

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 1

“Imagine if both your wife and your lover fell into the water at the same time—who would you save first?”

Upon remembering what her friend had said a few days ago, Myra felt her heart ache; it was so acute that it threatened to suffocate her. She stood stiffly in the banquet hall while the exquisite knee-length blue dress she wore was glued to her wet body, making her like a drowned rat.

When the company employees in the hall saw her, they began to whisper and snicker among themselves. She did not have to eavesdrop to know what they said about her.

“She’s trying to climb the corporate ladder by sleeping with the director...”

“I heard she wanted to push the director’s girlfriend into the pool!”

“How could someone who acts high and mighty all the time be so shameless?”

A few moments ago, Myra had been taking a stroll in the back gardens of The Alegria when Eris, a rising star and Sean’s latest conquest, approached her and blocked her way.

“Myra, you may be Sean’s legal wife, but if I were you, I would have filed for divorce out of embarrassment. After all, there isn’t much point in staying married if you have to watch him fawn over other women, is there?”

Following Myra’s marriage to Sean, scenarios like those were a common occurrence. She felt a sharp stab of pain in her heart and was about to retort when she saw the other girl’s expression change—her arrogance was replaced by a doe-eyed vulnerability.

“Myra, I know you also like Sean. I never would have come between the both of you if he reciprocated your feelings, but he doesn’t. You—aaah! Help—” Before Eris could finish her sentence, she had dragged Myra down into the pond with her.

The scene that played out afterward was one where the valiant hero came to rescue the damsel in distress. Unfortunately, Myra was not the one who was saved. She wiped the

beads of water away from her eyes before she cast her gaze toward the banquet doors not too far away.

She could not see their faces, but she could make out Sean's long and lean frame. She watched as he carefully held Eris' petite figure against himself and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. Myra could already imagine the pain floating in his eyes as he regarded the other girl. Does he also think I pushed her into the pond?

Myra felt as though she had swallowed acid. She pressed her hand against her chest; her fist tightly clenched to the point where her knuckles turned white.

The nanny greeted her in the foyer when she returned home that night. "Welcome home, Young Mistress Myra."

Myra nodded and hummed in response. Her eyes fell on the pair of black leather shoes that was in the hallway.

Upon noticing that, Greta gave a warm smile and said, "Madam is at a poker game now, and Master has just returned home. He has asked to see you in his study the moment you return."

It's my birthday today, Myra thought. Her throat was dry as she stared at the unassuming smile on Greta's face.

"Oh, my! Young Mistress Myra, why are you soaked?" You need a hot shower immediately!"

Myra nodded and went upstairs. Her footsteps slowed when she walked past the door to Sean's study, but she closed her eyes and hurried past it.

When Greta brought up the towels earlier, she had mentioned that he had a bouquet of blue roses in his study. With that in mind, Myra hastily showered and proceeded to her wardrobe. She deliberately chose a pale blue knee-length dress with jasmines embroidered at the waist.

She grew nervous as she stood outside his study. However, the door swung open before she could knock. Sean was standing behind the threshold, his face devoid of any expression.

In the absence of a smile, he looked stern and unforgiving. There was always a coldness in his gaze, although his almond-shaped eyes were more than capable vessels for warm

sentiments. Myra appraised him and saw that he did not change his clothes. He looked imposing in his black suit and there was a regality about him that seemed second to nature.

“Why didn’t you come the moment you returned home?”

Upon hearing that, she blinked and felt the tips of her ears growing hot. “My dress was wet during the party, so I took a shower before I—”

However, he turned and impatiently retreated into the study before he heard the rest of her sentence, leaving her forlorn out in the hallway. She parted her lips as though to say something, but decided to keep silent as she trailed after him.

The study was decorated to reflect its master’s preferences—it was tasteful and elegant while the furnishings and accents were all in the same dark brown palette. On the ottoman was a bouquet of vibrant blue roses, which provided the only pop of color in the room.

Myra paused when she saw the bouquet and crossed over to Sean while he was adjusting his tie. “I thought you had forgotten about my birthday, Sean,” she said gently.

The resentment she felt since the banquet slowly ebbed away, but just as she was about to help him with his tie, he pushed her hand away.

“Your birthday?” Sean looked as if he had only just noticed her dress. He cast a glance toward the bouquet of roses before turning to sneer at her. “You don’t think those flowers are for you, do you?”

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 2

Myra stiffened as she grew flustered.

She could not deny the glimmer of the hope she had felt when Greta informed about the bouquet of flowers.

I knew it was impossible for him to get me flowers, so why do I still land myself in situations like this?

Her throat felt dry as she asked hesitantly, "Then, why did you ask to see me?"

Sean strode over to the desk and pulled open a drawer before he answered coldly, "I expected you to behave yourself, but you crossed the line anyway. Eris may have brushed off the incident tonight, but I don't ever want to see you doing something like that ever again."

His sideburns were trimmed into a clean fade that framed his well-structured side profile. Myra watched him in the full-length mirror; her heart wrenched in a familiar ache at the sight of his stony expression—he was as cold and distant to her as he had always been.

Her gaze flickered over to the bouquet of blue roses. The tension in the study seemed even more prominent when it was juxtaposed with the quiet beauty of the flowers.

Myra feigned strength; she could not stop convulsing fiercely. "It wasn't me," she said in a voice that sounded like a whisper.

For a moment, she wondered whether he even heard her. He was already dressed and stood tall, but he did not respond as he took out a heart-shaped red velvet box from the drawer.

Sean glanced at his watch. When he looked up again, his face was colored with indifference and annoyance. "Myra, don't pull any of those dirty tricks against my woman. I've fulfilled your wish for a marriage—what more do you want from me? If you want to claim me as your own, I'm afraid I have no such feelings for you. If you want my heart—"

"I told you I wasn't the one who pushed Eris into the pond!" Myra interrupted him through gritted teeth before he could say anything more condescending.

Her lips were pale and she trembled so badly that she could collapse at any given moment.

Upon hearing what she said, Sean scowled. "Are you saying that she lied?" A look of disgust passed over his face as he scoffed and turned from her. "She can't swim—did you know that? She could have drowned if I did not arrive on time to save her. If that happened, do you think you'll still be standing here?"

"Sean, do you really think I would do something like that?" The floodgates were open, causing the resentment and pain that had built up in her for such a long time to be released. She looked at him bitterly and reiterated. "I did not push Eris. She fell into the water on her own. She came up to me and tried to make me leave you by insulting me, but I never wanted to hurt her!"

Myra's cheeks were sunken, which only accentuated the size of her eyes. She looked wounded and vulnerable.

Sean saw the dark clouds that gathered in her otherwise luminous eyes, but his expression darkened just as quickly. He regarded the stubborn woman before him with disdain as he thought about Eris shivering in his arms as she advised not to blame Myra for the incident. Anger immediately rose within him and without another thought, he roughly shoved Myra aside.

"You're the most despicable woman I've ever met!" he spat as she staggered backward. Her feet thudded against the floor as she tried to keep herself from falling over. Her face paled as she stared at him with widened eyes.

However, he simply returned her look of astonishment with a cold, baleful gaze before he picked up the bouquet of roses from the ottoman and headed out the door.

Myra had no idea where her courage came from; she ignored the pain that shot through her arm and rushed over to block him as she demanded, "Where are you going at this hour?"

Sean shot her an icy glare. "Move!" he barked.

Her arm's eyes were filled with mist; as she prevented him from taking another step forward, she glanced at the ring on her finger.

It was only a plain, silver band that was bought from one of those nondescript shops. Sean had purchased it for her before their relationship soured, but she still cherished it. He quickly grew tired of her after their marriage and seeing as he never bought her a proper diamond ring, she'd taken the silver one as a token that meant something.

"You're a married man now, Sean. What the hell do you think you're doing?" Myra shouted, no longer able to suppress her rage.

For the past two years, she had woken up everyday to see pictures of her husband with his arms around another woman. She could not remember the last time she was happy.

He pushed her arm away. Before the door was slammed shut, he responded in a withering voice, "You should have known what you were signing up for when you first married into the Chase family."

Myra bristled and she froze in her place.

Greta did not enter the study until after the sound of the front door being closed. She eyed Myra sympathetically as she asked, "Young Mistress Myra, are you alright?"

Myra straightened. She brought her hand to her face, expecting to feel tears streaming down her cheeks, but her skin was dry and taut. She shook her head in a state of daze before she exited the study in silence to make her way to her bedroom.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 3

When Myra woke up the next morning, she glanced at the empty room in a daze.

She had turned twenty-four the day before. Sean had probably forgotten about it or maybe he never committed to remember her birthday at all. He bought flowers for another woman and spent the night with her, leaving Myra with nothing more than a cold shoulder.

Myra went downstairs after getting dressed and she was greeted by a cheery Eve. "Myra, you're just in time for breakfast!"

Eve was probably Myra's saving grace in the family. Not wanting to look sad in front of her, Myra nodded and seated herself in the dining room.

"Myra, I know you're upset with the way Sean behaved last night, but please don't be sad—I'm always on your side. I'm sure one day he will come to realize that you're the woman whom he should spend the rest of his life with."

Myra felt tears pricking her eyes, but she remained reticent.

Eve sighed and shoved a pair of chopsticks into Myra's hands. "You should, dear. Sean left early to attend to a couple of things, so I'll ask the chauffeur to drop you off at work later."

Just as Eve said that, Greta entered the dining room with today's newspaper in hand. "Madam, here's the newspaper you asked for."

Greta had only just placed the newspaper on the dining table when Eve caught a glimpse of the front page news. Greta's face faltered, but it was too late for her to take the newspaper away.

Myra stiffened as she fixed her gaze on the headline.

Below it was a picture of Sean kissing a certain young female celebrity and it was taken in front of a hotel. Clearly, he did not even come home at all last night.

"Myra—"

"Thanks for the breakfast, Mom. I have to go to work now," Myra stoically interrupted as she rose from her seat. She took her purse and headed out the doorway.

Unable to respond on time, Eve stood by the doorway and watched as her daughter-in-law drove off.

Greta was apologetic as she approached. "I'm sorry about that, Madam."

"It's not your fault." Eve sighed. She turned and looked at Greta with a somber expression. "Call Sean later and tell him that if he doesn't come home tonight, I'll disown him!"

Upon hearing that, Greta hastily nodded, "Okay."

Myra and Sean's wedding had been a low-profile affair for many reasons—there were only a handful of people who knew about the matrimony between the daughter of the Stark Family and the heir to Chase family.

Even those in Chase Group were unaware of Myra's real identity. As far as they were concerned, she was only the leader of Design Team A.

"Myra, I'm so sorry, but I don't think I will be able to join all of you for lunch today. I have an appointment with Director Chase at noon." Elsie sounded apologetic enough, but she was

gloating. She was cooped up in the restroom for nearly an hour before lunchtime and when she emerged, her lips were painted with a bright shade of red. Myra winced at that sight, but she made no comment.

After having excused herself, Elsie took her purse and left. Her hips swayed as she walked toward the elevator that was meant for company executives.

“What did she look so pleased for? Everyone knows how she became the leader for team B—and it’s certainly not because of her talent!” scoffed a woman who was on one side.

Myra paled. Without speaking another word, she grabbed her purse and made her way to the elevator as well.

With some time to spare after lunch, everyone chattered in groups of two or three before they returned to work.

“Myra! Look at this—the heir to the Hart Family fortune has returned to the country, and he’s officially taking over the Hart Group!” Tilly announced as she placed the tabloid in front of Myra. She was the newly-recruited intern at the design department and the only one who showed any loyalty to Myra despite what happened at the banquet last night.

She followed up with a dreamy sigh. “Oh, where do I even begin with Tony Hart? He’s a legend in the business world. He went abroad when he was eighteen and when he was twenty-two, he graduated from Harvard with a double PhD in Management and Business Economics respectively. He built his own business empire, Hartwell Group, at the age of twenty-six and up until today, no one has been able to replicate his achievements in the country. Now, he’s returned to take over the Hart Group. Oh, my God—more importantly, he’s charming and handsome without being tainted by any scandal! He’s nearly thirty-five and he’s still a bachelor!”

Myra felt herself unwinding when she saw the starstruck gleam in Tilly’s eyes. “Do you have plans to woo him?”

Upon hearing that, Tilly’s spirits seemed to die down a little. She scratched her earlobe as she muttered, “Of course not. Dreamboats like him are meant to be admired from afar. They’re not dateable.”

“Does that mean you were excited over nothing?” Myra teased as she cast a brief glance at the tabloid cover.

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 4

Being a member of Stark, Myra was well aware of the Harts' existence since they were one of the most prominent families in Bradfort City. Tony had three siblings in total—a sister and two brothers, all of whom were older than him. His sister was married and both his brothers were in politics and the military respectively, making him the only child out of the four to display a keen interest in business.

He was the grandson whom the old Sebastian Hart doted on the most. However, Myra heard that Tony had been a rebel in his younger days and he had refused to inherit the family fortune. She wondered what could have made him return suddenly to take over the Hart Group.

On the other hand, she could also understand why the ladies were fascinated with him. After all, he was the heir to the Hart Family business, which meant his worth and stature were undoubtedly impressive. He was also the walking textbook example of tall, dark and handsome.

There was something oddly familiar about his eyes, though...

Perhaps it was the cold indifference in them that made her think of Sean. At that thought, the image of Elsie's gloating face inevitably flashed through her mind.

Myra felt her breath hitch and she quickly suppressed any ounce of resentment that threatened to bubble up within her.

"An eye candy makes everything better! Life is tough enough as it is—we need more of these little moments of happiness."

Myra laughed and gathered the documents that she had just reviewed. She then placed them in Tilly's arms as she said, "Come on, let's head over to your dreamboat's company and get you those moments of happiness that you look forward to."

Tilly stared blankly for a moment before she broke into a huge grin when she finally registered her words. "Myra, are you going over to the Hart Group to talk about the Sunny Bay Project? The one for the high-end community?! I thought you were going with Miss Foster!"

"I don't think she'll return anytime soon. You can substitute her today."

She probably doesn't want to go anyway, seeing that she's all tangled up with Sean at the moment, Myra was self-deprecating.

"Got it! I'll do my best!"

Myra had only just driven her white BMW into the Hart Group's basement carpark when two Bentleys drove past her toward the exit.

The Bentley Mulsanne that drove out first was particularly striking. If she recalled correctly, it was the same limited edition model that Bentley announced during its press conference in London last year. There was only one of its kind produced in the entire world and it was rumored that the owner was a mysterious business mogul.

As the car crossed her line of sight, she caught a glimpse of the man who sat in the backseat of the Mulsanne. However, she could not see much in the dim lighting, save for a dark silhouette that appeared cool and elegant.

Meanwhile, the man in the backseat seemed to sense something. He opened his eyes, but Myra's car had already driven past.

After circling the basement carpark, she was relieved to have found a parking spot meant for regular visitors.

She entered the elevator and the doors were about to close until an arm reached in to hold them open.

"I'm sorry, but would you mind sharing the lift?"

Myra looked up. Presently, there was a group of men who were standing outside the elevator whom she had not noticed earlier. They were all dressed in suits and leather shoes and they had a solemn look. A gaze was enough to imagine them as the cream of the crop of some high-end enterprise. Nevertheless, the man who addressed her earlier had a pleasant face and he was waiting for her to answer.

She blinked; then, she shook her head.

The man smiled at her, then stepped aside and retreated to the back. He was clearly someone of an assistant level.

Meanwhile, Myra heard Tilly draw a sharp breath behind her. Tilly then jabbed a finger into her back.

Myra looked up and her gaze landed on a pair of endlessly dark orbs.

The person behind those eyes was the most handsome of his entourage and he happened to be the latest. He looked like he was around thirty-four to thirty-five in age and he wore a fitting, tailor-made black suit that accentuated his towering figure.

The clean, white shirt he wore beneath his black suit made him look all the more attractive. There was something graceful about the way he carried himself—it was imposing, even. He was reserved, but his gaze was focused and intent.

Myra swallowed—he was none other than Tony Hart, the new director of Hart Group.

As though he sensed her gaze, he briefly appraised her before taking one long stride into the elevator.

She could not help but click her tongue at his indifference.

“T-T-Ton—Um!” Tilly’s starstruck stutter was interrupted by a groan as Myra dug her elbow into the former’s stomach. She then pulled Tilly two steps over to the left to make way for the rest of the men.

They watched in silence as the men swiftly stepped into the elevator.

“Myra, look! It’s Dreamboat Tony!” Tilly squealed close to Myra’s ear in a tone that was unfortunately obstreperous to even be considered a whisper.

Myra’s face blushed, particularly when she heard the assistant from before clear his throat in what she presumed was amusement.

Slightly embarrassed, she turned to glance apologetically at the impassive-looking man.

Seeing that they were standing side-by-side, she could only see his side profile, which was clean and as sharp as a knife. He looked as cold as he was intimidating.

However, there was one thing that lingered in the back of her mind—a man like Tony ought to be using the elevator that was meant for exclusive guests, so why was he sharing a public lift with the rest of them?

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 5

The elevator shook slightly with a muffled thud as it started to make its way up.

Myra could not react in time and stumbled onto the man next to her before she could hold onto the handrail. The man's open shirt collar brushed against her forehead. She was close to him—exceptionally close that she could smell the faintest hint of tobacco mingling with his clean, cool scent.

Tilly, on the other hand, had regained her footing and was shocked at Myra's predicament. She quickly pulled Myra onto her feet as she cried out, "Myra!"

When Myra stumbled over earlier, she had felt a hand reaching out to hold her up by the waist. She felt the fingers pressing against her skin as the person steadied her and there was strength in the grip.

"Myra, are you okay?" Tilly asked with concern.

It was fortunate that the man had caught Myra before she fell over, although she had to admit that she had never been this intimate with any man other than Sean. She steadied herself and shook her head at Tilly. Glancing up at Tony, she saw that he remained expressionless, even though his hand was still on her waist.

Myra stiffened slightly at the warmth that radiated from his palm. "Director Hart..." she muttered but trailed off awkwardly.

There was nothing uncommon about accidental stumbles and shoves in an elevator and she ought not to overreact, but his hand...

He had not bothered to spare her a glance until he turned his head and saw that he was still holding onto her waist. He briefly gazed at her before retracting his hand; his face was still as impassive as before.

It was as though everyone in the elevator was holding their breath. Since no one was saying anything, Myra decided to keep quiet as well until the elevator arrived on their floor.

Upon exiting the lift, Tilly cast a wistful look at the closed doors and brought her hand up to her chest as though she needed to calm herself. "Like I said—dreamboats like him are meant to be admired from afar. I don't think my heart can take it if I were to stand close to an iceberg like him everyday."

Myra managed a small smile, but the image of the man's piercing gaze as he turned to look at her flashed in her mind. She shook her head before she led Tilly toward the Project Department in Hart Group.

Meanwhile, the elevator continued to make its way up the building. When it arrived on their floor, the other men hastily shuffled out.

Leo pressed on the button that was designated for a higher floor. He then turned to look at Tony, whereupon he squealed in surprise.

Upon seeing Leo's expression, Tony followed his gaze and glanced down at his white shirt. A pale lipstick stain had been embossed on his shirtfront, looking very much like a pale rose in bloom.

"Director Hart..." Leo trailed off as he anxiously eyed the man. As Director Hart was a germaphobe, women were not even allowed within a one meter radius of him, let alone stumble into him like the lady earlier.

Tony seemed impervious as he looked at him and ordered, "Go and find out what those two women are doing here in Hart Group."

"What about your shirt, sir?"

Tony ignored him as he grazed his thumb over the lipstick stain on his shirt. With an inscrutable look on his face, he walked out of the elevator.

A speechless Leo watched as Tony glanced at his own hand with what appeared to be an almost wistful expression. He thought about how Tony told him to hold the elevator doors earlier on and something suddenly clicked in his mind. Who were those two ladies earlier?

Given that it was their first time presenting the initial draft to Hart Group, Myra did not think that they could exclude other competitors yet. After greeting Logan, who was the project manager, Tilly and she returned to Chase Group.

However, Myra had just driven into the basement parking lot at Chase Group when she saw a familiar black Lamborghini passing by her.

At such a close distance, she could see that there was a woman provocatively dressed in the passenger seat. She was planting a firm kiss on the driver's cheek while he maneuvered the car.

The woman in the car was not Eris, but Elsie. Perhaps Sean was stringing both these women along. He'd rather do that than touch his own wife, Myra thought resentfully.

She abruptly stepped on the brakes. The loud screech that ensued startled Tilly, causing her to ask, "Myra, are you okay?"

Myra remained stoic, even though her face had turned a ghastly shade of white.

There were days when she had thought about ending her pointless marriage, but she could not bring herself to do so. After all, she had spent years pining for Sean and being accustomed to his presence. His mother continuously mentioned that he would one day come to understand her and realize how blessed he was to have her. Right now, she felt that she was trying to stay afloat on a tempestuous sea with only a piece of driftwood in her hand.

"I'm fine. Let's head up."

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 6

Myra was not surprised to receive a call from Hart Group, but she never expected that she would hear from them this soon.

On the other line was Logan, the project manager to whom she had submitted the drawing earlier today. He sounded courteous as he said, "Miss Stark, Director Hart will be personally

in charge of the Sunny Bay Project. He has seen your draft and he would like to meet you to discuss the details of this project.”

Upon hearing that, she was stunned. There are numerous projects under the Hart Group—how did the director end up being in charge of the Sunny Bay Project?

“Mr. Logan,” she began, then paused for a while before she continued from where she left off. “Thank you for your time and consideration, Mr. Logan. Please allow me to return the favor on behalf of the Chase Group.”

The moment Mr. Logan heard her reply, he was worried that he could have misled her and quickly answered, “You don’t have to. Mr. Clark just happened to tell me that Director Hart would be free tonight. Don’t let this opportunity slip away, Miss Stark.”

The Sunny Bay Project was under the Hart Group development and it was a hot topic since the beginning of the year. As Chase Group had only entered the real estate industry two years ago, securing a project of that size would speak volumes of their achievement.

With that in mind, Myra agreed to meet with the director at the Ritz Carlton Hotel later tonight so that they could discuss the design she submitted before she ended the call.

Tilly was occupied with her own duties after returning to the office and Elsie had been missing in action since noon. Myra had tried calling Elsie, but it was to no avail. She finally gave up and grabbed the design folder before heading to the parking lot.

Logan was already waiting for her when she arrived at the Ritz Carlton that evening. The smile on his face looked a tad bit too bright for comfort as he greeted, “Good evening, Miss Stark. Director Hart is already waiting in the private dining room. Follow me, please. ”

“I’m terribly sorry for being late,” Myra responded as she hurried after him.

As they approached the lounge, he halted and turned to beam at her. “Miss Stark, should you encounter any difficulty with this project, please do not hesitate to look for me.”

She blinked at him, clearly taken aback by his enthusiasm.

He cleared his throat and continued speaking, “I’ve seen your design, Miss Stark. I truly admire the talent you have at such a young age.”

As he said that, he noted the confusion on her face. His demeanor abruptly shifted and he ceremoniously opened the door to the lounge before ushering her in.

Myra was still confused as she entered the lounge. When she heard the door being closed, she turned to see that Logan had not followed her in.

“Take a seat,” said a voice from somewhere ahead. It was deep and articulate, akin to how the last string on the cello would sound.

Myra turned in surprise.

She had not noticed him when she came into the room, but now that she was inside, she saw that Tony was the only one around and he was sitting alone at the dining table.

He was not wearing any suit jacket while his tie was loosened and the cuffs of his white shirt were rolled up. He looked more relaxed, which was a stark contrast against his formal facade in the lift earlier that day. A cigarette was clasped between his fingers and he lit it up with the lighter in his free hand. There was a spark and before long, his chiseled features were swathed in a thin cloud of smoke.

“Director Hart, I’m sorry to have kept you waiting.”

Myra had thought that others from the Hart Group would be present in the meeting. She even ran through all the answers that she would have given to the possible questions. As it turned out, Tony was the only one she would be facing today.

She gave a polite smile and pulled the chair across from him, growing anxious as her gaze swept over the dishes laid out on the table.

Myra would not have felt nervous if she had someone to accompany him. It was inexplicably intimidating to face Tony alone. There was an intensity behind his eyes, compelling one to bare their soul before him.

“Director Hart, allow me to introduce myself. I’m Myra, the Leader of Team A in the Design Department in Chase Group. I’m also in charge of the procurement of the Sunny Bay Project and this was the initial blueprint that I came up with. You may take a look, if you please.” Following her introduction, she slid the draft to him.

She had only just lifted her hand off the drawing when he suddenly looked up and the smoke rings he blew covered her face.

Myra coughed because of the smoke. Then, she brought her gaze to him, and upon seeing those dark orbs fixed on her, she shrank into her seat in mild embarrassment.

Tony scanned the drawing with an unreadable expression; any thought that he had remained as elusive as his person. After a long silence, she watched as he pushed the drawing to one side of the table.

He looked regal as he tilted his head in an assessing manner; his jawline looked all the more chiseled from that angle. "I hear that you're married, Miss Stark. Is that true?" he asked suddenly, catching her off guard.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 7

"Um..." Myra found herself at a loss for words as she blinked at him.

A graceful Tony stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. She stared at his long fingers as he did so, noting how slender and delicately tapered they were.

She swallowed; she could not help but think how he held onto her waist with the same hand earlier today in the elevator. She then nodded embarrassedly. "Yes, I've been married for two years."

Her heart wrenched at the thought of her marriage and bitterness flashed across her features.

However, Tony seemed oblivious to the shift in her expression as he went on to say, "You come from a prominent family, Miss Stark. I'm sure your husband measures up to your impressive stature and I'm certain he adores you as well."

Myra did not know why he was saying all those, but she bridled at his words all the same. A dark look passed over her face as she forced a smile. "Director Hart, aren't we here to discuss the details for the Sunny Bay Project?"

He was about to light up another cigarette, but upon hearing that, he paused. Then, he began to flick the lighter top and the clacking sound of metal filled the silence between them.

It was as though a strange tension had descended upon the atmosphere in the room.

“Do you think we’re here so that I can ask about your personal life?” Tony pursed his lips and he raised his brow in dissatisfaction. “Since you’re eager to talk about the project, why don’t you tell me what you think of it?”

With that, he threw the lighter on the dining table.

Myra’s skin prickled in embarrassment as the lighter slammed on the table with a loud thunk.

He was clearly displeased with what she had said. She also belatedly considered the possibility that he had only brought up her marriage as an ice-breaker.

She cleared her throat and began to say, “Director Hart, as you can see here, I’ve added several preferences of my own to the drawing...”

While the discussion started off on a stiff note, it was fortunate that Tony did not make things difficult for her. Nevertheless, she was still intimidated by the way he drummed his index and middle fingers on the table as he listened to her. She did not dare to lower her guard even after she was done with her presentation.

“The details and features in your design are well-thought of, Miss Stark,” Tony remarked with an air of finality. He regarded her with an impassive gaze before he coldly added. “Hart Group will choose one of three companies to present the final design for the Sunny Bay Project. That said, you’ve earned a spot in the top three on behalf of Chase Group.”

When he was done with his words, he rose from his seat.

He stood tall and Myra found herself craning her neck to look at him.

As she was surprised at his announcement, she hurriedly rose on her feet as well and exclaimed, “Thank you, Director Hart. I—”

However, Tony looked disinterested as he took the suit jacket that he had discarded to one side. He turned to leave the room before she could finish her sentence.

Myra flushed. Although she knew that her words had angered him earlier, she was grateful to see that he was gracious enough to make an objective decision instead of allowing his personal grudge to influence him.

Upon hearing the sound of the door being closed, she turned her gaze on the spread that was laid out on the dining table before her arrival. She then realized that neither of them had taken a bite from any of the dishes.

She shrugged and took her purse to walk out of the Ritz Carlton. As she entered her car, she was oblivious to the towering figure beside the bamboo—he held a cigarette between his long fingers while he watched her leave.

Logan was standing to him and watched as Myra pulled out of the parking bay. Nothing could describe his feelings at that moment—he thought about how Leo told him to use the Sunny Bay Project as an excuse to arrange a meeting with her. Judging from the way Director Hart had behaved around her, he only arrived at one conclusion, Whoever this lady is, I must treat her well!

“Mr. Logan,” Tony suddenly called out in an arctic voice.

Logan immediately straightened. “Yes, Director Hart?”

“Have you seen enough?”

Tony sounded cool and distant, but it was enough to make Logan break out in a cold sweat.

He gave the director a courteous smile before quickly placing his phone to his ear. Then, he pretended to answer a call, “Jamie, did you call me earlier? Give me a minute; there’s no line here...” he trailed off as he walked away briskly.

Tony stubbed out his cigarette as he watched the white BMW drive further away; his eyes darkened with thought.

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 8

On her way home, Myra received a call from a curious Tilly, who wanted to know how the meeting went.

She shared everything with Tilly and only left out the unnecessary details from the narrative.

After having heard the outcome, Tilly was overjoyed, but she did not hang up until Myra answered her questions on her dreamboat.

Perhaps Myra was elated because of the fact that a giant like Hart Group had acknowledged her design.

It was nearly ten in the evening when she arrived home that night, which meant that Eve was already fast asleep.

As she drove through the gates of the Chase Residence, she saw the black Lamborghini parked inside. She killed her ignition and she could even hear the girlish moans and giggles that came from within the other car.

It was a familiar voice—in fact, it was none other than Elsie's.

Myra's elation from earlier was now abruptly replaced by a surge of resentment, causing a sense of cold to flow all over her body.

Her limbs were numb and weighted as she sat in her car. She felt that her heart was withering away.

She switched off the lights in her vehicle. While the car across from hers had its lights turned off as well, the garden lights above it illuminated the lovey-dovey scene that was taking place inside.

Myra watched as Elsie hastily wore her skirt and her jacket. She saw Elsie cast Sean a meaningful look before the two of them were tangled in each other's arms as they passionately kissed inside the car. It was as though someone was rubbing a liberal amount of salt all over the open wound in Myra's heart.

She was not sure how much time had passed, but it was long enough for her heart to be numb with pain. It was only then that he started to drive his car out of the gates—probably on his way to spend the rest of his night with Elsie.

Myra stumbled out of her car and she shuffled into the house like a walking corpse. She headed straight toward the bathroom and switched on the tap to wash her face.

However, she had only turned on the tap when her legs gave way. She slumped onto the floor and buried her face into her knees.

Sean had not always behaved like that with her. There was a time when he was gentle and kind toward her; he never hurt her with harsh words or aggravated accusations despite how much she clung onto him.

However, the change in his demeanor came without warning.

He no longer saw all that she was doing for him and he broke her heart in ways that she never imagined he could.

The sudden cold that brushed past her skin snapped her out of her thoughts. She shuddered and saw that the tap was still running—water was leaking out of the sink and landing on the floor, soaking through her clothes.

Yanking herself up to turn off the tap, she stared at her reflection in the mirror—her face was pale and pinched. She tried to quirk her lips into a smile, but she ended up looking garish instead.

She had only just exited the bathroom when the front door of the villa was opened from the outside.

Myra did not even turn as she heard the familiar footsteps that ensued. Why should I try so hard to please him when he hates me this much?

She looked straight ahead as she mounted the stairs, but she realized that the footsteps were approaching her. Before she could react, a hand with the force of a boulder wrapped her right wrist to bring her to a halt. “Where did you go tonight?”

Sean’s voice was icy and he tightened his grip on her wrist.

Myra felt as if her wrist would snap. She forced the pain away and turned to face him. When she spoke, her voice was without emotion. "I had a dinner appointment."

"With whom?" He demanded as he brought his gaze to hers.

Myra's eyes were beautiful. The gleam in them was neither sultry nor suggestive, but rather one of quiet and gentle intelligence. Her features were delicate and soft; there was not an ounce of hostility in them. One could not help but feel a sense of calm when they laid their eyes on her.

For a moment, it looked like Sean was in a daze. If she wasn't despicable, I'll probably try to work things out with her, he thought.

Such a notion was discarded as soon as it came to his mind.

His face darkened and with a snide tone, he asked, "Were you having dinner with a bunch of other men again? Was it really a dinner appointment, Myra? Or were you fooling around behind my back? Why don't you tell me how those business meetings of yours went, hmm?"

Toward the end of his sentence, the tone of his voice grew sharper and more displeased.

Myra returned his stare. She knew what he was insinuating since he made his thoughts just as clear. Seized with an abrupt sense of emptiness, she wanted to laugh at the irony before her.

She slightly staggered after pulling her arm away from him before she said flatly, "Why do you want to know? Are you mad because I had a business meeting with a male client?"

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 9

She quietly chuckled in a cold voice. “Sean, I thought that you no longer care about my business. Maybe the question I should ask is—do you still care about me?”

Sean pressed his lips together tightly and he did not answer her. Myra’s heart sank, even though her face was stoic. She then turned and went upstairs without saying anything.

It could have been due to the time she spent in the cold water, which caused her to run a temperature that night. For the first half of the night, she dreamt a lot—one was about the moment she met Sean and how she watched as he acted lovey-dovey with another woman. Then, she finally settled down with him and they were married. The final scene was at their wedding.

Exhaustion was visible on Sean’s face while his bloodshot eyes were filled with hatred as he coldly demanded, “Say it again—have you ever wronged me?!”

Myra clenched her fist and she forced herself to shake her head.

Sean’s expression instantly became gloomy. “Alright. Just as you wished.”

His hatred appeared again in her dream, which finally woke her up with a start.

She sat on the bed, hugging the blanket while panting heavily. The clock showed that it was 4:00AM in the morning, but she could no longer fall asleep.

When she woke up the next morning, there was a layer of dark circles under her eyes, which could barely be concealed even with the thick layer of foundation.

Sean was having breakfast at the dining table downstairs while Eve, who sat at one side, was nagging.

Her nags were none other than to ask him to return home earlier every night as it would be lonely for Myra to stay at home alone.

Sean, who would usually interrupt her with impatience, did not do so today; he even replied to her that he understood her words when he saw Myra coming down the stairs, which was an extremely uncommon behavior.

The delighted Eve turned and saw Myra standing at the landing; she then waved at the latter with a grin. "Myra, come over and have breakfast." Apparently, she thought that her son had finally realized what he had been missing.

Myra had an impassive expression when she bowed to Eve and informed her in a low voice, “Mom, I have some business to deal with in the morning, so I won’t be having breakfast at home.” With that, she headed straight out of the villa before waiting for Eve to reply.

When Eve finally returned to her senses, she glared at Sean. “It’s all your fault. If you haven’t been casting Myra aside, she wouldn’t be mad with you. You must coax her today. If you don’t return with her tonight, you can leave this house for good.”

Looking at Myra’s disappearing back view, a complicated expression immediately appeared on his face.

News that the Hart Group had taken full control over the design for the Chase Group’s Sunny Bay Project last night soon spread all over the company—and the identity of the hero was naturally known by all—Myra.

Myra had been listless since early in the morning. She bought some antipyretic medicine when she was on the way to work and felt drowsy after taking it. However, upon thinking that her design draft had been approved, she cheered up and worked on improving the design.

While she was doing the calculations on the figures, a stack of documents was dropped on her workspace with a thud.

She raised her head, only to see that an infuriated Elsie was glaring at her.

“What’s the matter?” Myra pulled her chair while she calmly asking. She admitted that she was not generous enough to smile at Elsie while facing her—even though they never had any conflict with each other.

“Are you actually asking me what the matter is?” A scowl appeared on Elsie’s face that was with heavy make-up and her eyes seemed like they were about to shoot fire. “Why didn’t you wait for me yesterday afternoon when you went to the Hart Group to talk about the Sunny Bay Project?” There was an unnatural blush on her face.

Myra coughed twice and placed her pen down. “We had an appointment with the Hart Group’s Project Department at that time. Even if I waited for you, do you think that they would have waited for you?”

Elsie felt a little guilty after she realized that she returned to the company late yesterday afternoon because she wanted to spend more time with Sean. However, she felt enraged when she saw the triumphant look on Myra’s face. Myra has obviously taken all the credit for yesterday’s success!

“If that’s the case, what about last night? Why didn’t you invite me to dinner with the Hart Group?!” Elsie pointed. “Both of us are handling the project, so why didn’t you invite me over?”

“Oh, you are aware that the project is handled by both of us as well, right? So, where were you yesterday afternoon?” As Myra was suffering a headache from Elsie’s irritating screams, she was looking with cold eyes.

“I-I had something to discuss with Director Chase. You can ask him if you don’t believe me! Stop changing the topic. I was talking about yesterday’s matter—why didn’t you inform me and invite me to that dinner?!”

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 10

“You are the leader of Team A and I am the leader of Team B, so both of us share the same position in the company! Myra, your behavior has disrespected the company’s management. Maybe you have inked a secret deal with the Hart Group and you are afraid that I will find out, so you ditched me!”

Upon seeing more colleagues coming over to watch the commotion, a hint of jealousy and hatred flashed across Elsie’s eyes. “Oh, I understand it now. I have been wondering why the Hart Group has easily agreed to hand us the project. Could it be that there is something going on between and Mr. Logan from the Hart Group’s Project Department and you...” she uttered tentatively. When she saw the traces of disdain in their colleagues’ gazes toward Myra, a smug look appeared on her face.

“Myra, Mr. Logan is as old as your father. He is a senior and ugly, yet you are willing to sacrifice for the company. Wouldn’t it have been a huge loss for you if our company was not selected? I remembered that you like Director Chase, right? Even if you have failed to attract his attention, there is no need for you to downgrade your choice of men—aaaah!”

“Have you said enough?!” Myra was holding a coffee mug in her hand, so she coldly watched as the woman before her jumped after being splashed with hot coffee. A disgusting feeling surged inside Myra. The woman in front of me is what Sean likes—a stupid hypocrite with a sharp tongue. Sean would rather look for her than to look for me. I wonder how much he actually hates me for him to hurt my pride to that extent!

“Aaaah! Myra, y-you... B\*tch!”

Elsie was wearing a Chanel outfit, which was recently given to her by Sean. The whole set was actually worth her one-year salary. As she looked at the brown coffee dripping from her collar to the hem of her outfit while forming ugly stains, she nearly went insane!

“Stop spewing nonsense.” Myra’s free hand tightly squeezed into a fist that was by her side as she endured the dizzy spell. “I was equally shocked when the blueprint was chosen. I was discussing the draft with Director Hart during dinner last night. Maybe you would like to demonstrate how to attract his attention? You said that you are the leader of Team B, but have you ever produced any proper designs? If you don’t have the capability to design, do something that is within your capabilities! Nobody will stand in your way.”

It had been known to all that Elsie was appointed as the leader of Team B by relying on Director Chase. Therefore, Myra’s words—if you don’t have the capability to design, do something that is within your capabilities—was akin to giving Elsie a slap, which caused the latter’s expression to instantly fall. “You... Myra... you...”

“Why is everyone standing around here? Don’t you guys have any work to do?” The sudden low, harsh voice broke the atmosphere—it was Sean, who had arrived at the Design Department without anyone’s notice.

With his tall build and stern expression, he radiated an air of authority. His appearance itself had caused the crowd to disperse and return to their respective work space, leaving only Myra and Elsie.

Upon seeing Sean, tears of aggrivement instantly swam in Elsie’s eyes. She then ran to him and pulled his hand.

“Sea—Director Chase, you must stand up for me. I only asked Myra about the incident last night when she went to the Hart Group to discuss the Sunny Bay Project and why she didn’t inform me about it. Not only did she scold me for not having the necessary skills and

capabilities to be worthy of becoming the leader of Team B, she even poured coffee on me. This is the outfit that you bought for me and it is my favorite one..."

She looked pitiful when she bit on her lip because it was coupled with her slightly reddened eyes and embarrassing stains on her outfit.

Myra touched her forehead and it felt even hotter than earlier.

Without waiting for Sean's reply, since it was impossible for him to stand on her side, she sat down, retrieved her draft, and continued with her calculations.

"I'll go with you after work to buy another outfit." His deep yet deliberately gentle voice was clearly heard from above her.

When Myra, who was working on her draft, heard his words, the pen which she held in her hand stopped moving as her eyes suddenly became warm. It turns out that even though I have long known the outcome, it still breaks my heart when I hear him consoling Elsie.

Elsie was initially unwilling to let it slide, but when Sean consoled her again with his low voice and coaxed her, she finally left.

After she left, he walked up to Myra and tapped on her desk a few times. "Mom has asked us to return together tonight. Don't leave without me after work later." Hints of impatience replaced the gentleness in his tone earlier.

"I have some things to do tonight." She rejected him without a second thought.

"What things?" Sean frowned.