

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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Upon hearing that, Clark's expression darkened, and the atmosphere in the room seemed to plummet,

After a long silence, he finally spoke. To the office."

For the next few days, Clark did not bother Nyla again, and she enjoyed the peace.

When Valarie finished her tasks, she went straight to Nyla, urging her to accompany her to the hospital.

"Why are we going to the hospital? It's not time for a check-up yet," Nyla asked.

Seeing Nyla's confusion, Valarie rolled her eyes. "Have you forgotten who caused you to fall down the stairs?"

"I remember, but so what?"

"Since you remember, let's go. We're going to demand compensation for your medical expenses and emotional distress, Valarie said.

When they arrived at the hospital, Lucia was having lunch with her parents.

Seeing Nyla, Clement was momentarily taken aback but then gave a friendly smile.

"Nyla, are you here to visit Lucia?"

Valarie sneered and sat down on the sofa, raising an eyebrow at Clement.

"Mr. Pollard, your daughter not only fell down the stairs herself but also caused Nyla to fall, resulting in a mild concussion and occasional dizziness.

"Don't you think the Pollards should compensate her for lost wages, medical expenses, and emotional distress? Valarie questioned.

Upon hearing this, Lucia turned livid and glared at Valarie.

"Valarie, don't accuse me. Which eye of yours saw me causing her to fall? I was the one who got hurt more severely, so she should be the one compensating me!" Lucia snapped. Having dealt with Lucia's manipulative behavior before Valarie had always kept her at arm's length.

It was Nyla-under the impression that she and Lucia had grown up together and were best friends-who failed to see through Lucia's facade.

The Jaystons' bankruptcy ultimately revealed Lucia's true colors, leading to their fallout.

Reflecting on this, Valarie looked at Lucia with disdain. "You got hurt worse because you fell first and tried to drag Nyla down with you, but you failed."

"You!" Lucia was furious. She wanted to retort, but Valarie cut her off coldly.

"If you don't want the story about you staging a scene to kneel in front of Nyla and hit the Internet, ruining your reputation, then stop arguing with me," Valarie threatened.

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Clement, seemingly oblivious to the tense atmosphere, smiled and said, "Ms. Weir, there's no need to be angry. Regardless of whether Lucia is at fault or not, I've watched Nyla grow up. I'm willing to cover her." Valarie raised an eyebrow, her gaze icy.

"Mr. Pollard, you certainly know how to say the right things, but let's be clear-

Nyla isn't so down and out that she needs charity from the Pollards. What we're asking for is compensation, not a handout," Valarie clarified.

Clement's smile faltered for a moment before he turned to Nyla. "What kind of compensation are you looking for, Nyla?"

Meeting Clement's seemingly gentle gaze, Nyla found it hypocritical.

When the Jaystons went bankrupt and her father was hospitalized from the shock, Clement hadn't even bothered to visit, not even for appearances. Now, he was pretending nothing had happened, speaking to Nyla remain silent, Valarie assumed she was about to ask for an apology from Lucia and quickly interjected, "We want 150,000 dollars in compensation and an apology from Lucia."

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"Impossible! I won't apologize to her!" Lucia growled.

Valarie smirked as she observed. Lucia, who was visibly agitated, brimming with resistance and anger.

"Ms. Pollard, if you refuse to apologize, we'll see you in court. If I'm not mistaken, spreading false rumors can lead to a prison sentence if the post receives more than 5,000 shares, correct?" Valarie said. Lucia's previously arrogant demeanor was suddenly dampened as if doused with a bucket of cold water. Her face turned pale at the thought of imprisonment and the potential ruination of her life.

Clement's face darkened but quickly resumed its previous gentle expression.

"Lucia, just apologize to Nyla. As the older person, you should be the bigger person," he advised.

Valarie frowned at Clement's words, sensing an implication that they were being unreasonable today.

Before she could respond, Nyla spoke up. "Mr. Pollard, It's not about her age or any obligation to give in. It's about her wrongdoing and the need for her to apologize. Please don't act as if she's being unjustly

treated."

Clement was taken aback. He hadn't expected the usually gentle Nyla to be so direct.

"You're right, Nyla. It's my oversight," he said.

Nyla remained indifferent. It wasn't an oversight-he was clearly downplaying the situation.

Lucia bit her lip, reluctantly turning to Nyla. "I was wrong before, Nyla. I'm sorry."

Seeing Lucia's unwilling expression, Nyla ignored her and turned to Valarie. "Val, did you hear anyone speaking just now?"

Valarie caught on quickly and shook her head. "Nope, but I think I heard a mosquito buzzing."

Lucia was so furious she wanted to tear the room apart. Unfortunately, under Clement's cold gaze, she had no choice but to raise her voice and apologize again.

"Nyla, I'm sorry. I was wrong before. I hope you can forgive me!"

Finally, Nyla turned to her with a smile.

The smile felt mocking to Lucia.

"Ms. Pollard, what exactly did you do wrong? If you don't explain, how will I know?" Nyla asked.

"You!" Lucia pointed a finger at Nyla, about to curse her out, but Clement interrupted coldly, "Lucia!"

Under his icy gaze, Lucia reluctantly said, "I shouldn't have had Kenneth kneel and apologize to you on purpose. I shouldn't have recorded the video and posted it online to ruin your reputation. And I shouldn't h She said it loudly, her voice cracking with frustration and tears by the end.

Nyla remained calm, nodding only after Lucia finished speaking. "Alright. I accept your apology."

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Back in the car, Valarie couldn't help but laugh. "Lucia's face when she apologized was priceless. I wish I could've recorded it and watched it over and over."

Nyla smiled at her. "Alright, enough about that. Did you record the audio?"

"I did. I'll send it to you now," Valarie replied.

Once Nyla received the recording, she saved it to her cloud storage. If Lucia dared to bother her again, she would release the recording and let everyone know what kind of person she really was. After Nyla and Valarie left, the atmosphere in the hospital room turned icy.

Clement's earlier smile had vanished, replaced by a glare as he stared at Lucia.

"Dad-"

Before Lucia could finish, Clement slapped her. "Idiot!"

He thought Lucia was absolutely useless since she couldn't even handle Nyla and had gotten caught in her own schemes.

Lucia clutched her face, filled with fear and dread..

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"I am sorry, Dad," said Lucia.

"If you can't scheme properly, just stay out of trouble. Don't make me cut ties with you."

With that, Clement stormed out.

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The next two days were the weekend, so Nyla rested at home before returning to work on Monday. Her hands had mostly healed, and she was ready to continue her experiments in the lab.

As soon as she arrived at the company, Genevieve hurried over to her.

"Nyla, get ready. You're going on a business trip to Rontana with Mr. Sumner," Genevieve said.

Nyla was taken aback, looking a bit puzzled. "Mr. Sumner? Damon Sumner?"

Genevieve nodded. "Yes. Mr. Sumner found a company in Rontana that produces the ingredients you need for your asthma medication research. You'll be going there with him to conduct an on- site inspection and determine the medicinal ingredients' efficacy."

Nyla frowned. "Doesn't Prospectus Technology have a dedicated evaluation team for this?"

Genevieve replied, "The evaluation team is currently on a business trip to another city. Since this is your area of expertise, the company decided to send you instead. Prepare tonight. Mr. Sumner will pick you up from your place at seven tomorrow morning." Genevieve seemed very busy and quickly left after giving the instructions, heading to the meeting room

with her files.

The next morning arrived quickly.

Nyla got up and washed up.

Seeing it was almost time, she grabbed her suitcase and headed downstairs.

As she opened the door, she saw Clark standing there, holding breakfast in one hand and about to knock on the door with the other. Nyla frowned, her gaze showing impatience.

"Nyla, where are you going?" Clark wondered if she was planning to move to avoid him.

"None of your business. Move," she said.

Clark didn't budge, his eyes locked on Nyla's cold face. "Nyla, no matter where you move within the city. I'll find you. Moving is pointless."

Nyla sneered. "Don't worry. I'm not planning to avoid you."

Clark was the one who had cheated. He should be the one feeling guilty, not her.

"If you're not moving, then why are you dragging a suitcase?" he asked.

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Nyla checked the time, unwilling to waste any more on him. "I'm going on a business trip. Now move."

Upon hearing her explanation, Clark breathed a slight sigh of relief. "Where are you going on a business trip? For how long?"

Nyla shoved past him, exasperated. "If you have time to bother me, why not spend it with your lover? Keep her busy so she doesn't come and cause trouble for me."

Clark was caught off guard by her push, almost dropping the breakfast. "Nyla, I brought you your favorite from university..."

Nyla didn't even turn around, hurrying toward the elevator.

Clark looked at the breakfast in his hand with a bitter smile. Back in university, he used to wait for her outside her dorm with these. Every time, her eyes would light up at the

sight of them. Eventually, he got jealous behind his back, leading her to hug him to grab them.

Now, she wouldn't even spare him a glance.

Clark walked up to Nyla, still offering the breakfast. "Nyla, take these for the road."

Nyla ignored him, treating him like he was invisible.

Bitterness filled Clark's gaze, but he said nothing, silently following her into the elevator.

When they reached the ground floor, he frowned as the doors opened.

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

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Seeing the clear displeasure in Clark's eyes, Spencer spoke up. "Mr. Clark, Ms. Jayston is going on a business trip with Mr. Damon. I'm here to help her with her luggage."

As he reached out to take Nyla's suitcase, a hand blocked his way.

"If I remember correctly, she works for Park Pharmaceuticals. Why should she go on a trip with my uncle?"

Clark questioned.

The thought of Nyla spending time with Damon made Clark's eyes flash with anger. As a man, he knew that Damon's gaze on Nyla wasn't purely familial.

"Prospectus Technology's

evaluation team is out of town, and the factory Mr. Damon is inspecting produces the exact ingredients Ms. Jayston needs for her research. So, she's been arranged to accompany him," Spencer explained.

Clark sneered. "If my uncle needs someone, I can pull a few people from the Sumner Group

Nyla frowned. "Clark, this is my job. Can you not cause trouble?"

Seeing her cold expression, Clark felt his heart sink. Did she not realize Damon had other intentions toward her?

"You're not going on this trip. If needed, I'll find you another job," Clark said, his tone domineering.

Nyla felt a surge of anger and scoffed. "Not going? Are you my boss or the owner of Park Pharmaceuticals? What right do you have to stop me?"

With that, she pushed past him, dragging her suitcase toward the door.

Clark quickly followed but stopped short when he saw Damon standing by the car, his expression turning grim.

He walked up to Damon. "Uncle Damon, did you deliberately arrange for Nyla to go on this trip with you?"

Damon's gaze turned icy. "If you're not thinking straight, see a psychiatrist. Stop being paranoid and assuming everyone is as twisted as you."

"I can get you evaluators from the Sumner Group if you need them," Clark insisted.

Damon's eyes were cold, his presence intimidating. "You think just because you're the CEO of the Sumner Group, you can do whatever you want?"

If Clark weren't his nephew, he would have had someone check if his brain was filled with mush.

Under Damon's intense gaze, Clark felt a flicker of guilt but remained resolute for Nyla's sake.

"I just don't think it's appropriate for you to be too close to Nyla. After all, she's your niece-in-law. It would be best to avoid scandals," Clark said.

Seeing Clark's wary expression, Damon sneered. "It seems you have too much free time. I'll speak with your grandfather about having your cousin join the Sumner Group to learn about management." Clark's face turned ashen at the threat. Before he could respond, Damon got into the car.

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Clark understood this was a warning and clenched his hands. If he kept interfering with Nyla's business trip, his position as CEO might be at risk.

Did this mean he had to watch Nyla spend time alone with Damon?

While he was lost in thought, Spencer loaded Nyla's suitcase into the trunk. He could only watch as Nyla got into the car silently, his face dark with anger and frustration.

As he stared after the black Maybach driving away, resentment and unwillingness churned inside him. Once he officially took over the Sumner Group, he wouldn't have to fear Damon anymore.

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Clark vowed to repay this humiliation one day.

Inside the car, Nyla could feel the tension radiating from Damon, who was clearly in a bad mood. Although he was reading through some documents, his stern profile and the cold aura around him were unmistakable.

"Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry about what happened this morning." Nyla said, breaking the silence.

Damon turned to her and frowned slightly, noticing her guilty expression. "Why are you apologizing?"

"I didn't handle my personal matters well and ended up troubling you..."

Damon's gaze darkened, and his tone betrayed his displeasure. "That's Clark's fault, not yours. Don't worry

about it."

He couldn't understand how the Sumners produced such a jerk. Not only had Clark cheated, but he also had the audacity to keep pestering Nyla.

Nyla was surprised by Damon's response. After recalling how he had previously offered to introduce her to a divorce lawyer, it made sense. It seemed that he wasn't as unreasonable as Clark had made him out

to be.

They arrived in Rontana around 4:00p.m.

The deputy general manager of Skyray Medical, Bill Jenkinson, personally came to pick them up, demonstrating the company's sincerity in wanting to collaborate with Prospectus Technology.

Bill was in his 40s, plump, with a kind smile,

"Mr. Sumner, welcome! Our CEO had an important meeting this afternoon and couldn't make it, so

sent me to pick you up. You must be tired after the flight. I'll take you to your hotel first. This evening, our CEO will host a welcome dinner at Greenfair Hotel," Bill said.

Damon wore a relaxed smile. "Thank you for the hospitality, Mr. Jenkinson."

"You're too kind, Mr. Sumner. This way to the parking lot."

On the way to the hotel, Damon introduced Nyla and Spencer to Bill.

When Bill learned that Nyla was the evaluation specialist, he looked at her with renewed interest.

"I didn't expect someone so young to be dedicated to testing. It's true that you can't judge a book by its cover," Bill commented.

Earlier, upon noticing how attractive Nyla was, Bill had assumed she was Damon's secretary and felt somewhat

disdainful. He had encountered many beautiful women accompanying business partners who were essentially mistresses posing as secretaries.

-Anyone could perform a secretary's job, but an evaluation specialist required expertise. This included recognizing all the equipment and identifying effective components from the medicinal ingredients. The collaboration with Prospectus Technology relied heavily on the evaluation specialist, so Bill's gaze at

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Nyla was now more respectful.

Nyla smiled graciously. "You're too kind, Mr. Jenkinson

Noticing Bill's gaze lingering on Nyla, Damon furrowed his brow imperceptibly.

Upon sensing Damon's displeasure, Spencer quickly interjected, "Mr. Jenkinson, Mr. Sumner is very interested in the cultivation of your medicinal herbs. Could you tell us more about it?" This successfully diverted Bill's attention, and he turned to discuss it with Damon.

Spencer secretly breathed a sigh of relief as the cold atmosphere seemed to lighten. His intuition had been right...

But was Damon's focus on Nyla purely because she was his niece-in-law, or was there another reason? Spencer didn't dare to delve too deeply into it.

Upon reaching the hotel, Bill escorted them to their rooms and then left.

Since there were only three of them on this trip and Nyla was the only woman, they had booked three separate rooms.

Nyla unpacked her luggage and was about to sit down when her phone rang.

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Nyla's eyes flashed with annoyance when she saw Clark's name on the caller ID, and she hung up immediately. He called several more times but finally gave up when she didn't answer.

On the other end, Clark threw his phone on the floor in anger, his expression dark and menacing. Michael, send someone to Rontana to keep an eye on things. I want to know immediately if anything goes

wrong."

He didn't want to be kept in the dark if he was being cheated on.

Michael thought about advising against it but didn't dare after seeing Clark's gloomy face. "Alright, I'll handle it."

After Michael left, Clark stared at the documents on his desk, his brows knitted in frustration.

He couldn't focus on a single word. The thought of Nyla potentially spending time alone with Damon made him feel like a swarm of ants was crawling all over his heart.

However, given his current position, he couldn't afford to go against Damon.

A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts. The office door opened, revealing Jordyn, impeccably dressed and wearing a black deep V-neck dress.

Clark's frown deepened when he saw it was her.

"What are you doing here?" he asked.

His gaze was filled with disdain and coldness, piercing Jordyn's heart and causing her smile to falter for a

moment.

She quickly regained her composure and walked over with a medical report in hand, handing it to Clark. Clark, I had a checkup today. The doctor said the baby is very healthy."

Clark glanced at the report with an indifferent expression. "Got it. There's no need to come here specifically to tell me this. And stop showing up in front of my wife."

Jordyn's knuckles turned white, as she gripped the report, her eyes welling up with tears. She lowered her gaze and said softly, "I understand..."

Seeing her downcast and trying hard to hide her sadness, Clark couldn't help but feel a pang of sympathy. He was reminded of his own cautious behavior around Nyla, and his tone softened slightly. "Your main priority now is to have a healthy baby. I won't let you down, he said.

Initially, he hadn't wanted to keep the baby when he found out Jordyn was pregnant. However,

the doctor refused to perform an abortion, citing that her uterine lining was too thin and an abortion could cause severe bleeding. Therefore, the child had to be born.

Moreover, whenever he faced rejection from Nyla, it was Jordyn who comforted him.

Gradually, Clark's attitude toward Jordyn and the baby had softened considerably.

Jordyn looked up, her eyes still wet with tears, looking pitifully vulnerable. She smiled through her tears and said, "I know. I just couldn't help but share the joy with you..."

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Seeing how easily she was appeased by a few words, Clark felt his heart soften even more. "Come here."

Jordyn walked over, and Clark pulled her into his lap.

"Ah..." She gasped, instinctively wrapping her arms around his neck.

The slit in her dress revealed her long, fair legs, stirring Clark's long-suppressed desires. Ever since Nyla discovered his infidelity, he had been holding back his urges. His breathing grew heavier at the sight.

When Clark thought about Nyla going on a business trip with Damon and what might happen, his gaze darkened. His hand moved up Jordyn's dress. Sensing his actions, Jordyn melted.

"Clark..." Her hands pressed against his chest in a pretense of resistance that felt more like an invitation.

"Call me Clarko."

"Clarko..."

"Again."

The office soon filled with the sounds of heavy breathing.

Jordyn's upper body was pressed against the desk, her dress hiked up around her waist as she writhed and moaned. Chapter 77

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Clark held Jordyn's waist tightly, losing himself in his frenzied release, his eyes dark and brooding.

After what felt like an eternity, just when Jordyn thought she might pass out, Clark finally pressed into her one last time as they both reached their climax.

When it was over, Jordyn was about to pick up her underwear when a sharp pain shot through her abdomen. Her face, which had been flushed moments ago, turned pale. "Clark... my stomach hurts..."

Clark's expression changed as he remembered that Jordyn was still in the early stages of pregnancy and that he hadn't held back at all. He quickly scooped her up and rushed out of the office.

That evening, Nyla received a message from Spencer and was about to head out when her phone buzzed with an alert from the private investigator.

After reading the message, her face turned ashen.

Clark had been calling her earlier, and now he was in the hospital after having sex with his mistress.

The sheer disgust she felt was overwhelming. Fortunately, she never intended to forgive him. Otherwise, she didn't know how she could have coped with this.

Taking a deep breath, she messaged the private investigator to continue monitoring the situation, then put her phone away and headed out.

Despite her efforts to stay composed, the news affected her mood. She barely ate anything at dinner and was unusually quiet.

Several times, Skyray Medical's representatives spoke to her, but she failed to respond promptly. If it weren't for Spencer stepping in to smooth things over, their hosts might have been quite displeased. As the dinner concluded, Spencer finally let out a sigh of relief.

On the way back to the hotel, Damon frowned as he looked at Nyla. "I don't appreciate employees who bring their personal feelings into their work."

Although Nyla wasn't an employee of Prospectus Technology, her actions represented the company when she was with Damon.

Understanding her poor performance that night, Nyla lowered her head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Sumner."

I'm not looking for apologies. If you bring this attitude into your experiments, I can't trust that you won't make mistakes, Damon said.

"Mr. Sumner, I promise it won't happen again," she assured him.

Damon's intense gaze bore into Nyla, the pressure emanating from him causing her to clench her fists and bite her lip until it turned white. "You better mean it," he warned.

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Had she been a Prospectus Technology employee, she would have been fired by the end of the dinner.

Damon wasn't one to give second chances.

Spencer, sitting in the front, noticed Nyla's lowered head and didn't dare to speak up for her. After all, challenging Damon's anger was asking for trouble.

Back at the hotel, they retired to their rooms.

Nyla closed the door and sat on the couch, carefully saving each photo the private investigator had sent.

Despite having the evidence she needed, she didn't feel any joy. She couldn't comprehend how Clark could promise to stay faithful while simultaneously cheating with Jordyn. Didn't he realize that his actions were eroding the last remnants of their good memories together?

Nyla couldn't wrap her mind around it and decided not to dwell on it.

Taking a deep breath, she placed her phone face down on the table and got up to prepare for bed. Just then, her phone vibrated.

Seeing that it was someone from Skyray Medical, Nyla was filled with confusion. She answered, and a gentle female voice came through. "Ms. Jayston, this is Zoe Quinn. You left your scarf at the restaurant. I'm on my way to return it to you. Which room are you in?" Zoe asked.

Scarf? Nyla recalled that she had worn a dress and hadn't brought a scarf.

"Ms. Quinn, I wasn't wearing a scarf tonight. You must be mistaken," Nyla said.

"No mistake, Ms. Jayston. You'll understand once you see it," Zoe insisted.

Upon hearing this, Nyla realized what was happening. The scarf was just an excuse. Zoe was looking for an opportunity to build a connection.

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It seemed there might be some issues with Skyray Medical's goods.

Nyla lowered her gaze, thought for a few seconds, and then said, "Okay, I'm in Room 802. Ms. Quinn, your can come directly." Soon, Zoe arrived. Nyla opened the door and stepped aside to let her in.

After they sat down, Zoe handed her a bag with a smile. "Ms. Jayston, this is your scarf. Please check if everything is in order."

The moment Nyla took the bag, she knew it weighed more than just a scarf. She picked up the scarf and saw several stacks of cash underneath, roughly estimating around 30,000 dollars.

Nyla put the scarf back and pushed the bag toward Zoe. "Ms. Quinn, this scarf is too valuable. I can't accept it."

Zoe's smile didn't waver, her voice gentle. "Ms. Jayston, it's not valuable at all. We might have many more opportunities to meet in the future."

Nyla pressed her lips together, her expression calm as she looked at Zoe. "Ms. Quinn, what do you want me to do?"

"Ms. Jayston, you're an evaluation specialist, so you should understand. It's late, so I'll leave you to rest," Zoe remarked.

As Zoe turned to leave, Nyla handed the bag back to her. "Ms. Quinn, please take the scarf back. As long as your company's products meet the quality standards, I'll approve them."

Zoe's smile stiffened for a moment.

Seeing that Nyla was genuinely refusing and not just being polite, she reluctantly took the bag. "Ms. Jayston, Skyray Medical's products are of good quality. I hope we have the chance to collaborate with Prospe After Zoe left, Nyla went to wash up and go to bed.

Nyla woke up with stomach pain in the middle of the night. She realized she hadn't eaten much at dinner, likely causing a flare-up of her gastritis.

When Clark first took over the Sumner Group, he would often work late. Nyla had developed the habit of waiting for him to eat together, which eventually led to her developing gastritis.

She had managed it well over the years, almost forgetting about it.

Nyla turned on the bedside lamp, ordered medicine through a delivery app, and called reception to ask for

some warm water.

After arranging everything, she was pale with pain, and cold sweat dotted her forehead.

Every minute felt like an eternity as she waited.

When she heard the knock on the door, she was curled up on the bed, too weak to get up.

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Spencer, just leaving after briefing Damon, saw a hotel staff member with a glass of water standing outside Nyla's room. He walked over to ask what was going on.

The staff member explained that Nyla had requested warm water a few minutes ago, but there was no response when she knocked.

Spencer frowned. "Do you have a spare key card?"

"Yes, I'll go get it," the staff member replied.

While the staff member went to get the card, Spencer tried calling Nyla several times, but she didn't answer, and his worry grew. He informed Damon, whose expression turned cold. "What happened?" Damon asked.

"I'm not sure. Ms. Jayston isn't answering her phone," Spencer replied.

The staff member soon returned with the spare key card.

As soon as they opened the door, they saw Nyla curled up on the bed, unconscious and covered in cold

sweat.

Damon quickly walked in and instructed Spencer, "Find a doctor.

As Damon reached the bedside, Nyla suddenly grabbed his hand, He paused, then tried to pull his hand away, but her grip was too tight.

Not wanting to hurt her by pulling too hard, he frowned and let her hold on.

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"It hurts..." Nyla muttered, sweat breaking out on her forehead. Her delicate brows were tightly knitted, and her face was ghastly pale.

The doctor arrived with her medication for gastritis around the same time.

The intention was to have her take the medicine first. However, she was clenching her teeth so tightly. that it was impossible to get her to swallow the pills. In this situation, the only option was to administer IV fluids.

Once the IV was set up, the doctor turned to Damon and said, "When she wakes up, give her some light foods like chicken soup."

"Got it."

After giving a few more instructions, the doctor and the staff left.

"Mr. Sumner, maybe you should go get some rest. I'll keep an eye on Ms. Jayston," Spencer suggested.

Damon glanced down at his hand, still tightly gripped by Nyla. His expression darkened.

While the doctor had been setting up the IV earlier, he had tried to pry her hand away but had failed, which was why Nyla's other hand was used for the IV.

"Do you think I can rest in this situation? Damon asked.

Following Damon's gaze, Spencer noticed their clasped hands and quickly changed the subject. "I'll get some chicken soup for Ms. Jayston."

"Okay."

As Spencer left, the room fell into silence, except for Nyla's occasional murmurs.

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Damon looked down at her sweat-drenched face, her features scrunched up in pain, and felt a pang of sympathy. But then he remembered she was Clark's wife, his niece-in-law, and his gaze turned cold.

In Nyla's pain-induced haze, she unknowingly held onto something warm. She grasped tightly, thinking it might relieve her stomachache a bit.

When dawn broke, Nyla slowly woke up.

The first thing she saw was Damon's face, magnified and close.

She blinked in surprise, taking a few seconds to realize it was real, and gasped, instinctively pulling away.

Her head hit the headboard hard, making her wince in pain. "Ouch!"

Her movement roused Damon, who saw her holding her head and furrowed his brows. "You're up?"

Seeing Damon's Indifferent gaze, Nyla Ignored her pain and quickly asked, "Mr. Sumner, why are you in my

room?"

Damon's expression darkened. "Last night, you passed out from stomach pain. When I came to your

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bedside, you grabbed my hand so tightly I couldn't pry it loose. I had to wait here until you woke up."

Nyla's confusion turned into embarrassment. She had indeed grabbed something in her pain-induced daze, but she hadn't expected it to be Damon's hand!

She wondered what he would think of her. Would he see her as a weirdo?

Noticing her changing expressions, Damon raised an eyebrow.

"Mr. Sumner... I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to. I must have thought you were my mother last night..."

Damon was speechless.

Seeing his displeased expression, Nyla quickly added, didn't mean you look like my mother. It's just that your hand felt warm, like my mother's."

As soon as she said that, she regretted it. Her explanation only made things worse.

As expected, Damon's expression became gloomy. With a cold laugh, he got up and left Nyla's room.

Realizing he was upset, Nyla opened her mouth to apologize further but thought better of it and said nothing. After Damon left, the oppressive atmosphere lifted)

Nyla breathed a sigh of relief, then turned to see the chicken soup and medicine left by her side.

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Nyla was dazed for a few seconds before she felt an indescribable warmth well up inside her.

After getting up, washing up, taking her medicine, and eating her chicken soup, she decided to thank Damon properly. After all, she had been holding onto his hand all night, and he probably hadn't had a good

rest.

When she reached the door of the room next door, it opened from the inside just as she reached out to

knock

Damon, with slightly damp hair and dressed in a fresh outfit, seemed to have just taken a shower.

"Mr. Sumner, I came to thank you for last night. I appreciate it," Nyla said.

Seeing Nyla's eyes lowered, her hands awkwardly clasped in front of her, Damon thought she seemed a bit uncomfortable and nervous around him.

Upon realizing this, his mood unexpectedly soured. He pressed his thin lips together.

"There's no need for thanks. Just make sure to speak up if you're feeling unwell next time. Don't make things difficult for others," he said.

His indifferent tone made Nyla feel even more ashamed. "I understand."

"Alright. Prepare yourself and be ready to leave for Skyray at 8:00 a.m.," he instructed.

Back in her room, Nyla felt a bit down. The events from last night seemed to have left Damon dissatisfied with her.

When she thought it was all because of Clark, her mood worsened. She resolved not to let him affect her feelings any further.

By around 9:00 a.m., they arrived at Skyray Medical.

They were greeted by Bill, who showed them the medicinal herb cleaning and processing workshop, as well as the production workshop. He then took them to the testing laboratory.

"Ms. Jayston, which herb would you like to test?" Bill asked.

Looking at the herbs on the tray, Nyla frowned slightly but chose one of them. "Let's test this one."

Bill smiled. "Alright."

Nyla carefully cut, ground, and filtered the herb, setting up the experimental equipment to extract the active ingredients. She was meticulous and precise in her approach, and with her striking appearance, her m For a moment, Damon's gaze was drawn to her.

Nyla looked even more beautiful while focused on her experiment, her concentration lending her an irresistible allure that drew attention.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 80

After

extracting the active ingredients, Nyla weighed them on a scale-0.06 grams.

Given the herb's original weight of 3.2 grams, the active ingredient high.

counted for 1.875%, which was quite

When Nyla shared the results with Damon, Bill let out a small sigh of relief and smiled at him.

"Mr. Sumner, our herbs at Skyray Medical are strictly managed from cultivation to harvesting according to standards, which is why the active ingredient percentage is so high. You won't regret choosing to cooperate with us," Bill commented.

"Mm, this percentage is quite good, and the herb quality is excellent," Damon remarked.

"So, what do you think about the cooperation?" Bill asked.

"We don't need to rush on the cooperation details just yet. Considering Prospectus Technology's large demand, I need to evaluate thoroughly," Damon replied.

Bill nodded repeatedly. "Of course, Mr. Sumner. Please take your time to consider. How about lunch in our company's cafeteria today?"

"Sure."

After a tour and lunch, Bill sent Damon and the others back to their hotel.

Back at the hotel, Damon asked Nyla, "What do you think of the active ingredient percentage from today?",

"If all the herbs from Skyray Medical have this quality, partnering with them will be a guaranteed win. However, herbs of this quality have high growth requirements, so large-scale production is difficult," she answered.

"Alright. We have some free time this afternoon. Let's visit the nearby herb production base," Damon said.

Paradse 81

Chapter B1

Chapter 81

Nyla pressed her lips together and said, "It's clear that the people at Skyray Medical are eager to secure this partnership. They might even send someone to follow us. If they

find out we're going to the herb pro This meant they wouldn't be able to assess the true quality of the herbs at the base.

Spencer smiled and said, "Don't worry, Ms. Jayston. We have ways to evade Skyray Medical's people."

Relieved to hear they had a plan, Nyla nodded and said no more.

Around 2:00 p.m., a car arranged by Spencer arrived at the hotel to pick them up.

Shortly after they got in, the driver glanced at the rearview mirror and said, "We're being followed."

Spencer remained calm. "Ignore them."

Trying to lose them would only alert Skyray Medical. By acting unaware, they could keep Skyray Medical's people complacent.

In less than half an hour, the car stopped at the entrance of the busiest mall in Rontana. They got out and walked into the mall, with Skyray Medical's people following them inside.

Damon headed straight for a clothing store on the third floor, a store that only admitted members. The people tailing them could only observe from nearby.

Inside, a sales associate led them to the fitting rooms. Mr. Sumner, the clothes are ready. After changing, you can leave through the back door."

Once they changed clothes, the associate handed their original clothes to two men and a woman, who then changed into them and sat on the store's lobby sofa with their backs to the door. The tailing agents initially grew anxious when they lost sight of them but relaxed upon spotting the decoys.

Meanwhile, Damon and the others exited through the back door, taking an elevator to the basement where another car awaited them.

As they got in, Nyla couldn't help but say, "We can't stay in one store all afternoon. They'll get suspicious." Spencer chuckled. "Don't worry, Ms. Jayston. We won't be exposed."

The decoys would continue shopping in the mall for three to four hours, giving them ample time to visit the herb base and return.

The car drove out of the city, stopping at the entrance of Rontana Meds Base. They got out and walked inside, flanked by fields of herbs emitting a faint, pleasant aroma.

Soon, a representative approached them, explaining the growth and usage of various herbs.

"Mr. Sumner, the rauwolfia you need is over there. Let me show you," the representative said.

Chapter 81

+25 BONUS

Damon followed him, asking indifferently, "Do medicine companies in Rontana supply all their herbs from here?"

The man nodded. "Yes. Large companies like Sandhosh, Skyray, and Newfarm all source from here."

Damon said nothing more until they reached the rauwolfia plantation.

"The rauwolfia is just blooming and still growing. Let me show you the dried herb products," the representative replied. The herbal aroma was much stronger inside the drying room.

Nyla looked around curiously at the various herbs. She had only ever seen these herbs in the lab, never in such quantity.

Absorbed in her surroundings, she didn't notice the small slope ahead and suddenly slipped.

"Watch out." A cool male voice sounded in her ear as she fell into a warm embrace.

Paradise 82

Chapter 82

+25 BONUS

Upon noticing the strong, firm hand around her waist and feeling its warmth seeping through the thin fabric, Nyla's face turned bright red. She quickly steadied herself, avoiding eye contact. "Thank you, Mr. Sumner," she said.

Damon withdrew his hand nonchalantly and said in a deep voice, "Watch where you're stepping even when looking at herbs"

Nyla nodded. "Got it."

From then on, Nyla was careful to watch her step, determined not to trip again. "These are the dried.

rauwolfia."

A staff member casually handed a dried rauwolfia root to Damon, who inspected it briefly before passing

it to Nyla.

"Take a look," he said.

The rauwolfia looked no different from the ones Skyray Medical had shown them that morning. They would need to test it to determine the active ingredient content.

Nyla turned to the staff member and asked, "Typically, what's the alkaloid content in rauwolfia?"

"It's usually around 0.1%. Anything higher is quite rare," the staff member replied.

Actually, 0.1% was a decent percentage. If Skyray Medical truly sourced all their herbs from there, then the high percentage they showed that morning was likely staged to hike up prices.

Nyla handed the herb back to the staff member with a smile. "Thanks. I've got a good idea now."

While they were inspecting the herb base, the people at Skyray Medical were busy as well.

Bill called Zoe into his office.

"What do you think? Is Mr. Sumner interested in partnering with us?" he asked.

This morning, he had hinted several times at signing a contract, but Damon deftly sidestepped the topic each time.

However, Damon hadn't completely shut it down, only saying he needed more time to consider.

If they could secure this partnership, Skyray Medical's profits would double this year, so Bill was very

Invested in this deal.

Zoe shook her head. "I'm not sure. The other night's gift didn't win Nyla over. If we could sway her, the deal would be in the bag." Thinking of Nyla, Bill lit a cigarette, feeling irritated.

She had turned down 30,000 dollars. Was she truly above material desires, or did she want more?

"There's 150,000 dollars on this card. At dinner tonight find a chance to give it to her. If she takes it, fine.

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 82

If she refuses, you know what to do."

Zoe took the card and nodded. "Understood, Mr. Jenkinson."

In the evening, Damon and his group returned to the clothing store to change back into their original clothes.

Back at the hotel, Nyla rested for a while before it was time to head out again.

They were leaving tomorrow afternoon, and Skyray Medical was hosting a farewell dinner tonight.

Nyla wasn't fond of such social events but had no choice but to attend.

When they arrived at the restaurant, Bill was already there to greet them with a friendly smile. "Mr. Sumner, please come in."

After they sat down in the room, Bill poured a drink for Damon and offered a toast. "Mr. Sumner, I toast to you."

Damon raised his glass, clinked it against Bill's, and downed his drink in one gulp.

Bill refilled his glass before sitting down. "Mr. Sumner, you're leaving tomorrow. Can we finalize the partnership tonight? Or do you have any concerns we can discuss?"

Damon smiled faintly, but his deep eyes gave nothing away. "Mr. Jenkinson, Skyray Medical's herb quality is impressive. However, this trip was mainly for assessment. I'll need to discuss the details with our board back at the company."

A flicker of dissatisfaction crossed Bill's eyes. He had gone out of his way these past two days to accommodate them, nearly turning the company upside down. And now, Damon was saying he needed more time to discuss it?!

Paradise 83

Chapter 83

+26 BONUS

Bill quickly suppressed his dissatisfaction, maintaining a friendly smile, as he was quite the strategist.

"Of course, Mr. Sumner. Our company is very sincere about forming a long-term partnership with Prospectus Technology. I hope you will consider it seriously," Bill said.

Damon nodded. "Yes, Mr. Jenkinson. Let me toast to you."

The two continued chatting, and before long, they had finished a bottle of wine.

Damon's usually pale face was now tinged with a faint red, and his typically cool eyes showed a hint of intoxication. Under the overhead light, his striking features were even more captivating, making it hard to catch herself staring. Nyla quickly averted her gaze.

"Ms. Jayston, a toast to you." Zoe said.

Nyla turned to see Zoe holding out a glass of red wine, smiling warmly.

"I'm sorry, Ms. Quinn, I don't drink," Nyla replied.

"This is a low-alcohol red wine, very mild and with a rich, smooth taste. You should give it a try," Zoe insisted.

As Zoe spoke, she pushed the wine glass closer.

Nyla reached out to refuse. As soon as her hand touched Zoe's, the latter's hand suddenly tilted, spilling a portion of the wine onto Nyla's collar.

"Oh no... I'm so sorry, Ms. Jayston. I must have had too much to drink and lost my grip..." Zoe quickly put down the glass and grabbed a napkin to dab at the wine on Nyla's collar.

The commotion immediately drew everyone's attention in the room.

Damon's gaze darkened, and he subtly furrowed his brow.

Next to him, Bill was disgruntled and questioned coldly, Zoe, what's the matter with you? How could you spill the wine like that?"

Zoe seemed frightened, her hands trembling as she dabbed at Nyla's collar, her face full of remorse.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Jenkinson. It wasn't on purpose..." she said.

Seeing Zoe's pale face and remorseful gaze, Nyla pursed her lips and said, "Mr. Jenkinson, it's fine. I'll just go to the restroom to clean up."

After all, they were all just employees, and she didn't want to make things difficult over a small mistake.

"Alright, it's my fault for not managing my staff better. I apologize," Bill replied.

Nyla lowered her gaze and turned to leave the room.

As Nyla started to clean her collar in the restroom, she noticed in the mirror that Zoe had followed her.

+25 BONU!

Chapter 83

Turning to face Zoe, Nyla said, "Ms. Quinn, it was just an accident. Don't worry about it."

"Thank you, Ms. Jayston."

Nyla didn't respond and turned back to the sink to wash the wine stains from her collar. When she finished, she looked up to find Zoe still standing there, a hint of confusion crossing her eyes.

Zoe stepped forward and took out a card from her bag, offering it to Nyla with a smile. "Ms. Jayston, I'm truly sorry about tonight. I hope you'll accept my apology." Search The website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Seeing the gilded card, Nyla finally understood that Zoe's earlier clumsiness had been a setup for this

moment.

"How much is on this card, Ms. Quinn?" Nyla asked.

"150,000 dollars. If you can persuade Mr. Sumner to partner with Skyray Medical, there will be more to come," Zoe promised. Nyla's eyes flashed with surprise. She hadn't expected Skyray Medical to go to such lengths to win her over.

However, she wasn't an employee of Prospectus Technology and had no intention of accepting such unearned money.

"Sorry, but I don't have the power to influence Mr. Sumner's decisions. You've got the wrong person," Nyla said. With that, Nyla turned to leave.

The next moment, Zoe's cold voice sounded behind her. "In that case, I must apologize to you in advance. Ms. Jayston."

Before Nyla could comprehend the meaning of those words, a sharp pain struck the back of her neck, and everything went black as she lost consciousness.

Paradse 84

Chapter 84

Chapter 84

Back in the room at the restaurant.

Half an hour had passed, and Nyla still hadn't returned,

Damon's frown deepened. "Spencer, call Nyla."

Bill quickly intervened, "Mr. Sumner, no need to worry. Zoe is with her, so nothing will happen."

Damon pursed his lips, remaining silent and clearly in a foul mood,

Bill hurriedly poured him another drink, not too concerned. After all, Nyla was just a regular employee. Even if Damon found out the truth later, he wouldn't make a big deal over a woman.

Spencer called Nyla, and her phone started ringing in the room. She hadn't taken it when she went to the restroom.

Seeing the unhappy looks on Damon and Spencer's faces, Bill quickly said, "Let me call Zoe to check." He dialed Zoe's number and put it on speaker. "Zoe, why are you not back with Ms. Jayston yet?" Zoe's ca "Alright." Bill hung up and smiled at Damon. "See, Mr. Sumner? No need to worry."

He felt a twinge of doubt. Was Damon really this concerned about a regular employee?

Damon nodded, his voice calm. "Of course. With Ms. Quinn accompanying her, I'm reassured."

"Good, good. Let's continue drinking." Bill said.

While Bill was distracted, Damon gave Spencer a meaningful look.

Understanding immediately, Spencer discreetly messaged their team to find out Nyla's current location.

Soon, a reply came, and Spencer's expression changed drastically. He looked at Damon in shock. "Mr. Sumner, Zoe has knocked out and taken away Ms. Jayston

Damon shot to his feet, his anger palpable as he leered at Bill with killing intent. "Where did you take her?!"

Without Bill's approval, there was no way Zoe would dare to act against Nyla.

Startled by Damon's fury, Bill trembled involuntarily, hastily saying, "Mr. Sumner, please calm down. There must be some misunder-"

Before he could finish, Damon's hand was around his throat.

Damon glared down at Bill, his expression terrifying like a demon from hell. Bill's soul quaked, and his body shivered uncontrollably.

Escape was the only thought in Bill's mind, but with Damon's grip tightening around his neck, it was Impossible. Overwhelmed by the suffocating pressure, fear surged within him. "... I'll talk. Nyla is... in a hotel room... on the sixth floor."

+25 BONUS

Chapter 34

Damon's eyes narrowed, and his grip tightened further. "Room number."

"I... Cough, cough... I don't know..."

Seeing Bill's face turning purple and his eyes starting to lose focus, Spencer quickly intervened, afraid it might lead to fatal consequences.

"Mr. Sumner, finding Ms. Jayston is more urgent right now," Spencer urged.

Damon released his grip, and Bill's plump body slid off the chair. He collapsed onto the floor, coughing violently.

"If anything happens to her, I'll make sure you pay with your life," Damon threatened.

Bill shuddered violently, terror in his eyes.

Without another glance, Damon stormed out.

When Nyla regained consciousness, she found herself in a dimly lit room. A man beside her was unbuttoning her clothes.

"Ah!" she screamed and shoved him away.

Paradse 85

Chapter 85

Chapter 85

The man clearly hadn't expected Nyla to wake up at that moment and push him off the bed, so he cursed in frustration.

"Who are you?!" Nyla backed away, frantically searching for something to defend herself with, her face full of panic and fear.

The man sneered, his tone lewd. "I'm the guy who's gonna make you feel amazing."

With that, he lunged at her.

A small red light blinked in the corner of the room, recording everything that was happening.

As the man charged at Nyla, she swung a table lamp at his forehead. He screamed in pain, feeling liquid trickle down from his head, and slapped her hard.

"Bitch! You dare hit me? I'll make you pay!" he roared.

warm

He snatched the lamp from her and threw it to the floor, pinning her down. He grabbed her collar and yanked it hard, popping the buttons off and exposing her chest and bra.

Lust and greed filled his eyes as he pulled her bra strap down, his expression lecherous.

Nyla struggled desperately, and her nails scratched the man's face, making him even angrier.

He slapped her twice more. Her ears rang and her mind was fuzzy, draining her strength to fight back.

The man started to pull her pants down. Her struggle was in vain, her heart sinking into despair.

Just as he was about to pull off her underwear, a loud bang came from the door.

Before the man could react, he was kicked off Nyla.

The weight on Nyla lifted, and a warm jacket was draped over her.

The familiar scent of pine reached Nyla's nose. She slowly opened her eyes to see Damon, and finally felt at ease, blacking out right after.

When Damon broke down the door, his eyes immediately turned bloodshot. He saw the man on top of Nyla and kicked him off her. Noticing her swollen face, disheveled hair, and near-naked body, he quickly covered her with his jacket, fury burning in his eyes.

After Damon pulled the jacket over Nyla, he stood up and walked slowly toward the man cowering in the

corner.

Sensing the danger, the man started shaking even more violently. "Please let me go-Ahhh!"

Damon stomped on the man's crotch, his scream echoing through the sixth floor.

Bill and Zoe were brought in by Damon's men just in time to witness this, fear evident in their eyes. They were thrown to the floor next to the man, who was now pale with pain and terror. "Mr. Sumner, what should we do next?" Spencer asked

Damon's expression was icy as he glanced at the camera in the corner. "Whatever she did to Nyla, make

+25 BONUS

Chapter 85

sure these two men do the same to her. Have someone watch over them."

Zoe's face turned ashen, and she immediately knelt, pleading, "Mr. Sumner, please! It was Mr. Jenkinson's orders-

She tried to crawl toward Damon but was kicked aside by Spencer, landing pathetically on the floor.

Damon walked over to the bed to pick up the unconscious Nyla and strode out of the room.

Behind him, Zoe's screams and pleas gradually faded into hopeless sobs.

When Nyla woke up, she shot upright, her eyes still filled with panic and fear. The sudden movement caused a sharp pain in her hand, and she looked down to see an IV drip. "You're awake?"

Paradise 86

Chapter 86

Damon sat by the bedside, his expression calm as he watched Nyla.

The last memory before she passed out rushed back into Nyla's mind. She bit her lip and looked down. Mr. Sumner, thank you for saving me."

If he hadn't arrived in time, she could only imagine what might have happened.

"This happened because I didn't consider everything carefully enough. I'm sorry," Damon said.

Upon meeting Damon's earnest gaze, Nyla's heart skipped a beat. She instinctively looked away.

"It's not your fault. No one could have predicted that Skyray Medical's people would do something like this, Nyla replied.

Besides, Zoe had not only tried to have her assaulted but had also planned to record it, likely intending to blackmail her after she refused to accept the bribe. Thinking about it made her eyes turn cold.

Seeing Nyla's downcast eyes and pale face, Damon's gaze darkened. "Are you feeling uncomfortable anywhere?"

Nyla shook her head and hesitantly asked, "What about Zoe?"

"Don't worry. She's been punished appropriately. Prospectus Technology won't be working with Skyray Medical anymore," he reassured her.

Nyla bit her lip and nodded. "Thank you for taking care of it, Mr. Sumner."

"Get some rest. The doctor will check on you soon. If everything is fine, you can be discharged," he said. "Okay."

Nyla wasn't tired, but Damon's overwhelming presence made it impossible to ignore him. Plus, they had nothing to talk about, so she closed her eyes and pretended to sleep. Unexpectedly, she actually fell asleep.

When Nyla woke up again, it was 2:00 p.m. The IV was gone, and she felt much better.

Damon, who was reading documents on the sofa, looked up at her and said in a low voice, "There's porridge on the table."

"Thank you, Mr. Sumner," Nyla said.

Feeling hungry, Nyla got up, washed up in the bathroom, and then started eating her soup. It was her favorite, chicken soup.

After a few sips, she looked up at Damon. "Mr. Sumner have you eaten lunch yet?"

"Yes. The doctor said all your health indicators are normal. Once you finish your food and change, we'll head to the airport and return to Saintornia," he replied.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 86

"Okay." She continued eating.

Shortly after, Spencer walked in with a stack of reports, Mr. Sumner, Ms. Jayston's discharge papers are ready."

Damon nodded. "Leave them there."

Nyla put down her spoon and looked at Spencer. "Mr. Hogg, can I see the hospital bill? I want to know the

cost."

Before Spencer could move, Damon looked at her and said, "Don't worry about the hospital fees. This counts as a work injury, so you don't have to pay."

"Okay." Seeing Damon's determined expression, Nyla didn't argue and continued eating.

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Half an hour later, they left for the airport.

On the way, Nyla learned from Spencer about Zoe and Bill's fate.

Zoe and the man she had hired were arrested for criminal offenses. Meanwhile, Bill was fired from Skyray Medical and faced jail time for embezzlement and incitement to commit a crime. Spencer didn't share the details of what had happened in that room afterward, wanting to avoid scaring her.

Nyla was satisfied with this outcome. She felt no sympathy for Zoe and the others. They got what they deserved.

They arrived back in Saintornia after 11:00 p.m.

Nyla showered and went straight to bed.

The next two days were the weekend, so she didn't have to work.

She slept in the following morning, got up, and went to buy groceries for the next two days.

While she was picking fish in the fresh produce section, she suddenly heard a sweet female voice from not far away.

Paradse 87

Chapter 87

Chapter 87

"Clarko, I'm shopping for groceries. What would you like for dinner?"

Nyla looked up. Upon seeing who it was, her expression darkened. It was Jordyn.

Seeing Jordyn's smiling face and shy demeanor, Nyla felt a wave of disgust. It seemed like the "Clarko" Jordyn was talking to was Clark.

Thinking about what those two had done until they ended up in the hospital made Nyla feel sick. She quickly grabbed the fish and turned to leave with her cart. Jordyn didn't notice Nyla and continued talking on the phone with Clark, who sounded indifferent. "I won't be

coming over tonight. Eat by yourself."

Clark hung up before Jordyn could respond.

Putting down his phone, Clark checked his messages and saw that his last message to Nyla from a few days ago was still unread. Irritation flashed in his eyes.

His restless thoughts were interrupted by a knock on the door, followed by Michael entering the room. "Mr. Sumner, we just got a call from Rontana. They said nothing unusual happened, except for two nights. from Skyray Medical. Your uncle rescued her," Michael informed Clark.

"What?!" Clark's face darkened with anger. "Why am I just hearing about this now?"

"They saw your uncle carrying Mrs. Sumner out... They didn't dare report it until they confirmed the details," Michael replied.

Clark's expression grew even darker, his gaze filled with menace.

Noticing his boss' chilling aura, Michael trembled slightly and kept his head down:

"Understood. You can go." As Michael reached the door, Clark's icy voice stopped him. "Make sure those responsible are dealt with."

"Mr. Sumner, your uncle already handled them, and they're all in custody now," Michael said.

"Then make sure they stay there. Permanently," Clark instructed.

Seeing the killing intent in Clark's eyes, Michael felt a shiver of fear and quickly nodded. "Yes, sir."

After Michael left, Clark called Nyla, but the line was busy. He put down his phone, thought for a moment, then got up and left.

When Nyla got home with her groceries, she found Clark waiting by her door. Her expression immediately turned cold.

"Nyla, were you out buying groceries?" he asked.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 87

Nyla ignored Clark, treating him as if he were invisible, and moved to unlock her door, but he blocked her.

"Nyla, are you still mad about me not letting you go on that business trip?" he asked.

Nyla looked down, her gaze filled with disgust and impatience. "No."

Clark sighed in exasperation. "You're clearly upset. You always ignore me when you're angry."

He reached for her grocery bags, but she pulled away, stepping back with a mocking expression.

"Clark, you think I wouldn't find out about your disgusting affair with Jordyn just because I was away on a business trip?" she questioned.

Clark's face paled, a guilty look flashing across his features. "Nyla, did someone say something to you?"

Clutching the grocery bags tightly, Nyla realized her words almost revealed that she had someone watching him.

She quickly recovered and sneered. "Say something to me? I overheard Jordyn calling you at the supermarket earlier, asking about dinner. If you had really cut ties with her, how could she still contact you? Dor

Paradse 88

Chapter 88

+25 BONUS

Clark felt a wave of relief. It was fine as long as Nyla didn't find out about that matter.

"Nyla, I blocked her a long time ago. She used a different number to contact me, and I hung up right away. I didn't agree to have dinner with her," he lied.

Clark looked at her with a pained expression, as if he were the one who had been wronged.

If Nyla hadn't known about his disgusting affair with Jordyn, she might have believed him. Now, she couldn't let him know she had been secretly gathering evidence of his infidelity. Nyla looked down and forced herself to say, "Maybe I misunderstood you. Sorry."

Seeing her soften, Clark spoke gently. "Rest assured. I promised you I wouldn't have anything more to do with her, and I won't break that promise."

His words made Nyla want to vomit. How could he lie to her so effortlessly?!

She didn't understand how the sincere and passionate boy she once knew had turned into this deceitful

man.

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"So, why are you here today?" she asked.

"L... I just wanted to ask if your business trip went well," he replied.

Nyla frowned. Did he come all this way just to ask something so trivial?

"It went fine. If there's nothing else, you should leave," she said.

Clark sighed. "Nyla, I'm your husband. I don't want outsiders to know about your grievances while I remain in the dark."

Nyla looked up sharply and met his knowing gaze, her expression turning cold. "Are you having me followed?"

"Not followed, protected," he corrected her.

Nyla snickered. "Protected? When I was knocked out and nearly assaulted, where were your so-called protectors?"

He spoke so righteously, but she knew he had someone follow her to see if she and Damon would do anything inappropriate.

Clark's hands clenched at his sides, his eyes flashing coldly. If she had just listened to him and not gone on that trip, none of this would have happened. He knew he couldn't say that out loud, though. "Nyla, my men arrived just as my uncle saved you, so they didn't step in..."

Nyla didn't believe a word of his nonsense but didn't want to argue further. "Say what you want. I don't want to fight. Just leave."

She brushed past him and grabbed her keys to open the door, but Clark suddenly grabbed her wrist. "Nyla, there's one more thing."

"If you have something to say, just say it. Don't touch me," she said.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 68

She shook off his hand, clearly annoyed.

Although Clark's heart burned with frustration at her rejection, he knew their relationship was strained and held back his temper. "You must have noticed that my uncle... treats you differently. I hope you can keep your distance from him," Clark asked.

Nyla's expression remained indifferent. "We only interact for work. I haven't noticed anything special.

"How exactly should I keep my distance? Should I turn and walk away whenever I see him? Or should I move to another city to avoid him?"

"That's not what I meant."

"Then what did you mean?" Nyla asked, her tone mocking. "If you're so worried, why don't you talk to him instead? Telling me this makes it seem like you think I'm easy to bully." Blaming her for another man's interest in her, rather than addressing it with that man, was no different from saying a woman was to blame for being assaulted because of how she dressed. Clark stiffened, embarrassment and shame crossing his features. "Nyla-"

She chided him, "Enough. If you don't have the guts to tell your uncle to stay away from me, then don't say such disgusting things to me!"

With that, she turned and went inside, closing the door behind her.

Taking a deep breath to calm herself, Nyla carried her groceries into the kitchen and began to put them away.

Paradise 89

Chapter 89

The weekend flew by, and soon it was Monday.

Nyla returned to the R&D department to continue her experiments.

Lucia also came back to work, but she was much more low-

key than before, pretending not to see Nyla and completely lacking her previous arrogance. Whether she had truly learned her lesson or was just biding her time to scheme again was unclear.

The day passed quickly. Nyla received a call from Valarie just before the end of the workday, inviting her out to dinner. Since she had no other plans, she agreed.

When Nyla arrived at the restaurant, she noticed a young man, around 20 years old, sitting next to Valarie. He was full of youthful exuberance, and Nyla couldn't help but raise an eyebrow.

As soon as she sat down, Valarie eagerly introduced him, "Nyla, this is my new boyfriend. What do you think?"

The young man blushed and looked down shyly when Nyla's gaze fell on him, his ears turning red.

"Where did you find such an innocent-looking guy? He's not still in college, is he?" Nyla asked.

"You guessed it," Valarie replied.

Nyla was speechless. She had assumed Valarie had just been joking about finding a college boy, but she acted so fast.

Giving Valarie a thumbs-up, Nyla picked up the menu. "Let's order. I'm starving."

Once they had ordered, Nyla chatted with Valarie while the young man beside Valarie meticulously fed her snacks.

Nyla began to wonder if he was under some sort of threat from Valarie to agree to be her boyfriend. Before long, the dishes arrived, and just as Nyla was about to dig in, a cold male voice echoed. "Valarie, who All heads turned simultaneously.

Not far away, Tom stood with a stormy expression, glaring at Valarie.

If not for Jacqueline standing beside him, he would have looked exactly like a man who had just discovered his girlfriend was cheating on him.

Valarie's eyes remained indifferent, but she smirked. "Mr. Genge, this doesn't seem to concern you, does

it?

Tom's gaze grew colder, and he started toward her, but Jacqueline quickly grabbed his arm. "Tom, tonight's dinner is important. Whatever misunderstanding you have with Ms. Weir, deal with it after the dinner." Tom lowered his eyes, suppressing his anger, and turned to walk toward another room.

Chapter 89

+25 BON

Jacqueline hurried after him.

The group couldn't hear what Jacqueline said, but they saw Tom leave immediately after hearing her

words.

Nyla turned back to see Valarie's calm face, seemingly unbothered. She swallowed the comforting words she was about to say.

Dinner continued in a somewhat heavy silence.

After they finished eating. Valarie sent the young man to get the car.

Standing at the restaurant entrance, Nyla couldn't hold back her curiosity. "Are you serious about this guy?"

Valarie laughed. "I was joking. He's just my neighbor's kid, who grew up following me around. I was going to explain it to you, but then I forgot."

Once the young man brought the car around, Valarie waved goodbye to Nyla and left.

Nyla was about to get her car when someone called her name from behind.

She turned to see Spencer and Damon walking toward her.

Damon seemed to have been drinking-his face was a bit flushed, and the top two buttons of his white shirt were undone, revealing a well-defined collarbone

His suit jacket hung casually

over his arm, and his innate elegance made it hard not to stare at him. Seeing him, Nyla suddenly remembered the nonsensical things Clark had said to her a few days ago. Damon had ulterior motives toward With his status and looks, he could have any number of women at his beck and call. Why would he have designs on her?

Thinking that, Nyla couldn't help but laugh.

Under the streetlight, Damon was momenta

Paradse 90

Chapter 90

Spencer and Damon stopped in front of Nyla.

Spencer smiled and said, "What a coincidence, Ms. Jayston. You're also having dinner here tonight?"

Nyla nodded. "Yes. I had plans with a friend."

"I'll go get the car. How about I drive you home afterward?" Spencer offered.

"No need, I drove here." Nyla replied.

"Alright then. Could you please keep an eye on Mr. Summer? He's had a bit too much to drink, and I don't feel comfortable leaving him alone, Spencer asked.

Nyla glanced at Damon. Despite the faint smell of alcohol, he seemed perfectly

sober.

Sensing her doubt, Spencer explained, "Mr. Sumner always appears sober, whether he is or not. He might look fine, but he could actually be quite drunk." Remembering how Damon had helped her several times before, Nyla felt it would be unkind to refuse. Alright, I'll watch over him."

Satisfied, Spencer quickly walked to the parking lot.

Once he left, silence settled between Nyla and Damon. His presence was impossible to ignore, so Nyla stared at her shoes to avoid his gaze. "How are you feeling?" Damon asked suddenly.

Nyla was taken aback, then realized he was referring to the incident in Rontana where she had almost been assaulted. She looked up. "I'm much better now. The ringing in my ears is gone too." "Good." With that, Damon fell silent again.

Nyla resumed staring at her shoes, feeling time drag on. She didn't notice Damon's occasional glances at her, nor did she see a photographer capturing their interaction from a passing car.

A black Maybach pulled up to the restaurant, and Spencer helped Damon into the car. "Thank you, Ms. Jayston. Where's your car parked?"

"Just outside the restaurant," she replied.

Nyla waved goodbye and walked to her car.

Seeing her get into a pink car, Spencer couldn't help but comment. "This model is really popular with women lately. My girlfriend is thinking about getting one too but hasn't decided on a color yet." Damon glanced out at the pink car and said indifferently, "It does look nice."

Back home, Nyla took a shower and went to bed.

Early the next morning, she was woken by the sound of her phone ringing.

Groggily, she answered, "Hello?"

Chapter 90

+25 BONUS

"Nyla, what's with the photo online?!" Clark's angry voice came through the phone, making Nyla frown.

What was he ranting about so early in the morning?

"What photo?" she asked.

"The one of you and Uncle Damon at the restaurant! Do you know how many people have called me about it this morning?!" he thundered.

Photo at the restaurant?

Confused, Nyla hung up and was about to check the Internet when she saw dozens of messages from Valarie.

Valarie: [Nyla, what's with this photo?]

Valarie: [Don't you think Damon looks at you with some affection?]

Valarie: Where are you?! Show up! Does Damon really like you?

Valarie: [Did he hide his feelings because you got married but still can't help looking at you?]

Reading these messages, Nyla was speechless.

Why did everyone think Damon had feelings for her?

However, when she finally saw the photo, she was stunned.

The photo showed her and Damon standing outside the restaurant. She was looking down, while Damon had turned slightly to gaze at her, a soft light in his eyes. Chapter 91

Paradse 91

Chapter 91

The restaurant's lighting cast a soft glow over Damon's normally cool profile, making his expression appear much gentler as he looked at Nyla.

The photo could easily be misinterpreted.

It was simply the angle-Damon had been speaking to her and naturally looked her way, which happened to be caught on camera.

Nyla immediately called Valarie. "What's the deal with that photo? Who took it?"

"You're finally up! That photo was taken by a somewhat well-known photographer who posted it on their profile. It blew up, and now everyone online is saying you and Damon are a perfect match." Nyla was speechless.

Although the photo only showed their profiles, anyone who knew them could easily recognize them. No wonder Clark was so furious earlier.

"It's just the angle. I'll contact Clark

uncle to sort this out," Nyla said.

If this got any bigger, it would only cause her more trouble. She decided to call Spencer instead of contacting Damon directly.

When Spencer heard about the photo, he quickly reassured Nyla, "Ms. Jayston, we're already in touch with the photographer to handle it. Don't worry.

"Thanks. Let me know once it's resolved."

Spencer was apologetic. "Of course. I'm really sorry about this. If I'd known, I wouldn't have asked you to watch over Mr. Sumner last night."

Nyla pressed her lips together. "What's done is done. Just handle it as quickly as possible."

She hoped not too many people had seen the photo.

"Alright, I'll get back to work now," Spencer said.

Spencer put away his

phone and turned to Damon, who was seated at his desk. "Mr. Sumner, our team is already en route to the photographer's place. We've also contacted the social media platform to delete the photo, but some of Damon's expression was icy. "Delete all you can."

At that moment, the office door burst open.

Clark stormed in, slamming a printed copy of the photo onto the desk. "Uncle Damon, staring at my wife so openly—isn't that too much?!"

Damon slowly looked up, meeting Clark's furious gaze with a cold, detached expression. Despite being seated, he exuded an aura that overshadowed Clark.

"It's just a misleading photo. Is this really worth all this fuss?" Damon asked.

Clark sneered. "Misleading? Can you honestly say you have no feelings for Nyla?"

+25 BONU

Chapter 91

Damon's gaze remained impassive. "Whether I do or not is none of your business."

Upon feeling the oppressive tension and seeing Damon's icy stare, Clark's anger flared even more. "If you don't back off, I'll tell Grandpa and Grandma and let them handle this." Damon raised an eyebrow, his demeanor turning dangerously cold. "Are you threatening me?"

Clark instinctively took a step back under Damon's chilling gaze but quickly regained his resolve, driven by his jealousy over Nyla.

"Uncle Damon, I wouldn't dare threaten you. I'm just reminding you that Nyla is off-limits," Clark asserted.

+25 BONUS

Paradise 92

Chapter 92

Chapter 92

"I don't need you to tell me what I should or shouldn't do," Damon said coldly, plunging the office into silence.

The tension between him and Clark was palpable as they stared each other down, neither willing to back off.

Sensing the intensity of the situation, Spencer quickly intervened, Mr. Clark, Mr. Damon has been dealing with the photo situation since this morning. Maybe you should head back for now."

Clark turned to Spencer, his tone icy. "Mr. Hogg, you've been with my uncle for a few years now. I hope you can talk some sense into him, remind him not to-"

"Clark!" Damon's voice cut through sharply, his eyes filled with a storm of anger. "Say one more word, and you can forget about staying as the Sumner Group's CEO."

Clark's hands clenched tightly at his sides, feeling both humiliated and frustrated. He knew Damon had the power to oust him from his position.

He glared at Damon, enunciating each word, "I hope you know what you're doing, Uncle Damon."

With that, he turned and stormed out of the office.

Even after leaving Prospectus Technology, Clark couldn't shake off his ang..... He pulled out his phone to call Nyla. But knowing she wouldn't pick up if she saw it was him, he decided to drive over to her place

.92

+25 BONUS

Nyla had just finished breakfast and was putting on her shoes to head to work. As she opened the door, she was surprised to see Clark standing there with a cold expression.

"What are you-" she started, but Clark shoved the door open, grabbed her wrist, and pushed her against the wall.

"Nyla, I told you to stay away from my uncle. It seems you didn't take me seriously," he said.

He pinned her in place, his hand moving down her face, his eyes filled with a dangerous glint.

The image of Damon gazing at her with what looked like affection in that photo filled him with jealousy and rage, fueling his irrational

behavior.

His hand continued downward, hovering near her throat.

Nyla's neck was slender and delicate, seemingly easy to snap with just a bit of force.

Feeling Clark's gaze fixated on her neck, as if contemplating whether to strangle her, sent chills down Nyla's spine and made her skin prickle with goosebumps.

Clark was insane!

She shoved him away, gritting her teeth. "That photo is just a matter of perspective. We were talking at the time."

"Oh, really?" Clark, seemingly unbothered by her push, smiled mockingly. "Nyla, you know I can't go against my uncle. So you better behave and stay away from him, or I can't promise what I might do."

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Chapter 92

+25 BONUS

His tone was gentle, but it sounded more like a threat to Nyla.

She took a deep breath, locking eyes with him. "Don't worry. I have no interest in him and will never fall in love with him."

All she wanted now was to gather evidence for a divorce from Clark and distance herself from the Sumners forever.

Clark scrutinized her, trying to gauge the sincerity of her words.

After a moment, he smiled slowly. "Nyla, I'll believe you this time. But if this happens again, I'll make sure you're properly punished." He emphasized the word "punished" with a chilling tone.

Paradise 93

Chapter 93

When Clark saw Nyla's eyelashes flutter, his eyes flashed with satisfaction.

Nyla bit her lip and said coldly, "need to go to work. Can you leave now?"

Upon noticing her distant attitude, Clark's gaze darkened. He didn't want to push her too hard as it would only worsen their relationship.

"I'll drive you," he offered.

"No need."

With that, Nyla pushed him out and closed the door behind him..

Upon arriving at the office, Nyla noticed her colleagues sneaking glances at her.

She remained expressionless, assuming they had all seen the photo online.

After placing her things at her desk, she was about to head to the lab when Sasha approached her, whispering, "Nyla, about that photo online... Is it true? Does Mr. Sumner really like you?" Immediately, everyone around them perked up their ears.

Everyone knew about the incident where Damon protected Nyla during the lab explosion, risking his own

safety. Now, with the photo circulating online, they couldn't help but speculate about the nature of their relationship.

Seeing the curiosity in Sasha's eyes, Nyla responded calmly. "It's not true. It's just the angle of the photo. We ran into each other at the restaurant entrance and exchanged greetings." Sasha looked puzzled. "Just that simple?"

Before she could ask more, Nyla headed to the lab with her experiment report.

On her way, she ran into Lucia coming out of the restroom.

Nyla pretended not to see Lucia and continued walking, but Lucia couldn't resist making a snide remark. "Some people really know how to play their cards right, getting both Sumners wrapped around their fingers. I'm impressed."

Lucia had been fuming since seeing the photo that morning. She couldn't believe that Nyla, knowing about her interest in Damon, would be so shameless as to flirt with him.

The comments online pairing Nyla and Damon only fueled her anger.

She had tried to expose Nyla as Damon's niece-in-law in the comments, but her comments wouldn't go through.

Soon after, all photos and related tags were deleted, clearly a move by the Sumners.

Nyla turned

to Lucia, noticing the barely concealed Jealousy in her eyes, and couldn't help but smirk. "If you're so jealous, why don't you try taking a photo like that yourself? Though I doubt Mr. Sumner would give you the

+25 BONUS

Chapter 93

Lucia was angered and sneered. "I wouldn't stoop to your level. Married and still flirting with other men. Is Clark not enough for you?"

Nyla raised an eyebrow! "If you're so concerned about our marital affairs, why don't you install a camera at my house? Then you can satisfy your curiosity 24/7.

Lucia gritted her teeth. "Don't get too cocky, Nyla. If you keep walking down this path, you'll run into trouble eventually."

"And I suggest you get your jealousy treated. Don't come to me with your nonsense." With that, Nyla turned and walked away, ignoring Lucia.

Lucia shot daggers at Nyla's retreating figure, her eyes filled with rage and disgust.

She pulled out her phone and called Kenneth, her voice cold. "When are you going to make your move?!"

Paradse 94

Chapter 94

Kenneth stood in a hospital corridor, staring at the bill with worry. Hearing Lucia's voice, he replied seriously, "Within the next few days."

He was completely out of money. With Mabel in police custody, his only option was to follow Lucia's plan to get the money for medical expenses. "I'll be waiting for your good news then, Lucia said, hanging up with a smirk.

Once Kenneth kidnapped Nyla, she would ensure both of them perished at the scene, leaving her free of worry.

In the lab.

Nyla was preparing to continue her experiment when she received a message from Genevieve, asking her to come to her office.

When she arrived, Genevieve greeted her with a smile. "Nyla, how was the business trip to Rontana with Mr. Sumner?"

Nyla pursed her lips. "It was fi

Is there something you need?"

"Headquarters is very interested in the project you're working on. Since it's funded by Prospectus Technology, they've decided to have you work there for

a while to avoid Mr. Sumner having to constantly travel back and forth to check on the progress.

Nyla was taken aback, frowning slightly. "How long will it be? And does Prospectus Technology have a lab?"

Genevieve smiled. "I'm not sure about the exact duration, but likely until the project progresses

significantly. As for the lab, Prospectus Technology bought a building next to their headquarters last year and converted it into a lab, so it's ready for use."

If the project's progress was the measure, it could take at least a year or two. Drug development involved both pharmacological and clinical trials, with the former alone possibly taking years. Seeing Nyla's reluctance, Genevieve added, "You'll get a daily travel allowance of 30 dollars."

A daily allowance of 30 dollars meant an extra 600 dollars a month, a tempting offer for Nyla. Instantly, her reluctance disappeared.

"Genevieve, when do I start?" she asked.

Genevieve couldn't help but laugh. "If possible, it would be best if you start tomorrow. You can wrap up your current experiment today and head to Prospectus Technology tomorrow to meet Mr. Hogg." Nyla was surprised by the urgency but figured that starting sooner would mean receiving the travel allowance sooner, which was a good thing.

"Alright, Genevieve. I'll finish up my work today and organize my materials," Nyla said.

"Good. If you have any problems at Prospectus Technology, feel free to contact me.

+25 BOI

Chapter 94

Returning to the lab, Nyla packed up her equipment and headed back to her desk. The day passed quickly. After gathering her materials and personal belongings, she turned off her computer and informed Sasha about her transfer to Prospectus Technology.

Sasha was initially stunned but then her eyes widened. "You're switching jobs?"

Her voice was loud enough to catch the attention of everyone nearby, including Lucia.

Nyla shook her head. "No, the company is sending me to Prospectus Technology to complete this project before coming back."

Since other colleagues had been sent to other companies for projects before, Sasha wasn't too surprised. "I see. I heard Prospectus Technology has many

handsome and wealthy single men. If you meet any, remember to introduce me. My family's been nagging me about marriage nonstop," Sasha said.

Nyla laughed, not expecting that to be her concern. "Sure. If I find anyone suitable, I'll let you know."

Paradise 95

Chapter 95

Once Nyla got home, she contacted Spencer, who instructed her to come to the CEO's office the next morning for fingerprint registration and access cards.

After hanging up, Nyla felt anxious. Clark already suspected Damon of having ulterior motives toward her. Now that she was going to work at Prospectus Technology, there could be serious trouble if Clark found

out.

For now, though, she could only take it one step at a time and deal with it when it happened.

The next morning, Nyla got up, freshened up, and drove to Prospectus Technology.

After parking her car, she went to the reception and mentioned she was there to see Spencer.

Upon confirming her identity, the receptionist led her to the elevator. "Ms. Jayston, the CEO's office is on the top floor."

Nyla nodded. "Thank you."

She entered the elevator and pressed the button for the top floor. Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

As it ascended, she noticed it was her first time at Prospectus Technology and had heard that all their elevators were scenic. Now, she could see it for herself.

As the elevator rose, the city's landscape unfolded before her, giving her a sense of openness.

Soon, the elevator reached the top floor. Nyla walked out and down a long corridor to reach the CEO's

ice.

When her relationship with Clark was good, she had visited him at the Sumner Group's office, but their setup was different from Prospectus Technology's. Prospectus Technology had several times more secretaries than the Sumner Group.

Even though it was just after 8:00a.m., all the secretaries were busy at their desks, with phones ringing

non-stop.

After searching for a while, Nyla spotted Spencer at the desk outside the CEO's office, sorting through documents. She quickly approached his desk. "Mr. Hogg." Spencer looked up, saw it was Nyla, and stood up. "Ms. Jayston, you're here. I'll take you to complete the onboarding process."

Although Nyla was sent by Park Pharmaceuticals, she still needed to go through the formalities.

"Thank you, Mr. Hogg," she said.

"You're welcome."

After completing the onboarding process, Spencer showed Nyla where the cafeteria was before taking her to the laboratory building. Chapter 95

+25 BONUS

The lab building was connected to the main building by a long corridor, about 400-500 meters long.

Since the lab building was newly operational and had few projects, Nyla was assigned her own office and lab. She was very pleased with the spacious and well-lit lab.

During her university days, she had had to share a lab with senior students, often coordinating time to use the equipment. Now, having her own lab, she wouldn't have to worry about that.

"Ms. Jayston, here's your meal card. The cafeteria is open from 7:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. If you have any questions, feel free to call me or come to the CEO's office."

Nyla took the card and nodded. "Got it. Thank you, Mr. Hogg."

Back at the CEO's office, Spencer knocked and entered Damon's office.

Damon was reviewing documents, bathed in the morning sunlight that streamed through the window.

He looked like he had stepped out of a painting—a sight that would undoubtedly drive his admirers wild, given his looks and aristocratic air.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Jayston completed her onboarding this morning. Spencer informed him.

Paradise 96

Chapter 96

Damon looked up at Spencer, his expression cool and detached. "Got it."

Seeing Damon's indifferent reaction, Spencer felt he might be overdoing it by bringing this up. After reminding Damon about the 10:00 a.m. meeting, he turned and left. At noon, Nyla took her meal card to the cafeteria.

As soon as she walked in, she was stunned by the luxurious setup. It looked more like a five-star restaurant than a cafeteria.

The food at each station was meticulously prepared and visually appealing. Moreover, the prices were incredibly low, almost the same as a university cafeteria.

The cafeteria had three floors, offering a variety of cuisines.

Nyla lined up at one of the food stations, collected her meal, and found a seat in a corner.

Tasting the soup, she was surprised at how delicious it was, comparable to what she had tasted at five-star restaurants before.

She had heard people online say that Prospectus Technology's cafeteria was like a five-star restaurant and thought it was an exaggeration. She realized it was true now.

No wonder people joked that once someone joined Prospectus Technology, dieting became a thing of the past.

Focused on her meal, Nyla didn't notice the curious and admiring glances from those around her. Soon, news of a new, beautiful employee spread throughout the company's internal chat groups, along with a *ca*. Everyone was curious about which department she worked in.

Unaware that she had become a hot topic among Prospectus Technology employees, Nyla returned to the lab after lunch.

It wasn't long before someone approached Spencer to ask about her.

The chat group of the CEO's office was buzzing with activity, with everyone tagging Spencer to inquire about Nyla.

[Mr. Hogg, that pretty girl who joined today must have some connections, right? You personally handled her onboarding. Now everyone in the company is curious about the department she's in.]

[Yeah, and I saw how courteous you were to her. Is she related to some high-level executive?]

[I saw her too this morning. She's really stunning. Even as a woman, I couldn't help but take a second look.

Reading the messages, Spencer was a bit surprised. He didn't expect Nyla to cause such a stir on her first day at Prospectus Technology.

+25 BO

Chapter 96

After thinking for a moment, he replied in the group.

Spencer. [Stop guessing. She's a research developer sent over from Park Pharmaceuticals, and she isn't available.]

After sending that message, Spencer closed the chat app and went back to his documents.

Back in the lab, Nyla started her afternoon experiments. As the reaction began, she sat nearby, timing and recording the experiment.

It was then that she received a message from Clark.

Clark: [I'm downstairs at Prospectus Technology. Come down immediately, or I'll come up to find you myself.]

Nyla frowned, surprised that Clark found out about her working at Prospectus Technology so quickly. After a moment of thought, she called him,

The phone barely rang twice before he picked up, but he stayed silent.

"My transfer to Prospectus Technology was a company decision. There's no point in you coming here," she said.

"Then you can quit," he rebuked.

His matter-of-fact tone made Nyla laugh in disbelief. "I'm not quitting. If you're so worried about me and your uncle, why don't you put a surveillance camera on me?"

With that, Nyla hung up. If Clark actually stormed into Prospectus Technology, he would only embarrass himself and potentially offend Damon, which would backfire.

In the car, Clark gripped his phone in anger, his eyes cold. He had warned Nyla, and now she dared to start working at Prospectus Technology. It seemed she needed to be taught a lesson. That evening, Nyla was cleaning up her lab equipment when she received a call from Harrison.

The atmosphere was tense when she arrived at the hospital room.

Seeing her, Harrison spoke coldly. "Nyla, quit your job tomorrow." Chapter 96

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+25 BONUS

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Paradse 97

Chapter 97

Chapter 97

Nyla's steps faltered, and she glared at Clark. "What did you tell m, ad?!"

Before Clark could respond, Harrison shouted, "You're questioning Clark? How could you betray him with his uncle?!"

Nyla's fingers trembled with rage. She couldn't believe Clark had the gall to twist the truth, and even more, she couldn't believe her father had fallen for it.

"Dad, do you really see me as that kind of person? You didn't even ask me, and you just believed Clark's side of the story, thinking I betrayed him?!" she questioned.

Nyla took a deep breath, deciding not to hide Clark's infidelity any longer. "Do you know it was he who—"

"Nyla, your dad was so upset earlier that he almost fainted. The doctor said he can't take any more stress. Do you really want to push him to the brink?"

Clark's loud voice drowned out Nyla's words.

She clenched her hands at her sides, her hatred for Clark reaching a peak. "If you know my dad can't take stress, why did you come here and tell him nonsense?!!

Clark sighed, looking helpless. "Fine. If you say there's nothing between you and my uncle, then I'll believe you. Just move back home and I won't hold anything against you." Harrison, who had just calmed down a bit, got agitated again. "You moved out?!"

Nyla took another deep breath and spoke slowly. "Dad, I'll explain everything to you later. Right now, you need to focus on getting better. Please don't get involved in our issues." "Move back home immediately! Married couples shouldn't live apart!" Harrison ordered.

Harrison and Nyla's mother had divorced after sleeping in separate rooms. He didn't want Nyla to go down the same path. Besides, if Nyla left Clark, she might be vulnerable to bullying. Clark quickly tried to soothe Harrison. "Dad, don't worry. I'll talk to Nyla. I'm sure she'll come back home.

soon."

Seeing Clark's seemingly conciliatory act, Nyla was furious. "Clark, can you stop pretending and making everyone sick?"

She hadn't revealed Clark's misdeeds out of concern for Harrison's health. Yet, Clark had exploited that, slandering her in front of Harrison.

Harrison frowned and was about to speak when the hospital room door opened.

Wren walked in with a thermos, smiling as she saw both Nyla and Clark. "Nyla, you and Clark came to visit your dad?"

Nyla nodded briefly, then looked at Clark. "Our problems are between us. Don't bring it up in front of the elders. Let's settle this outside." With that, she turned and left the room.

Harrison called after her, but she ignored him.

+25 BONUS

Chapter 97

Wren glanced at Clark, her brows furrowing slightly. She was aware of his affair, and seeing him now filled her with disapproval and dissatisfaction. Clark didn't notice her gaze. He turned to Harrison and said, "Dad, today was my fault. Don't be angry with Nyla. I'll handle this. Please don't worry." Harrison sighed. "Nyla has been spoiled by me since she was little. For my sake, please be more patient

with her."

"Don't worry. She's my wife. I'll take good care of her," Clark assured him.

With that, Clark nodded to Wren and left the room.

As he stepped out, he saw Nyla waiting at the end of the hallway. She was clearly waiting for him.

Clark smiled and walked toward her.

As soon as he reached her, she slapped him hard across the face.

Paradse 98

Chapter 98 Chapter 98

Instantly, a red handprint appeared on Clark's face. His gaze toward Nyla was chilling. "How dare you hit me?!"

Nyla met his furious eyes and said slowly, "Why wouldn't I? You're the one who cheated, yet you have the audacity to slander me in front of my dad. Don't you deserve to be hit?"

As soon as she finished speaking. Clark grabbed her chin and pushed her against the wall, his eyes filled with anger.

"Nyla, it's your fault for not listening to me. If you had obeyed, I wouldn't have had to go to your father," he claimed.

Nyla sneered. "If you dare approach my dad again, I'll expose your affair."

"If you're not afraid of aggravating his condition, go ahead," Clark dared her

Clark's nonchalant tone fueled Nyla's rage, her hands clenched at her sides. "Clark, how did you become so despicable?!"

Clark leaned closer. He could see the disgust and anger in Nyla's eyes and tightened his grip on her chin.

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"Nyla, I just want you back by my side and to stay away from my uncle. You're the one provoking me," he said.

Taking a deep breath, Nyla said, "I won't be threatened by you, and I won't quit my job."

"You don't have to quit. I'll give you a week to move back to the villa. Nyla, this is my final concession. If you don't comply, I'll have to take drastic measures," he warned.

His threatening tone made Nyla stiffen. She couldn't believe she had once loved such a shameless man, but regretting it now was useless.

"And if I refuse? What drastic measures will you take?"

"You wouldn't want your father to lose his place on the kidney transplant list, would you?" he threatened. Nyla looked at him in disbelief. "Clark, you're inhuman!

He used Harrison against her, knowing he was her greatest concern!

Clark smiled slightly, whispering in her ear, "I'll be waiting for you to come back

He then released her and left without another word.

Nyla returned home after 8:00 p.m.

She didn't turn on the lights and walked to the couch, her mind a tangled mess, unsure of whom to confide in.

She had planned to pretend to comply with Clark, gather evidence, and then file for divorce. However, his shamelessness was beyond her expectations. Chapter 98

+25 BONU:

Should she really give in and move back?

As Nyla was lost in thought, she heard a faint noise from the bedroom. Frowning, she wondered if she was imagining things.

She stood cautiously and walked to the door to press the light switch.

The living room lights didn't turn on.

She glanced outside and saw the neighbor's lights were on, feeling a surge of fear.

Reaching for the door handle, she opened the door and ran out.

As soon as the motion sensor light turned on, however, someone pushed her back into the living room. [SEARCH THE WEBSITE](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

The person who had been waiting outside walked in and shut the door, cutting off the light.

Nyla fell back heavily, her face contorted with pain, but her mind was racing.

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+25 BONUS

People were hiding in both the bedroom and by the door, indicating a premeditated attack.

Nyla scrambled to her feet and ran toward the kitchen. Unfortunately, she only managed a few steps before someone grabbed her arm and slammed her against the wall. "Who are you? Why are you- Mmph!"

Before she could finish, one of her attackers pinned her down and pressed a cloth against her nose. A pungent smell filled her nostrils, and her vision began to blur.

Soon, two masked men dragged a large suitcase out of Nyla's apartment.

Since it was just past 8:00 p.m. and most people were home from work, there weren't many people around, so the men didn't attract much attention.

They quickly reached the back gate of the building, where a nondescript van without a license plate was parked in the shadows.

They loaded the suitcase into the trunk and drove off toward the outskirts of the city.

Spencer hurried into the CEO's office at Prospectus Technology with a document in hand.

"Mr. Sumner, this file was just sent back by our partner. They said there might be an issue with the experimental data, but I'm not a technical expert. As such, I can't pinpoint the problem," Spencer said. Damon glanced at the file and said, "Call Nyla."

Spencer nodded and quickly called her.

Nyla's phone vibrated in the dark living room for a long time before stopping.

Spencer tried calling several times, but Nyla didn't answer.

"Mr. Sumner, should I go to Ms. Jayston's place with the document?" Spencer asked.

"Go ahead."

When Nyla woke up, she found herself crammed into a confined space, which felt like a suitcase.

Panic and fear washed over her. Although she usually remained calm, this was her first time experiencing a kidnapping, and she knew she was in constant danger.

Her captors could decide to kill her at any moment.

After taking a deep breath to calm herself, she noticed that she was moving, likely in a vehicle. Where were they taking her?

She gave it some thought. She wasn't staying somewhere affluent and hadn't offended anyone. Besides,

captors had clearly planned it based on how they had abducted her.

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After considering everyone she had interacted with, she concluded that the most likely person behind her

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kidnapping was Lucia.

Suddenly, the car stopped.

Nyla heard the trunk open and quickly closed her eyes. Moments later, she felt the suitcase being lifted. and roughly dropped to the ground.

Pain shot through her body as if every bone had been shattered, but she bit her lip hard to keep from making any noise.

If they realized she was awake, there was no telling what they might do. For now, it was safer to pretend

to be unconscious.

She heard voices outside.

"I brought her here for you. Now give me the money you promised."

There was a brief silence before a familiar male voice responded.

"Wait, I don't have the money yet. Once I get it, I'll pay you immediately."

The first man's voice rose in anger. "Kenneth, are you playing me? I agreed to help you kidnap her, not to get involved in extortion. Give me my money now, or I'll spill everything about what you made me do. D

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"Even if you spill the beans, I don't have any money now. And if this gets out, you'll be going to jail too!" Kenneth responded.

As the argument grew more intense, Nyla finally recognized the man who had kidnapped her-Mabel's father, Kenneth.

She had only met him once. How did he know where she lived? How had he gotten into her home?

This wasn't something a regular farm worker could come up with. Someone must have been behind it, and that person was obviously Lucia.

Gradually, the argument outside died down, followed by the sound of a car starting.

Soon, everything was silent.

Nyla held her breath, not daring to make a sound.

Suddenly, she felt the suitcase being moved and heard the wheels rolling on the ground. She realized she was being dragged somewhere, and her mind raced as she considered how to escape.

Nyla cautiously unzipped the top of the suitcase a little, but the outside was pitch black except for the flashlight held by the person dragging her.

Unable to see her surroundings, Nyla knew she couldn't make a rash move.

After about ten minutes, the person brought her to an abandoned building and started dragging her upstairs. Each step made her body slam painfully against the stairs, but she bit her lip to keep from making a sound. Finally, after what felt like an eternity, the man stopped.

Kenneth put down the suitcase and called Lucia. "I've got her. What's next?"

Lucia, who had been waiting nearby, said, "I'll be there soon."

When Lucia arrived, she opened the suitcase right away and reprimanded Kenneth, "You idiot! Why didn't you tie her up? What if she escapes?"

"I was in a hurry and forgot..."

"Moron!" Lucia cursed, realizing it was too late to fix it.

Seeing Nyla was still unconscious, she smirked and slapped Nyla hard twice, waking her up.

"You want?"

Nyla slowly opened her eyes, pretending to be groggy and terrified. "L-

Lucia, what do you see? Seeing the fear on Nyla's face, Lucia felt a surge of satisfaction. "Nyla, didn't expect this, did you?" "Are you crazy? Kidnapping is a crime!" Nyla tried to talk while assessing her surroundings. Ev

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Lucia sneered. "Since I'm daring enough to kidnap you, I have a way out."

With that, she signaled to Kenneth.

A knife was pressed against Nyla's throat. "Nyla, I'll give you a chance. Call Clark and ask for help. If he's willing to pay, I'll let you go. How about that?"

Nyla frowned, wary of Lucia's intentions. Something felt off. If Lucia only wanted money, she wouldn't be showing herself because she knew Nyla would tell Clark everything if she survived. Lucia had no intention of letting her go alive!

From Kenneth's earlier conversation with the other man, Nyla deduced that Kenneth was in this for the money. Lucia, however, wanted

her dead but didn't want to be implicated, so she had Kenneth do the dirty work.

Once Nyla was dead, Kenneth would take the fall. Lucia likely didn't plan to let Kenneth live either, ensuring no loose ends.

Noticing Nyla's hesitation, Lucia smirked. "If you don't call, you'll die now."

Nyla knew calling Clark was her only chance. If he came with help, she might survive. "Okay, I'll call him."

"Give me the number, and I'll dial it. Think carefully about what to say," Lucia warned.

Lucia dialed Clark's number and put it on speaker.

After a few rings, a soft, feminine voice answered instead of Clark.