

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Chapter 281

After saying that, Nyla turned and quickly left the room.

Harrison wanted to call after her but ultimately couldn't make a sound. He covered his face in anguish, regretting everything he had done and said. He had intended to protect her, but his words had caused so much pain.

Wren sighed and said softly, "Harrison, don't blame yourself. This isn't your fault... It's mine. If I hadn't said those things, your relationship with Nyla wouldn't be like this..."

Harrison hung his head in silence, unsure of how to respond.

Outside the hospital, Nyla wiped the tears from her eyes, questioning her actions for the first time.

Why was everyone against her? Should she really give up?

But when she thought of Cyrus and Clark's schemes against her, and what Cyrus had done to her family, she couldn't bring herself to let it go. There was no turning back now- she had to stay with Damon and use him to deal with the Sumners.

When Nyla returned to the villa, it was already past 9:00 p.m. Damon was home, sitting on the sofa and reading documents.

"Where have you been? Why are you back so late?" he asked.

Nyla shook her head. "It's nothing. I'm a bit tired. I'm going to rest now."

As she walked past the sofa, Damon suddenly spoke up. "Wait, what happened to your face?" Nyla bit her lip and was about to respond when Damon approached her, brushing the hair from her face.

Upon seeing the mark of a slap on her cheek, his demeanor turned cold. "Who did this?"

"No one. Don't ask. I'm tired and just want to rest," she replied.

Damon frowned. Noting her pale face, he didn't press further but firmly guided her to the sofa and made her sit down. "Wait here."

He entered the kitchen, and soon there was the sound of clinking and clattering. He returned shortly with a bag of ice.

As soon as the ice touched Nyla's face, she winced.

"If it hurts, let me know," Damon said.

"It's fine," Nyla replied.

Damon didn't say anything more, and the room fell silent. He watched Nyla closely.

If it had been someone from the Sumners who had hurt her, she would have told him. Thus, the incident must have involved her own family.

Upon realizing this, Damon's eyes

grew colder. She was his now, and he wouldn't let anyone, whether from the Sumners or the Jaystons, hurt her.

After about ten minutes of icing, Nyla felt the pain in her face ease.

She looked up at Damon and said, "It doesn't hurt anymore. Thank you."

Damon removed the ice pack and replied, "told you, don't keep savi thank you. We're a couple. If you're upset, you can tell me. I won't let

anyone bully you."

A warmth spread through Nyla's chest, and her eyes grew a bit misty. "I understand."

Seeing her struggle to hold back

tears despite her attempt to staket

strong, Damon felt a pang of sympathy and pulled her into his embrace.

"Did you have dinner?" he asked.

"I ate." Just as Nyla said that, her stomach growled loudly, betraying her.

Damon chuckled and said, "I'll make you a sandwich."

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Just as Nyla was about to get up, Damon's hands gently pressed down on her shoulders.

"Don't move. Wait here," Damon instructed.

Meeting his firm gaze, Nyla bit her lip and instinctively nodded.

Damon patted her head with a smile. "Good girl."

Nyla was left speechless.

Damon worked quickly, and soon the kitchen was filled with the aroma of food. [Search The website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla couldn't help but swallow as she headed to the kitchen. She hadn't eaten dinner and was now quite hungry.

Just as she reached the kitchen door, Damon emerged, carrying a plate of sandwiches.

"Why did you come over?" he asked.

Nyla was captivated by the sandwiches in his hand. It was a simple creation-vegetables and eggs topped with melted cheese. The green vegetables and crispy-edged fried eggs looked especially appetizing under the light.

Noticing that all her attention was on the sandwiches and she had completely ignored him, Damon couldn't help but smile. "Go get your cutlery."

At his words, Nyla quickly went into the kitchen, grabbed her cutlery, and returned to the table.

"Thank you, Uncle Damon," she said.

Damon didn't correct her habitual way of addressing him and simply nodded. "Eat up."

Nyla picked up a sandwich, and as soon as she took a bite, her eyes involuntarily closed in delight.

"So delicious!" she exclaimed.

"Eat slowly. No one's going to take it from you. Don't burn yourself," Damon warned.

Nyla nodded but showed no sign of slowing down.

In less than ten minutes, she had finished the entire plate of sandwiches, leaving not a crumb behind. As she put down her cutlery, she still felt a bit unsatisfied. "Uncle Damon, how can you cook so well?" she asked.

She had expected something unappetizing, but his cooking was surprisingly good. She could easily have eaten another plate.

"I only know how to make simple things like this," he answered.

Before Nyla could respond, Damon's phone vibrated on the table.

He picked it up, answered the call, and frowned slightly as he spoke coldly. "I'll be there soon."

After hanging up, he turned to Nyla. "There's a problem at the company. I need to step out for a bit. Rest early and don't wait up for me."

"But your back..." Nyla began.

"I'll be careful," he assured her.

As Damon hurried out, Nyla bit her lip, a trace of concern in her eyes.

She got up, washed and dried the dishes in the kitchen, then returned to her bedroom. Just as she was about to shower and go to bed, she received a message from Wren.

Wren: [Nyla, your dad was just acting out of impulse today. Don't take it to heart. I support the idea of going abroad. Let me know when things are ready, and your dad and Dcan go anytime.]

Nyla stared at the screen, her face expressionless.

Wren's eagerness to go abroad likely stemmed from a fear of retaliation from the Sumners.

It was understandable. After all, Nyla was only her stepdaughter, and Wren wouldn't want to be dragged into trouble.

After a long pause, Nyla replied with a simple "Okay" and then deleted the chat.

Meanwhile, relieved by Nyla's response, Wren quickly dialed another number.

"Gabriel, Harrison and I will be going to Meristate soon," she announced.

A deep, youthful voice answered from the other end of the line. "Mom, why are you suddenly coming over?"

"Harrison needs treatment abroad.

I'll have

find a hospital close to

where you live so I can take care of

both

you and Harrison," she replied.

There was a brief silence before Gabriel Hackett's voice came through again. "How is Nyla... doing these days?"

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Wren sighed. "Don't even mention it. She divorced Clark, and on top of that-"

Before she could finish, Gabriel interrupted, "She got divorced?"

Wren, oblivious to his agitation, continued with a frown. "Yes, it's complicated. I'll explain everything once I get to Meristate." "Alright..." Gabriel replied.

After a few more words, Wren ended the call. Thinking about reuniting with her son in Meristate, she couldn't help but smile.

Once she and Harrison were in Meristate, whatever Nyla did here wouldn't affect them. All she needed to do was focus on taking good care of Harrison and Gabriel.

As for Nyla, Wren had never considered her part of the family. The courtesy Wren had shown in the past was merely out of respect for Harrison. Now that Nyla no longer respected her, Wren felt no need to curry favor with her. At the Sumner residence...

Damon's decision to move Nyla into his villa had left Richard fuming.

"Outrageous! Does he really want to drag the Sumner name through the mud?!" Richard bellowed.

The lawyer, Parker Frampton, sat nearby in silence, his gaze

lowered. 1/3

He had met with Cyrus at the police station earlier and knew that the police had gathered substantial evidence, making it impossible to bail him out anytime soon.

Richard had ordered his people to find Nyla and planned to confront her tonight. However, discovering she had moved into Damon's villa meant he couldn't meet her without Damon knowing, which only added to his frustration. Cindy, her eyes red from crying, looked at Richard. "Dad, when has Cyrus ever been through this kind of suffering? We need to find a way to get him out. The longer he stays in there, the worse it is for the Sumners." Richard shot her a cold look. "I don't need you to remind me."

His face darkened with frustration. The situation wasn't just affecting the Sumners-it was threatening the Sumner Group's business relationships as well.

Although the Sumners had managed to contain the scandal, there was no guarantee it wouldn't spread further. If their business partners found out, they might sever ties with the Sumner Group, leading to significant losses. "Find a way to get Nyla to meet with us," Richard ordered.

Parker sighed. "Mr. Summer, my assistant tried to approach her but was warned off by Mr. Damon's people. We haven't been able to see her, and there's nothing more we can do."

The living room fell into a heavy silence, the atmosphere thick with tension.

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+25 BONUS

Richard's expression grew even darker. Damon was clearly determined to oppose the family over a woman. His son had turned out to be a huge disappointment.

Cindy's eyes flashed with hatred as she gritted her teeth. "That little wretch thinks she can get away with anything just because she's with Damon?! If anything happens to Cyrus, I swear I'll make her pay, even if it costs me my life!" "Rather than wasting time on empty threats, we should focus on how to meet with her," Richard retorted.

"Meeting her is all? I'll go myself. I don't believe I can't find a chance to see her if I camp outside Prospectus Technology!" Cindy declared.

Richard, having just clashed with Damon, was eager to avoid further escalating their conflict. Cindy stepping in as the "bad guy" was actually ideal. After all, it was her duty to do something for her husband.

"Then do as you said. Find a way to get her to sign the forgiveness letter when you meet her," Richard said.

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Noticing that Richard hadn't assigned him the task, Parker stood up and said, "Mr. Richard, I need to find more.

information to see if there's a way to bail out Mr. Cyrus. I'll be going now."

Richard nodded. "Go ahead."

After Parker left, Richard turned to Cindy. "You should go too. Whether Cyrus can be released depends on whether you can convince Nyla." With that, Richard left the room.

As Cindy watched him leave, she couldn't help but grit her teeth, her eyes filled with resentment. It seemed Richard wasn't reliable either, and only she cared about Cyrus' fate. After leaving the Sumner residence, Cindy called Clark and recounted the night's events in detail.

"Clark, if we want to get your father out, it's up to us now. I'll wait downstairs at Prospectus Technology tomorrow. I refuse to believe I can't find a way to see her!" Cindy declared. There was a brief silence before Clark's cold voice came through. "Alright. I'll also find a way to create some trouble for Uncle Damon's company so he won't have time to deal with Nyla." "Good, we'll rely on ourselves..." Cindy replied.

Clark frowned. If Cyrus weren't his biological father and still

+25 BONUS

useful to him, he wouldn't care at all.

"Okay, I have other matters to attend to. Goodbye," he said, dismissing the conversation.

After hanging up, Clark sent a message to Michael, instructing him to find Rebecca Austen within three days.

Noticing Clark's troubled expression, Jordyn approached and began massaging his temples. "Clark, try not to worry too much. We'll do our best with this. If Nyla really doesn't plan to let Dad off, you must take over the company as soon as possible." Clark closed his eyes and remained silent, contemplating Jordyn's words.

If Cyrus were truly facing sentencing, securing control of the company quickly was indeed a priority. With that in mind, he decided to visit Cyrus the next day.

The next morning, while having breakfast, Nyla realized that Damon hadn't returned all night.

Concerned about his back wounds, she lost her appetite, set down her bread, and headed straight to the company with medicine and bandages in hand.

As she parked downstairs, Cindy intercepted her. "Nyla, we need to talk!"

Cindy's expression was icy, her gaze filled with disdain, and her tone as haughty as ever.

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+25 BONUS

Nyla ignored her and attempted to walk past, but Cindy stubbornly followed her to the elevator.

"Are you ignoring me? Are you deaf? Or have you climbed too high to care about me, your former mother-in-law?" Cindy demanded. "Forget it. It's not surprising that you're rude. I'm here today to get you to sign this forgiveness letter. If you sign, I'll leave right away!" She thrust a document toward Nyla.

Nyla glanced at it before looking back at her. "Do I look like a fool to you?"

"What do you mean?!" Cindy growled.

Seeing Cindy's angry eyes, Nyla smirked. "What do I mean? You really have the nerve to come here asking me to sign a forgiveness letter!"

"You!" Cindy pointed at her, trembling with anger. "Don't forget, I'm your elder!"

"Elder?" Nyla's smile was laced with irony. "I'm no longer married to Clark. How are you an elder to me? Besides, I'm now Damon's girlfriend. If I'm not mistaken, you're just his sister-in-law. Do you want to be my elder? Are you trying to be his mother?"

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Cindy was furious and raised her hand to slap Nyla. However, before her hand could make contact, Nyla had already grabbed her wrist. "Let go!" Cindy shrieked.

Nyla smiled. "I suggest you adjust your attitude before asking for favors next time. Otherwise, you'll just end up looking foolish."

With that, she released Cindy's wrist.

Still struggling, Cindy didn't expect Nyla to suddenly let go. She lost her balance and fell awkwardly to the ground.

As the elevator doors opened, Nyla walked in without looking back.

Cindy tried to stop her, but the pain from her twisted ankle prevented her from getting up to chase after Nyla.

"Stop right there! You bitch! I won't let this go!" Cindy screeched.

An icy glint crossed Nyla's eyes.

Once the elevator doors closed and reached the first floor, she headed straight to the surveillance room. After copying the security footage of the argument with Cindy in front of the elevator, she left.

Nyla then went to the top floor to find Damon but was told he was currently in a meeting. She handed the medicine and

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+25 BONUS

bandages to Spencer.

"Mr. Hogg, please help him change the bandages once he's done with the meeting," she requested.

Spencer took the items and hesitated before speaking. "Ms. Jayston, if you don't have anything urgent, it would be best to avoid coming to the top floor to see Mr. Sumner. Many shareholders of Prospectus Technology are aware of what happened yesterday,

and they're qu If news of Damon being with his nephew's ex-wife got out online, it could negatively impact Prospectus Technology's reputation.

While shareholders might not care about Damon's personal life, they would be the first to protest if his personal affairs started affecting their interests.

Seeing that Nyla didn't respond, Spencer sighed and

continued. "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner wouldn't tell you this directly, but if you truly care about him, you wouldn't want to put him in a difficult position." Nyla nodded. "I understand. I'll try to avoid meeting him at the company."

Spencer's expression relaxed a bit due to her agreement. "Thank you. Please don't mention this to Mr. Sumner."

"Don't worry, I won't. I know it's almost work time, so I won't keep you any longer," Nyla said.

+25 BONUS

Back in her office, Nyla sat at her desk, staring blankly at her computer.

""Nyla, are you okay?" Melody asked.

Nyla turned her head and forced a smile. "It's nothing. I didn't sleep well last night. Let's start working."

"Oh, okay..." Melody replied, unsure of what else to say.

Just as they completed a stage of their experiment, Damon arrived with the medicine and bandages Nyla had given to Spencer.

Nyla asked him to wait in the office while she finished' recording the experiment data. She handed the completed data to Melody before leaving.

When Nyla walked into the office, she saw Damon sleeping in her chair. She tiptoed closer and noticed the dark circles under his eyes and the exhaustion etched on his face. It seemed he had been working all night.

She intended to let him rest a bit longer, but just as she turned. to leave, he wrapped his arms around her waist and rested his

chin on her shoulder.

"Why didn't you wake me?" Damon asked.

Nyla gently pushed him away and looked down. "I saw your sleeping so deeply in my chair and figured you must be exhausted. I wanted you to get a few more minutes of rest."

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Noticing Nyla's cold attitude, Damon frowned and asked softly, "Did something happen?"

Nyla looked up, confused. "No, why do you ask?"

"You seem a bit down today," he replied.

Nyla shook her head. "No, I'm fine. Sit down. I'll change your bandages."

Damon studied her for a moment but chose not to press further. "Okay."

As Nyla finished changing his bandages and tidying up the used items, she said, "You can go now. I need to get back to work."

Damon stared at her for several seconds before asking, "Did you get upset because I didn't come home last night?"

Nyla was taken aback. "No, why would you think that?"

"Because you seem distant. I must have done something to upset you," he suggested.

Nyla couldn't meet Damon's gentle gaze and looked away. "No, it might just be that I didn't sleep well because of the bed change last night." "Really?" he asked.

"Yeah. You worked all night at the company and must be very busy. It's not ideal for you to stay in the lab for too long. We

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should keep a low profile, Nyla explained

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Why should we keep a low profile? We're dating now"

"I got divorced from Clark a few days ago, and last time you were quite high profile at the company entrance. I don't like being the center of attention," Nyla said.

Damon wanted to point out that being with him would naturally attract attention, but seeing her serious expression, he agreed. "I can give you time to adjust, but I don't want to wait too long."

Hearing his assertive tone, Nyla hesitated before nodding. Alright, let's try to keep our interactions at the company to a minimum. I won't come to your office for lunch. I'll eat in the cafeteria with Melody." Damon's eyes narrowed, a dangerous glint flashing in them. Are you having second thoughts?"

Nyla's attempt to avoid having lunch with him made it clear that she was trying to distance herself.

Nyla looked puzzled. "Second thoughts about what?"

"You tell me!" Damon's face darkened. "First you say we should keep a low profile, and now you're avoiding lunch with me. It seems like you're trying to avoid me."

Caught off guard, Nyla felt a pang of guilt and instinctively replied, "It's not that. It's just that so much has happened recently, and our relationship has changed. I need time to adjust." Chapter 266

+25 BONUS

"Then give me a timeline," he demanded.

Nyla hesitated before meeting his gaze. "How about three months?"

Damon immediately rejected the idea. "No, that's too long."

"Then one month. It can't be any shorter," Nyla countered.

"Fine, one month," Damon agreed.

"Okay. I need to get back to my experiments now. You should go," Nyla said.

As she turned to leave, Damon grabbed her wrist and pulled her into his embrace. Before she could react, his lips were on

hers.

Nyla's eyes widened in shock. Just as she was about to push him away, he released her and took a step back.

"What are you doing?! This is the office, and someone could come in at any moment!" Nyla hissed.

Seeing her embarrassed reaction, Damon smiled and said, "It's a good morning kiss."

He gently pinched her reddened cheek, which was filled with displeasure, and added, "I promised to give you a month, so you'll have to give a little in return." "I'm just not used to being so intimate..." Nyla muttered.

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"I'll try to have more self-control in the future, but don't blame me if I can't hold back," Damon said.

Nyla was speechless. Was there any difference between what he said and saying nothing at all?

Seeing Nyla's slightly darkened expression, Damon realized that staying any longer might push her over the edge.

He quickly added, "I have a meeting later. Send me a message when you finish work tonight, and we can go home together."

After Damon left, Nyla went straight to the lab.

Melody smiled slyly when she saw her. "Nyla, guess what I saw when I went to your office just now?"

"What?" Nyla had a bad premonition-she hoped Melody hadn't just seen Damon kissing her.

As expected, Melody's next words confirmed her suspicion.

Nyla wished for the floor to swallow her whole. She cleared her throat to hide her embarrassment. "Alright. Let's get back to the experiment, or we'll be working overtime today." "Okay, hahaha... Nyla, I didn't expect to see you shy," Melody teased.

The morning passed quickly.

The experiment required continuous monitoring for seven

+25 BONUS

hours, so Nyla and Melody took turns going to the cafeteria for lunch.

Nyla asked Melody to go first, saying she'd switch with her. after finishing her meal.

Soon after Melody left, there was a knock on the lab door.

Nyla turned to see Erin standing there and frowned slightly...

"Ms. Hulle, what's up?" Nyla asked.

Erin's smile was cold, her eyes full of disdain as she looked at Nyla. "I didn't expect you to be so shameless as to get involved with your ex-husband's uncle!"

Nyla's expression grew cold. "What does who I'm with have to do with you? Is it worth your time to come here just to complain?"

Erin's face flushed with anger. "Damon is just playing around with you. In the end, he'll marry someone who matches his family background. I'm looking forward to seeing you make a fool of yourself!" She couldn't accept the thought of losing to a divorced woman.

Nyla smiled slightly and replied, "Whether I become a joke or not is uncertain, but your visit here to say such nonsense only. makes you look like one."

"Don't get too smug. We'll see about that!" With that, Erin turned and left.

Erin was determined to win Damon and wouldn't give up. She

+25 BONUS

also understood that, given Damon's status, he might have other women even after marriage. No matter what, she would be his wife.

As for Nyla, she wouldn't always be young and beautiful. There would always be younger, more beautiful women. Once Damon grew tired of her, he could easily find a replacement. Realizing this, Erin regretted confronting Nyla. It was beneath her dignity.

Just as she reached the elevator, the doors opened.

Seeing Spencer inside, she smiled. "Mr. Hogg, what a coincidence."

Spencer looked at her with a neutral expression. "Ms. Hulle, it's actually not a coincidence. I'm here to see you. Mr. Sumner would like to meet with you."

Erin's face lit up with delight. She quickly entered the elevator. Really? That's great. I have the contract ready and can sign it at any time."

Spencer's expression remained unchanged. "You'll discuss the details with Mr. Sumner."

"Alright!" Joyfully, Erin began planning how she would find opportunities to interact with Damon. Over time, he would surely see that she was better match for him than Nyla.
Today's Bonus Offer

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Erin walked into Damon's office with anticipation and smiled as she looked at him.

Damon was handling documents bathed in the sunlight

streaming through the window. The radiant glow enhanced his handsome features, making them even more striking.

"Mr. Damon, I have the contract ready. When would be a good time for us to sign it?" she chirped.

Damon set aside the document he was working on and regarded her with an emotionless gaze.

"Ms. Hulle, you may have misunderstood. I asked to see you today to inform you that Prospectus Technology has decided to pursue other partnership opportunities. You no longer need to come by," he said. Erin's smile froze as she stared at Damon in disbelief. "What did you say?"

After so many discussions and being on the verge of signing the contract, he was now backing out?

Despite her anger, Erin tried to maintain her composure and asked, "May I know why?"

"Your unsolicited harassment of my girlfriend indicates a lack of professional integrity on your part. After careful consideration, I've decided to suspend our collaboration," Damon explained. +25 BONUS

It was Nyla again!

Erin glared at Damon. "Mr. Damon, are you really going to forfeit a ready-made partnership and go against the Hulses just because of a woman?"

"Ms. Hulle, you're overreacting. It's simply that you've failed to present yourself as a suitable partner," Damon replied.

Erin sneered. "Don't try to sound so noble. You're just doing this to get back at Nyla, aren't you?"

Damon remained impassive. "If that's what you believe will make you feel better, I have no objections."

"Fine! Damon, don't regret this!" Erin shouted.

Fuming, she slammed the door on her way out and

accidentally bumped into Spencer, who was holding a coffee. She marched straight to the elevator without sparing him a glance and left.

Once in her car, her anger still seethed. She pounded the steering wheel in frustration, her eyes flashing with resentment. She was determined not to give up so easily.

Before the end of the workday, Melody abruptly handed her phone to Nyla, her face a picture of fury.

"Nyla, someone just posted in the company's main group chat accusing you of assaulting your ex-mother-in-law. The entire company is talking about it!" she exclaimed. +25 BONUS

Nyla took the phone and saw that the group chat was

overflowing with discussions about her and Cindy, the majority of which were critical of her.

[I'm done. I can't believe Mr. Sumner would be interested in

such a woman. She actually physically attacked an elder-only she could do that!]

[No wonder Clark divorced her. It must be unbearable to have such a woman around all the time!]

[Stop talking about it. If someone leaks this to her, she might complain to Mr. Sumner, and we'll be the ones in trouble.]

Nyla's gaze turned icy while watching the stream of messages, Cindy had not disappointed her at all.

She handed the phone back to Melody, her expression calm. Don't worry about it."

Melody looked concerned. "Should we inform Mr. Sumner so he can handle it?"

If Damon issued a statement prohibiting any discussion, the issue might be contained.

Nyla lowered her eyes, recalling what Spencer had said earlier that morning, and shook her head.

"No, I can handle it myself," she said.

"Are you sure?" Melody asked.

"Yes, let's focus on work," Nyla confirmed.

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+25 BONUS

Seeing Nyla's calm demeanor, Melody reluctantly agreed. If Nyla couldn't resolve the issue, she would seek Damon's help.

Due to a problem with some experimental data that delayed them for over two hours in the afternoon, Nyla

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By the time they finished the experiment and were ready to leave, it was already past 8:00 p.m.

Knowing that Melody lived quite far, Nyla offered her a ride home.

Melody's eyes lit up. "Really? Thank you so much, Nyla!"

"It's no problem. It's not safe for a girl to go home alone at night," Nyla said.

As they chatted, they put away the lab equipment and ensured everything was in order before heading downstairs together.

Nyla sent a message to Damon, letting him know she would be dropping off Melody. He didn't seem to mind.

When Melody saw Damon, she was a bit flustered.

Sitting in the back seat and seeing Damon in the driver's seat, she was even more surprised. Having the company CEO as a chauffeur was something she could barely have dreamed of. "Mr. Sumner, thank you for this," she said.

Damon responded with a brief acknowledgment and turned to Nyla. "Can you set the navigation?"

"Sure," Nyla agreed.

Melody's home was in the opposite direction of Damon's villa, so they dropped her off first.

During the drive, Damon remained mostly silent, speaking only

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occasionally to Nyla.

In the back seat, Melody was hidden in the shadows, stealing glances at Damon. His profile alone was enough to captivate

anyone.

However, she dared not entertain any fantasies and simply admired him from afar. Damon and she were from different worlds, and without Nyla, she likely wouldn't have had the chance to speak with him at all. After dropping off Melody, they returned to the villa around 10: 00 p.m.

As Nyla was about to head to her room, Damon called her. Don't you have anything to say to me?"

Nyla looked puzzled. What did he want to discuss?

After a moment of thought, she guessed that Damon might be unhappy about her asking him to drive Melody home. After all, he was the CEO of Prospectus Technology, and asking him to drive an employee might have felt like an imposition. "I'm sorry for the trouble tonight. I didn't expect to work late. Next time, I'll handle it myself," she said.

Damon frowned. "That's not what I'm referring to."

Nyla realized she hadn't had much interaction with him today except for that moment.

Seeing her confusion, Damon suppressed his frustration and

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asked coldly, "Did nothing else happen at the company today?"

"Are you talking about Erin coming to see me?" Nyla asked.

Damon's expression darkened. "If I hadn't asked, would you have kept this from me?"

"To me, it wasn't a big deal. She just came over and said some strange things. If I let every little thing bother me, you might think I'm too sensitive," Nyla explained.

Damon stared at her in silence for a few seconds before speaking quietly. "I wouldn't think that. Moreover, this issue arose because of me. You could have told me and let me

handle it."

He was more concerned about the fact that Nyla seemed to be managing things on her own without relying on him.

"If I felt the situation was beyond my ability to handle, I would have told you immediately. Just because we're together doesn't mean I want to be a woman who depends on you for everything," Nyla said.

She had trusted Clark without reservation and had ended up hurt badly. She was determined not to make the same mistake again.

Damon looked at her, his tone cold. "Did you act the same way with Clark?"

Noticing his anger, Nyla met his gaze. "You're you, and he was him. I'm not the same person I was before, so my relationship with you won't be like how it was with him."

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In the end, it seemed Nyla didn't like Damon that much.

However, they had a lifetime ahead of them. Damon had

enough patience to make her eventually depend on him just as she once depended on Clark.

"Yeah, but I still hope that if someone bothers you in the future, you'll think of coming to me for help instead of handling

everything on your own," Damon said.

His serious demeanor made Nyla's heart soften.

"Okay," she agreed.

Back in her room, Nyla was about to remove her makeup when her phone rang. It was Valarie.

"Nyla, your ex-mother-in-law is spreading rumors that you've been violent with her. The upper crust of Saintornia is already talking about it," Valarie informed her.

Nyla looked down. "Don't worry about it. She'll get what's coming to her soon enough."

Valarie's tone was filled with frustration. "You don't know how horrible the things she's saying are. I'm so angry."

Nyla's heart warmed a little. She replied gently, "You haven't fully recovered yet. Don't let someone like her ruin your mood."

"I'm just worried about you," Valarie confessed.

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+25 BONUS

"The hardest times have already passed. I don't care what she and Clark do now," Nyla stated.

To her, Cindy and Clark were nothing more than clowns. They weren't worth wasting her emotions over. If they wanted to bring trouble on themselves, though, she wouldn't hold back. Valarie sighed, feeling a bit sentimental. "It's good if you don't care. I didn't expect Clark, who used to treat you so well, to end up like this... Anyway, let's not talk about this." Nyla pressed her lips together, her expression unchanged. Nothing stays the same forever, not even feelings, so it's not surprising."

Valarie dropped the topic, and after chatting about a few other things, ended the call.

Nyla set her phone down.

Thinking about what Damon had said earlier, she frowned. She hadn't thought much of it at the time, but now she realized his words had been driven by insecurity. Their relationship was like walking a tightrope-one misstep could lead to disaster.

Both of them lacked security. If he discovered she was with him solely for personal gain, their already fragile relationship might come to an abrupt end.

The thought of this outcome caused Nyla a pang in her chest. Forcing herself to ignore the ache, she got up to shower.

+25 BONUS

When she emerged, she found several missed calls from Clark and multiple messages asking to meet. She frowned.

Initially, she didn't want to respond, but she feared that he might go to Prospectus Technology and create a scene the next day if she ignored him.

After a moment's consideration, she called him back.

"What do you want?" she asked.

Her tone was nearly indifferent, making Clark frown on the other end of the line.

"Nyla, many people in Saintornia now know about your alleged violence against my mom. She said if you don't apologize in person, she'll call the police," Clark warned.

Nyla laughed in anger. She couldn't believe how ridiculous. Cindy and Clark were being.

"If your brain's malfunctioning, you should get it checked before it's too late," Nyla retorted.

There was a brief silence on the other end before Clark's voice, now filled with anger, came through. "Nyla, I'm doing this for your own good. If she reports it and causes a scene at Prospectus Technology, it'll be bad for both you and my uncle. Don't you think?"

Nyla raised an eyebrow. Was he trying to threaten her?

She didn't want Clark and Cindy to create a scene at Prospectus Technology and affect Damon, but that didn't

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mean they could control her.

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"If you're going to report it, do it quickly. If you don't, I'll handle it for you." With that, Nyla hung up.

The next moment, she sent the surveillance footage she had copied earlier to William, along with a brief explanation of Cindy's actions.

William confirmed that they could sue Cindy for defamation.

Nyla smiled and sent a reply.

Nyla: [Let's proceed with the lawsuit.]

Although defamation might not land Cindy in prison, the embarrassment of being sued for it would be severe. After all, annoying people was something everyone could do.

William agreed and asked if Nyla was available for a meeting the next day to discuss the division of assets with Clark.

After agreeing to meet at a restaurant near the office, Nyla dried her hair and went to bed.

Meanwhile, Clark sat in his study, his expression filled with anger.

"She refuses to meet with us," he said.

Cindy gnashed her teeth. "Then I'll go see her tomorrow. She has to sign the forgiveness letter!"

She had been spreading rumors that Nyla was violent toward

+25 BONUS

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her, hoping to force Nyla into meeting her and then pressuring her to sign a forgiveness letter under duress from the Sumners.

She hadn't expected Nyla to remain so composed.

"Mom, with your foot injury, it won't do any good to go now," Clark reminded her.

During this time, Clark had witnessed Nyla's cold and unfeeling side. After all these years together, she now showed

absolutely no compassion, which was truly disheartening.

"Even if it's futile, I have to go. Otherwise, your father is truly finished," Cindy insisted.

After a moment of silence, Clark looked at Cindy and said, somberly, "Mom, I visited Dad today. He agreed to transfer his company to me." Cindy was taken aback but quickly caught on. "What do you mean by that? You're not planning to care about him anymore?"

Clark looked resigned. "It's not that I don't want to help him. Given the current situation, I can't save him, so I might as well take over his company. Once I have the power to confront Damon, I'll find a way to help Dad."

Cindy's gaze was filled with disappointment. "In the end, you're only thinking of yourself. Even now, you want to take over his company instead of actually saving him, right?"

Her accusatory tone made Clark's voice grow colder, "If you're going to think like that, there's nothing I can do."

"He's your biological father! If you don't help him, then who will?"

+25 BONUS

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"Cindy demanded.

"I've said I can't help him. I need to take over the company tomorrow morning. You should go home," Clark said dismissively.

Seeing his indifferent expression, Cindy realized that no matter what she said, he would not care about Cyrus anymore.

She stood up, sneering. "Clark, no matter how bad he is, he's still your biological father. You'll definitely regret being so heartless in the future!"

Stung by her words, Clark replied

sarcastically, "You go to sor

trouble to help him, but do

think he won't end up sy

his

time with other women and living

extravagantly?"

To him, it was both pitiful and laughable that Cindy was putting so much effort into a man who no longer loved her.

"Those women won't shake my position. I will always be his wife!" Cindy exclaimed.

"Then handle it yourself. I have more important things to do," Clark said.

He was now focused on strengthening the company Cyrus had left him and seeking revenge against Damon and Nyla, hoping to make Nyla regret leaving him. Today's Bonus Offer

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"Y You! Cindy was so enraged that she nearly fainted. She shook violently, unable to say a word as she pointed at him.

In the end, she stormed out in fufy

The next day at noon, Nyla arrived at the restaurant, where William was already waiting.

She quickly walked over and sat down across from him, looking apologetic. "Sorry, I was delayed at the lab."

"It's alright, Ms. Jayston. Please take a look at this document," William said.

Nyla took the document from William and skimmed through it, her brow furrowing in concern. Since Clark's affair, he had deliberately transferred assets, with most now under Jordyn's name.

"Ms. Jayston, the main issue is that Clark and Jordyn are married. He likely consulted a lawyer when transferring the assets. It was done meticulously, so it's very difficult to reclaim them," William explained, "So, how much can I expect to get?" Nyla asked.

"700,000 dollars," William replied.

Nyla wasn't particularly surprised by this amount-she had suspected it from the document.

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+25 BONUS

"Alright, I understand. You can negotiate with his lawyer," she agreed.

William looked surprised. "Ms. Jayston, aren't you going to contest this further?"

Nyla shook her head. "I don't want to waste more time on him, and another lawsuit would drag on for at least a year or more."

More importantly, now that she was with Damon, remaining entangled with Clark might affect Damon.

William nodded. "Okay, I understand."

"Thank you for your hard work," Nyla said.

"It's no trouble," William replied.

Back at the company....

As Nyla was about to take her lunch break, her phone rang.

Seeing that it was her father's primary doctor, she quickly answered, "Doctor, what's the update?"

"Ms. Jayston, I've arranged for your father to be transferred to a hospital abroad at any time," the doctor said.

Nyla's grip on the phone tightened as she looked down. "Okay, I understand. Thank you!"

After hanging up, Nyla called Wren to share the news.

Wren's voice was filled with excitement. "I'll pack up, and we can leave tomorrow morning."

+25 BONUS

"What about my dad..." Nyla began.

"Don't worry. I'll persuade him," Wren assured.

Nyla decided not to press further and was about to hang up when

Wren spoke again. "Nyla, don't

hold

it against me. What I said before

was for your own good."

Nyla hadn't taken her words to heart. She could tell whether Wren was genuinely concerned for her or just worried about being implicated.

Still, she wasn't going to confront Wren. Doing so would only complicate things for her father and was unnecessary.

"Wren, I'm not blaming you. I did act

impulsively before. After you go abroad, I'll leave everything to you. With the distance, I won't be able to get there quickly if anything happens. Thank you for your help," Nyla said.

"I'm glad you understand," Wren answered.

After hanging up, Wren immediately called Gabriel to inform him of her plans to go to Meristate the next day.

"Gabriel, unless something unexpected happens, I'll fly to Meristate with Harrison tomorrow. Will you be available to pick us up?" she asked.

There was a brief silence on the other end before Gabriel replied, "Mom, I'll be coming back next week."

"Returning here for a work-related matter?" Wren asked, then smiled. "In that case, we'll wait for you to come back before

+25 BONUS

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going to Meristate together. A few days wouldn't make much of a difference."

"No, I'm coming back for work. I probably won't return to Meristate," Gabriel replied.

Wren's smile froze. "What do you mean? You were doing well in Meristate. Why the sudden decision to come back? And you never mentioned this before when I called."

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Just a moment ago, Wren had been thrilled about the upcoming reunion with her son. Now, she felt as if she had been struck by a hammer.

"I was actually planning to return last year," Gabriel explained. "I just hadn't found a suitable job until last month when I began talks with a company in Saintornia. I'm signing the contract. tomorrow." ""Why didn't you tell me sooner?" Wren asked.

If she had known earlier, she wouldn't have agreed to take Harrison abroad for treatment. Being unfamiliar with life abroad, both she and Harrison would face many inconveniences compared to staying in the country.

"I wanted to finalize everything before telling you," Gabriel said.

Wren frowned, still feeling some frustration. She had already promised Nyla, and backing out now seemed unreasonable. Plus, staying in Saintornia might expose them to potential

retaliation from the Sumners.

After weighing her options, going abroad still seemed best.

"Gabriel, there's something I need to tell you," Wren said.

She explained Nyla's conflicts with the Sumners, concluding with a serious tone, "Since you haven't signed the contract yet, I suggest you don't come back to avoid being dragged into this mess. Nyla isn't listening to anyone right now, so who knows what she might do nex +25 BONUS

Unbeknownst to her, her words only reinforced Gabriel's determination to return.

"Mom, I think Nyla is doing the right thing. And I'm not afraid of what the Sumners might do to me," he said.

"Are you out of your mind?! You're my only son. If something happens to you, how will I live? I forbid you from coming back. If you do, I'll send you back personally!" Wren huffed.

With that, she hung up.

Across the ocean, Gabriel-sharp features framed by gold-rimmed glasses-set down his phone, removed his glasses,

and rubbed his brow.

His expression was indifferent. Regardless of Wren's opinion, he was determined to return to his home country.

In the evening, as Nyla got into the car, her phone rang.

Seeing the name on the screen, she was a bit surprised.

Gabriel had rarely contacted her since moving abroad, except when absolutely necessary. Today, his call made her wonder if he had heard about Harrison's treatment abroad. Noticing that Nyla wasn't answering, Damon glanced over.

When he saw "Gabriel" flashing on the screen, his expression darkened, and his voice dropped a few notches. "Why aren't. you answering?"

+25 BONUS

Snapping out of her thoughts, Nyla quickly answered the call, oblivious to Damon's dark expression.

"Hello? Gabriel, what's up? I didn't expect you to call today,"

she said.

Her tone was somewhat distant as if she were speaking to a distant relative.

Although they had gotten along well for a time, Gabriel had suddenly become distant during her university years, leaving them as strangers living under the same roof

"I heard from Mom that your dad's going abroad for treatment?

Gabriel asked.

"Yes, and I might need your help with them once they're there," Nyla replied.

Gabriel's voice was cool. "I'm coming back next week and plan to develop my career here."

Nyla was momentarily taken aback and replied softly, "I'll find an interpreter for them then. There might be a lot of inconveniences at first."

"I'll handle it," Gabriel offered.

As they wrapped up their

conversation, Damon leaned in and quietly asked, "What do you feel like eating later? I saw a nice restaurant earlier. How about dinner there tonight?"

His voice was low but just audible enough for the person on the other end to hear.

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Gabriel paused on the other end of the line and asked, 'is someone with you?'

"Yes," Nyla replied.

"Then that's all for now," Gabriel said.

After hanging up, Nyla turned to Damon and asked, "Why did you suddenly ask what I want for dinner tonight?" Damon's expression remained calm. "I just happened to see it and thought I'd ask. Did I interrupt your call?" "No," Nyla replied, though she found it a bit odd that he would speak up while she was still on the phone. Damon seemed to disregard her puzzled look and asked, "Who

was on the line?"

"Wren's son. He went abroad when I was in university. We don't stay in touch very often, so I haven't mentioned him to you," Nyla explained.

Damon narrowed his eyes slightly but did not press further.

The two of them ended up going to the restaurant Damon had suggested for dinner.

Clark, who had just wrapped up a meeting with a client, spotted them as they were finishing up. His gaze hardened, and after seeing off his client, he walked directly toward them.

+25 BONUS

"Uncle Damon, Nyla, what a coincidence to see you here," he said.

Nyla's appetite soured at the sound of Clark's voice, and she remained silent, her face cold.

Damon's expression was indifferent. "You're interrupting us."

Clark chuckled. "Uncle Damon, I just wanted to say hello. I was afraid that if I didn't come over, people might think I am rude. It's just that Nyla and I have recently divorced. Don't you think it's a bit too soon for you two to be having dinner together?" Nyla frowned and finally looked up at him. "No matter how soon it seems, it's not sooner than you. After all, you were already involved with Jordyn while we were still married."

Her disgust and impatience were evident, and Clark's face darkened as if he had been stung.

"Nyla, we're divorced now. It's pointless to keep bringing up the past. Or do you still have feelings for me?" Clark asked.

Sarcasm flickered in Nyla's eyes. "You should probably look in the mirror."

If she still had feelings for him after everything, it would be a clear sign of insanity.

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

After answering, he hung up with an icy expression, his teeth clenched as he glared at Nyla. "Did you file a lawsuit against Mom for spreading rumors?" +25 BONUS

Nyla was surprised at how quickly William had acted.

She smiled slightly and tilted her chin. "That's your mother, not mine. Don't get it mixed up. Besides, she did spread rumors that I harmed her. What's wrong with filing a lawsuit?" "She's an elder. How can you treat an elder like this?" Clark questioned.

Before Clark could continue, Damon raised an eyebrow and interjected, "What elder? Nyla's my girlfriend now, so by seniority, she'd be your aunt. Maybe you should reflect on how you're speaking to your aunt."

Clark's expression was one of someone who had swallowed a fly. He clenched his jaw and forced out, "Uncle Damon, you're not even married to her yet."

"So this is how you speak to an elder?" Damon asked.

Seeing Damon use his own words

against him, Clark was enraged. "Uncle Damon, you've been entangled with my ex-wife and have

A

embarrassed the Sumners. Why??? have?" e

kind of attitude do you expect me to

"The one who embarrassed the Sumners is you," Damon stated flatly.

Gritting his teeth, Clark sneered. "I'm heading to the police station. I don't want to argue with you, but you will regret this!"

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After Clark's outburst, he turned and left in a hurry.

Nyla felt a mix of emotions. It was clear that Clark was trying to avoid offending Damon while still preserving his pride. She couldn't understand why she had ever fallen for such a spineless man.

Once he was gone, she resumed eating her steak as if nothing had happened.

Before long, she noticed Damon's gaze fixed intently on her face. She looked up and asked, puzzled, "Is there something on my face? Why do you keep staring at me?" "It's nothing," Damon replied. "I just thought you might be affected by what he said."

"Why would I let him affect my mood? He's a stranger to me now. It's not worth getting upset over him," Nyla said.

"That's good to hear," Damon remarked.

After dinner, they returned directly to the villa.

Meanwhile, it took over an hour at the police station for Clark to bail out Cindy.

Cindy's eyes were red with anger. "That bitch Nyla! How dare she sue me? I won't let her get away with this!"

The lawyer beside her said sternly, "Ms. Sharrock, the evidence.

+25 BONUS

for the defamation lawsuit has already been submitted. Not only will you need to apologize, but you'll also have to pay a certain amount in compensation" "What?! I have to apologize? I refuse to do that!" Cindy huffed.

The lawyer replied somewhat helplessly, "If you don't cooperate, the penalties might increase, which could end up being worse for you."

"I can pay more, but I will never apologize to her!" Cindy insisted.

Seeing Cindy's firm stance, the lawyer turned to Clark, who wore a gloomy expression. "Mr. Sumner..."

Clark took a deep breath and said coldly, "Tell her lawyer that we're willing to negotiate the compensation but that an apology is not on the table."

He understood Cindy's feelings. Even if it were him, he wouldn't be able to accept apologizing to Nyla.

"Understood. I'll handle it," the lawyer replied.

After the lawyer left, Clark shot a cold glance at Cindy before heading to his car.

Cindy hesitated momentarily but then followed him.

Once they were in the car, Cindy could no longer contain her anger. "Nyla is absolutely outrageous! Does she think that just because she's with Damon now, she can look down on us?" Clark turned to her, his eyes devoid of warmth. "She can look

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down on us because we can't compete with Damon. Next time before you act, use your brain and avoid these foolish schemes that only make us look bad in front of Nyla." ,

Cindy was taken aback and about to retort when her phone suddenly buzzed with a flood of notifications.

She found dozens of messages, not in private chats, but in several group chats of Saintornia's high-society wives.

[I heard Cindy falsely accused Nyla of assault, and now she's been sued and ended up at the police station tonight!]

[Yes, I heard the same. How could Mrs. Sumner do something like this-making false accusations against her ex-daughter-in-law? It's disgraceful!]

[She always acted so high and mighty, flaunting her marriage to Cyrus. I heard she looked so embarrassed when she left the police station. Hahaha!]

Seeing those mocking messages, Cindy was irritated. She recorded a voice message and began arguing with the people in the group, only to be ridiculed further

As Cindy shook with intense

emotions and was about to continue

the argument, Clark's cold voice cut in. "That's enough. Haven't you embarrassed yourself enough already?!"

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Cindy turned to him in disbelief, her body trembling with rage. "Are you saying I'm embarrassing?"

"Isn't it true? Look at everything you've done recently-none of

it has worked out. If you're incapable, stop making things worse!" Clark snapped.

His anger was palpable, and his words were harsh and unforgiving.

Tears streamed down Cindy's face as she choked out, "If it weren't for my useless husband and son, would I have to do all this? Now you complain that I'm making things worse. Why aren't you capable of bailing your dad out? Clark, I am so disappointed in you!" With that, she shoved the car door open and stormed off.

Clark didn't follow her, his expression dark and stormy.

Why couldn't Cindy understand him?

With his current capabilities, he couldn't possibly get Cyrus out of the police station.

Moreover, what Cyrus had done was a fact. The immediate priority was to take over the company from him and then figure out other ways to help, even if it meant just making his life a bit easier inside.

The more Clark thought about it, the colder his expression became.

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+25 BONUS

He pulled out his phone and dialed a number. "Have you found the person yet?"

"Don't worry. It's a matter of a couple of days," the person on the other end replied.

"If you find them by tomorrow, I'll double the previously agreed-upon reward!" Clark promised..

In the pitch-dark car, the faint light from Clark's phone illuminated his features, casting a strange and unsettling glow.

"I'll contact you tomorrow," the other party replied.

After ending the call, Clark smirked. He was eager to see whether Damon loved Nyla or the other woman more.

That night, Nyla went to bed early and was unaware that, not long after she fell asleep, Spencer arrived to meet Damon with

a document in hand.

"Mr. Sumner, I've discovered that

Gabriel Hackett is Nyla's

stepbrother. He's been abroad for six years and has only returned once, but Ms. Jayston was traveling at the time, so they didn't meet. According to the information we've gathered, their relationship isn't very good," Spencer reported.

Damon briefly glanced at the document and then said, "You can leave now."

After reviewing Gabriel's information, Damon called Spencer. Have HR contact him and offer him a position at Prospectus

2/4

Technology."

+25 BONUS

The next morning, Nyla arrived at the office and received a call from William.

William informed her that Cindy was willing to settle but was unwilling to apologize personally. However, she was open to negotiating compensation for emotional distress.

This didn't surprise Nyla.

Getting an apology from Cindy was likely as difficult as reaching the stars. However, that wasn't her concern.

"Tell her I only want an apology," Nyla replied.

After hanging up, Nyla entered the elevator.

People around her kept glancing in her direction, but she ignored them and calmly pressed the close door button.

The morning passed quickly, and around noon, Wren unexpectedly came to the office to see her.

Nyla took her to the cafe downstairs and asked, "Wren, did you come to see me about something?" Wren rarely visited in person unless it was absolutely

necessary.

Wren's expression was cold. The thought of Gabriel ignoring her objections and returning to the country made her resent 3/4

+25 BONUS

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Nyla. If Nyla hadn't offended the Sumners, Gabriel's return wouldn't be such a concern.

"I talked to your father last night. He doesn't want to go abroad. After thinking it over, it's indeed inconvenient with the language barrier. It might be better for him to continue treatment domestically. The medical standards here aren't much worse than those abroad," Wren said.

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Nyla frowned. "Wren, you agreed to this yesterday. Why are you suddenly changing your mind?"

Nyla had arranged for them to go abroad with their safety in mind.

She wouldn't let Cyrus off, and once Damon learned she had been using him, he wouldn't protect her anymore. She wouldn't have the energy to properly arrange for them by then. Wren looked helpless. "It's not that I don't want to go abroad, but your father is worried about you. He refuses to go - overseas, no matter what."

After a moment of silence, Nyla said firmly, "I'll go to the hospital tonight and persuade him myself."

Wren's gaze was evasive. "Your father is still upset with you. It might be better to wait a few days. I'm worried that if you go tonight, you two might end up arguing again."

"I need to go, even if it means arguing. Wren, I have work to do later, so I'll head back to the office now." With that, Nyla stood up and left.

When Damon found out that Nyla was going to the hospital that evening, he offered to accompany her.

Her first instinct was to refuse. Her father was already unhappy about her relationship with Damon, and bringing

1/4

+25 BONUS

Damon along would only provoke him further.

"Maybe you should wait a little longer?" Nyla suggested.

Damon looked displeased. "How long is a little longer?"

It was one thing for her to avoid him at the office, but now she didn't want him to meet her family, which clearly showed she wasn't planning for a future with him.

"My dad is still angry about us being together. We should at least wait until he's not so upset," Nyla tried.

"No. Since he already knows and is upset, he'll think I'm not sincere and don't genuinely want to be with you if I keep hiding,* Damon insisted.

Nyla sighed. Did she need to mention her father hoped that Damon would stay away?

Seeing Damon's determined gaze, Nyla hesitated but

eventually nodded. "Alright, but be prepared for him to ask you to leave."

As soon as Nyla and Damon entered the hospital room that evening, Harrison's expression hardened. His demeanor was icy.

"Mr. Sumner, you're not welcome here. Please leave!" he bellowed.

Nyla sighed inwardly-this was exactly what she had anticipated.

2/4

+25 BONUS

She turned to Damon, intending to ask him to wait outside, but he didn't even glance at her. Instead, he addressed Harrison directly, "Mr. Jayston, I know you're not fond of me, and I

understand that my relationship with Nyla angers you. But I am sincere about her."

I.ne

Harrison sneered. "Sincere? What's sincerity worth from the Sumners? A few years ago, Clark said the same thing to me, and look what happened-he ended up cheating. Just leave! The Sumners are too good for Nyla!"

Nyla frowned, fearing that Harrison might say something to further provoke Damon. She was about to speak when. Harrison turned his

cold gaze on her.

"You can leave too. I don't want to see you until you've sorted out your relationship with him!" he scolded. "Dad..." Nyla began.

Damon gently lowered his gaze to her and said softly, "I'd like to speak with your father alone. Please wait outside." "No!" Nyla protested.

She was concerned that Harrison might say even harsher things to Damon if she left.

Harrison looked at Damon with anger and disdain.

"Fine. Wren, take Nyla out. I want to hear what he has to say," he ordered.

Wren hesitated for a moment before moving to Nyla's side.

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"Nyla, let's step outside and wait," she urged.

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Seeing Nyla's hesitation, Wren whispered, "Staying here won't help. It'll only make your father more upset."

Damon also looked at her with a reassuring smile. "Don't worry. I can handle it."

After a moment's pause, Nyla finally nodded. "Alright then."

She followed Wren out of the room, and the two sat down on a bench in the corridor. For a while, neither of them spoke.

Wren turned to Nyla and broke the silence. "Nyla, staying in the country isn't so bad. The medical facilities here are quite good, and I-

Before she could finish, Nyla interrupted coldly, "Wren, did you suddenly decide not to go abroad because Gabriel is planning to come back?" Wren was momentarily taken aback, a hint of guilt flashing in her eyes. "How did you find out about that?"

"He told me on the phone yesterday," Nyla replied.

Wren frowned, surprised that Gabriel had informed Nyla so

soon.

"Since you know, I won't beat around the bush. I really don't want to leave the country because he's coming back," Wren confessed.

"Going abroad with my dad would be safer than staying here," Nyla stated.

1/3

+25 BONUS

"I know, but I don't want your issues with the Sumners to affect Gabriel now that he's coming back. If we stay, you'll be more cautious about how you handle the Sumners," Wren replied. Nyla smiled slightly. "Wren, it's good to finally hear the truth from you."

When Wren had visited Nyla before, Nyla had sensed something was off. Despite Harrison always following Wren's lead, he had suddenly refused to go abroad.

It turned out it was Wren who didn't want to leave.

"I understand it's unfair to you, but if your issues with the Sumners end up affecting Gabriel, that's also unfair to him. He's my only son, and I hope you can understand," Wren stated plainly.

"Since you don't want to go abroad, I can't force you. But I won't abandon what I need to do just because you and my dad are staying here. hope my you can understand that too Nyla replied.

Wren frowned, anger flashing in her eyes. "Why do you always have to make things so chaotic before e you're satisfied? That accident led to

Harris Pharmaceuticals' bankrot to

and your dad isn't pursuing it. Why do you have to be so stubborn?"

If Nyla's actions didn't affect her, Harrison, and Gabriel, it would be one thing. But continuing to oppose the Sumners would certainly lead them to retaliate against her family. Nyla looked at her, uttering each word with clarity. "Is it that he

2/3

425 BONUS

sn't pursuing it because he doesn't want to, or because he's unable to and is just trying to convince himself to let it go?"

Wren sneered. "So, you think you have the ability to change things? People should know their limits. If you keep being stubborn, you'll end up regretting it."

Nyla's hands, resting at her sides, clenched subconsciously, and her eyes grew colder.

Seeing Nyla remain silent, Wren continued. "I don't care what you do, but I won't let you off the hook if your actions end up harming Gabriel!"

At that moment, Damon's icy voice cut through the tension. Mrs. Jayston, my girlfriend isn't someone you get to lecture!"

Wren turned to face Damon, and his cold gaze made her shiver involuntarily.

She quickly composed herself and retorted, "Mr. Sumner, you and Nyla are just dating, not married yet. Our family matters don't seem to be any of your business." Damon narrowed his eyes, his expression darkening with anger,

Noticing his rising fury, Nyla stood up and approached him.

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"Did you finish talking with my dad?" Nyla asked.

Damon glanced down at her and replied, "Yes."

"I'll go in and say a few words to him, and then we'll head back," Nyla said.

"Alright," Damon agreed.

Nyla entered the hospital room. To her surprise, Harrison's expression was less distressed than before. Though still stern, he seemed to have softened considerably.

"Dad, please reconsider going abroad for treatment. If you really don't want to go, I won't force you," Nyla said.

Harrison looked up at her and said coldly, "No need to reconsider. I know what I want. As for you and Damon... I suggest you think it through. After all, he's Clark's uncle.

"If you're with him, you'll face not only public gossip but also opposition from the Sumners. The path with him will be much harder than it was with Clark."

Nyla was taken aback by his response. She wondered what Damon had said to change Harrison's attitude so drastically.

"I've thought it through, Dad," she replied.

"As long as you've thought it through. I won't say anything more. I can't offer you any help now. The path you choose is yours alone. Whether it brings you happiness or distress, you'll have to face it on your own," Harrison said.

1/3

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Nyla nodded. "I understand."

+25 BONUS

On the way back to the villa, Nyla couldn't help but ask Damon what he had told Harrison.

Damon smiled. "It's a secret."

Despite her persistent questioning, he didn't reveal anything, so she had to let it go.

When they arrived back at the villa, they saw Clark's car parked out front.

Damon's smile faded, and he exuded a dangerous aura.

As they got out of the car, Clark and Cindy emerged.

Cindy's face was a mask of anger and resentment as she looked at Nyla.

Clark spoke first. "Uncle Damon, I need to talk to Nyla alone. Could we have some privacy?"

""No," Damon replied flatly.

Clark frowned at the immediate refusal. Remembering their purpose was to apologize, he managed to suppress his frustration.

He turned to Nyla and tried to keep his tone calm. "Nyla, my mother and I came here today to apologize for what she said about you. We hope you can let it go and not pursue the matter further."

2/3

+25 BONUS

Since Nyla had refused to reconcile, the incident had spread widely among the elite circles in Saintornia. If it wasn't resolved soon, it would make its way to the company, a situation Clark couldn't afford.

Having just taken over the company from Cyrus, Clark couldn't let this issue become a point of contention, especially with shareholders already dissatisfied. He needed to address this before it caused further trouble.

Nyla raised an eyebrow, glancing at the unwilling Cindy, and smiled slightly. "You're here to apologize, but I don't see any remorse from Mrs. Sumner. Instead, she seems to despise me. Cindy, already reluctant to come, was nearly enraged by Nyla's sarcastic remark. With a warning glance from Clark, she bit back her retort.

Cindy took a deep breath and forced a smile. "Nyla, I admit I went too far this time... apologize. Since we were once family, it's not beneficial for either of us to make this public. Will you ask your lawyer to drop the lawsuit?"

Today's Bonus Offer

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Nyla glanced at Cindy, who was clearly struggling to maintain her composure while attempting to apologize. The scene struck Nyla as somewhat amusing.

"Mrs. Sumner, did you really expect to come here, apologize, and ask me to drop the lawsuit after publicly accusing me of assault?" she asked.

Cindy's expression faltered for a moment as she clenched her fists to suppress her anger.

"Nyla, I admit I was wrong. I'm apologizing now. Can't we just put this behind us?" Cindy asked.

"Sure," Nyla said, nodding. "But you need to issue a public statement clarifying that I didn't assault you and that it was you trying to tarnish my reputation. I'll drop the lawsuit if you do that."

Cindy froze. They had come to resolve this privately, not to make it public. Releasing a statement would only highlight her attempt to malign her former daughter-in-law.

"Nyla, can we find another way to resolve this? We can negotiate," Cindy suggested.

"Embarrassed, are we?" Nyla's smile remained, but her eyes were cold. "You shouldn't have tried to slander me and create problems for yourself if you find this embarrassing. If you don't want to make a statement, fine. Once I get the court ruling, I'll issue a statement using

149

*25 BONUS

At that point, Cindy would only look worse.

Cindy gritted her teeth, her frustration boiling over. "Nyla, you're going too far. I won't issue a statement. Do you think just because you're with Damon you can do whatever you want? Don't push your luck!"

Nyla didn't flinch at Cindy's outburst. "If you're unwilling, don't waste my time in the future."

With that, Nyla walked past Cindy, leaving with Damon.

Clark quickly caught up. "Nyla, if that statement goes public, it will embarrass the Sumners and even Uncle Damon. If you're willing to settle privately, we can discuss compensation."

Nyla chuckled. "How much are you offering?"

"150,000 dollars!" Clark replied.

Nyla's eyes widened slightly in surprise. It seemed Clark was very eager to keep this matter from escalating. Otherwise, he wouldn't be offering such a sum.

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It would be a waste not to accept that amount, so she replied, Sure But I hope you're not planning to take the money from the remaining assets my lawyer is investigating."

Clark's eyes flickered with uncertainty. "No, of course not!"

"Alright, I'll accept your apology. Make sure the money is transferred to my account," Nyla agreed.

2/3

After Nyla and Damon left, Cindy muttered resentfully, "I have to pay her 150,000 dollars just for some gossip? Does she

+25 BONUS

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even deserve that?"

Clark sneered. "If we don't pay, the situation will only get worse and cost us even more."

Under his fierce gaze, Cindy involuntarily took a step back, feeling a pang of guilt. "I... I'm just trying to help your father..."

Felget

"I don't want to hear any more excuses. I'll arrange a flight for you to go abroad and take a break. Come back when you've calmed down," Clark said.

Cindy's eyes widened in shock. "You're sending me away?"

Clark looked at her with a cold expression. "Staying here won't help in rescuing my father and will only hinder me. It's better if you leave for a while."

"No! I'm not going! How dare you send me away? I absolutely refuse to leave!" Cindy cried.

"This isn't up for discussion!" Clark declared