

# Trading My Ex for His Uncle (Nyla)

## Chapter 801

Nyla felt a wave of worry as she quickly got up and walked outside, replying, "Okay, I'll be there right away."

When Nyla arrived at the kindergarten, it was almost 1:00 p.m.

As she approached the office door, she heard a cold female voice from inside saying, "I don't care who this student's parents are. If my son is hurt like this, I'm calling the police! We'll see each other in court!"

Just as Nyla was about to enter, the door swung open. A well-dressed woman walked out, holding the hand of a four- or five-year-old child.

Upon seeing Nyla, the woman stopped abruptly and exclaimed, "It's you!"

Nyla was taken aback. She hadn't expected the child who had fought with Mason to be Jane's son.

Her gaze dropped to the child Jane was holding. Though he was still small, it was already evident that he shared features with Jane and Gabriel.

A cut marred his forehead. Although it had stopped bleeding, dried blood remained, making the injury appear quite alarming.

The teacher, Laura Ferrier, rushed out of the office. When she saw Nyla, she quickly said, "Ms. Kinsey, you're here. This is the classmate Mason injured and his parent."

She then turned to Jane. "Ms. Wilkie, since Ms. Kinsey is here, why don't we go back into the office to discuss how to resolve this? After all, they're in the same class, and escalating things to the police wouldn't be beneficial."

Jane scoffed. "I don't think so. I want this matter to grow! I won't let my son be in the same class with someone who could injure a classmate so severely. Either he leaves, or my son does!"

With that, she pulled her son along and stormed out.

Laura frowned and looked at Nyla,~

asking, "Ms. Kinsey, what do you think? Perhaps you could personally talk to Ms. Wilkie and ask for her forgiveness?"

Noticing Laura's dilemma, Nyla nodded. "Ms. Ferrier, don't worry. I'll handle this. I'd like to check on my son first."

Before she fully understood the situation, she didn't want to assume Mason was at fault.

"Okay," Laura replied.

As soon as Nyla stepped into the office, she saw Mason standing in the corner, looking small with messy hair. Several shoe prints stained his clothes, and his face bore numerous cuts and bruises, though they didn't seem as serious as the injuries on Jane's son.

She quickly walked over and squatted down to check on him.

Finding no other injuries, she asked, "Buddy, are you hurt anywhere else?"

Mason shook his head, lowering his gaze and feeling guilty for getting into trouble.

Nyla gently stroked his head and softly said, "Don't be afraid. Mommy is here. Can you tell me what happened?"

Before Mason could respond, Laura

spoke up. "Ms. Kinsey, it started this

over

morning when Wilhelm wore his new shoes to school. Mason accidentally stepped on them, and then Wilhelm wanted him to apologize. When Buddy refused, they got into a fight, and Mason accidentally pushed Wilhelm, who hit the corner of the desk and got injured."

Nyla looked at Laura and replied evenly, "I understand, but I'd like to hear Buddy's side of the story."

She knew Mason well. If he was in the wrong, he would surely apologize without hesitation. There had to be more to this incident.

Laura frowned, a bit annoyed, and asked, "Ms. Kinsey, are you saying you don't trust what I'm saying?"

## Chapter 802

Nyla smiled. "Ms. Ferrier, it's not that I don't trust you. I just think it's important to hear both sides of the story."

Laura didn't respond, but her expression darkened, clearly displeased.

Nyla remained unfazed. She turned to Mason and said, "Buddy, don't be scared. No matter what happened, Mommy will stand by you."

"If you didn't do anything wrong, I won't force you to apologize. But if you did, I'll apologize with you. How does that sound?"

With Nyla's soothing voice, Mason finally spoke up. "I didn't do anything wrong! He stepped on my shoes first and called me a bastard. That's why we fought. And I didn't push him!" As he spoke, his eyes began to well with tears.

Nyla gently patted his head and said softly, "Okay, Mommy will handle this."

She stood up and addressed Laura, "Ms. Ferrier, you heard my son just now. If I'm not mistaken, there are cameras in their classroom."

If they could check the footage, they would know exactly who was at fault.

Just as Laura was about to respond, a stern voice came from the door. "The school's cameras have been broken for the past few days and aren't fixed yet, so we can't check the footage."

Nyla turned to see a woman with black-framed glasses and impeccably styled hair entering. Dressed in a black suit and holding several documents, her serious expression suggested she held a significant position at the school.

As expected, Laura called out to her, "Vice Principal Neale, what brings you here?"

Yelena Neale didn't answer but turned her sharp gaze toward Nyla. "Ms. Kinsey, understand you're protective of your child, but regardless of who is right or wrong, Wilhelm is seriously injured and may have permanent scarring. Out of decency, your son should

apologize."

The Wilkies invested millions in the kindergarten each year. It was clear to Yelena which parent was more important to the school.

Nyla frowned as she defended, "Ms. Neale, it's unreasonable to force my son to apologize before we understand what happened. I believe my child wouldn't hurt someone without cause."

Yelena's expression darkened as she

insisted, "Ms. Kinsey, you need to

understand that the school has its own difficulties. The Wilkies' contributions cannot be ignored, and we don't want to escalate this. Asking the child to apologize isn't an unreasonable request."

"I can't let my child be wronged, and the one who wants to escalate this is Ms. Wilkie. I'm here to resolve the issue," Nyla stated firmly.

"If you insist on causing trouble, I'll have no choice but to expel your son," Yelena pressed.

At those words, Nyla's gaze turned icy.

"Ms. Neale, are you trying to threaten me with expulsion?" she questioned.

"I'd prefer to avoid that, which is why I hope you'll reconsider how to handle this," Yelena replied.

Nyla nodded. "Okay, I understand your position. But even if it comes to expulsion, I won't back down. Since the cameras are down, we can ask the other kids who were there. We can't just assume my son is at fault because there's no footage

Mason, who had been standing quietly beside her, grabbed her hand. "Mommy, I really didn't push him! He lunged at me to hit me, and I dodged him! He then fell and hurt himself!"

## Chapter 803

"Don't worry. Mommy will find out the truth. If you're innocent, I won't make you apologize," Nyla reassured him.

Yelena snorted and warned, "What kids say can't be trusted. This situation needs to be resolved quickly. Ms. Kinsey, I hope you can be rational and not complicate things further." Laura looked troubled, unsure of how to handle the situation.

Nyla stood her ground, meeting Yelena's gaze. "I will handle this rationally, but not by apologizing when I believe my child is innocent. I will investigate the truth myself and clear my son's name." Yelena's expression turned icy since Nyla refused to back down.

"I advise you to think carefully. If you offend the Wilkies, no kindergarten in Saintornia will accept your son," she warned.

The office fell into an uncomfortable silence it was so quiet that a pin dropping could be heard.

Nyla raised an eyebrow and replied slowly, "Ms. Neale, I don't know how you've handled similar situations in the past-if you have forced those with less advantageous backgrounds to apologize to parents with more money. But I won't apologize until I'm sure my child is at fault."

With that, she took Mason and left.

Yelena's angry voice followed her. "Don't regret this!"

Nyla didn't look back or slow her pace. She simply took Mason and left.

Once outside the kindergarten, Nyla hailed a cab to take them home. Throughout the ride, Mason was unusually quiet.

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When they reached the front of the villa, he finally looked up at Nyla and hesitantly asked, "Mommy, did I get us in trouble?"

Seeing the unease and fear in his eyes, Nyla crouched before him and said softly, "Buddy, as long as you told the truth today, you did nothing wrong." "Really?" Mason asked.

"Of course. When have I ever lied to you?" Nyla replied.

Hearing this, Mason finally let out a

sigh of relief, but worry soon returned to his eyes. He asked, "But I heard that Wilhelm's parents are really rich. Will they get back at us?"

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Nyla couldn't help but chuckle. "Don't worry. Mommy will protect you. There's nothing to be afraid of." "Okay," Mason replied.

"Let's go inside. We need to clean up

the wounds on your face, and you should take a shower and change your clothes. You won't go to kindergarten today. We'll figure it out

once this is resolved," Nyla said.

If the kindergarten continued with this attitude, Nyla wouldn't allow Mason to stay there any longer.

Hand in hand, they walked into the villa.

When Lydia saw Mason's battered appearance, her face went pale with fright. She asked with concern, "What happened to Buddy?"

"He got into a fight at school. Lydia, could you please get the first-aid kit? I need to treat his wounds," Nyla requested.

"Sure, I'll get it right away!" Lydia answered.

After cleaning and disinfecting Mason's wounds, Nyla had Lydia take him to shower while she took a cab to the company.

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Jane

her way to

in Gabriel while she was on s treated.

He

the hospital with Wilhelm. arrived just as Wilhelm had his

"How is it? What did the doctor say? Is it serious?" Gabriel asked.

Jane snorted. "He got three stitches. What do you think?!"

## Chapter 804

Gabriel frowned. "That serious?"

Wilhelm, standing next to Jane, rushed forward and hugged Gabriel's leg. Tears welled in his eyes as he cried, "Daddy, it hurts so much..."

Seeing his son's nose crinkle in pain, Gabriel felt a pang in his heart. He crouched before him and gently stroked his head. "Wil, it will stop hurting in a few days. Just be good." Wilhelm managed to hold back his tears, sniffing. "I don't want to go to school... I'm scared..."

His terrified demeanor only deepened Gabriel's distress. A flicker of rage ignited in his eyes-he wouldn't let whoever had hurt his son get away with it.

Noticing his angry expression, Jane embellished the story of what had happened at school.

By the end, she looked at Gabriel and said, her voice laced with discontent, "Nyla ruined me at Grandpa's birthday party. Now her son has hurt ours like this. I won't let it go!" Gabriel pursed his lips, remaining silent.

Upon recalling how Jane had almost ruined Nyla's face by pushing her at the birthday party, his gaze turned icy, and he subconsciously tightened his grip.

His silence ignited Jane's anger. "Gabriel, what do you mean by not saying anything? Are you still hung up on Nyla and planning to let this slide?"

"I'll tell you, if you don't handle this well, I'll inform Grandpa about how you used to like Nyla. Let's see if he'll take back the game company you have now!"

Her expression was arrogant and threatening. If it weren't for her, Gabriel wouldn't be who he was today. She loved this man but wouldn't allow him to escape her control.

Gabriel looked up, his gaze

sweeping over Jane's cold face as

he smiled and pulled her into an embrace. "Don't worry, darling. You and our son are what matter most to me." en FindNovel

Jane scoffed and pushed him away, clearly unconvinced. "Then why were you silent just now?"

Gabriel remained calm despite her aggressive demeanor, his tone gentle. "I was just thinking. Nyla is with Damon now, and that child Damon's son. If we provoke Damon, it will definitely impact the collaboration between Prospectus Technology and the Wilkie Group."

"So what? Am I supposed to let our son suffer for the sake of business?" Jane retorted.

Gabriel sighed. "But what you did at Grandpa's birthday party has already upset him. If you provoke Damon again, Theo might stir up more trouble."

Jane gritted her teeth, knowing Gabriel was right. However, she couldn't shake the feeling that he didn't want to put Nyla in a difficult position over their son. She questioned, "Gabriel, can you honestly say you have no ulterior motives?"

Gabriel frowned, confused. "What ulterior motives could I have?"

"Have you already forgotten that you used to like Nyla?" Jane pressed.

"That was ages ago, and I've explained it to you already!" Gabriel replied.

Jane persisted, "What's with that impatient expression and tone? Did I hit a nerve?"

She stared hard at Gabriel, her eyes filled with suspicion and anger.

Gabriel's face hardened as he countered, Jane, I have nothing to I feel guilty about. Everything I say and do is for your benefit. If you don't believe me, feel free to do as you wish, but you'll have to bear the consequences!"

## Chapter 805

"Do you think I don't dare to?" Jane snapped.

The mere thought that Gabriel had once liked Nyla twisted Jane's jealousy around her heart like a creeping vine, tightening its grip and making it unbearable.

"I'm not saying you don't dare to do it. I just hope you consider the consequences. There's a meeting at the company, and since Wil is fine, I'll head back now," Gabriel replied.

As he turned to walk away, footsteps rang out behind him. In the next moment, Jane's delicate hands wrapped around his waist.

"I'm sorry, Gabriel. I lost control earlier because of Wil's injury," she said.

Gabriel glanced down at her hands around his waist, a flicker of disgust crossing his eyes.

After a moment of silence, he held her hands and looked down at her, speaking gently. "Jane, I'm not angry."

"Really?" Jane looked up at him, guilt evident in her eyes.

"Of course. I wouldn't be angry with you. You're my wife and the mother of my child. You're the most important person to me," Gabriel coaxed.

A hint of shyness crossed Jane's face as she lightly tapped his chest. "I knew you'd say something sweet to smooth things over."

Gabriel tightened his grip on her hands and leaned down to whisper in her ear, "I only say it to you."

His voice was deep and tender, and Jane felt as if she were walking on air, a giddy sensation washing over her.

"Aren't you supposed to be in a meeting? Hurry up and go. I can handle Wil," she urged.

Gabriel gently pulled her into his embrace, saying, "There's no rush. I'll take you and Wil home first before heading to the meeting."

Jane pushed him away. "No, you just established your position at the company. If you neglect work for personal matters now, it will surely upset Grandpa. I can handle this. Just go." "Okay, thanks for going through the trouble. What do you want for dinner? I'll cook it for you myself," Gabriel offered.

Since their marriage, they had

moved into a villa next to the Wilkies. It was specifically prepared for Jane and conveniently located nearby. They could easily visit each other, making any discussions that arose straightforward.

Gabriel didn't like having too many servants in the house, so apart from a housekeeper and a driver who took Wilhelm to school, they had no other help.

They usually had meals at the Wilkie residence, and sometimes Gabriel would cook for Jane and Wilhelm himself.

Jane had fallen for him because of his hard work. Although she loved his cooking, she rarely let him take over in the kitchen. He insisted it didn't tire him out and that taking care of them was his greatest joy.

In those moments, Jane felt confident that marrying him had been the right choice.

"I want grilled ribs and spicy crab. As for Wil, just steam him an egg. He needs to watch his diet while he's healing," Jane said. "Got it," Gabriel replied.

After he left, Jane took Wilhelm with her. However, instead of going home, she went directly to the Wilkie residence to see Pedro.

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When Pedro saw Jane, he was still somewhat displeased, especially since she had almost ruined his birthday party and had given away two villas to resolve her foolishness.

His gaze shifted to Wilhelm, whose forehead was wrapped in a bandage. He froze for a moment before his anger flared.

"What happened to Wil's head?!" he demanded.

Wilhelm was Pedro's only

great-grandson and was treasured.

Pedro was overly sensitive about his

well-being, and seeing him injured

made it impossible for him to keep his composure.

Wilhelm, clever as ever, knew that Pedro adored him. He let go of Jane's hand and ran up to Pedro to report his grievances.