

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 806

"Great-grandpa, a classmate pushed me on purpose, and my forehead hit the corner of the table. It hurt so much... I bled a lot..." Wilhelm complained.

As he spoke, tears welled up in his eyes, making him look pitiful.

Pedro's expression darkened as he demanded, "What kind of teachers does that kindergarten have? Our family invests so much every year. Are they just sitting around doing nothing?!" He turned his gaze to Jane and asked, "Did they expel the kid who pushed Wil?"

Seeing Pedro getting to the point, Jane sighed. She feigned a troubled look as if weighing whether to reveal the truth.

"What exactly happened? Don't beat around the bush!" Pedro urged.

Jane glanced at the nearby maid and instructed, "Take Wil out to play in the garden."

The maid nodded and led Wilhelm away from the living room.

Once the living room was left with just Jane and Pedro, she sat opposite him and said, "Grandpa, it might be hard to deal with the kid who pushed Wil."

Pedro glared. "Hard to deal with? No matter who it is, if my great-grandson is hurt, I won't let it slide!"

"The kid who had the conflict with Wil is Nyla's son... He's also Damon's biological son," Jane informed him.

"What?!" Pedro's expression shifted to one of disbelief.

After all, the Wilkies had only moved to Saintornia after Nyla's accident and were unaware of Damon and Nyla's past. Even Jane had learned about Damon having a child with Nyla through Rebecca. Jane confirmed with a nod, "I'm telling the truth, and I've also sent someone to verify it."

The living room fell silent. If that child truly was Damon's, it would complicate matters. They had just

offended Damon at the party. Clinging to this issue would undoubtedly anger him further.

Still, Pedro couldn't simply let Wil's injury go unaddressed!

He looked grim.

Sensing the tension, Jane spoke up. "Grandpa if this situation escalates, it won't be good for our family to offend Damon again. But if we let it go, it won't be fair to Wil, and won't stand for that either."

"So, what do you plan to do?" Pedro asked, knowing his granddaughter well-she must have a plan in mind by coming to him.

"I want to use Wil's injury as leverage to negotiate with Damon for some tangible benefits for the company," she replied.

"Have you decided what you want from Damon?" Pedro inquired.

Jane nodded. "Yes, there's a municipal project that's up for bidding soon. If we compete, the Wilkie Group probably won't stand a chance against Prospectus Technology."

A flicker of surprise crossed Pedro's eyes before he frowned. "Prospectus Technology has been preparing for that project for over half a year. Damon won't easily back down."

Most importantly, once that project was secured, the profit margin would be at least 25%, attracting many eager companies in Saintornia.

"I know Damon won't drop out of the bidding. My plan is to partner with Prospectus Technology. Profit is secondary-the main goal is to build a connection," Jane stated.

Once a connection was established, it would be up to their capabilities to secure future municipal projects.

A hint of approval flashed in Pedro's eyes. He simply said, "Then, I'll leave this matter to you."

Jane's face lit up with joy as she promised, "I'll handle it well!"

"Mm. Make sure to comfort Wil and encourage him to get along with that kid. We will need Damon's support in many ways moving forward," Pedro reminded her.

Chapter 807

Jane lowered her gaze, a flicker of resentment in her eyes. She would never allow herself to be overshadowed by Nyla forever.

"Alright, Grandpa, I know what I need to do," she replied.

"I'm tired now. You take Wil to play for a bit, and stay for dinner tonight," Pedro said.

Once he left, Jane got up and headed to the garden.

In the garden, Wilhelm was bossing a servant to climb a tree and pick the highest orange. The servant struggled but could barely reach the fruit.

Wilhelm looked up, his small face showing impatience as he barked, "You can't even pick an orange? I'll have Great-grandpa fire you!"

With his urging and threats, the servant gritted his teeth and climbed a bit higher until he finally managed to grab the orange.

Unexpectedly, the moment he touched it, a loud crack echoed as a branch snapped beneath him.

He fell to the ground, screaming in pain upon impact. "Ah! It hurts so much!"

He clutched his broken leg, his face contorted in agony as cold sweat dripped from his forehead.

Wilhelm showed no remorse. Instead, he watched the injured servant with glee, even clapping his hands. "Useless! Serves you right! You should've fallen harder!"

Wilhelm's little face was filled with malice as he regarded the servant like an insect, displaying no sympathy whatsoever.

Jane approached Wilhelm, glanced at the injured servant, then coldly looked away and pulled Wilhelm along as they left.

Only after they disappeared around the corner did another servant come out to help the injured man.

Wilhelm held Jane's hand and, sensing her silence, scratched his head. "Mommy... why aren't you talking?"

Jane looked down at Wilhelm, her heart aching as her gaze landed on the bandage on his forehead. "I was just thinking. Wil, does your forehead still hurt?" Wilhelm wanted to say it did, but after a moment, he shook his head instead. "Not anymore, Mommy."

"That's good," Jane replied.

Seeing Jane fall silent again without mentioning how to deal with Mason, Wilhelm felt anxious and asked, "Mommy, Mason pushed me and hurt me! He's a bad person. Can you make the principal expel him? I don't want to see him again!"

Meeting Wilhelm's expectant gaze, Jane hesitated for a few seconds. Then, she squatted before him and softly asked, "Wil, did Mason really push you?"

A flash of guilt crossed Wilhelm's eyes. "Why are you asking that? Do you think it's my fault?"

"No, Wil... I'm just asking..." Jane replied.

Hearing this, Wilhelm relaxed a bit. He raised his voice deliberately and began to whine, "It was Mason who pushed me... Mommy, you have to make the principal expel him!"

Seeing him throw a tantrum, Jane felt a headache coming on.

There was no way to expel Mason. Moreover, Wilhelm would have to find a way to please him in the

future. Given Wilhelm's personality, it would be tough to get him to do that.

"Wil, you and Mason both made mistakes today. Let him apologize to you, and you two can get along in the future, okay?" Jane suggested.

Chapter 808

Wilhelm froze for a moment, then shook off Jane's hand as he processed the situation, whining, "No! He hurt me. He has to be expelled!"

Once the center of attention in class, Wilhelm had enjoyed the adoration of his classmates.

However, since Mason's arrival, those who once fawned over him had turned their affections toward Mason instead, leaving Wilhelm feeling isolated each day.

Only by getting rid of Mason could he reclaim their attention.

Seeing Wilhelm's angry little face, Jane sighed and crouched down to speak to him slowly. "Wil, Mason's father is very influential. Daddy and Mommy can't provoke him. If you really don't want to see Mason anymore, how about I transfer you to another school?" "No! I don't want to transfer schools!" Wilhelm protested. "Mommy, didn't you say you could do anything? Why can't you get the principal to expel Mason?"

He shouted, "You liar! You're a big liar! I won't believe anything you say anymore!"

Wilhelm shoved Jane away and ran for the door.

Caught off guard, Jane stumbled and fell to the ground, pain shooting through her and making her frown.

When she saw Wilhelm running away without a glance back, anger bubbled inside her. She quickly got up and chased after him.

Just as Wilhelm was about to burst out of the Wilkie residence, Jane grabbed him by the back of his collar and pulled him back.

With tears streaming down his face, Wilhelm kicked and punched Jane while yelling, "Liar! Let me go! You're a bad mom! Useless mom! I don't want you as my mom anymore!"

Although he was small, he thrashed about with all his might, causing Jane considerable pain. Already angry about him shoving her earlier, her frustration deepened.

"Wilhelm!" Her voice was stern, her expression frighteningly cold.

Wilhelm froze in surprise before starting to wail, "Bad mommy! Bad mommy! You're yelling at me! I hate you!"

"Shut up!" Jane shouted.

Wilhelm ignored her completely, his cries only growing louder.

Jane glared at him coldly, then opened the door and dragged him out of the residence, pulling him toward the villa next door.

When Wilhelm saw Jane's tense

face, fear crept into his heart. He cried even harder, struggling as he protested, "Let me go! Let me go! I want to find Great-grandpa! I don't want to go with you!"

However, no matter how hard he tried, a small child like him couldn't match the strength of an adult. He was quickly dragged back to the villa by Jane.

Once they were in the living room,

Jane

closed the door behind them

and looked down at him coldly

"Keep crying. Let's see how long you can keep it up."

"Wahhh... I want to find Great-grandpa..." Wilhelm cried.

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"It won't help to find him. He can't offend Mason's father either. You have two choices now-first, I can transfer you. Second, you can accept Mason's apology and get along with him from now on Jane laid out the options.

"No!" Wilhelm yelled, glaring at Jane with resentment. "I want to wait for Daddy to come back!"

Gabriel usually spoiled Wilhelm, going out of his way to give him everything he wanted. But right now...

Jane let out a cold laugh. "Your dad can't help you this time. If you keep misbehaving, who knows? Maybe soon, your dad won't want you anymore!"

Chapter 809

As Nyla was about to finish her work in the evening, Ruby gestured for her to look out the window.

Nyla was surprised to see Damon standing outside. He was dressed in a gray suit, looking tall and poised, his dark eyes fixed on her with a warm, tender gaze.

Ruby spoke up. "Nyla, you should go. I can tidy up here. Don't keep Mr. Sumner waiting."

Noticing the teasing tone in her voice, Nyla couldn't help but smile. "Alright, thank you. I'll bring you breakfast tomorrow."

"Sounds good," Ruby replied.

As Nyla walked out of the lab, she took off her lab coat and asked, "Why are you getting off work so early today?"

Typically, she was the one leaving first. Sometimes, Damon stayed late, and she'd spend time in the office catching up on literature.

Damon looked at her. Today, she wore a dress with a classic cut, her long hair simply tied back with a hair tie, giving her a neat and capable appearance. Despite not wearing any makeup, she was still stunning.

"The meeting ended early. When do you finish?" Damon asked.

"I just need to tidy up my desk before I leave," Nyla answered.

Damon nodded. "Alright, I'll wait here for you."

Back in Nyla's office, while she organized her things, Leon approached her.

"Nyla, aren't you going to ask about Ruby?" he asked.

Nyla paused and looked up at him. "Well, it's her personal matter. If I pry too much, it might make her uncomfortable. If she needs my help, she'll tell me. If she hasn't said anything, it means she doesn't want to share. There's no need to push." Leon frowned but couldn't refute her logic. "Okay."

"Mm, you shouldn't ask her either. If she wants to talk, she will," Nyla reminded him.

Leon nodded and didn't say anything else as he turned to leave.

Nyla finished packing and walked out of the office, telling Damon, "Let's go."

Damon took her bag from her, his expression neutral. "What did Leon want?"

Surprised, Nyla looked up at him. "You know his name?"

"Aren't you in the same lab? I've seen him a few times before," Damon elaborated.

"Oh," Nyla replied.

Noticing that she had fallen silent, Damon sighed. "You still haven't answered my question."

Just as he finished speaking, Nyla smiled and raised an eyebrow. "If I don't say anything, are you going to get jealous again?"

"Not at all. You're overthinking it," Damon denied.

"But your expression suggests otherwise," Nyla teased.

Damon remained silent.

Upon seeing his straight face, Nyla's smile deepened. "He just asked me about Ruby. Nothing else."

"Oh," Damon replied.

The two fell silent, and the quiet continued until they reached the car.

On the way back, Nyla pondered for a while before deciding to tell

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Damon about what had happened at the kindergarten that morning.

After listening, Damon's expression darkened. "You don't need to worry about this anymore. I'll handle it."

Nyla thought it made sense to

involve Damon in handling Mason's

matters. It would help the

son bond more quickly, so she

and

nodded. "Alright."

Damon took out his phone and called Spencer. "Find out what happened to Buddy at the kindergarten this morning. Do it quickly."

After hanging up, he asked Nyla if

Mason's injuries were serious. When he learned that Mason only had a few scratches on his face, he sighed in relief.

Soon, the car pulled up in front of the villa.

Unexpectedly, a red BMW was parked by the villa's entrance, blocking Damon's car.

Chapter 810

Noticing Damon's displeasure, Walter quickly said, "Mr. Sumner, I'll check who it is."

"Mm," Damon hummed in agreement.

As soon as Walter stepped out of the car, the driver's door of the BMW opened.

Jane emerged, dressed in a pure white suit. She walked straight to Damon's rear window and gently tapped on it.

"Mr. Sumner, I believe you've heard about the fight between Mr. Mason and my son at school. I'm here to discuss how we can resolve this matter," she said.

Damon rolled down the window, his expression blank. "Ms. Wilkie, how do you propose to resolve this?"

Jane hadn't anticipated Damon taking this tone, considering that Mason had pushed Wilhelm, resulting in Wilhelm's injuries.

Even if he was accustomed to being high and mighty, wouldn't he at least be a bit more accommodating?

If it were someone else, Jane would have gone straight to the police by now instead of coming to negotiate.

Suppressing her anger, she forced a smile and asked, "Mr. Sumner, would you mind discussing this inside?"

Damon's gaze turned cold, and he remained silent.

The atmosphere became awkward, yet Jane's expression didn't change. She continued to smile, seemingly waiting for his response.

After more than a minute of tension, her smile became strained as she probed, "Mr. Sumner?"

"Ms. Wilkie, if I recall correctly, you threatened Nyla earlier at school, saying you would call the police?" Damon asked, his eyes devoid of warmth. Jane's face paled, her smile nearly faltering.

"Mr. Sumner... I was overwhelmed with emotions at that moment. After all, I saw my son get hurt. It's hard to remain calm," she reasoned.

She then looked at Nyla and apologized, "Ms. Kinsey, I'm sorry. I was a bit emotional earlier. I hope you can forgive me."

Nyla was astonished. She hadn't

expected Jane's attitude to change

so drastically after just one

afternoon. She replied, "Ms. Wilkie, I can understand your feelings."

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As a mother, if it had been Mason who had been injured, she might not have reacted any differently than Jane. Seeing Nyla's calm expression, Damon turned to Jane again. "Ms. Wilkie, let's discuss this in my office tomorrow." Jane's eyes brightened with delight as she replied, "Sure!"

"Can you move your car now?" Damon asked.

A hint of embarrassment crossed Jane's face. "I'll do it right away."

With that, she turned and walked briskly to her car.

Soon, the red BMW was out of the way, and Damon instructed Walter to drive into the garage.

Damon and Nyla got out of the car and walked into the villa.

Mason was sitting on the living room floor, focused on building with his blocks, completely oblivious to their return.

As they approached him, Damon noticed the small wounds on his face, and his expression darkened.

"Did this happen during the fight with Jane's child?" he asked.

Nyla nodded. "Yes, but his injuries aren't serious. The other child he fought with has a large cut on his forehead and will probably need stitches."

Her tone was soft, but Mason suddenly looked up at her and defiantly corrected her, "Mommy, I didn't fight him. He fell down by himself."

Nyla paused for a moment and then apologized, "Buddy, I'm sorry. I misspoke."

Mason nodded and returned to stacking his blocks.

Seeing his serious demeanor, Damon sat across from him with a smile and asked, "Buddy, do you want Daddy to join you?"

