

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 751

Nis glanced at Rusty out of the corner of her eye and noticed her pale face. She fell silent, clearly accepting, Sullivan's words.

From then on, neither of them exchanged glances, speaking only to Ruby individually.

Once dinner concluded, Sullivan offered to drive them home, but Nyla declined

Sullivan quickly resumed his previous gentle facade. "Nyla you're not still holding onto what happened earlier, are you? If you're really upset, I can apologize "

No need, Sullivan. It's out of the way for you, so I'll just take a cab home," Nyla replied.

Just as she turned to walk toward the curb, Ruby grabbed her arm. "Nyla, I'll go with you. It's on my way."

Nyla turned to Sullivan and said, "Sullivan, it's getting late. You should head home too. Drive safely."

Sullivan didn't push further, simply nodding. "Alright, let me know when you get home."

"Sure," Ruby replied.

Sullivan turned toward his car only after Nyla and Ruby hailed a cab and left.

In the taxi, Nyla apologized to Ruby. "I'm sorry, Ruby. If it weren't for me, the atmosphere wouldn't have been so awkward tonight."

Ruby shook her head. "It's fine, Nyla. I think what you said was right."

She had invited Sullivan to dinner because he'd saved her, and she felt obligated to help him if he needed anything. Yet, she couldn't shake the feeling that he had ulterior motives. "Ruby, I hope you always stay this alert. There are many ways to thank Sullivan for his help, but don't let your gratitude lead you to accept his feelings too easily," Nyla cautioned.

"I understand," Ruby replied.

"Good," Nyla said.

After chatting for a bit longer, Ruby got out of the cab.

Nyla was left alone, her mind drifting back to the scene she had witnessed earlier in the restaurant. A pang of bitterness rose in her chest.

Suddenly, her phone buzzed.

Seeing Damon's name flashing on the screen moment, she decided to pick up.

"What's up?" she asked.

she over whether to answer. After a

it her lip and hesitated

"Didn't I ask you to send me the address for dinner? Why didn't you?" Damon replied.

Nyla looked down, fiddling with the tassels on her bag. "There's no need. I'm soon."

There was a pause on the other end.

on my way back now. I'll be there

After several seconds, Damon's deep voice finally echoed. "Alright. I'll wait for you at home."

1/2

After hanging up, Nyla stared out the window, feeling a tight knot in her chest. She reminded herself that she and Damon were just putting on an act. She had no right to be angry about him being close to another woman. She would gradually get used to it. Even if Damon kissed another woman in front of her one day, she would remain unfazed.

As the cab pulled up to the villa, Nyla's mood had calmed.

After paying the fare and stepping out, she saw Damon standing at the entrance, gazing at her with a serious expression.

She hesitated for a moment before approaching him. "Why are you outside?"

"I was waiting for you," he answered.

"Oh, thanks. But you don't need to do that next time. Let's go inside," she said, walking past him.

Suddenly, he grabbed her wrist and asked, "Did something happen today?"

SORAS BONUS

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Nyla shrugged off Damon's hand and answered with her head lowered, "It's nothing. I'm just a bit tired. If you don't have anything else, I'm going to head in." Without waiting for his response, she quickly walked into the villa.

Watching her hurried departure, Damon frowned. He felt that Nyla's attitude toward him was off.

After hesitating for a moment, he called Spencer. "Check where Nyla had dinner tonight and who was with her."

In less than ten minutes, Spencer sent him the results of his investigation.

Upon seeing the name of the restaurant, Damon's eyes widened. He had his suspicions immediately.

Back in her bedroom, Nyla had just finished removing her makeup and was about to take a shower when she heard a knock at the door.

"Nyla, I need to talk to you. Can you open the door?" Damon asked.

Hearing his voice, Nyla bit her lip, put down her pajamas, and walked to the door to open it. She asked, "What is it?"

Meeting her distant gaze, Damon became even more convinced she must have seen him with Charlotte Sumner tonight.

Charlotte was Brandon's older

cousin. She had come over for a business meeting and had taken the opportunity to invite Damon and Brandon to dinner. Since she lived

Damon had offered her a rigol

near Prospectus Technology,

Because Charlotte had gone abroad for her studies in middle school, it was unsurprising that Nyla didn't know her, especially as Charlotte had only returned to Saintornia a year after her accident at sea.

"The person I had dinner with tonight was Charlotte Sumner, my niece," Damon explained.

Nyla blinked, her expression growing slightly unnatural. "You don't need to explain. I don't care who you have dinner with."

Damon looked into her eyes and insisted, "But I want to explain. I don't want you to misunderstand."

"I'm not misunderstanding," Nyla said stubbornly.

"Really? You're acting so cold toward me tonight. Are you imagining that I'm flirting with you while being entangled with other women?" Damon probed..

His gaze was sharp as if he wanted to see into her innermost thoughts through her eyes.

Feeling a bit guilty, Nyla quickly looked away, insisting, "I'm not! Stop making things up!"

"Okay, okay, it's my fault. But next time you see me with another woman, can you at least give me a chance to explain before deciding to sentence me to death?" Damon asked.

Since their relationship had just started to warm up, he didn't want any misunderstandings to push her away again.

"If you just kept your distance from women, how could I misunderstand?" Nyla questioned.

"Fine, I'll make sure to avoid all

women in the future. If any female employees come within three

meters of me, I'll dock their

attendance and performance

bonuses," Damon stated.

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Nyla couldn't help but glare at him. "Can you be serious you if they hear it!"

Damon's eyes were filled with sincerity. "I don't care if c me"

At that moment, Nyla felt like fireworks were going off i and everything was coming back to life.

"Got it," she muttered..

"Then... you're not angry anymore?" Damon asked.

"I was never angry," Nyla replied.

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Fearing Daton might continge prying, she quickly closed the door.

Leaning against it, she let out a soft sigh, patted her still warm cheeks, and tried to calm herself down

Despite knowing each other for so many years, her heart raced whenever she faced Damon. Even just locking eyes with him made her cheeks flush.

After regaining her composure, she grabbed her clothes and headed for the shower.

The next morning, Nyla came downstairs to see Damon bringing out breakfast from the kitchen.

She paused. She had assumed he was just being casual last night, but here he was, actually making breakfast for

her.

*As she reached the dining table and saw all her favorite dishes laid out, she couldn't help but ask, "Why did you make so much?"

"You didn't tell me what you wanted last night, so I made a little bit of everything. Take the leftovers to share with your coworkers later," Damon suggested.

Nyla pulled out a chair and sat down, e replying, Thanks, but you don't have to make breakfast for me anymore.

You're so busy. Don't waste your
time in the kitchen."

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Nyla, you're just as important as work to me."

Meeting his gentle gaze, Nyla felt her face heat up again and quickly looked away. "Eat quickly, or it'll get cold."

After they finished breakfast, Mason finally came downstairs.

"Good morning, Daddy! Good morning, Mommy!" he greeted.

After greeting them, he climbed onto the chair next to Nyla and asked, "Mommy, I want the meatballs."

The meatballs were far from him, completely out of reach.

Nyla grabbed a few meatballs for Mason and poured him a glass of milk.

Mason's face instantly fell-he hated milk. Every time he had to drink it, it was a struggle.

Seeing his face scrunch up, Nyla couldn't help but laugh. "Didn't I tell you? You have to drink milk to grow tall and strong! Just one glass a week, okay?"

"Fine," Mason relented.

Reluctantly, he picked up the glass of milk and started drinking.

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Nyla chuckled. "No, don't worry."

"That's a relief," Ruby replied.

After finishing the morning experiments, Nyla went to the top floor as usual to have lunch with Damon.

When she arrived at the CEO's office, she noticed no one was at their desks. A hint of surprise crossed her face. Were they all in a meeting today? Just as she reached the door of Damon's office, she heard his cold voice from ins

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Nyla paused, frowning. What could it be that she shouldn't know about for now?

Just as she was about to lean in closer to listen, she heard footsteps coming from the office and quickly stepped back. The office door opened, and Spencer walked out.

When he saw Nyla, a flicker of guilt crossed his eyes. "Ms. Kinsey, when did you get here?"

"I just arrived. Why?" Nyla answered, maintaining a calm expression, but her hands subconsciously tightened into fists.

What exactly was Damon hiding from her?

"Mr. Sumner is waiting for you inside. I'll be getting back to work," Spencer said as he hurriedly left, noticeably quickening his pace as he passed her. Suppressing her growing suspicions, Nyla entered the office.

"You're here! I had someone make your favorite pulled pork dish. Let me wash my hands, and then we can eat,' Damon said.

"Sounds good," Nyla replied.

While Damon washed his hands, Nyla set the table.

It wasn't until he sat down across from her that she casually asked, "I noticed Mr. Hogg left in a hurry. Is there something he needed to take care of?"

Damon paused, holding his utensils, before smiling. "Nothing much. Just a contract issue he had to handle."

Nyla lowered her gaze, choosing not to respond, but her curiosity deepened.

After finishing lunch, Nyla didn't linger in Damon's office. Instead, she headed straight back to her own.

All afternoon, she wondered what Damon was trying to keep from her, but she couldn't figure it out.

As quitting time approached, she received a message from Damon. He informed her that he had a social engagement that evening and that a driver would pick her up.

Nyla frowned. Ever since she and

Mason moved to the villa, Damon hadn't gone out for any evening events. Did tonight's sudden engagement have anything to do with what happened at noon?

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After a moment of thought, she told Damon not to send a driver. She wasn't sure how late she would be working, so she would just take a taxi home after finishing.

Putting her phone away, she let out a small sigh. She felt a weight on her heart as if something was pressing down on her.

As soon as it was time to get off work, Nyla quickly packed her things and left..

Fortunately, today's experiment had gone smoothly, allowing her to wrap things up half an hour before the end of the workday. Otherwise, she wouldn't have had time to follow Damon,

1/2

+25 BONUS

Chapter 754

After hailing a cab downstairs, Nyla

sat in the backseat, waiting for Damon to come out. About ten minutes later, she saw his car emerging from the underground parking. en

She pointed to his car and told the driver, "Mister, follow that car."

The driver glanced at her through the rearview mirror, starting to accelerate as he asked, "Are you going to catch him cheating?"

Nyla was taken aback for a moment but then nodded. "Yes, so make sure not to lose him. I don't know when I'll get another chance."

"Got it! I've been driving cabs for over 30 years, and I promise I won't lose him!" the driver replied enthusiastically.

The taxi followed the black Maybach through the city.

After an hour, the car ahead finally stopped in front of a villa.

A woman stepped out, wearing a light green dress. Her long, wavy hair was pinned up, exposing her slender neck. She looked like she had walked out of a painting. She looked up at Damon, her eyes sparkling with smiles as she chatted with him.

Damon looked at her, his profile not as cold as usual. He wore a small smile, seemingly in a good mood.

Chapter 755

+25 BONUS

Nyla recognized the woman as the one she had seen outside the restaurant last night, and her face fell.

Why had Damon told her he was going out to socialize when he was meeting his niece?

As Nyla pondered this, they walked toward the villa.

"Miss, is that woman the mistress you're trying to catch?" the driver asked.

Nyla shook her head. "No, she's his niece."

The taxi driver's expression turned sympathetic as if he saw Nyla as a foolish woman defending her husband.

Once Nyla composed herself, she calmly asked the driver to take her back to Damon's villa.

Confirming she didn't want to go inside to catch him cheating, the driver started the car and left.

Meanwhile, Damon followed Charlotte inside the villa to a bedroom on the first floor.

Charlotte opened the door, saying, "Uncle Damon, Mr. Jayston is inside."

"Okay," Damon replied.

Charlotte had initially planned to accompany him, but as soon as he entered, Damon closed the door behind him,

The room had been transformed into a small medical facility, with various medical equipment and monitors beside the bed. Lying on the bed was an elderly man wearing a respirator.

The man looked frail and graying, appearing to be at least in his 60s-though he was only in his 50s.

Seeing Damon, he moved his hand, causing the heart rate monitor attached to his finger to tremble.

"Y-YYou're the one who took me out of the nursing home?" he questioned.

Damon nodded. "Yes."

The man lying on the bed was none other than Nyla's father, Harrison.

It had only been five years, yet he looked like a frail old man, devoid of any vitality.

Damon had recently discovered, during his investigation into Gabriel, that Gabriel had sent Harrison to the nursing home a year ago.

The conditions there were terrible. If

Harrison hadn't undergone a kidney

transplant, he likely wouldn't have survived this long in such a

deteriorated state.

"Why? I don't need this... Take me back..." Harrison said, his sunken eyes wide with anger as he looked at Damon.

His pale face flushed an unusual red from his intense emotions.

If Damon hadn't stirred things up with Nyla, she wouldn't have fallen into the sea. Just thinking about it brought a sharp pain to Harrison's heart. He was filled with regret If he had believed Nyla and hadn't told her to just put up with things, perhaps she wouldn't have died.

He hated Damon, hated the Sumners, but most of all-he hated himself.

"If you stayed in the nursing home any longer, you'd definitely die within six months," Damon stated.

"It's none of your business!" Harrison snapped.

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 755

He attempted to sit up, but his body was firmly restrained to the bed, unable to move an inch.

Since the transplant, he had been weak, his strength less than half of what it used to be.

Upon seeing him so agitated, Damon's expression darkened. "Don't you want to see Nyla again?" "What?!" Harrison exclaimed.

His struggles abruptly ceased as he looked at Damon in disbelief. "What do you mean? Is she... still alive?"

Although he knew it was impossible,

he couldn't help but hold onto a

glimmer of hope. What if... Nyla really had encountered a miracle and survived?

"Yes, but she probably doesn't want to see you right now, and you wouldn't want to meet her looking like this either, would you?" Damon asked. +25 BONUS

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"Of course not... but how can I trust your words?" Harrison asked.

He looked coldly at Damon, his eyes filled with anticipation and doubt. After all, when Nyla had fallen into the sea, the chances of survival were slim. He hadn't held out hope for her being alive over the past five years. Damon took out his phone, navigated to the album, and held the screen out for Harrison to see.

Harrison's eyes widened in disbelief as he exclaimed, "Nyla... It really is Nyla! She's alive! Where is she now?"

"You don't need to worry about that. She's doing well, but I haven't mentioned you to her yet. Once you're feeling better and can stand, I'll bring her to see you," Damon said.

"Really?" Harrison asked, his gaze hopeful. But it quickly turned to guilt and regret. "She probably... doesn't want to see me again..."

The last time he and Nyla had met had not been pleasant. She had completely cut ties with him and stopped visiting him since then.

He had regretted it long ago and had wanted to call her to apologize multiple times, but Wren had advised against it. She had told him he had done everything for Nyla's sake, and that one day Nyla would understand his intentions.

At that time, he had been foolish enough to believe Wren's words. In hindsight, Nyla wasn't Wren's biological daughter. How could she genuinely care about whether Nyla would be hurt?

All in all, Harrison still blamed himself for being a negligent father. He had let Nyla down, as well as her mother.

Damon showed no emotion regarding Harrison's regret as he said, "She really doesn't want to see you. After she returned to Saintornia, she didn't even think about looking for any news about you."

Harrison's gaze dimmed, and he smiled bitterly. "She has every right to feel that way... It's my punishment..."

His eyes turned red, and his wrinkled face was etched with sorrow.

"Regardless, what's in the past is in the past. You should focus on getting better. We'll talk about everything else later," Damon reassured him.

"Okay..." Harrison agreed.

As Damon turned to leave, Harrison's weak voice called out from behind him, tinged with a hint of desperation. Can you... come by occasionally to tell me how Nyla has been these past few years?" Damon paused for a moment, then replied without turning back, "Focus on your health first. We'll talk about everything else later."

When he reached the living room, Charlotte was sitting on the sofa, working on a proposal for a merger project.

Hearing Damon's footsteps, she looked up and asked, "Uncle Damon, did you check on Mr. Jayston? Why don't you stay here for dinner tonight?"

She looked at him expectantly, her eyes shining.

Damon shook his head. "No. Thanks for going through the trouble during this time."

If Harrison were with him, Gabriel would surely find out quickly. It would be much safer to leave him with Charlotte.

"It's no problem! Besides, didn't you give me a big contract? I could make tens of thousands from that collaboration. If you have more good opportunities like that in the future, remember to hook me up again,"

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Charlotte chirped.

"Sure, I'm leaving now," Damon said.

"Are you really not going to stay for dinner? It's so boring to eat alone!" Charlotte tried again.

"I'm not free," Damon replied and left the villa without looking back.

+25 BONUS

By the time Damon returned home, it was nearly 9:00 p.m.

Nyla was playing with Mason in the living room when she heard the door open and looked up. She met Damon's eyes for a brief moment before quickly looking away.

"You're back? Where were you socializing tonight? Why did it end so early?" she asked.

Damon paused while hanging up his suit jacket and casually mentioned a restaurant name.

Nyla raised an eyebrow. "Valarie was eating there today too. Why didn't she mention seeing you?"

"We were all in private rooms, and with so many of them, it's not surprising that we didn't run into each other," Damon replied.

Nyla nodded and looked down, deciding not to pursue the topic. Instead, she turned to Mason and gently said, Buddy, Daddy is back. Didn't you want to share with him what you learned at school today?"

11

Damon washed his hands and rolled up his sleeves as he walked toward the sofa, his eyes filled with undeniable tenderness. He asked, "What did you learn today, Buddy?"

Mason looked up at Damon and said, "Our teacher taught us to be honest. This morning, someone lied to his mom about having a stomach ache so he wouldn't have to go to kindergarten.

"His mom was going to take him to

the hospital, and he was so scared that he finally told her the truth. Our teacher used this example to tell us that we should be honest, or else it could lead to serious

consequences."

Damon stiffened and instinctively glanced at Nyla, relieved to find she wasn't looking at him.

He sat down next to Mason and

played with him, saying, "Buddy, your teacher is right. But there's also a kind of lie called a 'white lie.' It's not meant for yourself but to protect others from being hurt. That kind of lie can be forgiven."

Mason immediately countered, "But lying is still lying, right? No matter if it's for a good intention or not, it's still lying!"

"You'll understand when you're older," Damon replied.

As soon as he finished speaking,

Nyla interjected coolly, "I think Buddy is right. Alie is still a lie. Sometimes, we think We're doing someone a favor, but instead of a temporary lie,

ent

I think the other person would prefer to know the truth."

Damon looked at her helplessly. "You're right. I was thinking too simplistically."

Seeing that Damon had no intention of being honest with her, Nyla stood up. "I'm a bit tired today. You can play with Buddy. Please clean up afterward. I'm going to rest now." "Okay," Damon answered.

After Nyla left, he felt somewhat distracted.

"Daddy, if you're tired too, you can go rest. I can play by myself," Mason said.

2/3

+25 BONUS

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Previously, when Nyla often worked late, he had learned to entertain himself with his toys and found enjoyment in it.

Damon came back to himself. "I'm fine, Daddy's not tired. Should we move on to the next step...

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He trailed off when he caught sight of the castle Mason had built, and a hint of embarrassment crossed his face.

"Buddy, when did you build the castle? I remember you were just working on the walls!" he exclaimed.

"Daddy, it's almost 10:00 p.m. now," Mason reminded him.

Meeting Mason's eyes, which were remarkably similar to Nyla's, Damon felt an involuntary pang of guilt.

"I'm sorry, I was just lost in thought today and didn't pay enough attention to you. I promise it won't happen again," he apologized.

"Daddy, you're not lying to Mommy, are you? That's why you've been acting so strange today..." Mason guessed.

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Seeing Mason's doubtful look, Damon coughed lightly to cover his unease.

"What nonsense are you talking? I'm just a bit tired from work today. It's getting late. Let's tidy up the toys, go upstairs, take a shower, and get some sleep," he replied.

"Okay," Mason agreed readily.

After they finished cleaning up the toys, Damon asked Lydia to take Mason upstairs for a bath while he went to his study.

Once seated, he picked up a document to read. However, thoughts of Nyla's words from that evening kept flashing through his mind, making him feel restless. He suspected she might know he was lying to her but wasn't sure.

After considering it further, Damon realized he couldn't hide the truth forever. It might be better to probe Nyla's feelings toward Harrison the next morning.

If Nyla wanted to see Harrison, he would tell her the truth. If she was still resistant to the idea of meeting him, then he'd wait until Harrison was feeling better before gradually bringing it up.

Upstairs...

After Nyla showered and dried her hair, she lay on her bed but found it impossible to sleep. She couldn't understand why Damon would hide the fact that he had met his niece from her. If it was just a simple meeting, there would be no need for secrecy. The more she thought about it, the more frustrated she became. Just when she was willing to give them both a chance, he started lying to her.

Mason's comment about his teacher teaching them to be honest served as a hint for Damon not to deceive her. She didn't know if he was ignoring it or genuinely didn't understand.

Nyla picked up her phone and hesitated for a moment before sending a message to Valarie.

A phone lit up in a corner of the sofa in a private room on the second floor of a club, but no one noticed.

At that moment, the room was filled with voices as a group of men and women played a game of Truth or Dare.

These people were well-known heirs from Saintornia, gathered for a night of fun.

Valarie wasn't very familiar with them-Zayn had brought her along.

As luck would have it, the bottle kept landing on Valarie.

"Truth or Dare?" someone from the group asked.

Valarie frowned, recalling how explicit the Truth questions had been earlier, and decisively chose Dare.

"Call the third male contact in your phone and confess your feelings," the group dared.

As soon as the dare was dropped, cheers erupted.

Valarie raised an eyebrow and got up to grab her phone from the corner of the sofa. When she saw Nyla's message, surprise flashed in her eyes, but she didn't rush to reply. Instead, she opened her contact list. To her surprise, her third male contact was Brandon.

+25 BONUS

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Seeing her frown, the group exchanged curious glances.

"What's with the hesitation? Is he an ex-boyfriend?"

"What nonsense! Zayn is right here! Don't get yourself in trouble!"

"Hahaha, put it on speaker! I can't wait to hear how this goes!"

Valarie pursed her lips, hesitated for a moment, then gritted her teeth and dialed.

The phone rang for a long time without being answered.

She felt a slight relief and asked the group, "No answer. Should I switch to a different-"

Before she could finish her sentence, the call connected.

"Ms. Weir, why are you calling me so late? Is there something you need?" Brandon asked.

Several people in the room recognized Brandon's voice and exchanged glances. After all, they knew he had been pursuing Valarie for five years.

Taking a deep breath, Valarie slowly said, "Brandon, I like "

Suddenly, a hand reached over and snatched the phone away, quickly ending the call.

All eyes in the room turned to Zayn, and someone couldn't help but tease, "Zayn, what's the meaning of this?"

Zayn smiled, looking at the speaker. "I just didn't want to see my girlfriend confessing to another man. Is that a problem? I'll take the punishment for her."

He raised a full glass of alcohol and downed it in one go, then placed the glass back on the table. "It's getting late, and she has a curfew at home. We should get going. Charge the drinks to my tab. Have fun,

everyone!"

It wasn't until Zayn pulled Valarie out of the club and a cool breeze hit her that she realized what had just happened.

"Zayn, will that upset your friends?" she asked.

Zayn looked at her. Under the dim light, his expression grew even gentler. "Compared to you, nothing else matters."

Valarie averted her gaze, looking down as she said, "It's getting late. Let's head back."

"I'll give you a ride," Zayn offered.

"Okay," Valarie replied.

On the way back, she replied to Nyla's message.

Valarie: [I don't know what's going on between you two, so I can't give you any advice. But I can say for sure that Damon loves you very much. He wouldn't do anything to hurt you.] Seeing the message, Nyla bit her lip. She knew Damon cared for her, but she just couldn't get over the fact that he had lied to her.

After all, it was unsettling when someone intentionally kept secrets from you.

Forcing herself not to think about it any longer, Nyla put down her phone, closed her eyes, and tried to sleep. She had no idea how long it took, but she eventually fell asleep.

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As Valarie and Zayn arrived at her house, they saw Brandon waiting at the gate.

Brandon thought about how he had treated Zayn like a brother, only to have Zayn go after Valarie-stealing his girl. The urge to punch Zayn in the face surged within him.

"She's my girlfriend. Anything that pertains to her involves me too," Zayn told Brandon.

Brandon's fists clenched at his sides, his body tense and his face cold enough to freeze.

Taking a deep breath to calm his anger, he asked Valarie, "What did your call earlier mean?"

Before Valarie could answer, Zayn chimed in with a smile, "You came all the way here to ask about that call? We were just playing Truth or Dare at the club. Valarie lost and chose Dare. It was to call you and I didn't think you'd rush here just over a phone call."

s her feelings.

The color drained from Brandon's face, turning pale in an instant. He stared at Valarie as he asked, "Is what Zayn said true?"

Valarie bit her lip, unable to meet his gaze. "Yes..."

"Great, I must really be pathetic to come looking for you!" Brandon spat.

He pushed past Valarie and Zayn, his anger evident in his swift departure.

As Valarie listened to his footsteps fade away, she felt a hollow ache in her chest.

For her, that phone call tonight hadn't just been a dare it was a confession.

Over the five years they had been entangled, she had long since fallen for Brandon. She had just grown accustomed to having him around, mistaking it for friendship. Now, she probably wouldn't have the chance to tell him.

She let go of Zayn's hand, saying, "Thanks for taking me home. It's late, so I won't ask you to come in. Be careful on your way home."

Watching Valarie walk away, Zayn couldn't help but smirk with a hint of mockery.

Once back in the car, he dialed a number and said, "I'm on my way over. Make sure to bring the two girls we were drinking with a few days ago."

After hanging up, he started the car and drove off.

The next morning, Nyla got up and washed up before heading downstairs.

"Good morning," Damon greeted her first.

Nyla replied indifferently, "Good morning."

Sitting across from Damon, she took a slice of bread and spread butter on it.

"Nyla, you've been back in Saintornia for a while. Have you thought about visiting your father?" Damon asked.

Nyla froze mid-action, her fingers gripping the knife tightly. She raised her eyes to meet Damon's gaze, her face expressionless. "No, I haven't. Why? Have you seen him recently?" Chapter 758

+25 BONUS

"Yeah, he's been heartbroken since you fell into the sea, and he's not doing well now," Damon replied.

Nyla asked, "Oh, doesn't he have Wren and Gabriel to take care of him?"

Thinking back to what Harrison had said to her, she still felt a pang of sadness. After all, Harrison was her father, not just anyone.

She had once believed that even if no one else understood her, at least Harrison would. She later realized how wrong she was.

Harrison was no longer the father who had poured all his love into her. He had shared his affection with Wren and Gabriel.

A person could only have so much love. The more people it was divided among, the less each one received.

"Wren divorced him two years ago and married another wealthy businessman. Gabrie

a three-year-old son," Damon answered.

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The dining room fell silent.

After a long pause, Nyla finally asked, "Where is he now?"

"Do you want to see him?" Damon responded, his gaze fixed on Nyla's face, determined not to miss any hint of

emotion.

Nyla looked away, her tone cold. "No. If he's in the hospital, I can help pay his medical bills or find him a caretaker. If he's living alone, I can hire a caregiver." "His biggest wish is probably just to see you again," Damon suggested.

Nyla set down the bread and knife, pushed her chair back, and stood up. "I'm going out
ait for you."

As she turned to leave, her eyes were reddened.

By the time Damon stepped out of the villa, Nyla had managed to calm herself, her expression returning to normal. Seeing him, she opened the car door and got in.

On the way to the office, Damon tried to start a conversation with Nyla several times but held back in response to her indifference.

It wasn't until the car stopped in the underground parking and Nyla reached for the door to get out that he finally spoke. "Nyla, the doctor said your father might only have a year or two left." Nyla paused but didn't turn around.

"That has nothing to do with me," she replied.

Damon's gaze darkened as he watched her walk away without looking back. It might take a while before she came to terms with this.

All day, whenever Nyla paused, she found herself reflecting on Damon's words from that morning as she got out of the car.

Even Ruby noticed her distraction and asked if something was bothering her.

Nyla shook her head. "It's nothing. Let's wrap up the experiment."

"Okay," Ruby replied.

On the home after work, Damon's glum mood and too

noticed

the opportunity to look at her when the traffic light turned red.

belongs to en.

"Are you tired today?" he asked.

"It's fine," Nyla answered, not looking at him,

She kept her gaze lowered, absentmindedly fiddling with her fingers.

Damon was about to speak when his phone suddenly rang. Surprise flashed in his eyes upon seeing it was Brandon.

"Uncle Damon, I've thought about what you mentioned before. I'm waiting for you at your villa," Brandon announced. +25 BONUS

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"Okay," Damon replied.

After hanging up, the light turned green, and he continued driving without another word.

By the time they returned to the over 40 minutes had passed. As soon as they stepped into the living room, they saw Brandon sitting on the sofa.

Brandon had been watching the door and got up immediately when he heard them.
"Hello, Aunt Nyla. I came to see Uncle Damon."

Nyla forced a smile. "I'll head upstairs first. You two talk."

Damon walked over to Brandon and said in a low voice, "Come with me to the study."

Five minutes later...

Damon asked in the study, "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Brandon nodded, determination in his eyes. "Yeah, I've thought it through. Even if I sell all my shares

now, it'll only help the Weir Group

temporarily. I've analyzed it, and the Weir Group has been losing money for years. A merger and

reorganization is the best outcome."

Damon looked at him intently. "And you're okay with Valarie marrying someone else because of this?"

"Love isn't everything in life, and she didn't choose me," Brandon replied with a wry smile.

"So what you're saying is that if she had chosen you, you'd sell your shares to save the Weir Group?" Damon asked.

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Brandon shook his head. "No, the Weir Group is at the end of its rope. Instead of selling off my shares in the Sumner Group and losing everything, I'd rather work hard to lead the Sumner Group and help rebuild the company." Damon replied, "As long as you're sure."

"Uncle Damon, I came here today to ask you for a favor," Brandon said.

"What is it?" Damon asked.

"I remember that Prospectus Technology has been negotiating a few big deals with the Updike Group lately. I hope you won't work with them," Brandon stated.

He looked at Damon with a pleading gaze, but Damon showed no signs of being swayed. "You want me to compromise my business for personal reasons?" he questioned,

The intimidation from Damon made Brandon lower his head in fear, unable to meet his gaze. Still, he willed himself to say, "It's not just about my own interests."

"Oh?" Damon inquired with a smirk, though there was no warmth in his eyes. "Then tell me, what else is there besides wanting to take personal revenge?"

Brandon took a deep breath and mustered the courage to look at Damon. "After Zayn takes over the Weir Group, his next target will be either the Sumner Group or Prospectus Technology. If

we don't stop him now, the Updike Group might threaten our companies in the near future."

"He doesn't have that capability," Damon replied curtly.

Seeing Damon's confident demeanor, Brandon hurriedly added, "Uncle Damon, you

don't understand Zayn. He's skilled at hiding his true intentions. I used to be good friends with him, but only when he started dating Valarie did I realize his ambitions. He might already be plotting to replace the Sumner Group and Prospectus Technology. "1

Damon remained silent, showing no regard for Zayn at all. Even if Zayn wanted to target Prospectus Technology, he needed the means to do so..

Brandon felt increasingly anxious as he realized his words were having no effect.

"Uncle Damon, even if you're not worried about Zayn going after Prospectus Technology, think about it from Aunt Nyla's perspective. She's given Valarie all her savings over the years to help the Weir Group. Can you really bear to see her money go to waste?" he asked. Damon narrowed his eyes, his voice icy. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. Recently, the Weir Group received a sudden influx of millions. I had someone investigate, and it's confirmed that the money came from Aunt Nyla to Valarie," Brandon informed him.

The study fell silent as Damon lightly tapped his fingers on the desk, lost in thought.

Brandon didn't dare to speak, knowing this was his last card to play.

If Damon still didn't care, he would have to watch helplessly as the Updike Group swallowed the Weir Group whole.

After some time, Damon finally spoke. "I understand the situation. You can go now."

Seeing that Damon had no intention of taking on the Updike Group, Brandon realized he had lost his gamble.

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However, he understood that for Damon, refusing to work with the Updike Group would mean losing tens of millions, while Nyla's mere millions were something he could easily repay her for.

Still, Brandon was unwilling to leave just like that.

He asked, "Uncle Damon, aren't you trying to pursue Aunt Nyla? Valarie is her best friend. If you help the Weir Group get through this crisis, she would definitely appreciate it. Who knows, she might even agree to get back together with you!" Damon raised an eyebrow, his face devoid of emotion. "Even if I don't save the Weir Group, I can still win her back.

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"But if you save the Weir Group, it will definitely have a greater effect!" Brandon countered.

Damon didn't respond, simply asking, "It's almost 7:00 p.m. Are you planning to stay er?"

Upon realizing he was being turned down, disappointment showed on Brandon's face. He shook his head and turned to leave.

Not long after he left, Damon stepped out of the study.

As soon as he entered the living room, he saw Lydia heading upstairs with a cup of tea.

"Lydia, is that for Nyla?" he asked.

Lydia nodded. "Yes, I noticed Ms. Kinsey has been looking tired after work lately, so I made her some tea to help her recover." Damon was just about to ask if Nyla had really given all her savings to Valarie so he said, "Let me take it up to her."

Upon hearing this, Lydia smiled

knowingly and handed the tea to

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dmon "I still need to prepare a few

dishes, so I'll leave it to you, Mr. Sumner."

Damon took the tray and turned to head upstairs.

When he reached Nyla's bedroom, he knocked on the door. There was no response, so he knocked a few more times. Still, there was no answer. Frowning, he hesitated for a moment before turning the doorknob.

The door wasn't locked.

Nyla was nowhere to be seen inside the bedroom, but Damon could hear the sound of running water from the bathroom. She must be taking a shower.

Damon's gaze darkened. He stood at the door for a few seconds before stepping inside.

He placed the tray on the bedside table and was about to leave when he heard Nyla's voice from the bathroom. "Is that you, Lydia? Can you please grab my hazel camisole nightgown from the first wardrobe?"

Damon's hands instinctively tightened at his sides.

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After hesitating for a moment, he was about to speak when Nyla called out again, "Lydia, could you please hurry? I have a meeting at seven!"

Her tone revealed a hint of urgency, and Damon frowned before turning toward the wardrobe.

The bathroom was shrouded in steam, and Nyla's slender figure was vaguely visible.

She soon noticed a silhouette standing by the glass door of the bathroom, so she walked over barefoot and yanked

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the door open.

"Lydia, please-" Nyla's words faltered as she realized who and she instinctively stepped back.

"What are you doing here?!" she exclaimed.

pahintulot at the door. Her eyes widened in shock,

Her frantic movement, coupled with the slippery floor, caused her to lose her footing.

"Ah!" Nyla screamed in panic, reaching out to grab the nearby sink.

However, her hands were still wet from the shower, and she couldn't get a grip.

"Watch out!" Damon warned as he caught her around the waist, pulling her into his embrace.

Nyla's heart raced. She couldn't tell if it was fear or something else that was causing chest. She clutched Damon's suit, her face pale.

d thumping in her

Damon's hands were on her waist, and the warmth radiating from that contact sent waves of heat coursing through her.