

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

## Chapter 711

Chapter 711

After saying that, Nyla quickly hailed a cab and left, leaving the two men staring at each other.

Oliver smirked. "Mr. Sumner, I'll be on my way. See you next time."

Damon's expression turned cold. "Mr. Raynor, I guess there aren't enough issues at the Raynor Group for you to be this idle."

"Go ahead and try to bankrupt the Raynor Group. But if you do, Nyla will only feel sorry for me and hate you even more," Oliver countered.

As Damon's expression darkened, Oliver's smile deepened, and he turned to walk toward his car.

In a relatively private restaurant in the north of Saintornia...

Rebecca glared coldly at the man across from her. "Weren't you supposed to deal with Nyla for me? How come she's still perfectly fine?"

The man opposite her, Sullivan, calmly sipped his tea. "Rebecca, don't be so impatient. I need some time." Rebecca gritted her teeth. "Heseltine, don't forget that your dad was on the brink of death in the hospital. If I hadn't kindly lent you money, he wouldn't be alive today!"

A year ago, when Rebecca was getting a health checkup at the hospital, she happened to run into Sullivan, who couldn't come up with the funds for his father's surgery.

She had seen Sullivan once in Damon's office while visiting Prospectus Technology, which was how she recognized him.

'At that time, she resented Damon and thought that if she could help Sullivan during his most desperate moment, he would owe her a favor and assist her with her plans.

As expected, after she covered the medical expenses of 70,000 dollars for Sullivan, he had almost knelt in gratitude. She had stopped him.

Since then, they had been in contact, and Rebecca had visited Sullivan's father a few times as well. After learning about Rebecca's situation with the Prestons, Sullivan offered to help her.

He occasionally provided her with potential client information from Prospectus Technology, which Rebecca used to assist Nathaniel. This was one reason Nathaniel still kept her around. Seeing Rebecca's twisted expression, Sullivan sighed, a hint of pity in his eyes.

"Rebecca, Nyla has just joined Prospectus Technology. If

something goes wrong now, it will easily be traced back to me. Just give it some time, and I'll handle it." Sullivan reassured her, "Don't worry. 'keep my promise."

He paused for a moment before continuing: "So, I hope you'll keep your end of the bargain too." Rebecca lowered her gaze. "As long as you take care of Nyla, I will.

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divorce Nathaniel and be with you."

Sullivan smiled. "Good. I believe you."

"I can't be out too long. Otherwise, Nathaniel will get suspicious. I have to go now," Rebecca said.

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Sullivan nodded. "Alright, be careful on your way back

After Rebecca left, Sullivan's smile gradually faded.

He didn't want to be with Rebecca because he liked her he was just looking for something he could gain from her.

About ten minutes after Rebecca departed, Sullivan stood up and exited the private room, leaving through the restaurant's back door.

He and Rebecca had never had any

public interactions, which allowed him to discreetly provide her with client information from Prospectus Technology without being

discovered.

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After Nyla had rested at home all day on Sunday, she sensed something was off as soon as she stepped into the lab on Monday morning. Both Leon and Ruby looked troubled. Nyla turned to Ruby and asked, "Ruby, what's going on?"

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Ruby bit her lip and recounted what had happened that morning.

When she finished, she said angrily, "Leon definitely gave the data to Brody on Friday night, but Brody is completely denying it now."

Brody sneered from the side, speaking sarcastically. "I didn't receive anything. How do I know you two aren't colluding to frame me for losing the data?"

Leon was furious. He rushed over to grab Brody by the collar. "I handed it to you in person on Friday! Are you going to say again that you didn't receive it?!" In contrast to Leon's flushed face, Brody seemed unconcerned.

"What? You want to hit me? Go ahead, but think it through. If you do, I'll definitely call the police," he provoked

Worried that Leon might act impulsively, Nyla quickly stepped in to hold him back. "Leon, calm down."

Ruby hurriedly joined in to stop Leon as well.

Just as Leon began to cool down, Brody spoke up again. "What? Scared to make a move? Coward!"

This completely infuriated Leon. He lost control and swung his fist hard at Brody.

Brody wore a smug smile. He had disliked Leon from the very beginning. Once Leon's punch connected, he would make him regret it.

"Leon!" Nyla yelled.

Seeing she couldn't stop him, she pushed Brody aside. Leon's punch landed squarely on her.

Leon instinctively pulled back his strength when he saw Nyla moving, but it was too late.

A sharp pain surged through Nyla, causing her to lose her balance and stumble backward. She knocked

over the glass instruments on the lab table, and they shattered all over the floor.

She fell to the ground, her palm pressed against the shards, and blood gushed out immediately.

"Nyla!" Leon and Ruby cried simultaneously.

Ruby rushed to help Nyla as Leon, realizing what he had done,

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regret flickered in his eyes.

Nyla had warned him to stay calm earlier, but he still lost control, leading to her injury.

Overcome with guilt and frustration, Leon muttered an apology before fleeing the lab.

Ruby, furious, nearly wished she could hurt Leon herself. She quickly helped Nyla to her feet. "Nyla, I'll take you to the hospital to treat your injury."

At that moment, several people entered the room.

Sullivan led the group, followed by men in suits.

Sullivan began, "Mr. Sumner, our lab's experiments are progressing smoothly. As you can see-"

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Before he could finish, someone behind him stepped past quickly and approached Nyla. His expression darkened as he noticed her injured hand. "What happened?"

Nyla shook her head. "It was just an accident. I'm heading to the hospital."

As she tried to walk past Damon, he grasped her wrist. "I'll take you."

Given her current condition, she couldn't drive, so she reluctantly nodded. "Thank you, Mr. Sumner."

Everyone in the room, except Sullivan, stared in disbelief.

What was going on?

Damon seemed unusually familiar with Nyla and genuinely concerned for her.

Unbothered by the others' reactions, Damon called for a driver to bring the car to the company entrance and led Nyla out.

## Chapter 713

### Chapter 713

Once Nyla finished treating her wound at the hospital, she checked her phone and found several messages from Ruby.

Ruby: [Nyla, what's going on between you and Mr. Sumner? Did you know each other before?]

Ruby: [After you left with Mr. Sumner, everyone started gossiping about your relationship. You're not actually getting together with him, right?] Ruby: [By the way, when Mr. Sumner saw your bleeding hand in the lab, his face darkened. It's obvious he really cares about you!]

Ruby: [Ahhh! What exactly is your relationship?]

Nyla frowned as she read the messages.

Typing with one hand was difficult, so she responded with a voice message instead: "I do know him, but we're just friends. Besides, I have a boyfriend."

She didn't feel the need to mention to Ruby that Damon was Mason's biological father. It wasn't something she wanted widely known.

After playing the voice message, Ruby quickly followed up, asking if it was Oliver.

Nyla confirmed. After responding to Ruby, she hesitated briefly before sending another voice message: "Could you please explain to everyone that we knew each other before and that there's nothing romantic going on? Tell them not to jump to conclusions." After sending the message, Nyla put her phone back in her bag and looked up, meeting Damon's conflicted gaze.

"Is it really so bad to be associated with me?" he asked.

Caught off guard, Nyla blinked before replying calmly, "Mr. Sumner, it's best for both of us to clear things up. I don't want any unnecessary misunderstandings, especially ones that could upset Oliver."

Damon's hands, hanging at his sides, slowly clenched into fists. Finally, he couldn't hold back. "If I wanted to pursue you, would you give me a chance?"

Seeing the seriousness in his eyes brought back that strange feeling Nyla had experienced before. The Damon who had lost his memory would never have asked her such a question. Moreover, his gaze was just like it had been five years ago. "You've regained your memory, haven't you?" she asked.

Damon's eyes widened slightly, but before he could respond, Nyla continued, "You don't need to deny it. Ever since you rolled down the hill to save me and woke up, I've noticed something off. Your attitude toward me has been different. You must

have regained your memory then, right?"

Silence settled between them, broken only by the sound of their breathing.

After a long pause, Damon smiled bitterly. "You caught me. I thought I was hiding it well."

"If you hadn't asked me that question today, I might not have figured it out so soon," Nyla replied.

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Damon looked down. "I'll drive you home."

"No need. take a taxi. Now that you've regained your memory, let's

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keep our distance. I don't want bliver

to misunderstand," Nyla said, turning to leave.

Just a few steps away, Damon grabbed her wrist. "Do you really... love Oliver?"

Nyla pulled her wrist free and met his gaze coldly. "That doesn't concern you. Whatever happens between Oliver and me, there's no future for us." Without waiting for his response, she walked away quickly.

It wasn't until she got into the taxi that her heart began to slow. She hadn't expected that Damon had truly regained his memory. Regardless, there was no future for them now. 1 en FindNovel

Back at the lab...

Leon had returned, his demeanor much calmer.

When he saw Nyla, guilt flashed across his face. He approached her hesitantly, like a child who had done something wrong, and lowered his head to apologize.

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"Nyla, I'm sorry. I acted impulsively earlier, and I even ran away after you got hurt. I wasn't being responsible. If you're angry, go ahead and hit me... No, kick me, too," Leon apologized. "If kicking you would fix the data issue, I would have done it already," Nyla quipped.

Leon scratched his head, looking at her apologetically. "I swear I gave the experiment data to Brody on Friday. That jerk must have lost it and is now blaming me."

Seeing Leon's guilty and anxious expression, Nyla felt helpless and thought he was still too young.

"When exactly did you hand him the data on Friday?" she asked.

"Right after you all got off work. I finished filling in the last few sets of data and gave it to him," Leon answered.

"So, no one else was there to confirm you handed the data to him in person," Nyla said.

Leon frowned. "But no one can prove I didn't give it to him either!"

Nyla nodded. "That's true, but the problem is that he's insisting you didn't give it to him, and now you're stuck in a bad spot."

Leon's shoulders slumped. "This is all my fault. I've slowed down the experiment, and I'll accept whatever consequences come."

"Forget the consequences for now. Just make sure you learn from this. Be more careful in the future, and don't give anyone the chance to exploit your mistakes, Nyla advised.

"Yeah, I've learned my lesson the hard way. I won't forget it," Leon replied.

Seeing how ashamed he was, Nyla didn't say more. She gently patted his shoulder, opened her laptop, and pulled up a document.

"Fill in the last few sets of data from Friday, print it out, and take it to Brody," she instructed.

Leon's eyes widened in shock. "Nyla, you saved a backup?!"

"Of course. Backing up data during experiments is essential. You never know when something will go wrong," Nyla said.

Leon's gloom lifted in an instant. "Thank you for saving my life!"

"Enough with the flattery. Just get the data filled in. Also, since you made a significant mistake this time, I'll report it to Professor Kington. You'll probably have your pay docked," Nyla reminded. "Losing pay is fine, as long as the experiment isn't delayed," Leon replied dismissively.

Once Leon finished entering the experiment data, he printed it out and headed to the office to find Brody. With his phone camera already open, he placed the data on Brody's desk and said coldly, "You got it this time, right? Don't lose it again and blame others. It's embarrassing Chapter 714

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Brody's eyes darkened as he glared at Leon. "Put your phone away, or I won't be polite."

Leon raised an eyebrow. "I'm just recording evidence, so we don't end up in a 'he-said-she-said' situation



later."

"Do you need to record evidence for this long?" Brody asked, his tone icy.

Leon scoffed, quickly turning off the recording. "Brody, we'll see about this." With that, he turned and left.

Brody watched him go, then coldly tossed the experiment data into the trash. From the bottom of a drawer, he pulled out a file-the experiment data report Leon had given him on Friday.

In the end, the incident of the missing experiment data ended with Leon being docked a week's pay. That evening...

After work, Nyla called Oliver to invite him to a movie the next night.

## **Chapter 715**

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Since Nyla planned to be serious about being with Oliver, she needed to genuinely try to see if she could accept him. If she truly couldn't, it would be better to part ways sooner rather than later-for both their sakes.

The next afternoon, Damon received a call from Lydia, "Mr. Sumner, Ms. Kinsey sent Buddy over today."

Damon replied calmly, "Got it."

There was a brief silence on the other-end before Lydia's voice came through, tinged with helplessness." Mr. Sumner, aren't you going to ask what Ms. Kinsey has to do today?" "What is it?" Damon asked.

"I heard from Buddy that she's going to the movies with Mr. Raynor tonight, which is why she dropped Buddy off," Lydia answered.

Damon narrowed his eyes and replied in a low voice, "Alright."

After hanging up, he thought for a moment and called in Spencer.

"Look into where Nyla and Oliver are going to see a movie and buy a ticket for a seat behind them," he instructed.

Spencer paused momentarily before replying, "Understood, Mr. Sumner. I'll go right away."

After work, Nyla and Oliver had dinner before heading to the cinema.

They were watching a romantic film that had been re-released, telling the story of two people who parted ways in their youth and reunited years later.

The story itself was quite simple, but the director's cinematic touch made the visuals beautiful.

Before the film started, Oliver bought a bucket of popcorn.

They sat together, occasionally reaching into the bucket for popcorn. Without realizing it, their fingers brushed against each other.

At first, they flinched as if they'd been burned, quickly pulling away.

After a few times, Oliver boldly took Nyla's hand.

Nyla stiffened for a moment. She fought the urge to pull her hand back and let him hold it.

The theater was nearly empty and quiet, except for the sound of someone coughing behind them.

As the film reached its climax, with the lead characters locked in a passionate kiss, Oliver leaned closer to Nyla.

"Nyla..." he murmured, his voice deep and husky, laced with an irresistible charm.

When Nyla turned her head, she found his handsome face looming closer. She bit her lip, feeling no

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fluttering in her heart, nervousness, or excitement. Instead, she felt a strange urge to escape.

Oliver didn't notice her tense demeanor as he slowly leaned in closer.

Just as his tips were mere

centimeters away from hers, a harsh voice suddenly echoed from behind." Kissing openly in a movie theater? Don't you have any decency?"

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Nyla jumped in surprise, quickly pulling away from Oliver. At the same time, she felt a wave of relief wash over her.

Once she calmed down, she recognized that familiar voice...

As she turned her head, she saw that Oliver had also turned around.

Upon confirming that it was Damon behind them, Oliver's expression turned icy.

"Mr. Sumner, can you explain why you're here?" he asked.

"I'm here to watch a movie. Could you please keep it down? You're disturbing me," Damon replied, feigning innocence as he focused on the big screen.

Damon looked like any other moviegoer. Oliver might have believed him if he hadn't been sitting right behind them and interrupted just as Oliver was about to kiss Nyla.

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Oliver scoffed, turning back to the screen and not saying another word.

Nyla frowned at Damon but remained silent and turned back as well.

For the rest of the movie, though Nyla's eyes were glued to the screen, her mind was racing.

## Chapter 716

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When Oliver leaned in earlier, Nyla's instinct was to pull away. Her body couldn't lie-she didn't feel anything for him.

Realizing this, she was flooded with guilt.

Oliver had been good to her and had helped her a lot, but she couldn't develop romantic feelings for him.

Gratitude was just that-gratitude. It couldn't evolve into love.

After the movie, she planned to clarify things with Oliver. Since she had confirmed she didn't have feelings for him, there was no point in dragging it out. The longer it continued, the more it would hurt Oliver. After making up her mind, Nyla's heart gradually settled. She felt less anxious, though the guilt still weighed heavily.

As they left the theater, Oliver turned to Damon with irritation. "Mr. Sumner, how much longer are you going to follow us?"

He had never seen anyone as shameless as Damon. Why was he crashing their date?

Damon didn't seem the least bit embarrassed and raised an eyebrow. "Mr. Raynor, I have to go this way too to get my car."

Oliver stepped back. "Fine, I'll let you go first."

Damon turned to Nyla, who had been quietly looking down. "The movie's over, and your date is done, right? Shouldn't you go pick up Buddy?"

Nyla looked up. "Buddy stays with you tonight. I'll pick him up tomorrow."

Damon's expression immediately darkened. "What did you say?"

He stared at her, tension mounting.

He hadn't expected her to leave Mason with him.

Was she planning to spend the night with Oliver? The more he thought about it, the angrier he became.

"No! I have something to do tonight and can't take care of Buddy!" he snapped.

Nyla gave him a puzzled look. "%2

not shouldn't matter."

Lydia usually the one taking care of Buddy? Whether you're busy or

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"Lydia has something to do as well," Damon said stiffly, leaving no room for discussion.

After hesitating for a moment, Nyla relented. "Fine, I'll be there to pick up Buddy before midnight."

Noticing it was already close to 10:00 p.m., Damon finally nodded begrudgingly. "Okay."

Seeing that Damon hadn't left yet, Nyla frowned. "Mr. Sumner, Oliver and I have things to discuss. Can you go ahead?" "Sure, but don't forget to pick up Buddy. No later than midnight. If you're not there, I'll have the driver bring

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him back," Damon warned.

"Got it," Nyla replied absentmindedly, not in the mood to argue further as she focused on how to approach Oliver.

Once Damon left, Nyla gestured toward a nearby café. "Shall we sit in there for a bit?"

"Sure," Oliver agreed.

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Once they were seated, Nyla was to figure out what to say when Oliver spoke first. "Nyla, let's break up." Nyla's head snapped up in disbelief. "Oliver, I-"

Oliver gave a wry smile, interrupting

her, "Honestly, I sensed your

hesitation during the movie. You tried to suppress it, but after knowing you for five years, I can read you like a book.

"When I saw the hesitation and guilt in your eyes just now, I guessed what you were going to say. Since I initiated our relationship, I think it's only fair that I be the one to end it."

A wave of bitterness washed over Nyla, and her eyes began to fill with tears. "Oliver, I'm so sorry..." she whispered.

"No need to apologize. It's not your fault you couldn't love me," Oliver said softly.

## Chapter 717

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Since Nyla couldn't truly develop feelings for him, leaving gracefully was the best option.

A silence fell between them.

Guilt washed over Nyla like a tide, nearly drowning her. She had hurt someone who had been so good to

her.

"Nyla, you don't have to feel guilty. Even if we're not together, we can still be good friends. Those five years were real and meaningful," Oliver said.

To him, being by her and Mason's side for those five years was already a blessing.

Nyla lowered her gaze, her eyes reddening. She choked out, "Oliver, stop."

The kinder he was, the guiltier she felt. If only she could have loved him back...

Oliver paused for a moment before standing up with a smile. "Let's go. I'll drive you home."

The ride back was filled with silence.

Oliver drove slowly, but eventually, the road came to an end.

When they reached the building where Nyla lived, he turned to her and said softly, "Let me give you one last hug."

"Okay," Nyla whispered.

She unbuckled her seatbelt and reached out to hug Oliver first.

Sadness and reluctance flashed in Oliver's eyes. This hug was a farewell to the past five years.

"Nyla, without me around, please remember to eat on time and take care of yourself. Don't overwork yourself. And... I can see that Mr. Sumner loves you.

"If you still have feelings for him, give it a chance. After all, you both missed out on five years," he advised.

For him, Nyla's happiness was all that mattered.

Nyla's eyes filled with tears. She could only say, "Oliver, you'll definitely find someone who loves you."

"Yeah, you need to be happy too," Oliver replied.

After that, he released her and turned away to avoid seeing her.

"You should head inside. I won't walk you up today," he said.

Nyla pushed open the car door and stepped out. "I'll watch you drive away."

Oliver nodded. "Okay, goodbye."

He shifted his gaze back to the road and drove off.

As Nyla's figure shrank in the rearview mirror until it disappeared, a deep bitterness settled in Oliver's heart.

Ever since learning that Nyla had moved in with Damon for Mason's sake, Oliver had had a premonition

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that their future together was slipping away.

Even now, it was difficult to accept.

Perhaps this was for the best. Rather than forcing her to stay with him unwillingly, he might as well let go now and preserve the beautiful memories of their five years together. Suddenly, his phone buzzed.

He picked it up and saw it was his mother. Unlike before, he didn't ignore the call or hang up. This time, he answered.

"Oliver, I finally got you on the line! I've been thinking a lot lately. If you truly care for that woman, I won't oppose it anymore. But there's one condition-you both must settle down in Capitarnia and not move to another city."

Oliver chuckled wryly, his voice low. "Mom, it doesn't matter anymore. We've broken up. I'll take care of things here in Saintornia and head back in a few days. I'll even go on those blind dates you suggested."

It no longer mattered who he

married, as long as it wasn't Nyla. Even a business marriage would suffice. There was silence on the other end for a few seconds before his mother's incredulous voice broke through. "What? You broke up? Are you serious?"

She had always opposed Oliver and Nyla being together.

When Oliver had silently followed Nyla to Saintornia, she'd even tried to threaten him with the Raynor Group. Yet, all her efforts had been in vain.

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## Chapter 718

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Now, it hadn't even been long, and they had already broken up?!

Oliver didn't want to dwell on it. After acknowledging her, he hung up.

His mother didn't call back. After a moment's thought, she reached out to a friend to start preparing for Oliver's blind dates.

She had never approved of Nyla, who had already been married and had a child. If Oliver married someone like that, he'd be the laughingstock of their social circle.

Now that they had broken up, it was the perfect opportunity. She could finally introduce her son to someone more suitable.

After watching Oliver's car drive away, Nyla turned and headed upstairs.

As she reached the door, her phone rang. It was Damon.

"Nyla, it's almost 11:30 p.m. Why haven't you come to pick up Buddy?" he asked, his tone sharp.

Nyla suddenly remembered that she had promised Damon earlier that she'd pick up Mason. She quickly replied, "I'm on my way." She then took a taxi.

Soon, Nyla entered the villa's living room, but only Damon was there.



"Where's Buddy?" she asked.

Damon looked up, his expression cold. "He's already asleep. I'll wake him up.

"No need. Let him sleep. I can carry him to the car," she said calmly.

"I'll drive you both back," Damon offered.

Nyla hadn't driven, and taking a taxi would be inconvenient, so she didn't refuse.

"Thanks, I appreciate it."

On the way back, Nyla stared out the window, lost in thought.

Damon glanced at her a few times before finally asking, "What's wrong? Did I interrupt your date?"

Nyla turned to him, lowered her gaze, and said, "I broke up with him."

Damon slammed on the brakes, the tires screeching against the road.

Startled, Nyla quickly turned to check on Mason in the backseat.

Seeing he was fine, she sighed in relief, "What are you doing? What if Buddy falls out of his seat?"

Damon stared at her, frowning. "Why did you break up?"

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Oliver had been by Nyla's side for five years. From their previous interactions, Damon could sense that Oliver truly cared for her. How could they have broken up so easily? Nyla pressed her lips together. "That's my personal matter. It doesn't concern you."

"How can it not? I'm Buddy's father. I want to give him a complete family and get back together with you. Don't you understand?" Damon's voice softened but held steady.

He knew this wasn't the best time for this conversation, but now that it had started, he was determined to see it through.

Meeting his intense gaze made Nyla's heart skip a beat. She quickly looked away.

"Mr. Sumner, right now, I just want to focus on my work and taking care of Buddy. I don't want to think about anything else," she said firmly. Damon withdrew his gaze and replied coolly, "I won't push you. Take your time to think it over."

As he spoke, he restarted the car.

Watching his determined profile, Nyla felt her hands tighten in her lap, but she remained silent. They drove in silence until they reached her building. Damon carried Mason upstairs.

As he was about to leave, he said, "Think about what I said. Buddy is still young, and as he grows, he'll need his father around. There are some things a mother just can't replace."

Nyla met his eyes squarely. "Are you doing this for Buddy or yourself?"

Damon paused, then slowly replied, "Nyla, I know said a lot of hurtful things when I lost my memory. I get that you won't forgive me right

away

but I hope you'll give me

another chance. I want to make up for the pain I caused and the time I lost with you and Buddy

## **Chapter 719**

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Damon's gaze was serious, and every word struck Nyla's heart, leaving ripples that lingered long after.

"It's getting late. You should go back. I'll think about what you said," she replied.

"Okay," Damon agreed.

After Damon left, Nyla couldn't stop replaying his words in her mind, but her thoughts were a tangled

mess.

Having just broken up with Oliver, she knew it would take time to reconsider her feelings about Damon. She decided not to dwell on it any longer.

In the following days, Nyla became overwhelmed with her project.

When Valarie called, she was still working overtime, waiting for experimental data to come through.

"Nyla, what's going on with you and Oliver? Why is he suddenly dating? If he did something to hurt you, I'll fly over to Capitarnia right now and deal with him!" Valarie hissed. Nyla paused, gripping her pen. "We broke up."

"What?! How did that happen so suddenly? The last time I saw you two, everything seemed fine. Did he cave under family pressure?" Valarie asked.

Nyla shook her head, even though Valarie couldn't see her. "No. I was the one who ended it."

There was a brief silence on the other end before Valarie spoke softly. "You brought it up? Are you sure you don't have any romantic feelings for him? Was that it?"

"Yeah, I just feel like I owe him a lot," Nyla admitted.

Valarie sighed. "If you're really not into him, there's no point in forcing it."

If this had been a while ago, Valarie might have scolded her. But after spending so much time with Zayn lately, she understood how exhausting it could be to stay with someone when the feelings weren't there- it felt like a burden.

"I just feel bad for him, and I don't know how to make it up to him," Nyla confessed.

At Valarie's words, Nyla frowned.

"Stop right there! First of all, Oliver has everything he needs. Secondly, he treats you well because he likes

you.

"If he knew you were trying to figure

out how to make it up to him, it would only hurt him. He's liked you for five years. If he were after something else, he could easily find someone more suitable. Why stick around you?

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"Since you can't reciprocate his feelings, don't disturb him. Just live your life. Besides, even if you try to make it up to him, can you erase those five years and pretend nothing happened?"

"I don't want to erase anything. I just feel like I owe him so much," Nyla said softly.

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"If he faces any difficulties in the future and you can help, then do so. For now, just stop thinking about it," Valarie advised.

Nyla wasn't sure if she had truly absorbed what Valarie had said. She murmured, "Okay, I understand."

By the time it was past 10:00 p.m. the experiment finally concluded. As she packed up her equipment, she

ran

into Damon in the elevator.

Damon looked surprised. "Why are you leaving work so late?"

"I was waiting on some experimental data," Nyla replied.

Damon nodded, and an awkward silence filled the elevator.

When they reached the basement, Nyla stepped out first, hearing Damon's footsteps behind her.

Unexpectedly, something about the way he moved caught her attention-his steps were uneven, lacking his usual steady calmness.

She turned instinctively and saw him clutching his stomach, his face pale. "What's wrong?" she asked, rushing toward him, her voice full of concern. Damon, shook his head. "I'm fine. Just a little stomachache. It'll pass soon."

## Chapter 720

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"Stomachache? Did you skip dinner?" Nyla asked.

"There were a few meetings today. I got busy and forgot. This has happened before. I'll be fine soon," Damon replied.

Nyla frowned, noticing his nonchalance. "That's not acceptable. If you keep this up, you'll end up with real stomach problems. There's a pharmacy on the first floor. Let me get you something for the pain." Without waiting for his response, she quickly headed for the elevator.

Damon reached out, gently grabbing her arm. "Really, it's unnecessary. I know what I'm doing."

She shrugged off his hand, her voice cold. "What experience? Experience with stomachaches? If you don't take care of yourself, your health will only get worse."

Damon said nothing.

Seeing his silence, Nyla softened her tone. "Give me five minutes."

This time, Damon didn't stop her. He simply watched her walk away, his dark eyes following her until she disappeared.

In less than five minutes, Nyla returned, slightly out of breath. She held not just the medicine but also

water and a small loaf of bread from the convenience store.

"Take the medicine now. Once your stomach feels better, eat some bread," she instructed.

Her cheeks were flushed, beads of sweat forming on her forehead, rising and falling with her breath.

The sight made Damon-tense.

He took the water and medicine from her, lowering his gaze. "Thank you."

After he swallowed the pills, she handed him the bread. "Eat this afterward. And next time, remember to eat on time."

Damon nodded. "Got it."

Satisfied with his response, Nyla nodded. "Then, I'll head out."

"It's late. Let me drive you home," Damon offered.

"No need, I drove here. You should get some rest too," Nyla replied.

Once back in her car, Nyla suddenly remembered that she hadn't told him how to take the stomach

medicine.

She rummaged through her bag, pulled out her phone, and sent him the dosage instructions along with the number of days to take it.

Damon quickly replied with a simple acknowledgment.

Putting her phone down, she started the car and drove away.

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Chapter 720

+25 BONUS

1

The next morning, while on her way to work, Nyla received a message from Ruby.

Ruby: [Nyla, what's going on between you and Mr. Sumner? The whole company is talking about this photo!

Before long, Ruby sent a photo.

Nyla opened it and immediately recognized it as the moment from last night when Damon grabbed her hand while she was on her way to get him medicine. Frowning, she sent a voice message to Ruby: "Where did this photo come from?"

Ruby: [I don't know. I heard people discussing it as soon as I got here this morning... and they're saying some awful things, claiming you clearly have a boyfriend but are still

being ambiguous with Dastill

QUMS

Actually, the exact words were even worse, but Ruby didn't dare to repeat them. She feared Nyla wouldn't handle it well. After reading Ruby's message, Nyla pursed her lips and told Ruby not to worry about it. She then focused on driving.

When she arrived at the office, she sensed something was off as soon as she stepped into the elevator.

The male employees looked at her with a hint of flirtation, while the females wore expressions of mockery and disdain. Nyla showed no signs of guilt or panic. Her expression remained calm as if she were completely oblivious to the stares. Soon, the elevator reached the seventh floor, and she stepped out.

Just as the doors closed, she overheard the conversations inside.

"That's her! She's actually quite pretty. No wonder she can play both men against each other."

"Hah! What good is being pretty if all she does is flirt around? Women like that only end up as jokes!"

As the elevator doors shut, the voices behind Nyla faded away.

Walking toward the lab, she turned the corner and saw Ruby waiting at the lab door.

"Nyla, you're finally here! Brody just saw that photo and was talking badly about you. Leon almost got into a fight with him again," Ruby informed her.

"What?" Nyla was taken aback. "They didn't actually fight, did they?"

After spending time with them, she had come to realize that Brody had a venomous nature-always lurking in the shadows and waiting for the right moment to strike.