

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 701

Chapter 701

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"You said it was boring when the date was set at the restaurant yesterday. No matter how it's done, you'll find something to criticize. Do you just not want to go on a blind date?" Phoebe asked.

Valarie pursed her lips. "I don't want to. If it weren't for you guys pushing me, I wouldn't even consider it."

For her, not getting married wasn't a big deal. She'd rather stay single than wake up every day to a face she didn't like, pretending to be happy for the rest of her life.

"You're driving me crazy! You're in your 30s now, and if you don't get married soon, no one will want you by the time you're 40! Your dad and I are getting older, and after we're gone, how will you manage on your own?!" Phoebe exclaimed.

Facing her mother's serious expression, Valarie shrugged. "I'll manage just fine. There are plenty of people who choose not to marry or have kids, and none of them seem to be struggling."

Phoebe gritted her teeth. "I don't care! When you get to our age, you'll understand I'm only looking out for

you!"

Valarie knew that discussing this with her mother was pointless. They had already argued too much about her age and the blind dates. Now that she had compromised, there was no need to keep fighting. "Fine, I'll go on the blind date. But if the guy isn't interested in me, or if I'm not interested in him, I won't agree to marry," she stated firmly.

"Just go, and we can figure out the rest later," Phoebe groaned.

After lunch, Valarie drove to the racetrack.

The man she was supposed to meet was named Zayn. According to Phoebe, he had been too busy with his career to get married until now.

Most importantly, Zayn was the only son of the Updikes, so he would inherit everything. If Valarie married him, she wouldn't have to deal with any sister-in-law rivalry.

It was also said that Zayn's mother was easy to get along with, which would make life much more

comfortable.

Valarie had listened to all this with little enthusiasm, hardly absorbing any of it.

An hour later, Valarie parked her car in the lot in front of the racetrack.

As soon as she arrived at the entrance, a server walked up to her. "Ms. Weir, welcome! I'll take you in. It's been a while since you've been here."

Valarie had once been obsessed with horse racing, frequently visiting the racetrack to place bets and earn some extra money.

However, work had kept her busy, and she hadn't been here in a long time.

She smiled and replied, "I'm not here to watch the races today. I'm here to meet someone."

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"Who are you meeting?" the server asked.

"The CEO of the Updike Group, Zayn Updike," Valarie answered.

"Mr. Updike is in Room 3, watching the races. I'll take you there," the server replied.

With the server leading the way,

Valarie walked down a long corridor

and stopped at the door of Room 3.

"Ms. Weir, this is the one," the server informed her.

Valarie nodded. "Thank you."

The server knocked on the door, and a voice from inside said, "Come in."

The server opened the door and addressed the man watching the horse race through the floor-to-ceiling

windows. "Mr. Updike, Ms. Weir is here to see you."

Upon hearing this, Zayn turned toward the door.

When he saw Valarie standing behind the server, his eyes flickered with interest.

The two exchanged glances, sizing each other up.

Soon, Zayn smiled. "Ms. Weir, please come in."

Valarie walked past the server into the room. "Hello, Mr. Updike."

"Please, take a seat. Would you like something to drink?" Zayn offered.

Valarie sat on the couch closest to

the door and replied casually, "No et

thatent belongs to

. I brought my own water

Zayn paused for a moment, then raised an eyebrow. "Are you worried I might have ulterior motives?"

Valarie smiled. "Not really. It just

feels a bit odd to meet for a blind et Poere, so I thought I'd a

date I a Pany I complications."

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Today's Bonus Offer

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Zayn nodded in understanding and sat across from Valarie, explaining why he had chosen this place.

"I apologize for meeting here, Ms. Weir. I usually don't have time, but I have a horse racing today, so I asked you to meet me here. I hope you don't mind," he said.

Valarie looked straight at Zayn. He was tall and casually dressed, sitting in front of her with a commanding presence. While he wasn't conventionally handsome, he had a pleasant and gentle disposition, which made a good first impression.

"I understand, Mr. Updike. I don't mind. Let's get started with the date," Valarie said.

As soon as she finished speaking, Zayn couldn't help but laugh.

Noticing the puzzled look on Valarie's face, he quickly waved his hand.

"Sorry, Ms. Weir. It's just that the way you said, 'let's get started with the date', was so serious that it struck me as amusing," he clarified.

Valarie pressed her lips together and replied, "Mr. Updike, I think we should get straight to the point since this is a blind date. Besides, since you want to watch the races, you probably don't have much time for this."

Zayn caught the flash of displeasure in Valarie's eyes and realized he had been a bit too casual.

He cleared his throat and adopted a serious tone. "Okay, Ms. Weir, let me reintroduce myself. My name is Zayn Updike. I'm 6'1" tall and weigh 75 kg. I graduated from the University of Lanton with a degree in business management. I don't smoke or drink, and I have no bad habits. I'm healthy-"

Valarie interrupted, feeling a bit overwhelmed, "Mr. Updike, you don't need to share all that. It's already in the information I have. You meet my criteria for a date. Just tell me what you expect from a potential partner."

Zayn thought for a moment and smiled. "Ms. Weir, I'm quite satisfied with you. If you feel the same way about me, I think we can pursue a deeper relationship."

Caught off guard by his smiling gaze, Valarie frowned. "Mr. Updike, don't you have any requirements for your future wife?"

Zayn's smile widened as he replied, "Actually, I initiated this blind date."

Valarie blinked in surprise, not quite understanding what he meant.

"We met once at a gala, but you may have forgotten. There was a server who tripped and spilled a drink on a guest. You stepped in to help the server out of a tough spot," Zayn recalled. "I noticed you then. Later, I heard that Mr. Sumner was pursuing you and that you two were in a sort of ambiguous relationship, so I stopped asking about you."

Zayn added, "Just a few days ago, when my mother arranged for me to go on blind dates, I saw your photo and decided to set this up."

Valarie frowned, struggling to recall the event. "I'm sorry, but I don't remember."

"It's okay. I just wondered if you'd like to get to know each other better," Zayn said.

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looked Zayn in the eye and shook "Mr. Updike, I

I

we're suited for each other.

Zayn appeared surprised. "May I ask why?"

"Because I don't sense any genuine interest from you in pursuing a relationship," Valarie replied.

If she truly meant something to him, he wouldn't have chosen to meet for their blind date at a racetrack, and he certainly wouldn't have made her adjust to his schedule.

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Chapter 703

Chapter 703

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Chapter 704

Chapter 704

Seeing Jonathan's troubled expression, Phoebe set down her teacup and asked, "What's wrong? Why the long face?"

Jonathan sank onto the sofa, his voice weak. "The company lost another big partnership today. If this keeps up, we'll be in serious financial trouble."

Phoebe frowned. "What can we do? Is there any way to hold on a bit longer? Valarie's blind date hasn't settled yet!"

They were pushing Valarie into blind dates primarily because the Weir Group was declining and desperately needed a strong partner to help them through this crisis.

At first, Valarie had refused. However, after learning about the company's situation, she reluctantly agreed to go on dates.

Jonathan remained silent for a moment before speaking seriously. "How about we stop forcing Valarie into blind dates? I've thought a lot about this, and compared to the company, her happiness for the rest of her life is more important. We can't ruin her life just for the sake of the company."

"Ruin her life? I'm only introducing her to suitable matches! Her life won't be too hard, and if you don't push her into blind dates, what if she decides never to marry?" Phoebe countered.

"If she really doesn't want to get married, then don't force her. If the Weir Group collapses, that's just fate," Jonathan replied.

Phoebe's eyes filled with tears as she turned her head away, refusing to speak.

The Weir Group was their brainchild from their youth, a company they had built from scratch. She couldn't bear to watch it fall apart.

However, Jonathan was also right. They couldn't force Valarie to marry someone she didn't love. That would be unfair to her and simply selfish.

"I know," Phoebe relented.

Jonathan sighed and stood up to head to his study when suddenly his phone rang.

As he answered, he heard something from the other end that made him immediately say, "I'll be there

right away."

Hanging up, he told Phoebe, "There's been an issue at the company. I need to go over now, so don't wait up for me tonight. I might not be back." Before Phoebe could reply, he hurriedly left.

Worry flashed in Phoebe's eyes.

After sitting on the sofa for a long time, she looked down and began sorting through the profiles of

Valarie's blind date matc

She hesitated but ultimately decided not to throw the profiles away. Who knew? They might come in handy someday. Chapter 704

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At dinner, Valarie came downstairs and noticed her father was missing, which surprised her.

"Dad isn't home for dinner tonight?" she asked.

Phoebe nodded. "Yeah, he has some things going on at the company."

Valarie pursed her lips at this. She knew that whenever her father faced issues at work, it usually meant bad news. As she contemplated this, her

mood grew heavier. Contenve

In fact, Zayn had been trying to reach her over the past few days to set up another meeting and invite her to dinner to apologize.

Valarie wasn't foolish-she understood his intentions.

However, since he was friends with

Brandon, she had no plans for

anything further with him. Besides,

their first meeting hadn't gone

particularly well.

It was just that... if she could get together with Zayn now, the Updikes would undoubtedly help the Weir Group.

With that thought in mind, Valarie made a decision.

After dinner, she searched for the contact card her friend had sent her and clicked to add the contact.

Once Zayn arranged to meet with Valarie for lunch the next day to apologize, he immediately had his secretary book a restaurant.

Then, he set down his phone and squinted.

The prey had taken the bait.

Chapter 705

Chapter 705

+25 BONUS

The next morning, Valarie woke up and began her morning routine. She spent over two hours in front of the vanity perfecting her makeup.

After applying her lipstick, she looked at the stunning woman in the mirror and couldn't help but smirk self-deprecatingly.

She never thought she would find herself needing to use her looks to attract someone.

Suppressing her swirling thoughts, she headed downstairs.

In the living room, Phoebe was watching TV when she heard footsteps and looked up, momentarily taken aback.

Today, Valarie wore a new light green, figure-hugging dress. The first two buttons at the front were designed like water droplets, exposing a portion of her flawless skin-so exquisite it was hard to look away.

Her long hair was pinned up with a light green hairpin, and her makeup was delicate, reminiscent of early spring buds swaying in a gentle breeze.

"Valarie, I didn't arrange any blind dates for you today. Why are you all dressed up? Going out?" Phoebe asked.

Valarie replied nonchalantly, "Yes, I have an appointment today. Dad isn't back yet?"

Phoebe's expression shifted to one of concern as she shook her head. "No. Come sit down. I need to talk to you."

Unable to sleep last night, she had contemplated things for a long time.

She felt her husband was right-they shouldn't burden Valarie with the responsibility of saving the Weir Group. It was selfish to ask her to sacrifice her marriage and future for the sake of the family business. Valarie sat down beside her, confusion etched on her face. "What's wrong?"

Phoebe sighed and said, "Valarie, I know I've been pushing you to go on blind dates lately. It must be exhausting for you."

Valarie lowered her gaze, her fingers clenching slowly. "No, you're right, Mom. I really should get married."

Phoebe knew all too well what her daughter truly thought.

"Valarie, I won't pressure you to go on blind dates anymore. If you don't want to get married, then don't. Not everyone has to get married," she said.

Valarie looked up with a frown.

"Mom, maybe others don't have to get married, but I've enjoyed all the resources the Weirs have provided. Now that the company is in trouble, I'm willing to enter a marriage alliance if it can help. I just want to find someone I like, someone I can spend my life with."

Phoebe sighed. "Just someone you like? How could that ever lead to a lifetime together?"

She was not unaware of how young people thought these days.

It wasn't like her generation, where marriages were often arranged, Nowadays, many valued love and

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freedom, with plenty of people choosing not to marry at all.

Taking Valarie's hands, she gazed into her eyes and spoke slowly. "Valarie, don't force yourself. If the company goes bankrupt, that's just its fate. You don't have to bear such a heavy burden.

"Your father and I hope you can find someone you truly love and spend your life with-not someone you settle for just to save the company."

A wave of heartache washed over Valarie. She never expected her mother to say such things.

"Mom, I understand," she replied.

Phoebe gently patted her hand, reassuring her, "Don't worry about the company. Your happiness is what matters most."

After sitting with her mother for a while, Valarie checked the time and decided to leave.

If she had hesitated about developing her relationship with Zayn before, she now understood what she needed to do after hearing her mother's words. For them, love wasn't a necessity.

Yet, for some reason, Brandon suddenly flashed through her mind.

She recalled how he had smiled while presenting her with a bouquet, how he tightly held her hand, his eyes filled with concern, how he had chased her in his car-only to block her path, looking anxious and frustrated-and how he had

drunkenly spoken while hugging the edge of a table. Content Belongs to FindNovel

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Memories of their time together crashed over her like waves in a tumultuous sea, creating a whirlwind of emotions that felt impossible to quell.

Despite the storm beneath, the surface remained calm and undisturbed.

When Valarie entered the restaurant, Zayn was already there.

As he caught sight of her in the fitted dress that emphasized her slender waist, amazement flickered in his eyes.

"Ms. Weir, please have a seat," he said, standing to pull out a chair for her with a gentle smile.

"Thank you," she replied.

Once Valarie was seated, Zayn returned to his own chair, handed her the menu, and said with a smile, "I'm not sure what you like to eat, so I've ordered a couple of the

restaurant's specialties. Take a look and let me know if you want to add anything else." Valarie nodded. "Sounds good."

As she began browsing the menu, Zayn couldn't help but admire her smooth forehead, delicate nose, and rosy lips.

She was beautiful-it was no wonder Brandon had fallen for her so deeply.

A dark gleam crossed Zayn's eyes as he averted his gaze, sipping his water before his expression returned to the warm smile he usually wore.

After Valarie added two more dishes, she handed the menu to the server.

Zayn raised an eyebrow. "Ms. Weir, you're not trying to save me money, are you? The portions here aren't very big. How about we order a couple more?"

"Mr. Updike, I don't come to this restaurant very often, so I'm not familiar with what's good. You should order since I don't have any particular dislikes," she replied.

Valarie's voice was light and clear, like a babbling brook-pleasant to the ears.

"Alright. Then, I'll gladly take charge," Zayn replied.

After they placed their orders, Zayn told Valarie with a hint of apology, "Ms. Weir, I'm really sorry about the last time. I was negligent. Let's start fresh. I'm Zayn Updike. It's a pleasure to meet you."

Valarie couldn't help but chuckle.

Mimicking him, she said, "Hello, Mr. Updike, I'm Valarie Weir, and I'm also glad to meet you."

They exchanged smiles, and the atmosphere became much more relaxed.

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Zayn was an educated and talented person, and both of them had studied abroad in the same country. As a result, they easily found common topics to discuss, and the conversation flowed seamlessly.

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After finishing their meal, Zayn prepared to settle the bill when his gaze suddenly flicked to a point just behind Valarie. He exclaimed.

Valarie turned to follow his gaze and felt her hand on her lap tremble involuntarily.

Not far away, Brandon was walking toward them alongside a woman who appeared to be in her mid-20s.

To be precise, they weren't walking directly toward Valarie and Zayn—they simply had to pass the walkway beside them to leave the restaurant.

Valarie recognized the woman as Jessica Quantrill, the daughter of Vision Technology's CEO.

Vision Technology was a well-known company in Saintornia.

The two looked quite good together—like a match made in heaven.

As Valarie stood frozen, Zayn's amused voice broke through her thoughts: "Earlier, Brandon told me he was going on a blind date. I didn't believe him, but it seems he was telling the truth."

Valarie tried to ignore the pang of bitterness rising in her chest and replied nonchalantly, "Yeah, they seem like a good match."

"Really? You think so too? I have to admit I envy Brandon. At his age, he still has plenty of time for romance. Meanwhile, we need to start thinking about settling down," Zayn commented.

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Valarie lowered her gaze, remaining silent as she subconsciously picked at her nails.

During her silence, Brandon and Jessica walked over to them.

Zayn looked up and greeted Brandon with a smile. "Brandon, I didn't expect you and Ms. Quantrill to be here on a date. If I had known, we could've all gone together." Valarie was speechless.

She was starting to suspect that Zayn might be a little off his rocker. Who would go on a double date like this? It would be awkward!

Brandon cast a detached glance at Valarie, his voice cool. "Jessica is a bit shy. She might feel uncomfortable with too many people around. We have other matters to attend to, so we'll be leaving now." Valarie suppressed the sting rising in her chest. They had just met, and he was already calling her Jessica. Clearly, he was quite satisfied with her.

Zayn nodded. "Alright. Let's arrange to meet again next time."

Brandon didn't say anything else and walked away with Jessica.

When Valarie raised her head again, all she could see was their backs disappearing out of the restaurant.

Zayn, seemingly oblivious to her lost expression, cheerfully remarked, "Brandon and Ms. Quantrill really make a good pair. The way he looked after her earlier who knows, we might be drinking to their wedding soon."

Valarie forced a smile. "Oh, really?"

"Absolutely! You should've seen how Brandon was taking care of Ms. Quantrill earlier-" Zayn began to

say.

Valarie interrupted him, "Mr. Updike, let's talk about something else. Discussing others' relationships behind their backs doesn't feel right."

Zayn chuckled apologetically. "Sorry about that! Brandon is my good friend, so I can't help but bring him

up."

Valarie chose not to call him out on it. "I understand."

Zayn was clearly aware that Brandon had been pursuing her for five years. By bringing up Brandon and Jessica in front of her, he subtly reminded her that Brandon was moving on.

After that, Zayn didn't mention Brandon again and continued talking about his experiences abroad.

Since he had work in the afternoon, they parted ways after finishing lunch.

As soon as Valarie turned away, her smile disappeared, and she felt utterly drained. Forcing a smile for someone she didn't like turned out to be a tiring task.

The thought of living like this for the rest of her life filled her with hopelessness.

Just as she unlocked her car in the parking lot, a cold voice came from behind her. "Is Zayn your type?" Chapter 707

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Valarie turned around to see

Brandon standing a few steps away, his face icy. His dark eyes locked onto her as if he wouldn't let her go until she gave him an answer.

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Her grip on the keys tightened, and she looked away.

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Maintaining a poker face, she replied, "I don't see how that's any of your business. I remember you saying we wouldn't-"

Before she could finish her sentence; Brandon stepped forward and grabbed her waist.

Valarie was taken aback, anger flashing across her face. "Let go!"

As soon as she spoke, Brandon pushed her against the car.

With the cold metal of the car door behind her and Brandon's handsome face looming in front of her, panic surged in her heart.

She exclaimed, "Brandon, what are you doing? Are you"

She couldn't even finish the word "crazy" before he kissed her.

Valarie's eyes widened in anger.

She tried to struggle, but Brandon held her tightly, leaving her no chance to escape.

The scent of cool mint mixed with a hint of tobacco wafted from him, intoxicating her and drawing her in.

Brandon's kiss was fierce and

urgent as if he were venting all the

pent-up frustration and helplessness he had felt over the past few days.

From the moment he saw Valarie, he had wanted to kiss her.

Chapter 708

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Realizing she couldn't escape, Valarie bit Brandon's lip hard.

Brandon let out a muffled grunt but didn't release her. Instead, he kissed her even more fiercely.

It wasn't until Valarie felt as if she were going to suffocate that Brandon finally let her go.

His gaze darkened further as he looked at her swollen lips.

After catching her breath, Valarie raised her hand, ready to slap him.

However, Brandon caught her wrist and pressed his forehead against hers, his voice low. "Valarie, haven't you ever felt anything for me in these five years?"

Valarie bit her lip and replied coldly, "Brandon, do you even know what you're doing? Since we've both chosen to go on blind dates, why can't we just leave each other alone?"

"But I can't bear to see you dating other men," Brandon muttered.

Valarie took a deep breath, placing her hand against his chest as she looked up at him seriously. "We're

not suitable for each other."

"Why aren't we suitable? What makes us incompatible?" Brandon asked.

"What we want is different. You can't give me what I want," Valarie answered.

Brandon chuckled and asked, "How do you know it's different if you haven't said what you want? How do you know I can't give it to you?"

After a few moments of silence, Valarie finally spoke. "I'm in my 30s now, and I'm not interested in dating. I just want to find someone to marry, someone who can help the Weir Group get through this tough time." Brandon's hands dropped abruptly, and he subconsciously took a step back.

Valarie's heart sank upon seeing his reaction. When she uttered those words, she had a fleeting moment of hope that Brandon would agree.

The outcome was disappointing.

She bit her lip and said nothing more. Without looking back at Brandon, she opened the car door and got

1. in.

After Valarie's car disappeared from sight, Brandon stood there for a long time before finally turning to leave.

In the following days, Valarie went on a few more dates with Zayn, but her mind was never fully present.

It was Saturday in the blink of an eye.

Mason woke up excitedly at around 6:00 a.m. He got dressed and washed up before sitting obedience in the living room, waiting for Nyla to wake up.

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Nyla didn't get up until after 7:00 a.m.

When she saw Mason sitting on the sofa, surprise flashed in her eyes.

"Buddy, what time did you wake up?" she asked.

"6:30 a.m.," Mason answered.

Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "Is it because we're going to the zoo today that you couldn't sleep?"

Mason nodded enthusiastically. "Yeah!"

"I'll make breakfast first. Uncle Oliver will be coming over soon. After we finish breakfast, we'll set off," Nyla told him. "Okay," Mason replied.

Oliver arrived while Nyla was making pancakes. He walked into the kitchen to help her, and with his assistance, breakfast was prepared quickly.

During breakfast, Nyla noticed the dark circles under Oliver's eyes and asked, "Have you been busy lately? You look like you haven't slept well."

Oliver's gaze hardened slightly as he replied, "There was a problem at the headquarters, but it's all sorted out now."

Nyla felt a pang of concern for him. "If you're too tired, you can rest at home today and accompany Buddy another time."

Oliver shook his head. "It's fine. I

promised Buddy I'd take him today. I can't back out last minute. Visiting the zoo shouldn't be too tiring."

Seeing his determination, Nyla had no choice but to agree.

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"Just let me know if you feel tired. Don't push yourself," she suggested.

Oliver's gaze softened as he replied, "Okay."

After finishing breakfast, they set off for the zoo.

By the time they arrived at the zoo, it was nearly 9:00 a.m.

Damon was already waiting at the entrance.

When he saw the three figures approaching from a distance, his expression turned cold. He had no idea how Spencer was handling things. How could Oliver still be here today?!

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As they approached, they noticed that Damon looked upset.

Nyla raised an eyebrow and asked, "Mr. Sumner, have you been waiting too long?"

Damon suppressed his discontent and forced a smile. No, let's head inside."

Just then, Mason suddenly looked up at Nyla and said, "Mommy, I need to pee. Can you come with me?" Nyla nodded. "Sure."

"I'll take Buddy to the restroom. You two go ahead," she said, taking Mason by the hand and walking away.

Once Nyla and Mason were gone, Damon's expression turned icy. "Mr. Raynor, we're here at the zoo as a family of three. What's your purpose in showing up?"

Oliver smiled, but his eyes remained cold. "Mr. Sumner, the recent troubles with the Raynor Group-that's your doing, isn't it?"

Damon didn't deny it. "Just giving you a little reminder not to interfere with our family time."

A sneer flashed in Oliver's eyes. "Do you really think Nyla will forgive you? What kind of family do you think you have?"

"I asked Buddy, and he's fine with me being here. If we're being honest, Mr. Sumner, you're the outsider, aren't you?"

"Don't forget, Buddy is my biological son!" Damon snarled, his face darkening as his eyes turned stormy.

"You don't need to emphasize that, Mr. Sumner. I just want you to understand: if you want to compete with me for Nyla, then bring it on. I won't back down," Oliver replied. Damon chuckled coldly. "I admire your confidence, but sometimes, too much confidence becomes

arrogance."

"Let's wait and see," Oliver said.

As they spoke, Nyla returned with Mason.

Seeing the two men still standing there, she looked surprised. "Why haven't you gone in yet?"

Oliver smiled and stepped forward. "We were waiting for you and Buddy."

Nyla glanced between the two of them, sensing a strange tension in the air but unable to pinpoint what was off.

"Well, let's go then," she said.

They walked into the zoo together. Just after entering and walking a bit, they spotted the pandas.

Mason's face lit up with excitement as he let

love

go of Nyla's band and ran "Mommy, it's a giant panda! I

giant pandas!" Content Belongs

Nyla hurried to catch up, warning him, "Buddy, slow down! Be careful not to fall."

When they reached the panda exhibit, Mason couldn't see over the barrier in front of him.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 709

Just as Nyla was about to lift him, two male voices echoed in unison from behind her. "I'll do it." Turning around, she found both men looking at her, and she felt an added weight of pressure. Both Damon and Oliver were tall and attractive, easily catching the eye of the crowd,

Noticing that several people were watching, Nyla frowned slightly. "No need, I can lift him myself." With that, she turned and picked Mason up.

The two men exchanged glances, each sensing a competitive tension in the other's eyes.

Damon stepped up to Nyla's left and said, "Let me carry him. You're small, and you'll get tired after a while.

Oliver moved to her right and softly

said, "Nyla, let me carry Buddy so he can see the giant pandas. It's

crowded here, and I don't want you and Buddy to get bumped.

Nyla was at a loss for words.

After a few moments of silence, decided to stay quiet. Talking to
ou

either of them would only offend the other, so it seemed best to remain silent.

to remain

From then on, whether it was buying water or taking photos for Mason, Damon and Oliver were overly eager to help.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 710

Chapter 710

Chapter 710

Chapter 710

Oliver was usually fine since he took care of most things whenever he spent time with Nyla and Mason.

Meanwhile, Damon wasn't typically the considerate type. Today, though, he kept asking her if she was tired, if she wanted to rest, or if she needed something to eat.

By noon, Nyla felt that dealing with two men was more exhausting than work.

As they left the zoo, she wore an expression of fatigue, mentally resolving never to let Damon and Oliver take Mason out together again.

However, Mason seemed blissfully unaware of the tension between Damon and Oliver. His little face was flushed with excitement.

"Daddy, Uncle Oliver, you have to take me out to play again!" he exclaimed.

"Sure!" both men replied simultaneously, exchanging glances before looking away in annoyance.

Before long, it was time to eat.

Nyla just wanted to finish her meal and send the two men on their way.

To her surprise, as soon as they sat down in the restaurant, they ran into Valarie.

Valarie looked shocked as she ran over to Nyla and leaned in to whisper, "Nyla, how did I not notice before how amazing you are? You've managed to get Damon and Oliver to coexist peacefully!" Nyla felt a headache coming on, but now wasn't the time to explain. She could only nod vaguely.

"What are you doing here? This restaurant is over six miles from your place."

Usually, Valarie had someone drive her anywhere over two miles.

She smiled sheepishly. "I came here to eat with a friend. I just wanted to say hi. I can't chat right now."

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Watching Valarie walk away, Nyla turned back to the two men sitting across from her.

"Have you decided what to order?" she asked.

"Yeah, I ordered these two dishes," Oliver replied, handing the menu to Nyla.

Damon placed his menu on top of Oliver's and added, "I've chosen too."

Oliver gave him a displeased look. "Mr. Sumner, do you know what 'first come, first served' means?"

"If you really understood 'first come, first served' you'd let me order first," Damon retorted, sarcasm dripping from his tone. "After all, Buddy is the one who asked to come to the Zoo with me. You're the one who forced your way in."

"Mr. Sumner, 1-" Oliver started, but Nyla could no longer hold her tongue.

"Enough!" she snapped, tossing the menu back at them. "Just tell the server what you want. What's the point of handing the menu to me?"

1/2

Chapter 710

+25 BONUS

The two men had been at each other all morning, and now they couldn't even eat in peace.

They exchanged glances, realizing that Nyla was angry and fell silent.

After they placed their orders, the rest of the meal passed without conversation.

Mason, happily eating his dessert, glanced at the three adults, feeling that today's plan had failed. He decided he'd have to come up with a better strategy next time.

After they finished eating, Oliver offered to take Nyla and Mason home, but she declined.

"You're tired enough as it is, and you've spent all morning with Buddy. Just head home and rest," she said.

As Damon was about to jump in with his own offer, Nyla turned to him. "And you, be quiet. I don't want to see either of you right now. Buddy and will just take a taxi home."

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