

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Paradise 151

Chapter 151

Upon hearing Damon's affirmative response, Erin's face lit up, ready to continue mocking Nyla.

Melody suddenly interjected, "Ms. Hulle, you've got one thing wrong. Nyla is both beautiful and capable, which is not something people can simply envy."

Erin's expression froze, and her eyes betrayed a flicker of anger. She huffed. "I never said Ms. Nyla wasn't capable-just that her looks give her many advantages."

Tired of Erin's thinly veiled sarcasm, Nyla decided to speak her mind.

She turned to Erin and said, "You claim my looks give me benefits, but doesn't your family background provide you with plenty of advantages. too? Otherwise, you wouldn't be sitting here having lunch with Ms. Summer, would you?"

The world was never fair, and wanting everything was simply being greedy.

Erin was rendered speechless, her face turning an ugly shade.

Nyla picked up her tray and stood up, announcing, "I'm done. Enjoy your meal."

Melody quickly followed her. "Nyla, I'm sorry. I spoke too quickly earlier. If I hadn't agreed to let them sit with us, none of this would have happened."

Nyla brushed it off, saying, "Don't worry about it."

Erin was looking for provoke her. Even if they hadn't

any exCUSA -

agreed to let them sit, she would have stayed nearby and found another way to irritate Nyla.

Initially, Nyla thought Erin and Damon were a good match, but now she felt Erin was not worthy of him. However, Damon may eventually choose to marry Erin, so it was not her place to interfere. After they left, Erin turned to Damon. "Mr. Damon, does Ms. Nyla hold a grudge against me?"

She bit her lip, looking aggrieved.

Normally, any other man might have felt a surge of sympathy seeing her like this. However, Damon remained expressionless as he asked, "Didn't you provoke her first?"

Sensing Damon's defense of Nyla, Erin's anger flared, her voice growing colder. "I was just speaking the truth. Didn't you agree with me?"

She had expected that knowing Damon liked Nyla would make him treat her better, to keep her quiet. Instead, his attitude had worsened.

"I only agreed that personal capability is important. It seems you don't understand men," Damon remarked.

Erin's face paled. Was he implying that he preferred beautiful women and had no interest in her?

"Mr. Damon, you should remember your and Nyla's identities!" she snapped.

As soon as she spoke, the temperature seemed to drop several degrees. Damon's gaze turned icy, cold enough to freeze.

"Ms. Hulle, I suggest you think before you speak. Otherwise, the consequences will be more than you can bear," he said, standing up and leaving.

Only after Damon left the cafeteria did Erin feel the suffocating pressure lift, and she let out a breath she hadn't realized she was holding.

However, she was far from giving up. After years of finally finding a man she liked, she wouldn't quit so easily.

Nyla and Damon were obstacles, but she still had a chance!

Recalling the angry look on Dylan's face as he left, Erin smirked and formed a plan in her mind.

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Back in his office, Damon coldly ordered, "Look into a Dylan Lomas in our company."

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Spencer looked puzzled and asked, "Mr. Sumner, why are we investigating this employee?"

"I hired you to do your job, not to ask questions," Damon replied curtly.

Meeting Damon's icy gaze, Spencer quickly lowered his head. "I'll get right on it."

Soon, Spencer delivered a printed report on Dylan to Damon.

After reading it, Damon said coolly, "Find an excuse to send him on a business trip. I don't want him in the company for the next six months."

Spencer found this odd but didn't dare ask further questions upon recalling their previous exchange. He nodded. "Understood. I'll handle it immediately."

Dylan left the cafeteria, agitatedly clutching the flowers in his hand. He considered throwing them away but felt it would be a waste.

After a moment's thought, he sent a message to a recent fling, inviting her to dinner. He figured dinner would naturally lead to inviting her to his place afterward. Feeling better with this plan, he was about to head back when he

received a friend request. Noting the pretty woman's profile picture, he assumed she was someone he had met on a dating app and quickly accepted.

Before he could say anything, he received a message: [Want to get Nyla? 8:00 p.m. tonight at State Zero Bar, Room 8.]

Dylan frowned and was about to reply when the message was unsent.

He sent several messages asking for clarification but received no

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response. If not for the deleted message notification in the chat, he might have thought he imagined it.

He had just confessed his feelings to Nyla, and now someone added him and sent this message. It suggested that the sender was also in the cafeteria. But with so many people there, he couldn't pinpoint who

it

was.

After some hesitation, he decided it might be a prank and blocked the contact.

That evening, Erin waited in the bar for over an hour. When Dylan didn't show, she lost patience and had him forcibly brought in.

Seeing Erin, Dylan realized she was the one who had contacted him. He asked, "Ms. Hulle, what do you want?"

His gaze was wary, knowing there was no connection between Erin and Nyla. He didn't know Erin either. Why would she want to help him?

Erin smirked. "Didn't I already tell you in the text? I can help you get Nyla."

Dylan sneered. "Why should I believe you?"

"You have no choice but to follow my instructions," Erin said, tossing some documents in front of him with a cold smile. "If you don't, the consequences might be more than you can handle."

Dylan picked up the files, his face turning ashen as he read through them.

After a long moment, he looked at Erin, trembling. "Did Nyla offend you?"

Erin smirked, but the expression didn't reach her eyes. "It's best not to ask questions you shouldn't. Knowing too much could be disastrous. All

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you need to know is that I'll help you get her."

"What do I need to do?" Dylan asked.

"Just follow my instructions and don't ask questions," Erin ordered.

Dylan lowered his gaze, filled with anger at being threatened. He knew opposing Erin was futile and decided to go along with her plan. He was determined to get back at Nyla for humiliating him in the cafeteria today.

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Taking a deep breath, Dylan said slowly, "Alright, I'll follow your lead."

Nyla had been busy in the lab until after 10:00 p.m. due to problems with her experiment. As she gathered her things and prepared to leave, she received a call from Clark.

His slightly icy voice came through as soon as she answered. "Why aren't you home yet?"

"I'm wrapping up now. I'll be home soon." Just as Nyla spoke, the elevator doors opened.

She was about to step in when she saw Damon standing inside. She

hesitated for a moment.

Their eyes met, and Damon's were filled with frost. His entire demeanor radiated a chilling aloofness.

Nyla bit her lip, unsure if she should enter. Given Damon's attitude toward her at lunch, he clearly didn't want to see her.

Clark's voice came through the phone, asking if he should come pick

her up.

Nyla snapped back to reality and replied, "No need. I drove. Just wait for me at home."

She hung up and could feel Damon's sharp gaze on her, making her palms sweat as she gripped her phone.

"Aren't you coming in?" Damon asked, his voice icy and cutting through the air.

Nyla shook her head and answered, "No. just remembered I forgot something. You go ahead."

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Damon released the button holding the door open without another word, and the elevator doors slowly closed in front of Nyla. The elevator descended once again. Nyla stared at the down button for a few seconds before pressing it

again.

When she finally got home, it was nearly midnight. She walked into the living room to find Clark waiting for her on the sofa..

"I might be working late often. You don't have to wait up for me," she said, frowning slightly.

Clark scowled. "Is this job really that demanding?"

Nyla met his gaze, aware that he was really asking if her late hours meant spending time with Damon..

"Don't worry. Your uncle doesn't like me at all right now. My work is with another executive at Prospectus Technology. We won't have any interactions," she replied. Clark, unperturbed by having his true concerns revealed, said, "I'm just looking out for you."

Not wanting to continue the argument, Nyla nodded. "I know. Thank you. for your concern."

Clark frowned, noticing Nyla wasn't taking his words seriously.

However, recalling how she had discarded Damon's gift in front of him. the previous day, he assumed Damon's pride would prevent him from. pursuing her any further. "Nyla, let's drop this topic. Grandma sent over some supplements today. She still cares about you," Clark said, changing the subject.

Nyla glanced at the pile of supplements on the table, a hint of sarcasm.

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in her eyes. Marie and Clark had a way of following up a harsh reprimand with a small gesture of care.

"Thank Grandma for me," she said.

With that, Nyla started toward the stairs. She had barely reached the staircase when she heard footsteps behind her. Before she could react,

her wrist was seized.

"Nyla, what's with your attitude? Are you still mad at Grandma?" Clark demanded.

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Nyla shook Clark off, dismissing him with indifference. "You're overthinking it."

Clark was dissatisfied with her dismissive response, and his gaze grew colder.

After taking a deep breath to calm himself, he softened his tone. "Nyla, I know you feel wronged, but Grandma is getting old. I hope you can be more understanding."

Nyla found his words laughable. Whenever the Sumners were involved, Clark's solution was always for her to endure. She had previously ignored these issues because she loved him, but now she realized she would always come second to his family and career.

"Don't worry, I have no issues with her," she said calmly.

After all, she no longer cared about Clark, so why would she care about anyone else?

Seeing her calm demeanor, Clark dropped the topic and said, "By the way, Mom invited us over for dinner tomorrow night."

Nyla was surprised. Cindy had never liked her and rarely invited them over since their marriage. However, if she could get into Cyrus' study, she might find clues about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident. "Alright, got it. Do we need to prepare any gifts?" she asked.

"No need. I'll pick you up after work," Clark answered.

"Okay," Nyla agreed readily.

The next evening, Nyla packed up her equipment and said goodbye to Melody before leaving. As she reached the downstairs lobby,

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someone suddenly appeared, startling her.

It was Dylan, the man who had confessed his feelings to her the day before. He was holding a bouquet in one hand and a small, elegant cake in the other, grinning at her.

"Ms. Jayston, I thought about it all night and realized I still like you and don't want to give up. Can you give me a chance to pursue you?" Dylan

asked.

Nyla found his persistence annoying. She has assumed she had made herself clear yesterday.

"Mr. Lomas, I told you I'm married. This is harassment," she replied firmly.

Dylan's expression momentarily hardened before he resumed his previous smile. "I don't believe you're married. Unless you show me your marriage certificate or bring your husband to prove it." Annoyance flickered in Nyla's eyes, and her voice turned cold. "I don't have to prove anything to you. If you think I'm lying, find evidence. If you can't, stop bothering me."

She turned to leave, but Dylan suddenly grabbed her arm as she walked past him.

In the next moment, Dylan was punched in the face.

"Ah!" he screamed.

The punch was powerful, sending him to the ground and scattering his flowers and cake. He looked utterly pathetic.

Nyla was momentarily stunned before she asked Clark, "When did you get here?"

"Just now," Clark replied, glaring at Dylan with killing intent.

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Initially, Dylan was shocked by the punch, but he soon felt a surge of anger. He looked up to yell at Clark, but the icy gaze he encountered made him shiver. Trembling involuntarily, he struggled for several seconds to suppress his fear.

Standing up, he glared at Clark. "Who are you? Why did you hit me?"

"You're harassing my wife. Consider yourself lucky it was just one punch," Clark growled.

Realizing that Nyla was indeed married, Dylan felt a pang of guilt. Still, he quickly regained his confidence as Clark had struck first.

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"You accuse me of harassing her? Do you have any evidence? If not, I'll call the police and report you for assault. You might end up spending a few days behind bars!" Dylan threatened. Clark remained unfazed. "Go ahead, but don't be surprised if it's you who ends up in jail."

Dylan's bluster lost its impact as Clark's calm demeanor persisted. Gritting his teeth, Dylan snapped, "Fine! Just wait. You'd better hope I don't see you again!" With that, he turned and stormed off.

Clark watched him go with cold, steely eyes. Someone like that dared to harass Nyla?

Clark turned to her, his expression dark. "Why didn't you tell me someone was bothering you?"

It was clear from her reaction that this man had been a recurring problem.

Nyla pressed her lips together. "I didn't expect him to get physical. I rejected him yesterday."

She hadn't anticipated Dylan's persistence despite her clear refusal.

Clark sneered. "Tolerating people like him only emboldens them. I'll call Uncle Damon later and ask him how he manages his employees."

Nyla frowned at the mention of involving Damon. "It's just a minor issue. No need to trouble him."

Clark paused and scrutinized her denly. "Do you really think it's minor, or are you worried I'll make things cult for him?"

Nyla's expression cooled as she replied, "Do you think you have what it takes to challenge him?"

"Say that again!" Clark snarled, his eyes blazing with anger.

How dare she imply he couldn't handle Damon?!

"I can say it as many times as you want. It's the truth," Nyla insisted.

Clark laughed coldly. "Fine. Very well.

He stormed off toward the car parked by the curb, not uttering a word to Nyla during the drive to Cyrus and Cindy's place.

Nyla followed him inside, unfazed by his silence.

As they entered the living room, Cyrus' laughter greeted them.

Nyla's hands tightened at her sides. She took a deep breath to suppress her emotions and followed Clark in, changing her shoes at the entrance.

She noticed Damon was there as well, playing chess with Cyrus while. Cindy sat nearby, smiling.

Nyla knew that Cyrus and Cindy's marriage was merely a façade; Cindy was just maintaining appearances. Seeing Clark, Cindy said gently, "Have a seat. Dinner will start once your dad and uncle finish this game." Her smile faded when her gaze landed on Nyla, and she did not greet

her.

Nyla didn't mind-a sudden display of warmth from Cindy would have been unsettling. Seated on the couch, Clark watched the chess game, where Cyrus appeared to be losing. Meanwhile, Nyla was preoccupied with figuring out how to access Cyrus

study without being noticed.

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The study was on the second floor at the end of the left hallway and was usually locked.

Taking the key from Cyrus wasn't feasible, but Clark's bedroom was conveniently next to the study, with their balconies connected. If she could get to Clark's balcony, she could access the study. As Nyla pondered her plan, the chess game ended.

Cyrus sighed. "Damon, you never go easy on me. I'm your brother-can't you cut me some slack?"

Damon dropped the white pieces into the container. "If you want

someone to go easy on you, play with your subordinates. They wouldn't dare beat you."

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Cyrus shook his head and remarked, "With a temper like yours, I wonder what kind of woman could ever put up with you."

Damon did not respond, concentrating on picking up the chess pieces.

"Come on, let's eat."

At the dining table, Cyrus chatted with Damon almost excessively.

Nyla ate a small amount, then set down her cutlery and said, "I'm done. You all take your time."

As soon as she spoke, everyone at the table looked at her.

Cindy frowned, clearly displeased, but remained silent.

Clark turned to Nyla, his voice gentle as he asked, "Is the food not to your liking tonight?"

Nyla shook her head. "No, I'm really full. I remember leaving some. clothes in your room last time I was here. I'm going to see if I can find.

that dress I liked."

Clark nodded. "Alright."

Cindy initially considered suggesting that a maid look for the dress but then reconsidered. If Nyla wanted to find it herself, it would save the

service staff the trouble.

Once inside Clark's bedroom, Nyla locked the door behind her and quickly moved to the balcony. After ensuring no one was around, she carefully climbed over to Cyrus' study.

Inside the study, she scanned the room, starting with Cyrus' desk, which was cluttered with company documents. She checked the drawers but found nothing useful. It seemed she uld need to look elsewhere.

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Just as she was about to leave, she heard footsteps and voices approaching the study. Her face paled. It was too late to escape, so she quickly hid behind the curtain.

The study door opened, and Cyrus' voice grew louder as he entered. Damon, you know I never ask for help, no matter how tough things get. But the company is really in trouble this time. If you help me through this, I'll repay you with interest."

Had it not been for the company's dire straits and Richard's refusal to assist, Cyrus would not have approached Damon.

Damon remained indifferent. Just as he was about to speak, he glanced toward the curtain. Without showing any reaction, he turned back to Cyrus, who was about to sit in the chair facing the curtain. "Cyrus,

sit

over there."

Cyrus looked puzzled. "Why?"

"I prefer this spot," Damon deadpanned.

Cyrus sighed and moved to the opposite chair. He then looked at Damon. "About the funding... What do you think?"

Damon's expression remained cold. "I need to think about it. It's not at

small amount."

"I know, but Prospectus Technology is a big company, and 150 million. dollars shouldn't be too much of a strain," Cyrus insisted. Damon did not respond, his face devoid of emotion.

Sensing Damon's displeasure, Cyrus sighed. "Damon, you know my character. I wouldn't come to you unless I had no other choice." Damon's expression remained distant. Inderstood. I'll consider it."

They discussed business for a while longer before leaving the study.

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Nyla emerged from behind the curtain and quickly climbed back

through the balcony. She sent a message to her private investigator to look into what was happening with Cyrus' company.

After grabbing a random piece of clothing from the wardrobe, she prepared to leave.

As she opened the door, she was startled to find a tall figure standing there. She nearly screamed, but Damon covered her mouth and pushed her back into the room.

The door shut behind them with a bang, and Nyla found herself pinned against it by Damon.

He looked down at her, his expression cold and eyes filled with scrutiny. "What were you doing sneaking into Cyrus' study?"

Nyla was taken aback, her face turning pale. Had Damon noticed her earlier?

"U-Uncle Damon... I don't understand what you're talking about..." she stammered.

Damon chuckled, but his eyes remained icy. "I saw you hiding behind the curtain on the left side of the window. If you don't admit it, I'll go tell Cyrus right now and see if anything is missing from his study." Nyla's face turned white. She hadn't taken anything, but if Cyrus found out, he would be on high alert. Accessing the study would be much harder in the future. Yet, she couldn't reveal her true intentions.

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Seeing Nyla biting her lip and remaining silent, Damon sneered and pushed her aside, preparing to leave.

In a panic, Nyla quickly stopped him by grabbing his hand.

Damon tensed, his gaze turning cold and dangerous.

"Let go!" he barked.

Nyla bit her lip. "Uncle Damon, do you really have to push me this far?"

Damon smirked coldly. "Nyla, do you know what would have happened if Cyrus had found you in his study?"

Nyla was unaware of Cyrus' true nature, yet she had dared to sneak into his study. Had Cyrus caught her, she might have vanished without a trace-something that had happened before. Her grip on Damon tightened involuntarily, her face growing pale under the harsh light.

"Still not talking?" Damon's voice loomed above her.

Nyla took a deep breath and said slowly, "I... I wanted to find my marriage certificate with Clark..."

"Why would your marriage certificate be in Cyrus' study?" Damon asked, his skepticism clear.

Nyla bit her lip and continued her story. "When we got married, Clark said he'd keep our marriage certificate with his parents... I agreed... Now I want to retrieve it..."

Damon looked at her with mockery. "Why do you need your marriage certificate all of a sudden? Weren't you planning to forgive him?"

"That's only temporary... If he cheats again, I'll definitely divorce him. I

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can't keep forgiving him forever, right?" Nyla replied.

Damon's gaze grew colder, his irritation apparent at her poor acting, but he chose not to expose her lie. He decided to reveal her true intentions gradually.

Just as he was about to speak, there was a loud knock on the door.

Clark's angry voice echoed. "Nyla, open the door! Is Uncle Damon in there?!"

Panic flashed in Nyla's eyes as she looked at Damon. If Clark saw Damon there, it would definitely cause a scene.

Meeting her pleading gaze, Damon felt his breath hitch, but he looked away icily.

Seeing no reaction from him, Nyla couldn't help but plead in a low voice, "Uncle Damon, can you hide..."

"I haven't done anything wrong. Why should I hide?" Damon refused.

The knocking continued, growing more intense, and Clark's voice became angrier as if he might break down the door at any moment. "Nyla! Open the door! Are you doing something shameful in there?!" "Please, I'm begging you," Nyla nearly cried.

Damon's expression was still cold as he replied, "Just this once."

He quickly moved to the balcony and jumped over the edge.

Nyla covered her mouth in disbelief. Had Damon really jumped from the second floor?

Just then, the bedroom door lock was forcefully twisted off.

Clark burst in, furious. Seeing only Nyla in the room, he glared at her and questioned coldly, "Where's 'cle Damon?"

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"How would I know? I accidentally fell asleep on the bed," Nyla answered.

Clark sneered. "Fell asleep?"

If he believed that, he would be a fool.

"Yes, what else? Why would Uncle Damon be in your bedroom? Are you that eager to be a cuckold?" Nyla shot back.

As soon as she finished speaking, Clark grabbed her wrist and threw her onto the bed, pinning her down with his body.

"Nyla, you better not play games with me!" he snarled.

His cold hand slowly moved from her face downward, like a venomous snake, making her shiver uncontrollably.

She glared at him. "If you don't believe me, find him yourself. Otherwise, I'm not letting this go!"

Clark stared at her, seeing no sign of guilt in her eyes, and began to doubt himself. Could he have really misunderstood her? But he had clearly seen Damon go upstairs earlier.

At that moment, a maid's voice came from the door. "Mr. Clark, Mr. Cyrus wants to see you downstairs. There's something he needs to discuss with you."

"I'll be right there," Clark said.

After the maid left, Clark released Nyla and stood up, his voice cold. "I'll believe you this time. You better behave yourself."

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After Clark left, Nyla finally breathed a sigh of relief

The incident was over, but she knew she had to be more cautious in the future.

She got up, straightened her wrinkled clothes, grabbed a random piece of clothing from the closet, and went downstairs.

Clark and Cyrus sat facing each other in the living room, both looking displeased.

Seeing Nyla come down, Cyrus said coldly, "It's late. You two should head back."

Clark nodded and stood up. "Alright."

He looked at Nyla with an emotionless gaze. "Let's go."

On the way back, Clark remained silent, clearly still angry about what had happened.

As they reached the villa and Nyla was about to get out of the car, Clark spoke coldly. "Don't you have anything to say?"

Nyla turned to him. "What do you want me to say? That I really cheated, or something else?"

"Nyla!" Clark's gaze was icy, making Nyla feel as though he might strangle her at any moment.

"People say you need to catch someone in the act. You didn't even see your uncle's shadow, yet you accuse me of cheating. Do you need to see me in bed with him to ease your guilt over cheating with Jordyn?" Nyla questioned.

Clark's expression darkened instantly, and he gritted his teeth. "I never thought that."

Nya chuckled "Do you dare swear you never thought that?"

Clark's sullen silence was his only response.

The two fell into an uncomfortable silence once again.

Nya smirked mockingly, said nothing more, pushed open the car door, and left.

Clark watched her retreating figure, slamming his hands on the steering wheel in frustration and causing the horn to blare. However, Nya never

looked back.

Back in her bedroom, Nya heard the sound of the car engine starting, indicating that Clark had left. She didn't know where he had gone, nor did she care.

The next morning, Clark woke up with a hangover. As he turned his head, he saw Jordyn lying naked beside him. His expression remained impassive as he got up, dressed, and prepared to leave.

Just as he reached the door, Jordyn's gentle voice called out from behind him. "Clarko, I made some hangover soup last night and kept it warm. Why don't you have some before you go?" Clark glanced back at her with a blank stare.

To him, she was merely an accessory to his otherwise mundane life with Nya, nothing more than a temporary diversion. Jordyn's eagerness. to please him stemmed solely from his position as CEO of the Sumner Group.

"No need," he replied curtly and left without another word.

He went straight to the office.

As soon as he entered, he summoned Michael. "If I remember correctly,

Prospectus Technology once bankrupted a small company run by the Magills."

Seeing the cold look in Clark's eyes, Michael felt a chill. "Yes, that's right. What about it?"

Clark smirked. "Find the Magills."

Michael was momentarily taken aback. "Mr. Sumner, are you planning to go after your uncle?"

"Yes. Is there a problem?" Clark retorted.

Michael hesitated, then tried to reason with him. "Mr. Sumner, the Sumner Group has many partnerships with Prospectus Technology. If he finds out you're plotting against him, he might terminate the contracts, which wouldn't be beneficial for you."

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"He bankrupted the Magills. If they come for revenge, what does that have to do with me?" Clark dismissed Michael's concerns, ignoring his warning.

Seeing that Clark wasn't listening, Michael frowned and replied, "Alright, I understand."

Clark's eyes. Since Damon had tried multiple times to humiliate him, it was time to teach.

him a lesson.

For the next few days, Dylan went to the lab daily, bringing gifts for Nyla, but she rejected them each time.

While helping Nyla set up an experiment, Melody commented, "I don't get it. Why does Dylan keep coming even though you reject him every day? Does he have a masochistic streak?"

Nyla shook her head and replied, "I don't know. Don't worry about him. You set that rack up backward."

Melody quickly fixed the rack and didn't bring it up again.

After a week of visiting the lab, Dylan finally figured out Nyla's. schedule. Now, he just needed to find a time when Melody wasn't around to take Nyla away.

On Friday morning, when Dylan brought flowers to Nyla and saw that she was alone in the lab, he knew his chance had come. He handed her the flowers and smirked when he noticed her irritation. "Ms. Jayston, are you sure you don't want to accept my flowers?" he

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asked.

Nyla sensed something was off, and her gaze grew cautious. She instinctively grabbed her phone, saying, "I've told you many times, I'm married, Mr. Lomas. Please respect that." "Respect? Today, I'll show you what happens when you look down on me!" Dylan cackled.

Nyla turned to run for the back door, but after only a few steps, she was violently yanked back by her hair.

"Ah!" she screamed.

A cloth with a sharp, chemical odor was pressed over her nose.

Struggling, she fumbled blindly with her phone, hoping to call someone for help. As her vision blurred, the call connected, but she lost

consciousness.

Dylan, holding the unconscious Nyla, picked up her phone from the floor. He immediately ended the call and turned off the phone.

The newly constructed lab building was seldom visited, so Dylan felt confident acting boldly. He dragged Nyla into the adjacent equipment room, locked the door, and set up a camera.

Once he finished, he would have footage to blackmail Nyla into compliance. Perhaps he could use the video to force her into repeated. sexual encounters.

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Grinning wickedly the thought, he looked at Nyla with lecherous

intent. He slowly approached her, knelt, and began unbuttoning her lab.

coat.

After undoing two buttons, he grew impatient and roughly tore the coat. apart.

With a loud rip, the remaining buttons flew off, revealing a V-neck

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Nyla, who should have been unconscious, had seized a nearby flask and smashed it over Dylan's head.

The sharp shards of glass sliced into his forehead, and blood began to flow immediately.

Seizing the moment of his shock, Nyla shoved him away and stumbled toward the door.

However, she had expended all her strength in that single blow and felt weak and unsteady. Before she could reach the door, Dylan yanked her back by her hair. "Bitch, how dare you hit me!" Dylan snarled. [Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

He slapped her across the face repeatedly. His forehead, still bleeding, made him appear grotesque and terrifying.

Nyla wanted to fight back, but her weakness prevented her. She could only glare at him with disdain.

Her defiant stare further enraged Dylan. He slapped her again and again until she was nearly unconscious.

"Let's see how long you can keep that attitude!" he growled.

He threw her to the floor and ripped off her skirt. As he gazed at her pale, slender legs, his eyes turned red with lust, and his hands began to

roam.

Nyla tried to resist, but the disparity in their strength was too great, and the effects of the drug still lingered. She couldn't even push him away. "Dylan, if you touch me, you'll die without a place to be buried!" she threatened.

Dylan sneered. "You think I'm scared? I wouldn't be here if I wasn't

confident I could get away with this

As he spoke, his hands moved up her legs

"Wearing lacy underwear, huh? You must be dying for me to screw you,"

he taunted

Nausea surged in Nyla's throat, and she began to dry heave.

She gripped a shard of glass tightly, the pain serving as a grounding force. She resolved to slash Dylan's throat if given the chance.

If she couldn't succeed, she would cut her own throat. She would rather die than allow him to have his way

Dylan's eyes were cold, and his thoughts were vile. He grabbed her underwear, preparing to pull it off when suddenly the equipment room door was violently kicked open.

Dylan's face twisted in surprise. Before he could react, he was kicked. across the room landing hard and spitting out blood

Upon seeing Nyla's swollen face, disheveled hair, and nearly naked body, Damon's gaze turned murderous. He took off his coat and covered her, then slowly approached Dylan Dylan's face was ashen, his eyes filled with terror: When he saw it was Damon, he knew he was finished.

Damon grabbed him by the collar and lifted him, looking like a demon from hell

Dylan trembled and began to beg for mercy, "M-Mr Sumner, I was wrong I'm inhuman, please- Ahr"

With a scream, Dylan's arm was dislocated

"You used both hands to touch her. The other one can go too, Damon said flatly

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"Mr. Sumner, I didn't-" Before Dylan could finish, Damon dislocated his other arm.

Overwhelmed by pain, Dylan broke out in a cold sweat and was unable to beg for mercy.

Damon tossed him aside like garbage and walked back to Nyla. Seeing her left hand bleeding, he crouched down and took hold of her wrist.

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"Let go!" Damon said.

Looking into Damon's angry eyes, Nyla finally felt a sense of relief after surviving the ordeal, and her eyes reddened. She slowly opened her hand, revealing the bloody mess of her palm and the piece of glass embedded in it.

Damon's expression darkened as he picked her up and headed out.

Nyla grabbed his shirt collar, her voice weak. "Mr. Sumner, just have someone bring me some clothes."

If Damon carried her out of the company, rumors would undoubtedly spread like wildfire by the next day.

Damon looked down at her, his gaze cold. Upon seeing her pale, delicate face looking so pitiful, his expression darkened further. "Your hand is injured. It needs immediate attention."

Nyla shook her head stubbornly. "There's a first-aid kit in the lab. I can take care of it myself and go to the hospital later."

Damon could tell that she didn't want to be associated with him, so his expression grew even darker. "Should I call Clark for you?"

Nyla tightened her grip on his shirt before shaking her head. "No. Just call the police for me."

"Alright," he said, setting her down and calling Spencer to bring a set of women's clothes.

Soon, Spencer entered the lab with the clothes. Seeing Nyla disheveled and wearing Damon's jacket, he was astonished. Could it be that... Damon and Nyla...

Noticing Spencer's expression, Damon knew what he was thinking. With

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a poker face, he instructed, "Give her the clothes and notify security to take the man in the equipment room to the police."

Spencer snapped out of his surprise and handed the clothes to Nyla.

"Thank you," Nyla said, then took the clothes and walked to the restroom.

Although the drug's effects hadn't fully worn off, she had rested enough to change clothes.

Spencer went to the equipment room and found Dylan lying on the floor. It finally dawned on him what had happened.

A few minutes later, the security team arrived and took Dylan to the police station.

"Mr. Sumner, about Dylan..." Spencer began.

A cold glint flashed in Damon's eyes. "I don't want to see him out again. Also, delete all the surveillance footage from today in the lab building." "Yes, sir!" Spencer replied.

Nyla changed into the new clothes and washed her face in the restroom. Upon seeing her swollen cheeks in the mirror, her eyes dimmed.

When she returned to the lab, Damon and Spencer were gone, and Dylan had been taken away.

The equipment room had been restored to its original state. If not for the stinging pain in her face, she might have thought it had all been a bad dream.

She bandaged her hand and sent a message to HR, requesting leave to go to the hospital. The wound was deep, and she needed a tetanus shot.

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Nyla entered the payment hall with the paperwork in hand and immediately spotted Clark and Jordyn leaving.

Clark was holding some documents, his brow furrowed slightly as he spoke quietly to Jordyn. Jordyn, in turn, smiled patiently and explained things to him.

It seemed that Clark was accompanying Jordyn for a prenatal check-up.

Nyla couldn't help but smile wryly. They looked more like a couple than she and Clark ever did.

She turned to head in the opposite direction, but Clark appeared to sense something and looked her way. He recognized Nyla's back, and his frown deepened. He began walking toward her, but Jordyn grabbed his wrist.

"Clarko, we need to go for the check-up. Don't you have a meeting later?"

she reminded him.

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"Let's go," Clark said, retracting his gaze.

As they turned away, Jordyn let out a barely noticeable sigh of relief.

While Jordyn was getting her check-up, Clark repeatedly tried to call Nyla, but she didn't answer. Growing impatient, he eventually gave up.

After paying her bills and receiving her injection, Nyla got a call from the police station asking her to come in and give a statement.

Meanwhile, Erin had learned about Dylan's failed plan.

Her subordinate looked worried, his voice tense. "Ms. Hulle, do you

think Dylan will betray us?"

Erin sneered. "Don't worry. He wouldn't dare. Unless he wants his family destroyed."

Dylan was proving to be useless. Despite having everything planned for him, he had still failed miserably. She needed to find another way to deal with Nyla.

By the time Nyla finished giving her statement at the police station, it was evening.

She drove straight home. Just as she got out of the car, Clark's car pulled up at the gate.

Nyla hesitated before continuing to walk inside, but Clark got out of the car angrily.

"Why didn't you answer my calls this afternoon?!" he demanded.

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Upon seeing the swelling on her face, his eyes widened in shock. He quickly approached her, asking, "Who did this to your face?!"

He then noticed the bandage on her hand, and his expression darkened even more.

"It's nothing, just a minor issue," Nyla replied, not wanting to explain further, and kept walking.

Clark grabbed her wrist, his voice cold. "Tell me yourself, or I'll investigate. If I have to investigate, I'll involve Uncle Damon."

Hearing the threat in his voice, Nyla shook off his hand and asked, "Clark, do you think this is funny?".

"Of course it's funny. At least it shows you're not as indifferent to Uncle Damon as you claim," Clark replied.

His penetrating gaze bore into her, searching for any sign of guilt but finding none.

"I just don't want to drag innocent people into our mess," Nyla said.

"Innocent?" Clark found it ridiculous. "Don't tell me you haven't noticed his feelings for you!"

Nyla pressed her lips together, looking at him with indifference.

"You keep harping on about me and your uncle, but what about you? How innocent are you? Weren't you just with Jordyn for a prenatal check-up today?" she questioned. Clark froze and then blurted out, "So it really was you in the hospital lobby!"

As he spoke, he finally noticed that her clothes were the same as those of the person he had seen at the hospital.

"It was me. So what right do you have to question me?" Nyla asked.

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A wave of guilt washed over Clark, but Nyla's indifference quickly turned it into anger.

"If you really cared about me, you wouldn't have ignored me at the hospital," Clark defended himself.

Nyla found it almost laughable that he was playing the victim.

"And you? Do you care about me? You saw I was hurt, yet your first reaction wasn't to find out what happened but to threaten me with your

uncle.

"Clark, other than throwing tantrums, what else can you do?" she retorted, her eyes cold and disappointed as she looked up at him.

Clark felt a stab in his heart, his hands clenched by his sides.

"Nyla, you wouldn't tell me the truth, so I had no choice but to push you," he tried to explain.

Nyla laughed coldly. "Stop making excuses. It just makes you look pathetic."

She turned and walked away.

Clark didn't stop her, his expression darkening as he watched her go.

After she disappeared from sight, he took out his phone and called Michael. "Find out what happened to Nyla at Prospectus Technology today!"

"Yes, Mr. Sumner. By the way, I have news about the matter you asked me to investigate this morning. After the Magills' company went bankrupt, Josh Magill couldn't bear the massive debt and committed

suicide.

"His son, Samuel Magill, has been hiding ever since. Recently, he was caught and had a finger cut off by debt collectors who threatened to kill

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him if he didn't pay up. Desperate, he tried to rob someone on the street and got arrested."

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Clark smirked, his voice void of emotion. "How pitiful. He must hate the person who ruined his family and left him destitute."

Michael shuddered at the coldness in Clark's voice.

"Mr. Sumner, should we get him out?" Michael asked.

"Of course. I want to see him within three days," Clark replied.

Michael hesitated. He wanted to dissuade him but remained silent, knowing it would be pointless.

He hung up with a sigh, contemplating the possibility of finding a new job. Clark's current demands could be disastrous if they were discovered.

Nyla remained in her room until dinner.

After eating silently, she quickly retreated upstairs, eager to avoid lingering.

Clark watched her departure with a dark, unsettling expression.

As Patricia cleared the table, she said, "Mr. Sumner, silent treatments are harmful. Women need to be comforted."

Clark frowned, irritation flashing in his eyes. "I know."

It wasn't that he didn't want to comfort Nyla, but she wouldn't give him a chance. Moreover, he still didn't fully understand what had transpired that day. Even if he wanted

to comfort her, he wasn't sure how. Noting Clark's grim expression, Patricia realized he wasn't listening, sighed, and returned to the kitchen.

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Back in his study, Clark struggled to concentrate on his documents, his thoughts drifting to Nyla's swollen face and bandaged hand. He called Patricia and asked her to bring some antiseptic ointment to Nyla. Patricia smiled. "Mr. Sumner, it would be more effective if you took it to her yourself."

Just as Clark was about to respond, his phone rang.

After a brief conversation, his face darkened, radiating a chilling intensity. He spoke coldly. "If he can't control his lower body, there's no need for him to keep it."

After ending the call, Clark turned to Patricia and said, "Bring me the ointment. I'll go see her."

Reflecting on Nyla's near assault earlier that day while he was with Jordyn for her check-up, Clark felt a pang of guilt. She must have been so disappointed to see him at the hospital.

With the ointment in hand, Clark hesitated at Nyla's bedroom door, unsure whether to knock.

Inside, Nyla was debating whether to call Damon to thank him. Just as she decided to dial, there was a knock at the door.

Setting her phone down, she inadvertently hit the call button and went to open the door. Upon seeing Clark, she tried to shut it immediately,

but he blocked it with his foot.

"Nyla... I'm sorry about today. I was too harsh," Clark began.

Seeing his guilty expression, Nyla remained indifferent. "What? No longer suspicious of me and Uncle Damon?"

Unaware that the call had connected, Damon, who was about to speak, heard their conversation and his expression darkened.

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"I know you don't like him, but he's better than me. I was afraid you'd develop feelings for him," Clark said.

Nyla stayed silent. She did have feelings for Damon but knew she could never admit it.

Looking down to hide her sadness, she said quietly, "If you're so paranoid, why not put a monitor on me? That way, you'll know exactly who I meet and what I say."

Clark took her hand and spoke softly. "I know I was wrong. I promise I won't doubt you and Uncle Damon again, okay?"

Nyla smirked mockingly. Clark probably didn't even believe his own words. If there was another opportunity, he'd still doubt her and Damon.

However, she didn't want to argue any further, so she said, "If there's nothing else, please leave. I want to rest."

Clark didn't move, his eyes fixed on her, and asked slowly, "Nyla, you'll never fall in love with Uncle Damon, right?"

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Nyla pressed her lips together and looked down. "Yes."

Out of the corner of his eye, Clark glanced at her phone on the table and said calmly, "I believe you. I brought some ointment. Let me help you apply it."

Once Jordyn had the baby, he planned to send her away immediately, ensuring she never came between him and Nyla again.

He stepped forward, but Nyla suddenly stepped back, saying, "No need. I'll do it myself."

Seeing the distance in her eyes, Clark suppressed his disappointment and forced a smile. He handed her the ointment and reminded her, "Apply it now and again before bed. The swelling should go down by morning."

She took the ointment from him. "Thank you."

"I'm your husband. It's my duty to take care of you," Clark said.

"I'm going to rest now," Nyla told him.

"Alright, I'll get back to work," Clark replied.

As he turned away, he heard the door close behind him, and a bitter smile tugged at his lips.

Back at her vanity, Nyla threw the ointment into the trash.

The doctor had already prescribed her medication at the hospital earlier. His concern now felt useless. He hadn't been there when she was most terrified and helpless, as he had been with another woman for a prenatal check-up.

Nyla despised Jordyn, but she knew the bigger problem was Clark's weakness. If he hadn't given in to temptation, Jordyn wouldn't have

gotten pregnant, nor would she have had the audacity to taunt Nyla.

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The next morning, Nyla went to Damon's office as soon as she arrived at the company.

His expression was icy when he asked, "What is it?"

Sensing his cold demeanor, Nyla felt a pang of bitterness but tried to keep her voice steady. "Mr. Sumner, you saved me yesterday. I'd like to thank you with a meal."

"No need. I would have helped anyone in that situation," Damon stated.

In other words, he was saying, "You're no different from anyone else."

Nyla pressed her lips together and nodded. "I understand, but you saved my life. I still want to repay you."

"Staying out of my sight is the best way you can repay me," Damon said, picking up a document, his face devoid of any emotion.

Nyla stood stunned for a moment, her fingers twisting together. "Mr. Sumner, I understand. I'll try not to bother you anymore."

Damon's grip on the document tightened, crumpling it slightly, but his smile was nonchalant when he asked, "Still here? Waiting for me to see

you out?"

Nyla stiffened. After a few seconds, she looked up at him, saying, "I'll go back to work now. Thank you again for yesterday."

Damon didn't look at her, his eyes focused on the document.

Feeling a tightness in her chest, Nyla turned and left. She did not want to humiliate herself further.

Once the office was quiet again, Damon threw the document on the desk, frustration and anger boiling over. He had already guessed Nyla's

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answer when Clark asked if she would ever love him last night, but hearing it confirmed still stung.

If she truly disliked him and felt nothing for him, he wouldn't force it. After all, there were plenty of beautiful and understanding women out there. He didn't need to fixate on her. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it and sent a message in a group chat with just three people.

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Paradise 165

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Damon: [Drinks tonight.]

Caleb Goddard: [?]

Nathaniel Preston: [You've been avoiding us like the plague lately. What's with the sudden enthusiasm? Got your heart broken?]

Damon: [Shut up.]

Nathaniel: [Alright, alright, I hit a sore spot. I'll stop. There's a new bar on North Saint Street. I'll book a private room.]

Damon: [...]

Nyla had just returned to the lab when Melody approached her, asking, Nyla, why are you so late today? Hey... what happened to your hand? Did you cut yourself during an experiment?" Nyla didn't want too many people to know about yesterday's incident, so she nodded along. "Yeah."

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"Then let me handle the operations for now. You can supervise," Melody offered.

"It's fine. It doesn't affect my work," Nyla declined.

They chatted briefly before starting the morning's experiment.

The morning flew by.

Nyla took off her protective goggles and gloves, ready for lunch.

Melody, staring at her phone, said, "Nyla, a friend just told me several companies have terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology. Even the company she works for did. Do you think

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something's going on with Prospectus Technology?"

Nyla had a bad feeling. She asked with a frown, "Which companies exactly?"

Melody listed several companies, all of which had close ties with Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group. It seemed Tom and the Rainfords had decided not to wait for her apology and had started targeting Prospectus Technology instead.

Nyla felt a pang of worry and considered texting Damon to ask but hesitated, remembering how he had told her not to appear before him.

After a few seconds, she closed the chat window.

Forget it. Going to him now would only annoy him.

Elsewhere, Jacqueline sat on the black leather sofa in Gen Pharma's CEO office, looking at Tom with admiration.

She gushed, "Tom, you're amazing. So many companies have terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology. Damon must be really stressed right now."

She couldn't believe that, with so many companies pulling out, the Sumners could still allow Nyla to remain hidden without coming forward to apologize.

Tom, glancing at his phone, gave a perfunctory hum.

He had coordinated the contract terminations to position himself to capture Prospectus Technology's market share. The Sumners had dominated Saintornia for too long, and it was time for others to get a piece of the pie.

Jacqueline's issue just pushed up the timetable for his and the Rainfords' plans. It wasn't primarily about her.

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If Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group weren't capable of standing up to the Sumners, the Rainfords would have been the ones apologizing for what Jacqueline had done.

"Tom, will Ms. Weir be upset with you for helping me like this? She misunderstood us last time... Should I go explain to her?" Jacqueline asked.

Tom frowned as he remembered how Valarie had berated him over the phone for supposedly orchestrating Nyla's humiliation of Jacqueline.

His expression darkened. He had been busy with work these past few days and hadn't contacted her. Yet, she hadn't reached out either. This realization soured his mood even more.

Seeing Tom's displeasure at the mention of Valarie, Jacqueline quickly said, "I'm sorry, Tom. You don't want to talk about Ms. Weir. I-" Before she could finish, Tom cut her off, "Enough. I have work to do. You should go."

Jacqueline bit her lip. She was disgruntled but knew this Tom wasn't the same boy who used to worry over her every frown. She didn't dare act out.

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Jacqueline forced a smile and stood up, saying, "Okay, there's a new restaurant that's really good. Once you're not busy, let's go there together." "Sure," Tom answered.

After Jacqueline left, he frowned and stared at his phone for a while before calling Valarie.

The call quickly went to a busy tone, and his expression darkened completely.

"Nyla, Nyla?" Melody called out.

Nyla snapped back to reality, looking at Melody, who was staring at her curiously. Nyla collected herself. "Sorry, what did you say?"

"Nyla, do you have something on your mind? You've been zoning out a lot," Melody asked with concern.

Nyla looked down. After a few seconds of silence, she suddenly stood up. "Melody, I just remembered something I need to take care of. You can go back to the lab first after lunch."

Before Melody could respond, Nyla grabbed her tray and left. After returning her tray, she took the elevator to the top floor.

When Spencer saw her, he frowned and stepped in front of her. "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner is resting. If you need something, come back in the afternoon."

"No need. I'll wait here," Nyla replied.

"Is it urgent?" Spencer asked to confirm.

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Although he didn't like Nyla much after the hospital incident, he was worried that Damon would be angry if it was important and he delayed

her.

Nyla shook her head. "It's not urgent. I'll wait until he wakes up."

She found a chair in the break room and sat down.

After hesitating for a moment, Spencer decided not to disturb Damon. After all, making Nyla wait wouldn't hurt anyone.

Nyla waited for over an hour.

As the afternoon work hours began, Spencer saw that Nyla was still there and finally went to notify Damon.

Soon, Spencer told Nyla she could go in.

In the office, Damon was reading a document and didn't look up when he heard her footsteps.

"What do you need?" he asked.

"Mr. Sumner, I know you don't want to see me. I'll leave after I say what I need to say," Nyla began. "I heard several companies that have strong partnerships with Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group have terminated their contracts with Prospectus Technology. If necessary, I can apologize to Jacqueline."

Damon looked up at her. "Why do you suddenly want to apologize to Jacqueline? Do you think you were wrong that day?"

Nyla took a deep breath and looked at him seriously. "I don't think I was wrong. I just don't want to cause you any more trouble." "Why?" Damon asked.

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Meeting Damon's cold gaze, Nyla couldn't help but look away. "Because you helped me that day, and I'm very grateful. I don't want Prospectus Technology to be affected because of me."

Damon put down the document and leaned back in his chair, his demeanor elegant and aristocratic, making it hard to look away.

He asked again, "Are you really just worried about Prospectus Technology, or have you developed feelings for me?"

Nyla froze and instinctively denied it. "Mr. Sumner, you're overthinking it. I—"

Before she could finish, Damon interrupted her calmly, "A few days ago, Gen Pharma and the Rainford Group also terminated their contracts with the Sumner Group. I remember you didn't plan to apologize then, nor did you give this excuse. Do you really have no feelings for me at all?"

His dark eyes bore into Nyla, demanding an answer. She wanted to run away, but her feet felt rooted to the spot.

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Damon had helped Nyla countless times, always rescuing her when she was in danger.

How could she not have feelings for him? But what good would that do her?

There was no chance for them. They couldn't even overcome the obstacle of societal judgment. Besides, she was still married to Clark.

Taking a deep breath, Nyla looked at Damon and spoke slowly. "Mr. Sumner, I want to apologize because you have helped me so much, and I want a chance to repay you. As for Clark, he cheated on me first. Naturally, I wouldn't apologize to Jacqueline on his behalf."

Damon's gaze grew icy as he looked at Nyla. "I understand, Ms. Jayston. Please leave. Prospectus Technology hasn't reached the point where it needs to send a woman to the Rainfords to apologize." He didn't look at her again and resumed reading his document.

Seeing his cold demeanor, Nyla felt a sharp pang in her heart and bit her lip. "Mr. Sumner, if there's anything you need, you can have Mr. Hogg contact me anytime."

Damon didn't respond, his expression growing even colder.

Not expecting a reply, Nyla turned and left.

Back at the lab, Melody looked at her with confusion. "Nyla, are you in some kind of trouble? Maybe I can help if you tell me."

Nyla shook her head and forced a smile. "No. I just didn't sleep well last night, so I'm a bit tired."

Melody frowned. Nyla had been fine until just before lunch when she

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mentioned several companies terminating their contracts with Prospectus Technology.

Could it be that she was worried about how the company's potential downfall might affect her job?

The more Melody thought about it, the more plausible it seemed.

She tried to comfort Nyla. "Nyla, as a fellow worker, I understand your worries. But don't stress. Prospectus Technology is a huge company. It won't go under because a few companies terminated their contracts. At most, they'll lose a few million."

Just as Nyla was about to speak, her phone rang. She saw the number and a glint appeared in her eyes. She excused herself, saying, "I need to take this call."

She went to the stairwell and answered. "So, any progress?"

A deep male voice responded from the other end. "Yes, let's discuss it tonight. I'll send you the address."

Since now wasn't a good time for Nyla to talk, she replied softly, "Okay." After ending the call, she quickly received a text message.

At 8:00 p.m., Nyla walked into a bar named Just One and asked the server to take her to Room 7, which had been reserved.

Her contact was already waiting and smiled when he saw her. "Ms. Jayston, this is our first meeting. My name is Pete Monaghan. Please, have a seat."

Pete was the private investigator Nyla had hired, renowned in the

industry for his ability to uncover anything once he set his mind to it. Previously a paparazzo, he had exposed several major scandals in the entertainment industry over the past year. after

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He was small and unassuming, the kind of person one might overlook in a crowd, but a long scar running from his right forehead to his left jawline lent him an intimidating presence.

It was rumored that this scar resulted from a revenge attack after he exposed too many secrets in the entertainment industry.

Shortly after his injury, he announced his retirement from the paparazzi business and transitioned to a career as a private investigator.

Nyla sat down across from him and said calmly, "Mr. Monaghan, have you made any progress on the matter I asked you to investigate?" Understanding how important this was to her, Pete didn't hesitate. He handed her a file.

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"You'll understand once you read it, Ms. Jayston," Pete said.

If what he had discovered hadn't been significant, he wouldn't have met with Nyla in person.

As Nyla opened the file, her expression quickly turned grim. She asked, "Are you sure this information is accurate?"

Pete nodded confidently and replied, "Of course, Ms. Jayston. I wouldn't charge such a high fee if I weren't certain of the value of my findings."

Closing the file, Nyla inquired, "Can you find concrete evidence that Cyrus orchestrated the accident?"

The documents Pete provided revealed that after the bankruptcy of Harris Pharmaceuticals, Godric received a large sum of money and died mysteriously within a year. Before his death, he had contacted Cyrus.

While these connections implicated Cyrus in the accident six years ago, there was no direct evidence linking him to it. For Nyla, direct evidence

was crucial.

"I can, but it will take some time. The Sumner family's influence in Saintornia is substantial. If we investigate too openly, we risk being discovered quickly. We'll have to proceed cautiously," Pete cautioned. "That's fine. This isn't urgent. Take your time and let me know if there are any updates," Nyla agreed.

With their discussion concluded, Pete stood up and said, "Ms. Jayston, I have other matters to attend to tonight. I'll take my leave."

"Thank you for your efforts," Nyla replied.

"You're welcome," Pete said, then left.

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Nyla remained in the private room for another half hour before leaving.

Meanwhile, on the second floor, Nathaniel watched Damon silently drink glass after glass with a grim expression and raised an eyebrow. "Damon, are you really heartbroken?"

When Damon had just started his company and faced bankruptcy several times due to others' schemes, he never appeared this upset. Damon shot Nathaniel a cold look, said nothing, and took another sip of

his drink.

Nathaniel turned to Caleb, who was sitting nearby. "Caleb, aren't you going to say something? If he keeps drinking like this, he'll end up in the hospital."

Caleb's expression remained indifferent. "One less drinker, one less problem."

Nathaniel was speechless. What a friend. He glanced down at the dance floor and suddenly said, "Hey, isn't that your niece-in-law?"

Damon paused his drinking and looked in the direction Nathaniel pointed. It was indeed Nyla.

At that moment, she was being accosted by a drunken man, her face showing extreme displeasure.

Damon set down his glass and stood up, only to sit back down again. He addressed the manager standing nearby with cold detachment. "Is your bar's security so poor that people don't feel safe here?" The bar manager broke into a cold sweat and quickly said, "Mr. Sumner, I'll handle it right away."

Nathaniel looked at Damon and couldn't help but tease, "If I remember

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correctly, you don't seem to like your nephew much, and you're not one to meddle in others' affairs. Yet here you are, making sure someone helps your niece-in-law."

Nathaniel knew well that Clark often faced difficulties negotiating deals in the past, and Damon never intervened, let alone offered assistance.

Damon remained indifferent. "If something happens and the Sumners find out I was here and didn't help, it won't look good."

Nathaniel nodded. "Makes sense."

He had met Clark's mother before-she was quite a formidable character.

Caleb raised an eyebrow, a hint of interest in his eyes. Damon had always been a law unto himself, indifferent to others' opinions. His assistance today likely had another motivation behind it.

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Meanwhile, Nyla couldn't believe her bad luck. As she left the private room, intending to cross the hall and exit, a drunk man suddenly grabbed her halfway there.

"Hey, pretty lady, here alone? Hic..." The man hiccuped, his alcohol- laden breath making Nyla nauseous.

She yanked her arm free and quickly walked away. However, after just a few steps, several men blocked her path.

"Hey, lady, ignoring Ty, our boss? You've got guts."

Nyla sensed their hostility, and her expression turned cold. "I don't know any 'Ty'. If you don't get out of my way, I'll call the police."

The next time she met with Pete, she needed to avoid bars. While they were good for discreet information exchanges, they also attracted troublemakers.

"Hahaha, call the police? You think we'll give you that chance?" one of the men said as he stepped forward and snatched her phone.

Mockingly, he added, "Go ahead, make the call. What are you going to use now?"

Nyla remained silent, her mind racing for a way out. They wouldn't dare do anything too blatant in the bar. However, if they took her elsewhere, it would be a different story.

At that moment, Tyler Krout approached her, holding a bottle of whiskey. "I won't make this hard for you. Just drink this bottle, and I'll pretend this never happened. How about that?" Nyla glanced at the bottle. Who knew what he might have put in it? Still, she took it.

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Tyler's eyes gleamed with anticipation. Once she drank it, she'd be out cold in five minutes...

"Ty!" one of Tyler's henchmen shouted as Nyla smashed the bottle against Tyler's head.

The alcohol already in Tyler's system dulled his reactions, and he couldn't dodge in time. Crimson liquid mixed with blood trickled down his face, and he nearly fell from the pain. Watching from the second-floor booth, Nathaniel was taken aback. "Damon, your niece-in-law is brutal! She didn't even hesitate to smash

that bottle."

He suddenly had a newfound respect for Nyla.

Damon's expression remained indifferent as he said, "Oh."

Given what he knew about Nyla, this wasn't surprising at all.

Tyler's henchmen quickly helped him up while the others charged at Nyla with fury. Armed with the broken bottle, she managed to fend them off, injuring a few in the process. "Dammit! When we catch this bitch, I'm gonna teach her a lesson!" one of the men shouted.

Ignoring the risk of injury, another man lunged at Nyla. He attempted to grab the bottle and choke her simultaneously.

Nyla quickly retreated, but another man seized her from behind.

He was much stronger, and she couldn't break free. Soon, the bottle was wrested from her grasp, and she was subdued.

The men dragged her in front of Tyler, who was holding a towel to his bleeding forehead. He sneered. "She'll pay tonight!" As soon as he spoke, the men began dragging Nyla away.

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It was not unusual for such incidents to occur in a bar, so the

surrounding patrons did not react much. Even if some noticed, they were intimidated by Tyler and his men and dared not intervene. After all, playing the hero required some backing.

Nyla's mind raced as she sought a way out. She did not want to be taken away like this.

Suddenly, several uniformed men stepped in front of Tyler and his crew. "Ty, you can't take this woman.

Tyler looked at the manager, Kash Daly, who was leading the group. He removed the cloth from his bloody forehead and sneered. "Kash, see this wound on my head? This woman did it. And if you stop me, you'll have to answer to Big Jin."

Tyler's influence in the area made him brazen.

Normally, Kash might have given him some leeway. However, in the presence of those higher up, Tyler was insignificant.

Kash advised, "Ty, she's someone you can't afford to mess with. I suggest you let her go, or else-

Tyler interrupted with a cold laugh, "Or else what? There's no one around here I can't handle!"

Kash's expression darkened. "You have leeway out of respect for Big Jin. Tyler Krout, if you try to take her, you won't leave this bar!"

"Fine, let's see what you can do!" Tyler snarled.

He called Big Jin and handed the phone to Kash.

Kash whispered something into the phone and handed it back.

The moment Tyler put the phone to his ear, Big Jin's furious voice

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blared through. "Tyler Krout, if you want to die, just say so. Let her go immediately, or I'll kill you!"

Big Jin hung up, and Tyler felt a surge of panic.

Even Big Jin had spoken-what was this woman's background?

He turned to his men and ordered, "Let her go!"

Upon seeing his anxious face and the sweat on his forehead, his men dared not question him and immediately released Nyla.

Kash approached Nyla with a smile and apologized, "Miss, I'm terribly sorry for this incident. It was a lapse in our bar's management. Please accept this lifetime membership card. All drinks will be half-price whenever you visit our bar. How does that sound?"

Nyla wasn't naive. During the harassment by Tyler and his men, no bouncer had appeared for a long time. Their sudden intervention now must have been orchestrated by someone.

"Who helped me?" she asked.

Kash hesitated, unsure whether to introduce her to Damon. After all, Damon had instructed him to handle the situation but hadn't mentioned meeting Nyla.

Nevertheless, Kash suspected there might be a deeper connection, given that Damon had intervened.

"Please follow me. I'll take you to him," Kash replied.

Leading Nyla to the second floor, Kash showed her to a booth where Damon was seated.

Nyla instinctively bit her lip upon seeing a scantily clad woman sitting next to him.

"Mr. Sumner, this lady wanted to see you, so I brought her over," Kash

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announced.

Damon showed no expression and remained silent.

Taking the initiative, Nyla said, "Uncle Damon, thank you for tonight."

Damon sipped from a glass of wine poured by the woman next to him, still not responding.

The atmosphere grew tense.

Nathaniel, sitting nearby, quickly tried to ease the tension with a smile.

Ms. Jayston, please don't mind. Damon has always been a man of few words."