

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

## Chapter 731

### Chapter 731

Sullivan smiled. "I've been here for a little while. You were on the phone, so I didn't want to interrupt." "Oh," Ruby replied, her expression clouding.

If Sullivan had been there for a while, he must have overheard her call.

Any positive impression she had of him faded immediately-someone who eavesdropped on others' conversations couldn't be trusted.

Noticing her displeasure, Sullivan quickly added, "I apologize. I really didn't mean to listen in. That's why I stayed outside the door. But your voice was loud enough that people in the next lab could probably hear you too."

Ruby frowned. "Did you need something? If not, I'll be heading to lunch."

"I was just dropping off some documents for Nyla. Since she's not here, could you please hold onto them and give them to her this afternoon?" Sullivan asked.

"Sure," Ruby answered.

After placing the documents in her drawer, she was about to head to the cafeteria. When she reached the door, though, she noticed Sullivan was still there, seemingly waiting for her. "Sullivan, is there anything else?" she asked.

Sullivan shook his head, his tone shifting to one of concern. "Ruby, since you're working? Technology now, we're colleagues. If you need any help, feel free to come to me. If you're money, I can also-" Before he could finish, Ruby cut him off, her tone curt, "I don't need anything from you."

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Her expression was cold, her attitude distancing them further with a clear boundary.

Unfazed, Sullivan nodded. "Alright, but if you ever face difficulties, you can always come to me."

Ruby didn't respond, brushing past him as she left the room.

Watching her go, Sullivan narrowed his eyes with a slight smile.

When Nyla arrived at the CEO's office on the top floor, Damon was still reviewing documents.

"The food is in the insulated container on the table. Go ahead and eat. I'll join you once I finish these files,

""Damon said.

Seeing how focused he was and knowing he was genuinely busy, Nyla didn't want to interrupt. She simply responded with an "Okay" and walked over to the couch. However, instead of opening the container, she pulled out her phone and started playing a game, planning to wait until he was done so they could eat together. When Damon finally finished his files and looked up, he saw Nyla sitting on the couch, her eyes fixed on her phone. The insulated container remained unopened. 1/2

+25 BONUS

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He frowned slightly. "You don't need to wait for me."

Nyla looked up, meeting his deep gaze. For some reason, her heart skipped a beat.

"I'm not hungry. It's fine to wait," she said.

Damon was silent for a moment before getting up and walking toward her.

Nyla was taken aback and frowned. "You don't have to accommodate me. I-"

"You're the one accommodating me. I can finish the documents this afternoon." As Damon spoke, he sat across from her and opened the insulated container, taking out the dishes one by one. Nyla thought about telling him she didn't mind waiting, but the image of him clutching his stomach in pain flashed in her mind.

She remembered how pale he had looked that time and decided not to argue. His stomach issues stemmed from not eating on time-it wasn't worth risking his health for work.

She helped set the dishes,

uncovering them one by one, and noticed they were all her favorites. She lowered her gaze, gripping her cutlery tightly. After all this time,

Damon still remembered what she

liked.

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I asked Spencer to order food based on your old preferences. I wasn't sure if you still liked these dishes," Damon said.

"I do. Thanks. I didn't expect you to remember," Nyla replied.

Damon placed a grilled shrimp on her plate. "Let's eat.

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Sullivan smiled. "I've been here for a little while. You were on the phone, so I didn't want to interrupt."

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+25 BONUS

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## **Chapter 732**

Chapter 732

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+25 BONUS

After Damon recovered his memories, he replayed everything about Nyla in his mind countless times, remembering it all clearly.

The two ate in silence, the only sound in the office being the clinking of cutlery and dishes.

While eating, Nyla stole glances at Damon.

His movements were graceful, and she found herself drawn to him without realizing it. He was also undeniably handsome, which explained why so many women chased after him. Noticing Nyla's gaze, Damon looked up at her..

Their eyes met, and Nyla felt a pang of embarrassment, like she'd been caught red-handed.

She quickly averted her gaze and said awkwardly, "Heh... these shrimp are pretty good..."

"If you like them, I'll have Spencer order them again tomorrow. Is there anything else you'd like?" Damon asked.

Nyla glanced at him, but when she met his deep, dark eyes, she quickly looked away again.

"No, just the shrimp is fine. You don't have to order only what I like. Get some things you like, too," she replied.

Damon looked at her and nodded. "Okay."

After that, Nyla avoided looking at Damon again, focusing on finishing her meal.

Once they were done, Damon poured her a glass of warm water.

"Thanks, but you don't have to do that. I can get it myself," she said.

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Damon raised an eyebrow. "You've seemed uncomfortable since you came into my office. Are you sure you'd actually get up to get water if you were thirsty?"

Nyla stiffened, surprised he had noticed. "Sorry, I'm still adjusting."

"No need to apologize. You have plenty of time to get used to it. By the way, you can take a nap in my lounge room during lunch. I still have some files to review. I'll wake you

up at 1:30 p.m.," Damon offered. Nyla instinctively refused. "No, it's okay. I'll go back to my own office."

Seeing her resistance, Damon didn't push her. He understood that they had been apart for five years and were only together now because of Mason.

It would take time to get used to each other's presence again. However, he wasn't satisfied with just pretending. He wanted to make it real. "Alright," he answered.

Nyla put down her glass. "You still have work to do, so I'll clean up the dishes and head out. I won't disturb you."

"No need. My assistant will take care of it later," Damon stopped her.

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+25 BONUS

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"Oh... Okay... then... I'll get going," Nyla replied.

"Mm. Wait for me after work so we can go home together," Damon said.

Nyla nodded and then practically fled the office.

Once she stepped out, she felt herself relax a little. She didn't know why, but being around Damon always made her feel uneasy.

Not long after Nyla left, Spencer

walked in with a file. "Mr. Sumner, it seems the person harassing Ms.

Kinsey isn't Mr. Hackett. He's been

abroad these past few days attending a completely closed

business conference where

electronic devices aren't allowed."

Damon's gaze hardened. He put down his pen and said, "Keep investigating. Look into Nyla's connections from five years ago. We need to find out who it is." "Understood!" Spencer answered.

Back downstairs, Nyla composed herself and walked into her office.

As soon as she did, Ruby handed her a file and informed her, "Nyla, Sullivan dropped this off at lunch and asked me to give it to you."

Nyla took it. "Thanks."

Returning to her desk, she opened the file.

Their recent experiment had hit a

bottleneck, and one of the results wasn't coming out right. Sullivan 'mentioned he'd worked on

something similar before and

gathered some of his previous reference materials for her.

After reading a few sections, Nyla felt inspired and decided to change the catalyst they were using. She down the file and looked over at Ruby, planning to discuss the

line

catalyst change with her. It was then she noticed Ruby's eyes were red and swollen, clearly from crying.

She asked, "Ruby, why are your eyes so red? Did something happen?"

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+25 BONUS

Ruby shook her head and replied, "I'm fine, Nyla. Just didn't sleep well. What did you want to discuss?"

There was no way a lack of sleep could cause such swelling, but Nyla didn't push. She understood that everyone had things they preferred to keep to themselves.

"I'm planning to change the catalyst for the experiment. Can you see if we can try these options this afternoon?" Nyla proposed, handing Ruby a piece of paper with the catalysts she had in mind.

Ruby glanced over it and picked out two options. "I think these two are worth trying. I've tested the others before, and they didn't work well-the reaction time was too long."

Nyla nodded. "Alright, let's go with your suggestions."

After finalizing the plans, Nyla was about to return to her desk when she added quietly, "If you're facing any difficulties, you can talk to me. Don't let it affect your work." Ruby blinked, clenching her hands. "I understand."

Whether because of Nyla's words or not, Ruby seemed more focused that afternoon. The distraction from the morning was gone.

After switching the catalyst, their experiment went much more smoothly, and they managed to complete the step before the end of the day. Once the report was written, Nyla and Ruby left work together.

On their way from the lab to the elevator, Ruby's phone kept ringing. She kept rejecting the calls, but each time, another call came in immediately after. Finally, she turned off her phone.

Tossing the phone into her bag, she looked up and saw Nyla watching her. She stiffened and tried to act casual. "I don't know who leaked my number, but I've been getting a lot of spam calls today." "Just block them," Nyla replied.

"Yeah, I will. Oh, Nyla, I just remembered I forgot something. You go ahead," Ruby said.

Nyla lowered her gaze, a complicated expression crossing her face. She wanted to help Ruby, but if Ruby didn't want to open up, there was nothing she could do.

When Nyla took the elevator down to the basement, Damon's car was already waiting at the entrance.

As soon as she got in, he put down the file he was reading and asked, "Did something happen? You seem preoccupied."

Nyla was surprised he'd noticed her mood. She blinked, then shook her head. "It's nothing."

"Buddy said he wanted crab tonight, so I made a reservation. We'll head to the restaurant directly," Damon informed her. "Okay," Nyla answered.

Meanwhile, Ruby returned to her desk back at the office.

The office was empty now. As soon as she turned her phone back on, the calls started coming again. She

took a deep breath and finally answered.

"I told you, stop calling me," she said.

+25 BONUS

"Ruby, are you really this heartless? Are you really not going to save your own brother's life? Do you want to see me and your father die?" Margaret's voice was filled with resentment and anger.

Margaret didn't believe that Ruby's savings from the past few years amounted to only 30,000 dollars. She knew Ruby had worked multiple part-time jobs during university and had received scholarships. There was no way she didn't have money- she just didn't want to save her brother, Hansel Jenner.

Ruby almost laughed. Hansel was the one who gambled and racked up a debt of tens of thousands, yet Margaret was blaming her for being heartless?

"I already told you, I don't have the money. What more do you want from me?" she asked.

"You don't have money? Then sell a kidney! You have two. Losing one won't matter. If you don't want to do that, I've arranged a marriage for you back in the village. You can come home and marry him," Margaret demanded.

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Margaret's tone was matter-of-fact, as if Ruby were an object to be discarded at will. She didn't even consider whether Ruby would agree.

As far as she was concerned, as long as Hansel could be saved, Ruby's life was expendable. After all, Hansel was the lifeline of the Jenners. If they lost their son, she and her husband wouldn't be able to go

1. on.

Ruby let out a short, bitter laugh, which soon escalated into a loud, almost hysterical one.

"What are you laughing at? Are you crazy?" Margaret's voice was sharp, filled with anger.

When Ruby finally stopped laughing, she spoke in a low, steady voice. "Do you know why I took your call?"

"Why?" Margaret asked.

"Because wanted to see just how disgusting the things you'd say could be. You didn't disappoint me," Ruby replied.

Her voice, rough and hoarse from laughing so hard, was unsettlingly calm. It gave Margaret a sinking feeling.

"Ruby, what are you planning to do?" Margaret asked, unease creeping into her tone.

Ruby smiled and said slowly, "Mom, this will be the last time I call you that. Over the years, the money I've given you, plus the 30,000 dollars you tricked out of me this time for Hansel-we'll count that as the debt I owed you. From now on, we're done. Whether you live or die has nothing to do with me."

The more Margaret listened, the more uneasy she felt. She had tricked money out of Ruby before, and although Ruby had gotten angry, she had never mentioned going into contact.

Nervous and furious, Margaret's voice came out strained. "Ruby, are you crazy? I'm your mother! I gave birth to you. Your life belongs to me. How dare you talk about cutting ties? I don't agree!"

"Whether you agree or not doesn't matter to me," Ruby replied coolly. "If I remember correctly, you're only 45 this year. Once you reach the legal age for assisted living, I'll send the required amount each month. Until then, I won't be involved with you."

With that, Ruby hung up. She removed the SIM card, broke it, and threw it in the trash, severing any chance for Margaret to contact her again.

Saying those words made her realize Margaret had never truly seen her as a daughter but as a pawn-a disposable tool for Hansel's sake. Since Margaret cared so much for her precious son, she could figure out how to repay his gambling debts on her own.

Afterward, Ruby felt a sense of relief and freedom. She was no longer shackled by family obligations. She should feel happy.

But for some reason, tears kept flowing from her eyes, no matter how much she tried to wipe them away. From now on, she really was alone. Suddenly, a tissue appeared in front of her.

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### +25 BONUS

Startled, she looked up and saw Sullivan's sympathetic eyes through her blurred vision. She took a step back, putting distance between them, and didn't reach for the tissue he offered. en

Sullivan wasn't offended. He just smiled and put the tissue away.

"No matter how bad it is, it'll pass," he said, gently.

Ruby didn't want to engage with

him. Pushing back her tears, sheet

said with a poker face, "Thanks for the words, Sullivan. I'll be heading home now."

"You're in such a bad state. I don't feel comfortable letting you go back alone. I'll give you a ride home," Sullivan offered.

"No need. I'll be fine," Ruby replied, grabbing her bag and leaving.

Sullivan didn't take her refusal seriously. He followed her from a distance, clearly intending to make sure she got home safely.

Ruby bit her lip and couldn't help but turn back to look at him. "Sullivan, really don't need you to escort me. You're making things difficult for me."

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#### +25 BONUS

Sullivan raised an eyebrow. "I'm not escorting you. This just happens to be my way home too. I can't just avoid this road because you're on it, right?"

Ruby frowned but couldn't argue with his logic. After a few moments of silence, she turned and walked off quickly.

Sullivan stayed about four to five meters behind.

This annoyed Ruby, so she quickened her pace, hoping to shake him off. No matter how fast she walked, he kept his distance until she entered her apartment building. Only then did he stop following. Back in her apartment, she slipped off her shoes and walked to the couch, feeling exhausted.

Her phone buzzed. It was a Messenger message from Nyla.

Nyla: [Hey, I noticed you didn't seem well today. If there's anything troubling you, don't hesitate to talk to me. I'll help you figure things out. Stay strong!]

Ruby stared at the message for a moment before simply replying: [Okay.]

At a popular seafood restaurant in Saintornia...

Nyla looked at Ruby's brief response and felt a pang of disappointment. She turned her phone face-down on the table.

Noticing her downcast expression, Damon placed some crab meat on the plate and said, "Let's eat first. You seem distracted tonight. What's on your mind?"

Ruby picked clean onto her

plate and said,

"Nyla accepted the plate, debating whether to tell him about Ruby, but a familiar voice interrupted her, " Nyla, Mr. Sumner, you're here for dinner too?"

Turning around, she saw Valarie and looked surprised. "Valarie, you're here too? And who is this?"

Valarie nodded with a smile. "Yes. Let me introduce you this is my boyfriend, Zayn Updike."

"Boyfriend?!" Nyla exclaimed.

She clearly remembered Brandon pursuing Valarie not long ago, and Valarie hadn't seemed entirely indifferent to him either. How did she suddenly have a boyfriend?

"Yeah, we just got together. I planned to wait until things were more stable before telling you, but didn't expect to run into you tonight," Valarie said, her expression calm, not at all like someone in the throes of a new relationship.

Though puzzled, Nyla knew it wasn't the right time to ask. She turned to Zayn. "Nice to meet you, Mr. Updike." "Zayn, this is Nyla Kinsey, my best friend. As for Mr. Sumner, I don't think he needs an introduction," Valarie said.

Zayn smiled warmly. "Good evening, Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Sumner."

Damon squinted slightly but replied calmly, "Mr. Updike, it's been a while."

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+25 BONUS

After exchanging greetings, Valarie looked at Nyla. "We have plans later, so we won't keep you. Let's catch up another time."

Seeing Nyla nod, Valarie turned to Mason. "Buddy, what would you like as a present? I will bring it for you next time." Mason shook his head. "I don't need anything. Seeing Aunt Valarie makes me happy enough."

Valarie pinched his cheek playfully "Oh, you fittle charmer! You're already out-talking your dad by a mile You're going to be a hit with the girls when you grow up.

Damon's face fell.

Seeing him scowl, Nyla had to hold back a laugh. He probably hadn't expected to be outdone by his own

son.

Valarie and Zayn left soon after.

As they disappeared through the restaurant's door, Nyla turned to Damon and asked, "Isn't Brandon still pursuing Valarie? How did she end up with Zayn? And from the way she looked at him, it didn't seem like she's that into him."

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Nyla had known Valarie for many years, so she could easily tell that Valarie had no feelings for Zayn.

Whenever they stood together, Valarie would deliberately keep a two-fist distance between them- drawing a clear line in the sand.

If someone genuinely liked another person, they would naturally get closer.

"The Weir Group is facing difficulties, and Brandon is six years younger than Valarie," Damon said.

Brandon was currently just the CEO of the Sumner Group. He couldn't make major decisions nor use the company's resources to save the Weirs-unless he sold his shares in the Sumner Group. However, that would mean losing his chance to become the head of the company.

He had to understand the importance of the Sumner Group over Valarie.

Nyla nodded. "So Valarie and Zayn are in a marriage of convenience?"

"Zayn may not necessarily marry Valarie," Damon replied.

He had interacted with Zayn a few times and knew that, although Zayn appeared gentle, he was cunning inside and only acted in his own interest.

Zayn's relationship with Valarie wasn't necessarily because of her looks-he might be after something else. And as for what the Weirs still had to offer him, it was likely the Weir Group.

At this thought, Damon frowned slightly.

Nyla's focus shifted. Hearing Damon's words, she asked with a frown, "What do you mean by that? Are you saying Zayn is a jerk?"

Damon hadn't expected her to interpret it this way and found it rather amusing. She wasn't entirely wrong, so he answered, "Pretty much. Valarie is likely trying to use a marriage alliance to save the Weir Group, but she might end up causing trouble for herself." "Then should I warn Valarie?" Nyla asked.

If Zayn really wasn't a good person, she couldn't just stand by and watch her best friend fall into a trap.

Damon glanced at her and said, "Even if you warn her, she might not listen. Zayn is probably her best option right now."

When someone had no other choice, they wouldn't listen no matter what anyone said.

Nyla bit her lip and looked up at him. "Is there really no other way to save the Weir Group?"

"There is, but it would require a lot of capital, and there's no guarantee of success. The main reason Valarie is with Zayn is that the Weir Group's products are something the Updike Group needs. If the two companies form

a deep partnership, it could revive the Weir Group," Damon explained. "But for Zayn, it would be easier to acquire the Weir Group than to save it."

The more Nyla listened, the darker her expression grew. She hadn't realized the Weir Group was in such dire straits, barely staying afloat with the Updike Group's orders.

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+25 BONUS

Seeing her remain silent, Damon spoke in a low voice. Don't worry too much. There might still be a way out."

Nyla lowered her gaze, leaving it unclear if she heard him.

Damon was also curious: to Brandon, which was more important-the Sumner Group or Valarie?

The meal lost its taste for Nyla.

On the way back, Nyla stared out the window, lost in thought.

When they got home, Lydia took Mason for a bath, and Nyla returned to her room. After much deliberation, she decided to reach out to Valarie and began typing a message. Downstairs in the study, Damon called Brandon.

"You know about Valarie and Zayn, right? If you sell your shares in the Sumner Group, the money could save the Weir Group, but you'd lose your chance to become its leader," Damon remarked.

"With your current abilities, it would take at least another four to five years to gain control of the

company. You need to decide which

is more important-the Sumne Group or Valarie," he declared.

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### +25 BONUS

There was a long silence before Brandon's hoarse voice came through the line. "Uncle Damon, I can't make a choice. Valarie and the Sumner Group are both important to me."

He wanted to help the Weirs but couldn't bring himself to give up the Sumner Group.

In the past, Clark had the support of Cyrus and Cindy, so Brandon never stood a chance against him. Now, what he had always dreamed of was within reach. If he kept working hard, he could become the head of the company in a few years. How could he give up now? But he also couldn't bear to let Valarie go.

"There are many situations in life where you can't have it both ways. In the future, you'll face more difficult choices like this one. If your decisions affect many people, will you continue to hesitate?" Damon asked.

Brandon let out a bitter laugh. "I don't know... Uncle Damon, what should I do?"

"Ask yourself," Damon replied.

He could help Brandon this time but couldn't shield him forever. Brandon had to learn to make decisions on his own.

At the bar...

Brandon hung up, set it down, and downed his drink, his eyes filled with pain.

He didn't blame Damon-he only blamed himself for not being strong enough. If he had tried a little harder, he might not have found himself in this dilemma.

Was he really going to just watch Valarie marry someone else? He didn't want to, nor did he dare imagine that possibility. All he could do was drink, one glass after another.

If he got drunk, maybe he wouldn't have to struggle with the decision anymore.

Tonight, however, the alcohol felt like water-no matter how much he drank, he stayed painfully sober.

Zayn dropped Valarie off at her house and glanced at her. "Valarie, since I'm already here, why don't I come in and meet your parents? I've prepared gifts for them." Valarie paused as she unbuckled her seatbelt, hesitating as her phone buzzed.

Seeing it was a message from Nyla, she turned off the screen and lowered her gaze. "It's late. My parents might already be asleep. Let's do it another time." Zayn smiled. "I wasn't thinking. You're right. You head in."

"Okay, drive safely," Valarie replied.

"Will do," Zayn said.

Valarie opened the door and got out, standing at the gate and watching Zayn's car drive away before turning to head inside.

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Back in her bedroom, she opened the chat with Nyla.

Nyla: [Are you free anytime soon? Let's meet up.]

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After a moment's thought, Valarie

replied that she was free at noon the next day. She tossed her phone aside and grabbed her clothes to take a shower once they were done chatting. en

The next day, around noon...

Valarie arrived a bit late due to traffic. She sat down across from Nyla, took a sip of water, and asked, "What's up, Nyla?"

Nyla pulled a card from her bag and handed it over. "This contains all my savings. It might not be enough to save the Weir Group, but it should help ease some of the pressure." Valarie glanced at it but didn't take it. "Did Damon tell you?"

"When I saw you with Zayn yesterday, I sensed that you weren't into him, so I asked Damon about Brandon pursuing you," Nyla explained.

Valarie nodded. "The Weir Group is in bad shape. Even if we get funds, there's no guarantee we can save it. What we need now are contracts."

"At least it might help buy you some time to think about things with Zayn. Other than marrying you, Zayn also has the option of acquiring the Weir Group," Nyla reminded.

Valarie smiled bitterly. "Of course, I know that. But right now, I don't have any other choice."

A couple of days ago, Zayn had taken her to meet his friends, but Brandon hadn't come. While returning to the private room from the restroom, she had overheard one of the men asking Zayn if he was serious

about her.

Zayn's response was, "Just having some fun for now."

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+25 BONUS

At that moment, Valarie felt as if she had fallen into an ice pit. But on reflection, there wasn't much

to be upset about. After all, she had gotten together with Zayn because of the Updike Group. Since her intentions hadn't been pure, she had no right to expect genuine affection from him.

Nyla frowned and firmly placed the card in Valarie's hand, saying, "Valarie, just take the money for now. If you really don't need it later, you can return it to me.

"As for Zayn, I know you don't have many options, so I won't try to persuade you. Just make sure you've thought it through and won't regret it."

Tears welled up in Valarie's eyes, and she stopped resisting. "Thank you, Nyla! No matter what happens with the Weir Group, I'll pay you back!"

It was easy to celebrate someone's wins, but helping them through hardship was different. Over this period, Valarie had learned who her true friends were and who kicked her when she was down. "There's no need to thank me. Don't cry now, or your mascara will run, and you'll look like a panda," Nyla teased.

Valarie let out a small laugh through her tears and wiped the corners of her eyes, looking at Nyla with

gratitude.

After lunch, Valarie left, and Nyla returned to work.

The whole afternoon, Sullivan came by Nyla's office three or four times, delivering files. Near the end of the workday, he came by again.

Nyla paused her work and looked up at him. "Sullivan, don't you think you've been stopping by a bit too often today? Some of these files aren't urgent. You could have grouped them and brought them tomorrow. #1

Sullivan smiled, unfazed. "I just didn't want to delay your work. If you don't want to see me, you could ask Ruby to pick them up instead."

"Why should Ruby go? Can't Leon do it?" Nyla questioned.

While facing her cold gaze, Sullivan's smile deepened. "Did you forget? Leon and Brody have some history. If they run into each other, they might end up arguing or even fighting."

It was a reasonable excuse, but something felt off to Nyla. Sullivan's attitude toward Ruby seemed to have shifted recently.

"Got it. I'll decide who picks up the files. I need to monitor the experiment, so you can go now," Nyla said dismissively.

Seeing her focus return to the

experiment setup, Sullivan, narrowed his eyes before turning and leaving. Just about ten meters from the lab, he crossed paths with Ruby, who was returning from the restroom.

"Good day, Sullivan," she greeted coolly and walked past him without a second glance,

Sullivan turned, watching her cold and distant figure with a dim glint in his eyes.

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+25 BONUS

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Back in the lab, Ruby sat down next to Nyla and asked, "Nyla, don't you think Sullivan's been coming to the lab a bit too often today?"

Nyla was recording the temperature and replied after a moment, "You noticed too? He just told me that you could go to his office to pick up files in the future. Ruby frowned, looking annoyed.

Ever since Sullivan had overheard

her phone conversation yesterday,

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his behavior had felt off, making her uncomfortable. She didn't need anyone's pity, especially since she already had a low opinion of him.

QUMS

Brody was under his command, yet every time Brody and Leon had a conflict or made snide remarks toward Nyla, Sullivan acted as if he was invisible. He would only show up later to smooth things over. She had no interest in dealing with someone so calculating.

"Nyla, if there are files to pick up, let Leon or Tina handle it. I'd rather stay here and work late on the experiment," Ruby replied.

## Chapter 739

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Seeing Ruby's eagerness to avoid Sullivan, Nyla couldn't help but smile. "Okay, I understand."

The experiment finally ended around 7:00 p.m.

After cleaning up the equipment and workspace, Nyla was preparing to leave when Sullivan approached her with a bag of food.

"Nyla, you all worked hard on the experiment, so I brought some food," he said.

Surprised, Nyla raised an eyebrow. "Sullivan, that's very thoughtful of you."

Tina, who knew Sullivan well, joined them. "Sullivan, you're as considerate as always."

In the past, when they worked late on experiments, he would bring them food. She hadn't expected him to continue even after the teams were split up.

With a friendly smile, Sullivan said, "Of course. You've all been working hard. As the project leader, it's my duty to handle the logistics."

Since eating wasn't allowed in the lab, he set the food up in the nearby office.

Although Nyla didn't particularly like Sullivan, she maintained a professional demeanor.

After washing her hands and removing her lab coat, she was about to head to the office when Ruby spoke up from behind her.

"Nyla, I'm feeling a bit tired today, so I'm going to head home," Ruby said.

Nyla turned to find Ruby looking pale, concern flashing in her eyes. "What's wrong? Are you feeling unwell? You look really pale."

She stepped forward and touched Ruby's hand, finding it cold.

Ruby quickly pulled her hand back, shaking her head. "It's nothing. I'm just a bit tired. I'll head home first."

Before Nyla could say anything else, Ruby hurried off.

Watching Ruby leave, Nyla sighed and walked to the office. As soon as she entered, she noticed Sullivan's gaze shift. It wasn't directed at her-it was looking past her.

For a moment, she thought she saw a hint of disappointment in his eyes, but she wasn't sure.

Leon and Tina were already eating oysters. When they heard the door open, they looked up.

Tina, surprised to see Nyla without Ruby, asked, "Where's Ruby?"

"She said she was tired and went home early," Nyla replied.

"Qh." Tina didn't dwell on it and resumed eating.

Nyla turned to Sullivan. "Sullivan, why aren't you eating?"

"I've already had dinner, so I'm not hungry. I actually have something I need to take care of, so I'll be heading

but. Before you all net

please double-check that the lab and office doors are locked," he reminded them.

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 739

As he walked past Nyla, she suddenly stopped him. "Sullivan, there's something I want to talk to you about. Let's go outside."

Sullivan paused for a moment, then nodded. "Alright."

Once they were in the hallway, a cold breeze blew past making it feel chilly.

"Nyla, if it's not urgent, let's discuss it tomorrow. I really need to leave," Sullivan insisted.

"Sullivan, Ruby is a simple girl. The two of you aren't a good match, so I hope you can keep your distance," Nyla said.

She only said this because she was

certain Ruby had no feelings for

Sullivan. In her opinion, e like

Sullivan wasn't someone handle.

could

Sullivan smirked, his smile partially hidden in the shadows, making it hard to read his expression. "That's my personal matter, and I don't think

it's your place to interferent

With that, he turned and walked away.

Frowning, Nyla knew she'd have to find an opportunity to talk to Ruby about it directly since Sullivan wasn't taking her advice.

Chapter 740

## Chapter 740

Ruby was the hardest worker in the lab, and Nyla didn't want to see her efforts go to waste because of

Sullivan.

Just as Nyla was about to leave, her phone suddenly rang. Seeing it was Damon, she swiped to answer with a flicker of excitement in her eyes. "Have the experiments wrapped up yet?" Damon asked.

\*Just finished. Aren't you back yet?" Nyla replied.

"Hm, I'll come down for you so we can go back together," Damon answered.

His voice was low and soothing, almost as if he were whispering in Nyla's ear, and she could feel his breath brushing past her.

A gentle breeze rustled the still air, causing her heart to skip a beat.

She lowered her gaze and replied softly, "Okay."

After hanging up, she walked into the office, where Leon and Tina were still eating.

"I'm heading out first. Clean up after you finish eating and make sure to lock the office door," she instructed.

Leon asked, "Aren't you going to eat?"

"Not this time. I'll see you tomorrow," Nyla replied.

After giving them a brief farewell, she turned and headed toward the elevator.

As she approached, the elevator doors opened, and Damon stepped out.

He was dressed in a black suit and wore a detached expression, but his icy gaze softened the moment he spotted her. It was as if the winter frost had melted into the warmth of spring. Nyla instinctively quickened her pace, asking, "How did you get here so fast?"

"I was waiting for the elevator when I called you. I thought if your experiment took longer, I'd just wait by the side," Damon replied.

Imagining him sitting there waiting for her made Nyla smile. She quipped, "If you were just sitting there, I think everyone in the lab would feel a bit uneasy."

After all, having the boss nearby while working would naturally increase the pressure.

Damon looked at her and asked, "You haven't had dinner, right?"

Nyla nodded. "Yeah, but I don't feel like ordering takeout. I'll just make some pasta at home. Have you eaten? If not, I can whip something up for you too." "Sure," Damon said.

As they stood in front of the elevator, Damon caught a glimpse of their reflections in the doors.

Nyla, petite and adorable beside him, made him subconsciously lean a little closer. Their shadows

425 BONUS

Chapter 740

merged, and he smiled, his mood lifting as well.

Noticing his shift in emotions, Nyla glanced up and found herself caught in his gaze. Her heart raced, and she quickly looked away, her pinky instinctively curling inward

Realizing her reaction was a bit over the top, she searched for a new topic and asked, "What kind of pasta do you like?"

"Anything is fine," Damon answered.

"Then let's go with something light tonight. We shouldn't have anything too greasy so late," Nyla concluded.

"Sounds good," Damon replied.

As they fell into silence, the elevator arrived.

Nyla stepped inside first. "Let's go."

Damon's gaze lingered on her slightly flushed cheeks for a moment before he followed her in. He was certain that she felt something for him too. This realization filled him with hope.

After leaving the company, Ruby quickly headed back to the dormitory.

She couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching her, as if a pair of eyes were trailing her every

move.

Glancing around, she noticed that

the pedestrians hurried past,

completely ignoring her. She tried to push down her unease and

quickened her pace toward the

dorm.

en

Inside a food joint around the corner, two sinister pairs of eyes were fixed on the direction she was headed.