

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 811

"No, thanks. I like playing by myself," Mason replied, recalling how he had always lost to Damon in their previous games. He had no desire to play building blocks with him again.

Damon wasn't offended by his son's rejection. Smiling, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "Are you afraid of losing to me?"

Mason shot him a glance but didn't respond-his expression clearly said, "Do you really need to ask?"

"Buddy, as a boy, you should face challenges bravely and keep trying until you finally beat me," Damon coaxed.

Mason didn't even look up as he stacked another block. "Daddy, there's a saying about knowing when to back off. I play with building blocks for fun. If I keep losing to you in every game, it just makes me unhappy and defeats the purpose of playing." Damon was momentarily taken aback by Mason's words, feeling uncharacteristically speechless.

After a few seconds, he finally spoke up. "Buddy, I want to know what happened at school today. Can you tell me about it?"

"I already told Mommy. You should ask her," Mason replied, not wanting to repeat himself.

Damon was rendered speechless.

Watching Damon get shot down, Nyla stifled a laugh from the side.

On their way back, she had shared what Mason had said with Damon, who had hoped to have a chat with their son but ended up getting rejected instead.

Seeing the corners of Nyla's mouth turn up in a slight smile, Damon raised an eyebrow and said, "Nyla, come with me to the study."

Surprised, Nyla looked up and met Damon's intense gaze, instinctively curling her fingers.

"What's going on? Is there something you need?" she asked.

"Yeah, it's something important about Buddy," he replied.

Nyla frowned. "Okay."

Following Damon into the study, she was about to ask what was going on when he suddenly held her waist and pinned her against the door.

The scent of pine from Damon enveloped her, and she froze, instinctively wanting to push him away. The difference in their strength was too great, however, so her efforts were futile.

"Damon... what are you doing? Let go of me!" she cried.

Damon looked down at her with a teasing smile. "What were you laughing about when I was talking to Buddy just now?"

A flash of guilt crossed Nyla's eyes as she realized she'd been caught sneaking a laugh, but she couldn't admit it now.

Looking up at Damon with an innocent expression, she replied, "What are you talking about? I don't understand. When did I laugh?" Seeing her denial, Damon didn't get angry. Instead, his smile deepened.

"Looks like I need to remind you," he said.

Nyla asked, "How will you remind—"

Before she could finish, he kissed her.

"Mmph..."

The study fell silent, filled only with their heartbeats.

After a lingering kiss, Nyla's legs felt weak. She glared at Damon, indignantly saying, "Damon, don't push it..."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Do you understand what I meant earlier? If not, I can remind you again..."

Before he could finish, Nyla quickly covered her lips with her hand, her eyes wide in surprise. "I understand! I understand!"

"Oh? Then tell me, what were you

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laughing at just now? If I'm not satisfied with your answer, I'll keep kissing you," Damon warned

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Nyla avoided Damon's gaze, pondering how to respond.

After several seconds, Damon's deep voice broke the silence. "Still haven't figured out what to say? Then I might just-"

"Wait!" Nyla quickly raised her head, placing a hand over his mouth as she met his stare. "No matter what I say, you're just going to say it isn't good enough and keep doing what you were doing, right?" In her clear eyes, Damon saw his own reflection, feeling as if he were the only person in her world.

His gaze suddenly turned intense and locked onto hers with a predatory focus, leaving no room for escape.

Heat rose in Nyla's cheeks under his piercing stare. She bit her lip and asked, "Why are you looking at me like that?!"

Did he realize how intimidating that look was? It felt as if he wanted to devour her whole.

Damon remained silent, the tension between them thickening.

Nyla felt her hand, which rested against his chest, weaken. Should she just beg for mercy to get him to let her go?

Just as she was considering her options, Damon's phone suddenly rang.

Seeing it was Spencer, Damon sobered up and answered the call.

After a few moments of listening, he glanced at Nyla and abruptly released her.

"Go play with Buddy. I need to handle some work," he said.

Nyla sighed in relief, turning and rushing out the door.

As he watched her hurried retreat, Damon's gaze softened. Then, as if reminded of something, his expression turned cold once more.

Closing the study door, he commanded coldly, "Go on."

"Mr. Sumner, the person investigating Ms. Kinsey is Drake Mummery. He's a senior executive at MK Company and reportedly has close ties with a foreign gang," Spencer reported.

MK Company was a large overseas group that initially focused on gaming but had recently expanded into baby products and kitchenware, achieving significant success.

Prospectus Technology had previously shown interest in expanding abroad and had been in contact with MK Company.

However, they hadn't shown any inclination to cooperate, so Damon had not pursued further investigations.

"The name sounds like it belongs to someone of local descent," Damon remarked.

"Yes, his parents are from Saintornia," Spencer replied. "But they've been living abroad for over 20 years and rarely return. Drake has lived overseas since he was old enough to remember.

"I've found no direct connection between him and Ms. Kinsey. He only started looking into her shortly after Rebecca returned to the country five years ago." Damon's gaze turned cold, his expression oppressive.

It seemed all of this was connected to Rebecca.

"I understand. Keep an eye on the situation. If anything happens, let me know immediately," Damon instructed.

After hanging up, he stared into the deepening night, his expression inscrutable. Several minutes later, he picked up his phone and called Nathaniel.

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Nathaniel stepped out of his study after ending the call.

Rebecca was sitting on the couch watching TV. Hearing footsteps approaching, she instinctively shrank back.

In recent years, Nathaniel had been

hitting her more frequently, treating her like a punching bag. She had

developed a heightened sense of et

anxiety whenever he was around. Seeing anything related to him filled her with fear, let alone hearing his footsteps.

When the footsteps stopped behind her, she struggled to calm herself and slowly turned her head.

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"Nathaniel, what do you want?" Rebecca asked.

Seeing the wariness and fear in her eyes, Nathaniel smiled and calmly took a seat across from her.

"I'm not here to do anything. I just wanted to chat," he replied.

Rebecca's hands trembled subconsciously in her lap, convinced that this must be some new way for Nathaniel to torment her. If her response didn't satisfy him, he would definitely resort to violence again. Sadly, she had nowhere else to go.

Taking a deep breath, she forced herself to meet his gaze and said, "Don't forget, I'm supposed to go out to sea with Mr. Nuttall the day after tomorrow. If he finds out I'm hurt..." Nathaniel chuckled. "Don't worry. I won't lay a finger on you today."

Rebecca's tense back relaxed slightly at his words, but she still looked at him with lingering fear.

"What do you want to talk about?" she asked.

For the past few years, Nathaniel had treated her with disdain, even hatred, blaming her for the fallout between him and Damon. They rarely had these peaceful moments together. Rebecca couldn't shake the feeling that something was off.

"The Preston Group is considering trying to expand our business overseas. You spent a few years in Meristate, right? What do you think about expanding there?" Nathaniel asked. Rebecca frowned. The Preston Group was struggling domestically. Blindly expanding overseas would be akin to walking into a dead end. Was Nathaniel losing his mind? However, she could only think that she didn't dare say it aloud.

"I don't think Meristate is very suitable. I believe the Preston Group should focus on developing within the country instead," she answered.

Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. "You spent so many years abroad. Why don't you tell me about your life as a student there? It could help me gauge potential opportunities." Rebecca's heart raced. If Nathaniel found out about the things she had done while living abroad, he would surely despise her even more.

"Well... there's not much to say. I just went to classes and stayed in my apartment when I didn't have any," she lied.

Upon noticing her hands curling up in her lap, Nathaniel's gaze turned cold.

Rebecca's life abroad couldn't

possibly have been as simple as she

claimed. After all, many

businessmen had hinted to him that she was skilled and open-minded, suggesting he send her back to entertain them again.

"Really? You must have made some friends while you were abroad. Why haven't I ever seen you in contact with anyone these past few years?" Nathaniel probed. A bad premonition surged in Rebecca's heart, making her dig her nails into her palm.

She instead asked, "Nathaniel... why are you suddenly asking about this? Most of my friends are in Meristate, and since it's unlikely we'll meet again, we haven't really kept in touch."

Nathaniel's gaze turned even colder when he failed to reveal anything.

"Rebecca, are you hiding something from me?" he asked.

"N-No... I'm not..." Rebecca's face turned pale, her smile frozen in place.

"Make sure you're telling the truth. Otherwise, I'll make you regret it!" Nathaniel warned.

With that, he stood up and left the living room.

Once the silence returned, Rebecca finally exhaled sharply, though unease still gripped her heart.

Why was Nathaniel suddenly asking about her past abroad? He couldn't have figured out she was planning to run off with his money, could he?

The thought made her heart race, but she quickly calmed herself. If Nathaniel truly knew, he wouldn't

have just warned her so calmly-he would have beaten her up by now.

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Chapter 814

Rebecca's heart settled a bit as she quickly took out her phone to message Sullivan.

Back in his study, Nathaniel's expression was as dark as ever. Having spent over five years under the same roof as Rebecca, he was certain she was hiding something from him. Otherwise, she wouldn't have looked so distressed earlier. He immediately contacted his secretary, instructing him to investigate what had happened during Rebecca's time abroad.

The secretary hesitated. "Mr. Preston, the company has only 400,000 dollars in available funds. Investigating what happened with Mrs. Preston overseas several years ago could be quite expensive..."

Besides, he thought, every penny was crucial for the company right now. Spending it to look into Rebecca felt like a waste.

Nathaniel's expression turned icy as he instructed, "Use my personal account for this investigation. We must uncover the truth, no matter what!"

He understood Damon's temperament. If he couldn't present useful information next time, Damon wouldn't give him a second chance.

He had to uncover the influence behind Rebecca!

"Understood," his secretary replied.

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Sullivan was sipping the chicken soup Ruby had brought him, and the atmosphere in the hospital ward felt quiet.

He glanced at Ruby, who hung her head, seemingly lost in thought.

"Ruby, you look troubled. Is something wrong?" he asked.

Ruby looked up at him, her expression giving nothing away. "It's nothing."

Sullivan tightened his grip on the spoon, feeling as though Ruby's attitude hadn't changed much despite having saved her. Did she really not have any feelings for him? The thought darkened his gaze.

Just as he was about to speak, a cat's meow suddenly came from the window.

He was on the second floor, and birds and cats often jumped onto the windowsill.

Frowning slightly, Sullivan felt a flicker of irritation. He had been scratched by a cat as a child and had despised them ever since.

Ruby looked out the window and

spotted

claw it small calico cat trying to

claw its way through the gap,

seemingly eager to come inside. Her

eyes widened in surprise.

The calico cat was small and thin, likely no more than two months old. Who knew how it had managed to climb onto the windowsill?

With the weather so cold outside, the kitten was shivering. It scratched at the window while meowing plaintively, desperately wanting to enter the warm room.

Ruby bit her lip, a hint of struggle on her face. She loved cats and had thought about getting one once she started working.

The kitten looked cold and hungry. If left outside, it would likely freeze to death tonight.

The kitten continued to meow, but its strength was gradually fading.

Taking a deep breath, Ruby finally made up her mind and walked toward the window.

If the cat ran away when she approached, it would mean they weren't meant to be. If it stayed, waiting, she would take it in.

As she approached the window,

various thoughts flashed through her mind how she had no

experience caring for a kitten and

didn't

't know how to keep a two-month-old kitten alive, and how she was barely keeping herself afloat.

How could she take on the responsibility of another life?

Despite that, this cat, like her, just wanted to survive.

Seeing Ruby move, Sullivan frowned and wanted to call out to her but stopped himself.

Ruby was only a few steps away from the window and quickly reached it. The little calico cat continued to shiver, looking up at her with a hint of fear in its eyes but not running away.

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Ruby rested her hand on the window for a moment before slowly pushing it open.

The kitten was docile. It jumped in and curled up in the corner of the windowsill. It was curious but remained still, simply looking around.

Ruby closed the window and picked up the little creature. She turned to Sullivan and said, "Sullivan, it's getting late. I'll come back to see you tomorrow. What do you want to eat then?" Instead of answering her, Sullivan stared at the cat nestled in her arms with a frown. "Are you planning to keep that cat?"

Ruby gently stroked the kitten's head with one hand while cradling it in the other. The kitten seemed to sense her kindness and tilted its head up, enjoying the touch. Sullivan's expression darkened.

Despite all his efforts to get Ruby to notice his injuries sustained while helping her, she remained distant. Yet here she was, so kind to a creature she had just met. "Yes, I feel a connection with this kitten," she replied.

Sullivan said, "What about me? Ruby, you must have noticed how I feel about you these days="

Before he could finish, Ruby calmly interrupted, "Sullivan, we're not suited for each other. You've saved my life twice and helped me immensely, and I'm grateful for that. "If you need anything from me in the future, I'll be happy to help. But feelings can't be controlled. I can't force myself to accept your feelings just because I'm thankful." A dark

look passed over Sullivan's eyes, and he almost knocked the soup off the table in frustration.

He stopped himself, turning away, his voice cold. "You can go now. You don't have to come anymore. Helping you was my choice. It has nothing to do with you."

Ruby held the cat and replied calmly, "If you don't want to see me, I can arrange for a caregiver."

Sullivan's mouth twitched, wanting to ask if she had the money for a caregiver, but he held his tongue.

The room fell silent, and the kitten seemed to sense the awkward atmosphere, remaining still in Ruby's arms. She said nothing more and left with the kitten.

While waiting for the elevator, Ruby glanced at her pale reflection in the metal doors and gave a bittersweet smile. She wasn't heartless. After all, Sullivan had saved her twice, so she didn't feel completely indifferent toward him.

However, compared to Sullivan, Nyla meant much more to her.

Ruby knew Nyla disliked Sullivan, so she wouldn't give him any chance. Besides, Sullivan was approaching her with unknown intentions, and she didn't feel too guilty for rejecting him.

The next morning...

As Damon and Nyla drove to work, they received a video from Spencer.

After watching it, Damon scowled and squeezed his phone tightly as if he might crush it.

Nyla also watched the video, which showed the conflict between Mason and Wilhelm in the classroom the day before.

The video confirmed Mason's story-Wilhelm had fallen when he charged at Mason, and the latter hadn't touched him at all.

Nyla recalled how polite Jane had been when she visited Damon the evening before. She also knew that the Wilkie Group collaborated with Prospectus Technology on various projects.

She bit her lip before asking, "What do you plan to do about this?"

