

Trading My Ex for His Uncle

Chapter 401

"Didn't I tell you to think about it? Don't even think about leaving until you do," Damon replied.

Clark's anger flared again as he clenched his fists on the desk. "I don't get it! I haven't done anything lately!"

Damon sneered. "Are you sure about that?"

Under Damon's cold gaze, Clark froze, a flicker of guilt surfacing in his heart.

"Looks like you've figured it out now?" Damon asked.

Clark's fists tightened further.

After a long moment, he gritted his teeth and said, "Yes, I'm behind the trending topic this morning. But what's the problem? Didn't you just get back together with Rebecca? And isn't Nyla getting involved?"

Clark was nearly overwhelmed by jealousy and frustration, thinking about how Nyla had gotten involved with Damon right after their divorce.

"Do you have the right to interfere in our matters?" Damon demanded.

Clark's face darkened, his chest heaving and his breathing growing heavy.

At that moment, he clearly didn't have the right. Yet, he couldn't stand the thought of Nyla and Damon being together!

Nyla could be with anyone, but not Damon!

"Uncle Damon, instead of blaming me, why don't you reflect on why you're still entangled with Nyla after getting back together with Rebecca? If you hadn't given her The Lone Tear in front of everyone last night, I wouldn't have had the chance to stir things up, would I? "The one who truly hurt Nyla is you. I'm just using the knife you handed me," Clark said.

Damon looked at him expressionlessly, his knuckles white from gripping the documents tightly, clearly struggling to control his emotions.

"It seems the last lesson I gave you was too mild. This time, I'll make sure you understand the consequences of opposing me," he warned. Clark sneered. "If you dare touch me, I won't spare Nyla."

"Are you threatening me?" Damon asked.

"I didn't want to do this, but you've pushed me into a corner," Clark said.

With nothing left to lose, he was prepared to destroy everything if Damon dared to attack the companies Cyrus had left him. He had no regard for a scorchedearth policy.
en

"Get out!" Damon barked.

Clark, sneering, seemed confident that Damon wouldn't dare to act against him. He turned and walked away.

...

Two days later, Nyla was discharged from the hospital after her swelling had subsided.

During her stay, the police had come to take her statement. Knowing that the attacker had a criminal record and would likely face a harsh sentence, she felt no sympathy.

Back at home, Nyla sent her resignation letter to the HR department at Park Pharmaceuticals and then began tidying up her place.

By late afternoon, she received a reply from HR asking her to come in the next day to complete her resignation process.

Nyla sighed with relief. Although she had enjoyed her job, she was eager to avoid seeing Damon.

Not dwelling on it for too long, she had dinner and then studied until 11:30 p.m., reluctantly putting down her books before heading to bed.

Before sleeping, she checked her phone and saw that the trending topics about her and Damon had been completely removed-even the hashtags were gone.

She finally felt a sense of relief. After all, she couldn't bear the label of a "homewrecker".

...

The next morning, Nyla completed her resignation formalities at Park Pharmaceuticals and texted Metody to inform her of the resignation and that a replacement would be in touch soon.

Melody immediately called her. "Nyla, what's going on? Why did you suddenly resign? Is it because of the trending topic from yesterday morning?"

Chapter 402

"Part of it is because of that, but the main reason is that I have something more important to do," Nyla replied. Melody sounded a bit disappointed. "I don't know if the new research scientist will be easy to get along with..." Nyla smiled and gently reassured her, "No matter how the new person is, just focus on doing a good job yourself." "That's all we can do," Melody remarked.

In the afternoon, Nyla went to Prospectus Technology to pack up her things.

The new drug researcher hadn't arrived yet, so Melody was taking a break from experiments and reading literature in the office.

Just as Nyla was about to leave, Melody hugged her tightly. "Nyla, even if you've resigned, we have to keep in touch!" Seeing Melody's reluctance, Nyla nodded. "Okay. I probably won't be able to help you with pursuing Gabriel, but good luck." "Alright," Melody replied.

After saying goodbye to Melody, Nyla was about to leave when the office door was suddenly pushed open.

They both looked up to see Spencer walking in with a stern expression, followed by two men in black suits. Confusion flashed across Nyla's face as she noted Spencer's unfriendly gaze.

"Mr. Hogg, what's going on?" Nyla asked,

"Ms. Jayston, you're suspected of leaking company secrets, so you can't leave right now," Spencer said. Nyla frowned. "What secrets?"

Melody spoke up as well. "Mr. Hogg, are you sure you have the right person? Nyla isn't even a Prospectus Technology employee. We only work in the lab and have no contact with

Prospectus Technology staff with

could we leak any company secrets?"

Spencer looked at them expressionlessly, his demeanor strictly businesslike. "It's not just Ms. Jayston. Ms. Sorley, you'll need to cooperate with our investigation as well

because the leaked information pertains to your experimental data." Melody's eyes widened in disbelief. "You think we leaked our experimental data?"

"It's not a suspicion," Spencer replied. "Contelligence has already published progress on their latest asthma drug, and much of the data closely matches the data from your experiments.

"Since you are in charge of this

experiment, you cannot resign until the truth is determined. You will need to come to the company daily to await the investigation results. Otherwise, the company reserves the right to call the police and pursue legal action."

At the mention of "police", Nyla grew serious.

The daily experimental data was known only to her and Melody. Since other experimental data couldn't match theirs, it meant that the data had been leaked.

Melody's face turned pale, and her voice trembled. "Mr. Hogg, Nyla and I couldn't have leaked the data. There is a check every time we enter or leave the lab, so there's no way we could have taken the data out."

"Ms. Sorley, I can't determine the specifics right now. You will need to prepare for the investigation," Spencer said.

Nyla was silent for a few seconds before speaking. "Mr. Hogg, you should call the police."

Spencer was taken aback, not expecting Nyla to agree to involve the police.

"Ms. Jayston, think this through. The company is only conducting an internal investigation. If the police get involved, you might face jail time," Spencer cautioned.

"I didn't leak the data, and I trust that Melody didn't either. Someone must have used improper means to obtain our experimental data. It is crucial to report this to the police and clear the matter up. I don't want to leave Prospectus Technology with the accusation of leaking experimental data!" Nyla asserted.

Moreover, she trusted the police more than the people at Prospectus Technology.

After a few moments of silence, Spencer said, "I need to consult with Mr. Sumner about this." [search the FindNøvel.net website](#) to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 403

Spencer stepped aside and called Damon, briefly explaining the situation before ending the call.

"Mr. Sumner has agreed to call the police," he informed after hanging up.

The police arrived promptly.

As Nyla and Melody gave their statements, Gabriel walked into the office. Upon seeing the police, his eyes widened, but he quickly masked his surprise.

"Nyla, Melody, what's going on?" he asked.

Spencer stepped forward and said, "Mr. Hackett, the experimental data from Ms. Jayston's project has been leaked. Have you noticed anyone suspicious entering or leaving the lab recently?" Gabriel thought for a moment and shook his head. "No. It's usually just the three of us in the lab."

Spencer nodded. "Alright. You'll need to provide a statement as well."

After they finished their statements, two hours had passed. They were instructed not to return to the lab and to wait at home for the investigation results, remaining available for further police questioning.

As they left Prospectus Technology, Melody suggested they go out for a meal and review their recent experiments to determine when the data might have been leaked.

Nyla agreed, and Gabriel, being part of the lab, naturally joined them.

...

Once they were seated in a private room, Melody spoke first. "Nyla, I swear I didn't leak the company's data, and I believe you didn't either. I suspect someone is intentionally sabotaging us!" Her voice was filled with frustration at being falsely accused.

Nyla's gaze flickered, and she replied quietly, "Yes. The key is figuring out how the data was leaked."

Contelligence's release of the experimental data, which closely matched her own work, had effectively rendered her previous progress useless. If the source of the leak wasn't identified, she would be held responsible.

No company would want a researcher known for leaking data, and this issue could even jeopardize her chances for further studies. She had to find the person responsible!

Gabriel quietly listened as Nyla and Melody discussed, though neither of them noticed the calculating and cold expression in his lowered eyes.

...

After everyone and the police had left, Spencer returned to report the progress at the CEO's office in Prospectus Technology.

Damon's expression remained indifferent as he listened. "The person who leaked the data definitely isn't her."

Spencer thought Damon's

statement was overly definitive and couldn't help but argue, "Mr. Sumner, the final results aren't in yet. Each of the three of them is still a suspect."

en

IMS

"Go back to work and report any updates as soon as you have them," Damon replied.

Spencer hesitated before asking, "Mr. Sumner, what if it turns out to be Ms. Jayston? What will you do then?"

"If it turns out to be her, I will take full responsibility for the consequences," Damon answered.

Spencer frowned but said nothing more and turned to leave.

After dinner Nyla returned home, and it was already past 6:00 p.m. She took a bottle of cold water from the fridge and sat on the sofa, contemplating who might have leaked the data.

Aside from the three of them, other people at Prospectus Technology who had access to the experimental progress could also be suspects.

However, in terms of likelihood, they

were the top suspects. After all, she and Melody were in the lab daily, while Gabriel worked in the office and could sometimes overhear their discussions about the data.

Nyla trusted Melody, but Gabriel... Could he be the one who had leaked the data? As she was deep in thought, the doorbell rang.

Chapter 404

Nyla walked to the door and looked through the peephole, surprised to see Gabriel. They had just parted ways not long ago-why was he back?

As Nyla hesitated whether to open the door, Gabriel's deep voice came from outside. "Nyla, after I got home, I suddenly remembered a detail that might be related to the data leak."

Nyla's expression tensed. She opened the door slightly and asked, "What detail?"

Gabriel's gaze hardened as Nyla had only cracked the door open and hadn't invited him in.

"Once, when Melody and I were having dinner, she received a call midway through and then mentioned she had left something in the lab and rushed off. I thought, with work the next day, what could be so urgent that she needed to go back that night?" Gabriel suggested.

A flicker of realization crossed Nyla's face. "If she went back to copy the data and give it to Contelligence, she probably wouldn't have told you she was going to the lab. She'd likely have used some other excuse."

Gabriel looked down, shaking his head. "I'm not sure. I just remembered this and thought I should mention it. Maybe I'm overthinking it or just worried about you, so I didn't consider this possibility sooner."

Nyla found his comments somewhat odd but chose not to dwell on them. "Thanks for your concern. Let's wait for the police investigation."

As Gabriel was about to respond, the elevator dinged open.

They were in a one-apartment-per-floor building, and both glanced toward the elevator.

Upon seeing Damon, Gabriel's eyes grew cold. His hands, which had been relaxed at his sides, tightened slowly.

Nyla frowned. "Mr. Sumner, is there something you need?"

Damon and Gabriel were both

dressed in silver-gray suits that day. One was aloof, while the other was warm. Together, they made quite a striking pair.

Despite this, Nyla wasn't in the mood to appreciate their appearance. Frustrated with the data leak, she was now further annoyed by the intrusion.

Damon's expression grew more

somber due to Nyla's clear

indifference. He had initially come to tell her he had broken up with Rebecca and hoped she might give him another chance. However, with Gabriel present, it clearly wasn't the right moment.

"I came to discuss the data leak," Damon said.

"If you need details, you can go to the police station. I've already given my statement to them today," Nyla replied.

Damon gritted his teeth and said quietly, "Aside from that, there's something else I want to discuss with you."

"What is it?" Nyla asked, not understanding why she should engage with him further.

Damon didn't respond directly but glanced at Gabriel. Noting that Gabriel had no intention of leaving, he finally said coldly, "Mr. Hackett it's inconvenient to discuss this matter with Nyla in your presence. Could you please step aside?"

"Mr. Sumner, I'm off work now. Nyla is my sister," Gabriel replied.

The implication was clear-there was nothing inconvenient about it.

Damon frowned, and his displeasure was evident.

Although Nyla felt uneasy about the situation, she didn't want to argue with Damon and chose to remain silent.

"Mr. Hackett, you're not related to Nyla by blood. You're merely her stepbrother. Her matters are not for you to manage," Damon asserted.

Chapter 405

Gabriel offered a slight smile. "Mr. Sumner, haven't you heard the saying that an older brother is like a father? Nyla is quite innocent, so as her older brother, it's natural for me to look after her." Gabriel and Damon locked eyes, and the atmosphere between them grew icy. They each understood the other's unspoken message.

Damon didn't believe that a stepbrother would treat his stepsister as well as a real sibling. Furthermore, his investigation had shown that their relationship was poor.

Upon recalling the auction where Gabriel had deliberately competed with him for The Lone Tear, Damon's expression darkened.

"In that case, I should consider you a brother as well," Damon suggested.

Gabriel sneered. "I've never seen anyone as shameless as you."

Nyla frowned at Damon. "Mr. Sumner, what exactly do you want to say? If you're finished, you can leave."

After a moment of silence, Damon realized it wasn't the best time to continue the discussion. He said quietly, "We'll talk about this another time." With that, the door slammed shut.

Gabriel and Damon exchanged glances at the closed door, both brimming with animosity.

Gabriel's smile deepened, clearly pleased that Nyla had shut the door on Damon. "Mr. Sumner, still standing here after being shown the door?" "Mr. Hackett, don't you think you're overstepping your bounds?" Damon's eyes were radiating a chilling hostility.

Gabriel's smile widened. "Since you seem to enjoy lingering, I won't keep you company. Goodbye."

With that, Gabriel walked toward the elevator.

After Gabriel left, Damon also turned to leave.

...

Late that night, Nyla received a call from Valarie, but it was an unfamiliar male voice on the line.

"Hello, is this Ms. Nyla Jayston? The owner of this phone is drunk at our bar. The speed dial is your number. Can you come pick her up?"

When Nyla arrived at the bar, it was already 2:00 a.m. She navigated through the noisy main area and entered a private room to find Valarie passed out on the sofa.

en

Although Valarie often frequented bars, she rarely got this drunk. There must be a reason behind it.

The Weirs lived over 20 kilometers away, and her parents were likely already asleep. Taking Valarie home would surely wake them.

After a moment's consideration, Nyla decided to take Valarie to her place first and return her home once she sobered up the next day.

Nyla struggled to get Valarie into the car and fasten her seatbelt. She was about to return to the driver's seat when Valarie suddenly hugged her neck and started crying, "W-Why did he treat me like this..."

Nyla frowned. Could this be about Tom?

She intended to comfort Valarie but soon realized that drunk people often had irrational reactions.

While trying to soothe Valarie, she became the target of her distress Valarie grabbed and scratched her, leaving stinging red marks on Nyla's arms and face.

Nyla couldn't help but think that if Valarie got drunk again, she might never come to her aid. It was too much of a hassle.

Seeing that Valarie had finally fallen asleep, Nyla drove off.

What she didn't notice was that a black, unmarked car slowly started and followed her.

Chapter 406

Not long after Nyla's car hit the road, she sensed something was amiss. She deliberately changed directions several times, but the black car continued to follow her. She frowned in concern. It was clear that the unmarked car was tailing her.

After a moment of consideration, she decided to turn around and head in the opposite direction from her home.

...

About ten minutes later, Nyla parked her car in front of the police station.

The car following her finally realized something was wrong and tried to leave, but the police quickly stopped it.

Officers swiftly detained the occupant of the car.

Only after confirming her safety did Nyla get out of her vehicle.

"Ms. Jayston, please come with us to make a statement," an officer requested.

Nyla nodded and glanced at the person being led into the police station. He appeared to be in his early 20s, with a square face and plain features-one of those faces that blended into a crowd. Nyla was certain she had never seen him before.

The man was visibly enraged. "Why are you arresting me? Just because you're cops, you think you're so great?"

One of the officers replied coldly, "Driving an unlicensed vehicle is illegal, and you're also suspected of stalking. You need to cooperate with the investigation."

During the questioning, Nyla learned that the man's name was Steven Abney and that he worked at a car repair shop in Saintornia.

When asked why he had been following her, he flipantly replied that he thought she was attractive and wanted to be friends.

Since Steven had not caused Nyla any actual harm, the police gave him a stern warning before letting him go.

As Nyla left the police station, she saw Steven waiting outside, his face dark with anger.

When he noticed her, he sneered and said coldly, "You're lucky this time. Next time, it won't be so easy."

Nyla ignored him and got into her car, driving away.

Back at home, after settling Valarie, Nyla sent a message to Pete asking him to look into Steven. She thought Pete would be asleep, but he replied quickly. Pete: [Steven Abney... The name sounds familiar. I'll check it out and let you know what I find.]

Nyla responded with a simple "Okay" and put her phone down to take a shower.

...

The next morning, after getting ready, Nyla checked on Valarie in the guest bedroom.

Valarie was still asleep, so Nyla gently closed the door and went to the kitchen to make breakfast.

Halfway through preparing the meal, Valarie woke up.

"Nyla..." she called out.

Nyla turned around to see Valarie standing at the kitchen door, her hair a mess and looking a bit

embarrassed. Clearly, she still remembered some of what had happened the night before.

"Since you're up, go wash up. I've put out new toiletries for you," Nyla said. "Okay..." Valarie replied.

Soon, Valarie finished washing up and came out of the bathroom.

Nyla's breakfast was ready, and she was pouring milk.

Sitting across from her, Valarie looked at the eggs and bacon on her plate with excitement. "Is there

el

anything better than waking up from a hangover to find breakfast

waiting? You might as well forget about dating-just the two of us can

handle it internally."

Nyla gave her a sidelong glance.

"Sorry, but I'm not interested in

women. Also, this is my breakfa

Your breakfast is in the kitchen. I'll get it for you right away."

Valarie looked touched. "You even made a special breakfast for me? I..."

When she saw the oatmeal Nyla was holding, her gratitude froze on her face. She hated oatmeal more than anything. Nyla placed the oatmeal in front of her and said, "It's specially made for you. You have to finish it-every last drop." "I'd rather have eggs and bacon..." Valarie started.

"No, you vomited several times last night. Your stomach is empty, and greasy food isn't good for it," Nyla chided.

Chapter 407

"Fine," Valarie conceded.

As Nyla sat across from Valarie, the latter hesitated after taking a careful spoonful of oatmeal and asked, "Nyla... I didn't make too much of a scene last night after getting drunk, did I?" She vaguely remembered crying on Nyla's shoulder and being quite loud about it. It was so embarrassing....

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "Now you're worried about being embarrassed?"

Valarie could only look down in silence. If she had known she would be so out of control while drunk, she would have avoided alcohol altogether and not even gone to the bar last night.

"Did something happen yesterday that made you drink so much?" Nyla asked.

Valarie's gaze dimmed as she looked down and murmured, "I'd rather not talk about it."

Nyla didn't press further and nodded. "If you don't want to talk about it, that's fine. Just finish your oatmeal. I'll take you to work after you shower."

Valarie thought for a moment and declined, "No need. My company is in the opposite direction from Prospectus Technology, and since our work hours are similar, it would be too tight for you to drop me off and then get to your job. I'll just take a cab." Nyla bit into her breakfast and said casually, "It's fine. I've already resigned."

Even if she hadn't resigned, Prospectus Technology would have told her to stay home and wait for the outcome after what happened yesterday.

"Resigned? Why did you suddenly resign?!" Valarie exclaimed.

"I need to prepare for the graduate entrance exams. Working takes up too much of my time. I could only study in the evenings, and I don't want to repeat this process," Nyla explained.

Valarie was shocked. "Why did you suddenly decide to pursue graduate studies?"

"It's been a regret not to have pursued it earlier. Now that I'm divorced from Clark, I want to start a new chapter in my life," Nyla answered.

"What about Damon?" Valarie asked.

Nyla smiled, her expression calm and detached. "What I had with him was just a brief dream. Now that the dream is over, it's time for me to wake up."

She and Damon had no future together, especially now that he was back with Rebecca. It seemed even less likely.

Valarie fell silent, recognizing that starting anew with graduate studies was indeed the best choice for Nyla at the moment.

"Which school are you planning to apply to?" she asked.

"A university in Capitarnia. I have a senior there, and the school is quite reputable," Nyla replied.

"That's quite far," Valarie commented.

They were in Saintornia, at the southern edge of the country, while Capitarnia was in the north. It would take several hours by plane. "It's not too far. I can always come back if needed," Nyla said.

Valarie sighed and didn't press further. She understood Nyla's desire to leave Saintornia and start fresh in a new city.

After breakfast, Nyla gathered a set of her clothes for Valarie. Their sizes were similar, and they had often swapped clothes in the past.

While Valarie was in the shower, Nyla cleaned up the dining table. As soon as she loaded the dishes into the dishwasher, she received a call from Pete. "Ms. Jayston, I hope I'm not disturbing you," Pete said.

"No, I'm awake. Did you find out anything about last night?" Nyla asked.

"Yes." Pete's voice was somber.

"Steven Abney is the grandson of a victim from the Harris

Pharmaceuticals incident six years ago. After that incident, he dropped out of school. It appears he's still hotding a grudge and intends to harm you."

Nyla lowered her gaze, sensing something was amiss. She had s
still

been in university six years ago, and Harrison had never publicly

disclosed her information

How could Steven know she was Harrison's daughter and track her down?

"Mr. Monaghan, I understand. But could you also check if Steven has been in contact with anyone

recently? I suspect he might have some backing," Nyla requested.

Chapter 408

"Alright. I understand," Pete answered.

After hanging up, Nyla sat on the sofa, contemplating who could be behind the situation. Whoever knew about the Harris Pharmaceuticals incident and could track down Steven to use him against her must hold significant power. When Valarie emerged from the bathroom, she noticed Nyla staring off into space on the sofa. She walked over and waved her hand in front of Nyla's face. "What's got you so lost in thought?"

Nyla snapped out of her reverie, shook her head, and stood up. "Nothing much. Let's go."

...

On the other side, Nathaniel was fuming when he learned that Steven's tracking had been discovered.

"What's he doing? He was caught right away-what a useless fool!" he scolded.

His secretary kept their head down, waiting for Nathaniel to calm down before cautiously suggesting, "Mr. Preston, it might be best to stop Steven from tracking Nyla any further. Otherwise, it could lead back to us." Nathaniel's expression remained grim.

After a long pause, he finally spoke. "He won't dare implicate me even if he's caught. For now, tell him to hold off on any actions. We'll let him act when the time is right."

"Alright," his secretary replied.

After the secretary left, Nathaniel narrowed his eyes. He had no personal grudge against Nyla-his only issue was that she was in his way. If she disappeared, he could be with Rebecca.

...

After dropping Valarie off at her company and on her way home, Nyla received a call from Spencer.

His voice was cold. "Ms. Jayston, where are you right now? You need to come to the company immediately."

Nyla's heart sank. "Mr. Hogg, have you found any evidence regarding the data leak?"

"You'll find out when you get here," Spencer said before hanging up.

...

When Nyla arrived at Prospectus Technology, it was already past 10:00 a.m.

The receptionist escorted her to the top-floor conference room, where Gabriel and Melody were already present, along with several unfamiliar faces.

Everyone was dressed in suits, their serious expressions and tense demeanor creating an uneasy atmosphere.

Melody glanced at Nyla with an expression that suggested she wanted to speak but hesitated, eventually biting her lip and looking away.

Spencer's gaze was particularly cold. "Ms. Jayston, please have a seat."

Nyla pulled out a chair and sat down. Just as she was about to speak, the screen lit up, displaying a photo.

"Ms. Jayston, this is what the

technicians found after their

investigation. Your computer sent a

compressed file of your

experimental data to Contelligence at 8:00 p.m. last Wednesday

Spencer stated.

Nyla's eyes widened. "I left the office right after work last Wednesday. There's no way I was at the lab at 8:00 p.m., sending data to Contelligence."

Spencer nodded. "The email was

scheduled to send, and traces of the

scheduled sending were deliberately erased. The technicians spent considerable time restoring your computer's data, and the scheduled time was during your working hours.

"So, if you can't provide evidence proving that this email wasn't sent by you, you may face a lawsuit from Prospectus Technology."

Nyla's face paled, and her hands clenched tightly on her lap. She needed to remain calm-panicking wouldn't help.

"Can you tell me the exact time when this email was scheduled?" she asked. "Yes, the email was scheduled for 1:30 p.m. on Tuesday," Spencer answered.

Nyla usually napped during that time, typically at her desk. Since she was a light sleeper, no one would have had the chance to access her computer. She was certain she had never sent such an email.

"Mr. Hogg, if I had intended to send the data to Contelligence, I wouldn't have done it in a manner that left evidence for you to uncover," Nyla said.

"Ms. Jayston, telling me that is pointless. The email was sent from your computer. If you can't prove it wasn't you who sent it, you'll have to face the consequences," Spencer replied.

Search the Findnøvel.net website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Chapter 409

Nyla's eyes were cold. "I didn't do it and won't admit to it."

Spencer sighed. "Ms. Jayston, it's not about whether you admit it or not right now."

The evidence was clear. If Prospectus Technology decided to sue, it would almost certainly go through.

Nyla remained silent for a few seconds before quietly saying, "Give me three days."

Spencer replied, "I need to consult the board on this. The development of this asthma medication has cost the company hundreds of millions, and the board is very

concerned. I can't make this decision on my own." Nyla nodded. "Alright, I understand. Thank you, Mr. Hogg."

After Spencer and the others left, Melody quickly moved to Nyla's side. "Nyla, I believe you didn't do this. Think carefully-was there anyone who might have accessed your computer last week?"

Nyla lowered her gaze. The email had been scheduled for 1:30 p.m., meaning either someone controlled her computer remotely or used it during her lunch break to set up the email.

Since she was a light sleeper, it was unlikely that someone could have used her computer while she was napping.

If someone wanted to control her computer, they would need to have used it before or know her password. During her experiments, Prospectus Technology employees sometimes used her computer to check on progress or data. After considering her options, Nyla identified a few suspects who had the opportunity to tamper with her computer.

A few minutes later, Spencer returned to the conference room and informed her, "Ms. Jayston, Mr. Sumner wants you to come to his office."

"Alright, got it," Nyla replied.

...

When Nyla entered Damon's office, he had just finished reviewing a document. Without looking up, he said, "Have a seat on the sofa."

After signing the contract, Damon set down his pen and approached Nyla.

"I heard the data leak email was sent from your computer?" he asked.

Sensing the pressure from Damon, Nyla met his gaze directly and nodded. "Yes."

"What's your take on this? Do you have any suspects?" Damon asked.

Nyla hesitated, her lips pressed together. "You believe it wasn't me?"

"I trust the evidence, but I don't think you'd be foolish enough to use your company computer to send data to someone else," Damon said.

As Nyla met his dark eyes, her previously troubled mind began to calm, and her anxiety eased significantly.

"Yes, I have a few suspects," she replied.

After Nyla provided the names of those she suspected might have had access to her computer, Damon immediately asked Spencer to have the IT department investigate those employees' computers.

The IT department soon reported back, indicating that none of the employees' computers showed any anomalies or had software capable of controlling others' computers.

IMS

Nyla's heart sank. Had she made a mistake with her guesses?

Noticing her pale expression, Damon spoke softly. "Don't jump to conclusions. Think carefully-have you noticed anything unusual recently?"

Nyla shook her head. "No... and the

scheduled email was sent during lunch. Since I'm a light sleeper, if someone had accessed my computer, I would have-

Before she could finish, her voice trailed off as she suddenly recalled something odd.

Nyla usually took a 30-minute nap, but for the past two weeks, she had been waking up only after the alarm rang several times.

Initially, she had attributed this to fatigue, but upon reflection, she realized her sleep had become unusually deep recently.

Chapter 410

Seeing Nyla's change in expression, Damon asked, "What's wrong? Did you remember something?"

"Mr. Sumner, I need to check on something. I'll head back now," Nyla said.

As she turned to leave, Damon's gaze grew serious. He stood up suddenly and grabbed her wrist, speaking softly. "Nyla, you can rely on me. I've made things clear with Rebecca, and we've broken up. I hope you can give me a chance to protect you." His words were earnest, but Nyla pulled her hand away as if she had been pricked.

"Mr. Sumner, from the moment we broke up, there's no going back. Whether you've broken up with Rebecca or not, I won't reconsider," she said.

With that, Nyla turned and walked out.

Watching her leave, Damon slowly tightened his fists, his expression showing a hint of defeat. He knew Nyla was deeply disappointed in him and wouldn't easily give him another chance.

...

After leaving Damon's office, Nyla went straight to find Melody.

The lab had been busy recently, and Nyla usually skipped lunch. She stayed in the lab while Melody brought her meals from the cafeteria. If she remembered correctly, her excessive sleepiness had started around the time Melody began bringing her food. If it weren't for the data leak, she might not have noticed the issue.

Faced with Nyla's questioning, Melody looked both incredulous and hurt. "Nyla, since the data leak happened, I've believed in you and never suspected you. Now you're questioning if I'm the one who leaked the data and framed you?"

Nyla pressed her lips together and said firmly, "Melody, I'm just asking you to recall if anything unusual happened when you brought me meals. I'm not suspecting you."

Melody forced a smile. "I only went to get the food after I finished eating, and I always picked a random window. I'd bring the food back to the office directly. If you don't believe me, you can check the surveillance footage. I can guarantee that the food I brought you was fine."

Nyla frowned. Could she have been overthinking it?

Since Melody suggested checking the footage, it seemed she wasn't lying. However, her recent sleepiness was indeed strange.

Seeing Nyla's silence, Melody added,

"Nyla, I understand you're

distressed. If I were in your shoes, I'd feel the same. But I assure you, I never tampered with the food."

en

"Okay, I understand. Don't overthink it. I just need to rule out all possibilities. I don't mean to suspect you," Nyla clarified. Melody hummed in response.

After parting ways with Nyla, Melody

took a cab home. On the way, she reviewed her recent actions and was certain there was no issue with the meals she had brought.

Just as she was beginning to relax, a sudden realization flashed in her mind, causing her face to turn pale.

"Excuse me, turn around and take me to Magnifique Garden," she requested urgently.

During the ride to Magnifique Garden, Melody called Gabriel, her voice trembling as she arranged a meeting.

...

When Gabriel arrived at the café near the neighborhood, he found Melody sitting by the window, staring blankly outside and lost in thought.

As Gabriel sat down across from her, Melody snapped back to reality.

Noting her pale complexion, Gabriel looked concerned. "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? You look terrible."

Melody took a deep breath and said slowly, "Gabriel, recently you've been ordering coffee for me and Nyla and asked me not to tell her it was you. The real reason you didn't want her to know it was you isn't because you're worried she wouldn't drink it, is it?"