

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 981

Jane turned to glare at Theo, who stood off to the side, clearly enjoying the scene. Her eyes were filled with disdain.

"Theo, don't think for a second that you've won. You know exactly how incompetent you are. There's no way the Wilkie Group will ever fall into your hands!" she hissed.

Theo's expression darkened briefly, then he chuckled. "Oh, you're capable, all right. So capable that partnering with Starlite nearly bankrupted the company, and those cheap tricks with Prospectus Technology landed you in jail. Not many people can boast that kind of talent."

Jane struggled to her feet, her face icy. "Once the Starlite project is completed, all those losses will be nothing. When that happens, the position of general manager will still be mine!"

Theo snorted. "Still dreaming, I see. The shareholders have made it crystal clear-they don't want you anywhere near the company. By the time the Starlite project wraps up, you'll have been completely sidelined.

"My advice? Take the monthly allowance Grandpa offered, stay home, and live the cushy life of a trophy wife. Leave the company out of your mess."

"Shut up! You have no right to say that!" Jane screamed.

"Fine. Let's see who ends up with no right to speak." With that, Theo brushed past her and walked off. Jane's eyes burned with anger, her heart seething with resentment.

She hated how, despite all her sleepless nights and tireless work for the Wilkie Group, she was now being cast aside like trash. She hated Pedro for turning against her and siding with the shareholders who demanded her removal.

When she finally limped back to her villa, Wendy gasped and rushed to support her. "Ms. Wilkie, what happened to your leg?"

"I'm fine. Where's Gabriel?" Jane asked.

She'd been locked up for two days, and Gabriel hadn't even shown up. So much for the man she'd chosen so carefully.

Wendy sighed. "He's been working overtime these past two days. He only comes back late at night." "Call him. Tell him to come back right now," Jane ordered.

"Of course, But first, let me help you inside. Your hands are freezing.

Take a warm bath and change.

before you catch a cold," Wendy advised.

After settling Jane into the bathroom and drawing her a hot bath, Wendy went downstairs to make the call.

When Gabriel answered, his tone was cool. "Got it. I'll head back now."

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By the time Gabriel returned, Jane had bathed, eaten, and was lounging on the sofa, watching TV. "Jane, you're home," he greeted.

Jane glanced at him, her voice sharp. "I spent two days in jail, and you didn't even hire a lawyer or come visit me. Care to explain?"

"I was working overtime," Gabriel

replied evenly. "Besides, you're the Wilkie Group's general manager. This issue involved Prospectus Technology. I couldn't interfere."

She snorted. "How convenient. Gabriel, have I been too generous with you?"

Gabriel's smile disappeared, his expression turning cold. "Are you looking for a fight the moment you're back home?"

"You've failed as a husband. Shouldn't I hold you accountable?" Jane retorted.

Facing her glare, Gabriel suddenly laughed. He sat across from her and asked, Jane, remember the night of the bidding event when I tried to comfort you, and you slapped me?"

"So what?" Jane replied.

"At that moment, I told you I wanted a divorce. That hasn't changed. I'm done tolerating your tantrums," Gabriel said.

Chapter 982

Gabriel's gaze at Jane was calm and emotionless.

Jane's heart clenched, and in a burst of anger, she hurled the remote control at him. "Gabriel, I told you, I won't agree to a divorce! Forget it!" she shouted, her voice rising.

Dodging the remote with ease, Gabriel smirked and spoke slowly, enunciating each word. "Jane, whether we get divorced or not was never up to you.

He had tolerated her behavior for the sake of their child in the past, but recently, she had become increasingly irritable and aggressive due to the company. He was no longer willing to pretend.

"You think you have the final say?" Jane sneered, her face twisted with fury. "Gabriel, you have no power

or influence. Without my approval, you're dreaming if you think you can leave."

Gabriel raised an eyebrow and replied, "Don't worry. Within a week, you'll be the one agreeing to the divorce. And if you don't want Wilhelm, I'll take him with me."

With that, he turned and walked toward the door.

"Gabriel! Stop right there!" Jane shouted, her voice shrill. "If you walk out that door, I swear I'll make you regret it!"

Her threats fell on deaf ears. Gabriel didn't even pause as he left, leaving her seething and smashing anything she could get her hands on in the living room.

Upstairs, Wilhelm had been startled awake by the noise. He left his room to find the living room in disarray.

Frightened, he huddled in a corner, unwilling to approach.

His mother was terrifying now. He had never seen her like this before.

Jane caught sight of Wilhelm from the corner of her eye and snapped, "Wilhelm! Get over here!"

Shocked by her terrifying gaze, he instinctively backed away. "No... I don't want to."

"I said, get over here! Don't make me repeat myself!" Jane growled.

She stormed toward him, her steps heavy with frustration.

Wilhelm, looking scared, tried to run for his room.

Unfortunately, Jane grabbed the back of his shirt before he could get far.

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Gabriel drove to another villa, one he had bought five years ago. He had planned to gift it to Nyla, ensuring every detail was tailored to her tastes.

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However, he never had the chance to give it to her. Shortly after purchasing the property, he received news of her fall into the

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Soon, though, she would see it. Everything he hadn't been able to give her back then, he would give her

now.

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Gabriel didn't return to the villa for the next few days.

On the third morning, his phone rang. It was Wilhelm.

"Daddy, when are you coming home? Mommy's been so scary... She hits me every day... I'm scared..." Wilhelm cried.

Gabriel frowned. He hadn't expected Jane to take her anger out on their child. "Don't worry. Daddy's coming back right now," he reassured him.

When he arrived, he found Wilhelm cowering in the corner of the living room, his eyes filled with fear, while Janesat calmly on the couch

She smirked when she saw Gabriel. "If I hadn't made Wilhelm call you, were you planning to stay gone for good?"

Gabriel's gaze was chilly. "Our divorce is between you and me. But taking it out on Wilhelm? That's low, even for you."

Upon seeing Wilhelm's state, it was clear what had been happening these past few days.

Chapter 983

Jane's eyes flickered with indifference as she said, "If he didn't constantly cause trouble and make me angry, I wouldn't need to hit him. And since you care so much about him, why haven't you come home these past few days?"

Gabriel's face clouded with displeasure.

"I stayed away because I didn't want to see you," he replied coldly. "And I've told you before-if you don't want him, I'll take him."

"I'll never let you take him!" Jane hissed.

Her face twisted with rage, her eyes burning with hatred as she leered at Gabriel.

She resented him.

If it weren't for him, she wouldn't be so isolated, with no one to rely on. She had chosen him out of love,

yet instead of gratitude, he had the audacity to demand a divorce when she needed him most.

If he wouldn't let her have peace, she wouldn't let him have it either.

Gabriel looked at Jane, now consumed by hysteria, and felt only disgust. "Jane, I will take Wilhelm. I won't leave him here to suffer your abuse."

Gabriel didn't hold much affection for Wilhelm, but he was still his son, and he had the means to care for him.

"If you stop bringing up divorce, I'll stop taking my anger out on him. Move back in today, or I'll make you regret it," Jane threatened.

Gabriel's eyes turned icy. "You think you can use Wilhelm to manipulate me?"

"Yes, and what are you going to do about it?" Jane retorted.

Gabriel nodded, his voice steely. "Alright, Jane. Since you're forcing my hand, don't blame me for being ruthless."

He had intended to offer her a settlement after the divorce, but now he decided she wouldn't get a cent. Jane's confidence faltered under his piercing gaze. Unease crept

into her chest as she stood abruptly. "Gabriel, what are you planning to do?" she demanded.

Gabriel ignored her and turned toward Wilhelm, who was cowering in a corner.

"Wil, come here. Daddy's taking you out of here," Gabriel said gently.

"Wilhelm, don't you dare go with him!" Jane shrieked. "If you do, you're no longer my son-I'll consider you dead to me!"

Wilhelm froze at her words, his small body trembling. He stood paralyzed, caught between his parents.

Tears welled in his eyes as he looked

Gabriel, his voice

"D-Dayne

please don't

Can't you come back?"t

Sobs punctuated his plea, tears streaming down his cheeks.

Not long ago, his parents had seemed happy together. Why were they suddenly talking about divorce now?

He remembered a girl in his class

whose parents had divorced.r her, and she had been

away to another school.

Would his parents abandon him too?

The thought made Wilhelm cry harder, his small body shaking with despair.

"I don't want you to divorce! If you do, neither of you will want me!" he wailed.

Gabriel knelt beside him, his voice soft but firm. "Wil, Daddy won't leave you. You'll live with Daddy, okay?"

Wilhelm shook his head, his sobs intensifying. "No! I want Daddy and Mommy together. I want us to be a family again!"

Gabriel's expression darkened as he tightened his arms around Wilhelm.

After a long silence, he began soothing him.

It took over half an hour before Wilhelm finally calmed down.

After asking a maid to take Wilhelm

upstairs, Gabriel turned back to

Jane, his tone sharp. "Did y

say those things?"

Chapter 984

Jane's expression changed as she angrily asked, "Do you really think I'd stoop that low?"

"You've already beaten our son to the point of bruises just to get me back here. What wouldn't you do?" Gabriel retorted.

"You!" Jane gritted her teeth and scoffed. "Fine. If that's what you think, then believe it. But I won't agree to the divorce. Get over it."

Gabriel repeated, "I told you, you'll agree soon enough."

With that, he turned and walked out.

"Stop right there!" Jane rushed forward to block him, but her phone suddenly rang.

She glanced at the screen and saw it was Pedro. Her expression changed.

After a moment of hesitation, she answered. "Grandpa, what- What?! I'll come right away!"

Hanging up, she turned pale, her hand trembling as it gripped the phone.

Jane took a deep breath to steady herself and hurried upstairs to change before rushing to the Wilkie residence.

The moment Jane entered Pedro's study, a slap landed across her face.

The impact left her stunned. She only realized how much it hurt when her cheek began to burn. She raised a hand to touch it, disbelief in her eyes.

"Grandpa..." she whispered.

"Don't call me that! I have no such foolish granddaughter!" Pedro snapped. "Our company is on the brink of collapse because of you!"

His face was dark, his glare so intense it seemed he might strangle her right then. Jane bit her lip and asked, "Grandpa, what happened? The Starlite project-"

"You still have the nerve to bring it up? Did you know Starlite declared bankruptcy this morning? All the funds our company invested are gone!" Pedro exclaimed.

Without those funds, the Wilkie Group was teetering on the brink of disaster. One wrong move could mean total ruin.

Jane gasped. "What?!"

Shock filled her eyes. During her site visit just a short time ago, Starlite Enterprises had seemed to be thriving. How could it go bankrupt so suddenly?

"How is that possible?!" she exclaimed.

From the side, Theo let out a

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mocking laugh. "That's a question for you, dear cousin. You were the one who personally vetted the project. How did you fail to see the company was on the verge of collapse, yet still decided to pour so much money into it?"

"Shut up!" Jane leered at him. "Besides making snide remarks, what else can you do?"

Theo smirked, his tone dripping with sarcasm. "You're right, I can't do much. But at least I've never nearly bankrupted the company with my stupidity."

"You!" Jane gritted her teeth, trembling with anger.

She took a deep breath and turned back to Pedro. "Grandpa, let me call Mr. Tonra and ask what's going on."

She called Shane multiple times, but the attempts all went unanswered. Her complexion slowly drained of color.

Theo snickered. "Jane, stop wasting time. Mr. Tonra fled the country last night, and you're still thinking of looking for him?"

Panic and fear flooded Jane, and her hand holding the phone went limp. "Grandpa, this is my fault, but—"

"Enough!" Pedro cut her off. "This

afternoon, the Wilkie Group will hold

a press conference. You will

apologize to Prospectus

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Technology, resign as general manager, and never involve yourself with the Wilkie Group again

Chapter 985

Jane felt as though she had been struck by a heavy blow, standing frozen in place.

For the past few days, she had remained in the villa, hearing nothing from Pedro or anyone at the company.

She had been clinging to the faint hope that there was still a chance to salvage the situation. But now, with the fallout from the Starlite project, it was clear—she was finished.

Seeing her motionless, Pedro roared, "Why are you still standing there? Get back and prepare! Let me make one thing clear: if you screw up the press conference later, you're out of this family. You'll cease to exist in the Wilkies!"

"Grandpa..." Jane tried to speak.

Theo sneered. "Jane, I suggest you get ready for the press conference. Oh, and by the way, Damon will be attending. If he's not satisfied with your apology, you might find yourself back in a holding cell." "What did you say? Damon is coming?" Jane repeated.

The shock on her face twisted her features into something almost grotesque.

"That's right," Theo confirmed. "And don't think you can get away with just a hollow apology after what you pulled during the bidding process. You'll also need to cough up hundreds of millions in damages to Prospectus Technology."

The Wilkie Group and Pedro weren't going to help her pay a dime.

Jane had no recollection of how she made it back to the villa.

Snapping out of her thoughts, she realized it was already evening.

Wendy approached with concern. "Ms. Wilkie, you haven't eaten anything all day. Please, eat something."

"I don't feel like eating," Jane replied.

Wendy persisted, "But if you don't eat, your health—"

"I said I don't want to! Don't you understand? Get out! I don't want to see anyone right now!" Jane snapped.

Her sudden outburst and twisted expression startled Wendy, who took a few steps back.

"Yes, Ms. Wilkie. I understand," Wendy said quietly before turning and leaving the room.

Jane was left alone in the vast living room.

Taking a deep breath, she checked the time before heading upstairs to wash and apply her makeup. The situation was clear—Pedro and the Wilkie Group had decided to sacrifice her in order to save the company's reputation.

Judging by Pedro's attitude, if the press conference went poorly, he might very well announce on the spot that he was disowning her. She couldn't let that happen.

Being cast out of the company didn't matter as long as she remained part of the Wilkies. As long as she had that connection, there would still be a chance for her to rise again. She would make Gabriel and everyone who had looked down on her regret it

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The press conference began promptly at 8:00 p.m.

Dressed in a simple white blazer with light makeup, Jane still couldn't hide her exhaustion.

As soon as the conference started, reporters began firing sharp questions at her one after another.

"Ms. Wilkie, as the general manager

of the Wilkie Group, you used underhanded tactics during the bidding process to eliminate your competitor. Is this how you've secured deals in the past?" "Ms. Wilkie, we've heard that you poured hundreds of millions into the Starlite Enterprise project, only for the company to go bankrupt so that money effectively lost?"

"Ms. Wilkie, there are rumors that you sabotaged Prospectus Technology's bidding documents and were detained for several days because of it. Is this true?"

The questions grew sharper, and Jane's face darkened.

What made things worse was spotting Nyla and Damon seated among the audience. She felt utterly humiliated.

At that moment, she felt like a monkey stripped bare and put on display—humiliated and mocked. Her pride had been crushed to dust.

Chapter 986

Pedro's irritated voice crackled through Jane's earpiece. "What are you waiting for? Start apologizing!" Jane drew a deep breath before speaking into the microphone. "Ladies and gentlemen, members of the press, good evening. I am here tonight to address the recent events surrounding the bidding process for the Mosaic Date Mall.

"First, I want to extend my sincerest apologies to Prospectus Technology's CEO, Mr. Damon Sumner. For the sake of my company's interests, I sabotaged Prospectus Technology, preventing their team from competing. Their months of hard work were wasted because of my actions.

"I take full responsibility and am willing to compensate Prospectus Technology for all their losses. I sincerely hope Mr. Sumner can forgive me.

"Second, I must clarify that my actions during the bidding process were entirely my own and had no connection to the Wilkie Group.

"Finally, after this press conference, I will resign from my position as the Wilkie Group's general manager and will no longer participate in the company's affairs."

Jane bowed deeply to the audience as murmurs rippled through the room.

The press conference dissolved into chaos, reporters shouting over one another with more questions. Jane remained silent.

The company's lawyer stepped forward and took control of the microphone. "Good evening. I'm the Wilkie Group's lawyer, Matthew Coburn, and I will address your inquiries."

Jane sat off to the side, now little more than a prop. Her hands, hidden beneath the table, were clenched so tightly that her nails dug into her palms.

When the conference concluded, she rose stiffly to leave, but Matthew intercepted her.

"Ms. Wilkie, Mr. Wilkie has asked that you stay behind after the conference," he said.

"For what?" Jane asked, her tone flat.

Matthew hesitated. "I don't know."

Jane inhaled deeply and nodded. "Understood."

A server soon escorted her to a private suite.

To her shock, Damon Sumner and Nyla were seated inside.

Pedro stood nearby, his expression uncharacteristically deferential.

The sight cut through Jane. Her proud, unyielding grandfather, was now bowing and scraping-all because of her.

"Grandpa..." she whispered, guilt flooding her.

Pedro cast her a cold glance. "Get over here and apologize to Mr. Sumner!"

Turning to Damon, Pedro forced a strained smile. "Mr. Sumner, my granddaughter has been spoiled, which led to her recklessness.

"I've brought her here to formally apologize. I hope you'll let this matter slide just this once. I promise she will no longer be involved in the Wilkie Group's affairs or appear in front of you again."

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Damon's gaze was cool, his tone cutting. "It seems Ms. Wilkie doesn't truly wish to apologize. But that's fineel don't need to hear an apology from her."

As if words could repair the damage Prospectus Technology had endured.

Pedro's face darkened.

"How could that be?" He turned sharply toward Jane. "Get over here now! Or do you want me to drag you?"

Swallowing her humiliation, Jane

stepped forward, lowered her head, and forced out the words. "Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry. I sincerely

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apologize for my actions and hope you can forgive me this once

Chapter 987

Damon glanced at Jane but remained silent.

The room fell into an oppressive silence, the air thick with tension.

Jane kept her head lowered, waiting for Damon to speak.

When he didn't, she finally lifted her gaze and said, "Mr. Sumner... I truly apologize. I was blinded by greed. For the damage I caused to Prospectus Technology, I'm willing to provide full compensation. Please, I beg you to forgive me. Please give the Wilkie Group another chance."

Pedro quickly interjected, "Mr. Sumner, Jane has made a grave mistake, and I take full responsibility for failing to guide her properly. I promise to discipline her moving forward. She won't repeat this kind of error. Could you find it in your heart to let this matter rest?"

Damon glanced at Pedro, his expression unreadable as he responded. "Since you've said as much, we'll let this go. But I warn you-if this happens again, there will be no leniency."

Pedro nodded eagerly. "Of course, Mr. Sumner! I assure you, there won't be another incident like this." Given the Wilkie Group's current instability, a single decisive move from Damon could collapse the company within a month.

The stakes were too high, and Pedro knew he had no choice but to humble himself.

Jane clenched her fists in silent resentment and humiliation but kept her head bowed, standing beside Pedro.

Damon rose from his seat, Nyla following him as he said, "We'll leave now. My secretary will deliver an assessment of the damages caused by the bidding incident to your company tomorrow morning."

Pedro hurriedly offered, "Allow me to escort you out."

Damon waved him off. "That won't be necessary."

With that, Damon and Nyla left the room, leaving behind an overwhelming silence.

As the door closed, only Jane and Pedro remained in the private room.

Jane turned to him, pale and trembling, her voice laced with guilt. "Grandpa... I'm sorry. If it weren't for me, you wouldn't have had to bow your head to Damon."

A storm of emotions swirled within Jane.

On the one hand, she resented

Pedro for siding with the company's shareholders to force her

resignation. On the other, seeing him humble himself before someone

decades younger filled her with guilt.

If only she hadn't been so reckless-so eager to secure that project-none of this would have happened. What filled the air was a deep, palpable disappointment.

"This matter is settled. I've bought you a villa overseas." Pedro's

expression

remained hard, his voice cold but lacking anger. "In a few days, pack your things and take Gabriel and Wilhelm with you. From now on, unless it's absolutely necessary, don't come back."

Jane froze, her face contorting in shock. "No, I won't go abroad."

She couldn't accept it. Staying meant she might still have a chance to return to the Wilkie Group someday. Leaving would close that door forever.

Pedro's voice grew icy. "This isn't up for discussion. If you refuse to leave, don't expect another penny from me. You're free to fend for yourself."

"Grandpa, are you really planning to hand the company over to Theo?" Jane asked, desperation creeping into her voice.

She continued. "You've seen the results of my work these past years.

What happened recently was just an accident. I can learn from this, and I swear it won't happen again

"If you don't trust me, don't give me any shares. I'll just work a salaried position. But if you give the company to Theo, it will be ruined!"

Pedro sneered. "You're no longer a Wilkie Group employee. The company's future is none of your concern.

"I'll have someone deliver your flight tickets later. If you go abroad, I'll transfer you 150,000 dollars every month. If you stay, don't expect a single cent."

Chapter 988

Pedro turned to leave, but Jane hurried to block his way. "Grandpa, are you really cutting me off like this?" Any guilt she had felt earlier evaporated, replaced by bitterness.

Pedro glanced at her impassively. "Think what you want. I have nothing more to say."

He stepped past her, his retreating figure as cold as his words.

Jane stared after him, a glint of malice in her eyes. If he wanted to force her hand, she'd have no choice but to strike back.

Taking a deep breath, she followed him out of the venue.

That night, Jane returned home but didn't see Wilhelm.

Frowning, she turned to Wendy and asked, "Where's Wilhelm?"

"He's already asleep, Ms. Wilkie," Wendy replied cautiously. "If it's not urgent, maybe it can wait until morning..."

Jane waved dismissively. "Fine. You can go."

Wendy had assumed Jane intended to wake Wilhelm, so she sighed in relief. She hesitated before

asking, "Have you eaten dinner? The kitchen kept some food warm-"

"I'm not hungry. Just leave me alone," Jane snapped impatiently, then headed upstairs.

Alone in her room, she sat at her vanity, removing her makeup while her mind raced.

She wouldn't go abroad, and Pedro wouldn't willingly hand over any shares. If she wanted them, she'd have to take drastic measures.

An idea crossed her mind. If something unexpected happened to Pedro before he could write a will, she'd be entitled to an inheritance.

She picked up her phone and called her assistant, her voice cold. "Find out if my grandfather has made a will."

"Yes, Ms. Wilkie," came the reply.

After hanging up, Jane pondered ways to orchestrate an accident for Pedro-something that would leave no suspicion on her.

Moments later, her phone buzzed again.

"Ms. Wilkie, I checked-he hasn't drafted a will," her assistant reported.

Jane smirked. "Good. I understand."

She had nothing to worry about now that Pedro didn't have a will. He was to blame for being so ruthless, planning to send her abroad and cutting off her last chance to reclaim the company.

She would never let a scoundrel like Theo take over the company.

By morning, Jane went to see Pedro at his residence.

When he saw her, he set down his toast and wiped his hands with a napkin. "Have you made up your mind?"

Tears welled up in Jane's eyes as she forced herself to appear pitiful. "Grandpa, I've decided to go abroad -but not just yet."

He shot her a cold look. "Even if you stay, I'm not handing the company to you."

She felt resentful but feigned

sentful

sorrow. "I know. I've thought it through. I don't want the company anymore. But... Gabriel is talking about a divorce. He refuses to leave the country with Wilhelm and me..."

Pedro frowned. "Why is he asking for a divorce now?"

"It's because..., his gaming company was sold to save the company, and he hasn't forgiven me. That company was his passion project his years of hard work... And later, I got so busy that I didn't arrange a angry and refuses to talk to me..." Jane explained.

new job for him. Now he's

Chapter 989

Pedro slammed the table in frustration. "Everything he has comes from the Wilkies! What right does he have to be angry? A grown man relying on his wife to live-what a disgrace if word gets out!"

Seeing Pedro's reaction was exactly what she had expected, Jane quickly added, "Grandpa, I need to discuss the divorce with him first. Once that's settled, I can leave the country."

"What's there to discuss? Call him right now and tell him to come over!" Pedro snapped.

Jane's expression faltered as she replied, "He moved out a few days ago. Even if I call, he probably won't answer..."

"Call him!" Pedro insisted.

She sighed in defeat, pulled out her phone, and dialed Gabriel's number. She tried several times, but he didn't pick up.

Setting the phone down, she looked at Pedro. "Grandpa, he's ignoring my calls."

"I'll have someone track him down and drag him here," Pedro growled.

Seeing that Pedro was about to take action, Jane quickly intervened, "Grandpa, please don't get involved. The company is already dealing with so much. Let me handle this. Whether we divorce or not, I need time to resolve it."

"Are you sure you can handle this without tarnishing the company's reputation?" Pedro asked, his sharp gaze making it clear he doubted her.

For a moment, Jane froze.

She quickly realized that his concern wasn't about her personal troubles-it was entirely about the company's image.

Her heart sank. So, he really didn't care about her at all. All he cared about was the Wilkie Group.

"Don't worry, Grandpa. I'll take care of it quietly. No one will know," she promised.

Pedro remained silent for a moment before waving her off. "Fine. I'll give you one month. Within that time, either finalize the divorce or take him with you when you leave the country."

"Yes, Grandpa, I understand," Jane replied.

"I need to get back to reviewing documents. You can go now," Pedro dismissed her.

"Alright," Jane answered.

As she turned away, her expression hardened, and her fists clenched.

It seemed her plan would have to proceed sooner than expected.

Pedro's ruthlessness made it easier for her to silence any lingering guilt about what she was planning.

In Gabriel's villa...

Gabriel's lawyer handed him the divorce papers.

"Mr. Hackett, here are the divorce

papers. Please review them to see if there's anything you'd like to adjust. If it's good to go, I'll have them sent to Ms. Wilkie," the lawyer said.

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Gabriel skimmed the document,

then handed it back. "It's fine. If she's willing to give up custody of our son, offer her an additional 5,000,000 dollars. If not, we'll see her

in court."

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"Understood, sir," the lawyer replied.

After the lawyer left, Gabriel walked over to the wine cabinet, took out a bottle of champagne, and poured himself a glass.

He swirled the glass gently, took a sip, and smirked.

Soon, he'd be free to pursue Nyla.

But first, he needed to get rid of Damon-the man standing in his way.

He picked up his phone, dialed Tom's number, and proposed, "Mr. Genge, I'm free now. Let's discuss that collaboration we talked about. How about we meet tonight?"

Tom sounded surprised on the other

end. "Mr. Hackett, if I'm not

mistaken, didn't you just sell that gaming company you've been

working on for years? How are

swne wel

in the mood to talk business now?"

Chapter 990

"Why don't you investigate who ended up with that gaming company?" Gabriel retorted. There was a brief silence before Tom chuckled.

When the Wilkie Group partnered with Starlite Enterprise, they handed over hundreds of millions to the latter. Then, to salvage their cash flow crisis, they sold Gabriel's gaming company, using the proceeds to patch up their financial hole.

In essence, Gabriel had contributed nothing yet walked away with a gaming company.

Meanwhile, the Wilkie Group lost everything-the gaming company, the money, and now even the stability of its headquarters. The company was on the brink of collapse.

"I have to say, Mr. Hackett, your maneuvering is impressive. You've played the Wilkies like a fiddle.

"I wonder, though, how Jane would feel if she realized she spent billions of the Wilkie Group's funds just

to gift you her gaming company? Do you think she'd be furious?" Tom quipped.

Gabriel's gaze turned cold. "And how does any of this relate to our partnership?"

"Of course, it doesn't. I just can't help but admire the masterful way you've manipulated the Wilkies behind the scenes," Tom replied.

Impatient, Gabriel cut straight to the point. "8:00 p.m. tonight. Violet Carriage, Room 1. Don't be late."

He hung up without waiting for a response.

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Tom arrived punctually at 8:00 p.m.

After a few polite exchanges, he took a seat opposite Gabriel.

"So, Mr. Hackett, reaching out to me must mean you've come up with a plan. Care to share?" Tom asked. Gabriel met his gaze coolly. "I might have a plan, but how do I know you'll listen?" Tom laughed casually. "That depends. Does your plan benefit me?"

Gabriel asked, "Before we get into my plan, let's address your recent blunder. The libel case Damon filed against you for falsely accusing the Summer Group of using substandard building

materials-have you resolved that yet?"

Tom's smile froze briefly before he replied, "Of course. It was a minor legal matter. It didn't harm my company in any significant way."

Gabriel's expression remained impassive. "I expect no more mishaps like that in the future. If you cause another mess, our partnership is over."

He made it clear that his collaboration with Tom wasn't about charity. He wanted an ally, not a liability. Tom straightened his posture and said seriously, "You don't need to worry. Last time was just a small experiment to test Damon's response."

"There's no need for such experiments. If we want to deal with Damon, the target should be Prospectus Technology.

"If Prospectus Technology falls, the Sumner Group becomes nothing more than a paper tiger. But let's be honest here-your so-called 'test' wasn't about Damon or Prospectus Technology, was it? You had your own motives, didn't you?" Gabriel taunted.

Tom's expression darkened at having his intentions exposed.

He stared straight at Gabriel and said, "Mr. Hackett, we're partners. I'm not your subordinate. You're in no position to lecture me."

Gabriel nodded and stood. "In that

case, I see no need to continue our partnership. I won't work with someone who operates outside the Scope of our agreed plan."

He turned and walked toward the door.

Tom's eyes widened in disbelief. He hadn't expected such a hardline response.

"Wait!" He rushed to stop Gabriel, speaking firmly. "Mr. Hackett, I spoke too hastily earlier. I apologize. Let's not let this ruin our collaboration."

Gabriel turned back with a smile. "That's the attitude I expect. Now, let's sit down and talk properly, shall We?"

Chapter 991

Tom gritted his teeth so hard he thought they might shatter, but he still managed to force a smile. "You're right, Mr. Hackett," he said.

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By the time their discussion had finished, it was already past 10:00 p.m.

Gabriel had other matters to attend to and left first.

Tom stayed in the private room for a while before stepping out.

As he exited Violet Carriage, he saw Valarie and Brandon walking out of a nearby restaurant. They had just finished dinner, casually holding hands and both smiling.

Valarie's gaze was almost entirely fixed on Brandon, not sparing a glance for anyone else.

Her eyes, once filled with affection when she looked at Tom, now brimmed with disdain and impatience. She didn't even want to speak to him.

A wave of emptiness washed over Tom, and he stood there, watching them walk away.

Soon enough, when Prospectus Technology fell and the Sumner Group collapsed, Brandon would no longer be a threat to him over Valarie.

Tom took a deep breath, turned, and headed for his car.

Jane received the divorce papers from Gabriel's lawyer, Philip Higham. Without even reading them, she tore them up.

She glared at Philip and spat, "I won't sign! Tell Gabriel to come talk to me in person, or he can forget about divorcing me!"

Philip remained calm, pulling another identical set of divorce papers from his briefcase and calmly placing them on the table. "Ms. Wilkie, my client said that if you're willing to give up custody of your son, he'll give you an additional 5,000,000 dollars as compensation. You can review the terms and decide."

Upon hearing the sum, Jane sneered. "5,000,000 dollars? He probably can't even scrape together 50,000. And you're a lawyer, yet you actually believe his lies? Do you think he can even pay your fees?" Philip didn't react to Jane's mockery. Evidently, she had no idea how much money Gabriel had. As his lawyer, however, he wasn't about to share that information.

"Ms. Wilkie, I've delivered the divorce papers. If you choose to sign, please contact me. If you don't agree within a week, my client will file for divorce in court," Philip said, standing up to leave.

Jane blocked his path. "Where is Gabriel? I need to see him!"

She had tried calling him, but he didn't answer. Even her attempts to guilt him into softening with their son weren't working.

"Ms. Wilkie, my client said he won't meet with you until you sign the divorce papers," Philip said, his tone still measured.

It was clear that Gabriel had no interest in seeing her again.

"Won't meet with me? Fine! Tell him he'll never see our son again! I won't give up custody!" Jane threatened.

Philip, looking somewhat helpless,

tried to clarify. "Ms. Wilkie, my client's position is clear. If you agree to give up custody, you'll receive 5,000,000 dollars in compensation. If not, he'll go to court and fight for custody. Either way, he wants custody."

Besides, Jane didn't have much of a chance when her financial situation was compared to Gabriel's. Jane snorted derisively. "Didn't you even do your homework on your client before taking this case? Fine, whatever amount Gabriel is paying you, I'll double it. Take me to see him."

#Chapter 992

Chapter 992

Philip shook his head. "Ms. Wilkie, I have other matters to attend to. If you need a lawyer, I can refer one to you."

"Fine. Let's see if you'll get your lawyer's fee after this," Jane shot back.

Without another word, Philip walked past her and left.

Fuming, Jane grabbed the divorce papers and prepared to tear them up again.

As her hand hovered over the papers, though, she paused.

She took a deep breath and read the contents. After that, she tossed them straight into the trash.

Gabriel had truly lost his mind—he was offering her 10,000,000 dollars as compensation for the divorce.

He had worked at a game company under the Wilkie Group for years, earning only a few thousand each month. Where could he possibly get 10,000,000 dollars?

Jane picked up her phone and called her assistant. "Find out where Gabriel is now!"

She expected a quick response, but after an entire day, the assistant still hadn't located him.

Jane lost her temper. "What kind of job do you do? You can't even find a man who doesn't have a job?"

The assistant, feeling aggrieved, tried to explain, "I checked the surveillance, but after he left the villa, his trail went cold. Ms. Wilkie, maybe you should hire a private detective?"

"Useless!" Jane snapped, hanging up.

After a moment of thought, she called her mother-in-law, Wren.

When Wren heard that Gabriel wanted a divorce, she couldn't believe it. "Divorce? You have a child together. How could he want a divo—"

She froze. Then, she recalled how Gabriel had warned her to stay away from Harrison when she tried to reconcile with him.

Could it be that he still liked Nyla? Was he out of his mind?

Jane could sense the hesitation in Wren's voice but didn't press her. Instead, she coldly said, "Mom, I can't get in touch with him. Can you call him and tell him to come back? Wil misses him. I won't agree to the divorce for his sake."

"Don't worry, Jane. I'll call him right now. I'll make sure he comes back tonight," Wren assured.

"Thanks, Mom," Jane replied.

After hanging up, Wren immediately dialed Gabriel's number. "Where are you?"

Gabriel's tone was cold. "What's the matter?"

"What do you mean, 'what's the matter'? Why are you divorcing Jane? Gabriel, don't forget, you have a family and a child now. Are you really going to ruin your life just for Nyla?" Wren demanded.

"It's been years now. Nyla and Damon already have a child, and you have a family. Can't you just leave things alone?"

Gabriel's voice was icy. "Don't forget, you have your own family, but you still want to get back together with Harrison. Why can't I divorce and pursue Nyla?"

"That's different!" Wren snapped.

"I don't see how," Gabriel replied flatly.

"If you abandon your wife now, you'll regret it when you're older. Jane and Wilhelm will hate you for the rest of your life!" Wren warned.

Gabriel let out a cold laugh. "Mom, I don't care. As long as I'm with Nyla, nothing else matters to me." "You're crazy!" Wren yelled. "Where are you? I'm coming to see you!"

Chapter 993

"No need. Tell Jane that if she refuses to sign the divorce papers, I will never see her again," Gabriel said before hanging up the phone.

When Wren called again, he didn't pick up.

She slammed her phone down, her mind boiling with rage.

If it weren't for Nyla's return, Gabriel wouldn't have wanted to divorce Jane. It was all Nyla's fault.

The more she thought about it, the angrier she became. She immediately drove to Prospectus Technology to confront Nyla.

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When the receptionist informed Nyla that someone was looking for her, Nyla was confused. If it had been someone she knew, they would have called first. No one came unannounced.

"Did she say who she is?" Nyla asked.

The receptionist shook her head. "No, but she insisted on seeing you. She seems to be someone you know."

"Alright, tell her to wait a moment," Nyla replied.

After the receptionist left, Nyla finished inputting the data for her experiment, removed her lab coat, and headed downstairs.

As she stepped out of the elevator, Nyla spotted Wren sitting near the window in the lobby.

She paused, frowning. She hadn't expected it to be Wren who was looking for her.

Approaching Wren, Nyla didn't intend to sit. Instead, she asked coldly, "Ms. Hackett, is there something you need?"

Wren glared at Nyla and demanded, "Nyla, what exactly did you do to seduce Gabriel? Now he's fighting for a divorce from Jane because of you! Are you really trying to ruin my son's life and tear apart his family?"

Wren's voice was loud enough for everyone around them to hear.

Some began to glance over at Nyla, judging her.

A gleam of satisfaction flashed in Wren's eyes when she noticed the stares.

She raised her voice even more. "What do you gain from destroying someone's family? Why are you doing this?!"

Whispers spread throughout the room, and some people even began filming with their phones.

Nyla remained unshaken, meeting Wren's gaze directly. "Ms. Hackett, do you know that spreading rumors is illegal?"

Wren faltered for a moment, noticing Nyla's unflinching stare.

"Rumors? Should I release the recording of my phone conversations with Gabriel? Maybe you'd like to hear them?" Wren shot back.

Frustrated with Wren's baseless accusations, Nyla turned to the receptionist. "This person is here to cause trouble. Please call security and have her removed. Do not let her back in again."

The receptionist, who knew Nyla well and was aware of her connection to Damon, quickly nodded. "Understood, Ms. Kinsey."

Wren's face flushed. She pointed at Nyla and yelled, "Even if you throw me out, I won't let you off! I'll make sure everyone knows what kind of woman you really are!"

Nyla smiled coolly. "Go ahead. The bigger the scene, the better. That way, when I call the police, you won't be able to claim I'm slandering you."

"Fine! Just wait!" Wren barked.

Two large security guards arrived and began escorting her out.

Wren struggled, shouting, "Let go of me! I'll leave on my own!"

The guards ignored her and quickened their pace.

Within a minute, they had dumped Wren at the entrance of Prospectus Technology.

Wren fell awkwardly to the ground, screaming in pain as she scrambled to get up.

The two guards prevented her from reentering.

She screamed at Nyla from the doorway, "Nyla, even if you throw me out, I won't let this go!"

Nyla didn't even glance at her. Instead, she turned to the receptionist and said, "Make sure she's not allowed back inside."

"Yes, Ms. Kinsey," the receptionist replied.

Nyla went back to finish her

experiment, unaware that a few people had recorded the incident, edited the video, and posted it online.

The video quickly went viral.

Not long after, Gabriel's secretary showed him the video. "Sir, this seems to be your mother..."

Gabriel watched the video and immediately recognized Wren and Nyla. His expression darkened. "What's going on with this video?"

"It appears your mother went to Prospectus Technology to confront Ms. Kinsey, accusing her of breaking up your family. Someone recorded it and posted it online," the secretary explained. en FindNovel

Gabriel scowled. "Take it down. All of it. I don't want to see any discussions about it online." "Understood, sir," the secretary replied, quickly contacting the PR team.

Before they could take action, the videos vanished. All related search terms were deleted, and nothing could be found.

"Mr. Hackett, someone must have removed the videos before we could act," the secretary informed him. Gabriel narrowed his eyes, suspecting Damon's involvement.

"Get me the details of who first uploaded the video. I'm suing them for defamation," he instructed. Seeing the frost in Gabriel's eyes, the secretary quickly nodded. "Got it."

Gabriel took a deep breath and stood. "Prepare the car. We're going to Prospectus Technology."

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Within half an hour, Gabriel arrived at Prospectus Technology.

He spotted Wren still standing at the entrance, refusing to leave, and stormed over to her with a grim expression.

Wren continued shouting at the security guards.

Gabriel grabbed her arm, his voice thick with frustration. "Enough! Are you finished throwing a tantrum like

a Karen? Aren't you embarrassed?"

Chapter 994

When Wren saw Gabriel, she was momentarily stunned, then sneered. "So, you won't come to see me, but you rush here when it's Nyla? Does she matter more than your own mother?"

Gabriel didn't waste time arguing. He dragged her toward the car and told the driver to leave immediately. If she stayed there, who knew what other mess she'd create.

In the car, Wren shoved his hand away and was about to open the door.

Gabriel's cold voice stopped her. "If you jump out at this speed, you'll either die or be paralyzed."

Wren froze, then turned to glare at him. "What do you want? You're throwing away your family for Nyla?" "This is none of your business," he replied.

Wren scoffed. "None of my business? Gabriel, do you really think Nyla will be with you just because you divorce Jane? I advise you to wake up. She didn't care about you five years ago. Do you really think she'll care now?"

Gabriel's anger flared. His cold eyes bore into hers, and the temperature in the car seemed to drop. Wren wasn't intimidated. "If you were even a little clear-headed, you wouldn't be asking for a divorce. You have a perfectly good life, but you're throwing it all away."

"And what about you?" Gabriel's voice turned sharp. "I tried to convince you not to divorce, but look at you now. You threw Harrison into a nursing home, and now you want to go back to him. Who's really out of their mind?"

Wren's face flushed.

"You..." She pointed at him, ready to explode. "Fine! I won't interfere with your affairs anymore, and you don't meddle with mine either! We're cutting ties!"

"As you wish," Gabriel replied.

His indifference only angered Wren further, and she slapped him.

The car fell into silence as the slap landed.

Gabriel scowled, his presence imposing.

Wren's hand felt numb, and she regretted hitting him. However, she couldn't bring herself to apologize, so she turned to look out the window and pretended nothing had happened.

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After a long pause, the car pulled up in front of a villa.

Wren noticed it wasn't her house and turned to ask Gabriel, "Where is this?"

"Get out," Gabriel said, opening the door on the other side and stepping out toward the villa.

Wren gritted her teeth, suppressing her frustration, and followed him.

It was clear to her that, even though she was Gabriel's mother, he was the one in charge now.

They sat in the living room, and Gabriel looked at Wren warningly. "Don't go looking for Nyla again."

"If I don't, will you even see me?" Wren countered.

"If you go after her again, I swear you'll never see me again," Gabriel threatened.

Hearing this, Wren pointed at him and snapped Gabriel, don't think you can threaten me like this. Do

you think, want to see Nyla? If you

weren't so obsessed with your divorce, I wouldn't have visited Prospectus Technology to cause a scene. You think I have no shame?"

Gabriel's patience wore thin.

"Stop pretending to be concerned about me while hurting the people I love. I've wanted a divorce for a long time, and it has nothing to do with Nyla," he retorted.

If Wren weren't his mother, he wouldn't have let her live another day after what she said to Nyla.

Chapter 995

"Do you even believe what you're saying?" Wren demanded.

If it weren't for Nyla's return to the country, Gabriel would never have asked Jane for a divorce. It was all Nyla's fault. If only Nyla had died when she fell into the sea five years ago...

Gabriel stared at Wren, his expression unreadable. "Whether you believe it or not doesn't matter to me. You should mind your own business and stop interfering with mine."

"Gabriel, are you really trying to drive me crazy?" Wren snapped.

"I'm not trying to upset you, and I haven't done anything to hurt you. It's you who keeps meddling in my affairs. I don't listen, so you get angry. You should reflect on whether it's right for you to interfere with my life," Gabriel replied flatly.

Wren felt a wave of disappointment as she met Gabriel's cold gaze. "Gabriel, I worked so hard to send you abroad for school, not for you to come back and make me miserable!"

"If you just stayed out of my business, you'd have fewer problems," Gabriel retorted.

"Fine! Since you're so stubborn, I'll pretend you're not my son. We're cutting ties!" Wren spat, storming out of the room.

She grabbed her bag and rushed out of the villa.

Once outside, she immediately called Jane. "I've tried talking to him, but it's useless. You'll have to figure it out on your own."

Hearing Wren's defeat, Jane said, "Mom, whether I divorce Gabriel or not doesn't really matter, but Wilhelm is your grandson. Do you really want him to grow up in a single-parent household?"

Of course, Wren didn't want that, but she was powerless against Gabriel.

"What can I do about it? You've been married to him for five years and can't even control your own husband. Maybe you should think about whether there's something wrong with you," Wren said bitterly. Jane huffed, her voice sharp. "Mom, who are you to criticize me? You're Gabriel's mother. He's the way he is because of you! You know I've only been with him for five years. What effect could that have compared to your 20-plus years of influence?"

Wren sighed, her patience running thin. "Anyway, I'm done with your problems. I don't want to be involved anymore. You figure it out."

With that, she ended the call.

Jane angrily threw her phone down.

Neither of them would listen, but she was determined to make them regret it.

Taking a deep breath, she decided to

ignore Gabriel for now. Once she

dealt with Pedro and secured the

inheritance, she'd handle these two.

In the CEO's office at Prospectus Technology...

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Damon's expression grew cold as he watched the footage of Wren's outburst.

Spencer, standing nearby, was too nervous to speak.

"I remember the company run by Wren's husband used to be a subsidiary of the Wilkie Group, right?" Damon asked.

"Yes," Spencer replied.

"If he can't even manage his own wife, how can he manage a company?" Damon remarked.

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer said, his voice tinged with unease.

After Spencer left, Damon reached for a file, but his phone suddenly rang.

It was Gabriel.

Damon sneered before answering. "Mr. Hackett, what's up?"

"Mr. Sumner, I apologize for what happened with my mother today at Prospectus Technology. I'm not sure if you and Nyla are free tonight, but I'd like to invite you both to dinner as an apology."

"No need for dinner. If you're truly

sorry, you should bring your mother

along to apologize to Nyla," Damon replied curtly.

Chapter 996

There was silence on the other end of the line before Gabriel's deep voice came through. "Mr. Sumner, Nyla probably doesn't want to see my mother."

"And you think she wants to see you?" Damon shot back.

"Mr. Sumner, just because she doesn't want to see me now doesn't mean she won't in the future," Gabriel retorted. "It's like how you're with her now. It doesn't mean you'll always be together, right? Don't you agree?"

Damon's gaze sharpened, his expression cold.

"Gabriel, let me warn you. Don't even think about anything inappropriate with her. If you do, don't think you're safe just because you're the CEO of Nyce Tech. Even if you're the richest person in the country, I'll make sure you have nothing," Damon warned.

"Mr. Sumner, you talk big. I'll be watching closely to see how you make me lose everything!" Gabriel replied, then hung up.

Damon set his phone down, his face darkening.

It seemed Gabriel was ready to leave Saintornia for good.

...

That evening, as Nyla got into the car, she immediately sensed something was off in the air.

She glanced at Damon and saw his grim expression.

Raising an eyebrow, she asked, "What's wrong? Did someone make you mad?"

"Why didn't you tell me about what happened with Wren today?" Damon asked.

Surprise flashed in Nyla's eyes. "How did you find out about that?"

She hadn't expected Damon to know about it. After all, Wren hadn't caused much of a scene before being escorted out by security.

Given Damon's busy schedule, he shouldn't have known about it.

Damon's lips were pressed into a tight line.

"You went through all that trouble and didn't tell me a word. Nyla, do you even consider me your boyfriend?" he asked.

"You're so busy with work. I didn't want to bother you with such small matters," Nyla explained. "To me, there's no such thing as small matters when it comes to you," Damon said.

Seeing the anger on Damon's face, Nyla leaned in and gently pinched his cheek. "I understand. This time, it's my fault. From now on, I'll make sure to tell you everything every day. Don't be mad, okay?"

"You're saying this now, but if you forget, I'll punish you," Damon warned, emphasizing the word "punish." "Alright, I got it. I won't forget," Nyla promised.

Damon's expression softened due to her sincerity. "By the way, from now on, you're not allowed to meet with Gabriel in private."

Nyla nodded. "Don't worry. I won't meet him privately."

She had no positive feelings toward

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Gabriel, Just thinking about his actions five years ago made her uncomfortable. She wished she never had to see him again.

"Good," Damon hummed.

Later that evening...

After dinner with Nyla and Mason, Damon went out for a social engagement.

The person he was meeting tonight was none other than Pedro.

Since Gabriel was trying to bring down the Wilkie Group, Damon planned to help the company rise above the crisis and then use it against Gabriel.

Pedro had already been waiting in the private room.

When he saw Damon, he quickly stood and greeted him with a smile, "Mr. Sumner, good evening."

Damon sat across from him,

skipping pleasantries and getting

straight to the point. "Mr. Wilkie, you probably don't know this, but your son-in-law is behind Nyce Tech, and the Starlite project. He intentionally set it up to trap the Wilkie Group."

His words dropped like a bombshell in a calm lake, sending shockwaves through Pedro.

"What?!" Pedro gasped, his eyes wide with disbelief.

How could Gabriel, that useless grandson-in-law of his, be behind Nyce Tech? It seemed unbelievable.

Chapter 997

"That's not all. In order to save the headquarters, the Wilkie Group sold the game company Gabriel was running. Guess who the actual controlling shareholder is now?" Damon suggested.

Pedro looked appalled. He instinctively rebutted, "Impossible... How could he be the hidden owner of Nyce Tech..."

Damon understood that this kind of news was hard to process. He gestured for Spencer to place a file in front of Pedro.

"Mr. Wilkie, you can take a look at this document first. After reading it, you'll have a clearer idea," Damon said.

Pedro took the file, and after reading it, his face turned grim.

"How could this happen? He's been hiding this for so many years... If it weren't for you telling me today, I might not have realized the truth until the Wilkie Group went bankrupt!" Pedro exclaimed.

Damon remained indifferent as he reminded him, "Mr. Wilkie, over the years, Gabriel has placed many of his people in your company. If you don't clear them out, he'll know every move the Wilkie Group makes. "At this rate, it won't take a month before the Wilkie Group changes its name to the Hackett Group." Pedro's chest heaved with anger as he slammed the file onto the table. "This is too much!"

"Now that you know the truth, what do you plan to do next?" Damon asked.

Pedro sighed, looking somewhat helpless. "It's embarrassing to admit, but the Wilkie Group is on its last legs. Without help from other companies, we might not survive much longer."

Damon raised an eyebrow and smiled. "I can help the Wilkie Group. However, I need you to help me deal with Gabriel after you get through this crisis."

Upon hearing that, Pedro's eyes lit up. He immediately said, "Of course! Gabriel has been plotting against the Wilkies for so long. After we get through this, I won't let him off the hook, even if you didn't ask!"

As the conversation neared its end, Spencer handed over a prepared contract to Pedro.
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After flipping through it, Pedro's expression grew excited. "Mr. Sumner, once the Wilkie Group overcomes this crisis, the first person I'll deal with is Gabriel!"

Damon smiled and replied, "Then it's settled. Let's work together."

After Pedro left with the contract, Spencer expressed some concerns. "Mr. Sumner, once the Wilkie Group survives, do you think Mr. Wilkie will keep his word?"

"If he doesn't, I have my ways of making him regret it," Damon replied calmly. "Now go ahead and head back. I'll drive myself."

"Understood," Spencer replied.

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On his way home, Pedro couldn't stop looking at the contract, his face filled with excitement.

With this contract from the Sumner Group, his company could resume operations and buy more time to

recover.

More importantly, having the Sumner Group as a partner would prevent other companies in the city from hesitating to work with them.

However, when he thought about how Gabriel had been manipulating the Wilkies, his expression darkened.

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Pedro arrived home and asked a maid to summon Jane.

Jane, who had already obtained the

drug, was lost in thought, planning how to secretly slip it into Pedro's tea and make it seem as though he had suffered a heart attack.

When the maid arrived to fetch her, it felt as though the universe itself had intervened.

Jane gripped the drug, a cold glint in her eyes. She wasn't to blame it was simply the universe's will that Pedro was going to die.

Chapter 998

Jane told the maid, "I understand. You can head back first. I'll check if Wilhelm is asleep, then I'll go over." The maid nodded. "Alright, Ms. Wilkie."

Jane went upstairs, placed the drug in her bag, changed her clothes, and headed for Pedro's residence. Knowing that Pedro was in the study, she didn't hurry to see him. Instead, she went to the kitchen. "Grandpa loves the tea I make, so I'll brew a pot and bring it to him," she told the maids.

She prepared the tea and then personally carried it to the study.

After knocking on the door and entering, Jane was met with Pedro's cold, piercing gaze.

She paused for a moment, then walked over and set the tea on the table with a smile. "Grandpa, who upset you?"

Pedro sneered, grabbing a document and throwing it onto the table. "Take a look for yourself!"

Jane poured him a cup of tea and handed it to him. "Grandpa, please have some tea first."

Before she could finish speaking, Pedro suddenly knocked the cup from her hand.

The hot tea splashed onto Jane's hand, and a sharp pain shot through her. She quickly pulled her hand away from the cup.

As she checked her now-red hand, Pedro's cold voice echoed above her head. "Jane, take a good look at this document and see who you really married!"

Jane froze. Enduring the pain in her hand, she picked up the document and flipped it open. Her expression shifted from confusion to shock.

"This... How is this possible?!" she gasped.

How could Gabriel be the hidden owner of Nyce Tech?

She had been married to him for five years, and in her eyes, he was just a man who relied on the Wilkies. How could he be the owner of a publicly listed company?!

"Grandpa... are you sure about this? If he's really the owner of Nyce Tech, why would he spend five years as a son-in-law in the Wilkies?" she asked, her voice trembling with doubt.

Pedro sneered. "I wish I were mistaken, but this document came from Damon. Do you think it'd be fake?" "Why would Gabriel do this?" Jane asked.

"Why?" Pedro fixed her with an angry

gaze. "For the Wilkie Group, of course! The game company that was sold is now under his name. We used the Wilkie Group's money to buy that company, and without paying a single cent, he took that profitable company away from us!"

The more he spoke, the angrier he became.

Pedro had originally hoped to groom Jane as the future successor of the Wilkie Group. Now, he was utterly disappointed in her.

"You married him, lived with him for five years, and never saw any signs. That shows just how foolish you are!" he scolded.

Jane shook her head. "Grandpa, he always acted normally. He went to work at the game company, and on weekends, he'd stay home with Wilhelm. There was no unusual behavior. And not just me—you didn't notice anything either, right?"

"You spent the most time with him. If you didn't notice, how could anyone else have?" Pedro shot back. Facing Pedro's furious gaze, Jane felt a mix of frustration and confusion. Why was she being blamed when it was Gabriel's fault?

"Enough. Go back now. From now

on, be careful around him. As for your divorce, I'll send a lawyer from the company to help. Since he's harmed the company so badly if

no

Want a divorce, make sure he

pays the price!" Pedro declared.

Jane didn't respond, her head lowered as she turned and left.

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Back at the villa, Jane sat on the sofa in a daze.

Chapter 999

Gabriel was the owner of Nyce Tech?

If anyone else had told Jane this, she would have dismissed it as nonsense. But since Pedro mentioned that the document came from Damon, she knew it was the truth.

However, now that Gabriel owned Nyce Tech, there was no longer any need for her to pursue Pedro. The market value of Nyce Tech far exceeded that of the Wilkie Group.

Thinking of this, Jane felt a brief flicker of joy, but her expression quickly darkened.

She had added the drug she brought with her into the tea she made for Pedro. If he had drunk it... Panicking, she rushed to the Wilkie residence.

As she entered the living room, she saw a maid carrying the teapot she had sent to the study earlier, heading toward the kitchen.

Jane quickly stopped the maid, breathless. "Has Grandpa drunk the tea yet?"

The maid, looking confused, shook her head. "No, Mr. Wilkie said he was going to bed and that the tea might cause insomnia. He had someone bring him a glass of warm milk instead."

"Oh... that's good..." Jane sighed in relief, though she noticed the maid eyeing her with suspicion.

"I just remembered that I read somewhere that old people shouldn't drink tea at night because it's bad for

their health..." she quickly added. "Give me the tea. It's my favorite. I'll take it back and drink it."

Though the maid still seemed uncertain, she handed the tea over. "Alright, Ms. Wilkie."

"Thanks, you should get some rest," Jane said, her voice hurried.

After sending the maid away, Jane took the tea and left, walking briskly back home.

Back at the Wilkie residence, Pedro stopped the maid and coldly asked, "What did Jane say to you earlier?"

The maid froze at his sudden

question, her face turning pale. "Mr. Wilkie, Ms. Wilkie told me that old people shouldn't drink tea at night because it's bad for their health. She also said that the tea was her favorite, so she didn't want to it and decided to take it back."

Pedro's gaze darkened. "I see. You may go now." "Y-Yes..." the maid stammered, clearly relieved to leave.

waste

After she departed, Pedro turned to his butler and said coldly, "When Jane brought the tea to my study earlier, I knocked over a cup and spilled some on the floor. Have someone collect a sample of the fortesting to see if there's anything in it."

The butler's expression changed. "Mr. Wilkie, are you suspecting that Ms. Wilkie put something in the tea?"

"Just do as I say," Pedro ordered.

"Of course..." the butler complied.

Two hours later...

The butler handed Pedro a report. "Mr. Wilkie, here are the results of the tea's analysis."

Pedro took the report and, after a long pause, opened it. He stared at the test results for several moments before slowly closing the document.

He couldn't believe it. His own granddaughter, whom he had raised with so much care, had planned to harm him.

The tea contained a neurotoxin that

would cause the heart to rapidly contract, triggering a heart attack. would be quickly metabolized, so even an autopsy would only reveal heart failure as the cause of death.

If he had drunk that tea, he might already be dead.

As for Jane, simply discarding the teapot would have been enough to cover her tracks.

Pedro couldn't understand why Jane would do this. Was it really just because he had refused to let her return to the company?

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The more Pedro thought about it, the more disappointed he became.

Seeing the disappointment on his face, the butler deduced that the tea had indeed been tampered with. "Mr. Wilkie... what do we do about this?" he asked.

Pedro took a deep breath and said solemnly, "Pretend you know nothing. Don't tell anyone."

"Understood," the butler replied.

Jane thought no one knew about the drug she had slipped into Pedro's tea. After getting home, she poured the tea out and smashed the teapot into the trash.

Once everything was handled, she let out a sigh of relief, sat back down on the sofa, and began to reflect on her situation with Gabriel.

She hadn't considered divorce before. Now that she knew he was Nyce Tech's owner, divorce was out of the question.

As long as she remained Gabriel's wife, she would still have a claim to half of Nyce Tech. If they divorced, she would have nothing.

She had been married to Gabriel for five years and even had a child with him. For him to try to pay her off with a few million and take their son away was simply unacceptable.

The next morning...

Jane went straight to Nyce Tech to find Gabriel.

As soon as she entered the lobby, the receptionist stopped her. "Hello, Miss. May I ask who you're here to see? Do you have an appointment?"

Jane's demeanor was arrogant as she coldly replied, "I'm here to see Gabriel Hackett."

The receptionist paused, then checked and found no one by that name. "Miss, we don't have an

employee named Gabriel Hackett. I think you've come to the wrong place."

"You don't even know your own boss' name? How are you working as a receptionist?" Jane snapped.

The receptionist frowned. "Our boss is Eddie Morrison... You must have made a mistake."

"Then call him down. Tell him I'm Gabriel's wife," Jane demanded.

The receptionist remained silent.

Jane's expression grew icy as she ordered, "Call him. I'll speak to him."

The receptionist hesitated, then glanced over at the security guard. "This person is causing a disturbance. Please escort her out."

Jane's eyes widened in disbelief. "You're going to call security on me? Do you even know who I am? I'm your boss' wife!"

The receptionist stared at her

blankly. "Our boss is Mr. Eddie Morrison. He's nearly 70, and his granddaughter is about your age. As I already said, there's no one named Gabriel Hackett here. If you don't leave, I'll have to call the police."

With that, she instructed security to forcibly remove Jane.

Furious, Jane pulled out her phone to have her assistant check the number for Eddie's office.

Just then, a black Rolls-Royce pulled up behind her.

A well-dressed man stepped out of the passenger seat, walked to the back, and opened the door for a portly man in his 70s.

Seeing Jane standing by the door, Eddie asked with a frown, "What's going on?"

One of the security guards spoke up. "Mr. Morrison, this woman is causing a disturbance. She insists on seeing you.

Eddie glanced at Jane. Recognizing her as Gabriel's wife, he said in a low voice, "Ms. Wilkie, it seems Nyce Tech has never wronged you."

Jane stepped forward and said in a

low voice

"Mr. Morrison, I don't I want

to waste time with you. I know

Gabriel is the real boss behind Nyce

Tech. I need to see him.

"If I don't,

expose everything to the

public-including how your

company, Starlite Enterprise, purposely swindled the Wilkie Group

out of billions before filing for bankruptcy.

"I can't find Mr. Tonra, but I can sue Nyce Tech."