

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Chapter 351

Caroline couldn't shake the feeling that something was off. She turned back to Nyla with a questioning look, but Nyla showed no reaction.

Nyla simply said, "Let's go. We're going to be late for our reservation."

With that, Nyla took Caroline by the arm and headed toward the parking lot, offering no further explanation.

Rebecca bit her lip, unable to resist glancing at Damon.

When she saw his gaze fixed on Nyla's departing figure, she dug her nails into her palms. Jealousy bloomed like wild grass in her heart, intensifying her dislike for Nyla. She lowered her eyes, masking her emotions perfectly.

"Damon... Ms. Lovell is good friends with Ms. Jayston. Ms. Jayston doesn't like me. Do you think she'll speak poorly of me to Ms. Lovell? If Ms. Lovell starts to dislike me too..." she muttered. Her hesitant tone caused Damon to frown.

"I've already agreed to invest in their lab. Whether she likes you or not, their latest anti-cancer drug will still be available to you," Damon replied.

Rebecca's gaze darkened due to Damon's attempt to defend Nyla, her weak smile betraying her emotions.

"I understand," she said.

Nathaniel, who disliked seeing Rebecca so submissive, spoke up coldly. "If Nyla speaks poorly of you to Caroline, it just shows she's not a good person."

As soon as he said that, he felt the temperature drop. He looked up to see Damon's dark, stormy eyes and frowned.

"Damon, did I say something wrong?" Nathaniel asked.

Damon replied, "You have no right to judge her. Besides, I'm the one who wronged her."

Nathaniel found this laughable. "What do you mean you wronged her? Don't forget, she's the one who got your brother thrown in jail. If you weren't protecting her, given your father's methods, do you think she'd still be alive?"

"This is between her and me. It's not your place to judge. Don't let me hear you speak ill of her again," Damon declared.

Realizing that Damon was genuinely angry, Nathaniel felt his anger flare up. Was their friendship over the years worth less than Nyla? "And if I insist?" he demanded.

"Then we have nothing more to do with each other." With these cold words, Damon turned and walked away.

His voice wasn't loud, but Nathaniel knew he was serious.

"Fine, Damon. If you value some woman over our years of brotherhood, then I have nothing more to say!" Nathaniel exclaimed.

Seeing Nathaniel about to leave, Rebecca quickly stepped in front of him. "Nathaniel, don't act rashly."

Nathaniel snickered, his voice laced with anger. "Who's acting rashly?"

Rebecca sighed and lowered her voice. "It's not worth ruining your friendship over Nyla. Do it for me, please. I don't want my return to cause a rift between you two"

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"What does this have to do with you? This is all because of that woman!" Nathaniel huffed.

"But it's because I returned and Damon and I got back together that he broke up with Nyla. That's why you two are fighting," Rebecca reasoned.

Seeing the guilt and remorse in Rebecca's eyes, Nathaniel felt both heartache and helplessness.

"Rebecca, you're always thinking of others. You and Damon were meant to be together. Getting back together is only natural. You have nothing to feel guilty about," he said.

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Rebecca smiled bitterly. "I've got less than three months left. There's no point in fighting over these things. After three months, I'll give Damon back to her."

As soon as she finished speaking, Nathaniel grabbed her hand and said seriously, "Rebecca, don't talk like that. Damon has already invested in Caroline's research lab, and the drug is close to being developed. You're going to be okay!" Rebecca's gaze was wry. "The drug is still in the trial phase. No one can be sure if it will work, and there might be side effects."

Seeing her so pessimistic, Nathaniel felt a pang in his heart, his eyes instantly filling with pain.

"Rebecca, you used to be so optimistic. Now you've become so negative, which isn't like you. You should be strong and resilient, never letting anything get you down. And I believe that drug will work!" he encouraged.

Rebecca lowered her eyes and said softly, "I want to be strong, but I just can't. Besides... Damon doesn't love me anymore. He only agreed to get back together with me out of guilt. Even if I get better, he won't fall back in love with me. Surviving wouldn't mean much." Nathaniel's gaze turned cold. He looked at her and said slowly, "As long as you get better, I'll help you. I won't let anyone stand in the way of you and Damon being together!"

By "anyone", he clearly meant Nyla.

A strange look flashed in Rebecca's eyes at Nathaniel's ruthless gaze. She asked softly, "Really?"

"Really," Nathaniel assured.

If Nyla tried to stop Rebecca from being with Damon, he wouldn't hesitate to deal with her.

"Thank you, Nathaniel!" Rebecca threw herself into his arms and hugged him tightly, her body trembling slightly with emotion.

Nathaniel stiffened. It took him a long time to finally raise his hand and gently pat her back. As he felt Rebecca's soft body pressed against him, his heart was filled with both sweetness and pain.

He wanted to hold her but couldn't. It was all because she was his best friend's girlfriend, and... she didn't love him.

On the way to the restaurant, Caroline couldn't help but ask Nyla, "Why was Ms. Austen acting so weird toward you earlier in the parking lot? Did you two have some sort of

falling out?" Nyla's expression remained calm. "No. It's just that I work at Mr. Sumner's company now."

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Caroline's eyes widened in surprise. "You never mentioned that before. But Mr. Sumner is impressive. I heard he built Prospectus Technology from the ground up into the giant company it is today. And he's so handsome. It's a shame he has a girlfriend. Although... even if he didn't have a girlfriend, he wouldn't be someone we could reach."

She continued talking to herself, unaware that Nyla's grip on the steering wheel had tightened subconsciously.

It was so obvious to everyone else, yet Caroline was only now beginning to see it clearly.

Stopping at a red light, Nyla turned

to Caroline. "Caroline, let's not talk about irrelevant people. Tell me more about what your life has been like doing experiments these past few years. I'm more interested in that."

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Caroline smiled. "Okay. My life these past few years hasn't been much different from when we were in university. It's just been a cycle of classes, meals, lab work, and sleep. But doing experiments is a lot harder than it was in university. Things go Wrong all the time..."

Nyla listened intently, occasionally asking Caroline questions.

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By the time they finished lunch, it was already 2:00 p.m.

Caroline's flight back to Capitarnia was at 8:00 p.m., and she still needed to return to the hotel to pack. Nyla drove her straight there.

As Caroline exited the car, she couldn't hold back and asked the question she had been keeping in her heart, "Nyla, about what I mentioned before... Have you made up your mind?" Nyla nodded. "Yeah, I'm planning to go to grad school."

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Caroline paused before smiling. "Alright. I'll be waiting for you in Capitarnia."

"Sure," Nyla promised.

After Caroline entered the hotel, Nyla drove off.

Halfway home, her phone suddenly rang.

Seeing that it was an unknown number, she decided not to answer. The caller didn't try again but sent a text message instead.

It wasn't until Nyla parked downstairs that she checked the message.

[Ms. Jayston, my father was one of the victims of the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident six years ago. I saw in the news that you found evidence and sent Cyrus Sumner to the police. I also have some evidence and would like to give it to you. Please contact me if you see this message.]

After reading the text, Nyla tightened her grip on her phone but didn't rush to reply.

Cyrus had been in custody for a while, and this person was just now reaching out. It seemed a bit suspicious.

After a moment of consideration, she decided to ignore it for the time being.

If the other party was genuinely desperate, they would reach out again. No matter their intention, it was better to be cautious.

For the rest of the weekend, Nyla stayed at home studying.

Gabriel sent her several messages inviting her to join him for a meal. Initially, she responded, but eventually, she began to ignore them.

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On Monday morning, just as Nyla was leaving her apartment, she found Gabriel waiting by the elevator.

She greeted him coolly and was about to leave when he stepped before her. "Nyla, am I bothering you?"

Understanding he was referring to her lack of response to his messages, she nodded. "A little."

Gabriel looked momentarily taken aback, then his eyes softened with a hint of indulgence and helplessness. "I understand. I won't bother you again." "Thank you." With that, Nyla turned and left without another word.

After she drove away, Gabriel made a phone call, his voice as gentle as ever. "How did it go with what I asked you to do?"

A gruff, low voice answered from the

other end, "I called her, but she didn't pick up. Then I sent a text, but it's

been more than a day, and she still hasn't responded."

Gabriel narrowed his eyes. "Keep trying to contact her. Once this is over, I'll send your daughter abroad for treatment." Gabriel hung up, put away his phone, and smirked.

On her way to the office, Nyla received a call from Valarie.

"Nyla, you won't believe this!" Valarie exclaimed.

Curious, Nyla raised an eyebrow. "What is it?"

"After Clark took over his father's

company, he used his connection as Damon's nephew to trick several companies into signing contracts. The executives thought they were

signing deals with Prospet

Technology, but it turns out it was just Clark's small company. Now people are starting to realize something's off, and some are threatening to sue him," Valarie explained.

Nyla frowned. "How could those executives be so careless? Didn't they notice the contracts were with the wrong company?"

Valarie elaborated, "He forged the

contracts. The paperwork said Prospectus Technology, but a

dealings were actually hapalkthe

by

people from his company

"Isn't he afraid of getting caught?" Nyla asked, surprised that Clark would dare to pull off something like this.

It was eye-opening.

"I guess he didn't think he'd get caught. Who knows how this will play out now? I'll let you know if I hear anything new," Valarie offered.

Nyla wasn't particularly concerned about what happened to Clark. After all, they had nothing to do with each other anymore.

What Nyla hadn't expected was that Clark would come to her for help.

"Nyla, for the sake of what we had, can you please help me? Talk to Uncle Damon for me and ask him to assist me this one time?" he pleaded.

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Seeing Clark's pleading look, Nyla wondered how he had the nerve to seek her out. And to ask her to help for the sake of the love they once shared?

If she could go back in time, she would have thrown the flowers right back at him and told him to get lost when he confessed his feelings.

"I can't help you. You caused this, and you should face the consequences," she said.

She brushed past him and headed for the elevator.

Nyla had barely taken two steps when he grabbed her hand.

Clark's eyes were bloodshot, and his once-handsome face was contorted with rage, making him look somewhat terrifying.

"Nyla, are you really this heartless? When we divorced, you took over 700,000 dollars from me, and now you won't even ask Damon for help? I'll ask you one more time: Are you going to help me or not?!" Clark's eyes were wide with resentment, and his breathing was ragged.

Nyla's heart sank.

Clark was clearly agitated. Who knew what he might do if she refused?

"Fine... I'll talk to him for you. Just calm down..." she coaxed.

Clark hesitated, skeptical. "Really?"

Nyla nodded, trying to keep him calm.

"Really, I'll go see him right now," she said.

Clark seemed to relax a little, but then he remembered how she had tricked him before, and his anger flared up again. "You're lying! You've lied to me before!"

Seeing the dangerous look in his eyes, Nyla involuntarily trembled.

"I'm telling the truth. If you don't believe me, you can come with me," she said.

Clark smirked. "Yeah, I think I should go with you."

Nyla thought she had him calmed down. Just as she was about to breathe a sigh of relief, she felt the cold edge of a knife against her waist.

It was chilly that morning, so she had thrown on a coat before leaving. Now, with Clark holding the knife against her waist, it looked as though he was simply putting his arm around her.

Nyla cursed inwardly. Clark was truly insane!

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"I don't trust you. And how do I know

what you'll do when you see

Damon? This way, I can make you' Dreally plead for me," Clark explained.

Nyla's palms were sweaty with nerves.

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With Clark already threatening her with a knife, there was no telling what else he might do.

"I can only ask him to help you, but we're not together anymore. He

with Rebecca now, soche

probably won't listen to me," Nyla clarified.

"Don't worry. He will listen to you. Stop talking and move!" Clark ordered, pulling her toward the elevator.

From a distance, they appeared to be a couple walking closely together.

In the basement, several Prospectus Technology employees discreetly took photos while waiting for the elevator and shared them in the company group chat. Soon, gossip began to spread.

[No way, is Nyla really that shady? She just broke up with Mr. Damon, and now she's back with her ex-husband...]

[If I remember correctly, her ex-husband is already remarried. So, does that mean she's willingly being the other woman?]

[She sure has some tricks, huh? Playing both Sumner men like this.]

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Before long, the photo reached Damon's phone.

Seeing the two of them looking so close, his face darkened immediately.

He stood up, about to go downstairs and confront Nyla, when Spencer knocked and entered the office.

"Mr. Damon... Ms. Jayston and Mr. Clark are here..." Spencer informed cautiously.

Damon frowned and said coldly, "Let them in!"

As Nyla and Clark entered the office, Damon immediately sensed something was off.

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Although Clark was holding Nyla, her displeasure was evident.

Clearly, she was unhappy with the situation. Additionally, his hand was concealed inside her coat, which seemed highly suspicious. "What are you doing here?" Damon demanded.

His cold gaze settled on Clark as he tapped lightly on the desk, emanating an oppressive aura.

Clark leaned closer to Nyla and whispered, "Speak."

His hand, hidden behind Nyla, shifted slightly, causing her to go rigid.

At that moment, Damon finally realized what felt so off.

His eyes turned icy as he fixed his sharp gaze on Clark. It was as if it could cut through him at any moment.

"Clark, it seems you really want to join your father!" Damon threatened.

Intimidated by Damon's aura, Clark's hand on Nyla's waist trembled.

He took a deep breath and forced himself to meet Damon's eyes. "Uncle Damon, if I hadn't done this, you wouldn't have agreed to see me, right?"

"I'm giving you three seconds to let her go. Otherwise, I'll ensure you understand the meaning of regret!" Damon warned.

Instead of complying, Clark merely smirked. "Uncle Damon, the worst mistake you can make in a negotiation is acting rashly. Revealing your hand too early only puts you at a disadvantage."

"What do you want?" Damon demanded.

"You should already know what I want. Why bother asking?" Clark retorted.

Damon picked up the internal line. "Contact the individuals in charge of the contracts Clark stole. Tell them that if they agree to drop the matter, Prospectus Technology will continue to work with them and increase their profit margin by 10%."

Nyla froze. She hadn't expected Damon to make such a decisive move on her behalf. She was overwhelmed with mixed emotions.

After hanging up, Damon looked up at Clark with a steely gaze. "Now, will you let her go?"

"Don't be in such a rush, Uncle Damon. My secretary will call me when everything is settled. I'll release her then," Clark replied.

Damon remained silent, his gaze chillingly cold. If Clark weren't his nephew, and if anyone else dared to threaten him like this, Damon would ensure they didn't live to see another day.

Soon enough, Clark's phone rang. He did not answer it, merely smiling

at Damon. "Uncle Damon, you really

keep your word. It seems Nyla is very important to you."

Although he was smiling, there was no warmth in his eyes.

"I don't want to hear any of this nonsense," Damon retorted.

Clark chuckled and removed his hand from Nyla's waist.

In the next moment, Damon's expression darkened. "You played me!"

What Clark had been holding wasn't a knife or anything dangerous-it was merely a plastic cake knife.

Nyla was stunned, her frown deepening. The sensation she had felt against her waist shouldn't have come from a plastic knife.

However, if Clark had truly been holding a knife, she still couldn't have acted rashly. Who knew what he might do in a fit of madness? "Uncle Damon, I didn't have a choice. If you had been willing to help me, none of this would have happened today," Clark insisted. Damon sneered, unwilling to waste any more words on him. "Get out!"

He would ensure Clark learned the cost of playing games with him.

Clark's expression remained calm as

he said slowly, "Uncle Damon, my dad's company is all I have left. If you go after it, I can't promise I won't do something drastic."

"Are you threatening me?" Damon's voice was low.

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Clark shook his head. "How could that be? I just hope you understand that someone with nothing can be fearless." He turned and left after speaking.

Back in the car, Clark shook his sleeve, and a knife fell out, its blade glinting coldly.

He picked it up and sneered. If Damon hadn't agreed earlier, this knife would have been pressed against Nyla's neck.

He wouldn't have done that unless absolutely necessary, though. After all, Nyla was once his wife.

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Only Nyla and Damon remained in the office.

The room fell into silence, with neither of them speaking.

Nyla took a deep breath and looked at Damon. "Mr. Sumner, I'm really sorry about this morning. I didn't expect him to show up and use me to threaten you." Damon frowned. "You don't need to apologize for what Clark did."

Her pale face clearly indicated Clark's actions had shaken her..

"I also caused you trouble, and I appreciate you saving me. If there's nothing else, I'll get back to work now," Nyla added.

As she turned to leave, Damon's cold voice stopped her. "Wait!"

Nyla tightened her grip on the door handle, her heart racing as she heard his footsteps behind her. When she turned to speak, her chin was grabbed.

She frowned and instinctively tried to push Damon away, but her wrist was caught, and she was pressed against the door.

"Mr. Sumner... please let me go..." she requested.

Damon laughed bitterly at her distant gaze. "Try calling me 'Mr. Sumner' one more time."

Nyla's eyes flashed with anger. Her voice turned icy. "Mr. Sumner, I-"

Before she could finish, Damon's kiss came.

She instinctively turned her face away, his lips brushing against her cheek.

Anger sparked in her eyes. The humiliation was overwhelming. Damon clearly saw her resistance but still showed no respect.

Nyla pressed her lips together and looked up at him, her voice steady. "Damon, do you see me as just a plaything?"

"Even if I've broken up with you and want nothing more to do with you, you still do whatever you want with me, and I have no choice but to accept?"

Despite Nyla's deep hurt, her tears swirled in her eyes, stubbornly refusing to fall.

Damon suddenly felt a wave of regret and pain, more intense than when she had broken up with him.

"Nyla, I'm sorry," he said.

He reached out to wipe the tears from her eyes, but she pulled away.

"If you really felt sorry, you wouldn't keep bothering me," Nyla said.

Damon sighed. He had intended to keep his distance for the next three months, but seeing Clark's hand on her waist earlier had nearly driven him mad with jealousy.

He realized he was truly in love with her.

"My relationship with her isn't real," he tried to explain.

Upon seeing the sincerity in his eyes, Nyla's expression turned cynical. She coldly looked away. "Whether it's real or not doesn't concern me. Please let me go."

Damon leaned in slowly and rested

his forehead against hers, his tone coaxing. "Nyla, don't be so cold I'll tell you everything, okay? The reason I got back with her is that

"Stop!" Nyla interrupted. "No matter the reason, the fact that you're getting back with her is the reality. Whether it's real or not doesn't

matter to me. I don't want to be involved in your relationship. If you keep bothering me, I'll have to resign."

Damon's expression darkened. "I won't agree to that!"

"I'm not an employee of Prospectus Technology. As long as Park Pharmaceuticals agrees, it's fine," Nyla stated.

Seeing her resolute expression, Damon felt as though he was truly losing her.

"If I stop bothering you, will you not resign?" he asked.

Nyla had intended to say she would still resign once she got into a graduate program in Capitarnia, but that was her matter and not something she needed to share.

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"Maybe," Nyla answered.

Damon released her and stepped back, his expression returning to its usual coldness. "Alright. I won't bother you again until I've sorted things out with Rebecca," he promised.

After Nyla left, Damon dialed an international number. "How's the investigation progressing?"

"Mr. Sumner, we're still looking into it. However, Ms. Austen's previous hospital was a private facility with strict privacy protections, so I haven't been able to access her medical records yet," the other party reported. "I want results within three days!" Damon barked.

After ending the call, Damon set his phone down, his eyes icy with frustration. Rebecca had better not be lying to him!

Spencer knocked and entered the office with several documents. "Mr. Sumner, these are the files for this afternoon's meeting."

"Mm." Damon glanced up and said in a low voice, "Send someone to keep an eye on Clark. Make sure he doesn't get a chance to approach Nyla again."

Spencer hesitated for a moment before speaking cautiously. "Mr. Sumner, what about today's events? If Prospectus Technology offers a 10% discount, there will be no profit at all."

Damon's expression remained frosty. "Of course, this matter isn't over."

"Understood," Spencer replied.

As he left the office, he immediately dispatched someone to monitor Clark.

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Rebecca was sitting on the sofa, knitting a scarf in the living room of Damon's villa when her phone rang.

Upon seeing the number, her expression darkened. She picked up the phone and walked to the end of the hallway.

"What's the matter? Didn't I tell you not to contact me again? I'm back in the country. I will not return to Meristate, nor will I be threatened by you!" She deliberately lowered her voice, but her disgust and impatience were unmistakable.

A low, mocking laugh came from the

other end. "Someone's checking your medical records. If I weren't keeping things under control, do you know what would be happening right now?"

Rebecca's face turned pale. "Who's checking on me?"

Upon hearing her panic, the man's amusement grew. "I don't know, but it's probably someone from here. I'm covering for you this time because of past. Next time, who knows?"

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Revulsion flashed in Rebecca's eyes. If he hadn't filmed that video while she was under anesthesia, she wouldn't be threatened into complying with his demands.

The thought of that dark experience made her feel sick. If she could, she would love to end the person on the other end of the line.

"Don't forget, you once promised me "

Before she could finish, the man

interrupted, "You said 'once', but now

you're back in the country.

Otherwise, we could have discussed things deeper'. If I'm in a good

mood, I may continue to goode

secret."

Rebecca bit her lip hard and said coldly, "I'm not going back!"

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"Hahaha, I know. After all, you'd do anything to escape from me. Now that you've finally managed to get away, why would you come back?" the man replied. "What do you want from me?" Rebecca asked.

"Send me a video daily, and I'll keep your medical records hidden. If you ever stop, the records will be made public," the man demanded.

The videos he wanted were far from ordinary.

Rebecca suppressed her nausea and said through gritted teeth, "Fine."

"Send one now. You know I don't have much patience. You have ten minutes," the man ordered.

Enduring humiliation and disgust, Rebecca recorded and sent the video.

The man quickly responded with a satisfied emoji.

Rebecca stared at the emoji with cold eyes. It was clear that this problem needed to be dealt with once and for all.

After a moment of thought, her mind flashed with the image of Nyla's stunning face, and she smirked. She now had a plan that would serve two purposes.

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When Nyla arrived at the lab, it was close to the start of her shift.

She had just changed into her white lab coat and walked in when she saw Melody with her head down, furiously typing on her phone, her face flushed.

Hearing footsteps, Melody suddenly looked up. Upon seeing Nyla, she quickly hid her phone behind her, looking somewhat guilty.

"Nyla..." she said.

"Mm, let's get ready for the experiment," Nyla replied.

Noticing Nyla's nonchalance, Melody couldn't help but think about the harsh comments she had seen in the group chat about Nyla, which made her blood pressure rise.

They hadn't interacted with Nyla personally, so why were they speaking about her like that? Moreover, Melody was certain Nyla wouldn't get involved with someone like Clark again. However, the leaked photo did seem to show Clark hugging Nyla, and they did appear quite intimate.

Melody wanted to ask Nyla about it but feared Nyla might think she didn't believe her, like those others.

Her preoccupation with the issue made her slow in her work, often causing Nyla to call her several times before she would respond.

After several attempts, Nyla frowned, put down her equipment, and looked at Melody.

"Melody, what's wrong with you today? You seem distracted. If you're tired, you can rest in the office for a while and return when you're feeling better," she suggested.

Focus was crucial for experiments, and Melody's current state would only slow down the process and increase the chance of errors.

Meeting Nyla's calm eyes, Melody bit her lip and looked down. "Nyla, I'm sorry, I..."

"It's okay. If you're tired, just let me know next time. Don't push yourself. Go take a break," Nyla said gently, her tone showing no sign of blame for the slowed progress. Melody felt warmed by Nyla's understanding and became even more determined about her thoughts.

She looked up at Nyla and said, "Nyla, I'm so distracted today because of this photo..."

Melody opened the photo from the group chat and handed her phone to Nyla.

When Nyla saw the photo, she frowned.

Before she could say anything, Melody interjected angrily, "Someone from the PR department took this photo and posted it in the company's group chat. Now, a lot of people in the company's gossip group are bad-mouthing you.

"They're claiming you're trying to rekindle things with Clark after being dumped by Mr. Damon and even calling you shameless. I was so upset that I ended up arguing with them.

"This issue has spread beyond the company, and many people probably know about it by now.

"Nyla, what's really going on between you and Clark? I believe you wouldn't get back together with him, but every time I try to explain, they just point to this photo..." Seeing Melody's anxious attempt to defend her, Nyla felt a bit touched.

"Melody, thank you. You don't need to worry about this. I'll handle it," Nyla assured her.

Melody asked, "So what's the real story behind this photo?"

Nyla hesitated momentarily before replying, "I can't tell you the full details right now. I'm sorry."

She couldn't be sure if the knife Clark had pressed against her waist was real. She had been too nervous at the time, and it was possible she could have mistaken it.

If Clark had used a plastic knife for cutting cakes, it would have been a completely different situation compared to a real knife.

If Nyla revealed the specifics now

and it got out, Clark might turn

things around and make false accusations, especially since no one had seen for sure whether the knife was real.

Upon seeing that Nyla wasn't willing to speak, a trace of disappointment crossed Melody's eyes. Still, she forced a smile. "Okay, no matter what, I believe in you."

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The two of them didn't discuss the matter further, and Melody quickly refocused on her experiments.

On his way back to the company, Clark received a call from Jordyn.

"Clark, did you go see Nyla?" Jordyn's tone was accusatory and filled with anger.

Clark frowned and replied coldly, "Jordyn, have you forgotten your place? You have no right to question me."

"No right? Don't forget we're married now, and I'm carrying your child! You were out in public hugging Nyla-how can you treat me like this?" Jordyn cried.

Clark let out a cold laugh. "You really think that just because we registered our marriage, you get to control my life? I can get a divorce just as easily as I got married. If you don't know your place, feel free to leave!"

He ended the call without giving Jordyn a chance to respond, threw his phone onto the passenger seat, and drove the car with a scowl.

He was already regretting marrying Jordyn on impulse and the trouble it had caused.

As Clark was contemplating when to file for divorce, a sudden loud bang came from beneath his car. He was startled and slammed on the brakes.

Getting out, he saw that the tire had blown and frowned.

He was about to call for roadside assistance when a van pulled up beside him. Two burly men wearing masks got out and towered over him.

As they approached, Clark felt a surge of unease. "Who are you? What do you want—"

Before he could finish, the men grabbed him and shoved him into the van. The doors slammed shut, and the vehicle sped away.

Soon, Spencer reported the incident to Damon. "Mr. Damon, Grand Azure's people took Mr. Clark. They're likely still angry about being deceived and want to teach him a lesson." Spencer hesitated, glancing at Damon.

Despite his dislike for Clark, Spencer knew Damon had already clashed with Richard over Nyla. If Richard learned that Damon didn't help Clark, he might be even more disappointed.

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"What do you want to say?" Damon asked.

"Since Mr. Clark is your nephew, should we contact Grand Azure and ask them to issue just a warning?" Spencer suggested.

Damon's expression turned icy. "Tell them to leave him breathing."

Spencer said, "Mr. Damon, if Mr. Richard finds out about this—"

"When did you become so talkative?" Damon interrupted.

Under Damon's cold stare, Spencer shuddered involuntarily and quickly lowered his head. "I understand."

After Clark hung up, Jordyn tried calling him over a dozen times, but none of the calls went through Just

as she was about to throw he phone in frustration, it suddenly vibrated.

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Her face brightened, but she frowned when she saw an unknown number. She hung up immediately.

The unknown number kept calling, disrupting Jordyn's attempts to reach Clark.

Finally, she answered in irritation. "Are you crazy? I'm not buying insurance or enrolling in any classes!"

There was a brief pause on the other end before a deep voice replied, "Ms. Cheatham, if you don't want the truth about your baby not being Clark's to get out, come to Room 1 at Palate Royale in orov

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Jordyn's eyes widened in shock.

"Who are you?! What nonsense are you talking about?" she cried out.

A light laugh came through on the other end of the line. "Whether it's nonsense or not, you know in your heart. If I don't see you in an hour, be prepared to face the consequences."

The call ended with a click, snapping Jordyn out of her daze. Her mind raced as she paced anxiously in the living room.

She had already dealt with Holden Vance, so there shouldn't be anyone else who knew about this. How could the caller possibly know?

If Clark discovered that the child wasn't his, he would certainly not let her off easily.

The more she thought about it, the more anxious she became.

There was no time to dwell on it. Palate Royale was at least a half-hour drive away. Regardless of whether the caller had real evidence, she had no choice but to go there.

Taking a deep breath to steady herself, Jordyn grabbed her car keys and headed out.

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Forty minutes later, Jordyn pulled up to the entrance of Palate Royale. As soon as she approached the door, a server came over.

"Ms. Cheatham, let me show you in," the server said with a polite smile.

In a well-tailored suit, the server kept his hands neatly clasped in front of him.

Palate Royale was a high-end restaurant in Saintornia.

Clark had brought Jordyn there once for a business meeting. Back then, when they were just superior and subordinate, she had been stunned by the price of a single appetizer-it was equivalent to several months of her salary. Having just graduated and never been to a high-end restaurant before, she had been completely unfamiliar with dining etiquette. The meal had been a disaster for her.

She had felt the disdainful glances from the company's client and wished she could sink through the floor. Some had even suggested to Clark, in front of her, that he should get a more competent secretary. She had never been so embarrassed and had been certain Clark would fire her the next day.

When the business deal fell through, Jordyn had felt it had been entirely her fault and kept apologizing to Clark on their way back, pleading with him not to fire her.

Seeing her on the verge of tears, Clark had gently assured her she wouldn't be fired and that the failed deal hadn't been her fault. He had urged her not to blame herself.

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Jordyn had never been treated so kindly before, and at that moment, she found herself falling in love with Clark.

If it weren't for her being with Clark for a year and still not getting pregnant, she wouldn't have...

Her thoughts darkened as she pondered this.

The person who had invited her must have been someone of considerable status. She couldn't understand why they hadn't simply informed Clark about this matter directly. After passing through a long corridor and a screen, Jordyn finally reached Room 1.

"Ms. Cheatham, we've arrived," the server announced.

Jordyn nodded and pushed the door open to enter.

The room's decor was simple, yet each piece of furniture was invaluable. The dining table and chairs, crafted from high-quality wood, were worth hundreds of thousands. Jordyn's gaze fell on the person seated in the center of the room, and her eyes widened in disbelief. "It's you!"

Rebecca smiled. "You seem quite surprised to see me, Ms. Cheatham."

Jordyn sneered. "Rebecca, if I remember correctly, I have nothing to do with you. Why have you called me here?"

Noting Jordyn's anger, Rebecca

raised an eyebrow. "You're already here, so why don't you have a seat? But I advise you to keep your temper in check. Otherwise, you'll be the one who suffers if I become upset."

Jordyn gritted her teeth, considered her options, and finally took a seat.

Read Chapter 361

Chapter 361

"What exactly are you trying to do?" Jordyn demanded.

Rebecca smiled with satisfaction. "Ms. Cheatham, don't be upset. I'm here to help you."

"Help me?" Jordyn looked at Rebecca as if she had just heard a bad joke, her gaze tinged with sarcasm. "What exactly can you do to help me?"

"Help you become Mrs. Jordyn Sumner, of course," Rebecca replied.

"We're already married. Do you want to see the marriage certificate?" Jordyn shot back.

Rebecca regarded her indifferently, her tone light and airy. "Aside from that piece of paper, what else do you have? As far as I know, none of the Sumners, including Clark, seem to take you seriously." Jordyn clenched her hands tightly, her expression falling.

"Ms. Austen, perhaps you should focus on your issues. I've heard your family background isn't exactly impressive. Whether you can secure that piece of paper is another matter entirely!" Rebecca hissed. Rebecca's calm demeanor faltered slightly, her gaze growing colder. "It seems you're not interested in polite conversation."

"I have nothing to say to you," Jordyn retorted.

Rebecca nodded. "Fine. Then let's discuss Holden Vance."

Jordyn's face went pale at the mention of Holden. Her gaze shifted to Rebecca, filled with disbelief. She knew about Holden!

Jordyn's hands trembled uncontrollably in fear.

Rebecca smiled with satisfaction. "Don't be scared, Ms. Cheatham. As long as you listen to me, I can not only get the Sumners to acknowledge you but also keep your secret hidden."

Jordyn remained silent, her gaze lowered as she appeared lost in thought.

Rebecca waited patiently, sipping her tea with a hint of mockery.

After some time, Jordyn finally looked up, clearly tempted. She craved the Sumners' recognition.

Although she was married to Clark, the Sumners had never requested to meet her, and Clark didn't seem to care about her either.

Jordyn wasn't naïve. She knew that Clark might cast her aside once she had the baby. She needed to plan for herself.

"Can you really help me?" she asked.

Rebecca nodded. "Of course."

After a moment of hesitation, Jordyn relented. "Okay, I'll do it. What do I need to do?"

"You saw the photo of Clark with Nyla this morning, right? Use your status as Clark's wife to make this public, showing that Nyla deliberately interfered in your marriage with him," Rebecca instructed.

Jordyn's eyes turned icy. "Blowing this up won't benefit me at all."

Even though she was married to Clark, many people remembered her previous role as his mistress, and Nyla had evidence.

If this situation became widely known, she wouldn't be pitied-she'd be publicly criticized.

"No wonder you've been with Clark for so long and still can't even get into the Sumners' circle," Rebecca remarked.

Her sarcastic tone made Jordyn scowl. "You think this idea of yours is so brilliant?"

Rebecca looked impatient. If it weren't for her own constraints, she wouldn't want to waste time on this self-important fool.

"Very few people know about your marriage to Clark, so the Sumners haven't acknowledged you. But once everyone knows about your marriage and your pregnancy with Clark's child, the Sumners will have no choice but to acknowledge you, no matter how unhappy they might be," Rebecca coaxed.

"And if things blow up, the Sumners will be

really embarrassed too. Do you ne

the

really think they'll let me off hook?" Jordyn shot back.

Chapter 362

"That's something to consider later, but whether you want to or not, you have to do it." Rebecca's tone was charged with threats and audacity.

If Jordyn didn't follow her instructions, everything she had could be at risk.

Seething with anger, Jordyn took a tense ten seconds before she coldly replied, "Fine, I'll do what you say. But if you fail, I'll ensure Damon knows what you're really like!"

Jordyn was not fooled by Rebecca's innocent and fragile facade in front of Damon. If Damon knew how ruthless Rebecca was behind the scenes, would he still have feelings for her? Rebecca's face hardened momentarily before she smirked again. "Don't worry. As long as you follow my instructions, you'll get everything you want."

That evening, a video from a million-follower influencer quickly soared to the top of the trending list.

In the video, Jordyn, with red eyes and tear-streaked cheeks, revealed that she was two months pregnant and pleaded with Nyla to let Clark go and stop bothering him.

The video ended with a paparazzi photo of Clark "embracing" Nyla.

The video incited outrage, and many confused netizens in the comments began attacking Nyla.

[The mistress should just disappear! People who destroy families are truly disgusting!]

[I saw it myself. They were indeed hugging. But Nyla and Clark did have a past marriage, so it's hard to judge...]

[Hah! If I'm not mistaken, isn't this Jordyn also a mistress who climbed up the ranks? How dare she make this video? Doesn't she feel guilty at all?]

The comments were chaotic, filled with both criticism of Nyla and Jordyn.

Soon, Jordyn posted her marriage certificate with Clark in the comments.

[Sorry, but I'm married to Clark. Regardless of the past, Nyla's

actions now are destroying minet

family. My relationship with Clark is protected by law!]

Her comment received considerable support, but even more were mocking her for being a mistress and still acting so arrogantly.

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The situation escalated quickly, and Richard soon discovered the full extent of the problem.

He was furious upon learning that Jordyn was causing trouble online and flaunting her and Clark's marriage certificate. Richard smashed his cup in frustration, snarling, "Contact Clark immediately and have him bring that fool over!"

Despite his dissatisfaction with

Clark's previous marriage to Nyla, at least Nyla had never made such a public spectacle. Now, with Jordyn publicly arguing as Clark's wife it was a disgrace to the Sumners!

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The maid swiftly tried to reach Clark, but he did not answer any of their calls.

"Sir, Mr. Clark isn't picking up..." the maid reported. Search the FindNøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Richard's expression was stormy. "Go to the company and bring him here by force if necessary. And for the online situation, get Damon to handle it!" "Understood," the maid replied.

As the maid contacted Damon,

Richard fielded several calls inquiring about the online scandal. He answered briefly before hanging up his anger mounting.

Those callers were merely feigning concern. Behind the scenes, they were likely mocking him.

Since founding the Sumner Group, he had never felt so humiliated. Clark was proving to be a real disappointment!

Meanwhile, Melody, who was tidying up her equipment and preparing to leave the laboratory, saw the trending news and quickly informed Nyla.

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Chapter 363

"Nyla, Jordyn is being completely shameless. She messed with your marriage and now she's cyberbullying you. The worst part is that people are still supporting her online. It's infuriating!" Melody huffed. Seeing Melody's furious expression, Nyla reached out and pinched her cheek. "It's not worth getting upset over. She'll regret it soon enough."

"Aren't you going to clarify things?" Melody asked.

"Of course I will. Don't worry about me. Just get ready to leave work," Nyla replied.

After Melody left, Nyla checked everything one more time to confirm there were no issues before locking up the lab and heading out.

As she turned around, she saw Gabriel standing a short distance away, obviously waiting for her.

Noticing that Nyla didn't seem inclined to speak with him, Gabriel took a few steps closer and asked, "Did you see what's happening online?" Nyla nodded. "Yes. What about it?"

"Do you need me to help you deal with it?" he offered.

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

Gabriel sighed, about to say something, when footsteps echoed from the end of the hallway.

Spencer approached Nyla briskly. "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner wants to see you."

Realizing it was likely about the video posted by Jordyn, Nyla paused for a moment before replying, "I understand."

She didn't look back at Gabriel and walked straight to the elevator.

When Nyla entered Damon's office, he was reading through some documents.

"Give me two minutes," he said.

Nyla sat quietly on the sofa, waiting for him.

Damon signed the last document and then sat down across from her.

"I've already had the video Jordyn posted removed, and the trending topic has been suppressed. There won't be any more news online, so you don't need to worry about it affecting your life," he said. "Thank you, Mr. Sumner," Nyla replied.

Damon frowned. "Must you be so formal with me?"

Nyla didn't want to argue with him about this. She looked at him calmly. "Mr. Sumner, do you need anything else?"

Damon remained silent, clearly annoyed. Nyla ignored him, stood up, and turned to leave.

Just as she took a few steps, her wrist was suddenly grabbed.

Instinctively, she tried to pull away, but Damon pulled her into his embrace.

Coincidentally, the office door opened at that moment.

"Damon, I knew you'd be working late, so I brought-" Rebecca's smile froze.

The thermal container she was holding fell to the floor, spilling its contents in a mess.

Nyla felt a surge of frustration. She tried to push Damon away-she just wanted to focus on her work and exams, without any more involvement with him.

"Damon, let go!" she hissed.

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Damon held her tightly, not giving her a chance to escape, and looked coldly at Rebecca. "Prospectus Technology has food in the

cafeteria. You don't need to come here anymore." en

Rebecca looked at Damon in disbelief, tears welling up in her eyes. "Damon..."

"Is there anything else?" Damon asked.

Embarrassed, Rebecca covered her face and turned to run away, crying.

"Can you let go of me now?" Nyla asked.

Meeting Nyla's cold gaze, Damon loosened his grip on her waist abruptly.

"Nyla, I just want to have a proper talk with you," he said.

Nyla didn't even glance at him and walked away without a word.

Damon's hands clenched into fists as he watched her retreating figure, his eyes filled with a mix of emotions.

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been crying. Content belon

"Ms. Jayston, let's talk," she requested.

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Nyla looked at her indifferently. "I don't have anything to talk to you about."

Rebecca smiled bitterly. "I know you hate me. After all, I returned to the country and took Damon away from you."

"Ms. Austen, you're overthinking it. I don't like you, but it's not to the point of hatred. If it's just your unrequited feelings, it wouldn't affect my relationship with Damon," Nyla replied.

Ultimately, it was Damon who gave Rebecca the chance to interfere in their relationship.

Rebecca's face turned a bit pale. "Ms. Jayston, you'll have a lifetime with Damon, but I only have three months. Can you let him be with me for these three months? After that,

I promise I'll leave and won't bother you again." Nyla frowned. "What you're saying now doesn't matter. I've already broken up with him. Whether you're with him for three months or three years is no longer my concern."

With that, she walked past Rebecca and left.

Rebecca was about to stop her when her phone rang.

Seeing it was Jordyn, she frowned in annoyance but answered the call. "What's going on?"

"Rebecca, you're going to get me killed! The Summers have suppressed that video, and the buzz is gone. The Sumners won't let me off!" Jordyn cried.

"What's there to be afraid of? Everyone in Saintornia knows you're married to Clark now. If something happens to you, everyone will think the Sumners are behind it," Rebecca retorted.

Jordyn sneered. "It's easy for you to say. If something happens to me, I won't let you off either!"

Before Rebecca could respond, Jordyn hung up.

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Not long after the call ended, a strange noise came from the door.

Startled, Jordyn slowly approached the door and peered through the peephole but saw nothing.

Just as she was about to dismiss the sound as her imagination, something thudded heavily against the door.

"Who's there? Who's outside?!" Jordyn called out.

She was panic-stricken and received no response.

As she hesitated over whether to

call the police, a weak voice came et

through. "Jordyn, open the door..."

Recognizing Clark's voice, Jordyn hurriedly opened the door.

"Ah!" Seeing the scene outside, Jordyn screamed in shock and instinctively took a few steps back.

Clark lay on the ground, his suit in tatters, his face swollen and bruised. He looked nothing like the

well-dressed man he used to be.

At that moment, he could easily be mistaken for a homeless person.

Realizing the severity of the situation, Jordyn rushed to help him, tears streaming down her face.

"Clark... who did this to you? Did you call the police?" she asked.

Clark was barely conscious. Hearing

her, he struggled to open his eyes and weakly said, "Don't call the police... Use my phone to call Dr. Knox... Have him come over."

"You're seriously injured! Why not call the police?!" Jordyn cried.

Clark tried to respond, but as he opened his mouth, he coughed up a mouthful of blood. Jordyn was horrified. "Stop talking... I won't call the police... Let me help you to the sofa first..." After helping Clark onto the sofa, Jordyn quickly grabbed his phone and called the doctor.

"Dr. Knox, come quickly... Clark is seriously injured..."

On her way home, Nyla received another call from the unknown number she had been receiving earlier.

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This time, Nyla didn't hang up but chose to answer the call. "Hello."

The voice on the other end trembled with agitation. "Ms. Jayston, you finally answered! My name is Ryan Davey. My father, Vincent Davey, was one of the workers who died in the Harris Pharmaceuticals accident six years ago. "I saw the news about you sending Cyrus to prison. I want to meet with you. I have some evidence. Are you free now?"

Nyla remembered the name Vincent Davey, but...

"Are you really a victim's family member?" she asked.

"If you don't believe me, we can arrange to meet somewhere. Don't worry. I mean no harm. I just want to give you the evidence and hope you can help me seek justice for my father and the other victims," Ryan said. Nyla was silent for a few seconds before saying, "I'll give you an email address where you can send the evidence."

"That won't work. I need to meet you in person to feel comfortable handing over the evidence." The caller's voice was filled with wariness, indicating a lack of trust.

"I need to think about the meeting," Nyla said.

"Okay, but I'll only be in Saintornia for three days. If you haven't contacted me by then, I'll leave," Ryan informed her.

"Fine," Nyla replied.

After hanging up, she immediately contacted Pete to check on Ryan. She wasn't going to trust him easily after coming this far.

Pete got back to her quickly. "Ms. Jayston, I've found out that Ryan Davey is currently at Saintornia Central Hospital. His daughter is ill, and he's here with her for a checkup. He has a ticket to leave in three days." Nyla lowered her gaze. "Is his father named Vincent Davey?"

"Yes. His father was one of the victims in that accident six years ago," Pete confirmed.

"Alright, thank you for your help," Nyla said.

Hanging up, she considered whether to meet Ryan. Although he was indeed the son of a victim, she couldn't be sure if he truly had evidence.

After much deliberation, she decided against meeting him and sent him a text message.

Nyla: [Mr. Davey, I understand your concerns. However, now that the Sumners are involved, even if I receive the evidence, it won't be enough to put Cyrus behind bars. I've decided not to meet with you. I hope you understand.]

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Upon receiving the message, Ryan swore angrily and called Gabriel directly. "That woman is extremely

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cautious and refuses to me.

Gabriel frowned and replied coldly, "She has a name."

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Ryan scoffed. "Playing the good guy now? Didn't you ask me to scheme against her?"

Gabriel's eyes flashed with displeasure. "Since she won't meet with you, find her at Prospectus Technology yourself." "Got it," Ryan replied.

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By the time Nyla went to bed that night, she still hadn't received a reply from Ryan. She didn't dwell on it further, turned off her phone and went to sleep.

The next morning, as Nyla parked her car, she heard two knocks on her window.

Looking over, she saw an unfamiliar man outside. She cautiously rolled down the window just a bit.

"Is there something you need?" she asked.

"Ms. Jayston, I'm Ryan Davey. Since you wouldn't meet with me, I had to come find you in person," Ryan announced.

As they spoke, Damon's car entered the underground parking lot.

Seeing the man leaning against Nyla's car window, Damon felt a vague sense of familiarity, as if he had seen him somewhere before. He frowned and said, "Stop the car!"

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Damon's black Maybach pulled up next to Nyla's car, drawing their attention. Nyla frowned slightly, while Ryan looked at the car with a puzzled expression.

A moment later, Damon stepped out and walked toward them.

Ryan was startled. He had met Damon once before, back when he worked for Cyrus. Although he doubted Damon would remember him, he feared that all his previous efforts might be in vain and that his plans for his daughter's treatment abroad could unravel if Damon recognized him in front of Nyla.

With this in mind, he quickly turned to Nyla and said in a low voice, "Ms. Jayston, let's stay in touch."

Without waiting for her response, he swiftly turned and left.

As Ryan hurried away, Damon frowned but chose not to follow. Instead, he stopped beside Nyla's car and asked, "Who was that man standing by your car?"

He was certain he had seen that man somewhere before.

Nyla replied coolly, "Just someone asking for directions."

Damon didn't believe her. Who would come into an underground parking lot just to ask for directions?

Unfazed by his skepticism, Nyla headed toward the elevator.

Ryan's behavior today had been noticeably strange. He had insisted on meeting in person to hand over evidence.

When she refused, he had come to find her himself, which seemed overly eager. This could indicate he was desperate to get justice for his father, but she needed to discern his true intentions.

While Nyla was lost in thought, Damon suddenly grabbed her wrist.

She instinctively pulled away, glaring at him coldly. "Mr. Sumner, you have a girlfriend. Please don't grab or touch me. If someone sees us and accuses me of being a mistress, I won't be able to clear my name, no matter how many times I explain." Her indifference made Damon's gaze darken. It was clear she truly wanted to distance herself from him.

"Nyla, I feel like I've seen that person before. Are you sure you don't know him?" he pressed.

"I don't know him. If you don't believe me, you can check for yourself. I don't want to explain it again," Nyla replied.

She then turned and walked toward the elevator, focusing on a game on

her phone, clearly uninteres

continuing the conversation with Damon.

As he watched her cold, beautiful profile, Damon subconsciously clenched his fists.

Once inside the elevator, Nyla could still feel Damon's gaze lingering on her.

She frowned, feeling irritated. Since he had chosen Rebecca, he shouldn't be acting so clingy toward her. It was too much to want both.

The elevator's floor indicator seemed to be moving slower than ever.

When the doors finally opened, she quickly walked out and disappeared around the corner.

Damon's expression turned icy as she left without a backward glance.

...

When Damon reached his office, he immediately called his secretary, who was investigating in Meristate.

"How's the investigation into Rebecca's condition coming along?" he asked.

"Mr. Sumner, it's almost complete. I've obtained Ms. Austen's medical records, and she was indeed diagnosed with a terminal illness year ago. However, I found something unusual-her income is insufficient to cover her medical expenses, yet she has no debt. Investigating this will take a few

more days," the secretary answered.

"Understood. Please expedite," Damon urged.

After hanging up, his expression darkened.

Rebecca had used the life-saving favor she once did for him to rekindle their relationship, asking him to spend her last three months with her.

He had proposed other ways to

repay her, but she insisted that, with

only three months left, things like

houses or money no longer mattered to her. He could only agree, fully aware that this would hurt Nyla.

Chapter 367

Chapter 367

Damon's heart ached as he thought about Nya's indifference to

him today

Guft gnawed at him, accompanied by a napomp sense that he might lose Nyla for good if he didn't set clear boundaries with Rebecca

soon.

Pushing his turbulent thoughts aside, he picked up the intera ime and instructed, "Find out who the man talking to Nye in the parking lot this morning was." After reviewing the surveillance footage, Spencer quickly brought Ryan's information to Damon's office.

"Mr. Sumner, Ryan has had no prior interactions with Ms. Jayston, but his father was a victim in the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident he reported Damon skimmed through Ryan's details, his brows knitting together as he paused on Ryan's photo.

Ryan had a distinctive appearance, marked by a mole at the left corner of his mouth-an easily recognizable feature for anyone who had seen him before. Damon was certain he had encountered him somewhere before, though he couldn't recall where.

Setting the file aside, he instructed, "Keep an eye on him. If he has any contact with Nyla, notify me immediately."

"Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer replied.

After Spencer left, Damon tried to push his unease aside and refocused on his work.

Clark finally regained consciousness after being out for over ten hours.

Jordyn, her eyes red and filled with tears, rushed to his bedside to help him sit up

"Clark, you're finally awake. I was so worried... Who did this to you?"

she cried.

Clark sat up slowly, wincing at the intense pain still radiating from his bandaged injuries. His eyes were filled with anger and resentment.

Damon knew who had abducted him but had chosen to ignore it.

Clark wouldn't forget that.

Seeing Jordyn's tear-streaked, anguished face softened Clark's cold demeanor slightly. "Jordyn, you must have been terrified yesterday," he said, his voice tinged with concern.

Jordyn shook her head, tears continuing to flow. "I'm fine..... I just want to know who did this to you. Why didn't you let me call the police?"

Clark's eyes darkened with menace, "Who did it doesn't matter. What matters is that this can't get out."

He had illegally signed a contract with Grand Azure under

Prospectus Technology's name. Getting beaten up by Grand Azure's people was a fair trade-off.

if he reported the incident, it could provoke them into investigating the fake contract, and he might end up in prison.

What Clark resented most was that Damon could have easily intervened to prevent the attack but had instead chosen to let Grand Azure's people inflict just enough harm.

Damon didn't deserve to be a Summer after treating his own nephew so heartlessly! Search the FindNovel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jordyn wanted to ask more questions but didn't dare to upon seeing Clark's dark expression.

She wiped her tears and replied with a sob, "Alright, I understand. Other than Dr. Knox, no one knows about you being injured. I've also told Dr. Knox not to tell anyone."

Clark's gaze softened as he looked at her. "Jordyn, I know you've been through a lot

Jordyn shook her head. "Were married. Don't say that. I've made chicken soup. Let me get it for you" "Okay, Clark agreed

As Jordyn left the bedroom to fetch the soup, Clark's phone rang on the bedside table.

By the time Jordyn returned with the soup, she was met with Clark's cold piercing gaze

He demanded. "Jordyn what have you been up to these past few days N

Chapter 368

Chapter 368

Clark's gaze was so intense it felt like it could burn a hole through Jordyn.

Jordyn's hand trembled uncontrollably as she held the soup, nearly causing the bowl to fall to the floor. She was certain that if Clark weren't so badly injured, he would have gotten out of bed to strangle her and demand answers,

"C-Clark, I was just so scared... You used to love Nyla so much... I was afraid you might rekindle that old flame..." she stammered.

Clark sneered. "So, you decided to spill everything online without my permission? You went ahead and made our marriage public?"

His gaze, once tender, turned icy.

A wave of unfairness swelled inside Jordyn. If he hadn't been photographed hugging Nyla, she might not have been threatened by Rebecca or insulted as a mistress online.

The more she thought about it, the more wronged she felt.

She looked at him with tearful eyes and said, "If you weren't still involved with Nyla and had answered my calls, none of this would have happened! Besides, is there something shameful about us getting married? Why can't I make it public?" Clark's fury boiled over. He had never regretted anything more than marrying Jordyn right after divorcing Nyla, just to provoke her.

"I just divorced Nyla and then married you. Now you've made it public. Do you know how the board members and the Sumners will view me? You're such an idiot!" he growled. +25 BONUS

His rage frightened Jordyn, causing her face to pale as she took an involuntary step back.

Clark couldn't stand looking at her any longer and yelled, "Get out!"

As the workday ended, Nyla received another message from Ryan, asking her to meet near Prospectus Technology.

She was taken aback. Ryan's eagerness seemed unusual.

Previously he had insisted on meeting her in person to provide evidence. However, if he truly had evidence, it would be safer to use email or another method to avoid detection by the Sumners.

Given that she had sent Cyrus to the police, it was logical to suspect she might be under the Sumners' surveillance, making a face-to-face meeting risky. The more Nyla thought about it, the more something felt off about Ryan.

What could his real motive be for reaching out now?

Suddenly, she remembered his daughter's illness and

hospitalization. She quickly called Pete to inquire about Ryan's financial situation.

Pete confirmed that Ryan was likely approaching her for money, but not for the compensation from Vincent's accident.

The case hadn't even gone to trial yet-it might not even go to trial, and it would be a long process. His daughter couldn't afford to wait that long.

Nyla realized he must be working for someone else. With this clarity,

she looked at Ryan's message coldly. A few minutes later, she replied to him.

On the other end, Ryan was thrilled to receive Nyla's response. She had finally taken the bait.

After work, Nyla drove directly to the restaurant where she had arranged to meet Ryan.

The restaurant was near Prospectus Technology and was usually busy. Still, she wasn't taking any chances. She bought a stun gun for self-defense and contacted Pete to follow her.

When she arrived at the restaurant, Ryan was already waiting. Upon seeing Nyla, he waved at her.

Nyla approached Ryan calmly.

As soon as she sat down, he became visibly emotional and exclaimed, "Ms. Jayston, you finally agreed to meet with me!"

Spencer knocked and entered

Damon's office, speaking softly. Mr.

Sumner, the person we sent to keep an eye on Ryan just reported that Ryan and Ms. Jayston are meeting at Nine Stream right now."

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Damon's expression darkened as he immediately stood up, instructing coldly, "Keep watching them and have the driver bring the car downstairs." He had an ominous feeling, and his instincts were usually spot-on.

...

At the restaurant, Nyla was direct. "Mr. Davey, you said you'd only hand over the evidence if we met in person. Can you give it to me now?" Ryan nodded. "Of course."

He pulled a file from his bag and handed it to Nyla, his expression solemn. "Ms. Jayston, I hope you can use this evidence wisely and secure justice for my father."

If Nyla hadn't suspected that Ryan had ulterior motives, she might have been deceived. He was playing the role of a helpless man seeking justice for his father perfectly-his eyes red and full of frustration. "Alright. If the evidence is useful, I will give it to my lawyer as soon as possible," Nyla replied.

As she flipped through the file, her face turned pale, and her hands trembled.

"Are you sure this evidence is real?" she asked.

"I swear on my life that it is. But if you don't believe me, there's nothing more I can do," Ryan confirmed.

Nyla closed the file and looked up at him. "I will verify it. If it's real, I will hand it over to my lawyer."

"Thank you, Ms. Jayston," Ryan said.

...

On the way to the restaurant, Damon's anxiety grew stronger, his brows furrowing deeply.

The moment the car stopped at Nine Stream, he suddenly remembered where he had seen Ryan before.

It was Ryan who had accompanied Cyrus when he came to borrow money to deal with Harris Pharmaceuticals six years ago!

Damon scowled and hurriedly exited the car, heading into the restaurant.

As he walked in, he saw Nyla sitting by the window, but she was alone. His gaze hardened as he approached her.

He sat down across from her, his voice low. "Where is Ryan Davey?"

Nyla was not surprised to see

Damon. When he had asked about Ryan in the parking lot that morning, she had suspected he would investigate him. His presence here was not unexpected.

"He left," she answered.

Meeting Nyla's indifferent gaze, Damon swallowed, his nerves evident.

"What did he tell you?" he asked.

Nyla lowered her eyes and spoke slowly. "Not much. He just told me that the accident with Harris Pharmaceuticals six years ago was related to you."

She felt a twinge of relief that she had ended things with Damon before learning the truth. Otherwise, she wasn't sure how she would have handled discovering it. "Nyla, when he came to me for that money, I didn't know he was using it against Harris Pharmaceuticals," Damon clarified.

Nyla chuckled. "You didn't know he was using it against Harris Pharmaceuticals? Did you also not know he's someone who doesn't hesitate to use any means to achieve his goals?"

Cyrus had asked Damon for money more than once and had engaged in various shady dealings.

Nyla didn't believe that Damon was unaware of how the money was used, but he never probed further and didn't seem to care.

Damon's hands clenched on the table. "Nyla, I admit this was my mistake."

Nyla shook her head. "It's not just that you were wrong. The mistake was that I shouldn't have fallen for you."

In the end, she had no right to blame him. After all, Cyrus was his older brother, and he should have given the money when asked. Damon's eyes widened, his breath growing heavier. "Nyla—"

Nyla interrupted him, "We... were

never meant to be together. Even without Rebecca, we would have eventually parted ways. Let's end this here and stop dragging out."

SV

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Chapter 370

Damon clenched his jaw, and anger flared in his eyes. "You were the one who started this. When it ends is up to me."

Nyla looked at him coldly. "Damon, don't you think you're being unreasonable? If you really cared about me, you wouldn't have reconciled with Rebecca. Now you're coming back to bother me. Do you want me to be your mistress?" Damon's gaze was icy. "I said I'd need three months."

"I've also said that I'm not willing. If you truly feel even a shred of guilt, then stop bothering me," Nyla retorted.

She grabbed her bag and turned to leave.

Only after she got into the car did her emotions settle.

Back at the restaurant, Damon sat stiffly, his presence radiating coldness.

Suddenly, his phone rang. Search the FindNøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

As soon as he answered, a panicked voice came through. "Mr. Damon, you need to come back to the Sumner residence immediately!"

By the time Damon arrived at the residence, over an hour had passed.

Walking into the living room, he saw Clark sprawled on the floor-his hair a mess, clothes soaked, and his back marked with bloodied welts.

Damon's gaze shifted indifferently to the enraged Richard, who was sitting in the main seat.

"What's going on?" he asked.

Richard threw the bloodstained cane to the floor and said coldly, "Don't you know? You and Clark are both making me furious. One's involved with his former niece-in-law, and the other's marrying a woman of low status. It seems you're determined to drive me to my grave!"

"You knew about this already, didn't you?" Damon asked.

Richard's face flushed with frustration. He calmed his anger and looked at Damon coldly. "I called you here to discuss something else."

Damon sat down across from him, lounging casually. "What's that?"

"I heard from Clark that you knew Grand Azure's people had him kidnapped. Instead of helping him, you told them to just leave him a breath of life?" Richard asked.

Damon glanced at Clark, who was pale, avoiding eye contact, and wore a guilty expression. He smirked and replied indifferently, "Yes, so?"

"He's your nephew! Even if you're angry with him, you shouldn't just watch him die!" Richard huffed.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "If I remember correctly, you said you'd cut ties with me and kick me out of the Sumners. Since I'm no longer a member of the family, isn't he no longer my nephew either?"

Richard was taken aback, his anger flaring up again. "That was just a spur-of-the-moment decision!" Damon's response was a simple, "Oh."

Richard's barely calmed rage surged back due to Damon's nonchalance. "What's with your attitude?"

"Nothing much. Since Clark

complained to you, did he mention

that he used Prospectus

vel

Technology's name to sign contracts with several major companies, including Grand Azure?" Damon asked.

"What?!" Richard glared at Clark, his fury reaching a boiling point. "You did such a thing?!"

Not only would this jeopardize Clark's position, but it could also harm Damon's company.

Clark trembled under Richard's

harsh gaze, his voice quaking as he pleaded, "Grandpa, I know I was wrong... I was momentarily blinded... Please forgive me this once."

OUMS

"You've made so many mistakes recently. Every time, you say it's a moment of madness. How did I end up raising such a fool?" Richard scolded. He was genuinely disheartened. He had previously considered letting Clark return to the Sumner Group, but now he had no intention of doing so.

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If Richard really let Clark return to the Sumner Group, who knew? It might just go bankrupt one day.

"You can go now. There's no need for you to come here anymore. Your affairs are no longer my concern, and I won't deal with you again," Richard said.

Clark's eyes flashed with panic as he realized that Richard was truly disappointed in him. He quickly crawled forward and grabbed Richard's leg.

"Grandpa, I know I was wrong! Please forgive me this once. I promise I'll listen to everything you say from now on," he pleaded.

Richard looked down at him, his gaze void of emotion. "I've given you too many chances, and you've never appreciated them. From now on, you're on your own. Whatever you do, you'll have to face the consequences yourself." With that, he turned and left.

Clark tried to chase after him, but the service staff stopped him. "Please leave, Mr. Clark."

"Get out of my way!" Clark's voice was commanding, but the service staff didn't budge.

As Damon stood to leave, he passed by Clark and warned coldly, "I suggest you stop with your schemes. Otherwise, you might even lose the companies your father left you."

Clark turned his head, his eyes bloodshot. "If you dare touch my companies, I'll make sure to take you down with me, even if it kills me!"

Damon sneered. "I'm not interested in your companies. I can't be bothered."

Clark wouldn't have a good ending if he crossed the wrong people without the Sumners to back him up. Grand Azure hadn't killed him this time partly because they feared the Sumners. After Damon left, the service staff escorted Clark out of the mansion.

Clark knelt at the gate for several hours before fainting from exhaustion, but Richard still paid him no mind.

When he woke again, it was already dark. The lights at the entrance of the Sumner residence were on, but the gate remained tightly shut.

It was clear that even if he knelt here until he died, Richard would never see him.

Clark's eyes grew cold as he stood to leave.

Just then, a black Land Rover pulled up in front of him.

Brandon stepped out of the car with a smirk as he took in Clark's disheveled appearance.

"Clark, how did you end up like this?" he asked, his tone dripping with mockery.

Seeing the satisfaction in Bra

eyes, Clark gritted his teeth.

"Brandon, don't get too cocky. With your skills, you're not even fit to be CEO of the Sumner Group!

Brandon remained unfazed by the taunt. "You should worry about yourself. After this, Grandpa will never let you back into the Sumner Group. Focus on running the two little companies Uncle Cyrus left you if you're not careful and they go bankrupt, you'll have nothing left."

Clark snarled, "Just wait!"

Brandon raised an eyebrow, still smiling. "I've got dinner with Grandpa and a report on my recent work, so I don't have time to waste on you."

He brushed past Clark and headed toward the gate. The service staff immediately opened it for him.

Clark clenched his fists, his eyes burning with resentment and anger as he watched Brandon disappear behind the slowly closing gate.

But he didn't try to follow. Instead, he turned and left.

One day, they would have to invite him back-just as they had thrown him out today!

...

When Clark arrived home, Jordyn greeted him with delight. "Clark, you're back! Your wounds-"

Before she could finish, Clark
slapped her. "Jordyn, if it weren't for
you, I wouldn't be in this mess. My
biggest regret is falling for your
tricks in the first place, you bitch!"

Chapter 372

Chapter 372

Jordyn hadn't expected Clark to hit her. Too stunned to react, she stumbled back several steps. If she hadn't grabbed onto the cabinet by the entrance, she would have fallen.

Her face turned pale as she clutched her stomach, tears welling up in her eyes. "Clark... I'm pregnant... How could you hit me?"

Clark sneered. "Why couldn't I? I warned you to take care of yourself. and rest, but you stabbed me in the back the first chance you got. You're just a liability. We're getting the divorce papers tomorrow!" Shock flashed across Jordyn's face as she stared at Clark, taking a few moments to process his words.

"Not Loon't agree to a divorce! I won't divorce you!" Jordyn cried.

She had worked so hard to marry Clark, and she would rather die than leave him.

"You don't get a say in this! After the divorce, you can keep the baby or get rid of it. I don't care!" Clark shouted.

Realizing he wasn't bluffing, Jordyn panicked. She grabbed his arm, sobbing "Clark, you can't do this to me! If you divorce me, I'll kill myself

Clark shook her off his eyes cold and indifferent. "You think you can threaten me? If you really want to die, then go ahead."

With that he pushed the door open and left.

Jordyn collapsed onto the floor, her face streaked with tears. How had it come to this? Why had things ended up like this? Suddenly, a cold glint flashed in her eyes. She scrambled to her feet

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"Just ward" Jordyn growed angryhanging up. She glanced down at her slightly rounded cely maice flickering in her eyes

It seemed this baby had to go

When Nyle got home she organized the documents Ryan had given her and sent them to William

Just as she finished the doorbell rang Seeing Clark outside she frowned and chose not to answer 129. BONDA

Upon recalling how Clark had

threatened with a knife last time, a chill down her spine. Without hesitation, she called the police.

swne

The police arrived quickly, and only then did Nyla open the door.

"Nyla..." Clark's voice was agitated as he tried to approach, but the police restrained him.

"Nyla, I just want to see you. I won't hurt you," Clark pleaded.

He appeared drunk, his face unnaturally flushed, his eyes unfocused as they struggled to meet hers.

Chapter 373

Nyla's expression hardened. "We're already divorced. If you show up here again, I'll call the police again." Clark appeared hurt by her words, gazing at her sorrowfully. "I didn't know you hated me this much now..." Nyla turned her head away, unwilling to look at his seemingly affectionate face-it only made her feel sick.

After gathering all the necessary information, the police took Clark to the station for questioning. He was eventually bailed out by Jordyn.

As soon as Clark exited the police station, he began to walk away, but Jordyn quickly grabbed his arm. "Clark, I know I acted impulsively this time, but we already have a child. Even if you don't care for me, you should think about the child. Besides, if you divorce me now, people will assume you're guilty, and your reputation will suffer even more."

Clark coldly shrugged her off. "I don't need your fake kindness. My reputation's already ruined-how much worse can it get? Staying with you will only drag me down further."

the this inodent, he finally saw Jordyn for what she was-a Thoughtless woman who acted out of jealousy without considering The consequences

He must have been out of his mind to marry her. Now, she clung to turn like a leach, and it disgusted hith

"Clark, I really know I was wrong... Jordyn pleaded.

f you truly know you were wrong, then be at the courthouse first

grace track tearing for the dives it stand to look at your

Me turned and walked away, his hack radiating indifferenGS

derdu stood there watching him leve, her eyes filled with resentment She wasn't going to let him get rid of her that easily

sitting in her ear Jordyn paused for a moment, then pulled out her Phone and made a call "Hello, Mr. Qurant, do you have a moment?"

the next morning, as soon as Nyla stepped out of her building, she was blocked by Clark Holding a bouquet of roses and breakfast, he stood in her way A wave of disgust swept over her, and she tried to walls past him.

Nyla, I'm sorry I scared you last night This is my way of apologizing Please accept it," Clark offered.

Nyla took a cautious step back, her eyes cold and wary. "What do You Want"

She kept a close watch on his movements, ready to bolt at the slightest hint of danger. To her, Clak was nothing more than a lunatic a ticking time bomb "Nyla, I really am just here to apologize. I promise I won't hurt you again. I was so angry before, Host Control," Clark explained.

Nyla remained unmoved. "I don't need your apology. Just stay away hom me."

Alright, but can you at least take the flowers and breakfast?" Clark pleaded Na Nyla said curtly

"Nyla, Im divorcing Jordyn today. I now I've been stupid and hurt you in so many ways. Can't you give me another chance to start over Clark asked.

Nyla couldn't help but laugh at his shamelessness. "Clark, I can't believe you have the nerve to say that Do you think you're the only man in the world?"

Clark didn't get angry. He simply looked at her calmly. "Nyla, I told you before my uncle would never marry you, but you didn't believe me. The moment Rebecca returned, he dumped you for her."

"Well, I'm not getting back with you either. I don't have a habit of picking up trash," Nyla retorted.

Clark smiled. "Nyla, you'll see one day that we're truly meant to be together."

Chapter 374

Nyla didn't pay any attention to Clark as she walked right past him.

Unexpectedly, Clark followed her to her car. "Nyla, if you just take the flowers and breakfast. I'll leave.

Nyla frowned, barely holding back the urge to snap at him.

Just as she was about to respond, an angry voice cut through the air. "Clark, stay away from Nyla!"

Both Clark and Nyla turned to see Gabriel approaching.

A flicker of surprise crossed Clark's face before he forced a smile. " Gabriel, what are you doing here?"

Gabriel's expression was cold and unyielding. "You and Nyla are divorced. Stay away from her, or you'll have to deal with me!"

Clark's smile faded slightly, and his tone chilled. "What happens between Nyla and me is none of your business. Don't forget, you're just her stepbrother. Don't think too highly of yourself!" Gabriel's face darkened immediately.

Before he could reply, the sound of an engine starting broke the tense silence-Nyla had driven off without saying another word.

The two men stood there, locked in a dark glare.

Clark scoffed, then turned and walked away.

Gabriel narrowed his eyes as he watched Clark leave.

Clark pulled up to the courthouse at 9:00 a.m. sharp.

Chapter 374

After waiting over ten minutes without any sign patience began to wear thin.

Jordyn, his

He called her. "When are you getting here? Even if you don't show up today, I have plenty of ways to make you agree to the divorce!" There was a brief pause before Jordyn's voice came through. "I'm not going to divorce you."

"Jordyn, don't push your luck while I'm still willing to talk nicely," Clark warned.

"I met with Mr. Durant last night. He agreed to collaborate with your company. Are you sure you still want a divorce?" Jordyn asked.

Albert Durant, whom she mentioned, was a former client of the Sumner Group. Jordyn had been his point of contact back when she worked as a secretary.

Since Clark took over Cyrus'

company, he had been trying to secure a partnership with Albert, but the latter had consistently refused to meet him. Securing this partnership could resolve the company's current issues.

How could Jordyn, just a lowly secretary, have managed to change

Albert's mind?

"Jordyn, are you making this up because you don't want a divorce? Do you really think I'll believe this nonsense?" Clark questioned.

Jordyn knew Clark wouldn't trust her easily, so she calmly replied, " Mr. Durant has already signed the contract. I have it here. If your don't believe me, you can come and see it for yourself." She hung up immediately after.

Clark considered the stuction for moment before starting the car

If Jordynt was trying to

make sure she regretted it

Half an hour lates, Cakes by pics

Assourasheetest the wing, Jordyn handed him a folder

Clark operated it. As he simulated tough, his expression shifted from conquest to superficial satisfaction line joy..

Hellock & Jonty with the forum in his eyes. "Jordyn, raw did you pull this off

Tim any willing to her you if we sex married. If you still want a divorce

Jarrara

Future she could finish, Clark nepted, forget the divorce. I was just angry. I want bring it up again, ever

But Jartie didn't believe him. She knew Clark too well. He was a man who would do anything to get what he wanted. If he could stay married for the sake of a contract today, he could just as easily abandon her for something else tomorrow.

Chapter 375

However, that didn't matter anymore All Jordyn wanted was to stay by Clark's side

"When I was talking business with Mr. Durant earlier, there was an accident. I saved his life, and he promised me a favor," Jordyn explained. Clark frowned. "Why didn't you tell me this sooner?"

If Jordyn had told him earlier, he wouldn't have had to forge Prospectus Technology's name to sign contracts with other companies.

Not wanting to continue the topic, Jordyn changed the subject. "Did you go see Nyla this morning?"

"How did you know?" Clark asked.

Seeing the accusatory look on his face, Jordyn smiled bitterly. "A friend of mine lives nearby. She saw you and sent me a picture. We're still married, and you're already chasing after Nyla?"

Clark rubbed his nose, feeling a little regretful about seeing Nyla earlier. He hadn't expected Jordyn to convince Albert to sign the contract

Jordyn, let's not dwell on the past. You helped me through this, and from now on, I'll be good to you and our child. What matters most is that we live a good life together as a family, Clark promised Jordyn looked down, choosing not to continue the conversation.

After spending some time with Jordyn, Clark left in a hurry, clutching the contract

Jordyn walked to the window, watching him drive we g indifferent. She returned to the living room and dialed frebecca's number

Thanks for your help with the contest," she said

"No need to thank me Just keep doing what I say, Rebecca feshed

As soon as she hung up, a video call notification appeared Her expression darkened, but she gritted her teeth and answered

"Where's today's video? You didn't send it," said the man on the end.

He wore a white coat and sat behind an office desk, his smile disturbingly cold.

Rebecca took a deep breath, steadying her nerves, "Drake, aren't you tired of watching me every day?"

Drake Mummery raised an eyebrow, waiting for her to continue.

"I know a woman who's just your type," Rebecca suggested.

Drake chuckled darkly, his gaze turning cold. "Rebecca, don't play games with me. I can send your

medical records to Damon's email I

anytime.

Rebecca paled, taking a few seconds to respond. "I'll send you her photo. You'll see."

After ending the video call, she quickly forwarded the photos she had secretly arranged to be taken to Search the Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Ske.

Moments later, another video call popped up.

"What's that woman's name?" Drake asked, his face tense, though

Rebecca could sense the excitement he was trying to hide,

Rebecca smirked. "I knew you'd be interested. You-"

"Just tell me her name," Drake interrupted coldly,

"Nyla Jayston," Rebecca answered.

Drake's eyes widened before he burst into laughter, his face alight with unrestrained excitement and joy. Rebecca frowned. She had never seen Drake like this. Still, his interest in Nyla was good news for her.

"If you want, I can have someone drug her and get the kind of videos you'd like," she offered.

As soon as the words left her mouth, she was chilled by the icy look in Drake's eyes. Her hand trembled as

she gripped the phon

"D-Did I say something wrong?" she stammered.

"Don't you dare touch her. If you do, I'll make sure you have nowhere to hide," Drake warned.

Chapter 376

Disbelief flashed across Rebecca's eyes.

"Why? Don't you like her?" she asked.

"You just need to remember she's not someone you can mess with I'm returning to the country soon, so you'd better not make any

moves. Otherwise, you won't be able to handle the consequences!" Drake warned.

Rebecca froze for a moment, but before she could react, the video call ended.

After tossing his phone onto the table, Drake's expression turned into one of extreme excitement.

Finally, he had found her!

Meanwhile, Rebecca stared at her now blank phone screen, her gaze cold.

What did Drake mean by saying Nyla was off-limits? And his reaction -it didn't seem like he was romantically interested in her.

After all, if Drake were interested in a woman, he would first have private photos of her taken, then use those to coerce her into sleeping with him.

The more Rebecca thought about it, the stranger Drake's attitude seemed. There had to be something more going on!

No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't pinpoint exactly what was off.

After thinking it over for a while, she decided to let it go for now. She'd figure out what Drake was up to once he returned to the

That evening, just as Nyla was getting off work, two men in black suits stopped her in the underground parking lot.

"Ms Jayston, Mr. Richard would like to see you," one of them said.

Nyla's expression was cold. "I have nothing to say to him."

The men remained unperturbed. "Mr. Richard said if you don't agree to meet him, he'll have no choice but to pay a visit to your father."

Nyla frowned, her voice low. "Where?"

"We'll take you there," they replied.

"I have my own car," Nyla said.

After a moment of tense silence, one of the men called Richard.

After a brief exchange, he turned back to her. "He's waiting for you at Paradine."

It was over an hour later when Nyla finally arrived at Paradine.

A server led her to the private room where Richard was growing impatient.

The moment she sat down, he spoke harshly. "I hear you've submitted new evidence with your lawyer?"

"Your information network is impressive," Nyla smiled, meeting.

Richard's gaze without a trace of for

Richard's eyes were cold. His face, which bore a resemblance to Bamen's, was deeply lined, yet he still radiated authority. "You won't win this case, Name your terms." "I just want a fair trial," Nyla replied,

There was a cold glint in Richard's eyes. "Fair? You need to decide what's more important: fairness or your family. Think about it."

Hyla snickered, "Is that a tusat?"

"Take it however you want. You dont really think Damon is still going to protect you, do you?" Richard farted,

Richard's gaze grew even more disdainful as he recalled how Nyla had seduced Damon and Clark, He should never have softened and allowed Clark to marry her in the first placel

"He's certainly not protecting me. But I'm not dropping the lawsuit," Nyla said firmly

"It doesn't matter whether you do of not. Do you really think a kidnapping charge will put my son to prison?" Richard asked,

"Don't forget about the fraud involving Harris Pharmaceuticals," Nyla reminded him.

Richard gestured to the bodyguard standing next to him. The man picked up a file from the table and Ganded it to Nyle.

"Harrison has already agreed to drop

the charges. He even took 2,000,000 dollars from me. If you don't drop the case can turn around and sue him for extortion. You wouldn't want your father to go to prison at his aus, would you?" ichard informed her.

Chapter 17

Nyla took the file, her eyes filling with disbelief and anger as she flipped through the pages. Her hands trembled, crumpling the paper.

The lawsuit had been her initiative.

Harrison had no authority to drop it. Now that he had taken so much. money from the Sumners, their legal team could easily frame it as extortion.

She tossed the file onto the table, her heart growing cold with disappointment.

Chapter 377

Nyla knew there was no way Harrison didn't realize she would be at a disadvantage once he accepted the money. But he took it anyway. She had lost-not to the Sumners, but to Harrison.

She looked up at Richard, about to speak, when the door to the private room suddenly swung open.

Damon walked in, his expression cold as he stared at Richard. "Dad, I remember telling you not to bother her."

Richard's scowl deepened, and he replied icily, "Didn't you just say yesterday that we've cut ties? What does it matter to you if I bother her or not?" Damon nodded. "You're right. In that case, Prospectus Technology will have issues with the Sumner Group too."

"This is outrageous! You're going to turn against the Sumner Group just for a woman?" Richard bellowed. Damon remained silent, but his gaze spoke volumes.

From the moment Damon entered the room, Nyla only glanced at him once before ignoring him completely.

She fixed her eyes on Richard and said, "Mr. Richard, I'll withdraw the lawsuit as you requested. But one day, I will seek justice on my own terms." With that, she turned to leave.

As she reached the door, Damon blocked her path. "If the Sumners bother you again, just call me, and I'll handle it."

Nyla looked at him, exasperated. "Mr. Summer, I thought I made myself clear last time. I don't want anything to do with you anymore."

Staring into her cold eyes, Damon replied quietly, "I'm not trying to get involved with you. I just don't want the Sumners to cause you any more trouble." "Aren't you part of the Sumners?" Nyla shot back.

The only difference between Damon and the rest of the Sumners was that he didn't personally target Harrison and her.

Nyla's expression was indifferent.

"Mr. Summer however the Sumners treat me is my business. If you can't take my side and won't help the Sumners against me, then don't try to play both sides. Let's just pretend we're strangers from now on."

Leaving those cold words behind, she got into her car and drove away. [Search The Findnovel.net](http://SearchTheFindnovel.net) website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla sped to the hospital and quickly headed to Harrison's room.

Hearing the laughter inside, she took a deep breath and pushed the door open.

Everyone in the room froze when they saw her.

"Nyla, what's wrong..." Sensing something was off, Gabriel stood up and walked toward her.

Nyla didn't even look at him. Her eyes were fixed coldly on Harrison, who was lying in bed.

"Am I only worth 7,000,000 dollars in your eyes? You should've asked Richard for more, at least double that amount!"

Harrison frowned. "I warned you not to go up against the Sumners."

"So, you took Richard's money behind my back and let him use it to threaten me into dropping the lawsuit?" Nyla growled. Wren hurriedly said, "Nyla, your dad's not in good health. He can't take any stress. Besides, he used the money to—"

"I wasn't talking to you. Can you just keep your mouth shut?" Nyla interrupted.

Wren's face fell. Though she didn't say anything else, her expression was full of grievance and displeasure.

Harrison looked at Nyla with

disappointment. "Nyla, you still don't realize you're wrong. Instead, you're taking your anger out on an elder. You've let me down."

Nyla chuckled. "I feel the same. You've let me down as a father. I will drop the lawsuit, but I won't see you again. I'll transfer your medical expenses to your account each month. I'm leaving Saintornia soon and won't be coming back

Chapter 378

Ignoring Harrison's reaction, Nyla turned and left without another word.

Behind her, Wren exclaimed, "Harrison, calm down. Take deep breaths. The doctor said you can't get agitated!"

Nyla hesitated briefly but didn't look back. She took a deep breath and walked straight out of the hospital room.

As she reached the hospital entrance, Gabriel caught up to her.

"Nyla..." He blocked her path. "Your father's not in good health right now. He can't handle stress. Please, try to understand."

Nyla shot him a cold glance. "Understand him? Who's going to understand me?"

She had risked her life to put Cyrus away, only for Harrison to undo it all.

To him, she probably no longer mattered. Before marrying Wren, he had promised to put her first. Now, it seemed Wren meant more to him than she ever had.

"I know you're upset," Gabriel said gently. "But your father did this to protect you. You can't take on the Sumners by yourself. You'd only end up in danger."

Nyla's expression remained icy. "Whether there's danger or not is my choice to make. No one else has the right to decide for me."

Gabriel sighed. "One day, you'll understand why your dad did what he did."

"Save your breath until that day comes," Nyla retorted.

She shoved him aside, opened her car door, got in, and drove off.

Gabriel frowned as he watched her car disappear into the distance.

Back in the hospital room, Harrison still hadn't calmed down, his face twisted in anger.

Wren gently patted his back and glanced at Gabriel. "How did it go? Is Nyla still mad?"

Gabriel pressed his lips together, speaking in a low voice, "I'll talk to her again when I get home."

"No need!" Harrison snapped. "If she doesn't want to acknowledge me as her father anymore, fine. I won't go

after her. She can do who won't go

wants!"

she

Seeing Harrison getting worked up again, Wren quickly interjected. "Harrison, don't get upset. Nyla is still a child, she

"Child? She's nearly 30! When is she going to grow up?!" Harrison huffed.

"Alright, alright, calm down. If you pass out again, you'll end up back in the ER," Wren coaxed gently. Gabriel's expression remained indifferent as he glanced at Harrison "It's getting late. I should head back"

"Go ahead, and be careful on your way home," Harrison replied

After leaving the hospital, Gabriel got into his car and drove home, determined to speak with Nyla again. Meanwhile, Myle had just arrived at her building when she received a call from Willer

Ms. Jayston, regarding Cyrus' case, I heard you're planning to drop the charges? William inquired.

Nyla lowered her gaze, pausing for a few seconds before quietly replying, "Yes, Mr, Harwell. Thank you for your help. Please proceed with

withdrawing the charges. I'll transfer the legal fees shortly."

"Ms. Jayston, why are you dropping the charges? With the evidence you've provided, our chances of winning are much stronger now. It would be a shame to give up at this point," William urged.

"No, I've made up my mind. I don't want to pursue this anymore. Please help me withdraw the charges," Nyla insisted.

She ended the call and immediately transferred the legal fees to William.

Tossing her phone onto the passenger seat, she slumped forward against the steering wheel, consumed by despair and an overwhelming sense of helpless rage.

Chapter 379

Nyla had expected Harrison to support her, but instead, he sided with the Sumners.

After a while, she slowly lifted her head and wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes. Her gaze hardened with determination. She was resolute-she would leave Saintornia. Not long after Nyla returned home, the doorbell rang. Seeing Gabriel outside, she didn't open the door. Instead, she told him coldly to

leave.

Gabriel stood at the door for a moment. When it became clear Nyla had no intention of letting him in, he said softly, "Nyla, we'll talk when you've calmed down."

Nyla felt there was nothing left to discuss and had no desire to engage. She remained silent.

Gabriel stared at the closed door, sighed, and then turned to leave.

In the days that followed, Nyla's life resumed its familiar rhythm-working and studying at home.

Gabriel tried reaching out several times, but her cold demeanor discouraged him from pushing further.

A week later, Nyla received a call from Valarie, inviting her to her birthday party.

Valarie's father, the CEO of the Weir Group, always made sure her birthday was a grand affair.

"Of course, I'll be there on time," Nyla assured her. "Do you have any

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The sales assicae pairena wa unsure of what to do.

Stewartet ogive the tress to Wwe out forms aggressive demeanor mate ter estate
Everyone who stopped here was westry or influential, and inseting anyone could cost her job. We emanet ndifferent. If she wants it let her have it

Lord was caught off guard, clearly not expecting Nyla to give up Speesiy

Eanier she had noticed now much Nyla seemed to like the dress, butter calm reaction now made Jorcyn feel like she was striking at nothing which left her somewhat frustrated. Sensing Jordyn's hesitation, the sales associate quickly took the dress and card with a smile. "Miss, please follow me this way." Search The Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "What's the matter? Don't tell me your card doesn't have enough money?"

Chapter WW

Sexy the mwkery wyls eyes, stones the

is associate in two

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has no limit. Don't

tank barying this dress is a big deal could buy the entire store and shill have money left ovet

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You not interested. This dress is the smallest size it won't fit your hgure anyway And Find your torch repulsive Even if you hadn't bought it, I wouldn't want it anymore Hyle shot back

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with you

Nyle raised an eyebrow about to report when Clark appeared at the entrance

His eyes widened, and he looked awkward upon seeing her Just 4 few days ago, he had promised Nyle he would divorce Jordyn but DOW...

Not only could he not divorce her, but his company might also need Jordyn's support.

He approached Jordve and asked. "What are you doing here? Didn't you say you were going shopping for the baby?"

Seeing Clark, Jordyn immediately

linked arms with him and resumed

her haughty demeanor. "Clark, I saw this dress as we passed by the store. I didn't expect Ms. Jayston to try to take it from me. I told her I saw it first, and she mocked me, saying I wanted to steal everything from her. But I clearly saw it first..."

She looked aggrieved, playing the part of the victim

Had Nyla not known the full story, she might have believed Jordyn's lies

Clark glanced at the dress in Jordyn's hands and said quietly. "Since you've bought the dress, let's go. I have a meeting soon."

Jordyn pulled away from him, her eyes brimming with tears. "Are you still in love with Nyla? Is that why you're letting her bully me without doing anything? Her voice was loud, drawing the attention of those around them."

Clark felt a surge of embarrassment, his anger rising as he looked at her. "I just don't want to waste time on such trivial matters. Let's leave now."

Chapter 380

Seeing the mockery in Nyla's eyes, Jordyn sneered and followed the sales associate to the checkout.

After purchasing the dress, Jordyn strutted back to Nyla with her chin raised, eyes brimming with contempt.

Jordyn then sneered. "This card is from Clark. It has no limit. Don't think buying this dress is a big deal. I could buy the entire store and still have money left over!"

Nyla nodded thoughtfully. "Hmm, but I wonder if buying the store would make Clark turn against you?"

Jordyn's expression faltered for a moment, but she quickly recovered and replied coldly, "What does it matter to you? Whether it's Clark or this dress, they have nothing to do with you anymore."

"I'm not interested. This dress is the smallest size. It won't fit your figure anyway. And... I find your touch repulsive. Even if you hadn't bought it, I wouldn't want it anymore," Nyla shot back. The thought of Jordyn touching the gift intended for Valarie made Nyla feel nauseated.

Jordyn's eyes flared with anger, her gaze murderous. She realized Nyla had deliberately provoked her.

At this point, the dress wasn't just a prize-it had become a symbol of how Nyla had humiliated her.

Her fingers tightened around her handbag, knuckles turning white. "Nyla, don't get too cocky! Without Damon, dealing with you will be a piece of cake!"

Nyla raised an eyebrow, about to retort when Clark appeared at the entrance.

His eyes widened, and he looked awkward upon seeing her. Just a few days ago, he had promised Nyla he would divorce Jordyn, but now...

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"Trivial? Hah, Clark, you didn't even explain the last time you were all over her. If you still have feelings for her, let's divorce. I'll let you be with her Jordyn cried.

Her words changed the crowd's perception of Nyla.

"Wow, she's so pretty, but it turns out she's a mistress."

"Mistresses are so bold nowadays, even confronting the wife."

"Who would have thought shopping could lead to such a scandal? This trip was worth it!"

The murmurs around them grew unbearable, filled with mockery and insults directed at Nyla.

Jordyn smirked. As Clark's wife, tarnishing Nyla's reputation was easy.

Clark frowned, gritting his teeth. "Haven't you made enough of a scene? Will you only be happy if you humiliate me in public?"

Chapter 381

"If you hadn't refused to help me, would I have made such a fuss?" Jordyn challenged, her gaze filled with accusation. Clark was rendered speechless.

After a moment of silence, he turned to Nyla. "Nyla, perhaps you should apologize to Jordyn and put this matter to rest." Nyla sneered. "Are you out of your mind? Apologize to her? Why should I?"

"Why not? You were seen hugging my husband not long ago, remember? I still have photos. Would you like me to show them to you?" Jordyn taunted.

Nyla's gaze turned icy. "Jordyn, stop pretending. You were the one who interfered in my marriage with Clark. Now that you're married to him, have you forgotten what you did? "As for that photo, you can ask Clark about it yourself. I'm not interested in trash.

"Also, you mentioned I was fighting with you over the dress. Did you forget there are security cameras in the mall? Should I get the footage to see who was really fighting over it? "Regardless of whether it's a dress or a man, I wouldn't want anything from you because I find it disgusting!

Jordyn's anger flared, and she instigatively retorted, "You're talking

Have videos of Clark cheating with you. Are you sure you want me

show them in front of everyone Nyla asked

Jordyn gasped at her death. She certainly didn't expect how well she was revealed, but Nyla's confident demeanor only made her feel worse

over

The crowd, which had previously looked at Nyla with disdain, now turned their scornful gaze toward Jordyn

Just as she was about to respond, Clark grabbed her and pulled her aside

"Let go of me" Jordyn retorted

Clark ignored her protests, releasing her only when they reached a corner.

"Clark, didn't you see how everyone was looking at us? It makes it seem like we're guilty" she protested Clark's expression was cold. "It's better to look guilty than to risk her exposing our intimate video to the public. But I'm not satisfied" Jordyn retorted

What are you dissatisfied with? We're married now. She's just a stranger to us. Why do you keep provoking her? Clark snapped

His eyes blazed with fury as if he might strangle Jordyn at any moment. His gaze was menacing and intense

Jordyn took a step back, tears

well up in her eyes. "Why am

provoking her? Don't you know? If you didn't have any feelings for her, I wouldn't care about her. But can you honestly say you have no feelings for her at all?

"We're over" Clark said firmly

"As long as you still have feelings for her, it's not over," Jordyn argued,

Clark's patience wore thin. "If you want to keep arguing, go ahead, I'm going back to my meeting."

He turned and walked away.

Jordyn glared at his retreating figure, frustration and anger bubbling inside her.

After a moment of hesitation, she stomped her foot and ran after him.

Once Jordyn and Clark had left, Nyla continued browsing but found no dresses that appealed to her. She decided to go home.

Upon arriving, she saw Gabriel standing at her door. She frowned and approached him. "What's going on?"

Gabriel's expression darkened at her indifference. "I received two

invitations to a jewelry auction from a friend today. I thought you might be interested. Would you like to join me?"

Chapter 382

Nyla glanced at the invitation in Gabriel's hand. She hadn't bought a birthday gift yet, so attending the jewelry auction could be a nice alternative. However, she didn't want to feel obligated to him.

"No, thanks. I'm not interested," she declined.

Gabriel looked a bit helpless. "Nyla, are you still upset about what happened with your dad?"

Nyla met his gaze calmly. "This is between me and him. It has nothing to do with you."

Gabriel seemed hurt by her response. "But we're family!"

"To your mom, I've never been considered part of the family. In her eyes, the three of you are the family," Nyla retorted.

"She's her, and I'm me! To me, you are family," Gabriel insisted, his expression earnest and passionate.

Nyla paused before replying, "But we're not destined to be a family."

The hallway fell into a heavy silence, their breathing the only sound breaking it.

Gabriel's emotions flickered in his eyes. He seemed on the verge of saying something but then composed himself.

As if nothing had happened, he looked down and said, "I know you don't want any contact with me. I'll give the invitation to Melody. If you're interested, you can go with her." He then walked past her and left.

The next morning, as soon as Nyla entered the lab, Melody approached her.

"Nyla, your brother gave me two tickets to a jewelry auction this morning. Do you want to go with me?" Melody asked.

Nyla was surprised that Gabriel had actually done that. She shook her head. "No, I have other plans."

"I haven't even told you the date yet. How do you know you have plans? You don't want to go with me, do you?" Melody pouted, clearly disappointed.

"No. It's just that you could use this opportunity to get closer to him. Don't you want to pursue him?" Nyla asked.

"I do..." Melody murmured.

Conflict flashed in her eyes. Gabriel had mentioned earlier that morning that Nyla was feeling down and suggested she take Nyla to the auction to cheer her up. "But I still want to go with you. Men don't understand things like jewelry. Please come with me!" Melody pleaded.

Nyla hesitated but ultimately refused, "Melody, let him accompany you. I really don't want to go."

Seeing her firm stance, Melody knew she wouldn't change her mind. What Nyla had decided wouldn't change because of others.

"Okay, then," Melody relented.

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Chapter 383

Soon, Melody returned, looking dejected it was clear she was still upset about Gabriel's refusal to accompany her to the jewelry Auction Gabriel smiled gently and said, "Melody, I've been thinking about it Since I'm free that day too, I'll go with you after all."

Melody's eyes lit up with a hint of disbelief. "Really?"

"Yes" Gabriel replied, his gaze warm and soft. "Since I get the tickets for you, it's only fair I accompany you if Nyla isn't going

"That's great! I'll see you at the auction then!" Melody exclaimed

"I pick you up from your place," Gabriel said.

Melody was momentarily taken aback.

Gabriel's change in attitude seemed a bit sudden, but she didn't dwell on it. She was confident that spending time alone with him would increase her chances of winning his affection. "Okay, I'll send you the address later" she agreed.

The entire afternoon, Melody chatted with Nyla about Gabriel, asking about his past and his preferences in women.

"Nyla, what kind of outfit do you think I should wear to the auction?" she asked.

Nyla thought for a moment. Since the auction was a relatively

private event, she said, "Just wear something casual. You don't need to dress too formally."

Private, smaller auctions typically weren't as grand as larger ones,

and attendees usually dressed comfortably.

"Got it. What color does your brother like?" Melody continued.

Nyla sighed and handed her a

reagent tube "How would I know? If you really want to know, you can ask him directly. Focus on your

work these next steps are

important, so don't get distracted.

Melody nodded. "Okay."

swallow

After Nyla's reminder, Melody diligently worked until the end of the day, not mentioning Gabriel again.

In the evening, as they finished their experiments and left the lab, they saw Gabriel standing nearby.

When he spotted Melody, he smiled and asked, "Melody, do you have time tonight? Let's have dinner together."

"Oh? Yes, I do! Give me a moment to change!" she replied, her excitement evident.

Sure, take your time," Gabriel said.

Melody hurried to her office, leaving Nyla and Gabriel alone at the lab door.

Nyla gave Gabriel a casual nod before heading to her office. As soon as she stepped inside, Melody pulled her aside.

"How do I look, Nyla? Is my makeup okay?" Melody asked, her eyes wide with anticipation.

She had applied light makeup that made her skin appear fresh, her eyes sparkling, and her lips glossy.

"You look great. Your makeup is fine." Nyla assured her.

"Fantastic! I'm off now. See you tomorrow!" Melody exclaimed before rushing out.

Watching her disappear from view, Nyla couldn't help but smile. As she packed up and prepared to leave, her phone suddenly rang.

When she answered, a cold,

menacing voice came through the line Nyla, you've had me locked up in the police station for so long t won't let you off easily!"

Upon recognizing Cyrus' voice, Nyla's expression turned icy. "Don't forget, I have evidence of your crimes. If you touch me or anyone in my family, I'll make that evidence public. Do you think the Summers will protect you then?"

Chapter 384

There was a brief pause on the other end before Cyrus cold voice out through the silence. "You'd better not fall into my hands, or I'll make sure you wish you were dead! He hung up immediately after that

Nyta took a deep breath to steady her anger and frustration, vowing that she would get another chance to catch him.

After changing her clothes, she grabbed her bag and headed out. As she approached the elevator, the doors slid open. She hesitated for a moment when she saw the two people inside. Rebecca, dressed in a white dress, was clinging to Demon's arm, her face bright with a smile.

When she saw Nyla, she subconsciously tightened her grip on Damon's arm, and her smile faltered slightly.

"Ms. Jayston, what a coincidence!" Rebecca greeted, her voice tinged with forced cheerfulness.

Nyla considered pretending she hadn't seen them but decided to acknowledge them with a curt nod. "Mm."

Damon's gaze briefly skimmed over Nyla's face with indifference, as if she were a stranger, before he looked away.

Nyla didn't meet his gaze but could feel the chill of his stare. She pursed her lips and stepped into the elevator, turning her back to them.

As the doors slowly closed, Rebecca's voice, deliberately softened, reached Nyla's ears. "Damon, what should we have for dinner? I'm

craving Thai food. How about you?

Damon's voice was devoid of emotion. "Whatever you want."

"Ugh, you haven't changed. You always say whatever." Rebecca whined.

Damon's response seemed to be a quiet laugh. "Isn't it better to go along with your wishes?"

"It's not that bad... Fine. I'll plan it then!" Rebecca chirped.

Nyla kept her expression neutral, staring ahead. The reflection in the elevator doors captured her frosty demeanor and the couple behind her, closely entwined. Fortunately, the elevator ride was brief.

After a few seconds, the doors opened, and Nyla quickly exited.

Once she was in her car, she started the engine and drove away, unaware of Damon's gaze lingering faintly on her departing figure.

After Nyla left, Damon withdrew his hand from Rebecca's grasp, his expression turning cold. "I have other matters to attend to. I'll have the driver take you home."

Rebecca's eyes widened in disbelief. "What? Damon, you're not having dinner with me?" "I'm busy. If you need someone to accompany you, I'll call Nathaniel," Damon suggested.

His indifferent gaze felt like a knife Sheart, and tears began in her eyes. "But Nathaniel isn't my boyfriend. I just want you with me."

A hint of impatience crossed Damon's face, "I said I'm busy."

"If it were Nyla asking for your company, would you also say you're busy?" Rebecca asked.

Damon's expression darkened. "She's different from you."

Tears slowly fell from Rebecca's

eyes as she looked at him with a bitter smile Yes, of course, she's different. She doesn't have to do

anything to easily win your love net

while even though I have just a few months left to live and am using a life-saving favor to keep you with me, you still don't feel anything for me."

Damon looked at her with a detached expression. "Rebecca, it's over between us. I can't fall in love with you again."

"I know! Damon, how could I not know you won't love me again? But I can't accept it! We used to love each other so much..." Rebecca cried.

After seeing how he loved someone else, how could she accept that he no longer loved her?

"It doesn't matter how you feel. It's over," Damon repeated.

He wasn't happy with how things had ended between himself and Nyla either, but what could he do?

Chapter 385

Nyla wasn't ready to forgive Damon, Could he really force her to fall in love with him again?

Damon opened the car door and said calmly, "Get in the car."

After having the driver take Rebecca home, Damon returned to his office to continue working. Work was the only thing that temporarily distracted him from thoughts of Nyla. Today, however, for some reason, he couldn't concentrate on the documents in his hands. Frustrated, he tossed the files onto his desk, grabbed his car keys, and left the office.

Once Melody and Gabriel had finished ordering at the restaurant, she looked up at him across the table and commented, "Gabriel, I've never been to such a high-end restaurant before. The food here is so expensive." Gabriel smiled, his voice gentle. "Then you should get used to it."

He was already handsome, but with his bright smile under the lights, he looked almost glowing-so good-looking that it was hard to look away,

Melody's face flushed instantly, and she quickly looked away.

"W-Why should I get used to it? My salary..." she stuttered.

"Because I might take you out to eat here often in the future," Gabriel replied.

Melody's heart began to race uncontrollably. She turned back to Gabriel, summoning her courage, and asked, "Gabriel... you were allways so distant before. Why are you suddenly so er dead "Surely you can figure that out for yourself, Gabriel countered.

Melody lowered her gaze, remaining silent. Although she liked Gabriel, she wasn't infatuated to the point of losing her reason. There had to be a reason behind his sudden change in attitude. "Gabriel, is there something you need my help with?" she asked.

Gabriel's smile deepened slightly, and he nodded. "Actually, there is something I'd like to ask of you"

"It's about Nyle, right?" Melody asked, pressing further.

"Yeah, Gabriel answered straightforwardly.

A flicker of disappointment crossed Melody's face. Although she knew Gabriel and Nyla were siblings, they weren't biologically related, She had always felt that Gabriel's concern for

Nyla was a bit GLOSSENG

"I might not be able to help with Nyla. She refused to go to that auction, no matter what I said," Melody explained.

Gabriel's expression grew serious.

After a moment, he said, "I'd like you to keep an eye on her and look out for her She's had a falling out with her family recently and doesn't have many friends. You're one of her closest female friends."

Melody nodded, "Don't worry, I will.

"By the way, you and she are always busy with experiments and barely have any free time. Are you all very busy?" Gabriel asked. "Yeah, we're racing to meet deadlines," Melody replied.

"If you need any help, feel free to let me know. I'm not that busy at the moment," Gabriel offered.

Melody hesitated momentarily and

asked slowly, "Gabriel, I notice that

Nyla's attitude toward you seems quite cold. Why are you still so concerned about her?"

"Because she's my sister. What kind of brother would hold a grudge against his sister?" Gabriel answered matter-of-factly.

Seeing his sincere expression, Melody finally relaxed. "Alright. I'll try to persuade Nyla to reconcile with you as soon as possible."

"Thank you in advance," Gabriel said, then asked her for some details about their experiments.

Melody, without suspicion, answered all his questions.

By the end of the meal, Gabriel had learned quite a bit about their experiments.

After dropping Melody off at home, his smile gradually faded, turning cold.

Chapter 386

Gabriel contacted the head of the R&D department at a rival company, smiling as he said, "Mr. Palfrey, I have some details about Prospectus Technology's experimental research. Would you be interested?"

As soon as Nyla arrived at the office the next morning, Melody excitedly shared the details of her dinner with Gabriel from the previous night. "Nyla, he's so gentle and handsome. After last night, I think I like him even more!" Seeing Melody's flushed cheeks and lovestruck expression, Nyla couldn't help but smile. "Take it slow. You've only had one dinner, and you're already so excited."

"You're right. But I'll keep trying and aim to win him over soon, so I can become your sister-in-law!" Melody gushed.

Nyla's smile brightened. "Go for it. I believe in you!"

Just then, the office door opened, and Gabriel walked in, smiling.

"What are you two so happy about?" he asked.

Melody's cheeks flushed again at the sight of him. She shook her head quickly. "Nothing. We need to start the experiment."

With that, she hurriedly changed into her lab coat and left.

Now alone with Gabriel, Nyla pretended not to notice him, reeling in her smile as she turned her focus to her report.

Noticing her cold demeanor, Gabriel lowered his gaze and silently took his seat at his computer. It was fine. In time, she wouldn't be so

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Nyla pulled out her phone, opened their chat, and said teasingly "Want to see how many reminders you sent me?"

Seeing the screen filled with her own messages, Valarie burst out laughing. "I just know how absorbed you get in your experiments. I was worried you'd forget. I was only reminding you... en

"Did you need to remind me that many times?" Nyla teased back

"Haha, let's drop it. We need to hurry. time. I brought dinner

It's

You

eat on the way," Valarie said.

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They arrived at the auction just before 7:00 p.m.

After parking, Valarie quickly dragged Nyla inside. As they reached the entrance, they bumped into Clark and Jordyn Valarie rolled her eyes. "Just my luck

Clark's expression darkened, but he said nothing. Arguing with a woman in public would only make him look bad. Although Clark stayed silent, Jordyn couldn't hold back and barked" Valarie, watch your mouth!"

Chapter 387

Valarie sneered. I didn't name anyone specifically. Why are you so quick to take offense? Have you been a mistress for so long that you're feeling guilty? "You!" Jordyn was about to retort, but Clark held her back

"Enough. The auction is about to start. Let's go in," he said.

If Jordyn and Valarie started arguing at the entrance, it would only reflect poorly on him.

Jordyn shook off his hand, fuming. "Clark, I'm your wife, but you always defend others. Are you still thinking about that tramp, Nyla?"

The moment the words left her mouth, Valarie slapped her.

The sharp sound of the slap echoed, leaving a red handprint on Jordyn's face.

"How dare you hit me?!" Jordyn hissed, raising her hand to strike Valarie, but the latter grabbed her wrist and slapped her again on the other side of her face.

Valarie smirked, "That's better. If you keep running your mouth about tramps, I won't let you off the hook!" [search the FindNøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Jordyn, furious, tried to fight back, but Valarie pushed her into Clark's arms, "Clark, keep your rabid bitch in check," she warned. W want to deal with her, I have plenty of ways to do

"If you dare touch me again, I won't let you off easily?" Jordyn's face twisted with anger.

"What do I have to be afraid of? Do you think just because yove with Clark, you can run fangs in a dala Bass

Women like Jordyn, who climbed the social ladder

mistresses, never fit into their circles. Besides, if Clark had any....ention of integrating her, he'd have brought her to more formal events.

Jordyn's face turned an unhealthy shade of red, looking as though she might explode with rage.

Clark's expression hardened as he looked Valarie. "Valarie, don't think you can bully us just because you're from the Weirs. Our Conten belongs

problems are none of your concern

"You're mistaken. I have no interest in the two of you," Valarie replied coolly, "But if she can't control ber mouth, I'll have to step in

teach her that it's not just for spewing nonsense."

Clark's eyes flashed with anger, but he said nothing further and pulled Jordyn away. Jordyn's hateful gaze swept over Nyla, cold and venomous, like a snake ready to strike,

After entering the venue, Clark pulled Jordyn aside and whispered, "There are some prominent figures from high society here tonight. Stay close to me and don't embarrass me. If you do, I won't bring you again."

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Jordyn had pleaded with Clark for days before he finally agreed to bring her to the auction.

Suppressing her anger and frustration, she forced a smile. "Don't worry, I won't embarrass you."

As she lowered her gaze, a cruel glint flashed in her eyes.

She hadn't originally planned to use the child in her womb to get back at Nyla so soon, but Valarie's words had enraged her. Now, she was determined to make Valarie and Nyla pay for it

Valarie and Nyle found their seats in the venue,

Once seated, Valarie pointed discreetly to the front row and whispered, 'Isn't that Damon and Rebecca?!

Nyla glanced over and saw Damon speaking with Rebecca. The dim lighting blurred his features, but it seemed as if he was smiling

As Nyls looked his way, Damon appeared to sense it and turned his head. Their eyes met.

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Nyla glanced away, her expression neutral, and lowered her gaze without saying anything.

Valarie, sounding somewhat aggrieved, remarked, "I really don't understand what Damon sees in her. She dumped him years ago, and now he's getting back with her? It's like he's begging for humiliation!" Upon thinking about how Damon had left Nyla for Rebecca, Valarie's irritation flared.

"Enough about him. The auction's about to start, and you don't want to miss out on the jewelry you're interested in," Nyla reminded her.

"No worries. The piece I want is the final item," Valarie replied.

While they spoke, Jordyn, who sat diagonally behind them, watched with barely concealed resentment. She placed a hand on her lower abdomen and frowned. "Clark, my stomach hurts a bit. I'm going to the restroom." Clark's impatience flickered in his eyes. "What's the matter? The auction is about to begin."

Jordyn, who had never been to such an event before, noticed that everyone was dressed casually, and it would be troublesome if she accidentally bumped into someone.

She lowered her eyes. "I'm not sure. Maybe it's just the air conditioning. It feels too cold."

"Be back in ten minutes," Clark requested.

If she hadn't helped him secure a contract with Albert, Clark would never have brought her to such an event, risking embarrassment.

His coldness and impatience made Jordyn feel a pang of disappointment. "Alright."

Jordyn walked toward the restroom. Five minutes later, she emerged with a smile, casually washing her hands at the sink.

"What did you say to that waiter just now?" Rebecca's voice suddenly asked.

Startled, Jordyn turned to see Rebecca, her eyes flashing with coldness.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she replied.

Rebecca stepped closer, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "I'm warning you don't act recklessly. If you mess up my plans, I won't let you off the hook!"

Jordyn sneered. "What do your plans have to do with me? Rebecca, don't think that just because you helped me once, I'll do whatever you say."

She couldn't forget how Nyla and Valarie had humiliated her earlier. She wasn't going to let it slide.

"If you make a move against Nyla at this auction, you'll definitely get noticed Do you really want to risk being dumped by Clark again, fight after winning him back?" Rebecca asked.

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Jordyn bit her lower lip, clenching her hands at her sides, her head lowered in silence.

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Missing this opportunity meant she might never get another chance to deal with Nyla. She was reluctant to give up so easily. Just thinking about Valarie slapping her brought a wave of nearly unbearable humiliation.

Seeing the hesitation in Jordyn's eyes, Rebecca smirked. "I know you want Nyla gone. Believe me, I feel the same But you don't know anyone here. Even if you bribe waiter, what's stopping him from

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betraying you for more money?"

Jordyn's eyes widened as her face turned pale. She knew Rebecca was right, but the thought of letting it go was too much to bear.

Noticing her uncertainty, Rebecca added slowly, "I've said my piece. What you do next is up to you. But if you get caught, I hope you can deal with the consequences." With that, she turned coldly and walked away.

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After a moment of hesitation, Jordyn decided to cancel her plans with the waiter.

Rebecca was right-there would be plenty of chances to deal with Nyla later. There was no need to act hastily without confidence in her success. Let Nyla stay arrogant a little longer!

Back at the event, the auction was already underway.

The current item up for bid was a pink diamond necklace. The main diamond was heart-shaped, surrounded by 99 smaller diamonds that sparkled like stars around the moon. It was breathtaking, and Jordyn's attention was instantly captivated. "Clark, this necklace is stunning. I want it. Can you bid on it for me?" she asked.

Clark didn't respond, but his gaze remained fixed on the necklace. He imagined how beautiful it would look on Nyla's neck. During his business trips, he often bought her necklaces, as her collarbones were so elegant that any jewelry seemed to enhance her beauty. The bidding for the necklace soon began.

When Clark didn't answer her, Jordyn frowned and was about to repeat her request. Just then, Clark raised his bidding paddle. "50,000 dollars!"

Jordyn's eyes sparkled with delight. Even though Clark hadn't spoken, she believed his actions meant he still had feelings for her.

As soon as Clark lowered his paddle, Damon, seated in the front row, raised his own.

"100,000 dollars!"

Clark's displeasure was evident. He felt that Damon was deliberately trying to outbid him.

"150,000 dollars!"

"200,000 dollars!"

"300,000 dollars!"

At first, others joined in the bidding war between Clark and Damon, but eventually, they backed out. The necklace, while undeniably beautiful, was worth at most 300,000 dollars. Anything higher seemed

unreasonable.

"4,000,000 dollars!"

"5,000,000 dollars!"

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When Damon raised the price to 5,000,000 dollars, Clark's grip on his paddle tightened, his knuckles turning white. His eyes were filled with frustration. Not only was unable to keep Nyla, but he also couldn't win the necklace against Damon.

Jordyn looked at Clark with a touched expression, surprised that he was competing with Damon for the necklace on her behalf. However, the price had clearly exceeded the necklace's worth. "Clark, the necklace isn't worth this much. If we spend that much money on it, it's not worth it," she said gently, holding his hand to stop him from raising his paddle.

Clark's face remained tense. He didn't speak, nor did he raise his paddle again.

In the end, Damon won the necklace with a bid of 5,000,000 dollars.

The women around them looked at Rebecca with envious eyes. After all, she had only mentioned liking the necklace, and Damon had spent 5,000,000 dollars on it.

"I used to doubt that Damon truly loved Rebecca, but now I really believe it. Before this necklace, he had already bid on several pieces of jewelry. Adding this one, it must be worth several million!"

"I'm so envious of Rebecca. I wish I had a boyfriend like Damon."

"Damon is really willing to spend money on her. He'll probably keep buying more for her. Is she here just to shop for jewelry?"

As Rebecca listened to the murmurs around her and felt the envious glances from others, her smile widened, and her vanity was greatly satisfied.

She turned to Damon, who appeared cold and aloof under the light. This made him more irresistible.

"Damon, don't bid on any more jewelry. I can't wear that much," she said.

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Damon remained indifferent, showing no sign that he had heard Rebecca or intended to respond.

Rebecca's smile faltered slightly, her nails digging into her palm. After a few seconds, she managed to compose herself and looked away casually.

Soon after, Damon bought several more sets of jewelry, drawing even more envious glances from onlookers toward Rebecca.

Valarie, seated at the back, felt a wave of nausea. She couldn't believe that Damon was buying so much jewelry for Rebecca. When he had been with Nyla, he had never given her anything. Valarie felt a deep sense of injustice on Nyla's behalf. Beside her, Nyla remained composed, showing no sign of emotion.

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After more than half an hour, the time had finally come for the centerpiece of the auction—"The Lone Tear".

As soon as the cover was lifted, a collective gasp rippled through the crowd.

The jewelry was even more breathtaking up close than in the photographs.

The centerpiece was a massive diamond necklace with a main stone weighing several dozen carats, resembling a pure, tear-shaped droplet—stunningly beautiful. Each facet of the diamond had been meticulously cut, sparkling brilliantly under the light. The necklace's chain, made of tiny

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diamonds interwoven with platinum, was intricately crafted, cradling the main stone as if protecting it, like angel wings.

The set also included a pair of earrings and a ring. The earrings featured two diamonds, about half the size of the main stone, also in a tear shape. They dazzled in the imagination, swaying gracefully with the wearer's movements.

The ring had a unique design, with a smaller diamond set on an intricately engraved platinum band, its floral patterns complementing the diamond's brilliance. Valarie's excitement was palpable as she grabbed Nyla's hand. " Nyla, I have to get this set of jewelry! I'll wear it to the birthday party!"

Nyla was equally impressed by the jewelry.

However, after seeing the price, she quickly realized it was out of her range. The starting bid was

3,000,000 dollars, and judging by the reactions around her, it was clear many others were eager to bid.

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She should consider carefully what birthday present to give Valarie, as the final bidding price for this set of jewelry would likely be beyond her means.

As the auction price climbed, fewer people were raising their paddles. When the bid reached 7,000,000 dollars, the number of bidders dwindled even further.

Valarie remained in the running, but her face was tense. If the price exceeded 9,000,000 dollars, it would surpass her budget. The current price was already approaching her limit.

Meanwhile, Rebecca was captivated

by the jewelry. Among all the pieces on display tonight, this one stirred a strong desire within her. Her hands

were clenched tightly, and her eyes reflected her en

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Rebecca blushed slightly and whispered, "You've already bought me so many pieces of jewelry tonight. You've spent too much money. I just thought this set was pretty. I don't want you to spend any more." Even as she spoke, her gaze kept drifting back to the jewelry on stage, her eyes betraying her unspoken desire.

At that moment, Valarie raised her paddle and, through gritted teeth, said, "9,000,000 dollars!"

This was her limit. Any higher, and she wouldn't be able to keep bidding. Her offer was a significant jump from the previous bid, and the room fell into an eerie silence as all eyes turned to her. No one immediately raised their paddles.

Valarie gripped hers tightly, silently praying that no one else would bid.

"9,000,000 dollars, going once!"

A few others interested in the jewelry hesitated, unsure if they wanted to raise the stakes.

The set was undeniably beautiful, and owning it would make anyone the center of attention at any event. But 9,000,000 dollars? Spending that much on jewelry seemed excessive. "9,000,000 dollars, going twice!"

Nervous sweat gathered in Valarie's palms. She was just one call away from winning.

Rebecca bit her lip, her face pale, and her eyes shimmered with frustration. She hadn't expected that, despite her clear hints, Damon would remain unmoved.

In the past, he would have bought her anything she showed the slightest interest in. Now, he wouldn't even buy her a single piece of jewelry, and the money meant nothing to him! The more she thought about it, the more upset she became, tears welling up in her eyes.

Just as the auctioneer raised the gavel to announce, "9,000,000 dollars, going three times!" Damon suddenly raised his paddle.

"15,000,000 dollars!"

Damon's bid was like a stone dropped into a calm lake, causing a huge stir.

The room erupted in murmurs.

At the mention of that figure, Valarie's face went pale. She stared in disbelief, hardly able to comprehend what she had just heard. 15,000,000 dollars was far

beyond her budget.

Rebecca turned to Damon in shock, not expecting him to raise his bid at the last moment. She knew it he still had feelings for her.

"Damon..." Her eyes sparkled with excitement and joy. The sadness that had nearly brought her to tears moments ago now shifted into tears of happiness.

She could already feel the envious gazes of those around her. After all, no one else would spend so much money just for her.

"15,000,000 dollars, going once!"

auctioneer called out, his voice brimming with excitement. He scanned the room, searching for any potential bidders.

Yet the room remained silent, no one daring to raise their paddles.

Valarie clenched her fists, her breathing quickening. She kept her eyes on Damon's back, frustration swelling within her. She had no choice but to give up on the jewelry set, as she simply didn't have that kind of money.

"15,000,000 dollars, going twice!" the auctioneer called again, his voice now tinged with tension.

The atmosphere in the room was electric. Everyone held their breath, waiting for the outcome.

Just when it seemed certain that Damon would win the jewelry for 15,000,000 dollars, a paddle was suddenly raised in the corner. "20,000,000 dollars!"

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The crowd turned in shock at the sound of the new voice.

They had been expecting a wealthy heir from Saintornia, but instead, a young man stood before them-someone they didn't recognize. Murmurs rippled through the room.

"Who is that? I've never seen him before."

"No idea, but anyone bold enough to bid 20,000,000 dollars must be important."

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Next to Gabriel, Melody was so shocked that her phone slipped from her hand, clattering to the floor.

She whispered, "Gabriel, are you crazy? Where are you getting that kind of money?"

"Don't worry. If I'm making an offer, I can afford it," Gabriel replied confidently.

Damon glanced over his shoulder at Gabriel, his eyes narrowing dangerously.

Their gazes locked, and for a brief moment, the air between them crackled with unspoken tension.

Valarie, equally stunned, quickly turned to Nyla. "Nyla, your brother's been abroad for years. When did he get so rich? I should've gone abroad too."

Nyla was at a loss for words. She was just as shocked by Gabriel's sudden bid. After all, he'd only been renting a place since returning from abroad. He didn't seem to possess such vast wealth. Could he be trying to outbid Damon to get back at him for dumping her?

But if Damon stopped bidding, Gabriel would be on the hook for 20,000,000 dollars. How would he come up with that kind of money?

Damon raised his paddle once more. "30,000,000 dollars!"

Without hesitation, Gabriel countered, "40,000,000 dollars!" "50,000,000 dollars!"

"60,000,000 dollars!"

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"100,000,000 dollars!" When Gabriel shouted this final figure, the room fell as silent as a tomb. No piece of jewelry was worth that much.

The bidding war between Gabriel and Damon had spiraled into madness, driving the price to an astronomical 100,000,000 dollars!

Valarie glanced at the jewelry and

then at the current bidding price,

feeling that the piece seemed

ordinary in comparison. What

couldn't she do with that kind of

money?

Unable to contain herself, she turned to Nyla and whispered, "Is your brother insane? Even if he sold himself, he couldn't come up with that kind of money!" Gabriel had only been studying abroad for a few years-how could he possibly have that much money?

Nyla shook her head. "I don't know."

In truth, she also thought Gabriel had lost his mind. She couldn't believe he could amass so much money. Was he really willing to jeopardize his future over a moment of anger? en

Seeing Damon still intent on bidding, Rebecca subconsciously grabbed his hand and whispered, "Damon, don't bid any higher. This jewelry is worth at most 10,000,000 dollars, and it's already far beyond its value. But seeing you bid so much for me, I'm really touched..."

Without a word, Damon pulled his hand away and raised his paddle. "200,000,000 dollars!"

The auctioneer was nearly incoherent with excitement. He had never anticipated the price reaching such heights. This was a career-defining moment for him!

"200,000,000 dollars, going once! Any more bids?!"

"200,000,000 dollars, going twice!"

Finally, the auctioneer's gavel came down with a decisive thud.

"200,000,000 dollars, going three times! Congratulations to No. 28 for winning the auction at 200,000,000 dollars!"

As the final word echoed through the room, the atmosphere erupted into lively chatter.

"Oh my god! My heart almost stopped. 200,000,000 dollars! All this for just a smile from Rebecca! Why am I not Damon's girlfriend?"

"This is the most expensive auction I've ever seen. Damon must really adore Rebecca to spend 200,000,000 dollars without a second thought."

"I don't see what's so special about Rebecca. How did she manage to get Damon to spend 200,000,000 dollars on a piece of jewelry just because she said she liked it?"

The surrounding conversations all focused on Damon and Rebecca.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Rebecca smiled and looked at Damon with a mix of excitement and admiration.

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200,000,000 dollars! Damon had spent that amount just to buy her a piece of jewelry!

Rebecca couldn't help but turn to Nyla with a triumphant smile. It was clear now that Damon's greatest love was her, and Nyla didn't even compare. She had expected to see resentment or jealousy in Nyla's eyes but was surprised when Nyla simply met her gaze calmly before looking away. Rebecca frowned, feeling as though she was hitting a brick wall. Nyla must be pretending to be calm-she was probably seething with jealousy!

Soon, someone came to collect Damon's signature and process the payment.

After completing the transaction, the staff brought over all the jewelry Damon had bid on, with The Lone Tear on top.

When Damon opened the jewelry box, The Lone Tear sparkled brilliantly under the lights, drawing everyone's attention.

Although the auction was over, most people stayed behind, their eyes glued to the piece of jewelry in Damon's hands. Some even wondered if he was going to propose to Rebecca with it.

Valarie looked extremely displeased to see the jewelry she wanted go to Damon and be given to someone she disliked.

"What kind of spell did Rebecca cast on Damon? 200,000,000 dollars just like that! The thought of that jewelry hanging around her neck makes me so mad!" Valarie hissed.

If anyone other than Damon and Clark had bought the jewelry, she wouldn't have been this upset.

Nyla whispered to Valarie, "Don't be angry. Think about it-he spent 200,000,000 dollars on a piece that's only worth 10,000,000 dollars. Doesn't that make it seem less worthwhile? Besides, only a fool would spend that much on jewelry."

For Nyla, no matter how much she liked it, it wasn't worth considering once the price exceeded its value. For Damon, with his wealth, spending 200,000,000 dollars to win Rebecca's affection might be worth it.

Valarie snorted and glanced at the jewelry Damon was holding again, unable to hold back a smile. "You're right. I'd think the jewelry was beautiful at 10,000,000 dollars, but at 200,000,000 dollars, it's just a pile of rocks. I wouldn't be the sucker who spends that much!"

Seeing Valarie finally smile, Nyla managed a small grin of her own. "Since you're not angry anymore, let's go."

Valarie nodded. "Sure. We didn't win anything tonight. Staying here any longer would just be disappointing!"

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Meanwhile, as Damon opened the jewelry box, Rebecca's breathing grew shallow and her expression turned anxious.

Whenever they were together,

Damon used to help her put on jewelry The thought of this piece soon being around her neck filled her with immense excitement.

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"Damon..." Rebecca called softly.

She moved closer to Damon, her eyes full of anticipation, lifting her hair so he could help her with the jewelry.

The envious glances from those

around her made her feel a bit giddy. After tonight, everyone in Saintornia would know she was the one Damon cherished.

In the next moment, her smile froze.

Damon didn't even glance at her. Instead, he walked straight toward Nyla with The Lone Tear.

Nyla and Valarie, who were heading toward the exit, heard gasps and murmurs behind them. When they turned around, they saw Damon approaching.

"Nyla, Damon wouldn't be giving The Lone Tear to you, would he?" Valarie asked.

Nyla frowned and whispered, "Don't get your hopes up. Let's hurry and leave." She pulled Valarie along, but as they reached the door, Damon stopped them.

He held out The Lone Tear and said clearly, "The meaning of this jewelry is-no matter how long it's lostel will always love you and only you"

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Because of Damon's actions, everyone in the venue was now watching them.

Rebecca bit her lip hard, her eyes filled with anger and resentment. Damon was giving The Lone Tear to Nyla right in front of everyone!

She could already imagine the crowd's scornful whispers. The more she thought about it, the more she hated Nyla.

The venue fell silent for a few seconds before murmurs of voices erupted.

"What's going on? Why is Damon giving The Lone Tear to Nyla? Isn't he supposed to be with Rebecca?"

"And if I remember correctly, Nyla was his niece-in-law, right? The Sumners are so extravagant."

"This is disgusting. Nyla just divorced Clark not long ago. Were they already involved before the divorce?"

Hearing the sneers and disdainful comments around them, Valarie fumed.

"What are you all talking about?! Nyla's divorce from Clark was because Clark cheated on her with Jordyn. It has nothing to do with Damon!" she barked.

Few people knew about Nyla and Damon's relationship. If Damon hadn't suddenly given Nyla jewelry tonight, she wouldn't be subjected to these ridiculous rumors. The people being scolded were momentarily stunned.

Someone wanted to retort but was quickly pulled away by another. "Are you crazy? If you offend Damon, you won't survive in Saintornia. Stop talking and let's get out of here!"

The person who spoke pulled away from the crowd and quickly left through a side door, and the buzz in the hall gradually faded. After all, no one wanted to cross Damon.

Nyla looked at Damon coldly. "Mr. Sumner, your girlfriend is over there."

With that, she tried to walk past him.

Damon grabbed her hand and said, "Nyla, I know exactly who I love."

Nyla frowned. "You really want to give me this jewelry?"

"Yes," Damon answered.

Nyla let out a soft laugh and nodded. "Fine."

She took the jewelry from Damon and tossed it into a nearby trash can. Damon's face darkened instantly, his mood turning stormy.

Unfazed, Nyla met his gaze with cold resolve. "Mr. Sumner, your so-called love means nothing to me. I'm not interested in love that's

uncertain, and I hope you won't be

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disgust me again in the future."

swayed

With each word, Damon's face grew more strained, his expression darkening even further.

Nyla turned away without another glance and walked out with Valarie.

As Nyla and Valarie disappeared through the door, the venue fell eerily silent, with everyone too afraid to make a sound.

Damon's aura was so intimidating that no one dared to provoke him.

Rebecca's eyes flashed with resentment as she watched Nyla discard the jewelry she had coveted like trash.

She approached Damon, her eyes

filled with tears, and looked at him with disappointment. "Damon, did you think I wouldn't be upset? Did you embarrass me in front of everyone on purpose? Don't forget, I'm your girlfriend now! By giving the jewelry to Nyla in public, you're only making her the center of attention. You'll regret this!"

She was truly despairing over Damon. Without waiting for a response, she turned and fled the auction hall.

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Meanwhile, Nyla and Valarie had just returned to their car.

Still agitated by the events, Valarie

said, "Nyla, Damon publicly gave you jewelry tonight, and given the sensitive nature of your relationship, it's going to cause a huge stir tomorrow. You might face criticism, so be prepared."

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"Also... Rebecca is probably furious tonight. She might even reveal your relationship with Damon," Valarie said, her eyes filled with concern.

She was deeply upset with Damon. Although Nyla and Damon had broken up, he had publicly given her jewelry! As the CEO of Prospectus Technology, no one dared to criticize him openly, but had he considered what Nyla might face as a result? Valarie was relieved they had broken up. Otherwise, Nyla would have endured even more with such a domineering man.

Nyla pursed her lips and replied calmly, "It's fine. I anticipated something like this might happen when I agreed to be with him."

She had once hoped that when this day came, he would be by her side.

"Let's just go. We'll deal with it if things really blow up," Valarie suggested. Nyla nodded. "Okay."

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Back home, Nyla rested in the living room for a while. Just as she was about to wash up and go to bed, the doorbell rang.

Seeing Gabriel at the door, Nyla frowned, remembering how he had driven the auction price up to 100,000,000 dollars that night.

Could he really afford that amount if Damon hadn't continued bidding?

After a moment of hesitation, Nyla decided not to open the door. It was late, and even though Gabriel was her "brother" in name, they had no blood relation. Thus, it was better not to engage in too much private contact.

Upon not hearing a response, Gabriel's expression darkened. It seemed Nyla was determined to cut ties with him.

He clenched his hands at his sides, took a deep breath, and spoke to the closed door. "Nyla, I just came to warn you that the news about Damon giving you the jewelry has

spread. Over the next few days, there might be reporters camped out by your door. If you're worried, you might want to stay at a hotel or a friend's place until they leave."

After waiting a while and receiving no response, Gabriel finally turned and left.

Once he was gone, Nyla went to her bedroom to retrieve some clothes and take a shower.

She took Gabriel's warning seriously. If reporters started gathering downstairs, she would consider staying elsewhere for a few days.

In a high-end bar's private room in Saintornia, Rebecca downed whiskey straight from the bottle, her face streaked with tears.

The table was already littered with several tipped-over bottles.

Nathaniel's heart ached when he walked in and saw her swollen eyes and pale face. He quickly grabbed the bottle from her hands. "Give it back!" Rebecca cried.

"No, Rebecca, you can't drink any more. Your health is already fragile," Nathaniel advised.

Rebecca looked at him with a sense

of desperation and forced a bitter

smile. "Even if I drink myself to death, Damon won't be upset. What's the point of me being alive? If

you're my friend, you'll give me the

bottle!"

"I won't give it to you. Even if he doesn't love you, you should still cherish yourself," Nathaniel replied.

"Hah!" Rebecca looked up at him,

tears streaming down her face. "Do you know what happened tonight? He gave the jewelry he won at the auction to Nyla in front of everyone, and Nyla just dismissed it.

"I can already hear people mocking me behind my back. He should have loved me, but why has everything changed just because I was away for a few years?!"

Seeing her heartbroken over Damon,

Nathaniel tightened his grip on the bottle, turning his knuckles white. In frustration, he asked, "Do you really think you can't live without him?!"

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"Yes! I've loved him for so many years, and now I only have three months left to live. I can't accept this!" Rebecca cried out, her voice breaking.

Nathaniel managed a wry smile. "And what about me? I've loved you for years. Why won't you ever turn and look at me?"

He had always believed that as long as Rebecca was happy, that was enough. But seeing her heartbroken over Damon now felt like a vice around his chest, nearly suffocating him.

If she truly had only three months left, why couldn't he at least try for himself?

Rebecca was momentarily stunned, clearly caught off guard.

After a long pause, she spoke softly. "Nathaniel, I've always considered you just a friend."

"But I don't want to be just your friend," Nathaniel said firmly.

Rebecca bit her lip in frustration. "I'm your good friend's girlfriend. We can't—"

Before she could finish, a shadow suddenly fell over her.

Nathaniel's lips met Rebecca's before she had a chance to react.

"Mmph!" She shook her head and tried to pull away, but he held her waist with one hand and the back of her head with the other, giving her no chance to escape.

At first, Rebecca struggled, but gradually her resistance softened into pulling him closer. Their clothes began to come off as they moved together.

The next morning, Nyla and Damon were trending on social media.

Once it was revealed that Nyla was the ex-wife of Damon's nephew and that Damon had a girlfriend, netizens began to attack Nyla viciously. [This woman is so shameless! Seducing her ex-husband's uncle, and the worst part is he has a girlfriend. What a homewrecker!] [Maybe her ex-husband divorced her because he knew she was like this!]

[Honestly, the guy is also at fault. Just because he's the CEO of Prospectus Technology doesn't mean you should only blame the woman!] The online backlash was intense.

Spencer rushed to report it to Damon as soon as he arrived at the office.

Damon's already icy expression grew even colder. "Didn't I instruct you to keep what happened at the auction last night under wraps and prevent it from leaking out?"

Spencer shook his head. "Mr. Sumner, the situation is still under investigation. The hype is already building this morning, which suggests someone is stirring the pot. There are people stationed outside Prospectus Technology, likely planning something against Ms. Jayston."

Damon frowned. "Get them removed immediately!"

"I've already sent security to handle it," Spencer replied.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Jayston was just attacked with paint while she was parking in the underground lot. She's on her way to the hospital now," Spencer reported.

Just then, Spencer's phone rang. After answering, his face turned grim.

Damon shot to his feet, his aura so frigid it seemed to freeze the air around him.

Spencer quickly followed, recognizing the tension in Damon's jaw. He knew Damon was genuinely furious.

However, he had to intervene. "Mr.

Sumner, with the public already

discussing you and Ms. Jayston, going to the hospital now and getting photographed could

exacerbate the situation."

Damon glared at him and spoke with icy resolve. "Have they apprehended the person who threw the paint?"

"They have," Spencer answered.

"Go to the police station and follow up. Check if they have any prior offenses. I don't want them released again," Damon instructed.

"Yes, sir," Spencer replied.

"I have to go to the hospital. Whether or not I get photographed, I won't let anyone hurt her again," Damon declared before brushing past Spencer and leaving.

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Spencer felt helpless. The issue was that Nyla might not even want to see Damon.

Although Damon was exceptionally skilled in managing the company and business, Spencer believed he was too overbearing in relationships, focusing solely on his own perspective and never considering Nyla's feelings. Even without Rebecca, it was possible that he and Nyla would have eventually broken up.

Watching Damon's departing figure, Spencer sighed and did not attempt to stop him.

...

Damon reached the hospital room and was about to knock on the door when it opened from the inside.

Upon seeing Damon, Valarie's eyes filled with anger. She said coldly, "Damon, are you here to gloat over how badly you've hurt Nyla?"

Damon frowned as he spoke in a low, tense voice. "How is she right now?"

"Don't worry. She won't die. But if you keep bothering her, who knows what might happen next time?!" Valarie retorted.

Her sarcastic tone only increased Damon's impatience. "Ms. Weir, I admit I didn't handle things well this time, but it won't happen again. I'd like to see Nyla. Could you please step aside?"

"I'm sorry, but it seems she doesn't want to see you. You should just leave," Valarie declared.

Damon's face darkened. "Ms. Weir, you should know that if I insist on entering this room, you can't stop me."

Valarie gave a cold laugh. "Oh? Trying to use your position as the CEO of Prospectus Technology to intimidate me? But you're mistaken-I'm not one of your employees, and I'm not afraid of you!" Damon stared at her, saying nothing more, but his eyes grew even colder.

Inside the room, Nyla heard their argument and didn't want Valarie to be troubled because of her issues with Damon. She called out, "Valarie,

let him in. I have something to say to him."

Valarie looked back at her, frustration clear in her expression. "Aren't you already suffering enough because of him?"

When Valarie first arrived at the

hospital, Nyla had been covered in paint. It had taken the doctors a long time to clean her up. Even after they finished, she still reeked of paint and had painful, itchy rashes from an allergic reaction.

"It's okay. You should go home now. Thank you for everything today," Nyla said.

Valarie was still angry but knew she couldn't just walk away-she didn't know what might happen.

After a moment of silence, she said coldly, "I'll stay here by the door. Call me if you need anything."

Seeing Valarie's concealed concern beneath her anger, Nyla felt a surge of warmth and became even more determined to stay away from Damon. After Valarie left, Damon entered the room.

When he saw Nyla sitting on the hospital bed, his eyes widened with guilt and regret. He shouldn't have presented The Lone Tear to her in front of so many people last night.

Swr

Nyla's face and neck were red, and her cheeks were swollen, making her look completely different from before.

"Nyla, I'm sorry..." Damon said, his voice filled with remorse.

Nyla looked at him with calm eyes. "I thought you'd be satisfied seeing me like this."

Damon's eyes darkened as he spoke hoarsely. "If I could, I'd rather be the one in that hospital bed right now."

Hearing this, Nyla found it laughable. "When you gave me that necklace in front of everyone last night, you should have anticipated this result."

Chapter 398

Facing Nyla's cold, unyielding gaze, any explanation seemed inadequate.

Damon lowered his eyes and said in a deep voice, "You don't need to worry about this. I'll handle it."

"Whether you handle it or not is irrelevant to me. I'm planning to resign," Nyla said flatly.

A cold glint flashed in Damon's eyes. "Nyla, I've already told you I won't let you resign."

"You are not important to me and have no right to interfere in my decisions. I'm simply giving you advance notice that you need to find someone to replace me. This isn't up for discussion," Nyla stated firmly.

A heavy silence settled in the room, creating a stifling atmosphere between them.

After an indeterminate amount of time, Damon's hoarse voice broke the silence. "Do you really despise me this much? Would you rather resign than continue working at Prospectus Technology?" Nyla frowned.

While her decision to resign was partly because she didn't want to continue dealing with Damon, it was also because she needed time to study for her exams. She wanted to succeed on her first attempt, and working would distract her from her studies. She simply didn't feel the need to share that reason with Damon.

"If you understand, then why insist on forcing me to stay at Prospectus Technology?" she asked.

Nyla's gaze remained calm and her expression emotionless.

Damon, however, felt a storm of turmoil inside him, his gaze growing dimmer.

After Damon left, Valarie entered the room. Seeing that Nyla seemed stable, she finally relaxed a bit.

"When Damon left, his face was so grim that I thought you two had a fight," Valarie remarked.

Nyla shook her head. "At this point, what's the use in arguing?"

Valarie nodded. "True."

...

Back at Prospectus Technology, Damon was greeted by a throng of entertainment reporters gathered outside. His frown deepened.

He called Spencer and asked coldly, "Didn't I tell you to clear everyone from the entrance?"

"Mr. Sumner, I had security chase them away, but they're like stubborn pests-refusing to leave," Spencer replied.

"Then call the police." With that, Damon hung up.

Recalling how Nyla had tried to distance herself from him earlier, his mounted, and he decided to contact Rebecca.

The phone rang for a long time before it was answered.

"Damon, what's up?" Rebecca's voice was hoarse, tinged with guilt.

Damon, preoccupied with his troubles, didn't notice. He asked, "Are you free this afternoon? Let's meet."

"Y-Yes, where should we meet? At your company or..." Rebecca inquired.

"I'll have my secretary book a room. I'll send you the address shortly," Damon said.

"Okay," Rebecca replied.

Damon ended the call abruptly.

In the bar's private room, Rebecca finally felt a sense of relief when she heard the dial tone.

She was naked, her fair skin marked with various intimate traces.

Clothes were scattered across the

floor

the door to the sofa,

a chaotic scene that

vel

how intense the previous

night had been.

Just as Rebecca put her phone down, a strong hand wrapped around her waist, causing her to shiver involuntarily. Nathaniel rested his chin on her shoulder and murmured, "When are you planning to break up with Damon?"

Rebecca immediately pushed his hand away and frowned at him. "When did I say I was breaking up with him?"

Her eyes were icy, and Nathaniel's

heart sank as his face turned grim.

He asked, "We've slept together now, and you still don't plan to break up with Damon?"

Chapter 399

Nathaniel had expected that, after last night, Rebecca would want to be with him. He was shocked to realize she had never even considered breaking up with Damon.

"What do you mean? If you're not planning to break up, then what was last night all about?!" he demanded.

"Last night was just an accident. Let's pretend it never happened. Besides, Damon is your good friend. If he finds out that you slept with his girlfriend, it will damage your friendship," Rebecca said.

"Pretend nothing happened? Do you think that's possible?" Nathaniel questioned.

He angrily grabbed Rebecca's hand and said emphatically, "Damon doesn't have any feelings for you anymore. When are you going to realize that?"

Rebecca slapped him, her eyes blazing with anger. "This is between me and him. It's none of your business!"

Nathaniel, furious, managed a bitter smile. "Fine! So be it!"

He quickly gathered his clothes from the floor, dressed, and stormed out, slamming the door behind him with a loud bang.

Once he was gone, Rebecca finally relaxed. As long as Nathaniel didn't confront Damon, Damon would never find out what had happened. Now, her goal was to remove Nyla from the picture and make Damon fall in love with her again.

...

At 3:00 p.m., Rebecca arrived punctually at the private room.

Damon looked at her calmly. "Have a seat."

Upon noticing Damon's cold demeanor, Rebecca's heart skipped a beat.

He shouldn't know about last night, right? No, given Damon's personality, he wouldn't have called her here if he knew.

Moreover, he had presented the jewelry to Nyla in front of her last night. He should be feeling guilty-not her!

With this thought, Rebecca's nervousness gradually subsided.

She sat down across from Damon, deliberately adopting a cool expression. "Did you ask me here to apologize for last night?"

If Damon were apologizing, she wouldn't let him off easily.

"If you want to put it that way, yes," Damon said.

Rebecca scoffed. "You embarrassed me so much last night, and now you think a simple apology will make me forgive you?" Damon looked at her. The charm that once drew him to her now left him unmoved.

"I'm sorry for causing you such embarrassment last night. I asked you out today to discuss something else as well," Damon said. "What is it?" Rebecca asked.

"Let's break up. I hope to repay your life-saving grace in another way," Damon proposed.

Rebecca was stunned for several seconds before she fully grasped Damon's meaning.

Anger flared in her eyes as she gritted her teeth. "You humiliated me last night, and now you're proposing a breakup? Damon, what exactly do you think I am to you?"

"Three months is too long. I don't want to let Nyla continue to be misunderstood, and I don't want to hurt her anymore," Damon stated. Nyla! Again with Nyla! Why couldn't she just disappear?

If it weren't for her, Damon wouldn't have moved on, and Rebecca wouldn't have had to resort to manipulating him to return to her.

"You don't want to hurt her, so you

come to hurt me instead? I have less than three months to live, Damon. Don't you think you're being too cruel? You and Nyla have a lifetime

ahead of you," Rebecca em to

Damon looked at her. Even as he saw her tears, his eyes remained cold and indifferent. He replied, "Rebecca, I no longer love you? Keeping me around for three more months serves no purpose

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Chapter 400

If Damon hadn't fallen for Nyla, he would have remained with Rebecca for the following three months. With Nyla refusing to wait any longer, he didn't want to delay her either.

"I was wrong to promise you I'd be with you for the next three months as your boyfriend. If you have any other conditions, let me know. I'll do my best to meet them," Damon said.

"What else can you offer me besides money and a place to live? Not to mention, we used to be together, and I risked my life to save you. All I asked for was your company for three months. Is that really too much to ask?" Rebecca pressed. Damon fell silent for a few seconds.

Under Rebecca's disbelieving gaze, he finally nodded. "Yes. Rebecca, I'll never forget what you did for me, but I can't repay it with feelings. I'm sorry."

Continuing to be with Rebecca would only hurt Nyla more and drive her further away. Damon couldn't imagine life without Nyla.

Rebecca smiled self-deprecatingly, tears streaming down her face. "Damon, I really misjudged you. If I could, I wish I'd never met you."

With that, she picked up her bag and turned to leave.

As she exited the room, her anger and frustration burned fiercely. She could not let Nyla be with Damon!

Since Damon was ready to abandon her, she wouldn't hold back either!

Pulling out her phone, she called Nathaniel. "Nathaniel, didn't you want to be with me? I can be with you, but before that happens, you need to help me get rid of Nyla!"

...

After Rebecca left, Damon headed back to the company.

Spencer came over to report on the morning's trending topic involving Damon and Nyla. "Mr. Sumner, as expected, someone was stirring up trouble this morning..." "Who did it?" Damon's eyes were icy.

"It was... It was Mr. Clark..." Spencer answered.

Damon's gaze grew even colder. "Bring him to me."

...

Clark was in a meeting at his

when several men in black

burst into the conference

took him away.

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They released him only when they arrived at Damon's office.

"Uncle Damon, what's the meaning of this?!" Clark demanded.

and

His eyes were filled with anger. Thinking about the shareholders' reactions when he was taken away, he was livid.

Damon regarded him coldly. "Don't you know what you did?"

His gaze felt like a blade slicing across Clark's face, and the immense pressure nearly made Clark collapse. Shamefaced, Clark looked away, his demeanor faltering. "I don't understand what you're saying."

"Don't understand? Then you can stay here and think until you do," Damon said.

Clark frowned, his tone growing more serious. "The shareholders are waiting for me to continue the meeting. If you have something to say, just say it. I don't have time for games."

Ignoring him, Damon picked up some documents from his desk and began to read.

Clark's anger flared up again due to Damon's nonchalance. He turned to leave, only to be stopped by two men in black.

These men were trained

professionals and had handled him

easily Back in the conference room. There was no way he could fight back.

Clark spun around, stormed up to Damon's desk, and slammed his hands down, veins bulging on his forehead in frustration.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

Damon looked up slowly, his calm demeanor unchanged.