

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

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Chapter 1

Nyla Jayston was in her third month of trying to conceive when she saw a message on her husband Clark Sumner's phone from a contact named "Jordyn Cheatham".

Jordyn: [I think my new nightgown is a bit tight. Why don't you come over and check if it fits?]

Attached was a selfie of a woman in a deep V-neck red slip dress, her cleavage partly exposed, exuding seduction.

Nyla's grip on the phone tightened. She scrolled up and found Clark and Jordyn's previous exchanges to be strictly work-related, which made her frown.

'Was the text sent by mistake? Or...'

A hand wrapped around Nyla's waist from behind, breaking her thoughts.

Clark pressed his warm body against hers and gently nibbled her earlobe. "Honey, I'm all cleaned up. Do you want to do it on the couch or the bed?"

Before Nyla could respond, Clark picked her up and laid her on the couch, his tall frame looming over her.

"Since you're not saying anything, I'll choose. Let's do it on the couch," Clark said, his voice husky and his eyes filled with a flicker of fire that made Nyla blush instantly.

Nyla was already beautiful, and the slight flush on her cheeks made her look like a tempting, ripe, juicy peach under the light.

Clark's gaze grew darker. He leaned in to kiss Nyla, but she suddenly turned her head away.

Sensing her resistance, he looked at her with confusion. "Honey, what's wrong?"

Clark, usually assertive at work, now looked at Nyla with a mix of confusion and hurt, which softened her heart momentarily. Despite that, she hadn't forgotten the explicit selfie she had just seen.

She stopped him with one hand on his chest and held up his phone with the other, showing him the screen. "Explain this first."

Clark glanced at the screen and immediately frowned, grabbing the phone to make a call. It was quickly answered.

"Mr. Sumner, what can I do for you?"

Clark glowered, and his voice turned icy. "I didn't know my secretary started soliciting clients."

There was a moment of silence before Jordyn's panicked voice came through. "M-Mr. Sumner, I'm sorry. That message was meant for my boyfriend. I must have sent it to you by mistake..."

"Next time it happens, pack your things and leave!" Clark hung up and looked back at Nyla, his expression softening, even showing a hint of grievance. "Honey, she sent it by mistake. If you're still upset, I'll fire her tomorrow. It's late now, so let's not waste time on someone unworthy. We haven't seen each other in a week. You need to make it up to me tonight."

Clark pulled Nyla in for a kiss, but her mood was ruined despite the issue being cleared up. She wasn't in the mood anymore and pushed him away. "I'm tired tonight. Let's continue tomorrow."

A flash of disappointment crossed Clark's eyes, but he didn't pressure her. "Alright, you sleep first. I'm not tired yet, so I'll go to the study to handle some work."

"Okay."

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It started raining heavily in the middle of the night.

The sound woke Nyla, and she reached out only to feel the cold space beside her. She glanced at the clock—3:16 a.m.

Nyla wondered whether Clark was still working.

She got up, put on a robe, and went to the study, but it was dark and empty. Her grip on the doorknob tightened, and her heart sank.

Nyla's phone suddenly chimed, startling her in the quiet night. Seeing that it was a text from a stranger, she had a gut feeling that reading it would mean no turning back for her and Clark.

A thunderclap boomed outside, startling her into accidentally pressing it.

[Still awake? Because your husband isn't with you?]

[I was scared because of the thunder and power outage, and he came to comfort me.]

[Don't you want to know where your husband is?]

As Nyla read the messages and the boastful tone, her hands trembled uncontrollably. After a long while, another text came in with an address and a series of digits.

Nyla bit her lip, grabbed her car keys, and drove straight there.

By the time she reached the villa, it was past 4:00 a.m.

She entered the code, and the door unlocked.

The living room lights were on. From the entrance to the bedroom door, a man's suit and a woman's lingerie were strewn about, revealing the urgency of their actions.

Seeing the torn red nightgown at the bedroom door, Nyla felt a sense of absurdity.

Although the distance from the entrance to the bedroom was only a few meters, it felt like an eternity to Nyla. Standing at the bedroom door, she felt light-headed and dizzy.

She reached out, trembling, and slowly pushed the slightly open door.

The sight of the messy bed and the naked couple entwined—their heavy breathing filling the room—pierced Nyla's heart. The couple was so engrossed that they didn't notice her standing there.

Nyla's hand on the door frame turned white from gripping it too hard, leaving red marks on her palm. She had been with Clark for eight years, from school days to marriage, envied by everyone around them. Until today, she had never imagined betrayal between them.

Now, reality dealt her a cruel blow. Even the most sincere wedding vows couldn't withstand a fickle heart.

Unable to bear the sight, Nyla turned and stumbled out, driving away. She stopped by a bar on the way and decided to go in.

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By the time Valarie Weir arrived, Nyla had already downed two bottles of whiskey, her gaze slightly unfocused. "Valarie, you're here..."

Seeing Nyla surrounded by several men, Valarie frowned. "All of you, leave!"

"No, they're fine here—"

"I said, leave!" After driving the men away, Valarie sat next to Nyla. "What happened? Did Clark really cheat on you?"

Valarie was Nyla's university roommate and had witnessed Nyla and Clark's journey from school to marriage. She had seen Clark treat Nyla well all these years, so she couldn't believe he would cheat.

Upon hearing Clark's name, Nyla's gaze dimmed, and the heart-wrenching pain came rushing back. "I don't want to hear that name right now."