

Standing before Love Chapter 232

“Myra wouldn’t stop complimenting you on our way here, Uncle Tony. She said that you’re very well-accomplished for your age and she complimented you for being handsome as well as kind! She also told me she likes you a lot and she doesn’t care about Sean at all! Mom told me that the reason why Myra blushes every time she sees you is because she’s head over heels for you...”

Henry was rambling even as he ran away from them.

“Come back here, you little rascal!” Myra bellowed after him. Her face felt like it was on fire from all the things he had said and she cursed inwardly, Ungrateful little brat. I can’t believe he’s doing this to me after he asked me to go shopping with him!

“No!” Henry blinked at her with an impish grin on his face. “Just admit that you’re in love with my uncle, Myra! There’s nothing to be embarrassed about!”

“Henry!” She gritted her teeth. She hadn’t realized how mischievous the boy could be and she wondered who had been filling his tender mind with all this nonsense.

“Are you angry?” Tony’s voice sounded weird, as if he was trying to suppress his amusement.

“Go ahead and laugh if you want to!” Myra snapped as she shot an icy glare at him.

Sure enough, he no longer suppressed his desire and let out a low rumble of laughter.

His voice was deep and enticing, carrying with it something uniquely enigmatic.

It was a joy to see someone as graceful and chiseled as him break into laughter. Myra wasn’t sure if she wanted to laugh along or drown in her own embarrassment.

Tony suddenly stopped laughing and leaned closer toward her to nibble on her earlobe. The warmth of his breath tickled the delicate skin of her nape. He quickly released her, but she was already burning from inside.

Worried that Myra would soon be enraged if this continued, Tony stopped teasing her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder as he guided her forward.

Sean stepped out from the corner and his eyes were stormy as he watched the three figure strolling not too far away. He was acutely aware of the resentment and frustration that was building up in him.

His heart clenched with fury when he thought about what that kid had said—‘She told me she likes you a lot and that she doesn’t care about Sean at all!’

When he saw how annoyed and irritated Myra had been, he was seized with a sudden urge to tease and cajole her. He did not want her to look at him as though he was the greatest nuisance in her life; he’d wanted to make her look at him with the same love and admiration that she had for him. Could it be that I have been acclimated to Myra’s presence around me? Is that why I felt like that? Could it be that I have developed real feelings for her—however slight they might be—during the course of our two-year marriage?

Sean closed his eyes briefly, overwhelmed by his own thoughts, before he turned and headed down to the basement carpark.

By the time Sean gave Lyla a call, he was already on his way back to the company.

“What?” Lyla demanded loudly, her shrill voice inviting disapproving looks from the other patrons in the cafe. Not wanting to cause a scene, she quickly lowered her voice and hissed unhappily into the phone. “What urgent thing in the company that requires your immediate attention? You told me you’d spent the entire afternoon with me, Sean. How could you abandon me halfway?”

She did not wait for him to answer and instead hung up angrily.

She wasn’t stupid. In fact, she could be quite clever at times. Judging from recent incidents, all the signs were indicating that she was in a precarious position indeed. She could fall from the pedestal that was Sean’s heart at any given moment.

Eve had never gotten along with her and if Sean kept distancing himself from her like this, it would only be a matter of time before she lost her title as the Young Mistress of the Chase family.

Lyla was suffocating under the weight of her fear and panic when she caught a glimpse of two familiar figures walking past the cafe window.

It was Eve and she was with the same woman whom Lyla had seen the other day.

Lyla had not been able to see the woman clearly before and she only managed to see her side profile. However, now that there was nothing obscuring her view, she could see that the woman was pregnant.

Eve, on the other hand, appeared to be doting on her. She was holding onto the woman even as they walked, as if she was terrified that the latter would get hurt simply by strolling in a mall.

At that sight, Lyla felt her heart plunge to her stomach. She had a bad feeling about this and without stopping to think, she hurried after them.

Nonetheless, she kept a safe distance away to avoid Eve seeing her.

She watched as they entered the same baby store that she and Sean had visited earlier. She noted that they had made a lot of purchases and she didn't enter the store until after they had paid and left. Her face was grim as she walked through the door.

"Have you thought about what you'd like to buy, miss?" It went without saying that the sales assistant remembered her.

Lyla forced a smile. She hummed in response and said, "I have my eyes on that crib you showed me earlier—I'll take one in the boys' style and another in the girls'."

Upon hearing that, the sales assistant beamed. "Certainly. Is there anything else you need?"

"That's all for now. The rest will have to wait until after the nursery is done," Lyla answered. She paused before she asked off-handedly. "I saw that the two ladies from earlier left the store with quite a haul. Is it because one of them is pregnant?"

The sales assistant had earned quite a hefty commission from the last two customers and she was still cheery about it as she answered, "That's right. The mother-in-law is clearly taking great care of her pregnant daughter-in-law.

The baby isn't even born yet and she's already stocking up on all the baby products!"

Lyla's face darkened when she heard the words 'mother-in-law' and 'daughter-in-law'. She glared at the sales assistant and seethed, "Do you even know what you're talking about?"

The sales assistant froze at the aggressive tone of Lyla's voice. She explained warily, "That was how the young woman addressed the madam, though. Furthermore, the madam was caressing the woman's baby bump and saying something about 'her golden grandson'—"

Before she could even finish speaking, Lyla had already stormed out of the store with a sullen expression.

"H-Hey, miss! You still haven't paid for the cribs! Do you still want them?"

Lyla was no longer in the mood to answer since things were beginning to make sense now.

So, this is why Sean has been so distant with me recently and why there is an abrupt shift in Eve's demeanor toward my pregnancy, she thought. Sean has a new lady now and he got her pregnant too!

However, she came to the realization that it wouldn't make sense if the lady was Sean's newfound love interest. As far as Lyla could tell, the lady was at least four months into her pregnancy, which meant that he had been with her since before Lyla's return!

Lyla bridled at this. It had only been a while ago when he proclaimed his love for her.

Her blood boiled and she bit on her lip so hard that she was close to drawing blood.

So, what in the world are Sean and Eve up to? From what I know, Eve wouldn't turn her back against me if the other woman is carrying a daughter. After all, it's not a granddaughter she wants, which means the other woman must be carrying a son instead!

Lyla's eyes widened at that and she felt dizzy as the blood rushed to her head. She stormed out of the mall and flagged down a cab. She gave the

driver an address and before long, the car sped away from the mall toward Chase Headquarters.

As agreed, Myra and Tony would drop Henry back at the Hart Residence first.

Henry made his way from the car to the front door of the house before he turned to politely wave at them. “Goodbye, Myra and Uncle Tony. Thank you for shopping with me today, Myra, and I’m really happy that you did.”

Myra reached out and ruffled the boy’s hair with a smile. “I’m really happy as well. Go on then. It’s getting late.”

The little boy nodded as he hummed in response. Then, he turned to walk through the front door.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was standing at the side as he watched the scene unfold, a devious grin playing on his face. After a while, he lifted his hand and waved the two adults away, as though he was asking them to leave immediately.

They entered the car and as usual, there was a warmth in the atmosphere that eased them.

Tony’s hand clasped over Myra’s left hand. His thumb gently caressed the back of her hand as he asked, “Do you like Henry?”

The ticklish sensation of his gesture made Myra squirm slightly. She wanted to pull her hand away, but he wouldn’t let her. She glared at him before she answered, “I do. He’s adorable and he’s really mature for his age.”

“Then, you should have one of your own—a child, I mean,” Tony remarked teasingly as he let out a low chuckle. He made it sound as if childbirth was as easy as breathing.

Myra rolled her eyes in exasperation. “I can’t just have a child at will, Tony. I need to get pregnant first before actually going through childbirth.”

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“Are you trying to tell me that I’m not putting in enough work or effort, Myra?” Tony chuckled devilishly, causing Myra to flush immediately.

“Keep your eyes on the road, Tony!” She snapped while growing flustered.

He let out another low rumble of laughter, but other than the fact that he was holding her hand, he did not move to tease her any further.

Before long, they pulled up outside Tony’s detached villa.

Myra had mentioned that she liked it here and soon after that, both of them moved into the property.

When they drove into the compound, a management caretaker informed Tony that he had a visitor.

They hadn’t been bothered by it until they pulled up outside the villa and nearly knocked into a woman standing in the middle of the path. Myra was shocked and she let out a sharp gasp.

Tony, on the other hand, frowned. He coaxed her and took the keys before he stepped out of the car to open the gate to the villa.

He had only just walked away from the car when a figure hurtled toward him. Before he knew it, someone had grabbed onto his arm and he heard a soft female voice whining, “Tony, you’re finally here! It’s been a while since I last saw you. I’ve missed you so much. Did you miss me too?”

He caught a powerful whiff of perfume that threatened to choke him and his eyes flashed with disgust. The person who’d caught him by the arm was not standing firmly on her feet, but he paid no regard to this as he pursed his lips and pulled away from her. His freezing gaze fell on the woman who was batting her eyelashes at him and he greeted stoically, “Miss Walton.”

With that, Tony brushed past her toward the gate to the front yard. He unlocked it swiftly and sauntered back to the car without so much as glancing at Gemma. She was as good as invisible to him.

When she saw that he was ignoring her, she bit on her lip.

Gemma had immediately rushed over to the Hart Residence after her plane landed today. She’d needed and whined for Tony’s address before coming over as soon as she got it.

She had wanted to wait to return from the United States with her brother, but she'd grown anxious at the thought of some other woman pining after Tony. As such, she'd packed her bags and flew out from the United States without further delay.

However, Tony was still as cold and indifferent as he'd always been despite the fact that they hadn't seen each other for ages. She couldn't help but feel the resentment bubbling up in her, yet she trailed after him. "Tony, I rushed over here as soon as my flight landed. It wasn't easy for me to get your address. I just got back from the States and I'm worn out. Would you mind taking me in for a couple of days?"

"You should check into a hotel instead of asking for a room here, Miss Walton," Tony countered flatly.

"I haven't booked a room in any hotel, though. You know that I have no friends in the country. Besides, it's already getting late—are you really going to just leave me stranded outside, Tony?" Gemma's eyes were rimming red as she said it and she gazed pitifully as he walked away with his strong back facing her.

Meanwhile, Tony was already standing by the car, and he was opening the door.

Gemma instantly wanted to open the door to the backseat, but Tony deftly reached out and slammed the door shut. He turned and glowered at her darkly. "I've warned you, Gemma. I don't take kindly to intruders on my territory. You can either leave now or I'll have someone make you."

There was a hard edge to his voice. He did not care that she was a woman or that she was Gideon's sister.

Gemma stiffened. She'd believed that their time apart would finally thaw his icy demeanor toward her and that perhaps he would even come to miss her. She'd left home for Bradford City so that she could see him, but as it turned out, her efforts were futile. How could he be so heartless?

Then, she turned to the side and her eyes fell on the car.

Through the dimness in the car, Gemma could make out the figure of a woman in the passenger seat. Her eyes widened when she realized that it

was not Serena, Tony's sister, but another beautiful woman whom she did not know!

When she thought about how he'd said he did not take kindly to intruders, Gemma bit on her lip in bitter resentment. She pointed an accusatory finger toward the passenger seat of his car and demanded, "You said you don't take kindly to trespassers, so what is she doing here? What right does she have to sit in your car and have you drive her into your property?"

"She has every right to enter my property—she's my wife." Tony's eyes crinkled slightly and a gentle, indulgent look flashed across his features as he uttered the word 'wife'.

"Don't lie to me! How could you have a wife if you're not even married in the first place?" Gemma retorted in disbelief. Once again, she made to open the door so she could slide into the backseat of the car, but Tony reached out and seized her wrist in a vise-like grip. He hauled her away despite her protests and moved toward the exit before unceremoniously flinging her away.

As he did so, he did not seem to care that he was being rough with her. His grip had been tight enough to bruise her skin and she could feel her wrist throbbing. For a moment, she thought it would snap.

"I'm only asking that you take me in for a couple of nights, Tony—I'll move out once I find a place to stay. Besides, if that woman is allowed to go into your villa, I don't see why I can't! Who is she? She's probably just after your money and power. Don't be fooled by her!"

"That's enough!" Tony barked. He took out a handkerchief from his jacket and wiped the hand with which he had gripped her wrist. Then, he threw the handkerchief into a nearby trash can like it was toxic waste.

Gemma's face darkened. She saw that he was turning to leave and it was as if he could tell what her next move would be. He dodged when she reached out to try and grab him.

"I'm not known for my patience, Gemma," Tony warned, his face grim when she stepped in front of him to block his way.

"You know how I feel about you, Tony. I came to Bradford City for you!" She looked at him stubbornly although she shuddered when she saw the cold gleam in his dark orbs.

He may just relent for Gideon's sake. After all, they were good friends and there was a time when they had been business partners as well.

At the thought of that, she bit her lip and said, "Tony, if you get that woman to leave right now, then I'll act as if this incident today did not happen."

She drew in a breath as she waited for him to consider. She knew that men were egocentric creatures at heart. Meanwhile, the woman was still seated in his car. Gemma was stung—she never even had the chance to take a ride in it.

Tony let out a short bark of laughter and although it was soft, Gemma felt a chill run down her spine all the same. The next moment, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and made a call. When the line on the other end picked up, he said coldly, "This is the owner of Villa No.120. I need two security guards over here immediately."

Gemma's fists clenched at her sides when she heard this. "How dare you treat me this way, Tony! How are you going to explain yourself to my brother and my parents? They all know I came to Bradford City to see you!"

After having grown tired of this exchange, Tony ignored her. When he saw the two security guards rushing toward them, he said plaintively, "I don't know this woman. Keep her out the next time you see her."

It was clear that the security guards knew who he was. They answered hastily, "Yes, Director Hart."

Without sparing Gemma another glance, Tony turned and left.

Upon seeing that, she moved to stop him, but the security guards seized her by her arms and brought her toward the exit. "Sorry, miss, but we have strict rules against trespassing."

Meanwhile, Myra could still hear Gemma's screeching protests coming from the outside when Tony opened the car door. "Let me go! Do you know who I am? I'm the daughter of the Walton Family! I'm Tony's girlfriend! How dare you treat me this way!"

The sound of her voice was drifting away as she was dragged out of the compound, but the words 'I'm Tony's girlfriend' seemed to echo in the stillness of the evening.

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Upon her arrival at Chase Headquarters, Lyla took out a hundred in cash and handed it to the driver. Then, she stepped out of the taxi without waiting for her change.

Most of the employees had left by now and there were only a few of them working overtime on each floor of the headquarters. When the security guard manning the lobby downstairs saw Lyla, he quickly pressed the button for the elevator.

It wasn't hard to guess why Lyla was here and the security guard was only being helpful as he said, "Miss Fisher, Director Chase has only just gone up."

Lyla's nails dug into her palms when she heard that. She entered the elevator before she pressed the button to close the door and for the designated floor respectively.

As the elevator began to make its climb, her chest tightened with rage and anxiousness. When the doors opened with a 'ding', she walked out and headed down the hallway.

It was quiet on this floor, but the lights were turned on.

Her eyes immediately found Sean's office, which was situated at the end of the long hallway. She took a deep breath and wore a calm front as she marched toward the office.

Sean was staring at the document on his desk. It was nothing more than a simple set of divorce papers with neither signature nor stamp to validate it.

He had found it at Myra's work station, which had been vacant ever since she left. When he returned to Chase Group earlier, he was inexplicably drawn toward her workstation whereupon he saw the divorce papers.

He remembered the time when everyone had accused her of leaking company trade secrets on Hillville. She had said that the only thing she took from his office was a set of divorce papers and nothing else. No one had believed her, not even him himself.

Now that the divorce papers were before him, how could he believe Myra?

Could he believe that these divorce papers were, as she had said, taken from the desk in his office? Had she designed the documents to cover up for her lies instead?

Sean wasn't sure what to think. All he knew was that if he had a chance to go back in time, he would not be so quick to judge Myra, although it was too late for him to do anything now.

"Sean!" A voice cried abruptly, pulling him from his thoughts.

He looked up with a frown to see that Lyla had stormed down the hallway and into his office.

There was a sour look on her face, and her eyes immediately registered the document on his desk. She was more than familiar with it. After all, she had been the one to type out the heading and now the words 'Divorce Agreement' seemed to leap off the page to greet their maker.

Lyla's heart jolted and a moment later, she watched as Sean calmly slid the divorce papers to one side of his desk. He looked up at her and asked, "What's wrong?"

She didn't know why the papers were with him. She was sure that Myra had taken them. If the papers were here with him, could it mean that he'd figured things out?

Lyla could feel her heart racing and her fists were clenched at her sides. She seemed to have forgotten why she came in the first place.

When Sean saw that she was staring at the document with what looked like shock on her face, he pursed his lips and repeated flatly, "What's wrong, Lyla?"

She saw that while there was a look of mild indifference in his eyes, he didn't appear to be harboring any anger. The unease in her dissipated slightly. She convinced herself that there was no way he could have figured things out, because if he had, he wouldn't be so calm and collected. She shook off her worry before biting her lip as tears pricked her eyes. "Sean, are you hiding something from me?"

The resentment was clear on her face.

Lyla had felt as though she could instantaneously combust when she heard the sales assistant saying earlier that the other woman was pregnant with Sean's child. She couldn't let things go south, not when she'd only just married him, and especially not when it concerned the Chase Family lineage!

Meanwhile, after hearing what she'd said, Sean felt the vein near his temple began to pulse again. He reached for the divorce papers once more and began to flip through it, reading the words in earnest.

When he did not respond, she only grew more anxious and upset. She crossed over and snatched the divorce papers away from him, snapping, "Answer me! Are you hiding something from me? Are you and Mom up to something terrible behind my back? Do you know how much I love and trust you, Sean? I was forced to stay away from you for two years, but I did that for you! How could you treat me like this after all that we've been through to be together again?"

She was getting more agitated as she spoke. Her heart clenched with rage at the thought of the other woman bearing a son for Sean. When did that b*tch even climb into his bed in the first place? How dare she become pregnant with his child?

"Lyla, what could Mom and I possibly be hiding from you?" Sean was getting annoyed with her and he frowned when he caught the crazed look in her eyes.

He found himself worn out all the time from his marital and family life ever since he married Lyla. It was as though she had turned into a completely different person. She was no longer as gentle or considerate as she had once been and instead spent her days being jealous and suspicious. He knew that women often experienced a change in temperament following their pregnancy, but he was beginning to be tired of her dramatics and the effects they had on his life.

He couldn't help but think about his encounter with Myra today. He thought about how calm and independent she'd been, how there was a gentle warmth to her placid disposition. He remembered how it was when they'd been married. Eve had constantly spoken up for her and claimed that she shared a friendly relationship with the latter. Myra had never once caused him trouble.

As he thought of these, his gaze flickered over to the divorce papers once again and he appeared to be in a daze.

Lyla, on the other hand, noticed that he was looking at the divorce papers. Coupled with what he'd said, she was beginning to feel threatened. She had never felt this way before; she had never felt that everything was slipping out of her hands.

She remembered what Kris had told her the other day. She registered the look on Sean's face and thought about how he had been distant and cold with her lately—how he'd humored her instead of paying attention to her.

Lyra's nails dug into her palms painfully, but the gaze with which she regarded the man before her was calm. "Don't tell me you're still thinking about Myra, Sean."

Sean snapped out of his thoughts and shook off the dazed look on his face. His face was grim as he looked at her and he responded coldly, "Lyla, if you're here only to make unreasonable accusations against me, then I'm afraid I don't have the time to argue with you. I have a lot of work to do today, so I'll be spending the night in the office. You should head back home."

"Unreasonable accusations?" All the tears and bitter resentment she'd pushed down had bubbled up within her and burst. She was turning pale with fury as she pointed at the divorce papers. "Kris told me that you went to see Myra. Why did you do that? There is nothing left between the both of you, so why did you look for her? You said you'd spend the whole day with me, but you left me alone instead! You've been cold and distant with me these days. Is it because you're expecting a child with another woman? Is that why you don't care about me or our baby anymore?"

"Do you even know what you're talking about, Lyla?" Sean's face was thunderous.

"Of course I know what I'm talking about! Tell me right now, Sean—are you expecting a baby with another woman?"

"You're impossible!" He roared. He stood up abruptly, took the suit jacket that had been draped over the back of his chair, and made his way toward the door.

However, Lyla pulled his arm before he could reach the door.

Tears were streaming furiously down her cheeks as she glowered at him, shouting, "Don't you dare leave, Sean! Let me tell you this—I will not let that

child be born! And if you were to divorce me, you should know that I'd never agree to sign the papers!"

A sudden 'bang' resounded in the room, shocking Lyla and silencing her sobs.

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Sean's fist slammed into the frame of his office door. It was a horrific sight when blood quickly began to bead and flow from the cuts on his knuckles.

Lyla trembled. "Sean..."

"Lyla, if you insist on being crazy like this, then I'm afraid divorce will be all that's left on the table for us." The look on his face was cold and without throwing her another glance, he pulled away from her grip before walking away from her.

'If you insist on being crazy like this, then I'm afraid divorce will be all that's left on the table for us...'

Divorce will be all that's left...

Divorce...

As his words reverberated in her mind, Lyla's legs caved in. She collapsed onto the carpeted office floor and watched as Sean's back disappeared from view. Her heart twisted with a sharp, cold ache that threatened to cut her breath off.

Sean, on the other hand, had immediately regretted saying those words to Lyla. After all, he had once been deeply in love with her. He'd told himself to tolerate her since she was only jealous and suspicious because pregnancy got the better of her rationale.

However, he had lost his temper after being aggravated by her tantrum. Myra wouldn't have done that. She wouldn't have been so unreasonable as to throw a fit in the middle of my office. If that had been Myra...

A dull ache began to throb in his head. No, there was a time when Myra had thrown her fits and whined and complained, too, he corrected himself. However, he had distanced himself, hurting her until her love for him became threadbare and she finally gave up on him. He remembered the last time they

were in a room together as husband and wife, but in the end, she had shown up at the City Hall with a steely look in her eyes and she no longer regarded him with love or sentiments. He had pushed her away, bit by bit, and toward the end, she left and never looked back.

The thought seemed to tear his heart into pieces and the pain that followed was excruciating, but it numbed him all the same. His face was still grim—like the storm clouds that gathered over a restless sea.

Myra could still hear Gemma's voice in her head screaming that 'I'm Tony's girlfriend'. She was pulled from her thoughts when a familiar scent filled the space next to her and she felt Tony's hand clasp over her own. He frowned as he asked, "What are you thinking?"

Myra shook her head. "I didn't think Gemma would be so..."

She trailed off, suddenly at a loss for words to describe the other girl. Knowing Tony, she knew she could take his word when he said he had never dated Gemma and the cavalier way with which he'd said it meant he was telling the truth.

Nonetheless, Myra was still somewhat displeased by the idea that some other woman was pining after him.

She tightened her grip on his hand before bringing it to her mouth before biting on the web between his thumb and index finger.

Myra hissed through gritted teeth after releasing his hand. "You're nothing but trouble!"

She was beginning to notice that he was trouble or at least he had the potential to be. As if it wasn't bad enough that women flocked to him like bees to honey, those women proved to be relentless pests and this annoyed her to no end.

Meanwhile, the storm in Tony's eyes had cleared after he heard Myra's accusation. He cast her a sideways glance and noted her sulky expression, then chuckled in amusement as he started the car. As he drove through the open gate and onto the driveway, he said, "Don't worry. I don't think she's as pretty as you are."

“Don’t try to convince me with sweet talk!” Myra dismissed him angrily. How could she not have realized that for all his accomplishments, Tony was just like any other man?

However, she could not hide the small smile that tugged at her lips upon hearing his compliment.

After having arrived at the front door of the villa, Myra stepped out of the car and entered the house, bringing with her the bag from the men’s boutique.

Tony, on the other hand, headed straight for the bathroom. When he came out after a shower, he saw her seated on the center of the bed, laying out the pale blue shirt that she’d bought earlier. She’d rummaged through the drawer in which he kept his ties and was now picking out the ones that would compliment the shirt.

He was used to wearing white shirts beneath his black suits and he was far too lazy to deviate from this routine. He certainly didn’t think that she would get him a pale blue shirt and he wondered how he was going to pull off such a pastel color.

Tony raised a brow and sauntered over to where Myra sat on the bed.

She had only just matched a maroon tie to the shirt when she heard the bathroom door opening followed by the approaching footfalls. She looked up at him as she asked excitedly, “What do you think about this look?”

However, she found herself staring into the endless sea that was his obsidian orbs.

He had only a towel wrapped around his waist and he gave his hair a quick rub instead of toweling it dry. Water dripped down from the ends of his hair and rolled past his chiseled cheekbones before it fell onto his toned chest muscles.

Myra could feel her face growing hot at the sight of that.

She swallowed; her heart was racing erratically as she watched the light play across the hard planes of his body.

Tony noticed the pink flush that colored her cheeks and his gaze darkened almost instantly.

Myra was about to turn away when his towering figure approached her and he sat in front of her. His tall frame shielded her petite figure and when they sat like that, she looked as if she was already enveloped in his embrace.

s though he had not seen her blush, Tony threw a nonchalant glance at the shirt and tie next to him. He raised his brows slightly as he asked, "I wouldn't know if it looks good just by glancing at it."

His head was lowered as he gazed at her and he was sitting close enough for her to feel his breath on the sensitive skin of her neck. Her blush crept all the way to her collarbone, but she let out a cough and feigned calmness as she suggested, "Maybe you should try it on then."

"Okay," he answered plaintively. He reached for the shirt and pulled it on, but he left the buttons undone. Abruptly, he took Myra by the waist, pulling her closer until she was on her knees before him. His hands clasped over hers and brought them to the front of his shirt before he said, "Button it up for me."

His voice was low and slightly hoarse.

Myra's face flushed with more fury as she brought her gaze to Tony. The more she stared into his eyes, the more she felt herself drowning in them, as if they were dark whirlpools from which she could not escape.

She looked away from the devilish gleam in his eyes and her gaze darted around frantically as she quickly buttoned up the shirt.

She made fast work indeed and within seconds, the shirt was buttoned. However, when she turned to look at the row of buttons on the shirt, she grew exasperated with herself. The shirt had been unevenly buttoned and it looked ridiculous, if not comical.

"Myra, you did that on purpose..." Tony murmured, his warm breath stirring close to her ear. Before she could react, she felt the press of his lips against the curve of her ear.

"Tony... There's something I'd like to tell you..." Myra kept a clear head. She hadn't told Tony about what happened today and she would feel better if she did.

"What is it?" He did not appear to want to stop as he trailed kisses to her jawline.

For a moment, she was distracted by the pleasure that was beginning to course through her, but she quickly sobered and pushed him away. Her voice was low as she rasped, “Andrew came to see me today to take the documents for those projects that Thomas signed off for the Stark Group. He apologized to me and I think he did it because he knows you. He also mentioned that you asked him to take good care of me when I was thrown into prison the last time.”

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“He has confused me...” Myra’s last words were actually true.

She casually uttered those words, but when Tony heard it, his eyes immediately darkened as he tightly embraced the woman in front of him without waiting for her to finish her words. “If you are confused, then stop thinking about it.” He didn’t give her any time to breathe and soon after, she could no longer think.

When Myra finally fell asleep due to exhaustion, Tony released her and carefully covered her with a blanket. Then, he landed his thin lips on her forehead, but he was filled with mixed emotions in his heart. As he rose to his full height and walked to the balcony, he lit up a cigarette and took a deep breath. He knew exactly what she was talking about.

Captain Fowler is probably scared of me after what happened last time, so in an attempt to please me, he tried to say some good words about me in front of Myra. In the end, he accidentally let the cat out of the bag that I ordered him to treat her well in advance. However, how can I allow her to find out that I knew about all of this from the start? At that time, when taking the last step, I had already hesitated in my heart, but in the end, I chose the cruel way. If she finds out about all of this, what will she think?

The cigarette between his fingers slowly burned as the white smoke rose like silk, blurring his expression. Suddenly, he furrowed his brows and snuffed out the cigarette before he returned to the house.

Myra needed to discuss a project with her business partners today, so she came to the Ritz Carlton. On her way to the meeting, she went to the washroom. When walking past a luxurious private room, she suddenly heard a familiar voice coming from inside. “Director Wallace, why don’t I serve you

another glass of wine? Just one more. Are you really going to discredit my reputation?"

Without a second guess, Myra immediately knew who the familiar voice belonged to and instinctively furrowed her brows. It seemed that the door of the private room wasn't tightly closed when someone went out, so it left a gap, showing her everything that happened inside the room.

At that moment, Sasha was wearing a tight-fitting suspender dress as she poured a bottle of vodka with a smile into the cup of a fat and ugly middle-aged man. From Myra's perspective, she could see the perverted middle-aged man as he reached out to Sasha with a disgusting smile. "You know me so well, Miss Hay. Nowadays, there aren't many women as pretty and capable as you, Miss Hay. Not only that, you are brilliant at doing business too."

Immediately, Sasha's body froze, but she didn't avoid his hand. Instead, she let out an even brighter smile. "Thank you for your praise, Director Wallace. It's all because of you that I have the pleasure to personally work together with the Wallace Enterprise. From now on, we are partners, so I hope that you can assist me more in the future."

"Excellent!" Seeing that she wasn't avoiding his hand, the man felt excited as he pulled her into his arms before landing a kiss on her red lips with his foul-smelling mouth. "As long as you make me happy, anything is possible..."

Upon looking at the scene, Myra could feel her stomach churning as she left the room with her furrowed brows. She more or less knew what kind of a person Sasha was, but she did not expect her to resort to such methods for the sake of her company. As she thought about how Sasha once seduced Tony in the hotel, she couldn't help but feel disgusted.

After coming out of the toilet, Myra went to the washstand and was about to wash her hands, but her eyes suddenly met the woman next to her putting on some makeup. Looking at the delicate makeup and fine body, she couldn't help but praise Sasha's outer appearance. It was her most reliable weapon in the business world as it had never failed her other than Tony.

"Have you just seen me and Director Wallace?" Without looking at Myra, Sasha continued to patch up her makeup, but in the mirror, her expression was a little cold as there was a hint of sarcasm in her eyes.

However, Myra refused to answer her. In fact, she had nothing else to say. This woman has nothing to do with me. Besides, I still haven't forgotten that she once framed me for plagiarism.

"I know that you are currently together with Tony. What is it? Are you now being arrogant because you are finally with that man? Do you think that people like us are not worth talking to?" Sasha finally closed her foundation powder container as she turned and leaned against the washstand while her eyes were filled with disdain. "Myra, I can't believe Tony would actually fancy a woman like you! However, what surprised me is something else. Don't you love Sean very much? Why did you get together with Tony so quickly? What do you want from him? Do you want his money, his power, or him?"

"What does that have to do with you?" Myra glanced at Sasha calmly. After washing her hands, she took a piece of tissue to wipe her hands clean as she was about to leave.

"It has nothing to do with me." Sasha stepped aside and blocked her path. Then, she quirked up her bright red lips and glared at Myra, no longer concealing the jealousy in her eyes. "However, I'm just not used to seeing you like this! Do you really think that Tony loves you very much? Stop dreaming! If you know what he did to you before, let's see if you can still smile about it!"

"Are you done?" After listening to Sasha, Myra asked calmly.

At first, Sasha was startled, but she quickly squinted her eyes. "I heard that Gemma is back in Bradford City. Myra, do you know who she is? Back when Tony was working hard in the United States, she was the only woman next to him! If he can leave her behind for you, that means he can do so for some other woman too!"

"So?" Myra's expression did not change much. She trusted Tony. Even though Gemma's appearance had made her a little worried, it still wasn't possible for her to be annoyed by every woman that showed up next to him.

Looking at how calm Myra was for the whole conversation, Sasha was suddenly overwhelmed with hatred. Tony was once mine! In order to win his heart, I've wasted so much energy and even risked everything to destroy Myra's reputation, but in the end, he didn't even spare me a single glance! Not only did he tell me that he likes Myra, he even warned me not to mess with her.

Ever since that day, the performance of the Hay Group started to drastically plummet as many problems started to arise. The Hay Group's financial status was on the brink of collapse, so Sasha sought Eve for help. However, Eve continued to avoid her. At first, Sasha thought that Lyla would help her to some extent, but Lyla refused to do so because she felt that her position in the Chase Family was in jeopardy since she married Sean. However, Sasha also saw Eve with another woman that day. The woman wasn't a stranger to her at all because she was very familiar with her. She is one of Sean's lovers—Elsie. She is pregnant.

In the end, Sasha had no choice but to tolerate a wretched man like Director Wallace in order to save the Hay Group! At that moment, she was sinking deep into a pile of mud, but Myra, on the other hand, was looking more fabulous. That was why Sasha tightly clenched her fists.

“Myra, have you ever wondered who sent the video of you dashing out of Tony's room in embarrassment when we stayed in the hotel that day?!”

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“That night, Sean must have shown you the video, right? For those who are unaware about the situation, the video is proof that you proactively seduced Tony just to get the Sunny Bay Project! You are the one who is a shameless slut!” Sasha's expression was almost frightening.

“It's you...” Myra looked at the woman in front of her in shock.

After Tony finally proved Myra's innocence that day, Eve had treated her well when she returned home and even apologized to her. However, at midnight, Sean suddenly broke into Myra's room and harshly shouted at her before smashing his phone on her forehead. On the phone, the video of her running out of Tony's room undressed was being played.

However, she was heartbroken at that time, so she did not give much thought into where he obtained the video from, but unexpectedly...

“That's right—it's from me!” Seeing the shock on her face, Sasha revealed a menacing yet joyful smile. “What is it? Are you surprised?”

After a moment of shock later, Myra composed herself. “No, I should have thought that it was you.”

“Is that so...” Sasha suddenly laughed. Her exquisite makeup and smile made her an unparalleled beauty, but there wasn’t any trace of happiness in her eyes. “Myra, how do you think I was able to obtain the video easily?”

At first, she didn’t think that she would be able to obtain the video. Since Tony was deeply in love with Myra at that time, if he really wanted to protect her, why would he allow me to obtain the video from the hotel? Not only that, there wasn’t a delay during the whole process. When I asked for the surveillance video, the hotel manager immediately prepared the precise video that I wanted for me. I can’t think of anyone who would do this on purpose except Tony.

“Do you really think that the man next to you is a perfect angel? Sadly, you are wrong. He was the one who purposely gave me the video at that time and you know clearly why he did it! If I received the video, I would definitely show it to Sean and I’m certain that he knew what Sean would do once he saw the video.” At this point, Sasha didn’t know whether she should be happy or hate the woman in front of her even more. “Myra, Tony deliberately took the video for Sean, your ex-husband, to see. He deliberately drove a wedge between the two of you so that you would hate Sean! If he is capable of doing such things, I’m sure that he is responsible for many other things too! Didn’t you realize that before the divorce with Sean, your relationship with him couldn’t be healed in a way like before?! Before the divorce, your relationship with him became more tense and out of control. This is definitely the work of Tony! Now, you are spending your life every day with a calculative man. When he likes you, he won’t do anything to harm you, but what if one day, he abandons you like Gemma? What do you think he’ll do to you in front of another woman?”

The smile on Sasha’s face widened. If I can’t be happy, then she doesn’t deserve to be happy either!

“I heard that Lyla and Tony are best friends. She was the one who introduced and sold the Hillville project from the Chase Group to him, but he didn’t announce it immediately. Instead, he waited for a while before announcing the acquisition of the Hillville project to purposely make others think that he wanted to buy the project afterward. Myra, have you ever thought about that? I can’t blame you since most people won’t delve deep into it! I can’t be sure about anything else, but Lyla told me personally that she and Tony are best friends. Otherwise, why would she allow him to buy a piece of land from the Chase Group?! Here is the real question, Myra. Does Tony know your

relationship with Lyla? And why is he helping her? Or is he hiding something from you?"

Actually, Sasha wasn't too sure about all of what she said, but she didn't believe Tony was really in love with Myra, so she instinctively assumed that there was something more to it than met the eye.

Lyla doesn't seem like a reckless woman, so she definitely has a relationship with Tony, albeit out of interest or something else. That's why she would dare to tell me that she is friends with him. Also, at that time, Lyla, Sean, Myra and Tony were in a tense situation, so it's possible that Tony and Lyla have a relationship of interest at the moment!

After listening to Sasha's explanation of the whole situation bit by bit, it was impossible for Myra not to be shocked. However, in the end, it came from Sasha's mouth and Myra wasn't stupid enough to trust her instead of Tony.

As she clenched both her fists, she raised her head and met Sasha's eyes that were filled with mockery and hatred. "Are you done?" she uttered calmly.

Sasha sneered, "You can keep on pretending! I know that you are starting to panic inside your heart! Myra, of course, not everything I said is true. You can try to find the evidence yourself. Maybe... Why don't you ask Tony yourself? Ask him if he planned on buying the Hillville project from the Chase Group all along and whether the middlewoman is Lyla! Also, remember to ask him about the video. Ask him whether he deliberately allowed me to show it to Sean!"

In the meantime, Myra tightened her fists as she felt a pain in her palms.

As for Sasha, she seemed to have had enough of Myra, so she packed up her makeup kit on the washstand before walking outside. "Tsk. I'm just kindly reminding you. Don't let my kindness go to waste."

Soon after, she disappeared in the corner, leaving Myra to stand alone in front of the washstand in a daze.

Suddenly, her body rotated and she turned on the tap before splashing water on her face twice.

She kept on telling herself not to delve deep into Sasha's words because it was obviously said without any good intentions. Before my divorce from Sean,

our relationship was already rotten to the core, so the divorce was inevitable. It has nothing to do with anyone else. Also, I was slowly losing hope in the Chase Residence at that time. Tony once told me personally that he isn't even friends with Lyla and he went over to her place just as a representative of the Sunny Bay Project. Not only that, he even blocked her afterward...

At that moment, her mind was turning at a rapid speed and in the end, she bit her lips. I shouldn't be convinced by Sasha's words. She must hate me very much now, so she can't wait to see me break up with Tony. Besides, does it even matter if this is all his doing? If our divorce is really caused by that one video, it only shows that my marriage with Sean has its own problems. I can't blame anyone else for that. Also, Tony would never be friends with Lyla. That's all I need to know. As for the Hillville project, no one else knows better than me about the benefits I gained from it. Most of all, Tony will never harm me in the same way as Sasha said.

Even though Myra was trying really hard to convince herself, she still felt a strange feeling inside her heart for some reason. It wasn't much, but it was certainly present.

As she furrowed her brows, she took a tissue to dry her face before leaving the washroom.

At noon, Tony received a call from the Hart Residence. It was from Sebastian.

From the sound of his voice, Sebastian seemed to be in a good mood, as if he was playing with his plants. "Tony, did you properly comfort Myra last night? Tsk. Did she argue with you?"

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On the surface, he sounds like he is asking me a question, but there is a hint of certainty in his words.

Inside the backlit office, the sunlight shone on Tony's back and bathed his whole body with the golden light. It was clearly a warm color, but at that moment, his expression was a little chilly.

"Would you be happy if Myra and I argued?" He pressed his thin lips while speaking in an icy cold tone.

“Why would I be happy? I’m your grandpa. Of course I’m hoping for the best for both of you!” Sebastian’s tone was particularly exaggerated, making Tony feel a little upset after thinking about what happened last night.

As he leaned against the armchair, he threw his pen aside with one hand and took out a cigarette before lighting it up. Beside him, there was an ashtray with a dozen cigarette butts which he smoked this morning.

“Don’t tell me that... you actually got into an argument with Myra last night?” Sebastian wasn’t able to hold back the tiny excitement in his voice.

Tony smiled coldly as he stuck a cigarette between his thin lips before roughly loosening his tie. As his gaze landed on the dark red tie and the light blue shirt that he specifically wore today, his mood improved a little, but his words were still filled with sarcasm. “I’m afraid that you’ll be disappointed.”

“Oh...” Obviously, Sebastian was disappointed that he couldn’t fiddle with his grandson. I can’t believe Myra is now fully in my grandson’s grasp. She doesn’t even quarrel with him after meeting her rival in love. This is so boring!

Yesterday, the girl from the Walton Family came to see him, asking about Tony’s recent address. Of course, he knew about it and seeing that the girl refused to leave without an answer, he told her right away.

Besides, he knew about his grandson’s temperament, so he was certain that he could protect Myra while also getting rid of the girl once and for all. Initially, he thought that there would be some drama, but in the end, nothing happened.

“Grandpa, is the Walton Family recently transferring their assets to... Bradford City?”

Just when Sebastian felt a little pity, Tony’s deep voice was suddenly heard on the other side, but this time, it sounded slightly more serious.

Sebastian raised his brows and spoke in a casual tone, “You finally realize it too.”

Tony furrowed his narrow brows slightly.

Ever since he was preparing to transfer the Hartwell Group to the country and merge it with the Hart Group, he actually noticed the Walton Group taking

action. However, at that time, the Walton's Group's finances weren't running smoothly, so he didn't put much thought into it. He didn't feel that something was happening, but Shawn sent a message to him earlier that the Walton Group had applied for the Central Square project in Bradford City, which was the city council's final project for this year. Even though it wasn't a huge project, not many companies would be able to apply for it because it was valued highly by the government. What is the Walton Group trying to do?

"Yesterday, Old Master Walton made a long-distance call to greet me," Sebastian uttered casually. "Can you guess what he said?"

"He is probably asking you for a marriage," Tony sneered.

"You are right. He said that his granddaughter is in love with you. Since the two of you have been together for so long, why don't we move on with marriage?" Sebastian said gleefully.

"In his dreams." Tony took a mouthful of smoke and squinted his eyes before blowing all the smoke. "The Walton Family isn't what they seem to be and this is why I decided to split the Hartwell Group. Grandpa, you should be more careful from now on and stop answering these bullsh*t calls. If you get yourself in trouble, nobody will be able to clean your *ss."

"Tony, does Myra know how rude you are with your words?!" Sebastian furrowed his brows instinctively.

"What does that have to do with you?" Tony asked.

Instantly, Sebastian was rendered speechless as he grunted. After a while, he couldn't help but ask, "Your grandma wants to know when the two of you are getting married. Don't tell me that you plan on getting married after impregnating Myra?"

For a moment, Tony was startled.

As for the marriage, he felt that the sooner the better, but he had an agreement with Conan and given the sudden appearance of the Walton Group...

"It'll happen soon." Tony extinguished his cigarette and pressed his thin lips. "If you want to look into our wedding, but you don't know what Myra likes, you can try calling her."

“What do you mean if I want to look into your wedding?” The moment Sebastian heard Tony’s words, he almost jumped up immediately as he refuted, but in his heart, he was feeling something else. It has been too boring for me lately. In fact... I do want to know what kind of weddings Myra likes... Cough...

“If you don’t want to, then don’t call her.” With that, Tony hung up the phone straight away.

Listening to the ‘beep’ sound on the other end, Sebastian was infuriated! This b*stard grandson! Why is he always this impatient toward me?

“No worries. I have Myra’s Facebook account, so I can just ask her on Facebook. I don’t even need to call her.” Sebastian stroked his beard and hummed before looking for his old partner.

After hanging up the phone, Tony grabbed his suit immediately and walked out of his office.

As soon as he went out, he happened to meet Leo, who was coming in.

Upon seeing Tony, who obviously looked different today, Leo quickly smiled. “Director Hart, this shirt really suits you.”

Tony raised his brows as his mood clearly improved a little. “I have something to attend to this afternoon, but the meeting this evening remains the same.”

“Alright.” Leo nodded while watching his boss going out to look for his wife.

After coming back from the washroom, Myra calmed down a lot.

However, her discussion with the Parker Group about the project was still in a stalemate.

The Parker Group was much larger than the Stark Group, so when they discussed the project, the former always tried to put themselves on a higher ground compared to the latter.

Upon noticing that Myra was back, Tilly gave her a resigned look.

There were five people on both sides of the companies and they had been discussing for almost two hours from 11:00AM. However, the Parker Group refused to back down from the conditions they offered, especially the manager

of the Project Department of the Parker Group who was a shrewd old man. Whatever benefits that didn't reach his standard, he would not listen to it one bit, no matter how beneficial it would be to them in the future.

As Myra furrowed her brows, someone knocked on the door of the private room right at this moment, so she shouted, "Come in."

The door was opened from the outside again and a dashing man in a leather suit showed up at the door.

The room was a little noisy because everyone was quietly discussing the project, so not many people noticed the man who entered the door since they thought he was just a waiter.

As soon as the manager in the Project Department of the Parker Group noticed the man, he immediately squinted his eyes, but he seemed to remember who the person was. Instantly, his expression changed slightly as he quickly stood up with a smile on his face before walking toward the door. "Director Hart... Welcome. I'm sorry that I couldn't welcome you personally just now. Please come in!"

The name 'Hart' was quite sensitive in Bradford City, especially when the manager politely shouted the name 'Director Hart', which meant that it could only be one person.

Suddenly, everyone in the room followed the manager's eyes and saw the emotionless man standing tall at the door with a cold expression. His dashing face had traces of fierceness that accentuated his imposing aura, which made everyone afraid of ignoring his presence.

His gaze scanned through the private room and landed on someone. After nodding his head faintly toward the manager, the man walked straight toward the person.

Mr. Smith's face was filled with shock as he looked at the direction where Tony was walking toward. That is the seat of that inexperienced little girl—the general manager of the Stark Group!

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From now onward, Mr. Smith needed to be careful with his words.

This is a man who can send shockwaves across Bradford City with just the stomp of his foot. The worth of the Hart Family's heir has always been a mystery, but the companies who are able to collaborate with them won't be treated badly here. Even though the Parker Group is a bigshot in the city, they are still incomparable to the Hart Group. I know the upper management of the Parker Group has always wanted to collaborate with them. However, none of these are the main points. The main point here is that Director Hart's wife is now in this room! But no one has ever heard that this man is married!

Tony calmly quirked up the corners of his thin lips as his expression became much more relaxed. He nodded his head flatly before walking toward a corner of the room straight away.

Among the people in the private room, Tilly was the most excited person.

The moment she saw him coming in, she knew that they would be successful in obtaining this project. In her heart, she was already quietly celebrating their victory.

Soon after, Tony stood still in front of a person in the room. Then, he slowly lowered his head and landed a kiss on the woman's forehead right in front of everyone else. "I thought that you were done with the meeting. It has been 2 hours, so I came here to say hello first. I have another meeting this evening, so I can't accompany you."

When he faced the woman, his expression relaxed a lot and one could say that he looked extremely gentle.

Everyone in the room, especially Mr. Smith, were in shock as they stared at the woman in front of Tony—the little girl from the Stark Group whom they thought was inexperienced.

I can't believe that she is Director Hart's wife. Everyone knows that she has just divorced Director Chase from the Chase Group, but no one expected her to get together with Director Hart this quickly. Does that mean the previous rumors were true?

No matter what, Mr. Smith's back was already drenched in sweat.

Luckily, we weren't too unreasonable toward Miss Stark earlier; otherwise, we would be dead by now.

Meanwhile, Myra was also surprised that Tony came to see her. Seeing that he kissed her openly in front of everyone, she more or less knew why he came. As her face flushed slightly, she secretly looked around the room before whispering, "Don't worry. I have other business to attend to this evening too. I'm not done discussing the project with the Parker Group yet. I may need to talk to Mr. Smith for a while."

Tony seemed to look a little surprised as he turned toward Mr. Smith and asked flatly, "You won't mind if I join in, right?"

Drops of cold sweat were starting to appear on Mr. Smith's face. "Of course I don't, Director Hart. We can't wait for you to join us!"

With that, he personally arranged for a seat next to Myra before Tony immediately sat on it.

Then, the later part of the negotiation went on extremely smoothly.

At first, the Parker Group tightly held onto their benefits, but now, as long as she gave them a little benefit, Mr. Smith would immediately agree to it.

Inside the room, everyone was also much more respectful toward her.

Upon seeing the change in Mr. Smith's attitude, she held tightly onto Tony's hand under the table.

How could I stupidly doubt the man in front of me just because of Sasha's few words? If a man has ulterior motives for treating me well, isn't it better to accept it right away? Myra wasn't the kind of person who was always doubtful of others. Unless she saw Tony betray her with her bare eyes, she would never give up on the man in front of her.

"You look really handsome today in this shirt!" Thinking about what Henry said, she murmured next to him.

Then, she could feel the man tightening his hand around hers, which put a smile on her face.

As soon as the lunch was finished, Mr. Smith indirectly expressed the Parker Group's desire to collaborate with the Hart Group in the future. On the other hand, Tony didn't reject his offer; he only said that he hoped the two companies would have a happy collaboration in the future.

However, in Mr. Smith's eyes, this meant that the relationship between him and the Hart Group was a little closer now, which was a huge honor to him. Therefore, when he left, his face was full of joy as he continuously praised the design that Myra brought today.

Tilly waited until the people from the Parker Group left before she consciously took the representatives from the Stark Group with her, giving Tony and Myra some space to be alone.

On the way from the private room to the lobby, Myra couldn't stop smiling. Then, she suddenly said, "When I went to the washroom earlier, I met Sasha. Do you still remember the Hay Group?"

Tony raised his brows. "You mean that time when someone was framed for plagiarism, she came to me crying for help while also pledging to marry me?"

"Who came to you crying for help while pledging to marry you?" Myra didn't know whether to cry or laugh as she stared at the playful man next to her. "You were clearly the one who wanted me to marry you. I know that you already had your eyes on me at that time. How dare you push such an embarrassing thing onto me."

When there were a bunch of people sitting inside the private room, the atmosphere was a little warm, so her face was partially reddened while her eyes were still crystal clear. As she stared at him with her distinctive eyes, Tony felt as though a feather had just gently caressed his heart, instantly softening it. "Fine, I already had my eyes on you at that time. I'm the embarrassing one, alright?" he chuckled.

Then, he grabbed her waist and lowered his head to seal her lips. After a moment of being gentle, he released her and asked, "Why did you mention that woman?"

Myra pushed him away slightly. "I heard that the Hay Group has offended someone recently, causing the company to lose a few big orders. Not only that, the person also exposed the company's many loopholes, which caused the bank to suspend their loans. Are you the one who did this?"

Tony's hand grabbed hers before he pinched her waist. "Did she trouble you?"

“Not quite.” As for the video, it was already in the past and she didn’t want to delve deep into anything that had to do with Sean, so she shook her head. “You don’t need to do this for me.”

“You don’t need to be ashamed of it. How do you even know that I did this for you?” Tony suddenly teased her by chuckling.

As Myra’s face started to burn, she simply pushed the hand on her waist away and pretended to walk ahead. “Since you didn’t do this for me, then suit yourself. I’m fine with it.”

After seeing her throwing a little tantrum, Tony chuckled before walking forward to pull the woman right into his arms again. The smile on his thin lips was obvious as he stared at her with his dark eyes. “I know what I’m doing with the Hay Group. I’m just teaching her a lesson.”

However, he didn’t expect the Hay Group to be incompetent. Ever since their loopholes were exposed, they weren’t able to recover for a long time.

As she smiled discreetly, she lifted her head and tried to say something to him, but suddenly, she was interrupted by the haggard voice of a woman just when she was about to speak...

“Director Hart, I want to have a word with you.”

For a moment, Myra was dumbfounded because not only was the voice not a stranger to her, it was very familiar to her. Soon, she furrowed her brows as she turned to meet the exhausted woman—Lyla.

Myra and Tony had already arrived at the lobby of the Ritz Carlton Hotel, but at some point, Lyla had walked ahead to the front of them. At that moment, she was in a horrible condition. Not only did she have bloodshot eyes, her clothes were covered with wrinkles and even her usually beautiful hairstyle was in a state of mess. She looked more like a woman who had just come out of the house after a sleepless night.

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“Director Hart...” At that moment, she did not look at Myra standing right next to Tony. Instead, the woman looked at him directly with a hint of plea and determination in her eyes, as though it was the final effort she could make.

Myra looked at the woman in front of her with a conflicted expression. She really is a woman of her words.

She lifted her head to look at the man next to her. He had a peaceful expression on his face, but he was quite cold to Lyla. He merely pulled Myra's hands as he planned to walk past Lyla as if she was not there.

However, Lyla stopped them. Her eyes flickered when she saw Tony's warning gaze, but after recalling something, she harshly bit on her lips and raised her head. Myra saw blood forming on her lips because of Lyla's force.

Even though Lyla did not want to show Myra her weakness, she could not be bothered with that at this moment. Looking at Myra, she said in a low and hoarse voice, "Miss Stark, can you give us a private moment? I have... something to discuss with Director Hart."

Myra's hand subconsciously tightened around Tony. While pursing her lips, she peacefully looked at the woman in front of her. "Miss Fisher, if you have anything to discuss, you can just say it right here. It's quite inappropriate of you to ask me to go away, isn't it?"

Upon hearing that, Lyla's expression changed immediately.

As soon as she knew that Myra had gotten together with Tony, she had already predicted that such a day would arrive. In the past, it was always Myra who was envious of her. So what if Myra comes from a wealthy family? She doesn't have a mother and her father hates her. Even her favorite man, Sean Chase, fell in love with me!

However, on this day, it was Myra who calmly stood in front of Lyla with an expression of disdain and mockery on her face.

It's all because of the man behind her! Without Tony, she's nothing!

Turbulent emotions fought with each other within Lyla, as if someone had poked her entire body with thousands of needles. However, she knew clearly that she could not attack Myra in front of him.

Ever since she had a fight with Sean yesterday, he did not return for the entire night.

A furious Lyla went to Eve and demanded an explanation from her. Upon seeing that, Eve's expression changed entirely and blamed Lyla for following her. However, Eve denied that the pregnant woman was Sean's partner. Instead, she merely said that the girl was a distant niece of hers. Apart from that, Eve also warned Lyla that she would not be this polite if she followed her again.

Lyla's relationship with Eve had taken a turn for the worse once again. She could not sleep at all last night and she called Sean, who was away for the entire night, countless times. However, he did not pick up any of her calls.

The next morning, after she woke up, she saw the latest entertainment news which showed Sean with a pretty model in front of a hotel. The picture was taken by paparazzi who followed them. Almost immediately, reports of his fling appeared on the first page of entertainment news.

Actually, the fact that he showed up in front of the hotel with another woman sent a deep message to her.

Looking at the both of them leaning against each other, Lyla felt that blood almost flowed out of her eyes.

She did not expect Sean to look for other women in less than two months after they were married.

She always thought that the reason why she could easily chase Myra away and become Mrs. Chase was because Sean loved her. When he's with another woman, has he ever thought of me?

Lyla became increasingly disappointed and hopeless toward the Chase Family. She knew that she had the trump card before she married into the Chase Family, so Eve had to treat her well. However, now that she no longer held any value to them, her status in the Chase Family was nothing. Perhaps Myra was not as desperate as her back then. After all, she knew just how much Eve adored Myra in the past.

After having no other options, Lyla was forced to seek Tony's help.

Up until this point, he was the only person who could help her.

Lyla clenched her fists that dangled on both sides of her body as her glance trailed from Myra to the man beside her—Tony.

Tony Hart, the myth of Bradford City, whose existence was like a God here. To Lyla, her best option was him back then. He was cold, fearless, and powerful. On top of that, he came from an exceptional background and his capabilities were outstanding—he had built his business empire at such a young age. Most important of all, he was loyal and affectionate. It was the most blissful feeling to be loved by this man.

However, when she met him after her return to Bradford City, he immediately rejected her and offered his help to marry her into the Chase Family.

I bet he was already planning to slowly gain Myra's affection at that time!

For Myra, he could give up on everything he has. Looking at the woman next to Tony, Lyla was almost overwhelmed by the jealousy and hatred that she could no longer suppress.

Why is Myra the one who gets all of this?

“Don't you think that you are being unreasonable, Miss Stark? Director Hart is an independent adult who has his own space and circle of friends. Without even asking him, you are making the decision for him immediately.” She could not hide the sarcastic smile on her face anymore.

Upon hearing that, Myra immediately froze. In the next instant, she felt a gentle force squeezing her hands. Gradually, her anxiety and hesitation faded as she held onto Tony's hands.

“Miss Fisher, I think you have misunderstood something. My circle of friends and my personal schedule are not open to you. If you want to discuss something with me, please book a time with my secretary.”

Tony spoke calmly with an air of indifference in his eyes. Even though he was stoic, Lyla could sense the warning in his words that sent a chill down her spine.

He was implicitly warning her that if she dared to attack Myra from now onward, he would not let her off the hook.

Lyla's fingernails dug into her palms. The pain in her hands slowly reached her heart, as her facial expression slowly became distorted.

“Director Hart, if you would like me to say it out loud right now, fine. I hope you can help me. The Chase Group—”

“You must be joking, Miss Fisher. I’m afraid I don’t have the ability to help you out.”

Without waiting for Lyla to finish her sentence, Tony had interrupted her coldly.

A tinge of impatience was already rising within his eyes as his face turned colder.

Upon seeing that, she felt that she almost could not maintain her balance. She bit her lips harshly as she thought, I already gave everything that I have. I ignored the fact that Myra is witnessing my humiliation in exchange for Tony’s help, hoping that he would give me a chance, but...

She shot a glance at the woman next to Tony.

It’s because of Myra, right?

The reason why he helped me back then was to get Myra. Now that Myra is with him, he will not help me again, knowing that she and I are enemies!

“Why do you say so?” Lyla felt as though her palms had become numb. She managed to remain standing as she suddenly smiled. “How is it possible that you can’t help me, Director Hart? I know that you’ve helped Miss Stark out numerous times. Everyone in Bradford City knows that you are very capable. Without even hearing me out, you immediately rejected me. Perhaps my request is just an easy thing for you...”

Under Tony’s piercing glare, Lyla knew that the only option left for her was to talk about Myra because he did not want Myra to know what he had done in the past. If he declined to help Lyla, then she could not stay at the Chase Family anymore. In fact, he would not want her to stay at the Chase Family so that they would not have any reason to keep in touch with each other anymore.

Sweat flowed down from Lyla’s cheeks, but she bit the bullet and forced herself to look at the man in front of her.

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In that instant, the air around them seemed to have dropped by a few degrees, making Lyla tremble slightly. Even though Tony's face remained expressionless, the cold stare he gave her seemed to shoot icicles at her, slowly freezing her. In that instant, she had an urge to turn and leave immediately, but she suppressed her desire.

After a long moment—so long that even Myra felt uneasy and tugged on his sleeves—he finally wrapped his hands around her and shot an indifferent look at Lyla. “Remember what I told you the other day.”

After saying that simple sentence, he left the hall of Ritz Carlton after wrapping his arms around Myra's waist.

This time around, Lyla stood frozen to the ground, not daring to stop them anymore.

What did Tony say the other day?

When she first learned that Tony had gotten together with Myra, she went to ask him about the entire situation. At that time, he told her to stay away from Myra. Apart from that, he also mentioned that there were many unexpected situations that could happen in the future.

What did he mean by that?

A chill suddenly spread from her head to her toes. Before she could even return to her senses, Mr. Johnson, the manager of Ritz Carlton, had already walked to her and told her sarcastically, “Miss Fisher, you are not welcome at Ritz Carlton anymore.”

With that, he left immediately, as though the thought of staying next to her disgusted him.

Usually, Lyla would arrogantly get to the bottom of this. However, she did not have any energy today and she had a feeling that it was just the beginning. Her life was going to worsen in the future.

With his arms wrapped around Myra, Tony walked to the parking lot. As Tilly had driven Myra's car off, he had to send her back to the Stark Group first.

On the way, he held Myra's left hand with his right one, which was free. It was quite rare for them not to utter a single word.

Thinking that the atmosphere between them was quite awkward, Myra cleared her throat. Unable to stop herself, she asked, "What did you tell Lyla the other day? Her face turned pale immediately once you mentioned it."

It was actually an understatement to merely describe Lyla as turning pale. In reality, she was immediately frozen on the spot and unable to speak at all, as if she had just suffered a great shock.

On another note, Myra was quite surprised by Lyla's appearance today.

After all, she knew that Lyla was a woman who cared about her appearances. No matter where Lyla was, she would always look well-dressed and glamorous. It was already rare for her to appear in front of Myra in such a disheveled look.

Tony froze for a moment since he was focused on driving, but he quickly shot a glance at Myra. At this point, the ruthlessness that he had when he addressed Lyla entirely disappeared. His facial features looked much gentler as he chuckled lightly, "Myra, don't tell me that you care for that woman."

"How is it possible?" She snorted. Her relationship with Lyla was one of the worst since the latter had framed her many times—whether it was in front of her or backstabbing her.

After hearing Myra's reply, his narrow and long eyebrows arched slightly. "You still care about the fact that she married Sean, huh?"

Each time when he used the single-syllable word at the end of his sentence, Myra's heartbeat would race. She quickly glanced at him and saw that even though his eyes were slightly narrowed, he did not look fierce. After making sure that he was not jealous, she shook her head. "I don't care who she marries, but she has framed me several times in the past. It would be a lie to say that I don't hate her."

"So, are you happy that I treated her this way today?" Tony elaborated on the topic.

After thinking about it, Myra realized that it was indeed the case. No matter what he had told Lyla in the past, it should be something that Lyla was fearful of. Otherwise, she would not look at him in such trepidation.

After forgetting about the incident involving Lyla, Myra recalled the contract-signing session between the Stark Group and the Parker Group. She tugged on his hands as she thanked him. “Thanks for helping me out again today. If it weren’t for you, the group of people from the Parker Group would not let Stark Group off easily.”

She believed that the sly foxes from the Parker Group would not leave without scooping enough benefits from the Stark Group.

“I didn’t do anything at all.” Tony had a slight smile on his face.

Myra’s smile widened. “Yes, yes, you didn’t do anything—the fact that you were there already made Mr. Smith forget about his initial plans. Instead, he kept finding topics to chat with you.”

That’s exactly what happened. In order to forge a closer relationship with Tony, Mr. Smith quickly resolved the business he had with me and chatted with Tony enthusiastically, looking for various different topics to discuss in the process.

Myra knew that Tony did not have much patience, but he persistently chatted with an insignificant manager from a small company—all for her sake.

“What has Cameron been up to recently?” He changed the topic as he had no intentions to continue with the previous topic.

She played around with his huge hands. At the mention of Cameron’s name, her face fell slightly. “It’s the same old. He goes to work and leaves the office everyday, but I feel that he isn’t as strict as before. He has actually relinquished a lot of his power.”

After knowing that he could not have a son, Cameron’s character suddenly changed. Myra was not sure whether it was because he could not stomach the huge shock or not, but she had no plans to console that ‘father’ of hers. After all, she knew that he did not want anything from her anyway.

“I heard that Kris seems to have fallen in love, though.” She frowned. She remembered seeing the man who returned with Kris in the elevator. It was

obvious that they had an intimate relationship, but after that, she never saw him in the Stark Group. For no concrete reason, she thought that the man whom Kris fell in love with was not him.

Tony merely let out a short chuckle with a mysterious expression in his eyes.

Myra felt that it was a mood killer to talk about Kris, so she stopped talking about her.

Soon, they arrived at the headquarters of the Stark Group.

Just as Myra was about to open the door, a great force pulled her body back to the seat. A second later, she felt a wet sensation on her lips.

She smiled. Under Tony's slightly abrupt kiss, she opened her lips willingly and passionately returned the kiss.

After a while, when he finally released her, she felt that her lips were swollen. She touched her lips, making his eyes darken.

Worried that he could get aroused in the car, she quickly pushed him away. "Didn't you have a meeting in the afternoon? Quickly get back to your office. I will wait for you to fetch me in the evening."

After seeing his eyes narrowing, Myra quickly leaned into him and planted a light kiss on his lips.

Tony arched his eyebrows after noticing how obedient she was today and allowed her to get out of the car.

"If anything happens, just call me."

"Got it."

With that, Myra waved at him.

Soon, Tony drove the car away.

After getting out of the car, she quickly received a message on Messenger. After opening it, she was surprised to find that Sebastian had messaged her.

"Young lady, what style of wedding do you like? Of course, I'm just casually asking. I don't have other intentions."

What style of wedding do I like?

After seeing through Sebastian's pretense, as if he was not interested in knowing what her reply was, Myra snorted in laughter. It was rather obvious that he was trying to find out her preference.

Old Master Hart is asking about my wedding preferences, but Tony did not even mention anything about marriage just now.

After looking at the ring on her finger that she gave herself, Myra touched her nose.

"Victorian style, I guess." It was not that Myra fawned on European culture; the reason why she opted for that instead of an Oriental wedding was simply because the reserved seats for her parents would be empty in a typical Oriental wedding.

While replying to Sebastian, she walked into the building. When she passed by the main hall of the headquarters, she heard a familiar woman's voice from behind a green plant. "You should hold onto that man tightly this time! Stop thinking of Tony Hart at this point. That man is not interested in you at all. No matter how hard you try, it will be in vain."