

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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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 ever 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

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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 she deserved it," Valarie informed

her.

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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 prett

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."

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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.

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.

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

from the start, clearly i

would continue bidding since Valarie had been pursuing this particular set 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

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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.