

Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

#Chapter 796

Chapter 796

Chapter 796

+25 BOHUS

The study was still lit, and Damon hadn't gone to bed yet. Surprise flashed in his eyes when he saw Nyla. "What are you doing here? How's Valarie?"

"She's already asleep," Nyla answered.

Noticing that Nyla seemed to have something to say, Damon raised an eyebrow.

"Damon, thank you for what you did tonight," Nyla said.

"Why are you being so polite? I'm your boyfriend-it's what I should do," Damon replied.

After a moment of hesitation, Nyla appeared to make up her mind. She slowly raised her head to meet his gaze. "It's not just about tonight. You've always been good to me since we met. I owe you an apology and a thank you." The seriousness in her eyes made Damon press his lips together and approach her.

As he drew closer, Nyla-subconsciously stepped back and asked warily, "Why are you getting up all of a sudden?"

Damon beamed. "Didn't you want to thank me?"

"Yeah, but you-" Nyla began.

Before she could finish her sentence, Damon wrapped his arms around her waist and picked her up, carrying her to the sofa.

Being lifted off the floor made Nyla uneasy, and she quickly wrapped her arms around his neck. "Damon, what are you doing? Put me down!"

Ignoring her protests, Damon set her down on the sofa. "You said you owed me a thank you. How do you plan to repay me?"

Nyla met his deep gaze and froze, asking instinctively, "How do you want me to thank you?"

Damon's smile widened. "Nyla, how can you ask how to thank someone? Didn't you think about how you'd show your gratitude?"

His tone was casual, but Nyla felt a twinge of guilt, sensing an underlying pressure. She hadn't really thought about how to thank him.

Damon had everything she could give, and what he didn't have, she couldn't provide. Now that he mentioned it, just saying thank you felt insincere... Upon seeing Nyla's expression shift from frowning to pouting, Damon's smile deepened. "If you can't think of anything, how about I give you a suggestion?" Nyla looked up at him, unaware that she was walking right into his trap. "What suggestion?"

"I need a wife," Damon said.

1/2

Chapter 796

Nyla was rendered speechless.

After a few seconds of silence, she feigned innocence. "Are you asking me to introduce someone?"

+25 BONUS

"Why would I need an introduction when I already have a ready-made option right here?" Damon countered.

Nyla felt his grip tighten around her waist and quickly pushed him away. She jumped off his lap and replied, "You can give me another suggestion then. I'm not planning to get married right now." "But I don't lack anything else," Damon retorted

Nyla chuckled. "Well, when you suddenly realize what you're missing, feel free to let me know. It's getting late now, so I'm going to sleep. You should get some rest too. Goodnight." With that, she hurriedly turned to leave, as if afraid Damon would say something else.

Damon smiled, his eyes filled with affection, as he watched her flee.

Once back in her bedroom, Nyla finally calmed down.

When Damon mentioned needing a wife, she felt a moment of excitement. They had missed out on so many years, and now that they were giving it another shot, she

thought about marrying him. However, since they had just gotten back together, it felt too fast for her to consider marriage right now.

That was why she had run away.

After some time, when their relationship stabilized, she would seriously think about marriage.

Chapter 797

That night, Nyla couldn't sleep. As soon as she closed her eyes, the image of marrying Damon filled her mind, making it impossible to doze off.

It wasn't until just before dawn that she finally managed to fall asleep.

When she woke up in the morning, dark circles were evident under her eyes.

During breakfast, Damon raised an eyebrow at her and asked, "Didn't sleep well last night?"

Nyla glared at the one responsible for her sleepless night. "Yeah."

"Was it because I said I needed a wife?" Damon asked teasingly.

Seeing him smile like a lovesick puppy, Nyla instinctively denied it. "Of course not! I was... worried about Valarie, so I couldn't sleep. What you said had nothing to do with it!"

"Nyla, I never realized you were so good at saying one thing and meaning another," Damon replied.

Nyla gritted her teeth. "And I didn't know you could talk so much. It's early, and you won't stop chatting even over breakfast."

Damon's smile widened as he continued to eat elegantly.

His calm demeanor only made Nyla feel more flustered, and in retaliation, she started eating more aggressively. In the process, she accidentally overstuffing herself.

...

On the way to the office, Nyla held her round belly and looked a bit pale. She had eaten too much that morning, and now, sitting in the car, her stomach churned, making her feel nauseous.

After finishing a document, Damon turned to see Nyla looking ill and rubbing her belly. His brows furrowed as he asked, "What's wrong? Is your stomach upset?"

Nyla glanced at him but didn't answer. He was the reason she felt this way in the first place.

Seeing her silent and gazing at him with a glum look, Damon thought she must be feeling really bad. He turned to instruct the driver, "Walter, take us to the hospital."

As soon as he spoke, Nyla quickly stopped Walter. "Walter, I'm fine. I just ate too much this morning. I'll rest for a bit, and I'll be okay."

"Are you sure?" Damon asked.

He grasped her hand, and feeling how cold it was made him frown even deeper.

"I'm sure. I just need some quiet for a little while," Nyla confirmed.

She tried to pull her hand away from Damon but couldn't manage it. Since she genuinely felt unwell, she gave up and leaned back against the seat, closing her eyes to rest

Fortunately, it wasn't long before they arrived at the office building.

Nyla opened her eyes to find Damon's worried gaze on her. Her heart warmed, and much of her frustration faded away. She assured him, I'm really fine. Don't worry."

BUMS

Seeing that she still looked pale but her spirits seemed better, Damon finally sighed in relief.

He reminded her, "Okay, if you really can't handle it, just take a sick day and go home to rest. It's a big medical project. It won't fall apart just because you're not here

Though he spoke truthfully, Nyla felt a bit hurt by his words.

"Yeah, I know," she replied.

They parted ways in the elevator.

QUMS

When Damon reached his office on the top floor, he had just sat down when Spencer knocked and entered.

"Mr. Sumner, Mr. Preston wants to see you," he informed.

Damon's gaze hardened, and he replied coldly, "I have nothing to discuss with him. I won't meet him."

If it weren't for Nathaniel secretly helping Rebecca, he and Nyla wouldn't have missed five years, and she wouldn't have suffered so much.

He had already shown enough mercy by not pursuing the Preston Group further.

After hesitating for a moment, Spencer spoke up. "Mr. Sumner, Mr. Preston said he has some information about Rebecca that concerns Ms. Kinsey."

Chapter 798

Damon was silent for a few seconds before telling Spencer, "Have him come to my office at 10:00 a.m."

Spencer nodded. "Got it."

Just as he was about to leave, Damon suddenly called him back. "Wait, go to the pharmacy and pick up some stomach medicine to send to the lab."

Spencer knew exactly who it was for without needing to be told-no one else in the lab had the privilege of Damon personally sending someone to buy medicine for them. "Okay, I'll head there right away," he answered.

Nyla had just arrived at the lab when Spencer walked in.

"Ms. Kinsey, this is the medicine that Mr. Sumner asked me to get for you," he informed her.

Seeing the bag in Spencer's hand, filled with various stomach medications, she couldn't help but chuckle. "Mr. Hogg, I'm fine. I just overate this morning."

Spencer handed her the bag. "Ms. Kinsey, just accept it. This is Mr. Sumner's kind gesture, and I need a good reason to report back."

"Alright, please thank him for me," Nyla said, accepting the medicine.

"It's best to thank him in person at lunch today. Your work is important, so I won't keep you any longer." With that, Spencer turned and left.

Nyla looked down at the bag filled with stomach medicine and recalled how every time she thanked Damon, it seemed to involve him either placing her on his lap to kiss her or hinting that he needed a wife. It gave her a bit of a headache. Just as she put the stomach medicine away, Ruby walked into the office.

Ruby looked pale and exhausted. When she met Nyla's gaze, she instinctively looked away.

Nyla didn't initiate a conversation either, merely grabbing her notebook and heading to the lab.

A few minutes later, Ruby stood beside her, and they began their work for the day.

After setting up the experiment and

placing the reagents in the

ved.ne

apparatus to start the reactionR

finally looked at Nyla, her expression hesitant.

Nyla pretended not to notice and focused on the reaction bottle.

Ruby bit her lip, finally summoning the courage to speak. "Nyla, I want to talk to you about the delivery job from yesterday."

Nyla turned to her. "Sure, what do you want to discuss?"

"Can you keep my delivery job a secret from the others in the lab?" Ruby asked.

Her nervous and cautious demeanor made Nyla feel a pang of sympathy.

"I can keep your secret, but if you're delivering every day, there's no guarantee you won't run into someone from the lab," she replied.

"I understand," Ruby answered.

"Then can you tell me why you decided to take up a delivery job? Was the money I lent you not enough?" Nyla asked.

Ruby shook her head. "The money you lent me will last until next month, but..."

At that point, she looked down at her feet, hesitating about whether to tell Nyla about Sullivan.

Before she could decide, Nyla's

gentle voice interrupted her thoughts. "Ruby, I've watched you work hard in this lab to get to where you are today. I know how much effort you've put in, and I empathize with what you've been through. After all your struggles, you should focus on your work in the lab, not on running deliveries after hours."

A person's energy was limited-it was impossible to keep working non-stop every day.

In Nyla's eyes, Ruby would be better off using that time to study more, as it would yield greater returns.

Ruby hurriedly lifted her head. "Nyla, don't worry! I won't let my delivery job affect my work in the lab."

Seeing her stubbornness, Nyla

decided to be more direct. "You say it won't affect your work, but if you're running deliveries until midnight every day, do you really think that's sustainable? Can you guarantee you'll maintain your usual high standards?"

"Yesterday, you left right after work for deliveries. What will you do if the experiment needs you to work overtime?"

Chapter 799

Ruby's eyes instantly dimmed as she bit her lip, unsure how to respond.

After a moment of silence, she slowly said, "Nyla, I know you're trying to help me, but I really can't. I need this extra income to make ends meet."

Nyla sighed, her tone softening. "I understand your situation, but you also need to think about your future. If you fall behind on your experiments because you're out making deliveries, that will be a real shame."

Ruby's eyes turned slightly red as she looked down, her voice trembling. "I'll try my best to balance my work with making deliveries. I won't let it affect the experiments."

Nyla gently patted Ruby's shoulder and handed her a bank card. "Since you don't want to talk about your troubles, I won't pry. This money should get you through to next month. If it's not enough, come back and let me know. Try to avoid running deliveries for now." Ruby tried to decline. "No... Nyla, you've already helped me so much. I can't-"

Before she could finish, Nyla firmly pressed the card into her hand. "Just take it. The password is six zeros. This tough time will pass."

Ruby felt a wave of gratitude wash over her, tears blurring her vision. "Thank you! I promise I'll pay you back!"

Nyla wiped away Ruby's tears, dismissing her worries. "Alright, let's get back to work now."

"Okay," Ruby answered.

As Ruby glanced down at the bank card in her hand, it felt as heavy as a mountain. She was determined not to let Nyla's kindness go to waste. Ruby resolved to escape the clutches of her family for good!

...

At 10:00 a.m., Nathaniel arrived at Damon's office right on time.

It had been five years since he had last stepped into this office, and he felt a mix of emotions. If he hadn't trusted Rebecca so blindly back then and helped her go against Nyla he and Damon wouldn't have gone from friends to enemies.

Damon set down his documents, idly twirling a pen between his fingers.

"What's your aim?" he asked.

Damon's words snapped Nathaniel back to reality. He took a seat across from Damon and replied, "I want the project that Prospectus Technology is negotiating with the Jerling." Damon paused and smirked. "Does the current Preston Group think it can take on that project without choking?"

"That's my concern. You just need to tell me whether you'll make this deal," Nathaniel countered.

He appeared calm, but his hands clenched tightly in his lap, the veins on the back of his hands bulging. he failed in today's negotiations with Damon, the Preston Group's

wnover

situation would only worsen vel

Damon raised an eyebrow. "I need to see if what you mentioned about Nyla is worth this project."

"Don't worry. It's definitely worth it," Nathaniel assured him.

Damon picked up the intercom, instructing Spencer to bring over the contract for the project with the Jerling. After Spencer placed the documents on the desk, he bowed his head and left. As soon as the office door closed, Nathaniel eagerly reached for the contract. Before he could grab it, a hand pressed down on top of it.

Damon spoke up. "Let's talk business first."

Nathaniel took a deep breath and slowly said, "Five years ago, there was an investigation into Nyla from overseas Rebecca provided them with some information about her, but after Nyla fell into the sea, those behind the investigation suddenly disappeared.

"However, it seems that they have resurfaced recently."

Chapter 800

Damon looked at Nathaniel coldly and asked, "How do you know this?"

"Recently, Rebecca has been making secret calls behind my back. I checked her call records, and they mostly came from abroad," Nathaniel explained, his expression indifferent, as if discussing something that didn't concern him. The office fell silent as Damon's eyes narrowed, weighing the trustworthiness of Nathaniel's words.

Feeling anxious, Nathaniel hurriedly added, "As long as you give me this project, I'll keep an eye on Rebecca's every move and report back to you daily."

"Nathaniel, Rebecca is your wife and the woman you've loved for so many years. Are you sure what you're saying is credible?" Damon asked.

Seeing the doubt and coldness in Damon's eyes, Nathaniel quickly replied, "I haven't been in love with Rebecca for a long time now. If it weren't for you forcing me to marry her five years ago, she wouldn't even be alive today!" Damon's gaze turned even colder at Nathaniel's desperate attempt to distance himself from Rebecca. "Just leave. I don't need you to keep an eye on Rebecca either."

"What about the project..." Nathaniel probed, his eyes flickering with desire as they landed on the documents on the table.

Damon withdrew his hand and said with a straight face, "You can take it, but I don't want anyone to know about your visit to Prospectus Technology today."

"Don't worry. I won't mention it to anyone," Nathaniel promised.

Damon did not respond and flipped open other documents, clearly signaling that it was time for Nathaniel to go.

Not wanting to offend him, Nathaniel quickly took the contract and left in a hurry.

Once the office door closed, Damon set down the files, a complex emotion crossing his face.

He had once felt a strong kinship with Nathaniel-they often shared similar thoughts. However, ever since Rebecca returned to the country, they had grown further apart, leading to the situation they faced today.

Not wanting to dwell on it, Damon called Spencer back into the office. "Investigate Rebecca and look into the people she's been in contact with abroad. I want a detailed report in three days." "Understood, Mr. Sumner," Spencer replied.

As Damon continued reviewing the documents, he pondered why someone overseas was investigating Nyla. She had never been abroad and couldn't have offended anyone.

As for Rebecca, if she had the ability

to leverage foreign forces against Nyla, she would have found a way to escape when she was forced to marry Nathaniel five years ago.

en FindNovel

Regardless of the other party's intentions, Damon would not allow them the chance to harm Nyla.

His grip on the documents tightened, his knuckles turning white as an intimidating chill radiated from him.

...

Nyla headed to the top floor to find Damon at noon.

Spencer was waiting for her by the elevator. "Ms. Kinsey, Mr. Sumner is still in a meeting and doesn't know when it will end. He asked you to have lunch first and not wait for him."

Nyla nodded. "Okay, I understand."

"I'll head back to the meeting room to continue working. If you need anything, just message or call me," Spencer reminded her. Nyla nodded. "Alright."

It was clear that Spencer was busy. He rushed off to the meeting room as soon as Nyla answered him.

Nyla entered Damon's office and sat

on the sofa, planning to rest a bit

Sat

while waiting for him to join her for lunch. Just as she took out her phone, a call came in.

Seeing it was the teacher from Mason's school, her heart lurched, and she quickly answered.

"Ms. Kinsey, you need to come right away! Mason got into a fight with a classmate and hurt them!" the teacher urged.