Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 826

Valarie froze, nervously fiddling with her hair. She lowered her gaze and replied, "I don't want to see him just yet. Please tell him to go home." "Alright," Nyla answered.

When she stepped outside, Brandon immediately walked over. "Aunt Nyla, how is Valarie?"

Seeing the concern on his face, Nyla replied calmly, "She's doing better now, but she's still not ready to see anyone. Head home for now and come back tomorrow."

Brandon let out a breath of relief and nodded. "Alright. But it's late now, so I'll stay here tonight. I'll be right outside her room."

"Fine. I'll head back then. If anything happens, call me," Nyla reminded him.

Before leaving, she returned to the room and told Valarie that Brandon insisted on staying nearby.

Valarie bit her lip before exclaiming with a frown, "Is he crazy? It's freezing out there. He's going to catch a cold sleeping in the hallway all night!"

Suppressing a laugh, Nyla replied, "If you're that worried, why not invite him in? There's a couch where he can at least get some rest."

She noticed the worry in Valarie's expression-proof of her true feelings for Brandon.

Valarie remained stubborn, countering, "I'm not worried about him! I just don't want anyone catching a cold because of me..."

Nyla took her hand and looked her in the eye. "Valarie, I was stubborn for too long and ended up missing out on five years with Damon. I don't want you to lose someone you care about for the same reason. The age difference doesn't matter. What matters is how you feel about him." Valarie hesitated, as if wanting to say something, but ultimately looked down. "I understand. Thank you, Nyla."

"Damon and I will be going home now. Let me know if you need anything, and I'll bring it tomorrow when I come again," Nyla offered.

Valarie shook her head. "There's no need. You're busy with work. I'll be out in a few days anyway."

"Alright. If you need anything, call me," Nyla said.

"Got it," Valarie answered.

After saying goodbye to Brandon, Nyla and Damon left the hospital.

The hallway grew quiet as Brandon settled into a chair by the wall, leaning back to rest his eyes. Inside the room, Valarie stared blankly at her blanket, deep in thought.

What Nyla had said really struck a chord. She knew she had feelings for Brandon: She had tried to hold back, unsure if there was any future between them. Now, even without a guarantee, she was willing to give it a chance.

Valarie was a woman of action. Once she made up her mind, she stood up and walked to the door.

Peering through the window, she saw Brandon seated across the room, seemingly asleep with his head resting against the wall. She felt a rush of nervousness and took a few deep breaths before opening the door.

The moment she did, Brandon's eyes opened, bright and alert, as if he hadn't been asleep at all.

Caught off guard by his gaze, Valarie felt her throat go dry. She cleared it softly and managed, "It's cold out here. Come in."

Brandon looked at her and didn't move, emotions swirling in his eyes before they quickly settled.

He nodded. "Alright."

He stood up and walked toward her.

As he drew closer, Valarie's heart

beat faster. The instant he reached her, turned around and walked back into

the room,

gaze.

Chapter 827

Brandon's gaze deepened as he stepped into the hospital room, shutting the door behind him and settling onto the couch.

Valarie adjusted her blanket, then looked up, only to catch him staring intently at her. The gaze made her bite her lip unconsciously. "There's no extra blanket," she murmured. "If you're really tired, maybe you should just go home. I'm fine on my own now."

After Nyla's visit, she did feel much calmer.

"It's alright. You go to sleep. I'll stay here," Brandon replied.

Valarie glanced at him for a moment before quickly looking away. "Alright. I'll try to sleep then..."

"Okay," Brandon answered.

Valarie pulled the blanket up, hiding beneath it, yet sleep wouldn't come.

The room was quiet, but she couldn't stop thinking about Brandon sitting just across from her on the couch. Her heart pounded, and her hands clenched the blanket, as a faint sheen of sweat dampened her palms. "Can't sleep?" Brandon's gentle voice broke the silence from the couch.

Valarie hesitated, then threw back the blanket and looked his way. "How'd you know I was still awake?"

The room wasn't too cold, and she had been hiding under the covers. Her face was flushed, and her hair was damp with sweat.

The delicate blush on her cheeks reminded Brandon of the first blooms of spring-alluring and tender.

He looked away subtly, his voice steady. "The blanket was moving around quite a bit."

"Oh..." Valarie replied, her cheeks burning.

She wanted to vanish right then and there. Instead, she laughed awkwardly. "I can't really sleep, but it has nothing to do with you. I guess I'm a bit too awake now that t's past my usual bedtime." FindNovel

"Mm, I know," Brandon replied.

The glimmer in his eyes made

Valarie feel seen in a way she wasn't prepared for. She recalled Nyla's words to be honest about her feelings, but this situation was the last place she'd envisioned o

confronting them.

In the past, she had always felt comfortable with Brandon, treating him as a friend and nothing more. Now, even just meeting his eyes made her nervous. This wasn't like her at all.

At the thought, she summoned her courage and looked over at him. "Brandon, do you... want to try things out with me?"

Silence filled the room as her words sank in.

Brandon's gaze grew intense as if the clear sky had turned into a deep ocean, ready to pull Valarie under.

When he didn't respond immediately, her face burned, and she turned away. "Never mind if you don't want to. And just so you know, nothing happened with Zayn. He didn't get the chance..."

Seeing her tense expression,

Brandon sighed and moved closer. "Valarie, it's not that I don't want to✖ be with you. Otherwise, I wouldn't be here tonight. I just want to make sure this isn't a rushed decision for you. Your emotions are still raw, and I don't want you to regret this."

When Valarie didn't answer, he crouched down to look into her eyes. His voice softened. "Valarie, let's wait until you're out of the hospital. If you still feel the same way, we'll talk then-" Before he could finish, she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him.

#Chapter 828

Chapter 828

Brandon's eyes widened, filled with disbelief and shock.

Valarie had her eyes shut, her eyelashes trembling.

Brandon's gaze darkened as he wrapped his arms around her, taking the lead.

By the time the kiss ended, Valarie was breathless, resting against Brandon, too exhausted to move. If she had known it would take this much out of her, she wouldn't have been so impulsive.

Brandon held her waist, his expression darkening. "Valarie, you started this. I won't give you the chance to back out."

He laced his fingers with hers, pressing a tender kiss to her forehead. It was gentle like a breeze brushing past.

Valarie looked down, feeling a bittersweet pang in her heart. She had convinced herself that love was out of reach, but Brandon made her feel cherished. Wrapping her arms around him, she leaned into his chest without saying a word. Even if this didn't work out, she knew she wouldn't regret it.

Suddenly, the door burst open!

Valarie's parents rushed into the room, only to stop, stunned, at the sight before them. They had come running to the hospital after hearing about Zayn's assault attempt, but what they walked in on was their daughter in Brandon's arms. Jonathan blinked in disbelief and exchanged a look with Phoebe, both of them equally shocked.

Hearing the noise, Valarie quickly pulled back from Brandon. She looked at her parents with embarrassment and asked, "Dad... Mom... What are you doing here?"

Jonathan finally snapped out of his daze, remembering why they had come.

Striding over to her, he said, "We know what Zayn tried to do to you, and we're not letting this go. He'll pay for what he did!"

Phoebe took a seat by the bed, scanning Valarie's face closely. She was relieved to see her looking well, and her gaze softened, though a tear escaped.

She took Valarie's hand, her voice

thick with emotion. "Sweetheart, why

didn't you tell us? We found out

through the police. Were you

planning to keep us in the dark?"

en FindNovel

Guilt flickered in Valarie's eyes-she had planned not to tell them.

"I was... caught off guard and didn't get the chance to. I even ended up injuring Zayn, and they say he's still in emergency care..." Valarie tried to explain.

"Whatever happened, you should've called us right away! Not kept everything from us!" Phoebe exclaimed, her eyes full of worry and pain.

Valarie quickly took her hand and reassured her, "Mom, things just happened too fast. Don't be mad... Next time, I'll come straight to you and Dad." "Good!" Phoebe huffed.

She and Jonathan wanted to know the details.

After hearing the story, Jonathan was ready to march off to the Updikes' house that instant.

Valarie held him back. "Dad, the police are handling it now. Showing up at their house could make things worse. Let's leave it to the authorities."

Seeing Valarie's pale face, Jonathan

let out a sigh. "It's my fault. If the Weir Group still had the same influence as before, Zayn wouldn't dare lay a hand on you."

Chapter 829

Valarie took a lighthearted approach, saying, "Dad, it's not your fault. Besides, Mr. Sumner is already helping our company. I believe we'll get through this." Brandon handed Jonathan a glass of water and added, "She's right, Mr. Weir. Here, drink some water."

It was only then that Jonathan remembered Brandon was in the room. He glanced at Brandon and took the glass with a poker face.

After seeing Brandon holding Valarie just moments earlier, he found him less likable now, despite having praised him as a young, promising businessman to Phoebe. Brandon then handed Phoebe a glass of water, which she accepted with a smile. "Thank you, Mr. Brandon."

"Please, Mrs. Weir, just call me Brandon," he said.

Phoebe, surprised by his casual tone, nodded. "Brandon, you and Valarie..."

"I'm Valarie's boyfriend now," Brandon replied straightforwardly.

Jonathan choked on his water and coughed heavily.

Brandon quickly took the glass from him, patting him on the back. "Mr. Weir, are you alright?"

Jonathan waved his hand. Once his coughing subsided, he turned to Valarie, his face strained. "Valarie, what's going on?"

Valarie had only broken off her engagement to Zayn that evening, and now Brandon was claiming to be her boyfriend?

Valarie glared at Brandon, preparing to explain herself, but Brandon spoke first. "Mr. Weir, it's not Valarie's fault. I fell in love with her at first sight five years ago and have been pursuing her ever since. "Tonight, when I heard she'd broken things off with Zayn, I confessed to her, and she agreed to be with me."

He insisted, "This is all on me. If you're going to blame anyone, please blame me, not her."

Jonathan frowned, about to say something, but Phoebe grabbed his arm and pinched him sharply, making him wince.

She smiled at Brandon. "Brandon,

we don't want to interfere with our daughter's relationship choices. We just hope she finds someone who will treat her well. If she's chosen you, we trust her judgment and hope you won't disappoint us."

Brandon nodded sincerely, promising, "I won't let her down. I promise to take care of her."

Phoebe smiled and nodded. "Alright. It's getting late, and we have a meeting with the lawyer early tomorrow. We should get going now."

"I'll see you out," Brandon offered.

Before Jonathan could object, Phoebe tugged him out of the room.

Once they were alone in the elevator, Jonathan grumbled, "Why did you keep interrupting me back there?"

Valarie had just broken things off with Zayn and gone through an ordeal, and now she was suddenly dating Brandon. What if she regretted it later? "Just let the young people handle their affairs. Valarie knows what she's doing," Phoebe replied.

Jonathan huffed. "But I'm worried she's being taken advantage of. Brandon seemed like such an upstanding guy before, but now it looks like he's taking advantage of her while she's still vulnerable. I guess I misjudged him!"

Phoebe chuckled. "You're worried about losing your little girl and feel powerless to stop it."

Jonathan's face turned red at being exposed, and his voice stiffened. just don't want Valarie to get hurt. If she wants, we'll support her for the rest of her life."

Chapter 830

Valarie and Brandon had just started dating. Marriage was a long way off, so Phoebe reminded him, "Let's not get ahead of ourselves."

Jonathan nodded. "You're right."

"But..." Phoebe hesitated, remembering how Valarie would unconsciously smile whenever she received a text from Brandon during meals. She had a feeling they might actually get married. "But what?" Jonathan asked, his heart lurching at the word.

Phoebe couldn't help but smile at his worried expression. "Nothing. We're on our floor. Let's go."

Who could say what the future held?

Just as Brandon returned to the hospital room, a pillow flew toward him. He caught it easily and looked at Valarie, who was glaring at him from the bed.

His gaze softened as he asked, "What's bothering my little princess?"

Valarie shot him a pointed look. "Why did you say you were the one to confess first? It was me who asked if you'd like to give things a try. Now my parents might think poorly of you." Brandon walked over and placed the pillow back on the bed. "Doesn't matter. I'll make sure they warm up to me with time."

After all, he was only dating Valarie for now. Marriage was a long way off.

"You do realize first impressions matter, right?" Valarie asked.

Brandon looked at her, his expression firm. "You're what matters most."

He would rather take the blame himself than let Valarie face criticism from her parents.

Valarie pursed her lips. "Whatever. Just so you know, my dad's tough to win over. You'll regret it."

"I won't," Brandon replied, his gaze gentle but unwavering.

It reminded Valarie of the first time they met when she signed the contract. He had looked at her with that same resolute expression, promising to win her heart.

As their eyes met now, Valarie felt her cheeks grow warm. She quickly turned her gaze away and hid under the covers, mumbling, "I'm tired. Turn off the lights." Her voice was muffled from under the blanket.

Brandon's smile deepened. "Alright. Just don't cover yourself completely, or you'll end up hot and sweaty again."

"Got it," Valarie replied.

Though she moved under the covers, she didn't peek out, which only deepened Brandon's affection. He turned off the lights, and the room was plunged into darkness.

en FindNovel

"Goodnight," he said.

The room fell silent, and Brandon lay on the sofa, using the dim light from his phone screen to read.

Valarie, surprisingly, fell asleep quickly, feeling more at ease than she had in a long time.

When she opened her eyes at 8:00 a.m. the next morning, she found Brandon sitting on the sofa, working on some documents.

Hearing her stir, he looked over and set his papers aside. "You're up? bought soup and sandwiches. Wash up, and let's have breakfast. The police might come by later for your statement." en FindNovel

Valarie nodded. "Alright."

By the time she finished breakfast, it was almost 8:30 a.m.

The doctor came in for rounds, checking her vitals before smiling and saying, "Ms. Weir, if you're feeling well, you'll likely be discharged this afternoon." "Thank you, doctor," Valarie replied.

Soon after the doctor left, the police arrived to take her statement.

When they finished, one of the officers stood up and said, "Ms. Weir, we understand the situation now, but since Zayn Updike hasn't regained consciousness, we'll need his statement to proceed further. Just focus on resting for now, and we'll be in touch if we need anything."

Chapter 831

"Alright, thank you for your help," Valarie said.

"No problem," the officer replied.

After the police left, Valarie turned to Brandon. "You should go to work. There's really nothing else I need here I'll just finish packing and get ready for discharge later."

"I'm not busy. I'll help you with the discharge papers," Brandon offered.

Just as he finished speaking, his phone began to ring.

Valarie gave him a knowing smile and teased, "Is this your version of 'not busy'? Your phone has rung at least a dozen times this morning. Just go. My parents are coming soon, so no need to worry about me."

"I'll leave when they get here," he replied, determined to stay.

Seeing how insistent he was, Valarie had no choice but to let it go.

After waiting another half hour, her parents still hadn't arrived, but Nyla showed up.

With someone else there to keep Valarie company, Brandon finally relented. He gathered his files and left for work.

After arranging the flowers she had brought, Nyla turned around to find Valarie still staring toward the doorway. She couldn't resist teasing her. "He's already gone. If you miss him that much, want me to call and bring him back?" Valarie snapped her attention back, trying to cover. "I wasn't looking for him. I was waiting for the nurse to bring my morning meds."

"Ohhh..." Nyla exaggerated, clearly unconvinced.

From Valarie and Brandon's earlier exchange, Nyla could tell something had definitely happened between them last night. The looks they had shared practically crackled. She'd have to be blind to miss it.

Valarie knew it was pointless to hide, so she admitted, "Brandon and I are together now."

Nyla didn't look surprised at all, which left Valarie feeling a bit annoyed. "Could you at least pretend to be surprised?"

"Oh! You're actually together! I'm sooo shocked!" Nyla gushed, feigning surprise.

Valarie was speechless.

Forget it. No point in saying anything.

"Since I returned to Saintornia and you showed up at Damon's house, I could tell you had feelings for him. You two getting together was just a matter of time," Nyla explained.

en FindNovel

Valarie fell silent for a moment, then looked at Nyla with a hint of concern. "Was it really that obvious?"

"Mm, probably only you and Brandon didn't see it," Nyla replied.

"Fine..." Valarie conceded.

Noticing the faint worry in Valarie's eyes, Nyla spoke gently. "However you got here, what matters is that the two of you are together now." Valarie lowered her gaze. "I just worry... if we'll make it to marriage. He's still six years younger than me..."

"It's just six years, not 60. And since

you're already together, stop overthinking it. If it ever ends because of that, so be it. At least you'll have had this time together," Nyla reassured her.

Valarie nodded and managed a smile. "You're right. I'm overthinking it."

Nyla checked the time and then got up. "I should go. I only got the morning off."

"Alright. I'll be out this afternoon, so don't worry about visiting," Valarie replied.

"Mm," Nyla hummed in response.

As Nyla left the room and exited the hospital building, her phone buzzed with a call from Jane.

"Nyla! What do you and Damon

mean? Just because of the kids

playing around, you're rallying the whole class against my son? Don't you think that's overboard for a little boy?" Jane growled.