

Standing before Love Chapter 91

Myra couldn't help scolding herself inwardly for being an idiot after finishing her sentence. Is it necessary to tell him this kind of thing in person? Besides, I could've just called him even if I wanted to report this to him, yet I drove here so late at night, as if with some unspeakable purpose!

Flushing bright red with embarrassment, Myra suddenly found herself at a loss for where to put the pair of hands that she originally had placed on her steering wheel.

Tony's eyes narrowed slightly as he glanced down at the expensive watch on his wrist. Then, he asked her flatly, "Are you busy tonight?"

"Huh?" Myra didn't come to her senses for a moment.

Tony repeated flatly, "Are you busy tonight?"

Myra hesitated before she shook her head puzzledly. "No, I'm not."

Tony's mouth seemed to curve into a faint smile. He was tall and handsome in the first place, and such a calm and composed demeanor lent him a charm that most men lacked. Suddenly, he walked toward the passenger seat and knocked on the car door. After Myra mechanically unlocked the car door, he bent down and got into her car right away, saying, "It so happened that my car broke down, and there's no car in sight after I'd waited here for a long time, so why don't you give me a lift? I'd like to go to Zion Club; you know the way."

Since he was of great stature, Myra immediately felt as if the space in the car had become cramped the instant he got into her BMW Z4. His handsome facial features and the outline of his profile appeared even more sculpted and clear-cut when illuminated by the streetlight; his elegance, which contained a hint of steadiness, stemmed from an air of nobleness that he had accumulated over time.

Myra was stunned for a moment; she felt she should say something, but she couldn't get a word out as her mouth opened and closed. Just then, Tony turned to look at her seriously. "Are you busy tonight? Or is it inconvenient for you?"

Myra felt ill at ease all over as he stared at her with his deep eyes. Indeed, she had thought of turning him down politely, but she had told him that she

wasn't busy when he asked her just now. She turned her head away in embarrassment, but something suddenly came into her mind, causing her to tighten her grip on the steering wheel. She asked in a low voice, "Director Hart... are you on good terms with Lyla?"

She didn't forget what the receptionist had said at the Hart Group's front desk that day. Even though she had no idea what the feeling inside her was, the notion that the man who had helped her so many times had something to do with Lyla made her feel uncomfortable.

Tony narrowed his eyes slightly; his eyes seemed to have a kind of magic, as if they could see through everything in her mind when he looked into her eyes. Suddenly, he chuckled. "Why are you suddenly asking about this?"

Myra inexplicably felt her cheeks burning upon hearing him laugh. After biting her lip, she started the engine right away. "Nothing. I was just asking, so it doesn't matter if you don't answer that, Director Hart."

"Does it really not matter?" Sitting calmly in the passenger seat, Tony withdrew his gaze, took out his cell phone, and seemed to have sent out a text message. Streetlights flashed past him continuously on both sides of the road, illuminating half of his face intermittently while the other half was hidden in the shadows.

Myra suddenly felt that she had asked a question she shouldn't have. Even if Lyla has something to do with him, it is solely his business and has nothing to do with me since I'm an outsider. So why must he tell me about that?

For some reason, a feeling of irritation surged up within Myra; she couldn't help stepping hard on the gas while answering stubbornly, "Yep, it really doesn't."

The corners of Tony's mouth turned up slightly amid the high-speed ride as he put away his cell phone. It had occurred to him that Myra would be unhappy about the matter with Lyla; obviously, this outcome was even more surprising than he had expected. The way the woman next to him behaved as if going into a sulk made him feel much happier, so he turned to look indifferently at the woman before him, saying, "She and I aren't even considered friends."

Upon hearing his words, Myra suddenly eased off the gas pedal in disbelief. "How could that be possible?! I saw her going to see you that day..."

Tony turned his head away to prevent her from noticing the amusement in his eyes. Then, without turning a hair, he replied, “She came to me that day because she wanted the commercial endorsement deal for the Sunny Bay project, but I told her that I’d like to take a few days to consider it.”

Myra only felt as though she was hearing things. Lyla went to him to ask for the commercial endorsement deal from him? That’s right; I remember that the Chase Group nominated Lyla to be the commercial spokesperson, so it’s only natural that she went to Tony.

The corners of her mouth turned up without her realizing it, for she felt like there was a rubber ball full of air inside her that suddenly deflated bit by bit after a tiny hole had been poked in it. Upon hearing that Lyla and Tony had nothing to do with each other, she was inwardly relieved, which she attributed to the thought that she wouldn’t have to make herself uncomfortable for someone else’s sake if she ran into Lyla in the future.

Tony’s mood was uplifted when he noticed that Myra’s expression had softened visibly. Suddenly, he took a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it up right away, and a wisp of smoke curled upward soon after that. Then, he wound down the car window a bit to let the smoke out.

Tony had a distinctively masculine charm of his own when he smoked, and Myra was surprised to find herself fascinated while looking at him. Upon coming to her senses, she quickly turned her head away and scolded herself inwardly for behaving like a fangirl. After that, she immediately turned on the engine and drove away from here.

Meanwhile, after Myra drove away from the Hart Group’s office, Leo drove the silver-gray Bentley—which Tony claimed to have broken down—to the front entrance of the Hart Group’s office building, but he couldn’t find any sign of his boss.

Soon after that, the cell phone in his pocket received a text message. It read, ‘You’re getting the night off.’

Leo was stupefied. Did my boss hitch somebody’s ride?

Meanwhile, the man who got a lift—no, a special ride—from Myra was lowering his head and fiddling with his cell phone.

Actually, he seldom played with his cell phone, which he only used to make phone calls, send text messages, and hold video conferences.

This day was different, though. A few days ago, Elliot took his cell phone and registered an account on a mobile app called Messenger for him. According to him, young people liked using this app nowadays, so old men like them had to jump on the bandwagon or risk getting out of touch with those as young as Myra, whom he addressed using her first name.

Tony was very pleased that Elliot addressed Myra using her first name, but he raised his brow upon recalling the 10-year age difference between Myra and himself. Therefore, he couldn't help giving his acquiescence despite his reluctance to let Elliot touch his cell phone.

However, it was apparent that the man with exceptional IQ was defeated by the app that he had never used. After tinkering with the app for a long time, he could only hear Elliot's anxious voice from the other end. "Where are you, Tony?"

After hearing this question about six or seven times, Myra could no longer help herself. She stretched out her hand to Tony, suggesting, "Let me help you with that, Director Hart."

Upon hearing Myra's words, Tony narrowed his eyes and glanced at her fair and slim wrist; only then did he hand the cell phone—which he didn't like anybody else touching—to her.

Myra controlled the steering wheel with her left hand while holding Tony's cell phone—which had a black casing—with her right. After pressing a button, she said to Elliot, "Director Hart is now on Chilham Route and will reach Zion Club in ten minutes." Then, she gave the cell phone back to Tony.

Having observed thoroughly how she used the app just now, Tony said casually while taking back his cell phone, "I didn't bother to answer Elliot just now because I wanted to hear his voice a few more times."

Myra laughed inwardly upon hearing his words, which sounded like an excuse to cover up his inability to use Messenger no matter how one deciphered it. So there is stuff that Tony is unskilled at!

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Meanwhile, Elliot, Shawn, Damian, and the others had arrived at Zion Club. They were here to give a farewell dinner to Damian, who would be returning to the army very soon.

Elliot was a casual person in the first place, so when he saw the voice message from Tony, he unthinkingly played it in front of everyone else right away.

“Director Hart is now on Chilham Route and will reach Zion Club in ten minutes.”

The soft and familiar voice that came from the cell phone stunned everyone at once. When they realized what had happened, Elliot’s eyes instantly lit up. “Wow, Tony is with Mrs. Hart right now!” he exclaimed. “Damn, did Tony let Mrs. Hart touch his cell phone?!” he added.

Everyone in the circle knew how serious Tony’s grumpiness was. Previously, he reluctantly handed his cell phone to Elliot only after the latter tried every way possible to convince him of the wonderful benefits of using Messenger. Nevertheless, he nearly killed Elliot with his eyes as he watched the latter tinkering with his cell phone!

Philip commented leisurely, “Since it’s Myra, she can touch Tony’s cell phone, of course.”

Lucas, on the other hand, shot Elliot a glance. “Duh!”

Speechless, Elliot snorted at both of them since he couldn’t outargue them. However... he moved close to them a while later with a shifty face, suggesting, “Don’t we have a chat group on Messenger? What about we invite Tony and Myra to join the group? Tony will definitely join the chat group if Myra does!”

Upon hearing his words, Philip and Lucas looked at Shawn and Damien.

Shawn knew Myra through her relationship with Estelle, from whom he had heard long ago about Myra’s impending divorce from her ex-husband, as well as how bad Myra’s ex-husband was and how good Myra was. He was only superficially conscious of social conventions; plus, Tony never let anyone stick their noses into his business, so he wouldn’t think much about it. Damian,

however, had an unnoticeable frown upon hearing the three's conversation. "Could you guys be talking about... Myra Stark?"

Philip and Lucas exchanged glances upon noticing the tone in Damian's voice. Philip answered with a smile, "Yeah, we're talking about her. It's rumored that Myra and her husband have been discussing getting a divorce because of the return of the latter's first love. Tony has compassion and care for her, so he has been helping her in secret these days."

His reply contained a lot of information. Firstly, Myra wasn't at the bottom of her divorce from her husband, for she wanted a divorce because her husband was unfaithful. Secondly, Tony didn't make it widely known that he had been helping Myra, who probably didn't realize Tony's intention at all, so she wasn't to be blamed.

"Is her husband Sean Chase, the director of the Chase Group?" asked Damien. He remembered what he had seen at the banquet that day, so he paid some attention to it after that.

Also sensing that something was wrong, Elliot immediately nodded. "That's him! Damien, once you turn over the pages of entertainment magazines, you'll see that this man is constantly involved in gossip every single day. He'd be photographed with a celebrity on this day and be caught fooling around with a young model on the next. If I were Miss Stark, I would have divorced him long ago instead of putting up with him until now! In my opinion, she gets bullied too easily with that temper of hers."

He no longer dared to say the word 'Mrs. Hart' out loud.

Upon hearing Elliot's words, Damian finally unknitted his brows and said nothing else.

Only then did the three men sigh in relief inwardly.

Myra and Tony soon arrived at Zion Club.

A valet came to take the car key to park the car, but Myra thanked him without handing her car key to him. Looking at Tony, who had stepped out of the car and walked toward her car door, she said, "Director Hart, I won't be seeing you off into the club. It's a bit late tonight, so I—"

Just then, her unfinished speech was interrupted by a casual voice. “Miss Stark!” Elliot popped up from nowhere and came up to her happily upon seeing her. Enthusiastically pulling the car door open for her, he assumed the standard demeanor of a gentleman, saying, “We knew that you were the one who used Tony’s cell phone in the car just now, Miss Stark! Hurry up and get out of the car, Miss Stark; we’ve reserved a seat for you.”

Feeling awkward, Myra waved her hand. “That’s not necessary. I have something else to attend to tonight—”

Elliot, however, was as silver-tongued as always. “Just put it off if it isn’t important. Since you’ve sent Tony to Zion Club tonight, it would appear rude for us not to ask you to stay for dinner with us.”

Myra still wanted to make a last-ditch attempt to turn Elliot down, but the latter simply didn’t give her a chance to speak by pretending to try to grab her right away. Feeling helpless, she glanced at the expressionless man beside her and gritted her teeth. Then, she stepped out of the driver’s seat and handed her car key to the valet.

She thought to herself, It’s only one dinner. I’ve attended many dinners over the past two years; I just have to finish eating and leave as soon as possible.

Seeing that Myra had agreed to stay for dinner, Elliot smugly raised his brow at Tony, who seemed to frown upon him. He then darted Elliot a look and stepped inside right away.

Provoked by the look in Tony’s eyes, Elliot gave Tony a glare from behind. Then, he turned to look at Myra with a mischievous grin, asking, “May I ask what’s your Messenger username, Miss Stark? I’d like to add you on Messenger so that it’s convenient for us to discuss business-related matters in the future, if there’s any.”

Upon hearing his words, Myra had a confused look on her face. The Chase Group seldom had dealings with the Samson Group; even if there was any, it wasn’t something that someone at her level could take part in. Still, she told Elliot her Messenger username. Perhaps because she had been unable to join Sean’s circle of childhood friends, she found Tony’s friends more and more amiable.

However, her body stiffened the instant the three of them entered the private room. She thought that Tony came to Zion Club on this day to have dinner

with Elliot and his friends, but she didn't expect Tony's two brothers to be present in addition to Elliot, Philip, and Lucas.

She knew Shawn, the famous Deputy Mayor Hart of the city council and the man for whom Estelle was head over heels. He gave her a nod of greeting upon seeing her, but as for Damian... It was probably her illusion, but she felt that Damian had been sizing her up without anyone else noticing.

Feeling nervous, she greeted, "Sorry for disturbing you all."

Tony naturally wanted to take the seat next to Damian, but the seat next to it belonged to Philip, who immediately stood up and gave up his seat to Myra, saying, "Now that you're here, hurry up and take a seat, Miss Stark. Feel free to see if there's anything else you'd like to order."

Myra felt a tinge of regret. Had she known this would happen, she would have refused to join the dinner no matter what. But now that she was already in the room, she could only put on a bold front. "Thank you." She took the seat that Philip gave up and soon saw Tony sitting next to her.

She wondered if this was her imagination, but Tony's three friends seemed to be trying to bring her and Tony together in a concealed manner. After pursing her lips, she took the menu and handed it to Tony right away. "It's better that you order first, Director Hart. I'm not particular about food."

Her words were full of courtesy.

Taking the menu from her, Tony narrowed his eyes before listing a few dishes to the reverent waiter, who stood at the side, without much thought.

Damian frowned next to him. "Tony, why didn't I know that your taste in food has become so extreme?"

The dishes Tony had ordered just now were rich in taste, but everyone here knew that he only ate lightly seasoned food.

However, Tony didn't have much of an expression upon hearing Damian's question. He casually turned another few pages of the menu and answered, "I feel like tasting something different occasionally."

Damian raised his brow. "Well, you never did this at home."

The corners of Tony's thin lips turned up, but he said nothing else and ordered warm fruit juice for Myra and himself on the excuse that his wound hadn't healed yet.

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Elliot muttered, "You actually ordered warm fruit juice? You really are becoming increasingly fussy, Tony."

Myra felt even more ill at ease. Who would order warm drinks on a hot day? But... indeed, she could only drink something warm because she was having her period these days. She wondered if Tony ordered warm drinks by sheer coincidence or because of something else.

She glanced back at Tony, who—as it happened—was looking at her as well. There seemed to be an emotion in his eyes that slowly permeated the private room, giving her a momentary impression that he was wearing a tender expression.

Tender? Myra was stunned, but Tony had reassumed his usual stony face when she looked at him again. He asked flatly, "Why are you looking at me, Miss Stark?"

Upon hearing his words, Myra was startled for a moment. Then, seeing that everyone was looking at her, she instantly went red in the face. She wanted to say that he was looking at her as well, but saying so would sound too suggestive, so she could only answer awkwardly, "I-It's nothing."

Tony was a man who could be very serious at one moment and instantly shameless in the next. Myra had seen this mischievous side of him, but she hated herself for playing right into his hands every single time. With that thought in mind, she snorted inwardly and turned her head away.

Tony's eyes flickered with fondness at the sight of her lovably haughty demeanor.

Damian, however, had a complicated look in his eyes as he watched Myra and Tony's interaction. He was more conservative-minded, so rationally speaking, he didn't quite approve of Tony's involvement with a married woman. Even though the woman would be getting a divorce soon, she hadn't gotten a divorce yet. It would be bad for both of them and their families if any rumors arose from this. However, he was leaving soon and couldn't care

about these two people, so he could only hope that Tony wouldn't stir up too much trouble.

Myra ate her meal very quietly. Everyone else in the room were men, so they naturally had their own stuff to talk about. Therefore, she only had to eat more and keep pretending to be invisible.

Surprisingly, Zion Club's food was delicious and very much to her taste. The dishes that Tony ordered afterward were placed in front of him, but they were easily within her reach. Basically, Tony rarely ate those dishes, so Myra ended up eating them all.

Food that tasted rich was delicious, but there was a drawback—one would become thirsty after eating them. Myra soon finished the glass of warm fruit juice in front of her. Just when she was thinking of asking the waiter to serve her another glass when he came in, she suddenly choked on a chunk of spicy chicken. Its spiciness spread right into her windpipe, causing her to have a bad cough.

A sudden silence fell over the dining table as everyone turned to look at her. Feeling even more embarrassed, Myra immediately turned her head and suppressed her cough. It was apparent that she was quite overwhelmed by the spiciness, for she hissed while coughing under her breath.

Just when Elliot was about to pass his red wine to Myra, a glass of warm fruit juice had been handed to her. Myra uttered the word 'thanks' with much difficulty as she hastily took the glass of warm fruit juice and drank it. The lukewarm fruit juice flowed down her throat, instantly making her feel a lot better.

However, after drinking the fruit juice, she suddenly recalled that she had finished her glass of fruit juice. Since the waiter hadn't come in yet, the only glass of fruit juice left on the dining table should belong to Tony.

He's drunk half of his fruit juice, but he handed his drink to me... Myra's face turned even redder as she felt there was a strange silence at the dining table.

Turning around slowly, she put down the glass of fruit juice in her hand with a stiff arm without daring to look at everyone else. Then, she suddenly stood up, saying, "I-I'm going to the restroom."

With that, she opened the door of the private room and ran outside right away, ignoring Elliot, who shouted behind her, "There's a restroom right here in the private room!"

Damian shot Tony a disapproving look. "You've gone too far, Tony."

"Have I? How so?" retorted Tony calmly with a raised brow. Taking the glass of fruit juice that Myra had drunk from just now, he drank the rest of it without batting an eyelid. After that, he stood up under the disbelieving gaze of everyone else and said calmly, "I'm going to the restroom too."

At the sight of what he did, Elliot, Philip, Lucas, and Shawn were rendered speechless.

Damian pursed his lips and was about to say something, but Elliot immediately interrupted him by putting a whole piece of lobster onto his plate. "Damian, hurry up and taste this signature dish of Zion Club. You won't get to eat something so delicious for quite some time after you return to the army. Even though I do say it myself, there's no other place in Bradford City aside from Zion Club that can make such a delicacy..."

While he was babbling on and on, Tony had left the private room.

Damian was speechless as he stared at the big lobster in front of him.

Myra trotted straight to the restroom and headed for the faucet after leaving the private room. Ignoring the fact that she was having her period, she turned the tap on and splashed cold water onto her face to try to cool down her burning cheeks. What did Tony's action just now mean?

At first, Myra could still comfort herself that Tony merely took a liking to her, but such feelings weren't necessarily romantic. To her, such feelings might be strictly professional, or he could be thinking of her as an ordinary friend; narcissistically speaking, he probably just thought highly of her design talent. Moreover, Tony responded with a stony face whenever she told him previously to keep some distance from her, so she believed she didn't have to flatter herself that he was interested in her.

However, what he had done in front of so many people just now had exceeded the boundaries of ordinary friendship. She could no longer convince herself that she was merely fancying herself.

Staring at herself in the mirror with a complicated look in her eyes, Myra was—at this very moment—overwhelmed with regret for driving her car to the Hart Group’s office without rhyme or reason on this day. Just when she tucked her loose hair behind her ear, she suddenly saw a man’s tall figure walking up to her from the corner of her eye.

Freezing instantly, she quickly turned around and was about to open the door to the ladies’ restroom and hide inside. However, the man who came over was even faster—when she had just opened the door a crack, he closed the door right away, trapping her between the door, the washstand, and himself.

Then, he turned the key in the lock on the restroom door in a seemingly careless manner, locking the restroom door easily. Putting his hands into his pockets, he turned to stare at the woman before him with a pair of eyes as starry as the vast galaxy.

His big and square frame made Myra feel as if she was surrounded completely in his arms as he stood before her. Such a dangerous side of him compelled her to have her guard up, so she looked at him warily, asking, “What do you want to do, Director Hart?”

Tony didn’t answer her, though. Suddenly, he took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket before drawing a cigarette out of it. He lit it up, but he merely let it burn without taking a puff. Instantly, the air between them seemed to have frozen.

The more Tony behaved this way, the more Myra couldn’t help letting her imagination run wild. She couldn’t help wanting to run away from him when it occurred to her that he approached her on purpose, but the man before her grabbed her left arm when she merely turned sideways.

As he held his cigarette in one hand while grabbing her left hand with the other, the look in his eyes became complicated for a moment, but it turned unfathomable soon after that.

Myra’s heart jumped; she had a gut feeling that something bad was going to happen on this day. “Why are you grabbing me, Director Hart...”

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Tony took a deep puff of his cigarette. “Why do you think I’m grabbing you?”

He could no longer stop the flame of desire within him from leaping up after watching Myra drink the fruit juice from his glass just now. Seeing how pretty she looked with the water splashed onto her face, he recalled how he had been luring her toward him step by step these days, only to be met with merciless refusals. All of a sudden, he couldn't stop himself from wanting to press her against his chest, to which he actually did.

Myra was slim, but her figure seemed to be tailor-made for him; he felt an incredible sense of perfection while taking her into his arms. This made him unable to refrain from tightening his arms around her, but he couldn't stop himself from feeling peeved as he pressed the woman in his arms to his chest with all his might. He had never seen such a woman who had no idea what was good for her. If she were someone else, he would have turned around long ago without giving her another glance.

Perhaps Tony wouldn't have been so impatient if Myra had not gone to Hart Group's office on her own initiative today. However, he thought that she probably wasn't even aware of the fragility in her eyes when he saw her downstairs at the Hart Group's office, as well as the dependence she showed by inexplicably stopping her car outside the building. She actually wants to see me, right? Is that why she hasn't resisted all kinds of attempts I've made at approaching her today?

Tony's eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he bent down and fiercely bit the lips of the woman before him, and his eyes darkened even more when he heard her hissing in pain.

"Mmm... Let go... Mmmm... Let go of me, Tony!" Myra was clasped tightly in the arms of the man before her. The faint tobacco smell on him lingered around her, causing her heart to race as a strange feeling spread all over her body.

Just as I expected... Now that the truth was proven once again, she only felt helpless from the bottom of her heart.

Tony probably heard her voice, for he suddenly loosened his embrace of the woman before him slightly and looked up. Staring steadily into her panicky eyes, he crinkled his chilly eyes with a hint of charm.

The sight of such a man before Myra made her feel even more flustered. She tried to push his chest, but the heat of his body made her blush to the roots of her hair. "Let go of me... Would you please let go of me?" She spoke with an

imploring note in her voice as she finished her sentence. Such a man was too dangerous, so she was a bit scared...

Tony looked straight into her eyes until her pupils reflected nothing else but himself, and he slowly relaxed his hold on her waist. However, just as Myra sighed in relief, he pulled her back into his arms with some force using his wrist. His body was sturdy and stiff, and he seized her around the waist when she fell into his arms. The next second, a pair of cool and thin lips pressed itself onto her tender lips, seizing them right away.

Now that his chin was above her head, Myra closed her eyes as she could even smell the lingering faint aroma of fruit juice on Tony's lips. Tony's embrace wasn't as cold as Sean's. On the contrary, it came with a burning sensation that was the exact opposite of his chilly personality. She had no idea how long he kissed her, but it wasn't until she dug her fingernails deep into her palms that she suppressed the unusual restlessness within her. Suddenly, she said icily, "Let go of me, Tony."

The movement on her lips seemed to pause for a moment, but Tony let go of her only after he compassionately kissed her on the lips several times. When he let go of her, his eyes were deep and burning with passion; he held her tightly in his arms as he urged, "Be my woman, Myra."

Instantly, the atmosphere became stifling as Myra stood dumbstruck in place, feeling uncomfortable.

"What's with that look? Are you not keen on being my woman?" Tony seemed to be amused by her stupefied demeanor, for his chest trembled slightly as he finished his sentence with a note of affection that even he didn't notice.

Myra, however, clenched her fists tightly as her voice instantly hoarsened. "Stop kidding me, Director Hart. This joke isn't funny at all."

With that, the temperature above her head seemed to drop a lot, and Tony's voice sounded much more impassive. "I'm not kidding you, Myra. I don't believe that you're unaware of how I've been courting you up until this point."

"Y-You're courting me?" Startled, Myra seemed to have not come to her senses with a blank look in her eyes.

Tony curled his lips before lowering his head to look at her with a pair of deep and emotionless eyes. "What else do you think I'm doing?" His eyes were so

deep and expressionless; it was as if there was a deep spring in them that wanted to suck Myra right into it when he stared at her quietly.

Myra's heart suddenly jumped. Turning her head away, she tried to push the man before her with her hands clenched into fists as she was desperate to leave. "I'll be leaving first if there's nothing else, Tony."

A trace of panic crept over her face, and there was a hint of puzzlement in her eyes. Of course, she didn't believe that Tony had taken a fancy to her. H-How could this be possible?! she thought to herself.

Seeing that she had averted her eyes, Tony narrowed his eyes and held her tighter in his arms. "Don't you believe me?"

Myra couldn't move at all as Tony clasped her to his chest. She bit her lip and replied, "I don't think there's something about me that attracts you, Tony."

There was nothing special about her; Myra's family wasn't the wealthiest in Bradford City, and she wasn't the most beautiful woman here. Moreover, she had a failed marriage as well. As she spoke, she tried to get out of his embrace while he let his guard down, for their current posture made her feel ashamed and annoyed.

Tony saw through her petty tricks, though. Sliding his large hand down, he seized her around the waist and refused to let go of her no matter how hard she struggled. When she struggled again, he knitted his brows.

This instantly reminded Myra that the hand which had gotten wounded for saving her was now placed on her waist, and she found herself in a corner for a moment.

Tony stared fixedly at her all of a sudden, his eyes chilly. "In that case, tell me why you fell in love with Sean back then."

Myra balled her fists up. "Tony, I don't have time to play this kind of game with you—"

"Why do you think that I'm joking or just playing around with you?" Tony loosened his tie while lowering his eyes to look at the side of her face. "Or does it make you very uncomfortable to be together with me?"

"No, it doesn't."

“Be with me then,” said Tony flatly.

“That’s not possible.” Myra refused him without thinking.

Tony frowned slightly and asked, “Why not?”

Myra only felt that her palms were hurting badly. Hardening her heart, she replied, “There’s no reason for that. I don’t love you, so why should I be together with you?” With that, the surrounding temperature dropped suddenly, making the air so cold as if a thick layer of ice could form at any instant.

Myra felt as though something was stabbing her heart cruelly. However, just as she was about to turn around, the man before her held her in his arms again. Tony’s eyes were as dark as the summer night; it was as though he would devour her the next instant. “You don’t love me?” he suddenly asked icily. Then, he chuckled in a voice that dripped with chilliness and said, “Haha... If you don’t love me, did you drive to the Hart Group for no reason? If you don’t love me, why haven’t you refused my repeated attempts to approach you? If you don’t love me, why did you blush when I kissed you just now?”

Myra’s face turned pale at once, and she bit her lip with all her might. Just then, Tony added, “If you don’t love me, why do you look ashamed and annoyed as if I’ve hit you where it hurts?!”

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Myra found herself breathing heavily; her debating skills were nothing in comparison to the man who stood before her eyes. “Even if I do like you a little bit, it still wouldn’t be enough. Whatever feelings you have for me aren’t enough, and it’s not enough to make me want to be your woman!” She couldn’t stop herself from barking at the man in front of her.

“Not enough?” Tony pulled her closer toward his chest and forced her to stare into his eyes right then. “Did you think I only had three companies to choose from for the Sunny Bay Project? I only wanted to reduce the stress and pressure placed on you; why else would I have put in so much effort just to reject all of the designers who were better than you?”

When you were bullied by Elsie, why didn’t I just allow her to be the representative for communications between Chase Group and Hart Group?

Why do you think I asked for you and cleared up all the false accusations made about you? Couldn't you tell what Sasha was trying to do with me?

If I was just joking or fooling around with you, don't you think I could have chosen someone a little more fun? Why would I choose someone as unwilling as you? I've brought you along to meet my friends a few times now; what did you think that was for? Did you think that it was to help you expand your business contacts? Whenever Sean hurt you, I'd always show up by your side. Did you think all of those times were mere coincidences? Myra, if I wasn't worried about you; if I wasn't afraid that something might happen to you, why would I always rush over to you even when I know that you'd only throw me a bunch of hurtful words before chasing me out of your life again?!"

With every sentence he said, Tony tightened his grip on Myra. His lips curled into a smirk when he saw the confused look in her eyes. Once he finished his words, he gave her a long, deep kiss. He pulled her body close toward his without leaving any gaps between their skin.

"I want you to be my woman. Sean doesn't know how to treasure you; let me do it instead." Tony's voice was tender and loving as he whispered these words into her ear.

Myra simply felt like everything was a mistake right then. It's all happening during the wrong time; the wrong place; the wrong man; and the wrong feelings... It's true that I couldn't stop my heart from pounding furiously when I first heard Tony's alluring words, but... The very next moment, Myra abruptly turned on the two taps beside them. As water gushed out of the taps, she reached a hand out to block the flow of the water. The water immediately splashed all over the place as if a child had just played with it.

The moment Tony loosened his grip on her, she seized the opportunity to slip out of his arms. Myra's entire body was already soaked in water. She quickly took a few steps back to increase the distance between her and Tony before she spoke to him in a calm voice. "I understand what you mean, Director Hart. I'm sorry; I didn't realize how much you've done for me all along. But in the future... You don't have to waste your effort on me any longer, Director Hart." Myra suppressed all of the feelings that made her heart squirm and writhe right then. I really shouldn't get myself tangled up with this man. Yet, his actions are too warm sometimes; it gets me caught up in a daze and it makes me feel like I can't get out of it. However, I shouldn't dream about a man who shouldn't be the man of my dreams. I've really learned a lot from Sean.

“It’s late. I have other matters to handle tonight, so I won’t be bidding goodbye to the rest of them.” Myra turned around and headed toward the exit of Zion Club once she finished her words. Fortunately, she had brought her handbag along and placed it on the basin earlier. She felt an inexplicable ache in her chest right then, but she didn’t dare to further contemplate the reason behind it. Instead, she strode off with hurried footsteps before she broke into a run. Her frantic running shocked all of Zion Club’s waiters and waitresses as she zoomed past them.

When she finally got herself out of the club, one of the waiters quickly drove her car over. The waiter even asked her if she needed a designated driver—it was probably because her face seemed too pale right then. She hastily rejected his offer and got into her car before she started her engine and sent her car whizzing off into the night.

Meanwhile, Tony was fuming when he returned to his private room in Zion Club. Elliot glanced over his shoulder to see that Myra had disappeared. “Why didn’t you bring Myra back with you, Tony?” Elliot couldn’t stop himself from asking the question. However, the moment he finished his sentence, he was met with Tony’s sharp and icy glare. With Tony’s gaze so cold, Elliot felt like it nearly froze him up! The younger man shuddered slightly before he hurried off to a corner where he quietly minded his own business.

Everyone else could tell that something was off about Tony, and they naturally realized the person who was responsible for Tony’s foul mood. All of them fell silent as they thought, The rumors were right; Myra is truly the root of all troubles! It looks as though she has really infuriated Tony this time.

Myra went straight into the bathroom once she returned to Ocean Blue Residence. After turning on the shower, she stood herself beneath it for the water to soak her body entirely. She couldn’t deny it—she had felt slightly touched when she first heard Tony’s words. Nonetheless, she was well-aware of the fact that Tony wasn’t a man she could easily mess with. Just his family members themselves would be an issue—they’d never allow him to be with a girl like her. If things are going to turn into an endless series of struggles, then there’s no reason for me to get myself involved with this at all. I should really just stay away from Tony. Myra lifted her head and allowed the water to splash onto her face, as if it would blur her vision and distract her away from the temptations around her.

Meanwhile, Tony immediately rushed to Sebastian’s study once he arrived at the Hart Residence. Sebastian was in the midst of practicing his calligraphy,

and he didn't even look up when Tony arrived; the old man only lowered his calligraphy brush once he was done. He feigned an excessively calm demeanor as he lifted his rice paper up and blew on it gently. "You called me and said that you had something to discuss earlier. Tell me what it is."

Tony walked toward the old man's study desk with a cold, emotionless look on his face. He was silent for a while before he finally pressed his lips together and began to speak. "I need the money that was placed in Switzerland. I just need it for a while."

Sebastian froze for a moment before he narrowed his eyes. "So?"

"I need the money latest by Sunday, so I'll need you to prepare it for me soon." Tony's face was as blank as usual. Sebastian choked upon hearing how demanding Tony sounded, almost frothing at the mouth with rage. He lowered his rice paper and tried his very best to calm himself down before he gave Tony a side-eye. "Hah..." He let out a sarcastic laugh.

Everyone in Bradfort City knew that the Hart Family ran a large business, but no one—not even Old Madam Hart—truly understood how large of a scale their businesses were. Both Sebastian and his son believed that it was important to be prepared for the worst; they wanted to be sure that they would have a chance of getting back up on their feet if the Hart Group's businesses were to ever collapse. Therefore, they left a grand sum of money in all of the largest banks in various countries. The amount of money that they cashed out from any bank would be enough for the Hart Family to survive the toughest financial crises! Sebastian had never intended to hide this plan from his grandchildren, but Tony was probably the only grandson who was enough of a b*stard to demand for money in such a greedy manner.

Right then, Sebastian's gaze burned with rage as he tried his best to put on a calm front. He took a sip of his tea before he spoke. "Do I have to give it to you just because you asked for it? How shameless of you." He then placed the teacup down and raised an eyebrow as he stared at the man in front of him. Tony has found quite a bit of success in his career. He's also one of the most stubborn and proud ones when compared to his other three siblings. He first started his own business and later took over the Hart Group, but never once has he come over to tell me that he was in trouble or needed any help.

Tony's lips were pressed into a thin line. A cold glint surfaced in his gaze for a moment before it disappeared as he narrowed his eyes. "Old man, weren't

you hoping for me to get myself a wife soon? How am I going to do that if I don't put in some effort?"

"You b*stard! How dare you find yourself a greedy woman!" All of a sudden, Sebastian lost his temper. He picked his new inkstone up and flung it directly toward Tony.

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Tony's going to use nearly ten billion just to chase a girl! "That woman is asking for quite a bit! Let me meet her personally. I'd like to see if she's actually worth that ten billion!" Sebastian took his coat hanging on the back of his chair and attempted to step out of the door, but his grandson stopped right in front of him to block his way. The old man couldn't stop himself from scolding Tony again. "You b*stard! Why are you still standing here?! Hurry up and get rid of that woman! You'll never be able to afford a woman like her even if she gets married and becomes part of the Hart Family!"

"Whether or not I can afford her is my business," Tony uttered in a calm tone. "I need the money that's in Switzerland. You just need to remember to cash it out in time, old man." Tony gave the old man an intense gaze.

"You... Ouch!" Sebastian clutched onto his chest and cried out in pain. He had held himself back ever since Lisa told him not to lecture his grandchildren so frequently, but now, he felt guilty for being too nice to this stubborn bull of a grandson who stood before him. Tony was very familiar with the old man's tactics; he simply pretended as if he was about to head out of the room. "It's fine if you don't want to give me the money. I can go to Old Madam Hart; I'm sure her dowry..."

"Come back here, you b*stard! How dare you even think of touching your grandmother's dowry! You unfilial grandson!" Sebastian immediately straightened his body the moment he heard Tony's idea. He no longer looked like his chest was hurting.

Tony simply let out a faint smirk. However, he didn't walk over to his grandfather; he simply headed out of the study. "I don't have to come back; I'll just get Leo to come over and check the amount of money on Sunday." Tony was already making his way downstairs as he spoke.

Sebastian was fuming; he felt like he could tear all of his moustache out in anger right then. After some contemplation, he finally gave Elliot a call. "Hey,

you brat. I want you to answer me honestly—who is the girl that Tony's going after right now?! What kind of expensive woman is that?! It's fine if he doesn't want to show me the woman; but how could he ask so much money from the family?!"

On the other end of the line, Elliot sounded rather uncertain as he spoke. "It's not that we don't want to tell you about it, Old Master Hart; I just think you should ask Tony yourself. You know that I'm going to be in huge trouble if I tell you about it..."

"You coward! Why are you so afraid of him?! At the very least, you should tell me the woman's address. I promise I won't tell your brother anything! I'll just go over to take a peek at her; I won't do anything else!" The old man insisted.

"I can't do that either... I know that you're going to do more than just take a peek! Just let me go, Old Master Hart. You can ask Philip or Lucas—they might tell you about it!"

Sebastian gritted his teeth. He could tell that Elliot was preparing to end the call. "Elliot, you brat! If you don't want your grandmother to continue forcing you on dates, then you'd better tell me about it honestly. Otherwise..." Right then, the old man suddenly recalled something that Old Madam Samson had told him. She mentioned that Elliot was helping Tony to look for apartments... His gaze lit up for a moment before he continued in a nonchalant tone on the phone. "Just tell me about that apartment you found for Tony recently. Tell me where it is. I just want to go take a look at his apartment, eh?"

Elliot hesitated for a long while. "I just want to look at his apartment. What's wrong about that?! Are you trying to ask for trouble here? Okay. I'll just call your grandmother and ask her," Sebastian hissed.

"Hey, hey, hey. Don't do that, Old Master Hart... It's the Ocean Blue Residence on Heathrow Street. It's Unit 709 on the 7th floor in Block A. Don't tell anyone that I told you about it, Old Master Hart!" Elliot looked extremely helpless and glum right then. He quickly ended the call once he finished his words.

After Sebastian heard the address, he quickly noted it down on his rice paper before he lifted a brow. "I'd really like to see what sort of extravagant person this woman is!" Then, the old man cheerily made his way downstairs. On his way out, he stopped in his tracks and gestured for his great-grandchild—

Henry, who had been doing his homework—to come over. “Come here, Henry. There’s something I’d like to ask you about.”

Henry tottered over hastily. Sebastian couldn’t help but feel a sense of frustration when he saw how old his granddaughter’s child was now. Alas, none of my grandsons have given me a great-grandchild yet. He contained his anger as he flashed Henry a wide smile. “Henry, didn’t you mention that your Uncle Tony previously brought his girlfriend home?”

“That wasn’t his girlfriend. It was just a female friend of his.” He corrected the old man’s words with an innocent look on his face.

“It’s the same.” Sebastian waved an arm dismissively. After all, my grandson doesn’t have female friends! “What was that woman like?” he then asked.

“You mean Myra…” The young child beamed when he thought about Myra. “She’s a really good person. I like her a lot.”

Huh. Look at that—she managed to fool a child just after a short meeting. Sebastian frowned in his heart. That woman must be really manipulative and good with her words. It’s only giving me a bad impression of her.

“Why are you asking me about this? Are you going to look for Myra?” Henry blinked. “Can you bring me along when you do that, Old Master Hart?”

The old man simply waved Henry off when he saw the anticipating gaze in his great-grandchild’s eyes. “Hurry up and go do your homework.”

“Okay.” Henry left dejectedly. When he saw the glum look on Henry’s face, Sebastian couldn’t help but wonder. What sort of magic did that woman use to make both my grandson and my great-grandchild fall under her charm?

The next day, Sean was prepared to leave for a business trip. He had exhausted Lyla the night before, but Lyla eventually decided that she would pay his company a visit. She had been showing up at the company frequently for the past few days, so she had become quite close with a few managers from different departments.

As she entered the Chase Group, Lyla couldn’t help but feel impressed when she saw how organized and well-managed everything was. I do have to give some credit to Myra. I can’t believe that she really didn’t give up on Sean even

when he was at his lowest—he even had to go around begging others for help back then. Myra even took out all of her funds that time. But now, the Chase Group has firmly established itself in Bradford City; Sean is living a much better life than before. However, all of this is going to be mine soon. Lyla lifted an eyebrow and looked around before lowering her sunglasses. When the front desk saw her face, she was allowed into the building without having to provide any further explanation.

Lyla knew that all of the workers in the building had no idea that their boss's wife was actually Myra, who had been working in their company all along. Lyla wasn't troubled by her conscience while she walked in and out of the building frequently—she did so because she wanted everyone to know that she was the woman Sean actually liked!

When she got into the elevator, Lyla had a sudden urge to visit the design department. However, the moment she got out of the elevator, she saw a middle-aged lady who was walking toward her. The lady had pulled one of the workers over. “May I know if Miss Stark is here?” she asked. The lady was no stranger to Lyla—in fact, Lyla was extremely familiar with her.

Eve was the one who had forced Lyla to stay away from Sean in the past, but in reality, Lyla did not hold any huge grudges against the latter. After all, Lyla already intended to come clean with Sean even if Eve hadn't chased her off then. Regardless, Eve's presence only made Lyla's departure more official than it would have been; it gave Lyla more of a reason to approach Sean now.

The worker who had been questioned was quick to give a response. “Miss Stark is rarely in the company now. I heard that she handed her resignation letter over to the director a few days ago.”

“What?!” Eve raised her voice immediately. Eve realized that Leo's words made a lot of sense during their last conversation; she therefore left the country for a few days to leave more space for the youngsters at home. I can't believe that the first thing I hear after coming back is that Myra's about to quit her job! What happened during the past few days when I wasn't around?!

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The worker hadn't met Eve in the past and didn't know who she was. After jumping in response to Eve's loud shouts, the worker simply flashed Eve an awkward smile before he turned around and left. Eve hurriedly gave Myra a

phone call, but Myra didn't pick her phone up. It really seems as though they might be getting a divorce! Eve's face fell pale as she walked over to the pantry before making an international call to speak to her own son.

"What is going on, Sean? Didn't I tell you to coax Myra into coming back? What have you done to her? She's even resigning from Chase Group now!" Eve's voice was filled with worry, but Sean's response was calm and flat. "Myra and I have decided to get a divorce, Mom."

"What?! Are you crazy?!" Eve was completely shocked. "A divorce?! Are you crazy, Sean? How dare you get a divorce from Myra! Y-You're mad! Hurry up and get back home now!" she cried.

"I'm in New York, Mom. I can't leave for now. Anyway, I'm taking this divorce very seriously; I've been thinking about it for a while now. I know you like Myra, but I don't like her, Mom. I hope you can understand my decision this time." He ended the call right after that. Eve felt like she was about to lose her mind as she continued to hold onto her phone despite the beeping sound that came from the disconnected call. I shouldn't have left if I knew that this would happen. I wasn't giving them the space to reconcile their feelings; I only gave them space to destroy their relationship! I feel like Leo should be partially blamed for this. Why did I believe his words when he's nothing more than an outsider?!

"They can't get a divorce! They simply can't!" Eve hissed to herself before she walked toward the elevator. Soon, the elevator arrived at her level. She got in and went downstairs immediately. Lyla then stepped out from another small room, her face pale and disheartened. I know that Eve really likes Myra. However, what should I do if Eve steps forward and stops Sean and Myra from getting a divorce? Lyla headed down the stairs with a grim look on her face—she didn't even bother taking the elevator. When she finally arrived on the first floor, she heard loud shouts and arguments coming from the front desk. As she frowned, she turned to see a pretty yet rather pallid woman wrestling with the lady who worked at the front desk. "Let go of me! I want to see my cousin! Why are you stopping me? Sean's my cousin—that's your Director Chase! If you continue to stop me here, I'm going to tell him about it and get him to fire you!"

Upon hearing this, Lyla raised her sleek eyebrows. The woman before her eyes wasn't a stranger to her either; Sasha was Sean's cousin, and she was a woman who had once looked down upon Lyla. They never really got along with one another. Right then, Lyla simply let out a slight chuckle as she

walked over and got the front desk worker to let go of Sasha. “It’s been a while, Sasha,” Lyla then uttered with a smile.

“It’s you...” Sasha knitted her brows the moment she saw the person who had just walked toward her. Sasha knew about Lyla’s return, and she knew about Lyla’s involvement with her cousin. Although Sasha didn’t necessarily like Lyla as a person, she hated Myra more than anyone else! Ever since the plagiarism incident and the moment she knew about Tony’s feelings toward Myra, she had desperately longed to crush Myra into pieces.

Previously, Sasha told a few company directors that Myra had shamelessly flirted with Tony; that was how Sasha ended up ruining the Hay Group’s reputation. Sasha had been careful as she was afraid to make this too much of a big deal; she merely told a few companies that the Hay Group had better connections with. Tony somehow managed to find out about this, and he canceled all partnerships and collaborations that the Hart Group had with the Hay Group. After he forfeited his contracts, a few other companies that had been working well with Hay Group followed suit. Now that the Hay Group’s stock prices were plummeting, Sasha had no other choice but to approach her cousin brother for help. However, she didn’t expect that Sean would avoid her for so long!

“Miss Fisher, please help me to tell Sean that I’m really begging him for a favor. He’s the only one who can help the Hay Group right now. He’s my grandfather’s grandson too; he can’t just watch as the Hay Group falls apart!” Right then, Sasha no longer seemed to care about her grudges with Lyla.

On the other hand, Lyla shook her head as her eyes twinkled with the obvious joy that she felt from watching Sasha’s suffering. “Judging by the way you seem now, I can tell that Sean doesn’t wish to see you at all, Sasha. Since he has already made his decision, I guess my words won’t be of much use anymore.”

Sasha gritted her teeth as she understood the unspoken meaning behind Lyla’s words. But our issue at the Hay Group is a real emergency... Sasha clenched her fists at the sides of her body as she spoke. “I know that you’re back to snatch Sean away for yourself, Lyla. Yet, Myra still carries her title and status for now; with all that she has done for the Chase Group, I wouldn’t be surprised if they give half of the company to her. But that’s not what you would like to see, right?”

The other woman lifted her eyebrows as she continued to stare at Sasha in an unbothered manner. “What are you trying to tell me here?”

Sasha took a deep breath. “I’ll tell you something about Myra; it might be able to help you. However, you have to promise that you will put in a good word for the Hay Group in front of Sean!”

“Oh? That depends on whether what you’re about to tell me is a useful piece of information, right?” Lyla curled her lips into a nasty smirk. Sasha tightened her fists then. Telling another woman about how the man I like is in love with the woman I hate most—no other woman would be stupid enough to do something like this. Sasha’s eyes were filled with hatred as she spoke. “That woman, Myra, has been trying to seduce the director of Hart Group, Tony Hart.”

The next day, Myra received a sudden call from Estelle while she was on her way to the office. Estelle called to ask about a piece of gossip that she had heard the night before. “Hey, Myra—what’s going on between you and Director Hart?” The night before that, Shawn had returned home and said that Tony might be interested in Myra. However, Myra seemed to have rejected Tony’s advances on her. Estelle was extremely excited when she first heard that Tony had actually fallen for Myra! It’s Tony, the legend of Bradford City and the person in charge of the Hart Group. With a snap of his fingers, he’d be able to influence the entire economical system in Bradford City. He’s like the most exclusive piece of jewelry in Bradford City—a combination of wealth, power, looks, and wisdom all packed into the body of a single man. Many women would sacrifice anything just to be with him. If he’s fallen for Myra... Hehe. If that’s the case, it wouldn’t be Myra’s loss then! This whole thing could even be a huge slap in the face for Sean and Lyla!

Once Myra heard Estelle’s mention of Tony, she recalled the conversation that she had with him last night and felt a bitter sensation in her chest. She simply brushed Estelle off. “I’ll talk to you later. I’m almost reaching the company,” she uttered in an attempt to end the call.

“Hey, hey. Wait! Don’t end the call just yet. I literally just called you; how could you end my call so soon?!” Estelle quickly exclaimed when she realized that Myra was about to end her call. “I think Tony is so much better than Sean! You can’t miss out on this amazing opportunity, Myra; you have to hold onto him! Of course, your divorce is important too. You have to speed up your divorce process so that you can officially be with Tony!” she cried.

Beep... beep... beep. Before Estelle could finish her sentence, Myra had already ended the call. Estelle felt a mixture of emotions as she looked at her own phone. "That heartless woman! I was only saying it for her own good. Tony has such great qualities; why is she being so stubborn?! She even ended my call before I finished speaking!"

"Tony wouldn't be interested in her if she wasn't the stubborn woman that she is." Estelle didn't realize when her bedroom door had opened, but Shawn was leaning his naked upper body against the doorframe as he looked at her. All he had on was a pair of pants.

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The three brothers in the Hart Family were about the same height, and they looked quite identical to one another. Right then, Shawn's solid eight-pack abs were fully exposed as all he had on was his pants. If he tugged his pants a little lower, his Apollo's belt would be clearly visible! His figure made him appear lean whenever he wore clothes, but his muscles were revealed the moment he took his clothes off.

He was God's masterpiece. That perfect figure, his gorgeous features and his slight smirk—Estelle had to admit that she felt her heart racing when she saw him first thing in the morning. Of course, she only felt slightly mesmerized by him. The moment he said something along the lines of 'I'm hungry; make me some food,' Estelle would lose all feelings for him immediately! She thought about going against his orders, yet she found herself tearing up on the inside when she exchanged gazes with Shawn's calm, cold glare. After that, she made countless attempts to suppress him without the use of force, but all her efforts had only been met with failure. She even tried to sneak out to go on a blind-date yesterday, but she ended up being dragged back home by Shawn.

After that incident... Her entire body still felt painfully sore from it. Right then, Estelle threw him a dissatisfied glare before she obediently got out of her bed. One day, I'll make Shawn regret insisting on being with me!

Myra swiftly drove her car into the basement parking lot of the Chase Group building. She had just walked into the Design Department when the director held her resignation letter out to her and told her to leave the letter in Director Chase's office. Apparently, her resignation letter had to be personally handled by Director Chase. She had no choice but to get back into the elevator before taking it to the floor where Sean's office was located.

There were strict rules in Chase Group—a member of staff was only allowed to leave one month after they had handed their resignation letter in. The longer the night is, the more nightmares you get; I really don't want to drag this on any longer. Perhaps I can take this chance to talk to Sean about the plans surrounding our divorce as well.

The moment Myra stepped out of the elevator, Sean's secretary ran toward her and stopped her. "Director Chase isn't in the office today, Miss Stark. You can talk to him once he's back." The secretary strung all of her words together and avoided making eye-contact with her. Myra found herself chuckling when she saw this. I'm sure that Sean and Lyla must be doing something in there. Myra then brushed the secretary off. "Why are you stopping me if he isn't around? I just want to take a look. I'll leave if he really isn't there."

"But Miss Stark..." The secretary looked extremely flustered. "Random strangers aren't allowed to travel in and out of Director Chase's office. I think it would be better if you came back when Director Chase is in."

Myra was well-aware of the commonly used techniques and tricks that were handy in avoiding an individual. Furthermore, from the angle where she stood, she could clearly look into Sean's office. Although his office windows were made of frosted glass, she could still tell that the lights were on in the room although she couldn't see the people in it. I wonder if he's just trying to avoid me. But he can't possibly avoid me for the rest of his life, right?

The door to Sean's office wasn't locked from the inside, so Myra simply twisted the knob to push the door open.

"Miss Stark!" The secretary's voice had a stern, threatening edge to it. "Miss Stark, there are a lot of private and confidential files in Director Chase's office. As a worker of the company, I believe that you know the rules—no strangers should enter his office without getting permission!" she hissed from the back of Myra.

"You're right." Myra abruptly spun around and nodded toward the secretary. "Strangers aren't allowed, but as of now, I'm not a stranger yet." She then pushed the door open and strode into his office. The moment she looked through the gap of the door, she could tell that the lights in the lounge of the office had been turned on. The door to the lounge wasn't shut; that was what made the office seem like its lights were on when she looked through the window earlier. Why would the lights be turned on if there isn't anyone else in here? Myra continued to walk into the office. At this point, the secretary

probably figured that she had no chance of stopping Myra; as such, she didn't bother following Myra from behind.

Myra headed toward the lounge and stuck her head through the door. "Sean," she shouted a few times with a blank expression. It was completely silent inside; there were no other voices apart from her own. Myra proceeded to search through the rest of the rooms, but she couldn't find Sean anywhere. She knitted her brows then. Is it true that Sean isn't here today? In that case, why did his secretary act as if there had been someone inside? Why did the secretary look as if she had something to hide from me? Myra wasn't satisfied just yet. She stepped out of the lounge and continued to look around at Sean's office. It was a spacious, elegant room; Eve and Myra had been the ones who worked together to design it for him. As she looked at all the familiar details of the office, Myra only thought about the irony of the whole situation. I was the one who had personally designed this entire place, yet that secretary earlier had referred to me as a 'stranger' to Sean.

All of a sudden, Myra's gaze fell upon a document that was placed on Sean's desk. The lounge was rather close to his desk, and Myra could clearly read the words that were written on the document from where she stood. 'Divorce Agreement' was printed on the top in large fonts. She felt her heart clenching as she took a few steps closer to the desk. She took another look to confirm that it was indeed divorce papers. If it had been left on Sean's table, it would naturally mean that they were papers regarding her divorce with him.

She picked the documents up and glanced through them. The front pages were mostly filled with standard information; she only paid more attention when it came to the property distribution section. She was only provided with the parts of Chase Group that she had invested in in the past. Although that was all she got, she felt content with it. Her lips curled into a self-deprecating smirk when she saw Sean's majestic signature on the last page of the divorce agreement. She then took her copy of the agreement and stuffed it into her bag—the papers were meant for her, after all.

Her handbag expanded into an odd shape after she folded and stuffed the documents in, perhaps because her handbag had been too small. If anyone looked closely at the edges of her handbag zipper, they would be able to see bits of A4 paper sticking out of it. Finally, Myra left her resignation letter on the top of Sean's desk before she walked out of the office.

The secretary had a rather annoyed expression on her face as she waited for Myra by the door. “You didn’t take any of Director Chase’s documents, did you, Miss Stark?” the secretary uttered in a harsh tone.

Myra had initially wanted to explain that she did take some documents with her. However, she realized that what she had taken were divorce papers. Sean probably wouldn’t want to let his workers know about his hidden marriage and my identity as his wife at this point in time. Furthermore, I don’t want to make a big deal out of this either. “What sort of documents could I possibly take?” she said casually.

The secretary gave Myra a suspicious look and scanned Myra from head to toe before fixing her gaze on Myra’s handbag. Myra maintained a calm expression as she ignored the secretary’s looks and simply headed down to her own department level. When she returned to the Design Department, Tilly’s response toward her was the most exaggerated. “Are you really going to quit your job, Miss Stark?!” Tilly looked as if she hit the jackpot right then. Before Myra could respond to her, Tilly grabbed onto Myra’s arm and continued to blabber excitedly. “Did you find yourself a new job, Miss Stark? Can you bring me along? I’ve been thinking of quitting this job a long time ago!” Tilly had conflicting emotions when it came to her job at the Design Department in Chase Group. She initially concluded that she would just go on with the job, but now that she heard about Myra’s departure, she felt like she had a reason to leave as well.

Myra simply shook her head. “I haven’t found a new job; I just want to leave for now. You can’t leave just yet, Tilly. I was the one who was responsible for the Sunny Bay Project, and you’re the one who’s the most familiar with it besides me. Aren’t you about to graduate soon? I’ll be leaving in a month. I’ll recommend you to the director before I leave—you can take over the whole project then. Although the Chase Group’s property is only at its infancy stage, you have a lot of potential; I believe you’d be able to grow a lot more if you stay here.”

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“But...” Tilly knew that she was going to miss Myra a lot, but she also knew that what Myra said was true. She was just a girl from a regular family, and her pay elsewhere wouldn’t be as high as what Chase Group was paying her now. “You have to keep in touch with me, Miss Stark. We can still chat even if we’re working in different companies,” Tilly uttered.

For the first time that day, a broad grin surfaced on Myra's face. "Of course."

After that, Myra felt a lot more reassured—it was probably because she had gotten her hands on the divorce agreement. She started to let go of the Sunny Bay Project as she handed most of her workload over to Tilly. On the fourth day after Sean had left, Myra drove to the Chase Group building as usual. She led her car into the basement and was heading to her usual parking spot when she found herself distracted by the luxurious Aston Martin Taraf that was parked beside her.

There are only a few people in Bradford City who can drive a car like this. Since this person has come over to the Chase Group, he or she is probably looking for Sean. Is Sean back from his business trip already? Myra didn't think too much about it; she simply thought that she would head over to look for Sean if he was back in the office. She quickly parked her car at her usual spot before she headed up in the elevator. In accordance with Tilly's request, Myra had been slowly organizing all of her architectural design projects and other design collections for her.

Myra had only been organizing her files for a while when she received a phone call from Tilly. She picked it up with a smile. "Hello—"

"Miss Stark! Miss Stark! Ahh—" Before Myra could say anything else, Tilly's terrified screams came from the other end of the call. Her screams were tangled up with a mixture of several men's questions and growls.

Myra's face fell immediately. "What's going on, Tilly?!"

"Miss Stark..." Tilly was sobbing as she finally seemed to have gotten hold of her phone again. "Miss Stark, there have been some riots going on at the construction site. The foreman, Chris Harvey, would like to meet you. He wants to talk about how the workers have stopped their work; he also wants to ask about the workers' payment. He said that Chase Group... isn't paying them..."

Riots at the construction site? The expression on Myra's face turned into a serious one. The Sunny Bay Project had been proceeding smoothly all along; she never encountered any issues in the past. She even asked the finance department about the workers' salary previously, and they mentioned that they would receive the funds for the company soon; there shouldn't have been an issue with their salaries. "Stop crying, Tilly. Hand the phone over to Chris—there must be some sort of misunderstanding here."

Once Myra gave her orders, the phone was immediately handed over to someone else. Soon enough, a man's hoarse voice came on the line. "Are you Miss Stark?"

Myra didn't wish to delay such matters. She knew that she had to take things into her own hands, so she hastily picked her coat up and rushed toward the elevator as she spoke on the phone. "Yeah, that's right. Chris, please help me to let the workers at the construction site know that Chase Group will pay them their salary soon. I've already asked the finance department about this. Our project can't be delayed as Chase Group would suffer significant losses for every day that the work isn't complete. The workers will have to go on with their work."

"I can't care less about your losses. How are you going to expect the workers to be motivated to work when they aren't getting their pay?" Chris shouted aggressively from the other end of the call. "The company has owed us two months' worth of salary. Do they not have enough money to feed us? My men and I aren't pushovers! We're going to bring this to the court if you don't pay us!" His words were followed by the voices of a bunch of men agreeing to his statement.

"Please calm down." The Sunny Bay Project would be completely ruined if such matters were brought to court, and Chase Group would surely have to cover all the losses. Not only that, Hart Group would probably put all of the blame on Chase Group as well. Myra took a deep breath before she continued and said, "Chase Group is a relatively reputable business; of course we would never commit such horrible deeds of not paying our workers. Director Chase has been away from the company recently and we don't have the power to make our own decisions, but he's coming back today, so—"

"I don't want to listen to your bullsh*t! I want you here at the construction site now. Otherwise, I'm not going to let your young colleague go!" Chris's aggressive growls came from the other end of the call before the line was cut off.

Myra pressed her lips together when she heard the beeping sound of the busy signal on the phone. The moment she stepped out of the elevator, she ran toward her car and flung her door open before she hopped in, started her engine and sped off.

The man who had been seated in the backseat of the Lagonda Taraf watched as Myra made her every move. He then narrowed his eyes when he noticed

the anxious expression on her face, sucking his thin lips inward as he watched her.

Soon enough, another man opened the door to the driver's seat of the Taraf. That man had a tidy and proper appearance; he was also dressed in a well-tailored suit. However, his face was expressionless as he got into the car and turned toward the man—whose face was covered by the shadows—in the backseat. "Director Hart, I've handed the documents over to Miss Fisher. She said that she'll always be grateful for your help, and that these documents can be considered as her way of repaying you," the man uttered politely.

"Always be grateful for my help..." The man in the backseat let out a slight chuckle, a hint of mockery in it. He took the documents over and tore them apart without taking a look at them. Soon enough, a spark of light came from the backseat. A bright vermillion-colored fire lit up in the air, creating thick clumps of smoke.

"Drive." The man's deep voice came from the backseat.

The driver shuddered slightly before he answered, "Alright." Then, the car slowly came into motion.

Myra sped through her entire journey. She was contemplating whether to make a police report; she didn't know how things would turn out in the end. She gave Sean a call, but he didn't pick his phone up. She then made another call to Richard, but he didn't pick the phone up either. Her calls to the project manager and the design director were ignored as well. It's like everyone just agreed on keeping their phones away from them today! Out of desperation, she decided that she would give Leo a call, who was quick to answer it.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Stark?" Leo was still as friendly as ever—his attitude toward her hadn't changed after her unpleasant encounter with Tony that night. Myra went straight to the point. "Leo, there are riots going on at the Sunny Bay Project's construction site. Those people have held Tilly hostage, and I don't know how to deal with this matter now. Do you think it's possible for you to send some men over to control the workers at the construction site?"

Once he heard the sound of the car engine on the other end of the call, Leo quickly lowered his fountain pen before he responded in a serious tone and asked, "Where are you now, Miss Stark?"

“I’m rushing to the construction site right now.” After all, Myra was worried that something bad might happen to Tilly. “I wanted to call the police, but I was afraid that things might get out of hand. Since I couldn’t contact anyone else, I had to call you...”

“Miss Stark, please stop your car somewhere; don’t go to the construction site just yet.” Leo’s expression faltered as he quickly ran toward Tony’s office. However, he then knitted his brows together as he recalled that Tony wasn’t in the office that day. “Listen to me, Miss Stark—I’m going to inform Director Hart about this right now. Don’t go there just yet. Director Hart will make sure to handle this,” Leo said in a worried voice.

Will Director Hart deal with this? Of course, I wouldn’t have to feel worried about this if he’s willing to take matters into his own hands. However... “All right. I’ll leave it to you, then. Thank you.” Myra slowed her car down. But after the line cut off on the other end, she stepped on the gas and rushed toward the construction site once again. It would take nearly two hours for Leo to rush to the construction site from where his office is. I cannot—and will not—leave Tilly alone for such a long time.

It only took Myra 30 minutes to arrive at the Sunny Bay Project construction site. When she got there, the entire place was empty. She walked toward the central area and heard the voices of men shouting. Soon enough, she was faced with an empty piece of land; all the workers who were supposed to be at work were either gone or had gathered in a group a distance away from where she stood.

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All of the men turned their heads toward her when they saw her, and Myra instantly realized that she had made a bad decision when she saw the look in the men’s eyes. Running away was no longer an option to her right then; the moment her footsteps came to a halt, four or five big-sized men ran toward her and crowded behind her as they forced Myra to continue moving forward. She saw Tilly a distance away from her—the young girl was being pushed toward her by another man.

Tilly immediately let out a loud cry the moment she saw Myra. “Miss Stark... I’m so afraid...” After all, she was just a young girl who hadn’t even graduated from university yet; she had never expected herself to encounter such an incident. Myra was just as afraid right then, but she had no choice except to

put on a calm front as she walked over and held onto Tilly's hand. Myra then turned to look at the leader of the group of men. "Where's David? Why haven't I seen him anywhere at all?" David was another foreman Myra had often communicated with in the past; he was a lot easier to talk to and never caused any problems for her.

Before Chris could respond to Myra, Tilly spoke up between her sobs. "David was hospitalized after he got injured, Miss Stark. Chris has been the one leading the workers recently."

Chris then gave Myra a side-eye as he scoffed. "So you're the person in charge of this project, huh, Miss Stark?" He spoke in a roguish tone that made him seem more like a gangster than one of the construction workers. Myra pursed her lips. "I'm just in charge of the design; there are other people who are responsible for the whole project. I've already made some calls—"

Smack! Before Myra could finish her sentence, she felt a tight slap against her cheek that made her head spin. Tilly let out a loud shriek as she hastily attempted to help Myra. However, another man grabbed onto Tilly's arm and pulled her away from Myra. Chris then lowered his hand as he casually turned toward the man who was holding onto Tilly. "Since this b*tch is here, we can let the other one go. I heard that this woman, Miss Stark, has a rather tight relationship with Director Chase from the Chase Group. With her around, we won't have to worry about getting our pay!"

Myra felt her ears ringing after she received the sudden, unwarranted slap across her face. She reached a hand up and felt blood when she touched her split lip. She bit her lips and gasped in pain before she lifted her head up to glare at Chris. "The Chase Group is definitely going to pay you guys. There might have been a mistake made in one of the departments; I'll give the company a call right now."

Meanwhile, Tilly was crying her lungs out as she found herself being dragged away. She screamed for Myra's name, but Myra no longer found the energy to be bothered by the young girl. If Tilly was allowed to leave safely, she would at least be able to pass the message to the others. Myra now realized that the situation was more serious than she had expected it to be. This is no longer about the riots; these people are trying to detain and kidnap me! She reached a trembling hand over to touch her cell phone. Coincidentally, her phone rang at that very moment. It was a call from Tony!

Myra held her breath as she quickly picked the call up. “Hello?” That was all she managed to say before Chris grabbed onto her hair and tugged her head toward the ground. Myra forced her eyes shut in pain, and she felt her left forehead slamming against a rock as she fell onto the ground. At that moment, all she felt was a sharp, blinding pain as she gradually lost consciousness. Her phone had fallen onto the ground, but the call was still connected. Even though Myra could hear Tony’s loud and furious cries from the phone, all she managed then was to groan in pain; she couldn’t bring herself to speak at all.

Just as she attempted to reach a hand out for the phone, Chris stomped his foot over the screen and crushed the phone into pieces. Then, he let out a cold scoff as he walked toward Myra and kicked her a few times. After that, he crouched down and spoke to her in a cold, soft voice. “Miss Stark, most of the men at the construction site have been abstinent for a long while. I wouldn’t put up too much of a fight if I were you. I’m not a cruel man; I’ll let you go eventually as long as you obey my words.” He then turned to the two men beside him. “Greg, Eric—lock this woman up in the hut. We’ll only let her out once our issues with the Chase Group are resolved!”

Myra was forcefully dragged over to a tiny, wooden hut that didn’t have any source of light; it was pitch black inside. She felt herself drowning in waves of anxiety and fear the moment she heard the sound of the men locking her alone in the hut. She could still hear Chris’s voice echoing in her head. How long are they going to keep me here? What are they going to do to me? All of the workers here are madmen; I’m afraid they might... Her entire body trembled in fear as she buried her face into her knees and began to sob silently.

She had experienced the same fear when her mother left her in the past. The overwhelming sense of helplessness, powerlessness and fear... She felt like the entire world had abandoned her then. I don’t even know if Tilly managed to leave; I don’t even know if she managed to find someone who can help me...

Myra felt herself tensing up every time she heard the voices of men outside the hut. The darkness that surrounded her felt like a beast that could swallow her whole.

She didn’t know how much time had passed, but her legs felt numb from sitting on the ground for too long. Her tears had dried on her face, and it made her skin uncomfortably tight. Just then, she heard the nearing sounds of police

sirens that came from outside the hut. Her gaze was blurry; she couldn't seem to bring herself to react to whatever was occurring outside. Myra simply wrapped her arms around herself as she continued to shake uncontrollably. It felt like everything was in slow-motion right then; each second felt like a year to her.

After what felt like a long time, the door behind Myra was thrown open with a loud bam. The entire door fell onto the ground, sending dust up into the air. Sunlight shone into the insides of the dark hut. Myra gradually turned her body around, looking as though she was still stuck in slow-motion. She narrowed her eyes as they were too sensitive to the blinding sunlight; when she saw the tall, muscular figure that stood by the door with his back against the sun, she couldn't stop her tears from streaming down her face.

When you're stuck in the dark and need a helping hand to drag you out, who is the one person you'd like to see the most? I know Sean isn't going to come and save me. I know that only a single person's face surfaced in my mind the moment I heard the door being kicked open earlier. Myra parted her lips in an attempt to call his name. "To—" She couldn't finish her words as her throat felt too dry for her to even speak. All she managed then was to stare at the man who walked over to her.

Every step he took seemed to be filled with rage and hostility right then; even the warm, golden rays behind him felt oddly cold at that moment. There was a commotion occurring outside the hut, and a few men from the SWAT team stood outside with their rifles. They seemed reluctant to rush in without orders.

Tony's face was darker than clouds before a huge rainstorm. With his hands still placed by his sides, he cracked his knuckles as he met gazes with Myra's terrified eyes. Tony hastily walked toward the latter before he picked her up into his arms without a word. Myra was a complete mess right then; her workwear outfit was coated with a layer of dust, one side of her cheek was excessively swollen, and blood stuck onto the corner of her lips. Although the blood from her forehead injury had dried up, the cut still looked terrifying. Furthermore, she had suffered a few scratches on her arms and legs when she fell and scratched herself against the pebbles on the ground. Tony felt his eyes burning at the sight of all the red marks on her skin.

He instinctively tightened his arms around her body as he lowered his head to look at Myra. "Listen to me; I want you to close your eyes now," he said with a gentle smile. She felt like he had put her under a spell right then. A tear trickled down her cheek as she blinked, but she gripped onto his shirt around

his chest as she obediently forced her eyes shut. "I'm scared, Tony..." Never once had Myra revealed such a vulnerable side of herself in front of another person. However, she no longer felt like being strong right then.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here now." The simple words that Tony uttered with his deep voice somehow put Myra at ease.