

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 901

"Nathaniel, let go of me! Let go!" Rebecca cried.

Nathaniel glanced coldly at her. Her face, twisted with fear, no longer resembled the prettiest girl on campus she once was. The thought that he had admired such a scheming woman as his goddess for so many years disgusted him deeply. He dragged Rebecca toward the basement entrance and forced her inside.

Rebecca's eyes flashed with terror as she desperately struggled. "Let go of me! Let go! I don't want to go in!" Her hands gripped the doorframe so tightly that her nails turned purple, but Nathaniel still dragged her inside. The basement door slammed shut, cutting off all sounds from within.

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More than half an hour passed before Nathaniel emerged from the basement.

After locking the door, he tossed the key to the butler, who lowered his head, too afraid to speak.

"Feed her once a day, just as long as she doesn't starve," Nathaniel instructed.

The butler quickly took the key, nodding. "Understood, Mr. Preston."

Shortly after, Nathaniel returned to his study, where his secretary called with an update. "Mr. Preston, we've identified the person who sent the anonymous email.

"It's an employee from Prospectus Technology named Sullivan Heseltine. Mrs. Preston had helped him a few times when his family was ill."

Nathaniel sneered. It seemed that the person Rebecca had once saved had now betrayed her. She must regret helping him now.

"Does he have anything to do with Rebecca's transfer of the company's funds?" Nathaniel asked.

"No," his secretary replied.

"Then don't worry about him. Investigate the old men in the company. I want the money they secretly transferred back-with interest!" Nathaniel snapped.

He hung up, his face still as cold
ever. Thinking about how Rebecca
had plotted against him reignited his anger.

At the hospital...

Sullivan dialed Rebecca's number, but no one answered. He smiled faintly to himself.

Now that Nathaniel knew about the fund transfer, whether Rebecca would even survive was uncertain. After all, the Preston Group, once on par with Prospectus Technology, was now a failing company-all thanks to Rebecca's manipulation.

How could Nathaniel let it slide now that she was trying to take all the funds?

From now on, Rebecca could no longer threaten him.

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When Nyla and Damon returned to the villa, Damon received a call from Spencer.

"Mr. Sumner, the contact abroad has reached Tom. They've given him three days to provide a sample of Ms. Kinsey's hair or other items for DNA extraction," Spencer reported.

en FindNovel

Damon's gaze hardened. It seemed Tom was about to make a move.

Damon had been guarding Nyla closely lately, so it would be difficult for Tom to get close to her now.

"Got it. Keep an eye on him and let me know if there's any update," Damon replied.

He hung up and followed Nyla upstairs.

When Nyla took her pajamas to shower, he immediately said, "Nyla, I'll shower with you."

Nyla raised an eyebrow and shot him a sideways glance. "No need. I'm not used to showering with someone else."

"You'll get used to it after a few times," Damon said.

Nyla was at a loss for words.

In the end, she couldn't argue with him and reluctantly agreed.

Chapter 902

While showering, Damon was surprisingly well-behaved.

Nyla thought he had turned over a new leaf and relaxed a bit.

Yet when they returned to the bedroom, she had just finished drying her hair, ready to sleep, when he approached her.

Before she could refuse, his lips were on hers, and his hands pried hers open, forcing their fingers to intertwine.

The night was cool like water, and Nyla felt as if she were being swept by the tides—sometimes washed up on a dry beach, other times pulled toward the deep sea.

Nyla woke up late the next morning.

She glanced at her phone, which read 8:08 a.m., and hurriedly got up, quickly washing and changing.

Within ten minutes, she was downstairs.

Damon and Mason were sitting at the dining table having breakfast.

When Mason saw Nyla, he put down his glass of milk and said in a sweet voice, "Good morning, Mommy."

"Good morning." Nyla kissed his cheek and wiped off the milk stains with a napkin before sitting down beside him.

Damon looked at her and asked, "Why didn't you sleep a little longer?"

"If I slept longer, I'd miss the whole day," Nyla retorted.

Her tone was sharp, and her expression tense as she looked at him.

After all, by the end of last night, she had begged him several times, but he still wouldn't let her off. He even tricked her by saying he'd relent if she called him "hubby". Once she did, the storm only got worse.

She could still feel her legs trembling as she got out of bed.

The man who had caused all this was now sitting calmly across from her, eating breakfast.

Nyla vowed never to trust a man's words again, especially in bed.

Damon, knowing he had been too rough last night, felt a little guilty and cleared his throat. "I'll be gentler next time."

Nyla glared at him. "Shut up!"

Mason looked back and forth between them in confusion.

Just as he was about to ask, Damon

cut him off. "Buddy, if you've finished your breakfast, go to

swaooon't

be late."

Mason's attention shifted immediately. "Okay, Daddy."

He jumped off the chair, looked up at Nyla, and said, "Mommy, I'm going to school now."

"Alright, I'll pick you up in the evening," Nyla told him.

"Okay," Mason replied. He grabbed his backpack, put on his shoes, and left with his little bear umbrella.

When his figure disappeared

through the door, Nyla finally turned to Damon and said sternly, "Can you watch what you say in front of the kid next time? Don't be so careless."

en FindNovel

Damon smiled. "He doesn't understand."

"Just because he doesn't understand doesn't mean you should say that in front of him!" Nyla snapped.

"Understood, Mrs. Sumner," Damon replied.

Nyla shot him a look, clearly displeased. "Who's your wife?"

Damon smirked. "I seem to remember someone calling me 'hubby' over and over last night."

"That was because you tricked me, you liar!" Nyla's teeth were clenched, but her ears were turning pink.

Seeing that she was getting genuinely annoyed, Damon wisely decided to stop teasing her.

"I'm done eating. I'll wait for you in the car," he said.

Nyla glanced at the time. If she

didn't hurry, she'd be late, so she put

down her

utensils and said, "L

I'm ready."

go.

She stood up and headed for the door.

Noticing she had only eaten a toast, Damon frowned and told Lydia, "Pack up a breakfast to go."

"Yes, sir," Lydia replied.

Nyla quickly put on her shoes. After a short wait in the car, Damon finally joined her.

Chapter 903

Nyla was about to speak when Damon held a takeout box in front of her.

"Here, eat on the way," he said.

She paused for a moment, then took the breakfast. "Thank you."

She hadn't expected him to be so considerate.

Damon didn't say anything else. Instead, he opened a file and began reading.

After a while, he glanced at her and noticed she hadn't eaten. With a frown, he asked, "Why aren't you eating?"

"I'm not that hungry right now. I'll eat when we get to the office," Nyla replied.

"Mm," he hummed and lowered his head to continue reading, but his phone rang.

"Mr. Sumner, there's news from the police. After reviewing the surveillance footage, they confirmed that Mr. Jayston accidentally fell down the stairs, so there shouldn't be any way to sue Wren," Spencer informed him. Damon's gaze darkened. He murmured, "Alright, I understand."

He hung up and turned to Nyla, about to speak, but she beat him to it. "I heard everything."

Concerned she'd be upset, Damon spoke softly to reassure her. "Don't worry. I'll have someone keep watch outside your father's hospital room, so Wren won't be able to get near him."

Nyla pressed her lips together before saying, "Even if she can't be punished legally, I still want her to apologize to my father in person."

"I'll contact Gabriel about that. You don't need to worry, and don't have any more contact with him," Damon reminded her.

He had only traced the flowers sent to Nyla back to a security guard, but he was sure it was connected to Gabriel. Although he hadn't uncovered much else, he suspected Gabriel had support from other forces. Damon's expression grew colder as he considered it.

Nyla nodded. "Alright, thank you."

Damon pulled her into his arms. "Then, how about a reward tonight?"

As soon as he said that, Nyla pushed him away and glared at him. "I'm being serious here."

"I'm serious too," Damon quipped.

"No," she said, rejecting him outright.

"Fine." Damon's face showed clear disappointment.

Seeing

her sullen expression, Nyla bit belongs to en.kikistoright...

still sore from last night...

If you really want something, can do it tomorrow night."

Damon's eyes widened in surprise. When he noticed the tips of her ears turning red and the way she fidgeted with the hem of her clothes, he couldn't help but smile. His Nyla was so cute when she was shy

"Okay," he replied.

At the office...

Nyla and Damon separated when they entered the elevator.

When Nyla reached her desk, she saw Sullivan standing by Ruby's desk, talking to her.

Sullivan's expression was gentle, while Ruby looked impatient.

When the door opened, both of them turned.

Upon seeing Nyla, a flicker passed through Sullivan's eyes, while Ruby seemed to relax.

Ruby told Sullivan, "I need to prepare for work now. Please go back."

Sullivan stared at her for a moment. "Let's have lunch together at noon."

Ruby was about to refuse, but he added, "My hand's still injured."

"Alright..." Ruby relented.

She was a bit speechless and irritated by Sullivan's persistence. Despite her clear rejection, he wouldn't take no for an answer. Having accomplished his goal, Sullivan turned and headed for the door.

On his way out, he greeted, "Good morning, Nyla."

Nyla wasn't fond of him and replied coldly, "Morning."

Once Sullivan left, Nyla sat at her

desk, set the breakfast aside, and et
turned on her computer to start
preparing for the day.

Chapter 904

After hesitating for a while, Ruby walked over to Nyla's desk.

"Nyla, I'm not dating him. I only agreed to have lunch with him because he got hurt while trying to help me," Ruby said.

Seeing Ruby's cautious expression, Nyla sighed. "Ruby, I just think Sullivan's not a good person, which is why I warned you.

"You don't have to be afraid I'll be upset about your interactions with him. I won't interfere with who you associate with, and I don't have the right to do that." Ruby finally relaxed, seeing that Nyla didn't seem upset. "Okay. Don't worry. I know what to do."

Nyla nodded. "Then go get ready for the experiment."

"Alright," Ruby replied.

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Time flew by while they worked on the experiments. Before long, the morning had passed.

At lunchtime, Sullivan stood waiting outside the lab for Ruby.

Ruby finished packing her notes and turned to leave. Her expression was calm as she said, "Let's go."

Sullivan walked beside her, speaking softly. "Was the experiment tiring?"

"It was fine. What do you want for lunch? I'll go buy it," Ruby asked.

"Anything you're having. Just get me the same," Sullivan answered.

Ruby nodded, still indifferent, not intending to say anything else.

As they reached the elevator, Sullivan suddenly asked, "Ruby, do you really dislike me?"

Ruby lowered her gaze, her tone neutral. "No, you're overthinking it."

"Am I really overthinking it?" Sullivan's voice was soft, almost as if he were talking to himself.

The elevator doors opened just then, and Ruby pretended she hadn't heard him. She walked straight into the elevator.

They got off early, and the cafeteria wasn't crowded yet.

Ruby told Sullivan to find a seat while she went to get food. Since his hand was still injured, she ordered two portions of steak and mashed potatoes.

While they were eating, Sullivan didn't talk as much as before. He was much quieter.

Ruby didn't mind. After all, she only felt gratitude for him. She couldn't give him what he wanted. She didn't understand how Sullivan could like her either. "Sullivan, Ruby, can I sit here?" A soft voice came from beside them.

Ruby looked up to find it was Demi, one of Sullivan's team members. She was a bit surprised. She didn't know Demi well and only knew that Tina didn't particularly like her. She hadn't asked why and didn't really care.

QUMS

Demi sat down next to Ruby and noticed steak and mashed potatoes in front of Sullivan. She seemed surprised. "Sullivan, didn't you say you hated mashed potatoes?"

"Sure." Sullivan smiled. "You can sit here."

Ruby looked up at Sullivan, finally

realizing why he hadn't touched his mashed potatoes. He had been eating the steak the whole time, if he didn't like it, why hadn't he said something when she brought it over?

"What do you like? I can go get it for you," Ruby offered.

Sullivan shook his head. "No need. This is fine."

QUMS

Ruby gripped her fork a bit too tightly, her fingers turning pale as she lowered her gaze and continued eating. Demi looked between them and, with no intention of keeping quiet, asked, "Sullivan, are you and Ruby dating?"

Before Sullivan could respond, Ruby spoke up. "You misunderstood. I ran into a human trafficker on my way home from work, and Sullivan happened to be there and got hurt trying to help me. That's why I've been having lunch with him, to help him out since his hand's still injured."

Chapter 905

Sullivan lowered his gaze and remained silent, his expression growing colder.

"Oh, I see," Demi replied, her voice soft. "Sorry, I misunderstood."

Her gaze lingered on Sullivan's icy face, and she bit her lip, her eyes flickering with an unidentifiable emotion.

It was clear that Sullivan's feelings for Ruby went beyond those of a mere colleague or acquaintance.

For the rest of the meal, silence fell between them. They ate quietly, starkly out of place amidst the lively chatter of others around the table.

Once Ruby finished her meal, she set down her utensils. Noticing that Sullivan had yet to finish, she refrained from rushing him, instead pulling out her phone to watch some videos.

Sullivan's gaze kept drifting toward her. When he saw that she wasn't even sparing him a glance, he pressed his lips together, his expression darkening.

What he failed to notice, however, was that someone else was watching him closely as well.

Half an hour later, they finished their meal.

Demi took the elevator back up with them, chatting with Sullivan and deliberately ignoring Ruby.

Ruby didn't mind. She kept her head down, engrossed in her phone.

As they exited the elevator, Ruby looked up at Sullivan. "If you don't have anything else, I'm heading back to the office."

Sullivan, unable to speak freely with Demi around, struggled to find the right words.

"Alright," was all he could manage.

Ruby nodded. "If necessary, I can send you home after work."

"Okay," Sullivan said.

She gave Demi a nod and then turned, walking in the opposite direction.

Demi watched her leave, then casually asked, "Sullivan, when did you get so close to Ruby? I remember you didn't like Nyla or her team much, right?" As soon as she spoke, she met Sullivan's half-smile.

"When did I say I didn't like Nyla?" he asked, his tone a little sharper.

Demi suddenly felt a chill run down her spine under his gaze. She awkwardly chuckled. "I was just guessing."

Anyone could tell that Sullivan didn't

like Nyla, but Demi hadn't expected his response to turn so cold so quickly. His demeanor, so unlike his usual easy-going self, made her feel a little afraid.

Sullivan smirked. "You guessed wrong. Don't make random assumptions. Besides, Nyla and Mr Sumner are together now. If Mr. Sumner hears what you said, the consequences will be unimaginable."

Demi's face drained of color. "G-Got it."

Sullivan said nothing more and turned to leave.

QUMS

As he walked away, Demi hesitated but then gathered the courage to follow him, walking side by side back to the office.

On the top floor...

Nyla was taking a nap in Damon's office after having lunch with him.

Damon still had some work to finish, so he turned his attention to reviewing documents.

Once he completed the paperwork he needed for the afternoon, he set down his pen and rubbed his tired forehead. As he glanced at the couch, his eyes softened. Although the blinds were drawn, a few rays of sunlight filtered through the gaps, casting a gentle glow on Nyla's face.

This moment was something Damon had dreamed of, though he had never imagined it would actually come to pass.

Just then, his phone vibrated. He picked up the call, and Spencer's voice came through, low and cautious. "Mr. Sumner, Tom went to Mr. Mason's kindergarten this morning."

Chapter 906

Damon's gaze turned icy as he asked, "Did he meet with Buddy?"

"Tom went under the guise of donating a building to the kindergarten. We're still unclear if he met with Mr. Mason," Spencer replied. "Don't bother investigating further. Just keep an eye on him. He'll likely be in contact with someone overseas soon," Damon instructed.

He ended the call and paused for a moment, then decided to remain where he was for now.

Tom and Drake were both operating in the shadows.

Falcon had already been compromised, so it couldn't provide any more information on Drake. Instead of staying on edge and trying to anticipate their next move, it might be better to wait and see what they would do next. Damon was certain that Tom's visit to the kindergarten was to obtain Mason's hair or something similar. After all, Mason was Nyla's child. If Tom couldn't get her hair, Mason's would suffice.

In the evening, Nyla and Damon went to the kindergarten to pick up Mason.

They had dinner outside before Damon instructed the driver to take Mason home. He and Nyla then went to the hospital to visit Harrison.

As they arrived at the hospital, they ran into Gabriel and Wren.

When Wren saw Nyla, she looked somewhat uncomfortable. She forced a dry smile and said, "Nyla, I came to apologize to your father..."

Nyla's expression remained unchanged. "Oh."

With that, she turned and walked away without looking back.

It wasn't until she and Damon were out of sight that Wren couldn't hold back and muttered, "It's just because she's with Damon that she's acting so arrogant. I don't believe—" Gabriel cut her off sharply. "Mom, are you done talking?"

Wren flinched at his cold tone and met his glare, feeling a chill run down her spine. At the same time, an uneasy premonition began to form.

"Gabriel, after all these years, you don't still have feelings for her, do you?!" she asked.

Gabriel frowned. "Are you going to apologize or not?"

With those words, he dismissed her and quickly walked in the direction Nyla and Damon had gone.

Wren hurried to follow him. "Now

that you have Jane and Wilhelm, whether you still have feelings for Nyla or not, you can't be involved with her again. She's bad luck!"

en FindNovel

SUMS

Gabriel stopped and turned to face her, his presence as chilling as ever.

"Mom, my life isn't for you to control. Take care of your own business," he said.

Wren's face darkened. "I'm only doing this for you. Who else would care about you like I do?"

"I don't need you to worry about it," Gabriel retorted.

Wren wanted to argue further, but seeing his cold expression, she wisely held her tongue.

When they reached Harrison's room, the caretaker was feeding him soup while Damon and Nyla sat beside the bed. Gabriel knocked before entering with Wren.

"Harrison, although it was an accident that you fell down the stairs, my mom is also partly responsible: We came today to

apologize, hoping that, given onet

past relationship, you can forgive her promise she won't bother you again." Gabriel spoke earnestly, but Harrison showed little reaction.

"I accept the apology. I don't want to see either of you again. Please leave," Harrison replied calmly, his gaze distant as if he were looking at strangers. The moment he and Wren divorced, they had no further ties.

Wren's eyes welled up upon looking

at the emaciated, pale Harrison in the bed. She cried, "Harrison, after all these years as husband and wife, are you really this heartless?"

Q.UMS

Harrison glanced at her. "We're divorced. I don't owe you anything. Don't come to harass me again, or I'll report you to the police and apply for a restraining order."

Chapter 907

Wren staggered slightly, her face filled with disbelief. She opened her mouth, but in the end, no words came.

A flash of irritation crossed Harrison's eyes.

It was she who had insisted on the divorce, yet now she was acting pitiful. No matter the situation, it was never her fault-always someone else's.

Nyla stood up, her cold gaze shifting to Gabriel. "We've received your apology. You and Ms. Hackett can leave now."

There was nothing more to say to either Gabriel or Wren.

Gabriel looked at her, his expression conflicted. He nodded and said, "Alright, we won't bother you. As for your father's medical and nutritional expenses, I'll transfer the money directly to your account." "That's fine," Nyla replied.

Since it was Wren's fault that Harrison had been injured, she had no issue accepting the money.

Gabriel turned to Wren, speaking in a low voice. "Mom, let's go."

Without waiting for her to respond, he pulled her out of the room.

Once outside the hospital, Wren finally choked out, "Why did you drag me away? I wanted to stay with him a little longer."

Gabriel sneered. "Do you think he wants to see you?"

When Wren had insisted on divorcing Harrison all those years ago, Gabriel had tried to warn her. Yet, she had been so determined to divorce him and remarry that she ignored all other concerns. A year after her remarriage, her new husband had cheated on her and rarely came home.

Now that she regretted her decisions, she wanted to return to Harrison's side, but life didn't work that way.

"I divorced him because he never looked at me kindly after Nyla fell into the sea. I wanted revenge on him, but later I realized... I still "

"Enough!" Gabriel interrupted sharply. "Even if you divorce him now, Harrison won't remarry you. Stop dreaming."

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After Gabriel and Wren left, the hospital room fell silent again.

Nyla looked at Harrison. "Dad, we don't have much else going on, so we'll head back now. If you need anything or if something feels off, just let the nurse know or give me a call"

en FindNovel

Harrison nodded. "Alright. The weather's cold lately, so don't feel obligated to visit if there's nothing urgent. I'll be fine."

"Okay," Nyla replied.

Back at the villa...

Nyla changed into her loungewear and played with Mason in the living room while Damon retreated to the study to handle some work.

Around 9:00 p.m., Damon received a call from Spencer.

"Mr. Sumner, it's confirmed that Tom is indeed in contact with overseas parties," Spencer reported.

"I see. Keep monitoring him," Damon replied.

Spencer sounded a little surprised. "Mr. Sumner, aren't we going to do anything?"

"Just keep an eye on him. Let me know immediately if he makes any moves," Damon answered.

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer obliged.

After hanging up, Damon calmly set the phone down and returned to reviewing his documents. It seemed they would soon learn Tom's intentions.

In the following days, there was no further movement from Tom, but things were growing chaotic on the Preston Group side.

Nathaniel had clashed with several shareholders, and with the growing instability, the company's morale had plummeted.

To stabilize the company, Nathaniel had no choice but to seek Damon's help, asking for projects to get the Preston Group through the crisis.

Damon glanced at him coldly. "You haven't provided me with any useful information. Why should I give you projects? I'm not a charity."

Nathaniel's face darkened, his eyes

filled with desperation as he

pleaded, "Just this once, for ve

of our past friendship. I promise I won't bother you again."

His hands clenched unconsciously at his sides. If Damon hadn't

ruthlessly crushed the Preston Lnet

Group back then, they wouldn't be in this position now.

Chapter 908

Nathaniel could no longer seek revenge. Instead, he was here, begging Damon for help. His heart simmered with indignation and resentment. Like Rebecca, he loathed Damon.

If it weren't for Damon, neither he nor Rebecca would have had to torment each other, and the Preston Group wouldn't have ended up in its current state.

However, he knew well that he lacked the power to confront Damon. His only option was to ask for his help.

Damon's indifferent gaze never wavered. He was unmoved, not a hint of empathy in his eyes. From the moment Nathaniel chose to assist Rebecca in scheming against Nyla,

they were no longer friends. "Back when you were helping Rebecca, you didn't seem to remember our friendship," Damon remarked coldly.

Nathaniel stiffened, his face draining of color.

"D-Damon, I've regretted every day for the past five years. I was deceived by Rebecca, and by the time I realized the truth, it was too late..." Nathaniel stammered.

"You don't regret it," Damon retorted. "You just realized you can't bear the consequences."

Nathaniel's face darkened, but he forced himself to meet Damon's gaze. "No matter what, I've already paid the price for my actions over these five years.

"Damon, I'm not asking for us to return to what we were. I'm just begging you please spare the Preston Group and give me a chance."

"I won't harm the Preston Group, but I won't help it either," Damon replied, his voice unwavering.

Nathaniel understood. There was no hope of Damon helping him. He knew Damon's personality all too well, and pleading would be in vain. "Alright, I understand," Nathaniel said, his voice hollow. "I came here today only to humiliate myself."

He turned to leave.

Damon didn't bother to look at him as he walked away. His gaze returned to his documents, his expression as indifferent as ever.

Damon wouldn't intervene to destroy the Preston Group, but if it came to the brink of bankruptcy, he would subtly step in to prevent its collapse.

The company had to remain in a fragile state-not thriving, but not crumbling-so Nathaniel's focus would remain on it.

If the Preston Group grew too strong, Nathaniel would undoubtedly find a way to exact revenge on Damon and Prospectus Technology. If it went bankrupt and Nathaniel lost everything, his obsession would drive him to retaliate. Cont

Damon didn't want either scenario.

That was why the Preston Group had to stay in limbo-neither rising nor falling. It was the only outcome that served Damon's interests.

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Fuming with anger, Nathaniel bypassed the company, storming straight home.

In the basement of the Preston residence, the dim lighting cast long shadows.

Rebecca huddled in a corner, bruised and trembling.

Suddenly, the basement door creaked open.

Rebecca startled, her eyes darting up in fear.

Nathaniel entered, his cold face half-shadowed, his presence ominous and terrifying.

Rebecca shrank back, panic rising. "Don't come closer... Please, don't come closer... I beg you, spare me..."

Her desperate pleas only seemed to amuse Nathaniel. The tension around his mouth loosened, and a cruel, chilling smile spread across his face.

He approached her, towering over her and savoring the fear in her eyes.

For years, he had bent over backward to please others. Only in front of Rebecca did he feel he could stand tall, truly live like a man.

But he hadn't forgotten-she was

one who had brought him to this

the

point. It hadn't been for her manipulation, he wouldn't have ended up here.

"Rebecca, you really deserve to die!" he spat.

Rebecca lifted her gaze to Nathaniel, her expression suddenly calm. "Nathaniel, then kill me. Every day I spend by your side feels like hell. I'd rather die than continue living this way."

Chapter 909

Nathaniel sneered, gripping Rebecca's chin tightly. "You're living in hell, and so am I. But I won't let you die. I'll keep torturing you, so you can feel my pain!" Seeing the madness in his eyes, Rebecca suddenly slapped his hand away and screamed, "You're crazy! You're a psycho!"

Nathaniel smirked. "Yeah, I'm a psychopath. So don't even think about escaping me."

His cruel, twisted expression was like a web, trapping Rebecca with no chance of escape.

On the brink of insanity, Rebecca cursed at him loudly.

The curses soon morphed into screams that echoed through the basement.

After what felt like an eternity, Nathaniel finally vented his rage, throwing down the belt and standing up to leave.

Rebecca lay on the floor, barely clinging to life, her gaze full of hatred.

Suddenly, her eyes flickered to a key peeking out from Nathaniel's suit pocket. A glint flashed in her eyes.

She grabbed onto his leg, her voice trembling. "Nathaniel... please, let me go. I promise I won't run again."

Nathaniel coldly chuckled and kicked her away. "I've got business to attend to. Don't dirty my clothes."

Rebecca crashed to the ground, but it seemed she didn't feel the pain. She crawled toward him again, begging, "Nathaniel... don't leave... Please... let me go..." However, Nathaniel didn't even turn around as he left the basement.

As the door slammed shut, the basement was once again silent.

Rebecca looked down. In her left hand, she tightly gripped the key. She bit her lip, forcing herself to crawl up with difficulty. She had to escape this madman!

She wouldn't let Sullivan off, either..

He dog she had

and Hed

just a

now he dared to bite

deserved to die. Contes

After leaving the basement, Nathaniel went straight to his business meeting.

The maid arrived with Rebecca's meal. Upon seeing Rebecca lying on the floor, weaker than before, there was no sympathy in her eyes

In the past whenever Nathaniel beat

Rebecca, she would vent her anger on the maids. If it weren't for their salaries, they would've left long ago.

"Eat your food," the maid said, placing the meal on the floor before turning to leave.

"Wait," Rebecca suddenly said. Her voice was hoarse. "I need you to do something for me."

The maid turned around impatiently. "Mrs. Preston, I can't help you. If Mr. Preston finds out, he won't let me off."

"Don't worry. He won't find out. If you help me, you can pick any jewelry from my vanity," Rebecca tempted.

The maid hesitated, but her interest was piqued. "Are you serious?"

"Of course. If I'm lying, may lightning strike me dead," Rebecca vowed.

After hearing her curse like that, the maid finally believed her. "What do you need me to do?"

"Come closer. I'm too weak to speak loudly," Rebecca requested.

The maid pursed her lips but approached her anyway, crouching down. "Can you speak now?"

"Closer," Rebecca urged.

The maid's patience was wearing thin, but she moved a little closer, muttering, "Hurry up, I've got things to do "

Before she could finish speaking, her eyes widened in disbelief as she fell backward, staring at the bowl in Rebecca's hands.

Chapter 910

After knocking the maid out, Rebecca quickly stripped off the maid's clothes and put them on. She fixed her hair and left the basement.

Luck was on her side-she didn't encounter any other maids on her way out.

She hurried back to her room and grabbed her phone. The first thing she did was contact Drake.

Since Nyla's fall into the sea five years ago, Drake hadn't contacted Rebecca.

At first, Rebecca had felt relieved, thinking that he had let her go, and she had no intention of ever dealing with him again. Now, however, he was the only one who could save her. The phone rang for what felt like an eternity before it was finally picked up.

Drake snickered. "Rebecca, you still have the guts to contact me? Seems like you want to die."

If it hadn't been for Rebecca, his plan wouldn't have been delayed for five years.

At first, he had been too busy, and Nyla had already fallen into the sea. It would have been too much trouble to go all the way abroad to capture Rebecca, so he had let her go. Now, once he confirmed that Nyla was the person he had been looking for, he would definitely return to the country. It would also be time to deal with everything from five years ago.

Rebecca didn't have time to be scared. Her voice was urgent. "Drake, please help me, just this once. Let me leave Nathaniel."

Now that Nathaniel knew about her secretly transferring funds from the Preston Group, she had no second chance.

She'd rather die than stay by his side, enduring the daily abuse.

"Help you? After you ran back to the country, we have no connection. I treated you well all those years, but you ran off without a word. Now you want me to save you? Do you think I'm a fool?" Drake asked. "Drake, if you save me, I'll work for you forever. I'll repay you," Rebecca swore, but Drake didn't believe her.

"I don't need a cripple working for me, and don't think I don't know what you did. Your husband sold you to various investors. I find you disgusting," he said, hanging up.

Rebecca called again, but the call was blocked.

Despair flooded her. She had no other contact with Drake, and now that he had blocked her, she knew he wouldn't help.

She collapsed onto the floor, consumed with regret. She truly regretted everything.

If she had known this would be her fate, she would never have returned to the country.

But it was too late for regrets.

After a while, Rebecca regained her composure. She couldn't give up just yet.

Taking a deep breath, she grabbed a suitcase and began packing her

el.ne swn ye

leave first and figure ou da

clothes and jewelry. She had to

next.

to do

Once packed, she checked the surveillance footage on her phone, avoided the maids, and snuck out of the Preston residence.

Only when she got into the taxi did she finally feel a sense of relief.

"Miss, where to?" the cab driver asked.

Rebecca took a deep breath before responding, "The train station."

At the station, she bought a ticket for the earliest train and boarded without hesitation. She quickly disposed of her SIM card and replaced it with one she had

prepared earlier. After severe

stops, she got off and bought a bus ticket to leave.

By the time Nathaniel returned home that night, he opened the basement door and found not Rebecca, but

one of the maids lying

OUMS

Realizing she had escaped, he called all the maids into the living room and yelled at them. After checking the security footage, he confirmed that Rebecca had escaped in the afternoon. He sneered and dialed his secretary's number. "Find out where Rebecca went."

Chapter 911

Rebecca didn't really think she could escape, did she?

As soon as she used her card, Nathaniel would know exactly where she was.

He sat on the couch, and his eyes gleamed with malice.

This time, when he brought Rebecca back, he would chain her up, ensuring she could never escape again.

...

Drake quickly caught wind of Rebecca's flight.

He raised an eyebrow and muttered, "What an idiot."

Back when she was in Saintornia, his men couldn't move against her. But now that she had run off, it was the perfect opportunity for him.

A woman who dared to play him? He would never let her off the hook.

What's more, she knew far too much about his past.

Although she had been silent for the past five years, letting her remain out there with all his secrets... he couldn't stand for that.

The only ones who could keep a secret were the dead.

"Find her. I don't want her to live much longer," Drake ordered.

"Yes, sir!" his men said in unison.

...

Rebecca spent three days on the bus before finally getting off in a small county called Haewana.

Haewana was over 1,000 kilometers from Saintornia, and she had switched buses several times along the way. Nathaniel should have a hard time finding her. The problem was, she didn't have much cash, so she couldn't afford a hotel. She also couldn't use her bank card. If she did, Nathaniel would track her down. Fortunately, renting a place in Haewana wasn't too expensive. She used the few hundred dollars she had to rent a small apartment, finally securing a place to stay. After settling in,

Rebecca's first move was to contact Sullivan. Rather than calling him, she sent a message.

Rebecca: [Sullivan, transfer 300,000 dollars to me immediately, or I'll send all your criminal evidence to Damon.]

Sullivan replied almost instantly.

Sullivan: [Where are you now?]

Rebecca: [What? Are you trying to find me to silence me?]

Sullivan: [Stop slandering me. If you hadn't threatened me, I wouldn't have been forced to act first.]

Rebecca: [I don't want to waste time with you. You have half an hour. Transfer 300,000 dollars to me, or I'll send you to jail today.] Rebecca had learned a little about Sullivan's activities over the years. His savings were probably around 300,000 dollars right now. She hadn't wanted to go this far, but since Sullivan had already cut off all her escape routes, she felt no guilt in taking his money. Sullivan: [I don't have that much money.]

Rebecca: [That's your problem. If I don't see the money in half an hour, I'll send everything to Damon.]

Sullivan: [Where are you? Let's meet, and I'll give you the money.]

Rebecca sneered when she saw this. She'd be a fool to trust Sullivan now.

Rebecca: [You don't need to know where Lam. I'm not in Saintornia anymore. You have 29 minutes left. Do you want to keep wasting time?]

After sending the message, she set her phone aside and ignored Sullivan.

Sullivan sent several more messages. When he received no reply, he tried to appeal to her emotions, but she still didn't respond.

Rebecca didn't see his messages. Even if she had, she wouldn't have replied.

After all, the money she had transferred from the Preston Group had already been reclaimed by Nathaniel. Now, she was planning to extort Sullivan before fleeing the country. Once she left, no one would be able to find her.

As for the evidence of Sullivan's crimes, she had set it to send automatically. It would be to Damon's inbox one

Chapter 912

Once Rebecca had the money, she'd immediately inform Sullivan that she had set the timer and planned to let him live in fear for the next month. She was determined to make him experience what it was like to lose everything-and his freedom. Meanwhile, Sullivan grew increasingly anxious as Rebecca continued to ignore him. Though concerned, he wasn't yet ready to hand over the money.

He remained wary of her, unconvinced that paying her would guarantee she'd leave him alone. Reluctantly, he gathered the money and called her directly.

The call connected after just two rings.

Rebecca's voice was cold. "Is the money ready?"

"It's ready, but I don't trust you," Sullivan replied.

At this point, both of them had discarded any pretense of politeness. There was no more pretending.

Rebecca sneered. "You don't have much of a choice, do you?"

Sullivan snickered. "I know you've run from Saintornia. You must be desperate for money. No money means you're stuck. If I'm right, you want to escape the country, don't you?"

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line before Rebecca's voice grew more frantic. "So what if you know? If you don't give me the money, I'll find a way to make a living, but you'll be the one heading to prison."

"I'll give you the money," Sullivan said. "However, I need to see the original evidence first. And I'll only give you 75,000 dollars now. A year from now, I'll send you another 75,000 dollars."

Rebecca's face darkened, and she gritted her teeth. "No. I want 300,000 dollars, in one payment."

"Don't be hasty. If I give you all 300,000 dollars now, you'll just spend it quickly. But as long as you hold on to the evidence, I'll give you 75,000 dollars each year. That way, neither of us has to worry about the other double-crossing. What do you think?" Sullivan proposed. After a moment of thought, Rebecca found Sullivan's offer somewhat reasonable. If he sent her 75,000 dollars every year, her life would certainly be more comfortable.

300,000 dollars sounded like a lot, but it wouldn't last long.

"Fine. I agree. Now, transfer the money," Rebecca said, abruptly ending the call.

Sullivan kept his word and transferred 75,000 dollars immediately.

Rebecca received the money and was about to cancel the scheduled email When she heard a knock at the

door she jumped in shock, almost

dropping her phone.

The knocking continued, and she froze, unsure who it was.

After a moment, a male voice called from outside, "No one home? I'm leaving the takeout at your door."

Then, the sound stopped.

Rebecca had indeed ordered

takeout. She checked the app,

the delivery person was

just

a few meters away.

Relieved, she still didn't dare open the door right away.

She crept over to the window and peeked down, quickly spotting a delivery man in uniform riding away on his e-bike.

It seemed like it really was the delivery. Maybe she'd been paranoid-Nathaniel wouldn't have found her so quickly.

She cautiously approached the door and checked the peephole. The hallway was empty, so it seemed safe. Gathering her courage, she opened the door.

As expected, the takeout was sitting there.

Just as she bent down to pick it up,

the door next to hers suddenly

opened. Before she could react, someone grabbed her and yanked her into the neighboring apartment.

Her phone fell to the g

Chapter 913

Soon, a cold object pressed against Rebecca's forehead.

Her face turned pale with fear, her body trembling. "W-Who are you? Don't kill me, I have money... I can give you 75,000 dollars..."

The man in front of her had an ordinary face-one that blended into any crowd, so forgettable that anyone would easily forget it as soon as they looked away. Hearing her words, the man smirked cruelly. "You don't need to know who I am. Just know that I'm here to kill you."

"No-" Before Rebecca could say another word, she was knocked unconscious.

An hour later, the man, wearing a mask, dragged a heavy suitcase out the door. As he left, he casually picked up the phone that had fallen outside and took it with him. Three days later...

Nathaniel's team tracked down the address where Rebecca had been renting.

After a thorough search, they found only a suitcase of clothes and Rebecca's ID, but no sign of her.

"Mr. Preston, we couldn't find Mrs. Preston. She didn't take her ID, so it doesn't seem like she ran away," Nathaniel's secretary reported.

Nathaniel's expression darkened as he snarled, "Keep looking. If she's alive, I want to see her. If she's dead, I want to see her body!"

"Yes, Mr. Preston," his secretary replied.

After the secretary left, Nathaniel's face grew even colder as he muttered, 'Rebecca, you'd better not make me find you!'

At a villa on the outskirts overseas...

Drake, wearing a white suit, sat leisurely in the garden sipping coffee.

Behind him stood a man in black-framed glasses, who reported with his head bowed, "Mr. Mummery, Rebecca has been dealt with, and the DNA report is in." He handed over the report.

Drake put down his cup and reached for the file, opening it. When he saw the result he had been waiting for, he smiled and said, "Good. Our plan can begin."

"Should I book the flight now?" the man asked.

Drake raised an eyebrow. "No rush. Before we bring Nyla over, we first need to deal with the annoying man by her side."

Damon's Prospectus Technology had been doing well locally. Making a move now would only cause trouble. They needed to bankrupt Prospectus Technology first. Once Damon couldn't stop him from taking Nyla, then they could act.

"Go contact Tom. We've given him a lot of resources over the years. It's time for him to repay us," Drake instructed.

"Understood, Mr. Mummery," the man replied.

After he left, Drake took another sip of his coffee, his smile deepening.

...

Tom's expression darkened as soon as he received the news from Meristate.

He had only agreed to help Drake get something from Nyla, like her hair for a DNA test, but he hadn't agreed to help him deal with Prospectus Technology.

Now, Tom just wanted to win back Valarie. As for Drake's plans he had no interest in them.

He immediately called Drake's

secretary saying, "The Genge Group doesn't have the ability to take on Prospectus Technology. I'm not

going to attack a stone with an egg."

The person on the other end chuckled. "Mr. Genge, it seems the Genge Group doesn't have the ability to take on MK Company either, right?"

"Don't forget, everything you have

now is because of Mr. Mummery

He can give it to you, but he can also take it away at any time. What you can do is be Mr. Mummery's blade.

"When Mr. Mummery no longer needs you, then you'll be free. I hope you know what's best for you, Mr. Genge."

Chapter 914

The call ended with the sound of a dial tone.

Tom slammed his phone onto the floor with a scowl. The screen shattered instantly, reflecting his grim expression.

...

Sullivan, unable to reach Rebecca, began to feel a growing sense of anxiety.

What if Rebecca had taken the money and then gone back on her word, sending those incriminating documents to Damon?

Upon thinking of her past behavior, Sullivan's anxiety deepened, but he had no idea where she was. All he could do was wait for her to contact him.

"Sullivan. Sullivan? What's wrong with you?" Demi asked.

Sullivan snapped out of his thoughts and looked over at Demi, forcing a smile. "What's going on?"

Demi handed him a file and reported, "There's an issue with this data. We need to verify it with Nyla. If these numbers are wrong, the experiment will need to be redone."

Sullivan glanced at the file and took it from her. "Got it. I'll go to her. You take care of the other tasks."

Actually, Demi had planned to ask Nyla herself, but she was surprised that Sullivan had taken the initiative. She assumed he probably wanted to see Ruby.

Her gaze dropped, and a mix of emotions swirled inside her. She didn't feel inferior to Ruby in any way, so why did Sullivan seem to like her?

"Alright, Sullivan. Please hurry. These data are urgently needed," Demi reminded him.

Sullivan nodded. "I'm on it."

With that, he left the office with the file.

At the lab...

Sullivan found Ruby standing in front of the equipment, recording data. He approached her and asked, "Where's Nyla?"

Ruby frowned when she heard his voice and turned to look at him. "She went to pick up the experiment materials. Is there something you need?"

Upon noticing her tense expression, Sullivan's eyes darkened. He handed her the

Takele. "These data have issues.

Take a look and see what's going on

Recognizing it was work-related, Ruby put down her notebook and took the file from him, carefully reviewing it. She quickly identified the problem-it was the same issue from last time.

"Sullivan, please wait a moment. I'll find the correct data for you, along with the latest set of results," she said. Sullivan's gaze followed her as she moved. "Alright."

Ruby didn't look back at him as she went to find the new data. Soon, she returned with a file in hand, saying, "Sullivan, this is the correct data. We've double-checked it."

Sullivan took the file but didn't leave immediately. "Are you free tonight? I'd like to have dinner with you."

Ruby pursed her lips, instinctively avoiding his gaze as she replied, "I might have to work late tonight."

"It's fine. No matter how late it gets, I'll wait. I'll send you the restaurant details, and you can come after you finish work," Sullivan said. Before Ruby could refuse, he turned and left quickly.

Watching his retreating figure, she felt a pang of helplessness. She felt she had made herself clear, yet he still insisted on pursuing her.

To her, if someone truly cared for another person, they wouldn't do things that made the other person uncomfortable.

Sullivan's behavior was too domineering.

Instead of feeling any affection from him, she sensed that he simply wanted to prove his own charm-or perhaps he had some other unknown motive.

Chapter 915

Not long after Sullivan left, Ruby sent him a message.

Ruby: [Sullivan, I'm really busy today, I might not have time for dinner. Don't wait for me, sorry.]

She sent the message, but there was no reply from Sullivan.

...

By the time evening came and Nyla was packing up to leave, she noticed that Ruby was still at her desk.

Raising an eyebrow, she asked, "Ruby, why haven't you left yet? I thought all the work for today was done."

Ruby stiffened for a moment before forcing a smile. "There are a few more data points I want to double-check to avoid any mistakes. You go ahead. I'll stay a bit longer." Nyla nodded. "Alright, but don't stay too late. Go home early."

"Okay," Ruby replied.

After Nyla left, Ruby lingered in the office for a while before finally turning off her computer and heading out.

An hour earlier, Sullivan had sent her the address of the restaurant, along with a pitiful picture of himself in a cab, his arm in a cast.

Ruby chose to ignore it, but her mood was still affected.

Sullivan was clearly using his past kindness as leverage to get her to go out with him, but she didn't want to feel obligated to be with him just because of his favors. After thinking it over for a while, she decided to pretend she hadn't seen his message and went straight home.

When Nyla got into the car, she was surprised to find that Damon was the one driving.

"Did the driver take the day off?" she asked.

Damon glanced at her, a smile in his eyes. "Come sit in the front. We're going out to eat today."

Noticing his good mood, Nyla moved to the front seat and buckled her seatbelt. "Why are we suddenly going out? Did the company land a big deal today, and you're celebrating?"

Damon started the car and raised an eyebrow. "Yes, we're celebrating, but not because of a business deal."

"Then what's it for?" Nyla asked.

"Guess. If you get it right, I'll reward you," he said.

Nyla thought for a moment. Today wasn't anyone's birthday, nor was it a special anniversary.

"I can't guess. Just tell me," she said.

"It's the anniversary of the first time we met," Damon said casually.

Nyla was stunned. The first time they met?

"But wasn't our first meeting at my wedding to Clark?" she asked.

Although she hated Clark now for betraying her, she still remembered that day vividly. Before marrying Clark, she was sure she had never met Damon.

After all, Damon was so handsome. If she had met him, she would have remembered.

Damon chuckled. "Of course not. You remember the day you married him so clearly, but you don't remember when we first met? Isn't that unfair to me?"

"If you were married, I bet you'd remember that day too," Nyla said flatly.

Damon continued with a teasing smile. "It depends on when you decide to marry me."

Nyla shot him a playful glare. "You still haven't told me. When did we first meet?"

"I won't tell you. You figure it out. If you can't remember, then forget it," Damon replied.

Her curiosity piqued, she couldn't help but ask, "Mr. Sumner, are you telling me that when we first met, you already had designs on me?"

A glint of amusement flickered in Damon's eyes. Without hiding his intentions, he admitted, "Yes."

At that time, Nyla was still with

Clark, and they were very happy. Although Damon had been attracted to her, he hadn't intended to cause trouble between himself and Clark over a woman.

Chapter 916

If Damon had known that Clark would cheat on Nyla, and that he himself would end up liking her so much, he would've snatched her away from Clark.

Nyla was taken aback. She had only made the comment casually, but Damon actually confessed.

For some reason, her heart skipped a beat, and she felt a little shy.

She hadn't expected Damon to have been interested in her so early.

Back then, however, she had been deeply in love with Clark, so no one else would have caught her eye. Even if Damon had pursued her then, she definitely wouldn't have agreed.

"I can't believe you were already in love with me back then. I guess being too charming has its drawbacks," she joked.

Her playful self-absorption made Damon smile even more, his gaze full of tenderness.

"But I'm still curious-what was our first meeting like? Was I so beautiful and stunning that you couldn't take your eyes off me?" Nyla asked.

Damon replied, "Not exactly. You were actually in quite a messy state."

Nyla fell silent. She had imagined walking by him in her best attire, making him fall for her at first sight. Apparently, that wasn't the case. Instead, she was a mess?

Damon certainly had unique taste.

As far as she could remember, though, she was rarely caught looking disheveled-except for one time.

Back then...

When Harris Pharmaceuticals went bankrupt, Harrison fell ill, and they couldn't afford the medical bills. She had gone to ask his old friends for help, but everyone turned her away, claiming they couldn't lend her anything. That day, it was pouring rain, and she ended up drenched.

When she knocked on the door of the last person she could ask for help, her expectations were already low. As expected, the man was hosting guests and coldly told her to leave, having his service staff shut the door on her. Nyla felt almost hopeless that day. She stood outside for a while, then left.

Soon after she got home, one of the man's subordinates contacted her offering to lend her the money. With that Harrison managed to hold on.

Later, when she was in university, she worked part-time and paid the money back after graduation. She remembered that when she returned the money, the man seemed quite conflicted, saying he had never expected her to actually pay it back.

...

Nyla rarely thought about the past. For her, what was done was done and there was no going back.

Looking ahead was what mattered most.

Now that she thought about it, today's date was exactly a month after Harris Pharmaceuticals' bankruptcy.

Based on the timing, since Damon had said she had looked like a mess, it must have been the day she had been trying to borrow money.

She turned to Damon and asked, "Was our first meeting when I was borrowing money after my father got sick?"

Damon nodded. "I didn't expect you to guess so quickly."

"But I never met you when I borrowed the money," Nyla reasoned.

Suddenly, she seemed to realize something and bit her lower lip. "Wait, was it actually you who lent me the money, not that man?"

She had always wondered why he had suddenly changed his mind. Now, it made sense if Damon had been behind it.

"Mm," Damon hummed in response.

"It's really you!" Nyla exclaimed.

If that was true, then her first encounter with Damon had actually happened even before she met Clark.

"I originally planned to wait until you grew up, but then Clark beat me to it," Damon quipped.

Nyla pressed her lips together. If she had known it was Damon helping her back then, maybe she would have had feelings for him.

Chapter 917

Unfortunately, there was no such thing as "what if". At least, in the end, they did meet again, and now, they were together.

Half an hour later, Damon's black Cayenne pulled up outside a restaurant. He and Nyla got out of the car and walked inside. Just as they reached the entrance, they ran into Jane. Jane was walking out with a middle-aged man in a suit. Both of them were smiling, but when they saw Damon, they both stopped in their tracks.

The middle-aged man greeted Damon with a smile, "Mr. Sumner, are you here for dinner with your girlfriend?"

"Yes, Mr. Tonra. Are you and Ms. Wilkie here for a business meeting?" Damon asked.

Shane nodded and smiled. "Yes, we're almost done."

Damon didn't press further. "Alright, let's have a meal together next time."

"Sounds good," Shane replied.

Throughout the exchange, Jane didn't get a chance to speak to Damon.

After what had happened with Mason and Wilhelm, she didn't have the nerve to speak to him anyway. She left with Shane, her head lowered in embarrassment.

The brief encounter wasn't something Damon or Nyla paid much attention to. They turned and walked into the restaurant.

Outside the restaurant, Jane stood by Shane's car, seeing him off. "Mr. Tonra, I'll discuss the project with the board tomorrow. Once I get their approval, I'll head over to Starlite to sign the contract."

Shane got into the car and rolled down the window. "Alright, I'll wait for your update. Don't disappoint me like last time. This project was hard-fought, and a lot of companies are eyeing it. Please give me an answer as soon as possible." "Yes, I'll get back to you before the end of the day tomorrow," Jane promised.

"Good. Don't bother seeing me off. I'll be waiting for your good news," Shane said.

Jane nodded with a smile. "Okay."

After sending Shane off, Jane immediately called Gabriel to share the news about securing Starlite's project.

Gabriel was excited. "Jane, you're amazing! Grandpa will be so happy when he hears about the project!"

This project was government-led, unlike the Golden Waters Resort project, which was an internal initiative of Starlite Enterprise and carried a huge investment risk. The new project Jane had secured had no such problems.

Jane was thrilled as she walked toward her car. "Yes, I'll go tell Grandpa right away. I have to drive now. I'll talk to you later."

After hanging up, she quickened her pace, eager to get to the Wilkie residence and share the news with Pedro.

With this project, Theo would no longer be able to threaten her position as General Manager of the Wilkie Group. She was confident she would soon become the head of the Wilkie Group!

...

Inside the restaurant, the waiter led Nyla and Damon upstairs to a private room.

As soon as they entered, Nyla saw a cake placed in the center of the table. Written in cream was a message: "The 5,113th day since meeting Ms. Kinsey."

Nyla was momentarily stunned, a

wave of emotion swelling inside her.

She hadn't expected Damon to remember the exact day they first met, let alone realize he had felt so

strongly from the very beginning.

Chapter 918

"Thank you, Damon!" Nyla exclaimed.

She looked up at him, her eyes glistening with tears. This thank you was not just for him rescuing her from danger all those times, but also for his unwavering love and the fact that he had never given up on her. He had chosen her, steadfastly. Damon reached out and gently wiped the tears from the corner of her eye, his voice tender. "Silly girl, more than 'thank you', I want to hear you say 'I love you'."

Nyla's cheeks flushed, and she couldn't help but lower her gaze. "There are other people here."

She was reserved and not used to being overly affectionate with someone she liked in front of others.

Upon seeing her blushing, Damon's mood lifted, and he smiled. "Alright, then when we're back tonight, say it just for me."

"Okay..." Nyla agreed shyly.

He guided her to her seat and handed her the menu. "Take a look at what you want to eat. This restaurant's foie gras and caviar are both good."

Nyla nodded, flipping through the menu. She ordered the foie gras and caviar Damon had recommended, as well as a few other dishes she liked.

Looking up at him, she asked, "What do you want?"

"I'm fine with whatever you choose," he replied.

"Alright, I'll just order two of what I picked," she told the server.

After confirming their order, the server left the room.

Soon, the appetizers arrived, along with a small pink box.

The server announced, "Mr. Sumner, Ms. Kinsey, we have a lucky draw event tonight. The winning numbers come with a mysterious prize. Would you like to participate?" Nyla was curious. "What's the mysterious prize?"

The server smiled. "You'll find out when the draw is held."

"How do we participate?" she asked.

The server handed the pink box to Nyla. "Ms Kinsey, just pick a ball from inside. Each ball has a number. If you win, we'll bring you the mysterious gift. If you don't, you'll still get a consolation prize"

Nyla reached into the box and picked a ball. Instead of opening it right away, she turned to Damon. "You should pick one too."

Damon nodded and casually drew a ball from the box.

Once the server left, Nyla grinned at Damon. "I hope there's not a wedding ring inside when I open the ball."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Why don't you open it and see?"

Nyla opened the ball and found only a piece of paper with a number on it.

"Looks like I was wrong," she remarked.

"Are you disappointed you didn't get a proposal?" Damon teased.

"Of course not. I just thought the atmosphere was right tonight, and you might be planning to propose," Nyla explained.

She didn't want to admit it, but there was a tiny hint of disappointment. If Damon had proposed tonight, she might have actually said yes.

"I guess I've disappointed you,"

Damon said with a gentle smile.

Yet

was worried it would be too soon to propose, but maybe next time should consider it."

Nyla snorted at his composure. "I don't want to get married!"

"Well, I want to marry you. I've been dreaming about it," he said.

Damon's tone was serious, without a trace of joking. Nyla's cheeks flushed again, and she quickly looked away, her ears burning.

Could he not say such romantic things so seriously?

The entire dinner was spent with Nyla blushing the whole time.

Halfway through their meal, the lucky draw results were announced. Neither Nyla nor Damon won. They received consolation prizes—two teddy bears as tall as half a person.

Chapter 919

The mysterious prize was a luxurious five-day, four-night trip to Cryostein for two, and a young couple had won it.

Noticing that Nyla seemed a bit disappointed for not winning, Damon comforted her, "If you want to go, we can leave tomorrow."

Nyla looked at him and shook her head. "It's okay. I'm too busy with the experiment right now. I can't leave."

Damon frowned. "Then when you do have some free time, we'll take a trip-the three of us."

"Okay," she said.

They walked out of the restaurant together. Damon draped a coat over Nyla's shoulders and took her hand as they made their way to the parking lot. Halfway there, snow began to fall.

Nyla stopped in her tracks, her face lighting up with delight. "It's the first snow of the year!"

The winter in Saintornia was cold and damp, and snow was a rare sight.

Nyla held out her hand to catch the falling snowflakes, her eyes sparkling with joy.

Damon watched her with a gentle smile, his gaze filled with adoration. While she admired the snow, he admired her.

By the time they reached the car, both their heads and clothes were dusted with snow.

Damon turned on the heater and reached for Nyla's cold hand, holding it in his warm palm.

The moment his hand touched hers, a jolt of warmth spread through her, as if an electric current had passed from her hand to her heart. Her fingers instinctively curled, brushing lightly against his palm.

Damon felt the delicate touch, like a cat's tail brushing his hand, sending a small tingle through his skin. He looked at her, his gaze intense.

His eyes held a possessive, almost predatory look, making Nyla's heart race. Instinctively, she tried to pull her hand away.

Before she could, though, he firmly held her hand, their fingers lacing together as he leaned in closer.

Their lips met just as fireworks erupted outside the car.

Time seemed to stand still.

Nyla was so caught up in the kiss that she could hardly breathe. When it finally ended, she was left breathless. Her back pressed against the passenger door, and her lips were red and swollen, like ripe cherries-inviting and tempting.

Damon's gaze lingered on Nyla's

lips, his eyes darkening with desire. Her heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively covered her mouth.

"It's getting late. Let's head home," she said, trying to break the tension. Seeing the wariness in her eyes, Damon couldn't help but smile. "Alright."

After buckling her in, he started the car.

...

An hour later, they arrived at the villa.

Just as Nyla was about to get out of the car, Damon stopped her, pulling her hand.

"What's wrong?" she asked, looking at him in confusion.

Damon pulled out a small box tied with a

didn't plan to propose with a ring today, but I got you a gift." belongs to FindNovel

SW

Nyla froze for a moment. "But... I didn't prepare anything for you..."

She didn't even realize it was the anniversary of the first time they met.

"I've got you covered. You being by my side is the best gift I could ask for," Damon said with a smile.

Touched, Nyla decided she would give him a gift to make up for it.

"See if you like it," Damon urged.

Nyla took the box and asked, "What is it?"

"Open it, and you'll know," Damon replied.

Nyla opened the box, revealing a beautiful sapphire heart-shaped necklace. The soft blue of the

sapphire gleamed brilliant

she

instantly fell in love with it.

"It's gorgeous!" she exclaimed.

Seeing how much she liked it, Damon smiled and softly said, "I'll put it on you." "Okay," she replied.

He took the necklace from the box, leaned forward, and gently placed it around her neck.

Chapter 920

Nyla wore a white knitted sweater, and the sapphire necklace sparkled brilliantly against the white, drawing all attention to it.

Damon imagined how stunning she would look in the summer, when her delicate collarbones were more exposed. Any jewelry seemed to look perfect on her. "You look amazing," he said.

"Thank you," she replied.

"Nyla... what should I do? I can't stop thinking about kissing you," Damon murmured.

Nyla looked up, her gaze locking with his deep, intense eyes. Instinctively, she curled her fingers.

The next second, she reached up and pulled him into another kiss, her lips pressing firmly against his.

Neither of them knew who lost control first, but soon the kiss grew overwhelming, stirring emotions they struggled to contain.

After what felt like an eternity, they finally broke apart, both flushed and breathless.

About half an hour later, they got out of the car and entered the villa.

By then, it was close to 10:00 p.m., and Mason had already gone upstairs to bed.

Nyla assumed Damon would head to the study to work, but to her surprise, he followed her into the bedroom.

"Aren't you working tonight?" she asked.

"No, I've got something more important to do," he replied.

At first, Nyla wondered what Damon meant by "something important".

By the time she found herself pinned beneath him in bed, whispering those three little words over and over, she understood exactly what he had meant.

In the end, she was exhausted, her voice hoarse from their activity, but he showed no signs of stopping.

When he carried her into the bathroom to clean up, she glanced at her phone-it was already 4:00 a.m. What a beast!

The next morning, Nyla barely managed to get out of bed, relying entirely on her willpower to avoid being late.

...

When she stood up, her legs gave way, and she collapsed onto the carpet.

Fortunately, the thick rug cushioned her fall, but she couldn't get back up.

eve

The bathroom door opened, and Damon emerged, looking refreshed. Seeing her kneeling on the floor, he frowned and quickly rushed over to lift her onto the bed.

"I'll get you the day off. You need to rest," he said.

"No, today's experiment is really important. I have to be there," she insisted.

"But in your current state..." he said, his concern evident. He regretted being so reckless last night.

Nyla shot him a glare. "Says the culprit."

She had begged him all night to ease up, but he hadn't. If anything, he'd only gotten more energetic.

Damon rubbed his nose sheepishly. "It's my fault. Don't be mad. I promise I won't do this on workdays again." Nyla didn't respond.

After a few moments, she finally managed to stand, pushing him aside as she slowly made her way to the bathroom.

When she saw herself in the mirror,

she noticed the hickeys covering her neck and the bruising on her lips.

The marks clearly showed how intense the previous night had been.

Luckily, it was winter, so her thick clothes would cover the evidence. Otherwise, she wouldn't have the courage to face anyone today.

BAUMS

After cleaning up, she emerged to find that Damon had already laid out clothes for her.

Seeing her wobbly legs, he asked, "Do you want me to help you get dressed?"

"No, just go downstairs. I'll be there soon," Nyla said, not wanting to look at him.

Damon knew he was at fault, so he nodded. "Okay, if you need anything, just call or message me." "Got it. Now go," she said.

Once he left, Nyla began to get dressed.

By the time she made it downstairs, Mason had already eaten breakfast and left for school.

Lydia noticed her odd gait and asked with concern, "Ms. Kinsey, did you hurt your foot?"

Nyla blushed and shook her head. "No."

Lydia began to ask, puzzled, "Then..."