

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 116

“Estelle!” Myra spoke through clenched teeth. “I’m still married to Sean!”

“Well, it doesn’t matter! It’s just a matter of time before the divorce is finalized. Besides, I know that lately he’s been up to no good with Lyla recently. I’ve heard of how they wrongly accused you! Myra, don’t keep giving him second chances. In fact, you should have gotten a divorce ages ago! I daresay, your graciousness is just giving him a chance to take advantage of you. As we’re talking, he’s probably plotting something else behind your back! Please don’t fall prey to him once more.”

“No, I won’t allow this to happen again...” Myra’s voice trailed off.

“Anyway, it doesn’t matter! All I want is for you to promise that you’ll go after Tony and win his heart!” Estelle pursed her lips as she set eyes on Myra’s troubled face, and she continued, “Come on, let’s be frank here. Don’t tell me you’re not the least bit attracted to him?”

After all, Tony Hart was a legend in Bradford City; there was no need to find out information on him from anywhere else. This was because her recent encounters with him were proof enough that she was attracted to him.

However, this was all pointless.

Her expression became quite downcast as she murmured, “Estelle... Do you know what’s the biggest lesson I’ve learned from being in this marriage with Sean?”

“What do you mean?” Estelle instinctively furrowed her brows.

Myra took a deep breath, then she turned around to look Estelle squarely in the eyes. “I’ve learned not to yearn for something that doesn’t belong to me.”

Previously, she had always believed that as long as she tried hard enough, she would gain what she was after in return. However, she was proven wrong. The harsh reality was that

despite putting in effort, anything that wasn't hers would never belong to her; the end result would always be disappointing.

Estelle argued, "How can Sean be comparable to Tony?! Myra, you're just slightly apprehensive after your failed marriage, but actually—"

Myra interjected, "That's quite likely, but it doesn't matter. Right now, all I want is to proceed with the divorce. As for Tony, well truthfully, he's not part of any of my future plans."

Right at this moment, Jack rushed over. He looked at the two girls apologetically before turning to Estelle and saying, "My dear, the director has been hounding me for the past 30 minutes! He wants you ready on set as soon as possible. Can you please continue this conversation later?"

Myra's disheartening words were grating to Estelle's ears. Frustratedly, she was just about to go seek out Jack and ask for the rest of the day off. Just then, Myra got up from her chair abruptly and smiled at Jack before saying, "She's all yours now. I've got something else going on, so I'll head off now."

"Myra, hold on!!" Slightly annoyed, Estelle followed suit and got up from her seat. Facing Myra, she asked, "I've never known of you to be such a coward. Tony's different! I understand your concerns, but you wouldn't be able to know the outcome unless you give it a try. I mean, you would never know. The two of you might be the perfect match for each other!"

"I don't want to try," Myra replied firmly. She realized that in order to avoid a heartache, it was a wise idea to nip things in the bud from early on.

Dazedly, Myra recalled her encounter with Tony at the golf course the other day. He was smitten and had looked at her with such a tender, loving expression on his face. However, she took a deep breath and willed herself to say the following words, "I'm sorry, but I've made up my mind, Estelle." She was completely exhausted right now.

Just then, Myra received a phone call from Eve. She had been expecting this phone call for a while now, for she knew this conversation was way overdue.

"Myra... I'm aware that Sean has hurt you in many ways. I'm sorry this happened and I would like to apologize to you on behalf of our family." Eve chattered incessantly as Myra listened on. "However, trust me, I've always regarded you as my own daughter..."

This was actually a difficult phone call for Eve to make. She was torn by guilt and this was eating at her. However, she knew this was an absolutely necessary move.

As she listened to Eve's words, Myra couldn't help feeling a sense of dejection. Tilly had described to her how Eve responded to the news of what happened between her and Sean. Shortly after she walked out from the company on that fateful day, Eve stormed into the place and slapped Lyla directly on the face. The reason was because she wanted to teach Lyla a lesson on Myra's behalf. However, this was no longer Myra's concern.

Her grip on the phone tightened as she stammered, "Mom... I mean, Mrs. Chase, thank you for watching over me all these years. I've always looked up to you as a mother figure, and I'm extremely grateful for all the affection you've showered upon me."

This was heartfelt as Myra had experienced endless warmth and love from Eve ever since her mother and grandfather passed away.

However, this was all short-lived. Soon, she would no longer be a part of the Chase family.

"Myra, I really hope there won't be any hostility between us and between you and Sean. It's a shame your marriage didn't last, but I sincerely hope that you will fall in love again and find someone else who appreciates you." As she spoke, Eve's hands trembled. Noticing the look Lyla gave her, she then willed herself to convey the subsequent message. "Myra, can you pop over later on? I would like to have one last meal with you. It'll be just the three of us, like the old times. Please? Just for old time's sake? This will likely be the last chance for us to see each other."

Myra would never bear to hurt Eve's feelings. Besides, she also wanted to pack up some of her belongings left at Chase Residence, so she accepted the invitation graciously and replied with a resounding, "Sure!"

Myra's car was still at the workshop after the incident with the construction workers. Therefore, Myra decided to take a cab to Eve's. Just as she walked out of the lift, she noticed a familiar grayish-silver Bentley parked in front.

As soon as she came into view, the man in the car sounded the car horn, and soon after that, the car window was wound down; a handsome, well-sculpted face then appeared in front of her. He yelled out, "Come on, where are you headed? I'll give you a ride!"

It was Tony in the car.

Myra was momentarily dazed as she cast her eyes on his beaming face. Recalling her conversation with Estelle, she felt apprehensive. Hence, she replied, "It's alright. I can take a cab. What brought you here?"

"Would you believe it if I said I was just coincidentally in this area?" Tony casually responded as he raised his brows.

Subsequently, Myra fidgeted uneasily as she racked her brains, trying to find a comeback.

Tony's eyes twinkled when he noticed her trying to avoid his eyes. He chuckled and asked, "Now that we're no longer working together, does this mean that the esteemed Miss Myra will no longer grace me with her presence?"

"That's not it!" Myra shook her head immediately.

Just then, she recalled Estelle mentioning that he had decided to cancel Lyla's ambassadorship. For a split second, her thoughts also went toward the text message he sent her. He had comforted and reassured her that Sean and Lyla would not be able to lay a finger on her. Therefore, was this his way of exacting revenge on her behalf?

She then wondered, Was Estelle right about this? Are all of his current decisions because of me?

Suddenly, the door to the passenger side popped open. Tony had a slightly resigned look on his face as he remarked, "Surely we're still considered friends even if we're no longer working together! Why do you keep rejecting me? You're hurting my feelings!"

Although he mentioned his feelings were hurt by her, judging by the sparkle in his eyes, she knew it was more of a joke. She knew she shouldn't get into his car, but after some hesitation, she went ahead anyway.

"I'm going to Chase Residence." Myra mentioned this with a bleak expression on her face.

As soon as she entered the car, he started the ignition and sped off. He raced off without stopping; it was as if he was afraid she would change her mind.

The journey was a fairly uneventful one. Myra stared out the window throughout the ride as she tried her best to avoid eye contact with him. Their conversation was fairly casual and both of them carefully avoided any mention of awkward topics.

Upon their arrival, Tony didn't go up the driveway but considerately parked his car two doors away. Before getting off, Myra quickly muttered 'thank you' under her breath and reached out for the door handle.

Immediately after that, she felt a tight grip around her arms.

"Myra, do you loathe me?"

Myra was still reeling in shock by his touch when suddenly, she heard his low voice ring out from behind her. Startled, she turned her head back to look at him. The expression on his face that greeted her was a brooding look.

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Currently, Tony seemed confused about something, and he wasn't his usual confident, assertive self. Besides, his expression was pretty grim.

Myra noticed that he had mentioned her name, which was an unusual thing for him to do. Normally, he would avoid referring to her by her name.

"Why do you say so?" Myra questioned. She couldn't control her curiosity.

The sunlight shone in through the open window on Tony's side. As such, the golden rays shone over his head and hit his face, casting shadows from certain angles. He looked quite stern with his piercing gaze and well-sculpted face that was paired with his impassive expression.

Noticing that Myra had turned around to look at him, Tony raised his eyelids slightly and pursed his lips before asking, "Are you sure you don't want to get together with me?" As for her question, he completely disregarded it.

She felt her heart racing. Before she could say a word, he reached out for her and pulled her into a tight embrace. She felt comfortable and at ease at being enveloped in his hug. At the

same time, he whispered gently to her, "You don't have to give me an answer right away. If you're going to reject me, then I'd rather not have an answer."

At this point, Myra could feel her eyes welling up with tears. She was also fully aware that the invisible wall she erected around her heart was gradually breaking apart, piece by piece.

"I..." She took a deep breath and tried to come up with the words to say. Eventually, she ended up with a slightly agape mouth and maintained her silence.

With a sigh, Tony released his grip on her and said, "You should get going then."

Upon hearing his words, Myra stiffened. Then, she gradually extracted herself from his embrace and got out of his car.

For a split second, she was tempted to yell out to him. She wanted him to know that if he was keen, she would be more than willing to get together with him once the divorce was finalized.

However, she knew that this wasn't the best option.

Myra clenched her fist tightly and purposely turned her back on him. Without a backward glance, she made her way toward Chase Residence.

Staring at her from behind, Tony had a complicated look on his face as his eyes darkened.

Before this, his hostile behavior and sense of urgency was quite apparent as he anxiously waited for the outcome of his plan. However, last night, he suddenly had some doubts about his decision.

For example, he wasn't sure whether Myra would loathe him or not once she realized the truth.

This was the first time Tony had ever felt so perturbed. Meanwhile, he grimaced as he kept his sight on Myra's retreating back.

Before coming here on this day, Myra had already prepared her identification card and documents necessary for the divorce procedure. Truthfully, she intended to get everything sorted and finalized within the day.

However, at this moment, she was unable to express her intentions explicitly.

In the meantime, Eve tried her best to appear upbeat while Sean remained silent and brooding next to her.

Throughout the dinner, Myra kept being reminded of the things that happened in the past.

For example, she recalled the first time she met Sean, the memories of her harboring a crush on him, her struggles to decide whether to accept his proposal or not, and finally, his indifference toward her for the past two years. All those memories flooded her thoughts.

Until now, she couldn't quite remove this single memory out of her head. She was bothered by how he treated her as soon as Lyla reappeared in their lives. He was in such a hurry to get divorced with her and then marry Lyla.

Sure enough, there was really no point in competing against his first love. How could she even compare? Lyla and him shared such an unforgettable relationship that was etched deep in his memories; those lingering memories would always be present in his mind.

It was right at this moment that she realized she was finally able to let go and whatever that happened was no longer her concern; perhaps it was because she finally accepted that everything had ended between her and Sean. Losing him was probably a blessing, because from now onward, she would no longer be subjected to his apparent presumption of her role in causing Lyla's miscarriage.

Suddenly, Myra lifted her wine glass and proposed a toast to Sean. "Despite what happened between us, I can honestly say that I've never had anything to do with Lyla's miscarriage. Perhaps there was proof of sabotage, but all I can say is that it had nothing to do with me. At this point, there's really no need for me to lie about this."

Unbeknownst to the two of them, Eve's hands that were holding on to her fork and spoon trembled slightly.

Taken aback, Sean held up his wine glass and toasted her with an awkward stance.

Noticing Sean's expression, Myra was aware that he didn't trust her words. However, it didn't matter to her anymore. Her purpose of mentioning this was just to clear the air. She couldn't care less about his impression of her.

After a pause, Myra added, "Oh yes, regarding the Hillville Project, despite what you have chosen to believe, I would also like to clarify that I've never done anything to betray the company."

She appeared to be quite earnest and sincere. All this while, she had always been well-reputed to be a loyal and charismatic businesswoman in the corporate world. However, this was a contrast to her actual personality. In fact, she had a gentle demeanor. Sean recalled that prior to her marrying him, she had never actually gotten into an argument with anyone.

He wondered what happened to Myra after their marriage. How did she turn from a gentle and kind being into a vicious, ruthless, and unreasonable person? Was that her true personality?

At that thought, he seemed to be slightly distracted.

"Myra, Sean and I have always trusted you. I realize there may be misunderstandings, but knowing your personality, we would never ever suspect you of sabotaging the company. Don't worry about it. It's all in the past." As she noticed Sean maintaining his silence, Eve quickly spoke up.

Myra met Eve's gaze and she smiled at her. Her expression softened as she said, "Mrs. Chase, thanks for taking care of me all these years. You should also take care of yourself better. I know you have issues with your poor back, so I've gotten you the contact details for a specialist. Here you go; this is her contact details. Her phone number's on there so you can make an appointment to go and see her whenever it's convenient for you."

Just then, Myra extracted the name card from her bag and handed it to Eve.

Eve received the name card with a surprised look on her face. Trying to hide her guilt, she stowed away the name card and nodded her head. "Thanks, I really appreciate your efforts."

Suddenly, the atmosphere became slightly awkward.

After dinner, Myra had actually intended to go directly to the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sean. However, she felt quite drowsy all of a sudden. After yawning consecutively, Eve suggested to her, "Why don't you go ahead and take a nap? I'll wake you up shortly to go to..."

Eve's words trailed off, and her tone was slightly agonized.

Upon hearing that, Myra was ready to brush her off, but Eve steered her toward her room on the second floor while saying disapprovingly, "You really need to take a break and stop pushing yourself to your limits. You've always had poor alcohol tolerance, so just take a rest and I'll make sure to wake you up later in time. Unless, it's because you can't stand the sight of me anymore?"

Eve's tone was evidently dejected as she directed the question at Myra.

In fact, Myra was feeling quite drowsy. At the same time, she didn't want to cause Eve any further distress, so she nodded her head and agreed. "Alright, I'll take a nap, but please wake me up in half an hour."

"Sure!" Eve's eyes flickered as she agreed to Myra's request.

Then, she kept a hold on Myra and directed her toward her previous room.

After making sure Myra had fallen asleep, Eve heaved a sigh. She remained in the room for a short while before heading downstairs.

At this moment, Sean looked through Myra's bag and took out her identification card.

He couldn't help staring at the card as he recalled that this photo was one of their previous memories. Back then, he was the one that accompanied her to get this photo taken. She was beaming in the photo, her radiant smile akin to a shining ray of light that could chase away the demons in one's heart.

"Don't hesitate! You can't change anything, Sean. I can't bear to see you detained in prison. I don't want anything to happen to the company either. Didn't you mention that this would only take a couple of days? It's okay. We'll get Myra out in no time. By then, I'll go to her and seek her forgiveness. She's a thoughtful and considerate child. I know she'll understand my stance."

Even then, Sean couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling he was experiencing.

He couldn't quite comprehend his feelings. This had happened a couple of times before Lyla returned. However, he had always suppressed his feelings. After he got back together with Lyla, he hadn't experienced this for quite some time now. Is it sadness that I am feeling? How could this be possible?

He had no feelings for Myra, so the only thing that he should feel for treating her this way was probably guilt.

But then, she had to pay the price for harming his unborn child and betraying Chase Group. Therefore, she owed this to him. After paying for her sins, they could then be rid of each other once and for all.

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Holding tightly onto Myra's identification card, Sean was oblivious to Eve's words. Just then, he got up from his seat abruptly and walked out the door without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, Eve looked on at his retreating back with a troubled look on her face.

As for Myra, she woke up from her nap feeling calm and refreshed, perhaps because she knew everything was finally settled. It was such a relief to finally be able to escape from the clutches of her lifeless marriage.

In her dreams, she saw Tony. As usual, he was gazing at her tenderly. Since this was a dream, she thought that it was surely fine for her to accede to his request; at least she wouldn't have to face his disappointed look in her dreams. Hence, she mumbled under her breath, "Tony, I..."

Before she could finish off her sentence, she was interrupted by the noise of thundering footsteps clambering up the stairs. Before she knew it, the door to her room flung open.

Eve rushed to her side and called out, "Myra, you need to wake up!"

Her voice sounded frantic. Despite being in the loop regarding Sean's plans, the sight of uniformed cops at her front door was actually quite frightening. She had a guilty conscience, so she was quite anxious; it felt as if the cops were here for her instead.

Groggily, Myra opened her eyes. Rubbing the side of her eyes, she lifted her head from the pillow and asked with a hoarse voice, "What's going on, Mrs. Chase?"

Just then, Myra noticed the darkened sky outside as she looked out of the window.

Startled, she got up from bed slowly.

However, the expression on Eve's face was one of bewilderedness. She looked at Myra and asked hesitantly, "Who were you calling out in your dreams just now?"

Prior to this, Eve was in a rush to wake Myra up. Hence, it didn't cross her mind to doubt Myra. Now, as she collected her thoughts, she recalled the rumors she had heard from Lyla. As such, her face darkened. Despite knowing Sean's faults and being perfectly aware of Myra and his upcoming divorce, she was still quite disconcerted at the thought of Myra entering another relationship before finalizing things.

Upon hearing Eve's words, Myra pursed her lips and replied nonchalantly, "I had a dream about work-related issues. Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

Myra definitely remembered reminding Eve to wake her up in thirty minutes. Strangely, she felt extremely drowsy earlier and was completely knackered. She didn't realize she had slept the whole day. Judging by the dark sky outside, there was no way she would make it on time to the Civil Affairs Bureau within the day.

Upon being questioned, Eve put on a grim look. She suddenly recalled her purpose of waking Myra up and the situation unfolding downstairs. Clenching her teeth, she uttered, "There's someone here to see you."

Soon after she said that, she turned her back to Myra and walked out of the room, almost as if it was the most natural thing to do.

Eve was lost in her thoughts. If Myra had actually cheated on Sean with Tony, then she was the one at fault here. Therefore, she was the one that owed her and Sean an apology. That being the case, all of their current actions would be justified; Myra deserved to take the fall for them. At this point, Eve thought of the previous conversation she had with Leo. He had cajoled her to stop interfering in Myra and Sean's affairs. As a result, they were now headed toward divorce. It finally dawned upon her that he was actually Tony Hart's personal assistant. As Eve came down the stairs, she looked on at the stern, impatient faces outside and clenched her fists tightly.

Meanwhile, Myra felt slightly frustrated. She wasn't sure whether it was due to the moment of weakness she experienced in her dreams, or if it was because of Eve's unhappy demeanor.

She freshened up and then hurried down the stairs. Along the way, she realized that her bag was not with her.

Just then, she wondered who it was that was here to see her. How did they know she lived here?

Perplexed, she walked down the stairs. As she stepped onto the landing, she could see the front door from her angle. In her line of vision, she could visibly see a couple of uniformed cops milling around.

"Miss Stark, you're under investigation for the collapse of the Marina Bay Bridge that resulted in a few casualties two years ago. We need you to come with us to the station. Thank you for your cooperation."

The person handed over the investigation report as his mouth opened and shut with each word he uttered. It was a bombshell dropped onto Myra.

Stunned speechless, Myra took a step forward and glanced at the report in front of her. She took in the stamp at the bottom of the report. With her mouth set into a hard line, she said, "Excuse me, but you must be mistaken! I don't know anything about the Marina Bay Bridge project!"

"Miss Stark, do you work at the design department of Chase Group?" The cop speaking to her was quite impatient as he cut her off midway.

Myra clasped both of her hands together as she nodded. "Yes, I do."

"Then, Miss Stark, are you married to Mr. Sean Chase?" He glowered at her as he asked that question.

Right then, Myra finally collected her thoughts after processing all the information thrown at her.

It was alleged that she was the one responsible for the collapse of Marina Bay Bridge which resulted in a few casualties two years ago. Why am I implicated? Why me??

She distinctly remembered that this incident happened about two years ago, not long after her marriage. However, as far as she was concerned, everything was resolved well there and then. Chase Group managed to avert the crisis. Soon after that, people were no longer talking about that incident.

But hold on... The current issue is that why am I implicated in this?

After a short while, the cops were noticeably restless as they waited for Myra's response. One of them then handed over another report to Myra. "Miss Stark, as the wife of Mr. Chase and being one of the directors of Chase Group, we have sufficient proof of your misconduct. This document here indicated that you were the one in charge of the design and supervision of the project. Therefore, we require your cooperation and you will have to come with us to the station."

'This document here indicated that you were the one in charge of the design and supervision of the project.' These words reverberated in her mind.

Suddenly, Myra realized how foolish she was. Holding onto the piece of 'evidence', she whipped her head back as she scanned the room to look for Eve.

At this moment, Eve was standing right beside the sofa. There was a mess of broken glass and spilled tea in front of her. Myra caught her eyes and noticed her flushed face that was full of anxiousness. However, she did not seem to have any intention of helping Myra explain the situation to the cops.

Myra gave a bleak smile. Obviously, she wouldn't be on my side.

It was quite obvious that they had plotted this beforehand—she was supposed to take the fall for Sean.

At this point, she felt suffocated and she couldn't quite catch her breath. She tried hard to take a few deep breaths, but death seemed to be creeping up on her.

Myra's face was as pale as a sheet, and she couldn't control her body from trembling.

This was the first time she had ever experienced such despair and loss of hope.

She never expected to be betrayed and targeted by someone she had previously poured out all her heart to.

"I guess this meetup today was just a ploy to stall me as I took a nap. Am I right, Mom?"

As Myra uttered the last word, she purposely dragged it on; it was full of sarcasm. As soon as she heard that, Eve turned deathly pale. However, she steeled herself to turn her back on Myra as she walked toward the stairs. "Don't worry, Myra. I'll make sure Sean bails you out as soon as possible!"

Get Sean to bail me out? Myra laughed hollowly.

She was hysterical as she laughed louder and louder. It was such an irony to her. At last, she stopped laughing, and the smile on her face froze as tears rolled down her cheeks. Her lips had lost all of their color. As Eve backed away from her, she looked on; Eve looked like she was running for her life. Shortly after that, Myra saw her figure disappear as silence loomed.

"Alright, I'll go with you," Myra pronounced with a quiet voice. Then, she turned around to face the bunch of them as she wiped away her tears.

If Myra had to describe the most unpleasant moment in her life, this would be it. At this moment, she was in handcuffs, and sirens blared as she was escorted to the police station. She felt like an actual criminal.

No, as a matter of fact, I am a criminal now.

It suddenly dawned upon her that there was another incident comparable to this.

During the Sunny Bay Project revolt, she was kidnapped and imprisoned in that tiny dark room. That was also one of the worst moments in her life. At that time, she longed for help, and there was a list of names that crossed her mind. However, she didn't expect Tony to be the one that rescued her in the end.

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She wondered what would happen this time.

This time, Tony would no longer be there for her. After all, she was the one who rejected his advances.

As these thoughts ran wild in her mind, Myra felt a sense of despair that coursed through her veins. At this point, she couldn't quite move her body, and it felt as stiff as a board.

"Miss Stark, why don't you give Mr. Chase a call? You should get him to arrange for a lawyer or to come over and post bail as soon as possible," reminded a young female cop. She had a look of pity on her face as she saw Myra's expressionless face.

Shortly after that, she shoved a cell phone into Myra's hands.

Myra sat there staring blankly at the phone in her hands. Sean is probably the last person on earth I would call. What a joke.

It was quite likely that he would hang up on her if she made that call. Moreover, it was wishful of her to expect him to post bail or even arrange for her a lawyer.

But then, who else can I seek help from now?

At that thought, Myra closed her eyelids and dialed the numbers in her mind. The phone rang a few times before it was finally picked up.

"Hello, may I know who's on the line?"

As soon as she heard that familiar weathered voice, Myra could no longer control her tears as she sobbed. "Mr. Engelhard, I need some help!"

It was only twenty minutes after she ended the phone call. Time seemed to trickle by fairly slowly.

Myra was placed in a temporary lock-up cell. There were two others on her right and left. Apparently, one of them was in for manslaughter and the other one was in here for dealing drugs.

At that moment, she sat forlornly in the middle of the cell. Her arms were wrapped around herself in a fetal position and she had her head buried in her knees.

It was bitterly cold in here. Although it was the middle of summer, all she could feel were the chills deep within her.

Suddenly, she heard someone calling out her name.

“Myra Stark, someone’s here to bail you out!”

Is it Mr. Engelhard? Myra raised her head gradually and squinted her eyes as she walked toward the cell door.

She could see that there was a group of people rushing toward her. As they came nearer, she saw that there was a guy flanked by the rest of the people. At the same time, she heard someone say, “Director Hart, what’s the matter? There’s no need for you to come all the way here personally! You could have just given us instructions through Deputy Mayor Hart. We would gladly send over the person that you’re after.”

Director Hart... Myra seemed to have fallen into a trance when she heard that form of address. Is it him? Tony?

Suddenly, someone turned on the lights to the cell. The whole room lit up immediately and there was a ray of light that shone brightly toward her.

The light was too harsh for Myra’s eyes and she squinted in response. Then, she raised her head and tried to figure out where the voices were coming from. All she could see from her angle were a bunch of people dressed impeccably, and each and every one of them had a stern look on their faces. As they neared her, she finally saw the man flanked in the middle.

He strode over to her purposefully and swooped in like a guardian angel.

That man was dressed immaculately in a well-pressed suit, and this was a stark contrast to the dingy room she was in right now. His features remained the same and it was as perfect as before. However, he had a heavy scowl on his face; his eyes were cold with fury, and his mouth was pressed into a thin line. As he strode toward the cell door, his shiny leather shoes brushed against the floor. Everyone in the vicinity was clearly intimidated by his stance.

With trepidation, Captain Fowler stood next to Tony. Noticing Tony’s uncontrollable fury as he saw the woman in front of him, Captain Fowler immediately signaled to the person next to him. “What are you waiting for? Hurry up and unlock the door!”

At this point, Myra could clearly see who was in front of her. She finally saw who was the one that came here to rescue her.

Just then, she started shivering uncontrollably. At first, it was just a slight tremble, but then, it got to a point where she couldn't control herself.

She couldn't stop herself from shaking, for she had never ever expected herself to be in such a humiliating position in front of him.

Right now, she wished for the ground to swallow her up. Anything was better than being in this position; she didn't want to be handcuffed and appear so vulnerable in front of him.

Shivering, she took a few steps backward. However, the door flung open and Tony was visibly consumed with fury as he made his way in.

As soon as he stepped into the tiny cell, Tony berated himself in his mind. He regretted letting her go, or rather, he regretted allowing her to step foot into Chase Residence.

He wished he was able to turn back time and start all over again. This was especially so after he noticed the fearful look in her eyes and her subconscious retreating movements. If he were to be given a second chance, he would start all over again and choose a different way. It might take longer for him to achieve his goal, but he would rather choose that than to see her in this current state of despair and helplessness.

"Myra..." he murmured hoarsely as he stood in front of her with his arms outstretched.

"I'm not Myra!" she retorted as she bit hard on her lips, trying to stop the tears from falling. Despite her attempt at defiance, she couldn't stop retreating before finally burying her face in between her knees. "You've gotten the wrong person. I'm not Myra!"

"Myra!" Tony exclaimed as he looked on with a darkened face, pained by what he saw. Then, he took a step forward and lifted her into his arms. He could feel her shaking against his chest as he said, "It's fine. I'm here to bring you home!"

At the same time, he couldn't control his shaking hands. However, he kept a strong hold on her.

In the end, Myra could no longer stop the tears that had been welling up in her eyes; they coursed down her cheeks as she fell into his embrace. She clung tightly onto his shirt and sobbed like a child that had lost her way home.

“Tony!” Myra sobbed. “It wasn’t me. I had nothing to do with the project. It wasn’t my responsibility! I knew nothing about it. It wasn’t me...”

Her body heaved as she sobbed on. It was her way of releasing all the stress she had experienced throughout the years.

All this while, she had given her everything to the Chase household. However, what did she gain out of this?

She recalled the look in Eve’s eyes as she was escorted out by the cops; there was no hint of remorse at all in them. All she saw was a sense of relief. Even now, as she recalled all this, Myra was chilled to the core by her callousness.

“I trust you!” Tony proclaimed with his gruff voice. As he stared at the woman who was sobbing uncontrollably, he could feel his whole body tensing up. Everyone in the room could sense his hostility.

Right after that, Captain Fowler, who was fidgeting next to him, blurted, “Director Hart, we had nothing to do with this! Someone from Chase Group submitted the evidence to us. Besides, Miss Fisher also mentioned that we should feel free to take Miss Stark into custody!”

When he heard Captain Fowler’s words, Tony’s expression turned icy-cold, and he tightened his grip on Myra.

As for Myra, she gave a shudder upon hearing that statement.

Chase Group, Sean, Eve, and Lyla. At this point, she realized it was foolish of her to think that everything would end once she got through with the divorce. She thought that she would be able to put all the unhappiness behind her and move on with her life. However, she turned out to be the biggest fool of them all!

“I want to go home!” Myra uttered. Her heart seemed to be broken into pieces, for she could no longer feel her beating heart; it was as if it had shriveled up and died. She would no

longer care for both Sean and Eve. Now, Myra mourned for the loss of her relationship and the family she once thought she had.

A moment later, Myra repeated herself. "I want to go home." She felt extremely cold; it felt as if she was thrown stark naked outside during an icy-cold winter night.

Tony shot a cold look at Captain Fowler. Straight after that, he grabbed hold of the key and removed the handcuffs on Myra.

As soon as he uncuffed her, Tony caught sight of her wrist. His gaze darkened upon noticing the red marks on her wrist.

"I want to go home." Myra repeated herself with a snuffle.

But where can I go? I no longer have a home to go to. Ever since Mom and Grandpa passed away, I no longer have a place to call home. At that thought, her body stiffened. As tears coursed down her cheeks, Tony could also feel it burning against his chest; he couldn't bear to feel her tears.

"I'll bring you home," Tony proclaimed as he turned around and walked out with Myra cradled in his arms.

Meanwhile, Leo rushed in and said, "Director Hart, the lawyer has arrived and is waiting outside."

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"I'll leave the rest to you," Tony stoically informed Leo as he felt the fear radiating from the woman in his embrace. He then tightened his arms around her as he held her closer against him before they walked out.

There was a chill that lingered in Tony's wake when he left the station. The captain watched him leaving and turned to ask Leo warily, "Mr. Clark, what's going on here? Miss Fisher said she had Director Hart's permission before she asked us to make an arrest."

"Director Hart's permission?" Leo chuckled dryly, knowing that Lyla had crossed the line. How dare that woman do something like this to Myra?

"I've already told you what Director Hart has given permission on, Captain Fowler. It seems like you're more willing to listen to someone with a pretty face." Leo's tone became aggressive.

In the beginning, he had privately informed Captain Fowler to take good care of Miss Stark. Not only did they switch her holding cell, which sent Leo and the others on a wild goose chase, they had also handcuffed her and locked her up in the shabby, dirty hole-in-the-wall.

"I'd watch my back if I were you, Captain Fowler." With that, Leo walked out of the station without sparing the captain a second glance.

Meanwhile, Captain Fowler was looking grim. A police officer behind him asked, "Captain, are we just going to let them take the suspect away? How are we going to explain ourselves to the superiors?"

A seething Captain Fowler turned and slapped the officer hard across the face. "To hell will I explain myself! I might as well turn in my badge now!"

Along the way, Myra's bawling eventually became quiet sobs, which then devolved into sniffing. Her eyes were red and puffy; her face also itched from the tear stains. She reached up to her face and furiously rubbed her eyes, as though it was the only way for her to vent all her resentment and anger.

At this moment, a large, warm hand clasped over hers and stopped her from torturing herself even further. "My eyes itch," Myra whimpered in a hoarse voice as she squeezed her eyes and her tears fell once more.

The car was smoothly cruising down the road as Tony held her in the backseat. His suit jacket was draped over her slim shoulders and she was enveloped by his familiar scent—tobacco and peppermint. She appeared to have cried herself into a stupor as she nestled into the safety of his arms.

A pair of cold lips brushed over the tops of her eyes before it gently kissed them. He was careful with his actions, as though he was kissing something precious. "Here, I'll rub them for you," he responded in an equally hoarse voice.

She felt his thumbs graze over the tender skin above her eyes where his lips had been mere seconds ago. It was as though he was massaging the area more than helping her with the itch, but nonetheless, it eased the discomfort around her eyes.

"Does it feel better?" Tony asked when he realized that she was silent in his arms; his voice was deep as it resonated from above her head.

Upon hearing his voice, Myra felt her tears threaten to overwhelm once more. This isn't how it's supposed to be... Why would he look for me even after I turned him down? Why would he help me? Who do you think you are, Myra? She felt as though her heart was wrenching and before she knew it, she whispered, "Tony, I was going to divorce Sean today..." Being in his embrace allowed her to finally calm down and her breathing was no longer ragged.

After what seemed like a long moment, Tony merely hummed in response. Myra thought about what had happened earlier today and her lips pursed into a bitter line. "I'm not the person in charge of the Marina Bay Bridge Project. Eve stole my ID after tricking me into going to the Chase Residence and I'm sure the evidence they collected are all fabricated..." she trailed off grimly.

"I believe you." Tony sighed as he tightened his arms around her while his chin grazed the top of her head in comfort. "You can rest now. You must be worn out after all that's happened."

"But, there's something I have to say," she insisted as she grabbed onto his suit jacket.

He lowered his head and saw her stubbornness. Her eyes were puffy and she looked as though she had experienced hell. Yet, he could not help but be entranced by her. He wanted nothing more than for time to stop at this moment, so that he could hold her in his arms for a while longer. After a long pause, he nodded in resignation and adoringly gazed at her as he responded, "Say it then. I'm listening."

The tenderness in his voice stirred something within her. All the suppressed resentment and rage in her dissipated like air escaping from a balloon. She slowly released his shirt as she said, "I'm going to divorce Sean."

"I know," he answered quietly. His gaze darkened as he took Myra's hands in his before she could let go of his shirt.

Tony held her in silence and he did not say another word about making her his woman. Myra, on the other hand, had the sudden realization that she did not want to leave his arms. It was just like her dream—she saw his kindness and unwavering affection toward her; for a moment, she allowed herself to imagine being together with him. To be with him...

At that thought, pain squeezed her heart once again.

Not long after the black Maybach sped away from the detention center, it drove past a black Lamborghini, which screeched to a halt in front of the place. From the outside, one could only glimpse the cold and dark silhouette of the man behind the wheel. However, he did not step out of the car and the lights in the vehicle were not switched on either.

From the moment Eve called after Myra's arrest, Sean had abandoned all self-restraint and rushed to the detention center without any delay. But now that he had arrived, he began to ask himself why he even bothered in the first place.

Richard had already compiled all the evidence—Myra would only be detained for three days, after which Sean would arrange for her to be released. After that, it would be like how Eve had planned—she would apologize to Myra and ask for forgiveness. By the time the divorce proceedings were underway, Sean would only have to compensate Myra by dividing the assets in her favor. It was just that his chest tightened and left him feeling like he was breathing cold air. The ache was spreading throughout his entire body.

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of a familiar man standing not too far away from him—it was Leo, Tony's personal assistant, and he was exiting the detention center with another man. As Sean watched, they entered a car and sped away.

Sean narrowed his eyes in cold suspicion. What is he doing here?

His phone rang at that moment and it disrupted his thoughts. He glanced at it and saw that it was a call from Richard. He frowned as he picked up the call while Richard's nervous voice flooded the other line. "Director Chase, someone has bailed your wife out."

As Sean heard that, his eyes widened in shock.

Meanwhile, somewhere else, Lyla had also been informed of Myra's release from the detention center. Unfortunately, they had no idea who had bailed Myra out.

"Could it be Cameron?" Lyla muttered as she scowled. While it was a logical guess, she could not help but feel uneasy about it. She pushed the thought away and tried to compose herself. Perhaps it was a good thing that Myra was bailed out. After all, Lyla had not planned to keep her locked up in the detention center for days. She had only stumbled upon the chance to make Myra suffer, so why not take the opportunity to teach that insufferable princess a painful lesson?

Right now, all she had to do was to wait for Sean and Myra to divorce. As she thought about that, Lyla began to smirk deviously.

Tony carried Myra all the way from the car into the apartment elevator. Upon their arrival at the apartment, both of them stiffened as they froze in place. There was another person in the apartment. When he heard the door open behind him, he turned—it was none other than Sebastian Hart himself!

Myra was cradled in Tony's arms, her eyes were red and puffy from crying. With her arms wrapped around his neck, the red marks on her wrist where the handcuffs had been were on clear display.