he would defend him.

"Mr. Frampton... I have money. I'll hire you as my defense attorney..." Cyrus quickly said.

No matter how much he shouted, Parker acted as if he hadn't heard a thing, his expression calm and indifferent.

Soon, the officers escorted Cyrus out of the room, leaving behind a profound silence.

Anne's face was pale, her hair and clothes disheveled. Her cheeks still bore the marks of the earlier altercation. She looked utterly defeated. As she stood up, she cast a cold glance at Damon and walked out.

There was nothing more for her to gain by staying.

Damon would never let her have more than her original share. If she pushed too hard, she might lose even the 300,000 dollars she was supposed to receive.

Parker then turned to Nyla, adjusting his glasses as he asked, "Ms. Kinsey, do you still wish to transfer the inheritance left to your son?"

Nyla nodded and replied, "Yes, please draw up the transfer agreement."

"Understood," Parker replied.

He opened his laptop and began drafting the transfer agreement. The only sound in the room was the clattering of the keyboard.

Damon looked at Nyla and spoke in

a low voice. "Now that the two people who didn't want you to get the inheritance are gone, you don't need to transfer it to me anymore."

Nyla shook her head. "I shouldn't have had any involvement with Mr. Richard in the first place. Buddy doesn't need his inheritance. It's better if you take it."

Seeing her insist, Damon didn't argue further. "Alright, then I'll hold onto these assets for Buddy and give them to him when he comes of age." "Do as you please. You can donate it, too," Nyla replied.

Not long after, the agreement was ready. Both Damon and Nyla reviewed it. Once they confirmed everything was correct, Nyla signed the document.

Chapter 676

After ensuring everything was settled, Parker left.

Nyla glanced at Brandon, who had remained silent since the start of the altercation.

Guessing he probably had something to discuss with Damon, she decided it was best to give them some privacy and took Mason out of the room. Once the door closed, Brandon finally spoke to Damon. "Uncle Damon, when did you find out that you're not a Sumner?"

"A short while ago," Damon answered indifferently. "But don't worry. I have no intention of competing with you for control of the Sumner Group."

He had never been interested in running the company and had been grooming Brandon to take the reins for years. Now that Brandon was capable, he was ready to step back.

Brandon frowned and replied, "You know that's not what I meant. If you wanted the company, I'd hand it over to you in a heartbeat. After all, we both know the company has a better future with you in charge than with me. It's just... hard for me to accept that you're not really my uncle."

Damon was silent for a moment before saying, "You can still consider me your uncle. If the company ever faces any problems, you can always come to me."

Hearing this, Brandon finally relaxed. "Good. No matter our blood ties, you will always be my uncle."

After his parents died in a car accident, he was the only one left. Cyrus and Clark had tried to push him out, but Damon had been the one who had sent him abroad for an education, teaching him how to manage a company.

Without Damon, he might never have had a chance to join the organization.

After becoming the CEO of the Sumner Group, Damon had sent people to assist Brandon, guiding him every step of the way to where he was now.

Damon was the person he was most grateful for within the Sumners. Despite their close ages, Damon's presence always brought him peace of mind. "Don't overthink it. Just focus on managing the company. Now that you own this 20% share, your position in the company is secure," Damon assured him. Brandon nodded. "I will do my best."

"Good. Handle Cyrus' case. Make sure he doesn't have the chance to cause any more trouble," Damon instructed.

Mentioning Cyrus darkened Brandon's expression. His fists clenched at his sides. "Understood. I'll take care of it."

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When Damon left the hospital, the tension he had been holding finally eased.

With Clark and Cyrus taken care of, no one in the Summers would trouble Nyla and Mason again. Their lives could soon return to normal.

However, he recalled the roses that

had unexpectedly shown up at Nyla's door. He narrowed his eyes. After receiving Nyla's call about the flowers, he had ordered someone to investigate who had sent them, but they had yet to find anything.

If this person remained unidentified, Nyla and Mason could still be in danger.

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With that thought, Damon immediately called Spencer. "Add more people to investigate who sent the roses to Nyla's place. I want

answers within three days

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On Nyla's way home with Mason, she received a call from Caroline. "Nyla, are you planning to stay in Saintornia for a while?" Caroline asked. "Most likely. Is there a problem with the lab back in Capitarnia?" Nyla replied.

"No, no. The lab is fine. It's just that Professor Kington took on a project in Saintornia, and since you're there, ants to assign it to you,"

he

Caroline said.

Noticing the unusual tone in Caroline's voice, Nyla asked, "I'm not too busy here, so I can take on the project. Is there an issue with it?"

"The project itself is fine, but... the partner company is Prospectus Technology..." Caroline mumbled.

Chapter 677

Hearing the hesitation in Caroline's voice, Nyla pressed her lips together, understanding her meaning.

"Don't worry, Caroline, I won't let personal feelings affect my work. Plus, Mr. Sumner is the CEO of Prospectus Technology. He won't have the time to worry about a small project," she replied. Caroline sighed in relief but added, "Nyla, if you feel pressured, I'll talk to the professor."

"It's fine. I don't have anything else going on in Saintornia right now, so I might as well finish this project before heading back," Nyla reassured her.

Seeing her insist, Caroline decided not to push further and said quietly, "Alright, I'll send you the project details in a bit. Leon and Ruby will come to Saintornia in a couple of days to assist you." "Okay, got it," Nyla answered.

After ending the call, she quickly received the project documents from Caroline.

When she opened them, her feelings grew complicated-she hadn't expected to have the opportunity to work with Prospectus Technology again after five years. Search the Findnovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

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Damon received a call from Capitarnia.

"Mr. Sumner, everything is arranged. Nyla has agreed to take on the project, and my other two students will join her in a few days. I'll leave them in your care while they're in Saintornia," Edgar informed him. Damon closed the file he had been reading and replied calmly, "You're too polite, Professor Kington. I should be the one thanking you for allowing your students to work on a project with Prospectus Technology." "It's my pleasure. I know you're busy, so I won't keep you any longer," Edgar replied.

After hanging up, Damon put down his phone and picked up the file again.

In the front seat of the car, Spencer remained silent, filled with confusion.

If Damon wasn't planning on telling Nyla that he had regained his memory or pursuing her again, then why bring her to the company?

But none of this was Spencer's business, and he didn't dare ask. After all, he had kept the truth about Damon's memory loss from him for so long.

He was grateful that Damon still allowed him to stay at Prospectus Technology.

In the following days, Nyla stayed home, studying the project materials.

Soon, it was time for Leon and Ruby to arrive in Saintornia. She dropped Mason off at Damon's villa and drove to pick them up.

When Leon and Ruby saw Nyla, they were both visibly excited. Everyone in the lab loved working on projects with her.

Nyla was not only beautiful but also highly competent. Whenever they faced difficulties, their first thought was to seek her help. Most of the time, she would help them find solutions. Even when she couldn't, she would point them to reference materials that often sparked new ideas.

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"Nyla, it's been so long! We've all missed you!" Leon and Ruby exclaimed.

Leon was a sunny and cheerful young man. He grinned so widely that his eyes nearly disappeared. Ruby, who was more reserved, also smiled brightly.

Knowing they would be working with Nyla again filled them with excitement and eagerness.

Nyla smiled back. "I've missed you

back.

all too. You must be tired after a

three-hour flight. Let's get your

luggage settled first. By the way, is

your accommodation covered by the lab, or is Prospectus Technology handling it?"

"Prospectus Technology is taking care of it. We need to stop by the company first," Leon and Ruby answered.

Nyla nodded. "Alright, I'll take you there. Once everything's set, we can go out for dinner."

...

In less than an hour, Nyla's car pulled up in front of the Prospectus Technology building.

Leon called their contact person at Prospectus Technology.

Soon, a man close to six feet tall with a round belly approached with a friendly smile.

He approached Nyla and the group, greeting them, "Hello! You must be the researchers from Capitarnia. I'm Ethan Jack, the deputy manager of the HR department here at

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Prospectus Technology. Welcome."

Chapter 678

After Nyla and her group introduced themselves, Ethan smiled and said, "Alright. Mr. Colwell and Ms. Jenner, your accommodations are ready. I'll take you there now." "Thank you," Leon and Ruby replied.

Prospectus Technology had arranged for Leon and Ruby to stay in apartments just two blocks from the company. They each had a one-bedroom unit, and there were other out-of-town staff members on the same floor. Seeing that they were satisfied with the arrangements, Ethan said apologetically, "Ms. Kinsey, I should have treated you all to a welcome dinner today, but I have a meeting shortly.

"If there's nothing else, please come to the office at 9:00 a.m. tomorrow. I'll have someone issue your work IDs and access badges and give you a tour of the company." Nyla nodded. "That's alright, Mr. Jack. We can handle dinner ourselves."

"Alright, I'll get going then. I apologize for the inconvenience today," Ethan said as he excused himself.

After Ethan left, Nyla planned to let Leon and Ruby rest for a while before taking them to dinner. However, both were excited and eager to explore since it was their first time in Saintornia. "Nyla, you're a local. Take us around! I've heard there are a lot of shopping centers here, and I can't wait to check them out!" Ruby said, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

Leon also looked eager. "Yeah, Nyla! Before I left, my relatives gave me a shopping list and asked me to buy them things here."

Nyla nodded and replied, "Alright, let's go shopping first."

...

They spent the entire afternoon at the mall, and by the end, all of them were carrying bags full of items.

Seeing how tired they were, Nyla decided not to take them to the restaurant she had originally chosen. Instead, they found a popular eatery in the mall.

As they sat down, Leon and Ruby's faces glowed with excitement.

"Big cities like this really live up to the hype. I've learned so much today!" they gushed. "Yeah, I've never

had a chance to go shopping like

this before!"

Nyla shot them an amused glance and quipped, "Capitarnia isn't bad either. You just never made the time to explore."

Ruby nodded. "We spend so much time in the lab that we don't feel like going out when we have time off."

Their lab was far from the city center, and with their busy schedules, they usually just wanted to rest during their breaks.

If it

Saintornia hadn't search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

probably wouldn't

felt

shopping today.

As they chatted and laughed, they remained oblivious to the hateful gaze fixed on Nyla from a distance.

Rebecca gripped her cutlery tightly, her eyes filled with jealousy and rage.

Why had she been living in misery for years while Nyla seemed so happy?

Die! She should just die! Nyla should die!

Rebecca trembled, and the smile she had been wearing twisted into a look of rage.

It was the screech of her knife against the plate that prompted the man across from her to say with a frown, "If you don't want to eat, just put the utensils down. Don't embarrass me in public."

Snapping back to reality, Rebecca shivered under Nathaniel's menacing gaze.

Forcing a smile, she nodded toward Nyla's table and said, "Nathaniel, look. Do you see who that is?"

Chapter 679

Nathaniel turned his head and widened his eyes when he saw Nyla.

It was only recently that he learned she was alive and had returned with Damon's child.

However, he didn't care much about this. After all, he had already fallen out with Damon. Even if Nyla came back, they couldn't make amends.

He stared at Nyla for a few seconds before looking away, expressionless. "It's none of our business. There's no need to pay attention."

Even though Nathaniel's tone was indifferent, Rebecca noticed his grip on the cutlery tighten. Clearly, he wasn't as nonchalant as he pretended to be.

Rebecca set down her utensils and asked Nathaniel, "Don't you think it's unfair? Nyla came back unharmed, and she even had Damon's child, but we were the ones caught in his revenge. Especially you the Preston Group almost went bankrupt. "You've worked so hard over the past few years to keep things afloat, facing so much disdain and hardship."

Nathaniel sneered. "Rebecca, don't think I don't know what's going on in your head. You used me once five years ago. Do you think I'll let you use me again now?"

Seeing her intentions exposed, Rebecca smiled. "I'm just upset on your behalf. You don't have the means to fight Damon now anyway."

Nathaniel's eyes narrowed instantly. "Rebecca, trying to provoke me won't do you any good."

Rebecca knew that if they weren't in a restaurant right now, Nathaniel might have hit her like he used to.

"Nathaniel, don't forget-I just secured a big deal for the Preston Group. Mr. Nuttall likes me a lot. If you lay a hand on me again and he sees the marks, it might not end well for you," she warned.

Orlando Nuttall was the owner of a

listed food company in Saintornia. Despite his reputation as a playboy, he despised men who abused women, having grown up watching his father beat his mother until she finally took her own life.

Orlando had taken a liking to Rebecca at a banquet, and Nathaniel had willingly sent her over. After a few refusals, Orlando happily accepted.

Whatever charm Rebecca used on

him worked. Orlando frequently

invited her over, which secured several big contracts for the Preston Group giving them some

ve

much-needed breast reston

room.

Tonight's dinner was meant to celebrate another contract Rebecca had secured for the Preston Group. Nathaniel was in a good enough mood to take her out.

Nathaniel masked his anger but continued to glare at Rebecca coldly. "You better remember your place. No matter how powerful Mr. Nuttallis, he won't help you get a divorce. Damon already said we're tied together for life."

Rebecca turned pale, lowering her head to conceal the fleeting emotions in her eyes.

For five years, she had struggled to find a chance to divorce Nathaniel.

Richard had continued to suppress the Preston Group after Damon lost his memory, privately warning her not to entertain the thought of divorcing Nathaniel and pursuing Damon.

Now that Richard was dead and Damon had lost his memory, who cared if she and Nathaniel divorced? As long as she held on to Orlando, she could figure out a way forward. As for Nyla, she wouldn't let that woman off easily.

A series of schemes flashed through Rebecca's mind, and her downcast eyes filled with malice.

...

After finishing dinner, Nyla dropped off Leon and Ruby before driving to pick up Mason.

Chapter 680

As soon as Nyla entered the villa, she saw Damon and Mason sitting on the living room floor, playing with building blocks.

Mason was quick, but Damon was even faster and wasn't going easy on his son. While Mason was only halfway done, Damon had already finished. "I win," Damon declared, his expression calm and tone flat.

However, if one looked closely, they might catch a hint of amusement in his eyes.

Mason pouted but said nothing.

Playing games with his father was no fun-he hadn't won a single round tonight. He sniffled, thinking it would be more enjoyable to play with his mother.

Noticing that Mason seemed upset, Damon raised an eyebrow and said, "You'll need a lot more practice if you want to beat me."

"Fine..." Mason replied reluctantly.

Suddenly, a soft laugh came from nearby.

Mason and Damon both turned to see Nyla standing by the sofa, smiling warmly at them.

She wore a gray trench coat over a cream V-neck sweater and light jeans, paired with classic round-toed loafers. Her long hair flowed down, and she had on light makeup, looking so beautiful that it was hard to look away. Damon's eyes darkened momentarily before he nonchalantly looked away, muttering, "You're here."

Nyla smiled and nodded, catching Mason as he ran over to her.

"Mommy! You finally came to pick me up. I missed you so much!" Mason exclaimed, hugging her neck and kissing her cheek, his eyes sparkling with happiness.

Reflecting on how indifferent Mason had been toward him during dinner, Damon felt a twinge of helplessness.

Nyla found the situation amusing.

Mason wasn't really missing her he was clearly feeling defeated by his father. At daycare, he was the champion, but now he was getting schooled by his own father. She figured that if she had arrived any later, she would have found a teary-eyed little boy.

"Mommy missed you too! How was playing with Daddy?" she asked.

Mason's eyes held a hint of grievance as he turned away. "It was okay, but I still like playing with you more."

Nyla chuckled, not calling him out. She looked up at Damon and said, "Mr. Sumner, I'll take Buddy home now." Damon stood up and offered, "I'll take you."

"No need; I drove," Nyla declined.

"It's late. I'll feel better if I drive you home," Damon insisted.

Nyla was about to refuse again, but

Damon pulled her from her arms, a

hand already walking over her

shoulder and headed for the door. Content belongs to

him. Watching his steady figure, she sighed and followed him.

Wo

During the drive home, Damon took the wheel of Nyla's car while the villa's driver followed them in another vehicle. Mason chattered nonstop, keeping the atmosphere light.

Damon occasionally glanced at Nyla

through the rearview mirror as she responded warmly to Mason. However, his gaze gradually darkened, and his grip on the steering wheel tightened.

If he hadn't been so confident five years ago and had taken better measures to protect her, this scene would have been much more heartwarming.

Pain throbbed in Damon's chest as he took a deep breath, pushing down his emotions and focusing on the road ahead.

The drive from his villa to Nyla's current place was long-over an hour.

Yet when they finally arrived, Damon found himself wishing time hadn't flown by so quickly.

Read Chapter 681

Chapter 681

Damon turned back to Nyla and said, "I'll walk you upstairs."

Nyla shook her head. "No need, it's already late. You should head back. Thanks for bringing us home."

With that, she stepped out of the car, carrying Mason.

Damon handed her the car keys, saying, "If anything comes up, feel free to reach out."

Nyla paused. That strange feeling she'd had at the hospital resurfaced. She vividly remembered how Damon's attitude toward her had shifted since he'd woken up.

It made her suspicious-could Damon have regained his memory?

Despite her suspicions, this wasn't the time to test him. She took the keys and nodded. "Okay, Mr. Sumner. Thank you for tonight."

Damon didn't say anything more. He watched as Nyla and Mason disappeared into the stairwell before driving away.

In the following days, after Nyla coordinated with Leon and Ruby, they began working on their project in Prospectus Technology's lab.

The project was a collaboration with Prospectus Technology's team to develop a treatment drug for heart disease.

Prospectus Technology had four researchers: two men, Brody Lamphere and Sullivan Heseltine, and two women, Tina Goff and Demi Minogue. Sullivan was the team leader. With so many people involved, coordination proved challenging.

Brody and Leon specialized in testing, but one of them needed to join the experiment team since they only required one tester.

Brody crossed his arms, looking displeased. "I'm not good at experiments. Let Leon join the experiment team."

Leon frowned. He had already planned to join the experiment team, but Brody's attitude grated on him.

"I'm not great at experiments either, and you're not the team leader. Why should I listen to you?" Leon shot back. Brody scowled. "Fine, but if you force me into the experiment team and I mess up, don't blame me if things go wrong." "Are you threatening me?" Leon hissed.

Still young and hot-tempered, he was about to step forward.

Nyla held him back, reminding him, "Leon, calm down."

Sullivan also stepped in to mediate.

With a smile, he said, "Leon, don't be mad. Brody's always been like this. Try not to take it personally."

Brody let out a sneer. "Sullivan, I'm

not

it

of this kid. We can settle with a fight-whoever wins stoppet

on

the testing team."

His words instantly reignited the tense atmosphere, and Leon's expression darkened.

"Fine, let's fight!" Leon snapped.

"Leon!" Nyla called out, her eyes flashing with anger. "You'll join the experiment team."

"But, Nyla-" Leon started.

"Either do as I say or go back to Capitarnia," Nyla warned.

Leon gritted his teeth, frustration flashing in his eyes, but he turned away without saying anything further. Brody was about to speak, but Sullivan shot him a warning glare. "I'm telling you, don't push your luck!" Brody shrank back under Sullivan's cold stare and fell silent.

Nyla

who do you think would be suitable join the experiment team? We still one more person."

2ed to Sullivan. "Sullivan,

W9

Sullivan replied with a smile, "Tina has a lot of experience with experiments. She can join the team." "Alright, thank you," Nyla answered.

After allocating tasks, Nyla took the

team tone lab, explained the precautions, and then let them sta working.

SWOO

Since being stopped by Nyla earlier in the day, Leon had been in a foul mood.

Chapter 682

It wasn't that Leon didn't want to work with Nyla-he was just annoyed by Brody's attitude. Why should he give in to Brody? Who did Brody think he was?

As the workday was ending, Nyla asked Leon to wait for her after they finished, saying she had something to discuss.

Throughout the day, Ruby had become friendly with Tina, and they left together like old friends.

Leon waited in the lab for a while before Nyla approached him with her car keys, asking him to come along.

Once they were in the car, she turned to him and asked, "What do you want for dinner? Pick a place. It's on me."

Leon frowned. "Nyla, if you're trying to apologize for today, there's no need. I was planning to join the experiment team anyway. I just didn't like Brody's attitude, but I understand why you did what you did."

If she hadn't stopped him earlier, he and Brody might have ended up fighting.

"It's not an apology-just a way to make up for the frustration you felt today," Nyla explained.

"Alright, then I won't hold back," Leon replied.

He chose a restaurant near Prospectus Technology, and Nyla navigated there directly.

Once they were seated, Leon began venting about Brody. He had encountered difficult people in the lab before, but none as unreasonable as Brody.

...

"I don't know how someone like him survives in the workplace! He must be hated by a lot of people!" Leon grumbled.

Nyla poured him a glass of water. "You must be thirsty after talking so much. Have some water."

Realizing he was indeed a bit thirsty, Leon gulped down the tea. He continued to complain, "Nyla, I just can't get over this."

"You'll have to. And you're mistaken about something-Brody may act domineering toward you, but he's obviously careful around Sullivan, even a bit deferential," Nyla pointed out en

Leon looked incredulous. "Are you sure?"

AS

"Why do you think Brody was provoking you today?" Nyla asked.

"Isn't it because he wants the tester position?" Leon replied.

Nyla smiled. "You're still too young. What he's really after isn't the position-it's the control that Sullivan has over the entire project."

Leon looked confused. "If that's the case, then shouldn't we resist even more? Why should we follow Sullivan's arrangements?"

"What's wrong with following his lead? If anything goes wrong, the responsibility won't fall on us," Nyla countered. "But what if he makes things difficult for us?" Leon worried.

Nyla looked at him steadily. "If he really wants to make things difficult, he will do it no matter what we choose. What we need to do is ensure his plans don't succeed."

Leon seemed lost. He didn't understand why they couldn't all just work together peacefully for the sake of the project.

Seeing his frustration and confusion, Nyla added, "Professor Kington sent you and Ruby here for this project to give you both some experience."

After all, their fab environment was relatively straightforward, and both Leon and Ruby had uncomplicated personalities. If they went out on their own in the future, this kind of attitude would definitely put them at a disadvantage.

"I just want to do my experiments and stay out of all this nonsense," Leon stated.

Nyla shook her head. "Sometimes, even if you don't want to be involved, you have no choice."

She didn't want to elaborate further. Leon would understand her words better once the project was over.

As they continued their conversation, Nyla's phone suddenly rang. [SEARCH THE Find_Novel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 683

When Nyla saw the name "Oliver" flashing on her screen, she smiled and answered the call. "What's up?"

"Nyla, I have two tickets to an auction. Would you like to go with me? I heard there will be some beautiful jewelry on display, and I thought you might be interested," Oliver invited. Nyla raised an eyebrow, surprised that he had asked her to an auction.

"When is it?" she inquired.

"Tomorrow night," Oliver replied.

Nyla thought for a moment. She didn't have any plans for the evening, so she agreed, "Sure, you can pick me up tomorrow."

After ending the call with Oliver, she set her phone down and noticed Leon looking at her with a mischievous grin.

"Nyla, you look so happy. Was that your boyfriend on the other end?" he asked.

Nyla smiled and openly admitted, "Yep. Jealous?"

Leon, who had been single forever, always made it his birthday wish to find a partner.

Unfortunately, since he practically lived in the lab, he had little chance to meet women. The female lab mates weren't his type either, so he remained single.

"Of course I am jealous! If you know anyone suitable, don't forget to introduce them to me," Leon said.

They joked around for a bit, quickly brushing aside the topic, with neither of them bringing it up again.

...

After dinner, Nyla dropped Leon off and then headed home.

To her surprise, Oliver was at her place.

When Oliver saw Nyla, he stood up from a pile of toys with a smile. "Nyla, you're back! I happened to pass by your complex on my way home, so I thought I'd drop by. I heard from Buddy that you've started working again." Putting her bag down and changing her shoes, Nyla replied, "Yeah, the lab has a project with Prospectus Technology, and I'm in charge."

"Just make sure you don't overwork yourself. It's already past 10:00 p.m.," Oliver said, his eyes filled with concern.

Nyla nodded. "I know. I was out with my junior colleague tonight, so I got back a little late."

"Alright," Oliver conceded.

As Nyla walked into the living room, she noticed a box of walnut and peach cookies with the Good Dips logo on it and paused.

Good Dips was a bakery located over six miles away from her home. Although she loved their walnut and peach cookies, she had never driven that far to buy them.

"I was over there for business today

and remembered you said Goode Dips' walnut and peach cookies were your favorite. Try them-see if they still taste the same," Oliver said.

en

A wave of complex emotions washed over Nyla.

Since Oliver had been near Good

Dips for business, it made no sense for him to pass by this way. It was evident that he had gone out of his way to bring her the cookies

"Thank you. But next time, don't go to all that trouble. It takes you almost an hour to get home from here," Nyla replied.

Oliver took her hand gently. "It's no trouble at all if it makes you happy. Go ahead and try some."

When Nyla opened the box, the familiar aroma enveloped her, and she couldn't help but take a deep breath.

She sighed. "Mm, this is the flavor I remember."

She placed a few cookies on a plate, and everyone had a taste. It was indeed just like the original.

Oliver smiled. "They really taste good, and they're unique. No wonder that even after five years in Capitarnia, no other cookies have caught your attention."

"This place has been around for over

100 years in Saintornia. I remember when I was a kid. It was just a small shop. Now they've rented three floors of space, but they still don't open other locations. If you want some, you have to go there Nyla explained.

Oliver nodded. "Traditional shops like this usually have their own rules, which is why they last so long."

After finishing the cookies, Mason started to feel sleepy.

Seeing this, Oliver stood up. "It's getting late. I'll head out. I'll pick you up tomorrow night."

Chapter 684

"Okay," Nyla answered.

After seeing Oliver off, she bathed Mason and put him to bed.

Hesitating for a moment, she texted Damon to ask if he was free the next night, as she planned to drop Mason off.

Damon responded quickly.

Damon: [I'm free. What's up?]

Nyla: [I'm going to an auction tomorrow night, and I might be back late. Buddy should be asleep by then, and I don't want him to be scared if he's alone at home.] Damon was typing for several minutes before his reply came through.

Damon: [Okay. I have to attend the same auction, but Lydia can put Buddy to bed.]

Nyla hadn't expected him to be going too, but Lydia was a better choice than the new nanny.

Nyla: [Alright.]

Damon didn't reply after that, so Nyla put her phone away and went to shower and sleep.

...

After exiting the texting app, Damon called Spencer from his study. His voice was cold as he instructed, "Get me a ticket for tomorrow night's auction."

Spencer sounded surprised. "But Mr. Sumner, you said you weren't interested in that auction."

Damon didn't respond and hung up abruptly.

Holding his phone, Spencer sighed, thinking it was impossible to understand what went on in a man's heart.

The next evening arrived quickly.

Nyla dropped Mason off at Damon's villa and reminded Oliver not to pick her up, as she would drive there herself. When Damon saw her about to leave, he asked casually, "Did you drive?"

She nodded. "Yeah, why?"

"My car is in the shop for

maintenance. Since you'll return to pick up Buddy anyway, would you mind giving me a lift?" Damon asked.

Nyla frowned. "All your cars are in for maintenance?"

"Yeah," Damon replied.

Seeing his insistence, Nyla agreed.

"Thanks," Damon said.

"No problem," Nyla replied.

...

When they arrived at the auction, there was still half an hour before it began.

Oliver was already waiting for Nyla at the entrance.

When he saw Damon behind her, a trace of displeasure crossed his face. It seemed Damon had completely ignored his warning. "Nyla, how come you're here with Mr. Sumner?" he asked.

Nyla replied indifferently, "He had all his cars sent for maintenance, and since I was dropping Buddy off, he got a ride with me." Oliver was speechless. He had underestimated Damon's shamelessness. To think he would concoct an excuse like that. With a forced smile, he mocked, "What a coincidence. It seems Mr. Sumner's maintenance schedule is quite impeccable." Damon's expression remained nonchalant. "My team was careless. Please don't mind this embarrassment of mine."

"Who would dare to? But if I may say, you might want to reconsider your staff. Tonight may only be a minor auction, but the

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consequences can be serious they mishandle something important in the future," Oliver advised,

Meeting Oliver's icy stare, Damon smirked. "I'll keep that in mind."

Sensing the tension between the two men, Nyla frowned and stepped closer to Oliver. "Let's go inside."

"Sure." Oliver took her hand and led her inside, not sparing Damon another glance.

Damon's gaze hardened at the sight of their intertwined hands, and a chill spread around him.

Noticing Oliver's quick pace and apparent displeasure, Nyla pressed her lips together before apologizing, "I'm sorry, Oliver. I didn't think things through today. It won't happen again." en

Chapter 685

Oliver stopped and looked at Nyla, his gaze a little dimmed.

After a few seconds, he sighed. "Nyla, I shouldn't have gotten angry with you... I'm sorry."

He had been upset about her arriving with Damon, but most of his anger had melted away the moment she held his hand.

Nyla gazed at him and said softly, "It was my fault. You have every right to be upset. I didn't consider your feelings."

Since she had agreed to be with Oliver, she knew she should keep her distance from other men, especially since she and Damon shared a past. It was only natural for Oliver to feel uneasy about their interactions. Oliver's gaze softened. "It's just a small matter. Let's move on. Shall we head inside?"

"Okay," Nyla replied.

As they entered the auction venue, Nyla finally felt the intense gaze on her back fade away.

Valarie, who was also attending the auction, saw Nyla and immediately approached her with a smile. "Nyla, you're here too!"

Nyla was pleasantly surprised to see her. "Yes, it's been so long since we last met."

Valarie pulled Nyla aside and playfully glanced at Oliver. "Mr. Raynor, I'm going to borrow Nyla for a while. You don't mind, do you?"

Oliver chuckled. "I wouldn't dare."

After finding out Nyla was alive, Valarie had confronted Oliver and given him a piece of her mind. He had apologized multiple times before she finally forgave him. "Good to hear." With that, Valarie led Nyla away.

While watching them walk off, the smile on Oliver's face deepened. He thought Nyla must be happy to be back in Saintornia and reconnecting with Valarie.

A few people nearby recognized him and came over to chat, so he soon engaged in conversation with his business associates.

Meanwhile, Valarie guided Nyla to a cozy corner and whispered, "Nyla, guess who showed up today?"

Nyla thought for a moment and shook her head. "I've been away from Saintornia for years. How would I know?"

"It's someone you know," Valarie supplied.

Nyla frowned, trying to guess. "Could it be Gabriel?"

She had seen Gabriel on TV occasionally over the years. He had started a pharmaceutical company that grew rapidly, often competing with Prospectus Technology and even poaching several of its

employees. He was quite a

headache for them.

Nevertheless, they were no longer in the same world.

Gabriel had moved on, gotten married, and even had a child. If they were to meet again, he likely wouldn't react the same way he did in the past. "Nope, guess again. Who used to give you the most trouble?" Valarie hinted.

"I really can't think of anyone. Just tell me," Nyla said.

"Alright, I'll stop teasing. It's Rebecca," Valarie answered.

Nyla's gaze hardened. No one had mentioned that name to her in five years, but just hearing it again filled her with deep disgust.

"She didn't leave Saintornia?" she asked.

"You wish. After your accident five

years ago, Damon forced her to marry Nathaniel. Over the past five years, he's reportedly abused her multiple times, even putting her in the hospital four or five times. I'm not sure whether to pity her or say she deserved it," Valarie informed her.

Nyla lowered her gaze, suppressing the emotions stirring within her. "Her situation has nothing to do with me. I don't care."

Valarie gossiped, "Right, but I'm

telling you, she didn't come here with Nathaniel. She's here with Orlando Nuttall, the CEO of the.

Nuttall Group. They look pretty net
close definitely more than just acquaintances."

Seeing the glint of gossip in Valarie's eyes, Nyla shook her head, her interest lacking.
"Her affairs have nothing to do with me."

Chapter 686

Nyla hadn't expected Damon to force Rebecca to marry Nathaniel.

"After everything she put you through, you don't want to get back at her?" Valarie asked.

If it were five years ago, Nyla might have sought revenge.

Since having Mason, her only goal had been to work hard and provide a happy, carefree life for him. Other matters simply didn't hold the same significance anymore.

"Didn't you say she married Nathaniel and suffers frequent abuse? That sounds like retribution to me," Nyla replied.

Valarie pouted and scoffed. "You might be able to let it go, but I can't. She's been hiding for years, so I haven't had a chance to deal with her. Now that she's finally out in public, I definitely have to teach her a lesson." Nyla frowned. "Valarie, I know you're trying to stand up for me, but it's not worth it. You said she's with that Mr. Nuttall, right? Don't go offending others because of me."

"Don't worry. I know what I'm doing," Valarie assured her.

Realizing that Valarie wouldn't listen, Nyla could only sigh helplessly.

Soon, the auction began.

Nyla wasn't interested in the jewelry anymore. She rested her chin in her hand and watched casually. In contrast, Valarie was fully engaged, frequently raising her paddle to bid.

Not long after the auction started, Rebecca noticed them. When she saw Nyla, her face darkened, and she dug her fingers into her palm, glaring at her with intense resentment. Orlando sensed the shift in her mood and followed her gaze. When he saw Nyla sitting beside Valarie, his eyes flashed with intrigue.

"You know her?" he asked.

Rebecca quickly looked away and said in a low voice, "No."

Orlando raised an eyebrow but didn't press further.

As the auction continued, Rebecca noticed that Valarie had won several pieces of jewelry.

A calculating look flashed in her eyes as she clung to Orlando's arm, her voice sweet and flirtatious. "Mr. Nuttall, I like that set of jewelry."

Orlando was clearly enjoying her attention. "Go ahead and bid. Anything under 15,000,000 dollars is yours."

He had recently taken an interest in Rebecca, so he was willing to spend some money to make her happy. "Thank you, Mr. Nuttall," Rebecca said sweetly. [SEARCH THE Findnovel.net website](http://www.findnovel.net) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Her flirtatious tone melted Orlando's heart, and he playfully pinched her waist.

As a result, every time Valarie expressed interest in a piece, Rebecca deliberately raised the price, causing Valarie to buy the jewelry at much higher amounts. en

Despite this, Valarie remained calm, smiling all the while.

Soon, Valarie started bidding on a set valued at 7,000,000 dollars.

Rebecca raised the price again.

Valarie narrowed her eyes and called out directly, "15,000,000 dollars." Rebecca raised her paddle at Valarie's provocative glance, calling, "20,000,000 dollars."

She was confident that Valarie would continue bidding since Valarie had been pursuing this particular set from the start, clearly indicating she wanted it badly.

As soon as she made her bid, the room fell silent.

Orlando's face darkened. However, given the prominent figures present, he restrained himself from

questioning her immediately merely giving her a cold look.

Startled by his reaction, Rebecca explained in a whisper, "Mr. Nuttall, I don't intend to buy it. Valarie is sure to outbid me."

Orlando frowned. "You're sure?"

"Yes," Rebecca replied.

As soon as she spoke, the auctioneer began calling out, "20,000,000 dollars, going once!"

There were no other bids.

Rebecca looked appalled as she turned to Valarie, who was looking back at her with a mocking smile. It was clear Valarie had seen through her strategy.