

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

Chapter 761

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The two of them were pressed closely together, and Damon's suit was already half-drenched. Meanwhile, Nyla was completely naked.

Just thinking about the scene made Nyla feel a mix of embarrassment and frustration.

If she had known it was Damon outside, she definitely wouldn't have asked him to bring her pajamas.

Biting her lip, she instinctively tried to push him away.

Just as her hands pressed against his chest, however, his low voice rumbled from above, "Do you want to fall again?"

Nyla froze for a moment, then lowered her eyes and said, "Y-You can let go of me now. I've steadied myself..."

Damon looked down at her. She had her head slightly bowed, her face flushed, and her long hair was still dripping water.

They were so close that the rising and falling of their chests stirred some unbidden thoughts. She had no idea just how tempting she looked in that moment. Damon's breath quickened, and he struggled to control himself, trying not to act on his desires. Despite that, his body was betraying him.

Nyla's cheeks burned even more. She gritted her teeth and glared at him. "Damon, don't go too far!"

Her face was flushed, and her clear, bright eyes sparkled with anger.

Damon's gaze darkened as he abruptly spun her around, pinning her against the door.

The frosted glass door showcased her beautiful curves, igniting a fire within him.

The cold glass behind Nyla contrasted sharply with Damon's warm body pressed against hers, leaving her in a state of discomfort, caught between two extremes. "What do you think you're doing, Damon?" she asked.

Damon grasped her chin, leaning down to kiss her fiercely. His kiss was both hungry and urgent, like a beast trying to devour her whole.

Nyla wanted to struggle, but there was no escaping his grip

Time felt as if it slipped away until she was almost out of breath. Only then did Damon release her.

Nyla raised her hand to slap him, but he caught her wrist and murmured in a low voice, "Nyla, this is payment for bringing you pajamas."

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Damon's warm breath brushed against her ear, sending a shiver down her spine.

Fuming, Nyla shot back, "I asked Lydia to bring me pajamas! You're not Lydia!"

"Regardless, I'm the one who brought you pajamas. You know me-I'm a businessman," he replied coolly.

Nyla clenched her teeth, her voice icy. "So can you just give me the pajamas now and get out?!"

Upon seeing her chest rise and fall in frustration, Damon's gaze darkened again. But he also understood that he had already crossed a line today. Pushing any further would only make her resist him more. Suppressing his errant thoughts, he handed her the pajamas. "Is this the one you wanted? If not, I can go get a

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different one."

Nyla snatched the nightgown from his hands, covering herself with it. Her voice was filled with anger as she said, "Get out!"

Not wanting to push her further, Damon simply opened the door and left.

Nyla quickly pulled on the nightgown and rushed to the mirror. Seeing her swollen lips and wet eyes, she frowned.

It was true she hadn't verified who was outside when she asked for pajamas, and now she was stuck in this awkward situation.

Just as she was about to dry her hair, her phone rang. It was Caroline. She then remembered that she had a meeting to report on the progress of her experiments.

Nyla hastily towel-dried her hair and walked outside as she answered the call.

Stepping out of the bathroom, she found Damon still in her bedroom. She shot him a glare and pointed to the door.

"Nyla, everyone is waiting in the meeting. You can start your report now." Caroline's voice came through the phone.

"Okay," Nyla replied, ignoring Damon as she moved to her desk. She turned on her laptop and began the report. We've recently conducted five sets of experiments..."

As she spoke, she suddenly felt someone holding her hair, wrapping it in a towel.

Startled, she turned to Damon and whispered, "I'm reporting on work right now! You should go out!"

While drying her hair, Damon replied, "I'm the CEO of Prospectus Technology. I want to hear your report too."

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Nyla was speechless. Before she could respond, Caroline's puzzled voice echoed. "Nyla, why did you stop? Is there a problem?"

She quickly answered, "No... No problem! I'll continue right away."

Not bothering with Damon, she returned her attention to her laptop and resumed the report.

Behind her Damon carefully dried

her long hair until it no longer

dripped, then removed the towel and

grabbed the hairdryer, preparing to help her finish drying her hair

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Nyla was startled by his actions and quickly grabbed his hand. "I haven't finished my report yet. Wait until later to blow-dry my hair!"

A flicker of annoyance crossed Damon's face. "Can't you just report tomorrow? It's after work hours now."

"No! The other team members have

experiments to conduct tomorrow. They only have time now. Besides, it won't hurt to wait a bit to dry my hair can do it later," Nyla

insisted.

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"With the temperature so low, if you catch a cold-" Damon began.

Nyla interrupted, "I won't! I'm perfectly healthy. I won't catch a cold. Just go out. I'll be done soon-at most in 20 minutes." "Ten minutes," Damon stated.

Nyla bit her lip and countered, "No, 15 minutes."

If she hadn't been worried that the people in the meeting might hear, she would have kicked Damon out already.

Seeing the stubbornness in her eyes, Damon felt displeased but reluctantly agreed.

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"Fine, I'll give you 15 minutes. When the time's up, I'm turning on the hairdryer," he warned. After saying that, he set a 15-minute timer on his phone and placed it next to Nyla's laptop.

Once Damon was settled, Nyla quickly resumed her report. She rushed to finish, completing it just ten seconds before the timer went off.

After hanging up, she leaned back in her chair and let out a sigh of relief.

"Can I blow-dry your hair now?" Damon asked.

Nyla turned to him, reaching out. "Hand me the hairdryer.

"You were in such a rush during your report. Do you have the energy to dry your hair yourself now?" Damon asked again.

Nyla shot him an annoyed look. Whose fault was it that she was tired?

Before she could reply, Damon turned on the hairdryer. Once he confirmed it was on warm air, he picked up some of her hair and began drying it.

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Feeling Damon's warm fingers running through her hair, Nyla instinctively clenched her hands on the table and tensed up.

"Maybe I should just do it myself," she said, starting to turn away.

Damon placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I'll do it." His voice was deep, carrying an irresistible authority.

Nyla bit her lip and stopped insisting.

The only sound in the bedroom was the hairdryer.

After about ten minutes, the noise finally ceased.

"All done. Take a look," Damon said.

Nyla reached up to feel her hair. It felt smooth and dry. She turned to look at Damon. "Thank you.

Damon glanced down at her, but his eyes quickly shifted away when they caught a glimpse of the V-neck of her nightgown.

"Let's head downstairs for dinner," he said.

"It's too late. I won't be eating tonight," Nyla replied.

She wanted to maintain her figure and had a rule about not eating anything after 8:00 p.m.

"Lydia said you've been too tired lately and made all your favorite dishes. Are you sure you want to waste her kind effort?" Damon asked.

Meeting Damon's questioning gaze, Nyla frowned and conceded, "Alright, you go ahead first. I'll change and come down in a bit."

"Okay, I'll wait for you," Damon answered.

After he left, Nyla opened her wardrobe and took out a long black dress.

While changing, the scene from earlier-when Damon pressed her against the bathroom door and kissed her- flashed through her mind. Her heart skipped a beat.

No, she couldn't think about that anymore.

She patted her flushed cheeks, trying to suppress her fluster as she walked out of the bedroom.

Once Nyla entered the dining room and sat across from Damon, Lydia brought out the dishes she had kept warm.

When Lydia's gaze met Nyla's, a smile flickered in her eyes.

Something must have happened between Damon and Nyla since they had spent so much time together upstairs. Otherwise, Damon wouldn't be in such a good mood when he came down, and Nyla wouldn't look so flushed. If they kept this up, maybe Mason would have a sibling next year.

Nyla was completely unaware of Lydia's thoughts. She lowered her gaze to the tableware, too shy to meet Damon's eyes.

Whenever she saw him, inappropriate scenes from earlier would involuntarily come to mind. She didn't know

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what was wrong with her.

"Mr. Sumner, Ms. Kinsey, all the dishes are served," Lydia announced.

Damon nodded. "Okay."

Noticing Nyla looking down, he frowned. "Are you planning to eat with your forehead?"

Nyla reluctantly lifted her head. The moment she made eye contact with Damon, she quickly looked away again.

Seeing her like this, Damon couldn't help but tease her. "Are you shy?"

Nyla gritted her teeth and retorted, "Who's shy? Don't say nonsense!"

Damon smiled. "Still claiming you're not shy? Then why is your face so red?"

Subconsciously reaching up to touch her face, Nyla realized it was indeed warm.

She met Damon's playful gaze and defended herself, "I just didn't dry my hair in time. Maybe I caught a cold."

Noticing her earlobes turning pink, Damon decided not to tease her further. "Looks like I was reading too much into it then. Let's eat."

After finishing dinner, just as Nyla was about to leave, Damon suddenly asked, "I heard you gave all your savings to Valarie. Is that true?"

Nyla halted in her tracks, surprised. "How did you know?"

"Someone told me," Damon answered.

"Oh. And you're asking this because?" Nyla replied.

"Nothing. I just wanted to see if you really are that foolish," Damon said.

Nyla shot Damon an irritated glare. "Now that you know, what's next? It's my money, and how I use it is none of your business."

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"Of course, but you should be prepared for that money to disappear like it's been dumped into the sea," Damon warned.

"Don't worry. When I lent it to her, I didn't expect her to pay it back," Nyla countered.

Since she could lend it out, she needed to be ready for the possibility of never seeing it again. Otherwise, she'd just end up torturing herself.

Damon raised an eyebrow, surprised that Nyla could go that far for Valarie.

"But with me around, I won't let your money go to waste," he assured her.

Nyla paused, looking up at him. "What do you mean? Are you planning to help the Weir Group?"

"Not at all. I'm doing it for you," Damon declared.

Nyla bit her lip. "You're being a bit too obvious with your intentions."

Damon nodded. "I won't deny it. Helping the Weir Group is a way to get you to appreciate me. After all, I want to pursue you."

"Don't you think doing this quietly and letting Valarie tell me would have a better effect?" Nyla retorted.

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Damon smirked. "That would definitely work better, but I can't wait. Besides, you're definitely going to think about me when you fall asleep tonight."

At 2:00 a.m., Nyla still couldn't sleep.

She lay staring at the dark ceiling, cursing Damon in her mind. Great, his comment had kept her thinking about him all night, and now she was wide awake. That annoying man was doing this on purpose!

Yet, for some reason, she felt a hint of sweetness in the mix...

Nyla buried her face in her pillow, forcing herself not to think of him.

The more she tried to avoid thoughts of him, though, the more his face and their recent interactions kept popping into her mind.

The next morning, Nyla descended the stairs with dark circles under her eyes.

Seeing her exhausted face, Damon couldn't help but smirk. "Good morning."

Nyla shot him a resentful glance but didn't say a word.

If it weren't for him, she wouldn't have stayed up nearly all night. Consequently, she felt quite resentful toward the culprit.

Damon, however, acted as if he had no clue and continued trying to chat with her.

Nyla replied half-heartedly, looking somewhat lethargic.

Usually, when she didn't sleep well at night, she lacked energy in the morning and had no appetite. After just a few sips of milk, she set her glass down, announcing, "I'm done

eating." Damon glanced at her untouched breakfast and turned to instruct Lydia, "Pack a portion of breakfast for her."

"No need. I can't eat," Nyla refused.

"Just pack it up. If you can't eat later, you can throw it away," Damon coaxed.

"Alright..." Nyla relented.

After Lydia packed the breakfast, Damon picked it up and told Nyla, "Let's go."

The two walked out of the villa one after the other. Just as they got into the car, Nyla's phone rang.

It was Valarie.

As soon as she answered, she heard Valarie's slightly downcast voice. "Nyla, do you have time this afternoon? I have something I want to discuss with you." Today's Bonus Offer

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GET IT NOW

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Noticing something off in Valarie's tone, Nyla quickly asked, "What's wrong? Did something happen?"

"Let's talk when we meet. I'll come to your office around noon," Valarie replied.

"Okay," Nyla said.

After confirming the time and place, Valarie quickly hung up.

"Did something happen? You look tense," Damon asked with concern.

Nyla shook her head. "I'm not sure. Valarie wants to meet me at noon."

From Valarie's tone, it sounded like something serious was going on.. Damon's gaze turned serious as he studied Nyla's expression.

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Lowering his voice, he asked, "Nyla, if I help the Weirs through this crisis, will you give me a chance for a fresh start? What do you think?"

Nyla bit her lip, feeling the urge to scold him for taking advantage of the situation.

However, she knew the Weirs' survival wasn't Damon's responsibility. She could leverage his feelings to get him to help, but that wouldn't be fair to him.

After spending time together recently, she realized she still had feelings for him, often catching her gaze drifting toward him.

Since she felt something for him, and there was nothing stopping them now, why not give each other a chance at a new beginning?

Nyla looked down and stayed silent. Her fingers subconsciously twisted in her lap, revealing her inner conflict.

Damon didn't rush her. Even if she declined this time, he knew there would be other opportunities.

It wasn't until they were nearly at Prospectus Technology that Nyla finally made up her mind. She turned to Damon. "Okay, I agree." Damon's grip on the documents tightened as he raised his eyes to meet hers, disbelief quickly transforming into pure joy. "Really?" Upon seeing the excitement in his gaze, Nyla's heart raced, and she nodded.

In the next moment, Damon pulled her into an embrace.

His fresh, pine scent enveloped her like a soft net, leaving her nowhere to escape.

But she didn't want to escape anymore.

After everything that had happened, it was time to confront her feelings.

Nyla felt Damon's breath quicken above her, his low voice echoing in her ear. "Nyla, this time, I won't let you feel sad or hurt anymore."

She buried her face against his chest, warmth rising within her. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his

waist.

Damon stiffened briefly, then relaxed, his grip on her tightening.

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The driver in the front seat had raised the partition, giving them some privacy.

Even after they parked in the underground garage, Damon showed no signs of letting go.

Finally, Nyla couldn't help but say, "Damon, we're at the office. Let go of me."

"Just a little longer," he said.

His arms around her felt like an impenetrable fortress, leaving no chance for escape.

"I'll be late," Nyla muttered.

"I'll cover your attendance bonus," Damon replied smoothly.

Nyla was speechless.

After a few more seconds, Damon finally released her, looking at her with a tenderness that felt almost overwhelming. "Nyla, can I kiss you?" he asked.

Nyla blushed. "Don't push it."

"Just a quick kiss," Damon insisted.

"I refuse." As she spoke, Nyla moved back, trying to open the car door to get out.

Before her hand reached the handle, Damon's hand covered hers, pulling her waist back.

"Damon- Mmph!" Nyla tried to protest.

Damon's lips met hers in a gentle kiss, treating her like the rarest of treasures.

A surge of electricity coursed through Nyla, leaving her weak and tingly. Her resistance faded as she melted in his

arms.

Knowing Nyla still had to work later, Damon released her.

Aside from a slight smudge of lipstick at the corners of her mouth, her outfit and makeup were still intact. Seeing the wet look in her eyes, Damon felt a tightening in his chest, his gaze darkening. "Let's get out of the car." He wasn't sure what he might do if they stayed like t Nyla pulled a mirror from her bag, spotting the smudged lipstick. After touching up her lips, she shot Damon a glare. "Don't you dare touch me before work again!"

What she didn't realize was that her eyes held warmth. Not only did she lack any intimidation, but her expression seemed to draw him in even more.

He smiled. "So, after work, then?"

"That... depends on the situation," Nyla replied,

"And what kind of situation would be okay?" Damon pressed.

"I'm going to be late! I don't have time for your ridiculous questions!" Nyla whined, pushing him away as she got out of the car.

Without waiting for him, she hurried toward the elevator.

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Damon's smile deepened while watching her retreat.

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The morning flew by, and noon came quickly.

When Nyla arrived at the restaurant to meet Valarie, she immediately noticed her friend's red, swollen eyes.

"Valarie, what happened?" she asked, concerned.

Looking into Nyla's worried eyes, Valarie felt tears well up again. "Nyla, I'm so sorry. I used the money you gave me to help my dad with the company, but the Weir Group is in terrible shape now, and I've already lost your money... I might need a long time to pay you back." She had assumed Nyla's money would last, but it had run out far quicker than expected. Knowing it was Nyla's hard-earned savings from the past five years only deepened her guilt.

"Did you want to see me just to tell me this?" Nyla asked.

"Yes. But don't worry! I'll find a way to pay you back, no matter what," Valarie promised.

Nyla let out a relieved sigh. "I thought something serious had happened. Money can always be earned back. You shouldn't worry too much about the company. Your dad's been in business for so long. He'll come up with more solutions than you realize." Valarie felt a mix of gratitude and guilt. "Thank you, Nyla.

"We're best friends-no need to be so formal," Nyla said with a wave of her hand.

She had considered mentioning Damon's plan to help the Weir Group, but she decided to hold off.

Damon hadn't acted on it yet, and if something went wrong, she didn't want to give Valarie false hope.

As Valarie said goodbye, she bit her lip, making a decision-she was going to marry Zayn.

It wasn't the ideal choice, but she saw no other option.

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Back at the office, Nyla was getting ready for her lunch break when she received a call from Caroline.

"Hey, Nyla, try to schedule your experiment reports during work hours from now on, "Caroline requested.

Nyla was taken aback. "Why? Isn't everyone busy with experiments during work?"

"Mr. Sumner said he'll be present for future progress reports, so we need to arrange them during office hours," Caroline explained.

Nyla finally understood. Damon must have requested this for her sake. However, changing the reporting time just for her might delay everyone else's experiments. With that thought, she replied, "I'll talk to Mr. Sumner about it and see if we can adjust the schedule.'

"Don't push yourself too hard. After everything that happened with Mr. Sumner, didn't you say you didn't want too much contact with him?" Caroline asked.

Caroline had previously objected when Edgar suggested assigning the experiment project to Nyla. But since she had her own unfinished project, she ultimately had to

let it go.

After hesitating for a moment, Nyla decided to share her situation with Damon with Caroline.

"You can't be serious! Didn't you say you weren't interested in him anymore?" Caroline's voice was filled with disbelief.

"I thought I didn't have feelings for him, but since coming to Saintornia, he's helped me a lot. He even risked his life to save me, so I think it's worth giving each other a chance," Nyla said. Her heart wasn't made of stone. It was impossible to remain indifferent to all Damon had done for her.

After a moment of silence, Caroline slowly replied, "Just follow your heart. After all, it's your life. He's also Buddy's biological father, so if you two can be together, that's great. Nyla put away her phone after the call and headed straight to the top floor to find Damon.

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Upon seeing her, Damon raised an eyebrow. "Weren't you supposed to have lunch with Valarie? You have time to come see me P

As Nyla entered his office, she pretended to sniff the air. "Do you smell something funny in here?"

"What kind of smell?" Damon asked.

"Jealousy. Some people get jealous over even a lunch with a woman. You'd think that's impossible!" Nyla teased.

Damon didn't get mad. Instead, he stood up and walked toward her.

Nyla's smile faded into caution. "What do you want?"

"What do you think?" Damon asked.

His voice carried a dangerous undertone, making Nyla uneasy. She turned to leave his office, but just as she reached the door, he wrapped his arms around her from behind. "Nyla, you came to find me, which means you have something to discuss. Are you really just going to leave like this?" Damon's voice was low and enticing, a whisper in her ear. "Let go of me first," Nyla asked.

"No. You left me to eat alone at lunch today, so you should compensate me, countered.

Alarm bells rang in Nyla's mind. "But you've also left me alone for business meetings a few times. I didn't see you compensating me then!"

Damon

"Well, I'll compensate you now," Damon answered, his voice playful as if he'd been waiting for her to say that.

"No, thanks, I-Mmph!" Before Nyla could finish, Damon kissed her.

The office was soon filled with heated sounds.

When Damon finally released her, Nyla clung to his suit jacket, her legs weak and barely able to support her. "Damon, if you do this again, I won't come to see you anymore," she threatened without heat.

"Are you sure?" Damon asked.

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Before she could answer, he added, "If you don't come to find me, I'll just go down to your office and kiss you there." ""You're shameless!" Nyla cried.

Damon smirked, not bothering to argue. Instead, he picked her up and sat down on the sofa.

"Let me go! What if someone walks in?" Nyla protested.

"No one's coming in," Damon replied confidently.

But no sooner had he spoken than the office door swung open.

Spencer stepped in, announcing, "Mr. Sumner, here's the financial report from last quarter-"

He froze at the sight of Nyla sitting on Damon's lap, her face buried in his chest, while Damon looked at him calmly.

Spencer shivered, quickly raising the documents to cover his face.

"I didn't see anything! You two carry on!" he exclaimed, retreating and closing the door behind him.

As the door clicked shut, Nyla finally lifted her head from Damon's embrace, her cheeks flushed.

She glared at him. "I told you someone would walk in! How am I supposed to face Spencer now? If this gets out, will I even have a job at Prospectus Technology anymore?" Damon held her waist, his hand tracing her curves. "Don't worry. Spencer knows about us, and he's tight-lipped. He won't say a word."

When his hand drifted higher, Nyla swatted it away, hissing, "Don't touch me!"

Seeing her fierce expression, clearly upset, Damon grinned. "Today was my fault. I promise I'll lock the door next time. How about that?"

Nyla sighed in exasperation. She pushed him away and hopped off his lap.

Damon didn't stop her. He knew that if he really upset her, he'd be spending time making it up to her later.

Once Nyla had straightened her disheveled hair and clothes, she sat across from Damon. "Caroline just called to say you'll be attending the upcoming experiment

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progress reports?"

"Yeah," Damon confirmed.

"We've always scheduled those around 8:00 p.m. because we're busy with experiments during the day. If you changed it just for me, there's really no need," Nyla reasoned. Damon frowned, then explained, "Partly, yes, it's for you, but mainly, I often have evening engagements. That's why I wanted them during office hours."

Hearing this, Nyla finally sighed in relief and nodded. "Alright, I understand."

"Did you come to see me just for that?" Damon asked.

"Yeah, and we only have 40 minutes until work starts again. I still want to take a nap, so I'll head back now," Nyla excused herself.

Damon had a few documents to handle, so he let her go. "Alright, message me after work."

"Okay," Nyla replied.

As she left his office, she bumped into Spencer. Embarrassed, she quickly looked away and hurried past him.

Spencer entered Damon's office, holding out the financial report. "Mr. Sumner, here's the financial report."

Damon took the report, glanced at him, and was about to speak when his phone suddenly rang.

Upon seeing Charlotte's name on the screen, his expression changed.

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As soon as the call connected, Charlotte's panicked voice came through. "Uncle Damon, Mr. Jayston suddenly fainted and is now in the hospital undergoing emergency treatment. Thave an important meeting to attend shortly. Can you come by?"

"Send me the address," Damon replied.

After Charlotte provided the hospital address, Damon hung up.

In less than half an hour, Damon arrived at the hospital.

Upon seeing him, Charlotte finally breathed a sigh of relief and hurried over. "Uncle Damon, Mr. Jayston is still in emergency treatment, but I need to leave for my meeting now."

"Okay," Damon answered,

Charlotte rushed off, and the corridor quickly fell silent.

Spencer, who had been standing behind Damon, spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, should we inform Ms. Kinsey about this?"

After all, Harrison was Nyla's father. Given the emergency, something could happen...

Damon's gaze dimmed as he recalled Nyla's feelings toward Harrison. He replied, "No need. We'll talk about it later."

"Understood," Spencer replied.

Several hours passed before the emergency room light finally turned off.

The doctor walked out, followed by Harrison, who was still unconscious on the stretcher. His face was pale, his hair mostly gray, and his cheekbones were pronounced from long-term malnutrition-he looked emaciated. "Doctor, how is he?" Damon asked,

"He's stabilized for now. However, the patient had a kidney transplant previously and hasn't properly recovered. His health is poor, and he needs to rest well without any major stress. If he faints again, it will be harder to save him," the doctor informed. Damon nodded. "Thank you for your hard work"

Once Harrison was taken to a hospital room, Spencer suggested he stay to keep watch while Damon went home to rest.

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Damon refused and said, "He'll likely be hospitalized for some time. Find two caregivers to take turns looking after him, and make sure they're patient and hardworking."

"Got it. I'll take care of it right away," Spencer replied.

Not long after Spencer left, Damon's phone rang. Seeing it was Nyla, he checked the time and realized it was almost 6:00 p.m.

"Hey, Nyla. I got tied up with some unexpected business this afternoon and won't make it home. I'll have the driver take you back first," he said.

"Okay, then I'll wait for you at home with Buddy for dinner," Nyla said.

"No need to wait for me. I'll probably still be here for a few more hours, likely coming back after dinner," Damon replied.

Nyla frowned slightly and took a moment before replying, "Alright, just come back early, and don't drink too much." (2)

After hanging up, Nyla tidied her desk, grabbed her bag, and prepared to leave. As she passed by Ruby's workstation, she noticed Ruby staring blankly at her phone.

"Ruby, why aren't you getting ready to leave?" she asked.

Ruby seemed startled by her voice, quickly turning around. "Nyla, I... I'm fine. Just a bit tired, planning to rest a bit before heading out."

"Okay, just remember to lock the office door when you leave," Nyla reminded.

Ruby nodded.

Once Nyla left, Ruby looked down at her phone, her brows furrowing.

Half an hour earlier, she had received a text from a relative she hadn't been in touch with for a long time. They had sent her a photo of a severed thumb, threatening that if she didn't raise money to save her brother soon, they would really kill him. 1 The photo had shocked Ruby, and she hadn't replied to the relative.

What worried her now was that if Margaret found out about Hansel's finger being chopped off, she might resort to even crazier methods to deal with her.

Today's Bonus Offer

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The identity of the man who had attempted to drug and abduct her remained unknown. He could be lurking nearby, ready to strike again at any moment. Ruby knew that if she was taken back, escape would be impossible.

The more she dwelled on it, the deeper her fear grew. She absolutely could not be captured again.

Suddenly, the office door swung open, and the sound of footsteps startled her. She turned around, and the panic in her expression caught Sullivan off guard.

"Ruby, what's wrong? Why do you look so pale?" he asked.

Meeting his concerned gaze, Ruby lowered her head, grabbed her bag, and headed toward the exit. "It's nothing, Sullivan. I'm going home now. If you need anything work-related, let's talk tomorrow. I'm locking up."

Sullivan followed her out, saying, "I came to check on you. You were really shaken the other day, and that guy who tried to drug you still hasn't been caught. I'll drive you to and from work for now."

Ruby hesitated, a mix of emotions washing over her.

After a moment's silence, she finally declined, "Sullivan, I appreciate your kindness, but I can manage on my own." Seeing her stubbornness, Sullivan sighed. "Ruby, do you think I'm trying to get close to you for some ulterior motive?"

Ruby pressed her lips together and looked up at him. "Sullivan, you're overthinking it. I just don't want to owe you anything." "Honestly, when I help you, I'm also helping a part of myself that used to be just like you," Sullivan confessed.

Ruby didn't fully understand. She looked up to ask, but his serious expression gave her pause.

"I used to be in a similar situation, held hostage by my parents' expectations to send all my earnings back home," he began.

Ruby frowned, tempted to interrupt, but seeing the sadness in his eyes, she held back.

"If it weren't for my older brother's health issues, my parents wouldn't have had me. From a young age, they drilled into me that I had to take care of him and use all my money for his medical bills. At first, I felt sorry for him and promised to work hard to support his treatment," Sullivan explained. Chapter 760

425 BONUS

"But as I grew older, realized my parents never saw me as an individual, I was just a mobile wallet for their endless demands for his care. I didn't want to be tied down anymore. I wanted to live my own life.

"When my mom and I had our worst fight, she asked me why it wasn't me who was sick. At that moment, I was truly disappointed in my family," Sullivan said calmly, though his reddened eyes and clenched fists betrayed his notions.

"I'm sorry, Sullivan. I didn't know you had it so tough," Ruby said.

When they first met, she hadn't liked Sullivan, thinking he was another Alex-friendly on the outside but with the cold gaze of a snake, ready to strike.

She hadn't expected to see this vulnerable side of him. Perhaps he was just too hurt by his family to trust anyone else.

Chapter 767

Chapter 767

At that moment, Ruby suddenly felt a sense of shared hardship with Sullivan.

A dark glint crossed Sullivan's eyes as he took in Ruby's reddened gaze.

He sighed and said, "Ruby, I have no ulterior motives. Helping you feels like helping the part of me that once felt completely alone. I just don't want to see you get hurt."

Ruby bit her lip, feeling a twinge of emotion.

However, she sensed that she and Sullivan were not on the same wavelength. While both of them faced disapproval from their families, she didn't want to become someone slick and manipulative like him. She looked at Sullivan and spoke slowly. "Sullivan, I appreciate your help, but I think I'll handle this on my own."

Sullivan's face fell, and he forced a wry smile. "You still don't trust me, do you?"

Ruby said nothing, her silence clearly confirming his suspicion.

Disappointment flickered in Sullivan's eyes as he lowered his head and said slowly, "Fine. If you don't want my help, I won't bother you again."

Watching him turn to leave, Ruby hesitated for a moment. After all, he didn't seem to be faking his sadness. What if he really just wanted to help her?

She dismissed that thought in an instant. Regardless of whether Sullivan wanted to help her or not, she didn't want to get involved with him any further or owe him anything more.

With that in mind, her previously restless heart gradually calmed, and her expression became more composed.

After packing her things, Ruby turned off the lights, locked the door, and left.

On her way home that night, the streets were crowded, which provided her with a bit of reassurance. Even if someone wanted to harm her, they wouldn't dare do so in such a public place.

Despite this, she couldn't keep living in fear of others. She needed a permanent solution to make her parents understand that they wouldn't benefit from her anymore, so they would stop bothering her.

While she was lost in thought, a panicked voice suddenly called out nearby, "Ruby, watch out!"

Before Ruby could react, someone pushed her hard, and she stumbled to the side.

In that split second, she watched in shock as a scooter crashed violently into Sullivan.
+25 BONUS

Her eyes widened in disbelief, filled with confusion and panic.

Why did Sullivan go out of his way to help her?

After hitting Sullivan, the scooter rider quickly turned and sped away from the crowd.

Just as it turned, Ruby caught a glimpse of the rider's face-it was Alex from their village! Alex had been orphaned since childhood and had no one to care for him. He had dropped out of school as a teenager and resorted to petty theft. He had even been jailed several times for stealing.

To think that Margaret had sent him after her...

Ruby couldn't think about calling the police at that moment. She forced herself to ignore the pain in her body and rushed to Sullivan's side. "Sullivan, are you okay? I'll take you to the hospital!"

Sullivan's left arm hung at an odd angle, likely broken. His face was pale, and cold sweat dotted his forehead, but he still managed to smile at Ruby.

"I'm fine. Are you hurt? That scooter was too close to you. I didn't have time to pull you back, so I pushed you away," he said.

Tears welled up in Ruby's eyes as she shook her head, droplets spilling over. She choked out, "I'm fine... I'll take you to the hospital right now."

When Sullivan saw the tears in her eyes, he froze for a moment. He instinctively reached out to wipe them away but stopped halfway.

His expression returned to the gentle smile from before. "I'm fine. Don't cry. It's probably just a dislocated shoulder. I'm not seriously hurt anywhere else." "You must be in so much pain," Ruby said, looking at him with guilt.

Her eyes were beautiful and clear, reflecting Sullivan's face and revealing the darkness within him.

Today's Bonus Offer

Chapter 768

Chapter 768

For some reason, Sullivan felt uneasy maintaining eye contact with Ruby, so he awkwardly looked away. "It's okay, it doesn't hurt. I'm used to it."

Ruby's hand paused, her guilt deepening as she recalled what Sullivan had shared about his past.

"The ambulance will be here soon. Just hang in there," she comforted.

Sullivan nodded and said gently, "Don't feel guilty. I'm just glad I could save you. You were facing the other way when that scooter came. If it had hit you, the consequences would have been severe. Now, it's just a dislocated shoulder. I'll be fine in no time." Hearing him say that only made Ruby feel worse.

"Sullivan, I'm sorry. I misjudged you before and kept refusing your kindness. I didn't expect you to save me despite everything," she apologized.

Sullivan reached out and gently patted her head. "You really don't need to apologize. It's not your fault."

His voice was soft, like a breeze soothing Ruby's bruised heart and easing her pain.

"Thank you, Sullivan," she said, her eyes glistening with tears as she looked at him with gratitude.

Sullivan's right hand slowly clenched, and he nervously averted his gaze.

If Ruby found out one day that all of this was for his own benefit, she would probably hate him, right?

For some reason, that thought made him uncomfortable.

Before long, the ambulance arrived, and Ruby accompanied Sullivan to the hospital.

After the doctor examined him, he confirmed that aside from a broken left arm, Sullivan only had some scrapes and bruises.

Ruby finally breathed a sigh of relief.

Sullivan looked at her. "You fell when I pushed you, so you should get checked out too." Ruby instinctively pulled her hand into her sleeve and shook her head. "No need, I'm fine." The doctor frowned. "Since you're already here, you should get checked too. It's better to catch any potential problems early."

"You young people don't have the best health these days. If you end up with an undetected

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+25 BONUS

Chapter 768

issue because you didn't get checked, that wouldn't be worth it!"

After the doctor insisted, Ruby agreed to a check-up, which revealed only minor abrasions on her palm-nothing serious.

The doctor put a cast on Sullivan's arm and asked Ruby to handle the admission paperwork.

Looking at the amount on the form, Ruby felt troubled. She didn't have that much money left. Should she borrow some from Nyla again?

Noticing her worried expression, Sullivan took the form and glanced at the amount. "I'll transfer the money to you."

Hearing this, Ruby quickly snatched the form back and shook her head. "No, no need! You got hurt trying to save me. I'll pay for the medical expenses. I'll go ahead and pay. The nurse can take you to the ward first." With that, she hurried away.

Sullivan's expression gradually turned somber while watching her go.

On her way to handle the admission paperwork, Ruby wrestled with her thoughts.

Eventually, she decided not to ask Nyla for help this time. She would take out a loan online and pay it back with her next paycheck.

Nyla had helped her a lot, and she couldn't keep turning to her just because she was kind.

After making up her mind, Ruby's expression returned to calm. As she looked suddenly noticed a familiar figure walking toward the hospital entrance.

Upon closer look, she realized it was Damon!

What was he doing at the hospital?

up, she

She remembered that when Nyla had called Damon at the office, he had said he was busy with socializing.

Ruby bit her lip and discreetly took a photo of his back. She was about to send it to Nyla but hesitated at the last moment.

Chapter 769

Chapter 769

After all, just seeing Damon in the hospital didn't prove he'd deceived Nyla. Maybe he had to go there for some reason.

If this photo led to a misunderstanding between them, it would be a huge mistake on Ruby's part.

After thinking for a moment, Ruby decided not to tell Nyla for now. Instead, she would test the waters when they were back at work the next day. If Nyla truly didn't know anything, then she would inform her. By the time Damon returned to the villa, it was nearly 9:00 p.m.

Nyla was chatting with Lydia.

When Lydia saw him, she quickly stood up. "Mr. Sumner, did you have a drink at your social event tonight? Ms. Kinsey made you some hangover soup. It's in the kitchen-I'll go get it for you."

Damon paused, tugging at his tie with a slightly somber expression. "No need. I didn't drink tonight."

"Eh?" Lydia was taken aback, looking puzzled.

Wasn't it customary for Damon to drink at social events?

She quickly recovered and said, "Okay, would you like something to eat? The kitchen saved you some dishes."

Lydia thought about what a shame it was regarding the hangover soup Nyla had made for

him.

"No, Lydia, you can go rest," Damon said dismissively.

Seeing that he wanted to be alone with Nyla, Lydia chuckled. "Alright, I won't interrupt you. If you need anything, just call me."

After Lydia left, Damon strode over and sat down next to Nyla. He asked, "You're still up this late, waiting for me?"

The soft lighting highlighted Damon's handsome face, making one's heart flutter. At night, he seemed warmer than his usual daytime demeanor, and his gaze toward Nyla was incredibly gentle. Nyla nodded. "Yeah, I thought you might get drunk."

"I'll try to drink less at future social events," Damon replied.

1/4

+25 BONUS

Chapter 769

Just as Nyla was about to respond, she suddenly caught a faint scent of hospital disinfectant on him.

Clenching her fingers, she looked up and asked, "Where did you go for your social event tonight?" Damon casually mentioned a name, raising an eyebrow. "Why? Are you starting to check up on me?" "Do you not want me to?" Nyla retorted.

"I don't mind, of course. Want to check my phone too?" Damon offered.

As he spoke, he held out his phone to Nyla, looking all innocent as if to say, "You can check whatever you want."

Nyla didn't take it. "Let's skip the phone check. Your phone's filled with company secrets. If something goes wrong at the company and you suspect me, I won't have a chance to explain myself." "The company and I are both yours. And no matter what happens, I won't suspect you," Damon professed.

Nyla shot him a sidelong glance and teased, "Did you eat candy tonight? Why are you talking so sweetly?"

"Why don't you try and find out?" Damon challenged.

With that, he grabbed Nyla's chin and leaned down to kiss her.

The atmosphere in the living room became charged with a flirtatious tension.

A gust of night wind billowed through the sheer curtains by the window, casting their movements in a hazy light...

As the kiss ended, Nyla was left breathless, resting against Damon's chest.

He looked down at her gently, his gaze darkening slightly as he saw her sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks. He caressed her waist.

Nyla felt a tingle in her lower back, her body melting even more into him.

"Damon, this is the living room! Watch yourself!" she chided without heat.

She looked up, glaring at him, her expression a mix of embarrassment and irritation.

Damon raised an eyebrow. "Should I carry you back to the room?"

Seeing him feign the intention to lift her, Nyla quickly pushed him away and jumped off the sofa. "Stop messing around! If someone sees us, it'd be embarrassing... Chapter 760

+25 BONUS

Her face was flushed, like a blooming peach blossom-beautiful enough to make anyone's

heart race.

Damon's gaze darkened involuntarily. Originally, he had just wanted to tease her, but he'd overestimated his self-control.

He looked at her, feigning disappointment. "Are you sure you don't want me to carry you upstairs?"

"No! I can go by myself. Since you didn't drink, I'm going to sleep," Nyla said quickly.

With that, she turned and hurried upstairs, her figure disappearing down the corridor faster than a rabbit.

Damon's smile deepened while watching her leave.

Back in her room, Nyla finally calmed down, only to remember that she'd forgotten to ask him why he smelled of disinfectant. She couldn't help but frown. Beauty could really distract from important matters. When Nyla went downstairs the next morning, she was surprised to find the dining room

empty.

Usually, Damon would be sitting at the table, drinking coffee while handling work at this hour. Where was he today? Was he still in bed?

Lydia noticed her puzzled expression and explained, "Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Sumner has a lot of work today, so he left early. After you finish breakfast, the driver will take you to the company."

What kind of work needed to be handled so early?

A trace of suspicion flickered in Nyla's eyes, but she suppressed her doubts and nodded. Okay."

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After finishing breakfast and arriving at the company, she ran into Sullivan in the elevator. She stared in shock at his arm, which was in a cast.

"Sullivan, what happened to you?" Nyla asked.

"Oh, it's nothing. Just took a tumble yesterday, Sullivan answered.

A tumble couldn't cause that kind of injury, right?

Nyla didn't believe him but didn't press further since her relationship with Sullivan was just okay.

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Chapter 760

+25 BONUS

"Can you still work with an injury like that?" she asked.

Sullivan shook his head. "Not really. That's why I'm here to take a leave of absence today,"

Nyla commented, "Given how badly you're hurt, you could have called in your leave..."

"Besides taking leave, I have some work to hand over during my hospital stay. Otherwise, it'll be a mess when I return," Sullivan replied.

Nyla gave him a thumbs-up for his dedication. "Prospectus Technology is lucky to have an employee like you!"

As they talked, the elevator doors opened. They stepped out, each going their separate ways.

When Nyla arrived at the office, she saw Ruby at her desk, working on some materials.

"Ruby, you're here so early today?" she asked in greeting.

Ruby paused her writing, looking up at Nyla. Seeing Nyla's calm expression, she hesitated, unsure if she should mention what she'd seen last night.

"Nyla, does Mr. Sumner have any friends in the hospital lately?" she asked.

Nyla's grip on her bag tightened. The image of Damon smelling of disinfectant flashed through her mind again.

She slowly put away her bag and turned to Ruby, asking, "Why do you ask that suddenly? Did you see him at the hospital yesterday?"

Today's Bonus Offer

GET IT NOW

Chapter 770

Chapter 770

Chapter 770

Ruby bit her lip, staying silent as she handed her phone to Nyla.

On the screen was a photo of Damon's back, with a payment counter in the background, clearly taken in a hospital.

Nyla's eyes widened, and her face turned pale.

Yesterday evening, he had told her he would be out to socialize, yet here he was in the hospital. The last time he had used the same excuse, he had ended up visiting Charlotte. What was he hiding from her?

Seeing Nyla's ashen complexion, Ruby regretted bringing it up. She consoled her, "Nyla, maybe Mr. Sumner had a reason for being in the hospital. Don't worry too much just yet." Nyla bit her lip and nodded. "Yeah, I believe he wouldn't do anything to betray me, Thank you for telling me this, Ruby."

She returned to her desk, turned on her computer, and stared blankly at the screen, her thoughts in disarray.

Why did Damon feel the need to lie to her?

Noticing Nyla lost in thought, Ruby opened her mouth to offer some comfort but ultimately held back. Without knowing the full story, any reassurance might not help.

At noon, Nyla went to Damon's office to have lunch with him.

Noticing her distracted demeanor, he frowned as she absentmindedly poked at her food without really eating.

He set down his utensils and asked, "Nyla, is something on your mind?"

Nyla paused, looking up at Damon.

His concern was evident in his eyes, and she could feel his affection. She just couldn't understand why he had lied to her twice.

Was visiting Charlotte and going to the hospital something shameful?

Damon's gaze intensified as he noticed her silence-she simply stared at him.

"Nyla, if you keep looking at me like that, I might not be able to control myself," he said.

Putting down her cutlery, she decided to ask directly, "Last night, you-"

The office door suddenly swung open, and Spencer rushed in with a document, looking

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frantic.

"Mr. Sumner, there's a problem with the resort project that Prospectus Technology and Juniper Enterprise were developing together. Many workers haven't been paid, and they're gathered at the entrance downstairs!" he reported. Damon's expression darkened, and he said coldly, "Contact Juniper and find out what happened. Hold a meeting in five minutes!"

"Got it," Spencer answered and hurriedly left.

As Damon stood to follow, he remembered Nyla's interrupted words and asked, "Nyla, what were you about to say?".

Nyla shook her head. "It's nothing, just an unimportant matter. You should go back to work."

"Okay. Let me know if you need anything." Damon said.

"Yeah, go ahead," Nyla replied.

With that, Damon nodded and quickly headed to the meeting room.

Watching him leave, Nyla glanced down at her untouched food, her appetite gone.

After tidying up, she stood and left.

While waiting for the elevator, she saw several shareholders from Prospectus Technology exiting, each looking rushed and serious.

Back in her office, she leaned against her cushion but couldn't fall asleep. A heavy weight seemed to press on her chest, making it hard to breathe.

She trusted that Damon wouldn't betray her, but his deception made her uneasy.

She sighed, absently fiddling with the ears of her pig-shaped pillow, her face clouded with

worry.

She resolved to find an opportunity to ask him about that evening. This guessing game was exhausting.

As she packed up at the end of the day, her phone suddenly rang.

Seeing Damon's name on the screen, she swiped to answer.

"Nyla, go home first tonight. I have to work late and won't be back until much later, so don't wait up. Get some rest," he said.

Nyla's heart clenched. "Is the issue from noon really serious?"

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Chapter 770

"Yeah, a bit, but it should be resolved in the next few days. No need to worry," Damon assured her.

Hearing the fatigue in his voice, she felt a wave of sympathy.

"Just make sure to eat dinner and don't wait until you're in pain like last time," she reminded him.

"Okay. I have to attend a meeting now, so I'll talk to you later," Damon replied.

After hanging up, Nyla sighed, finished packing her things, and left.

+25 BONUS

It was late into the night when Damon finally returned. As he stepped into the living room, he spotted Nyla curled up on the couch, asleep.

His previously cold gaze softened, and the chill from outside seemed to melt away.

After changing his shoes, he quietly approached the sofa and looked down at her sleeping face.

Nyla was a light sleeper. Sensing a shadow above her, she slowly opened her eyes.

When she saw Damon, she rubbed her eyes and sat up, her voice still laced with sleep. "You're back? What time is it?"

"It's 12:30 a.m.," Damon answered.

"It's already this late?" Nyla exclaimed, instantly losing her sleepiness as she looked up at Damon. "How did things go?" "We've agreed on a plan, and it should be resolved in the next couple of days," Damon replied.

Upon hearing this, the worry that had weighed on her lifted. "That's great."

Just as she finished speaking, she was suddenly lifted into the air.

The feeling of weightlessness startled Nyla, and she gasped, instinctively clutching Damon's neck.

"What are you doing? You scared me!" she cried.

Seeing her still shaken, Damon smirked. "You should get used to it. I'll be doing this often from now on."

Nyla was speechless before finally sighing. "Alright, but aren't you tired after working so long? Put me down." "Holding you will never be tiring," Damon replied, tightening his grip around her as he

425 BCAUS

Chapter 770

turned to head upstairs.

Leaning against his chest, Nyla could hear the steady rhythm of his heartbeat, and her cheeks flushed involuntarily.

Once in the bedroom, Damon placed Nyla down gently and kissed her forehead, "Get some sleep. Oh, and don't forget-you're coming with me to a party tomorrow night. It's Saturday, so you should buy a couple of outfits."

Nyla met his deep gaze, his eyes like an endless sea of stars, and her heart skipped a beat. She quickly looked away, replying, "Okay, it's really late now. You should rest, too."

Damon tucked her under the blanket and said softly, "Goodnight."

Chapter 771

+25 BONUS