

Chapter 2

Nyla downed her drink in one gulp. She had never imagined Clark would betray her. Seeing him in bed with another woman felt like a dagger through her heart.

"I just can't believe it. He loved you so much. He didn't seem like the type to cheat. Maybe there's a misunderstanding," Valarie suggested.

Nyla let out a cold laugh. "I saw it with my own eyes. How could that be a misunderstanding?"

The room fell silent.

Watching Nyla drink like there was no tomorrow, Valarie grabbed the glass from her hand. "Even if he cheated, you shouldn't punish yourself by getting drunk. What are you going to do now?"

"I'm getting a divorce. Just thinking about him with that woman makes me sick."

Upon seeing the defiance in Nyla’s red eyes, Valarie's heart ached. "Don't think about it now. You need to rest. Decide what to do next once you’re calm. I'll take you home."

Nyla shook her head. "No... I don't want to go back."

Returning to that house would only bring back the sickening images of Clark’s betrayal. Each recollection made her feel nauseous.

Seeing Nyla’s reluctance, Valarie didn't insist. "I'll book you a hotel room then."

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After booking a room, Valarie took Nyla to the hotel entrance. "Are you sure you don't want me to take you up?"

Nyla shook her head. "No, you go rest. I'll be fine."

She waved with the room card and walked into the hotel.

Seeing Nyla walk steadily, Valarie finally breathed a sigh of relief and drove away once Nyla was inside the hotel. What she didn't know was that Nyla, when drunk, appeared sober but was actually a mess inside.

Nyla entered the elevator, scanned her card, and the elevator began to ascend.

Soon, the doors opened with a ding.

As Nyla stepped out onto the carpet, her legs almost gave out. She steadied herself against the wall, massaging her aching temples while searching for her room number.

The alcohol was taking its toll, and her vision blurred.

She found Room 8919 and tried the card on the door. Hearing no beep, she frowned and was about to push the door when it suddenly opened.

Nyla froze. Before she could react, a large hand yanked her into the dark room.

The door slammed shut, cutting off the light from the hallway. She was pressed against the door, a man's breath hot against her ear, making her shiver. The familiar scent of pine filled her senses, but before she could place it, she felt the warmth of his lips on hers.

"Mmph!" Realizing what was happening, Nyla struggled.

Damon was strong, and with the alcohol dulling her strength, her hands felt weak, almost inviting as she pushed against his chest. Damon’s hands roamed her body, leaving a trail of fire, and her body grew more responsive under his touch.

Nyla tried to push him away, but he easily caught her wrists and pinned them above her head.

"Let— Mmph! Let me go..."

He stopped kissing her and chuckled. "No need to play hard to get."

His fingers traced her collar, the cool touch making her shudder. His body heat seemed to melt her, and her legs grew weak.

In the dark, Nyla’s senses heightened. She felt Damon unbuttoning her clothes, her mouth dry, her last bit of rationality warning her that this was going too far.

"Let me go!" She mustered all her strength to push him, but he simply picked her up and threw her onto the bed.

The bed was soft, so Nyla didn’t feel pain, but the impact made her head spin. She tried to get up, but Damon pinned her down. Soon, her clothes were gone, and they were both nearly naked.

He pressed against her, ready. His dominating presence made her tremble. She pushed against his chest, biting her lip to stay calm and clear-headed.

"Mister, I think I entered the wrong room. Please let me go..." Nyla’s voice shook with tension.

"Tsk!" Damon's voice was impatient, his tone cold. "Still playing?"

He was about to get up and kick Nyla out when the room light suddenly came on. Nyla had accidentally hit the light switch in her struggle.

The sudden light made Damon squint. He was shocked when he saw the terrified woman beneath him.

Nyla, recognizing Damon, felt the blood drain from her face. The fear sobered her instantly. She couldn’t believe it—the man who almost violated her was Clark’s uncle, Damon Summer!

"Uncle Damon..."

Nyla had always been wary of Damon. He was the youngest son of Richard Sumner and Marie Thorne, doted on by them and known for his unpredictable, cold nature. Even outsiders avoided crossing him. When she married Clark, he had warned her to steer clear of Damon.

"Shut up!" Damon's face was dark, his gaze icy, as he contemplated whether to silence her for good.

Then, his eyes shifted to her bare chest, darkening further. He turned away, getting off the bed. "Get dressed and get out!"

As Damon moved, Nyla caught a glimpse of him where she shouldn't, and her face turned red with embarrassment.

Upon seeing her flushed face, Damon's expression soured even more. "Still not leaving?"

Nyla could not care less about her embarrassment as she hastily dressed and left without looking back.

Once outside, she checked the room number and realized her mistake—it wasn’t Room 8919, but Room 8916!

She had entered the wrong room and almost slept with her husband’s uncle. The thought made her headache worse. She should have let Valarie take her up. Unfortunately, it was too late for regrets now.

After Nyla left, Damon dialed a number with a glower on his face. "Delete all surveillance footage from the Empire Skyview Hotel tonight!"

Upon hanging up, he looked at the messy bed and sheets and lit a cigarette, his irritation growing.

He had almost slept with his nephew’s wife... What a mess!
