

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

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"By the way, what do you think of Sullivan Heseltine?" Nyla asked.

Damon paused for a few seconds, realizing he had no idea who that was. "Sullivan Heseltine?"

"He's an employee from Prospectus Technology assigned to work with me on this project. He's the team leader," Nyla explained.

Damon still had no impression of him and raised an eyebrow. "What about him?"

"Nothing. If you don't know him, forget it," Nyla replied.

Damon quipped, "Why are you asking me about another guy? Aren't you afraid I'll get jealous?"

Nyla shot him a playful glare. "I just asked casually. Do you really get jealous that easily?"

"Of course I do! You have a way of attracting attention, and that makes me insecure," Damon teased.

"Who's attracting attention? I see women stealing glances at you every time you walk into the office. If I were as jealous as you, I'd have run out of jealousy by now," Nyla huffed.

Damon's gaze deepened, a hint of melancholy in his expression. "But I've never seen you get jealous. I heard from Spencer that a woman only acts calm and collected when she doesn't care about a man, and she won't mind who he's with." Spencer, still working overtime at the office, sneezed and rubbed his hands together, thinking he should wear more layers tomorrow.

"I'm just trusting you. Would you do anything to hurt me?" Nyla questioned.

Damon answered immediately, "Absolutely not!"

"Well, there you go. Besides, you get jealous often, which shows you don't trust me. You're the one in the wrong, yet you're turning this around on me?" Nyla pressed.

Damon was momentarily taken aback and found himself at a loss for words.

Seeing him at a loss, Nyla couldn't help but smile triumphantly. "Mr. Sumner, you should reflect on this."

Looking into her mischievous eyes and at her beaming smile, Damon felt a sudden urge and pulled her into his embrace.

"Okay, I'll reflect," he said.

Nyla felt a sudden bad premonition and reached to push him away. As soon as her hand brushed against his suit, his lips met hers.

"Mmph..." 1/2

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The driver in front quickly raised the partition.

+26 BONUS

At first, Nyla struggled, but soon her hands naturally wrapped around Damon's neck, and she found herself sitting on his lap.

Damon's hand slowly moved down her back, and the atmosphere grew intensely intimate.

Suddenly, the driver slammed on the brakes, causing Nyla to lurch forward toward the partition. In the split second before her head would hit, Damon's hand firmly cradled the back of her head. Thanks to Damon's arm blocking her, she felt no pain at all.

"Are you okay?" they both asked at the same time.

Nyla quickly sat up straight, turning to check on his hand.

Damon withdrew his arm, his expression calm as he said, "I'm fine."

He frowned and asked the driver, "What happened?"

The driver quickly lowered the partition to respond, "Mr. Sumner, there was a cat on the road just now."

Damon simply replied, "Be more careful next time."

"Yes, sir," the driver answered.

Nyla had returned to her own seat as the car resumed its journey. She instructed Damon, "Give me your hand."

"I really am fine," Damon insisted.

Nyla maintained a serious expression. "Your hand."

Damon, feeling a bit helpless, extended his right hand.

As Nyla rolled up his sleeve, she noticed a bruise on his arm. She felt bad and asked, "Does it hurt a lot? Have Walter find a place with a pharmacy so I can get you some ointment." "It's a bit painful, but if you give me a kiss, it should feel better," Damon said.

Nyla shot him a glare. "Can you be serious for once?"

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"I'm being serious," Damon said.

"I don't want to deal with you right now. Walter, look for a pharmacy up ahead and stop the car," Nyla requested.

Walter nodded and soon pulled over at an intersection.

"Ms. Kinsey, there's a pharmacy here," he informed her.

"Great," Nyla replied, turning to Damon. "I'll go buy some medicine. Wait here for me."

Damon wanted to stop her, but seeing the worry in her eyes, he swallowed his words and nodded. "Okay."

As Nyla got out of the car and walked toward the pharmacy, she bumped into a delivery person rushing out, causing the medicine in their hands to fall to the ground. "Sorry, I didn't mean to," Nyla apologized.

The delivery person bent down to pick up the medicine when a shocked voice called out, "Ruby?!"

Ruby looked up, recognizing Nyla, and a hint of panic flashed across her face. "N-Nyla..." "Did you leave work early just to make deliveries?" Nyla asked.

Ruby hurriedly picked up the fallen medicine, avoiding eye contact with Nyla. "I'm running late on this order. I need to deliver this medicine now. I'll explain everything to you tomorrow"

Nyla frowned, about to say something, but Ruby hurried away. She quickly walked to her parked e-bike, placed the medicine in the delivery box, and rode off.

It wasn't until Ruby's thin figure disappeared from view that Nyla turned and entered the pharmacy. After buying the anti-inflammatory ointment, she returned to the car, her mind heavy with thoughts. As soon as she closed the door, she met Damon's probing gaze.

"What did you say to that delivery person?" he asked.

Since they were at a distance, Damon hadn't clearly seen who it was and didn't realize it was a

woman.

Nyla paused for a moment before shaking her head. "It's nothing. Let me apply the ointment for you."

She opened the ointment and gently pulled Damon's right hand in front of her, applying the cream and massaging his arm.

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+25 BOARIS

Noticing her distracted demeanor, Damon frowned and withdrew his hand. "You don't need to massage it. It's fine now."

"Oh... okay," Nyla replied.

The car fell silent again as Nyla tucked the ointment away, her head down and lost in thought. Damon's expression darkened, and he silently signaled Walter to drive.

When Walter saw Damon's grim face in the rearview mirror, he nervously started the car.

By the time they reached the villa, neither of them had spoken, and the atmosphere in the car grew colder.

Nyla kept wondering why Ruby was working as a delivery person. Was she really short on cash? Had she run out of the money she borrowed from her?

As Nýla contemplated whether to send Ruby some money tomorrow, Damon's deep voice broke the silence. "How much longer are you planning to sit in the car?" Nyla snapped back to reality, realizing they had unknowingly arrived at the villa and that Walter had already exited the vehicle.

"Sorry, I got a bit lost in thought," she apologized.

"What were you thinking so seriously?" Damon asked.

"It's nothing important. Let's get out of the car," Nyla answered, opening the door to exit.

Damon followed her, his expression still sour.

As soon as they stepped into the living room, Lydia approached them.

Seeing Damon's cold face, she quickly asked, "Mr. Sumner, did something happen? Why do you look so upset?"

Nyla, who was walking ahead, turned around at her words, her gaze on Damon filled with confusion.

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Damon stiffened and averted his gaze. "It's nothing."

"Is your arm still hurting?" Nyla asked, trying to look at Damon's arm, but he turned away,

He dismissed her concern. "It's fine. Let's get ready for dinner."

He didn't even glance at Nyla as he walked past her toward the dining room.

Nyla frowned, sensing something was off about his attitude. She thought back and realized his demeanor had changed after she returned to the far from the pharmacy. Could it be because she hadn't mentioned Ruby to him? Was he sulking?

During dinner, Damon spoke only to Mason, ignoring Nyla unless she initiated the conversation.

After dinner, seeing Damon head toward the study, Nyla quickly followed him.

"Damon, wait! I need to talk to you," she called out.

His tone was somewhat cold

When he replied, "What is it?"

Nyla looked up at him. "Are you upset with me?"

Damon avoided her gaze. "No."

"If that's true, then why were you only talking to Buddy at dinner?" she pressed.

"You're overthinking it," Damon replied dismissively.

Displeasure flashed in Nyla's eyes. "If you're unhappy about something, spill it. Keeping it to yourself will only upset you and sabotage our relationship." "It's really nothing," Damon insisted.

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Noticing his indifferent expression, Nyla felt a surge of frustration.

"You always do this, keeping everything to yourself. How am I supposed to know what you're thinking?" Her voice rose slightly, tinged with hurt.

Damon frowned, seeming to realize he might be in the wrong.

He sighed and pulled Nyla closer. "Don't be mad. I just... I saw you talking to another guy, and asked what you said, but you wouldn't tell me, so I felt a little jealous." Nyla widened her eyes. "Is that really why? You're being so petty."

Damon chuckled helplessly. "I know, I shouldn't have reacted that way. It won't happen again.

Most of Nyla's anger faded at his sincerity. She retorted, "Who told you that delivery person

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was a man?"

Damon frowned. "If it wasn't a guy, then was it..

Then, he seemed to realize something, his brows furrowing even more. "Wait, that delivery person was a woman?"

Nyla nodded. "Yeah, and I know her."

Damon was speechless. He hadn't expected to be sulking over a woman.

Unable to help herself, Nyla laughed at him. "Your possessiveness is a bit much, don't think? I was just talking to someone else for a minute, and you're all jealous." you

A hint of guilt flashed in Damon's eyes as he rubbed his nose. "That's because when I asked you, you were so vague about it. You kept spacing out afterward, making me think you were hiding something." "Are girly conversations even appropriate for you?" Nyla asked.

Damon looked sheepish, not saying anything else.

Just when the atmosphere between them became a bit more relaxed, Nyla's phone rang unexpectedly.

As soon as she answered, Valarie's slightly downcast voice came through. "Nyla, can you come keep me company?"

Surprised, Nyla asked, "Valarie, what's wrong? Did something happen?"

Valarie was silent for a few seconds before giving her the name of a bar and saying she would wait for Nyla there before hanging up.

Nyla put her phone away and told Damon, "I don't know what's going on with Valarie. She's at a bar, and I need to go check on her."

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Damon picked up the car keys and said, "I'll take you there."

Worried that Valarie might get into trouble at the bar, Nyla nodded. "Okay."

+25 BONUS

By the time they arrived at the bar, an hour had passed.

When they found Valarie, she was already a bit dazed and being hit on by a drunken man. Nyla stepped forward and swatted the man's hand away from Valarie. "Stay away from her!" she warned.

The man, his face flushed with alcohol, turned angrily to face her. When he saw how beautiful she was, his eyes lit up. "Hey, gorgeous, what's your number-" Before he could

finish his sentence, a chilling voice came from behind him. "Touch her, and you'll regret it!"

The man turned to meet Damon's icy gaze. He shuddered, sobering up a little.

Noticing Damon's distinguished appearance, the man awkwardly smiled. "Sorry, I mistook her for someone else."

He quickly turned and left, clearly eager to avoid Damon.

Nyla supported the dazed Valarie, who was nearly unable to stand. "Valarie, what happened? Why did you drink so much?"

Valarie looked up with bleary eyes and recognized Nyla. She smiled and greeted her, "Nyla, you're here..."

"I'm taking you home," Nyla said.

"No... I don't want to go back. I'm not drunk! I can still drink! Let's keep going..." Valarie slurred.

She struggled to get up and reach for an empty glass on the bar, but the room kept spinning, and she couldn't grab it no matter how many times she tried. "Hey... why is this glass moving..." she mumbled.

"You're drunk. Let's go home," Nyla coaxed.

"I'm not drunk!" Valarie insisted stubbornly.

Nyla didn't want to argue with someone who was intoxicated. Thus, she nodded and played along, "Okay, okay, you're not drunk. It's too noisy here. Let's go back and drink together. I'll drink with you until you've had enough!"

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425 BOTES

"You promised... hic... that!" Valarie exclaimed.

"Yep, no stopping until dawn," Nyla placated.

Finally, Valarie relented and allowed Nyla to lead her out of the bar.

As they stepped outside, a cold wind blew, and Valarie shivered.

Nyla took off her jacket and draped it over her.

In the next moment, she felt another jacket being placed on herself. A surge of warmth filled her as she inhaled Damon's scent of pine.

Nyla helped Valarie toward the parking lot. Once they were in the car, she fastened Valarie's seatbelt. Just as she was about to close the door, Valarie started flailing her arms and legs, screaming, "Help! I'm being choked! Let me go! Who's trying to hurt me..." Watching Valarie twist and turn in panic, Nyla was speechless. She pressed Valarie down gently, reassuring her, "Valarie, it's just the seatbelt, not a rope."

"I don't care! It feels like a rope! Waaa... Nyla, are you trying to hurt me..." Valarie cried.

Nyla was dumbfounded. She turned to Damon and said, "I'll sit in the back to take care of her."

"Okay," Damon replied.

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Nyla climbed into the back seat and comforted Valarie until she finally calmed down. "Should I take her back to the Weirs?" Damon's deep voice came from the front seat.

Nyla pursed her lips as she considered his question. "If we go back now, her parents will definitely worry. Let's have her stay with us tonight, and she can go back tomorrow when she's sober." Damon nodded. "Okay."

By the time they returned to the villa, Valarie had already fallen asleep.

Nyla and Lydia helped her to the guest room on the first floor.

"Ms. Kinsey, I'll make some soup," Lydia said.

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"Thanks, Lydia, I appreciate it," Nyla replied.

Lydia shook her head with a smile. "It's no trouble."

With that, she went to the kitchen.

As soon as Nyla returned from fetching water in the bathroom, she heard Valarie's quiet sobs. She hurried to the bedside, setting down the basin of water, and gently nudged Valarie

"Valarie, how are you feeling?" she asked.

Valarie opened her eyes. Upon seeing Nyla, she began to cry even harder. "Nyla... is my life a failure?"

Noticing her red-rimmed eyes, Nyla quickly knelt beside her and replied gently, "Why do you think that?"

"The Weir Group is in trouble, and I can't help at all... I'm clearly attracted to Brandon, but I'm too afraid of the age difference to pursue it. I decided to get engaged to Zayn for the Weir Group, but I'm not doing it wholeheartedly... And Zayn has a mistress..." Valarie confessed. She tried to convince herself that she didn't care, but it was impossible to feel completely indifferent, especially since Zayn's mistress had given birth to a son. He could never really cut ties with them.

The thought of spending her life pretending to be happy with someone she didn't love made her feel hopeless.

Moreover, she knew that Zayn only wanted to marry her to gain control over the Weir Group. Being with him felt like playing with fire, yet she felt she had no other choice.

Seeing Valarie cry so heartbrokenly made Nyla feel a pang of sympathy. She quickly wiped her tears away and comforted her. "Valarie, don't worry. Damon plans to help the Weir Group. We'll get through this, and you don't have to be with Zayn."

Valarie looked stunned as if she didn't fully understand what Nyla meant. "What did you say? Damon... is going to help the Weir Group?"

Previously, Jonathan had sought Damon's help several times, but each request had been refused.

Valarie wasn't naive. She understood that Damon wouldn't help the Weirs without a reason. Nyla must have said something to him.

"Nyla, you've already helped the Weirs so much... she began.

Nyla gently held her hand. "Valarie, it's Damon who intends to help the Weir Group, but it's not without conditions, so you don't need to feel too burdened."

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+25 BONUS

Even though Nyla said this, Valarie still recognized that Damon wouldn't care about the Weir Group's survival if it weren't for her.

This realization made her feel even more touched. She cried, "Nyla, being your friend is the luckiest thing that's ever happened to me!"

Nyla was taken aback. She thought being liked by Damon was also the luckiest thing that had ever happened to her.

Upon reflecting on everything Damon had done for her without asking for anything in return, her heart felt both full and painful. 1

In the midst of their silence, Lydia pushed the door open, holding a bowl of chicken soup. "Ms. Kinsey, the soup is ready."

Nyla collected her thoughts and got up to take the bowl. "Lydia, you should go rest. I'll take care of things here."

Seeing that Valarie was awake and didn't seem to need her help, Lydia nodded. "Okay, Ms. Kinsey. If you need anything, just call me." "Got it," Nyla replied.

After Lydia left, Nyla fed Valarie the soup and wiped her face before stepping out.

Instead of hurrying back to her room, she turned and headed to the study. Chapter 70%

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+25 BOHUS

The study was still lit, and Damon hadn't gone to bed yet. Surprise flashed in his eyes when he saw Nyla. "What are you doing here? How's Valarie?"

"She's already asleep," Nyla answered.

Noticing that Nyla seemed to have something to say, Damon raised an eyebrow.

"Damon, thank you for what you did tonight," Nyla said.

"Why are you being so polite? I'm your boyfriend-it's what I should do," Damon replied.

After a moment of hesitation, Nyla appeared to make up her mind. She slowly raised her head to meet his gaze. "It's not just about tonight. You've always been good to me

since we met. I owe you an apology and a thank you." The seriousness in her eyes made Damon press his lips together and approach her.

As he drew closer, Nyla-subconsciously stepped back and asked warily, "Why are you getting up all of a sudden?"

Damon beamed. "Didn't you want to thank me?"

"Yeah, but you-" Nyla began.

Before she could finish her sentence, Damon wrapped his arms around her waist and picked her up, carrying her to the sofa.

Being lifted off the floor made Nyla uneasy, and she quickly wrapped her arms around his neck. "Damon, what are you doing? Put me down!"

Ignoring her protests, Damon set her down on the sofa. "You said you owed me a thank you. How do you plan to repay me?"

Nyla met his deep gaze and froze, asking instinctively, "How do you want me to thank you?"

Damon's smile widened. "Nyla, how can you ask how to thank someone? Didn't you think about how you'd show your gratitude?"

His tone was casual, but Nyla felt a twinge of guilt, sensing an underlying pressure. She hadn't really thought about how to thank him.

Damon had everything she could give, and what he didn't have, she couldn't provide. Now that he mentioned it, just saying thank you felt insincere... Upon seeing Nyla's expression shift from frowning to pouting, Damon's smile deepened. "If you can't think of anything, how about I give you a suggestion?" Nyla looked up at him, unaware that she was walking right into his trap. "What suggestion?"

"I need a wife," Damon said.

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Nyla was rendered speechless.

After a few seconds of silence, she feigned innocence. "Are you asking me to introduce someone?"

+25 BONUS

"Why would I need an introduction when I already have a ready-made option right here?" Damon countered.

Nyla felt his grip tighten around her waist and quickly pushed him away. She jumped off his lap and replied, "You can give me another suggestion then. I'm not planning to get married right now." "But I don't lack anything else," Damon retorted

Nyla chuckled. "Well, when you suddenly realize what you're missing, feel free to let me know. It's getting late now, so I'm going to sleep. You should get some rest too. Goodnight." With that, she hurriedly turned to leave, as if afraid Damon would say something else.

Damon smiled, his eyes filled with affection, as he watched her flee.

Once back in her bedroom, Nyla finally calmed down.

When Damon mentioned needing a wife, she felt a moment of excitement. They had missed out on so many years, and now that they were giving it another shot, she thought about marrying him. However, since they had just gotten back together, it felt too fast for her to consider marriage right now.

That was why she had run away.

After some time, when their relationship stabilized, she would seriously think about marriage.

