

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

## Paradse 7

### Paradse 7

Clark stiffened abruptly, his expression darkening instantly. He tightened his grip on Nyla's chin before slowly releasing her and turning to face Damon.

Meeting Damon's amused gaze, Clark forced a smile. "No. Uncle Damon, did you need something?"

Damon smiled. "Your grandma sent me to call you both for dinner."

"Thank you, Uncle Damon."

"No trouble at all. But remember, this is the family home. Be mindful of your actions." As Damon spoke, he briefly glanced at the red mark on Nyla's chin, mockery evident in his gaze.

Seeing Damon's eyes linger on Nyla, Clark frowned and stepped in front of her. "I understand, Uncle Damon."

His tone and expression were not pleasant, and his gaze toward Damon betrayed a hint of wariness.

Damon smirked and casually looked away. "Alright, let's go eat."

After Damon left, Clark reached out for Nyla's hand, but she dodged him, walking away without a backward glance.

Clark quickly caught up, gripping her hand firmly. "Behave, or I'll talk to your father!"

Nyla's attempt to pull away halted, a wave of helplessness and anger washing over her. If she hadn't agreed to become a housewife back then, she wouldn't be under his control and threats now.

She needed to find a job quickly, earn enough to pay her father's medical bills, and free herself from Clark. Until then, arguing about divorce was pointless.

Having made up her mind, Nyla stopped struggling and let Clark lead her to the dining room.

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After dinner, everyone went home.

As Clark and Nyla arrived at their villa, Clark locked the car doors, making no move to get out.

Nyla frowned. "What are you doing?"

"We need to talk."

"If it's about the divorce, there's no need. I won't bring it up for now."

Clark's eyes narrowed dangerously. "For now?"

"Yes."

Seeing Nyla's indifferent expression, Clark pressed his lips into a thin line, his displeasure evident. He knew it would take time for her to accept his infidelity. As long as she didn't mention divorce, he believed he had a chance to win her back.

After a moment, he nodded. "Nyla, I'm glad you're giving me another chance."

Nyla ignored his words, staring at him blankly. "Can you unlock the car now? I'm tired and want to rest."

With a click, the doors unlocked.

Nyla immediately got out, heading into the villa without looking back.

By the time Clark reached the bedroom door, he found it locked from the inside. He sighed, a smile tugging at his lips.

In the early days of their marriage, she'd lock the door to show she was angry when he had been too rough in bed. She'd let him in after a few days.

His smile deepened. "Never mind," he thought, "I'll win her over slowly."

They had a lifetime together. As long as she stayed by his side and had feelings for him, she'd eventually forgive him.

Inside the bedroom, Nyla was choosing an outfit for her interview the next day. After picking a few options, she sent photos to Valarie, asking for her opinion.

Valarie called immediately. "Why are you suddenly job hunting? Have you sorted things out with Clark?"

Nyla's voice was calm. "Not yet. I need a job first. I have no income. Once I have enough money for my dad's medical bills and my living expenses, I'll discuss divorce."  
"So you're going to live with him like nothing happened?"

"Of course not. I have some money saved. I'll find a place to move out after the interview tomorrow."

Nyla realized that divorce couldn't be rushed. Without a job or money, she couldn't afford a lawyer, let alone face the Sumner Group's legal team. She needed the best divorce lawyer she could find. She had no intention of leaving with nothing. Clark was the one who betrayed their marriage. Why should she leave empty-handed? If she had the means, she'd make him leave with nothing instead. As for her father's medical bills, she felt no guilt using Clark's money. Her research back then had earned Clark millions. Her father's medical expenses were a drop in the bucket.

"Which company are you interviewing with?"

"Park Pharmaceuticals."

"You're going back to drug research?"

"Yes. I've kept up with the field even though I haven't been working. It's what I know best."

"Why didn't you tell me sooner? Come work at my place. I can recommend you."

Nyla laughed. "You always complain about your boss. You've painted him as a tyrant. Are you sure you want me to join you?"

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before a male voice chimed in. "Valarie, since when am I a tyrant?"

The voice was distant but laced with a dangerous edge.

Valarie laughed nervously. "Nyla, uh... I've got to go. Let me know how the interview goes. We'll have lunch."

Before Nyla could respond, Valarie hung up.

Noting the late hour, Nyla raised an eyebrow. Valarie was usually disciplined in her routine. Having someone over, especially her boss, at this hour was unusual. She'd have to dig for details the next day. Nyla set her phone down and chose a modest light green dress, appropriate for the interview. She then put the other clothes away, grabbed her pajamas, and headed to the bathroom.

After the shower, she dried her hair, completed her skincare routine, and went to bed.

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Meanwhile, in the study.

Clark hesitated before anonymously posting online, asking for advice on winning back his wife after cheating. The responses urging him to divorce and let her go infuriated him, so he deleted the post. As he was about to head to bed, his phone rang. It was a message from Jordyn.

## Paradse 8

"A friend of yours?"

A flash of disgust crossed Lucia's eyes. "No, someone I dislike."

"Anyone you dislike must not be a good person," the colleague said, trying to flatter her.

Lucia appreciated it. "Let's not talk about it. It's a mood killer."

When Nyla arrived at the restaurant, Valarie was just getting there too.

Linking arms, they walked in together.

"How did the interview go?"

"It went alright, but I'm not sure if I'll get the job."

"If you don't, just try another company. There are plenty of pharmaceutical companies in the city. Any company would be lucky to have you."

"Thanks for the confidence, but I haven't worked in a lab for years."

Drug research required a lot of experience, and aside from the three years Nyla had spent in the lab during her graduate studies, she didn't have much professional experience.

"Don't

worry. Once you start working, you'll catch up quickly," Valarie said.

She knew that Nyla had always been dedicated, often working tirelessly for results and data. "Enough about that. Last night on the phone, I heard a man's voice. What's going on?" Valarie blushed, avoiding Nyla's gaze. "Did you? Are you sure?"

Nyla stared at her. "Valarie, I'm not hard of hearing. I clearly heard a man at your place last night.

Valarie's cheeks reddened further. She knew she couldn't avoid it. "Alright, alright. It was my boss... We're dating."

Nyla didn't respond, her eyes fixed on a spot in the restaurant, growing red.

Valarie's heart sank. Following Nyla's gaze, Valarie saw Clark sitting with a woman who was crying and occasionally giving him a longing look.

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Chapter B

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Valarie couldn't believe Clark would be so brazen, openly bringing his mistress to a public place. "Is that the woman he's seeing?"

"Yes." Nyla tried not to care, but seeing them together felt like a hand tightening around her heart. It made it hard to breathe.

"I'm going to confront her! How dare she flaunt her affair in public!"

Nyla quickly grabbed Valarie's arm. "Don't."

Confronting them would only humiliate herself further.

"How can you stand this..." Before Valarie could finish, she saw Nyla's near-tearful expression and felt a pang in her heart. "Don't cry. He's not worth it!"

Nyla rubbed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I know."

The moment Clark cheated, he stopped being worth any of her feelings. However, after loving him for eight years, it was impossible for her to simply switch off her emotions. Eventually, she would distance herself from him until he was nothing but a stranger.

Without looking back, Nyla turned and walked away.

Clark sensed someone staring at him, but when he looked up, he saw no one.

Next to him, Jordyn continued to sob softly, further irritating him.

He lit a cigarette and said coldly, "If you won't get rid of it, I have ways to make sure you don't carry it to term."

Today's Bonus Offer

## Chapter 8

Clark grabbed his phone, glaring at the message with a dark expression. He and Jordyn had always used protection, so either she was lying, or she had tampered with the condoms. Either way, it crossed a line

for Clark.

He called her directly. "Where are you right now?"

Jordyn felt a pang of bitterness when she heard the anger in his voice. "Clark, I'm pregnant. Aren't you happy at all?"

Clark let out a cold laugh. "Are you sure it's mine?"

"Clark, you're the only man I've ever been with. Wouldn't you know better if it's yours or not?"

Her tone was accusatory, with a hint of grievance, but Clark just felt annoyed.

"Get rid of it."

The only woman he wanted to have children with was Nyla. Women like Jordyn, who threw themselves at him, were just for fun. He never took them seriously. "No, this is our child. I'm keeping it."

Clark frowned in irritation. If he had known she was so troublesome, he wouldn't have touched her. "I'm asking one last time, where are you?"

There was a brief silence before Jordyn's tearful voice came through. "Are you planning to force me to have an abortion?"

Clark didn't reply, his silence answering her.

"If you don't want this child, I'll raise it on my own. I won't let it know who its father is..."

Before she could finish, Clark hung up and instructed his secretary to find out where she was.

When Nyla discovered his affair, he quickly learned that Jordyn was behind it and kicked her out of the company. He didn't expect her to have a backup plan.

That child couldn't be born. If it was, his relationship with Nyla would be truly over.

Late that night, Nyla, half awake, heard the car engine start but didn't think much of it.

The following morning.

During breakfast, the housekeeper mentioned that Clark had left in a hurry during the night, possibly due to an issue at work.

Nyla didn't respond, sipping her milk with a hint of mockery in her eyes.

An issue at work? It was more likely he was rushing to see that other woman.

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Chapter 8

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As she left, she messaged Valarie to ask where they should meet for lunch.

Valarie replied with a restaurant address.

Nyla put away her phone, got in her car, and set the GPS

What she didn't notice was a woman in a lab coat with delicate makeup staring in her direction with a slight frown.

The woman's colleague, also in a lab coat, glanced where she was looking but only saw Nyla's car disappearing around the corner. "Lucia, what are you looking at?"

Lucia Pollard shook her head. "Nothing... I thought I saw someone I knew. Must have been mistaken."

GET IT NOW

## **Paradse 9**

Chapter 9

Chapter 9

Jordyn's sobs stopped abruptly, her eyes filled with grievance. "Clark, my feelings for you are genuine."

The thought of her scheming made Clark feel a surge of disgust. "What's your 'genuine feelings' worth?"

He pulled out a bank card and tossed it on the table, his expression cold. "There's 300,000 dollars on this card. Take the money and get an abortion. Otherwise, I'll have my bodyguards drag you to the hospital. You know what to choose."

Jordyn hesitated for a moment, then grabbed the card with trembling hands and ran out of the restaurant

in tears.

Clark called his bodyguards to make sure they followed her to the hospital, then hung up in frustration. Upon seeing the photo of Nyla on his screen saver, his expression softened. Without much hesitation, he called her.

It rang for a long time before she answered.

"What do you want?"

Nyla's cold tone was like a bucket of ice water, instantly cooling

Clark's previously warm heart from thinking of her. He clenched his phone tightly, trying to hide his disappointment. "Nothing, just wanted to hear your voice. Have you eaten?"

Nyla's eyes flashed with sarcasm, Clark was with Jordyn and still had time to think about her-he really was a multitasking master.

"I'm eating now. If there's nothing else, I'm hanging up.

There was a brief silence on the other end before Clark's deep voice came through. "Okay. I won't work late tonight. Let's have dinner together when I get home."

The only response Clark got was the sound of the call ending

In the private room.

Valarie spoke angrily after Nyla put down her phone, "He's such a scumbag! Eating with his mistress while calling to ask about you!"

She used to think Clark was one of a kind and believed he would make Nyla happy.



Nyla picked up the menu, her eyes downcast. "Let's not talk about him. It'll ruin my appetite. Let's order,"

Seeing Nyla try to stay composed, Valarie felt a pang of sympathy. She knew that when it came to matters of the heart, only time could heal. No amount of words from others would help.

Luckily, Nyla was clear-headed and had no plans to forgive Clark.

After ordering, they chatted casually.

Suddenly, Valarie remembered something. "By the way, I heard Prospectus Technology is planning to invest in Park Pharmaceuticals. If I remember correctly, Prospectus Technology's CEO, Damon Summer, is

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Chapter 9

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Nyla paused at Damon's name, gripping her glass a bit tighter as she recalled the heat of his breath on her ear that night. The invasive feeling still made her shudder. She forced the memory away and replied w

a hum.

"Do you want to consider applying to a different company? It'd be awkward to see the Summers if you divorce Clark."

Nyla shook her head, setting down her glass. "Even if I join Park Pharmaceuticals, I'll just be a regular pharmacist. He wouldn't notice me. Besides, Clark and his uncle aren't close."

Moreover, Clark was the one who had cheated. If anyone should avoid awkwardness, it should be the

Summers, not her.

"Since they aren't close, can you ask his uncle for help with the divorce?"

"Even if they don't get along, they're still both Summers. Do you think he'd help me?"

"Good point..." Valarie sighed, looking disappointed.

Nyla couldn't help but chuckle. "Divorce isn't something that can be rushed. Right now, my priority is finding a job and moving out. The rest will follow."

"Alright, I'll take the afternoon off to help you look for a place."

"No need. I can handle it."

Valarie nodded reluctantly. "Fine, but call me if you need anything. Move on a weekend, and I'll come help

"Don't worry. I won't hesitate to ask when I need you."

After lunch, they parted ways at the restaurant entrance.

Nyla contacted several agents and looked at a few places, preferring a one-bedroom apartment that was over 60 square meters. She liked the decor and location, but the rent was steep. Considering her dwindling bank balance, she decided on a cheaper apartment farther from downtown. Despite that, she chose to wait for the interview results from Park Pharmaceuticals before signing the

lease.

It was past 6:00 p.m. when Nyla returned to the villa.

Clark was sitting in the living room. Hearing the door, he looked up and was momentarily stunned.

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Nyla wore a light green dress with her hair in a high ponytail, revealing her slender, fair neck. She looked put together and lively with a hint of playfulness.

Since their wedding, she had to attend events with him and adhere to the standards of a wealthy wife even at home. Once, Clark's mother visited and criticized her for wearing casual clothes and a bun at home Clark had to admit that this lively version of Nyla was far more attractive and captivating than the version restrained by the Sumners' rules. Yet, alongside his attraction, a sense of unease crept in, as if she coul

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Chapter

leave him at any moment.

"Where did you go today? Patricia said you left right after breakfast."

Nyla changed her shoes as she responded. "I went job hunting"

"Which company? Do you need me to make a call for you?"

Nyla f

frowned at him. "This is nty business. I don't want you involved."

If he intervened, it would be no different from being under his watchful eye at the Sumner Group.

Seeing the resistance in her eyes, Clark felt hurt. "Nyla, I just want to help."

"Thanks, but no thanks." She walked past him, heading upstairs.

As she passed the sofa, Clark grabbed her wrist.

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In the next second, a bouquet appeared in front of her. It was the same Juliet roses he had given when he confessed his love. The flower symbolized a protective, pure, sincere, selfless, and everlasting love. Si Now, seeing the fresh roses, Nyla felt nothing but irony. Her marriage with Clark, tainted by his infidelity. no longer deserved words like "sincere" and "everlasting".

Upon seeing her silence, Clark's voice softened. "I passed by a florist today and thought of getting you some flowers."

Nyla pulled her hand away, looking him in the eye. Her gaze held nothing but disgust, impatience, and coldness-no trace of love remained. "No need. I never liked these flowers,"

## Paradse 10

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Clark froze for a moment and instinctively said, "But you always buy these flowers when you go to the florist."

Nyla looked away, Clark had probably forgotten that he had given her Jullet roses the day he confessed. It didn't matter anymore. If he could betray their relationship, it was no surprise that he couldn't remembe "That was in the past."

She walked past him directly to the bedroom. She could feel his gaze on her, but she no longer cared if her words hurt him.

After changing clothes and coming downstairs, the housekeeper had already set dinner on the table. "Mr. and Mrs. Sumner, dinner is ready."

Nyla nodded and went straight to the table, starting to eat without even glancing at Clark.

Clark frowned but said nothing, silently sitting across from her.

The housekeeper, Patricia Bambra, noticed the tension between them and guessed they had argued. She picked up the flowers from the coffee table, smiling at Nyla. "Mrs. Sumner, should I arrange these flowers?" "No, just throw them away."

In the past, even when they argued, Nyla had never been this cold. Patricia was momentarily at a loss and looked toward Clark.

Without lifting his head, Clark said indifferently, "Do as she says. Throw them away."

Patricia regretted her words, realizing she had said the wrong thing. She quickly put the flowers down and retreated to

the kitchen. After a moment's hesitation, she sent a message to Clark's mother, feeling that this argument was different from the ones before.

After dinner, Nyla got up and headed back to the bedroom. Just as she was about to close the door, a hand stopped it.

"Nyla, are you planning to stay this cold to me forever? We're supposed to spend our lives together-Id rather you hit or scold me than give me the silent treatment."

Nyla remained expressionless as she looked up at Clark, noting his helpless expression, just like after their past arguments when he would try to coax her.

He always tried to downplay his behavior, exploiting her soft heart to gain forgiveness.

After eight years together, she knew him too well. Forgiving him this time would only lead to countless future betrayals. Once someone crossed the line, they'd only bring deeper hurt each time.

"If it were me who cheated, could you remain calm and even forgive me so quickly?"

Clark's grip tightened on the door handle, his veins bulging. His eyes were filled with anger and at dangerous intent. If he ever saw Nyla with another man, he knew he wouldn't be able to stop himself from killing Chapter 101

+25 BONUS

Nyla found his sudden cold demeanor amusing. "See? You can't do it yourself, so don't force it on others."

Clark looked at her and said deliberately, "Nyla, I will give you time to accept this, but you need to understand that I will never let you go."

He knew Nyla was job hunting to prepare for leaving him, but he was determined to show her that all her efforts were in vain.

Clark's eyes, filled with possessiveness and obsession, made Nyla's heart

lurch, and a chill ran down her spine. She knew that beneath his gentle facade, he could be uncontrollable. If she insisted on a divorce, things would not end well between them.

When Clark saw the fear in Nyla's eyes, he realized he had scared her and softened his expression. "Don't be afraid. As long as you stay by my side, I won't hurt you."

He reached out to tuck a stray hair behind her ear, but she instinctively stepped back, leaving his hand hanging in the air.

The tension hung for a few seconds before Clark casually retracted his hand.

"I'm going on a business trip tomorrow for half a month. When I come back, I'll move back into the bedroom. Be ready for it."

Nyla closed the door, her back already damp with sweat. She understood his message- he was giving her two weeks to accept and forgive his infidelity. She needed to move out as soon as possible.

Her phone chimed with a message from Park Pharmaceuticals' HR department. She had been hired, though the salary was lower than she had hoped.

With no better options, she confirmed her start date for the following Monday and immediately contacted the real estate agent.

The next day, Nyla signed a one-year lease for an apartment, paying three months' rent upfront. After paying, she had only a few hundred left in her account.

She didn't rush back home but instead bought cleaning supplies and thoroughly cleaned the new. By noon, she was exhausted but felt accomplished seeing the tidy apartment. Over the next few days, Nyla packed her belongings at the villa.

On Saturday, Valarie came to help her move.

Patricia was puzzled when she saw Nyla with a suitcase. "Mrs. Sumner... are you going on a trip?" Nyla shook her head, smiling. "I'm moving out. Thank you for taking

care of me all these years." Patricia was taken aback. She had sensed something was wrong between Nyla and Clark. They used to spend so much time together, but recently they barely interacted. Besides, N call him every night.

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Chapter 10

"Mrs. Sumner... did you and Mr. Sumner have a fight?"

Nyla's hand tightened on the suitcase handle. After a few seconds, she replied softly, "Not really. I found a job, and living outside will be more convenient."

With that, she nodded politely to Patricia and walked out without looking back.

Watching her leave, Patricia felt a growing sense of unease and quickly called Clark.

"Mr. Sumner, Mrs, Sumner just left with a suitcase!"

Clark was escorting a business partner to the elevator when he received the call. The words made his smile freeze, and his mood darkened instantly. He hadn't expected Nyla to leave while he was away! "Got it." Ending the call, Clark quickly called Nyla.

Nyla wasn't surprised to see Clark's name on the screen. She knew he'd be informed the moment she left

the villa.

Pressing her lips together, she answered the call.

As soon as it connected, Clark's angry voice came through. "Nyla, I don't agree with you moving out. Go home immediately!" Today's Bonus Offer