

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 821

Gabriel's expressionless face softened into a smile as Jane held his hand and led him to the dining room.

After dinner, she eagerly asked him about the solution he had in mind. He gestured for her to follow him to the study. Once inside, Jane was about to press Gabriel further when he pulled a document from the drawer and handed it to her. "Take a look at this first," he said.

Jane took the document with a confused expression, frowning as she read the title: Golden Waters Resort Project Proposal.

The Golden Waters Resort was Starlite Enterprise's largest project of the year.

Starlite Enterprise, a subsidiary of Nyce Tech, had emerged in the Saintornia market about five years ago and quickly became one of Prospectus Technology's main competitors in tech manufacturing and innovation. Currently, the two companies were essentially equals.

Although Starlite Enterprise had been founded just last year, it had already launched several hotel chains in major cities, achieved profitability, and gained prominence in the domestic market.

For the Golden Waters Resort project, Starlite Enterprise had invested billions to purchase land near Saintornia's suburbs to build a massive resort spanning thousands of square feet.

Many companies had attempted to secure a spot in the project, but Starlite Enterprise had shown no interest in collaborating.

Previously, the Wilkie Group had also sought to join the project. Jane had even approached Starlite Enterprise's general manager multiple times, only to be fobbed off each time by the development manager. Now, with the project set to break ground soon, everyone knew their chance to join had passed, and the project had largely been forgotten.

Jane looked at Gabriel, irritation flashing in her eyes. "Your so-called 'solution' is to wave around this pointless document?"

Gabriel chuckled softly. "Jane, if the

Wilkie Group joins this project, the profits will far exceed what we'd gain from bidding on the city development project with Prospectus Technology."

Jane huffed. "I know that. But I can't even get a meeting with Starlite Enterprise's general manager. They have no interest in bringing other companies in."

"I've heard Starlite Enterprise's cash

flow is tight lately. Nyce Tech's executives are reluctant to provide more funding, especially after the billions spent on land acquisition," Gabriel explained. "If they keep funneling money into Starlite Enterprise, it could impact Nyce Tech's operations."

Jane raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure?"

There had to be a chance if Starlite Enterprise was lacking funds.

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Gabriel nodded. "Absolutely. I have a friend who works at Starlite Enterprise. The information is solid, but if you want in on this project, the upfront investment will be considerable."

Taking a deep breath, Jane said slowly, "I'll try to meet with Starlite Enterprise's general manager first. If it's true, and he's willing to budge, I'll talk to Grandpa about funding."

If the Wilkie Group could join the project, not only would Pedro overlook past issues, but he'd also fulfill his promise to give her shares in the company.

The thought filled her with determination.

"Every Saturday at 2:00 p.m., the general manager of Starlite Enterprise plays golf," Gabriel said. "You could go early and wait for him."

A flicker of surprise crossed Jane's face. "How do you know his personal schedule so well?"

"I asked my friend to look into it, just for you. He went to a lot of trouble to get the information," Gabriel replied.

Though the explanation helped, it didn't entirely put Jane's mind at ease. Instead, she frowned. "Why didn't you ask him sooner?"

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Gabriel gave her a helpless look. "Because my friend wasn't dating the Starlite Enterprise general manager's secretary before now."

Jane froze for a moment before understanding. She set the document on the desk, walked around to face Gabriel, and wrapped her arms around his neck. She leaned up and kissed him. Gabriel held her at the waist and returned the kiss, the sound of their passion filling the study.

When they broke apart, Jane rested her head against Gabriel's chest and spoke softly. "That's your reward."

Gabriel's gaze darkened as he twirled a strand of her hair around his finger with a smile. "Thank you, honey."

He was handsome, and the smile on his face now made Jane recall their first meeting.

Back then...

It was a rainy day, and Pedro was in the hospital. She rushed there and accidentally bumped into Gabriel as she entered, her umbrella splashing rainwater onto his clothes.

Her mood had been low due to Pedro's illness, but she was caught off guard by the gentleness in Gabriel's eyes when she looked up.

He was tall and striking, the top two buttons of his white shirt undone beneath his gray-blue suit. It revealed his throat in a way that was almost distractingly attractive.

Jane's heart skipped a beat.

Later, despite Pedro's disapproval, she insisted on marrying Gabriel. Thankfully, it was the right choice.

After they married, Pedro handed Gabriel the Wilkie Group's failing gaming company, which had been slated to close by the end of the year.

Gabriel's tireless work turned it around, and it became one of the Wilkie Group's top-performing subsidiaries. No one in the Wilkie family doubted her decision anymore, nor did they dare mock her.

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"Honey, we haven't... been together in a while," Jane said softly. "Tonight..."

Gabriel's smile faded slightly. He gently took her hand, kissed it, and replied warmly, "You've been so busy lately. I don't want you to get exhausted."

"I'm not tired," she replied. "Just don't work too late tonight. I'll wait for you in the bedroom."

"Alright," he said.

After Jane left, Gabriel's smile turned cold. He grabbed a tissue from the desk and wiped his lips.

His phone rang-it was Theo. He raised an eyebrow and answered.

"What do you want?" he asked.

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"Gabriel, I've been at the company for days and still haven't closed a single deal. You have connections. Why not send a few clients my way?" Theo's tone was cocky, as though he were certain Gabriel

would help him.

Gabriel's face remained impassive, his tone just as cold. "Sorry, I can't help you."

Theo let out a smug chuckle and taunted, "Oh, Gabriel, you wouldn't want Jane to find out that the recording of your conversation with her in the rock garden came from you, would you?"

"Are you threatening me?" Gabriel asked, idly picking up his lighter. He flicked it on and off as he watched the flame rise and fall.

"Why call it a threat? Just a little

reminder that we're in this together. If I don't pass Grandpa's evaluation and make it into the company, who knows what I might say in a

moment of frustration? You know what I mean?" Theo blackmailed.

Gabriel smirked. "You're right. But how can you prove I gave you that recording? What evidence do you have?"

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"Just this call is proof!" Theo snapped.

Gabriel's smile deepened. He murmured something low, causing Theo to fall silent immediately.

"I don't appreciate dealing with fools. But since you're Jane's cousin, I'll let it go this time. If there's a next time..." Gabriel warned.

He didn't finish before Theo quickly replied, "Gabriel, don't worry. That recording was all my doing nothing to do with you. I just lost my head for a moment, so don't take it personally."

He added, "If that's all, Gabriel, I'll be hanging up now. I've got a few things I need to do."

Without waiting for Gabriel's response, Theo hastily ended the call.

Gabriel set his phone down and looked out the window into the dark night, his eyes soft with thought. Soon, he'd finally be able to be with Nyla.

At Damon's villa...

Nyla was playing with Mason in the living room when she sneezed.

Damon and Mason both turned to her, their faces full of concern.

"Mommy, are you okay?" Mason asked.

"Are you coming down with something?" Damon asked, speaking in unison with Mason.

Nyla shook her head. "I'm fine. It was just a sneeze. Let's keep playing."

"Are you really sure you're okay?" Damon asked again.

Nyla confirmed, "Yeap, really. You keep playing with Buddy. I'm just going upstairs to grab a sweater." "Alright," Damon replied.

Once she disappeared upstairs, Damon glanced back down to continue playing with Mason. "Daddy, I want to go hiking. Can you and Mommy take me this weekend?" Mason asked. Damon raised an eyebrow. "Why hiking all of a sudden?"

"My deskmate's mom and dad took her hiking over the weekend. She showed me all the pictures. We don't have any pictures of the three of us together," Mason replied, his eyes filled with envy.

Seeing other kids' dads pick them up from school used to make Mason wish his father could do the same. Now, seeing other kids' family photos, he couldn't help but want the same for himself.

Damon's chest tightened with a mix of emotions-regret for missing the first five years of Mason's life and gratitude for the chance to

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reconnect with him and Nyla now.

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Pushing down his swirling feelings, he looked at Mason and said, his voice slightly rough, "Alright, we'll take you this weekend. And we'll take lots of photos."

"Thanks, Daddy!" Mason cheered, quickly jumping up to hug Damon around the neck and planting a quick kiss on his cheek.

The warm feeling in Damon's heart spread like melted marshmallows, and he couldn't help but smile.

Nyla came downstairs, spotting the father and son leaning close together. She cleared her throat and asked, "What are you two talking about?"

Mason looked up at her, practically bouncing with excitement. "Mommy, Daddy said he'd take us hiking this weekend!"

Nyla chuckled and tapped his nose lightly. "When did I say I'd take you hiking this weekend?"

"Well, you could agree now too," Damon quipped.

Mason looked up at her with a pleading expression, shaking her hand and asking, "Mommy, please?"

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Seeing the bright sparkle in Mason's eyes, Nyla's heart softened, and she nodded. "Alright." "Thanks, Mommy!" Mason cheered and clapped his hands with joy, his face lighting up.

After playing a bit longer, Lydia arrived to take Mason for his bath and bed.

Nyla stood to leave, but Damon reached over and pulled her back into his arms.

"Nyla, now that Buddy's off to bed, don't you think we should have a little time to ourselves?" His voice was a deep, husky murmur, laced with temptation.

Nyla nudged him away, frowning. "This is the living room. People could walk in at any time-be mindful."

As soon as the words left her mouth, Damon lifted her into his arms and carried her to the study.

"What are you doing?! You scared me!" Nyla gasped, giving him a light punch in the chest.

"You said the living room wasn't a good spot. So, let's go to the study," Damon replied matter-of-factly.

One hour later...

They emerged from the study.

Nyla walked ahead, her face flushed, her expression tinged with embarrassed irritation. Behind her, Damon wore a satisfied smile.

When they reached the stairs and Nyla saw that Damon was still following her, she turned and gave him an exasperated look. "Why are you still here?" Thinking back on what had just happened in the study, she felt her cheeks burn all over again. Damon had been shamelessly over the top. Damon looked at her, a hint of longing in his eyes. "Nyla, it's been a while since we've been back together. When can I stay in your room with you?" "Not until we're married. Don't even think about it," Nyla answered.

Damon's eyes sparkled, his voice hopeful. "Are you hinting that I should propose?"

Nyla was rendered speechless.

Seeing her stunned silence, he pressed on, "So, what kind of wedding would you like? Elaborate or simple?"

"Neither. It's late, I'm going to bed. Goodnight," Nyla said, hurrying up the stairs. Her retreating figure quickly disappeared.

Damon noted her reddened ears with delight. Maybe it really was time to plan a proposal. Even though they hadn't been back together for long, he could hardly wait to make her his forever. en FindNovel

As he walked to his room, pondering how to propose, his phone rang. It was Brandon.

"Uncle Damon, is Aunt Nyla with you? I called her a few times, but she didn't answer..."
Brandon's voice was tinged with worry.

Hearing the concern in Brandon's tone, Damon frowned slightly. "What's going on?"

"It's Valarie... Something happened to her..." Brandon replied.

Nyla and Damon arrived at the hospital just before midnight.

Brandon was standing outside the hospital room, his face pale. When he saw Nyla, his despondent gaze brightened, and he rushed over.

"Aunt Nyla, Valarie's in there... She's

really shaken up and won't see anyone But if it's you, she might be willing," he said, his voice raw and barely steady, his face shadowed with worry.

On the way over, Nyla had already heard the story from Damon.

Valarie had gone to break off her engagement with Zayn, but he had tried to drug and film her to

blackmat her. If Valarie hadn't

fought back and managed to injure him, things could have turned out far worse.

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The reason the Updikes had called the police was that Valarie had seriously injured Zayn, and he was now in the emergency room, fighting for his life. Hearing this, Nyla felt a surge of anger. Someone like Zayn deserved it. She glanced at Brandon, who was lost in thought, and said softly, "Got it." "Thank you, Aunt Nyla," Brandon replied.

Nyla walked to the hospital room door and knocked gently. "Valarie, it's me. May I come in?"

There was no response. Just as she was about to ask again, a faint voice replied, "Come in."

With a sigh of relief, Nyla pushed open the door.

Inside the room, all the lights were on.

Valarie sat huddled on the hospital bed. Her small, frail figure was bathed in the harsh light, making her look even more lonely and lifeless.

Nyla's heart clenched as she slowly approached the bed and took a seat.

Valarie was hugging her knees, staring blankly into a corner of the room, lost in thought.

Gently, Nyla reached out and patted her on the back. "Valarie, it's over now. No one can hurt you again."

In the next moment, Valarie wrapped her arms around Nyla, trembling uncontrollably.

Feeling the warmth of tears falling onto her shoulder, Nyla murmured, "Don't worry. I promise I'll make sure you get justice."

Valarie remained silent, clinging to Nyla even tighter. She had almost been ruined by that monster, Zayn.

As Valarie cried quietly, Nyla just held her, softly patting her back. Once Valarie had calmed down, Nyla gently let go and handed her a tissue to wipe her tears.

After letting out her emotions, Valarie seemed more stable. She took the tissue, wiped her eyes, and gritted her teeth. "I won't let Zayn get away with this!"

Nyla nodded. "I support you. But Zayn's still in the emergency room. Even if you want to hold him accountable, you'll have to wait until he's stable."

A flicker of unease crossed Valarie's face as she asked, "H-He's not going to die, right?"

It wasn't that she felt any sympathy for Zayn, but if he died, she worried she'd be accused of excessive self-defense.

"Probably not. The Updikes brought in the most experienced doctors to treat him," Nyla reassured her.

"That's good..." Valarie replied.

"Try not to worry about him right now. The Updikes are claiming you tried to seduce Zayn, and in a fit of rage, attacked him when he refused. They're planning to sue you, Nyla said.

Valarie, who had just calmed down,

almost lost control again upon

hearing that. She scoffed. "The Updikes have no shame.

Fortunately, I suspected something was off, so I brought a recorder with me. My bag should be with the police by now, right?"

She had smashed a vase over Zayn's head, and his blood was all over her, making her look terrifying.

The Updikes hadn't dared to get close, fearing real retaliation from the Weirs, and had immediately called the police.

Valarie had held on until the police arrived, then let go of the vase and blacked out.

"It might not be with the police yet. It could still be at the Updikes'. But when you make your statement, you can tell the police about the recorder," Nyla reminded her

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Valarie had been emotional since regaining consciousness and had refused to meet with anyone, so she still hadn't made her statement. She nodded. "Okay."

As if she needed to seduce Zayn, only to fly into a rage afterward. Only the Updikes themselves could believe something so ridiculous. Seeing that Valarie was more at ease, Nyla relaxed and asked, "Brandon's been waiting outside the whole time. Would you like to see him?"