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Upon hearing the door open behind him, Sebastian turned with a grim expression on his face. His eyes widened when he saw Myra; as realization dawned upon him, he stormed toward them. He shot an icy glare at her as he snapped, "So, is this why you have not been bothered to keep food in your apartment? You've been staying with my grandson all along! Did you rush home last night after you learned that I was dropping by your place?"

Meanwhile, Myra stared at the old man in shock. She did not think that he would show up in Tony's apartment.

Feeling as though she had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar, she flushed with embarrassment. "Tony, maybe you should let me down," she said in a feeble voice while tugging on Tony's shirt. As she did so, Sebastian caught sight of the red marks on her wrists.

When he saw that and her swollen eyes, his eyes widened even more. He glowered at Tony while he thundered, "Did you abuse her? You have quite the nerve, Tony! Who taught you to behave in a barbaric manner?"

"Who are you calling barbaric?" Tony was already annoyed by the fact that the old man had turned up at his apartment without any warning. Upon hearing the latter's accusation, he could not help but grimace coldly. "Hand over the keys and get out of my apartment."

"How dare you speak to your grandfather this way!" Sebastian was on the verge of exploding. "All the money you took from me to throw it away on Hillville—that's a ghost town, idiot! Now, you're throwing me out of your apartment! Myra, tell my grandson that he's being an unreasonable ingrate!"

There was a flash in Tony's eyes when Sebastian brought up Hillville.

Myra, on the other hand, was surprised to hear Sebastian addressing her. As she was cradled in Tony's arms, she suddenly felt self-conscious and softly said, "I think you should let me down."

However, Tony only tightened his grip and it did not seem like he was going to put her down anytime soon.

Myra looked as though she had been bashed. Sebastian surveyed the marks on her face that were sustained when she was slapped at the construction site and the abrasions on her wrists. Unable to hide his rage, he glared at Tony with scorn in his eyes. "How dare you call yourself a man when you can't even protect your own lover!"

"My masculinity is none of your business," Tony countered icily. The frustration and anger in him was reaching breaking point and those who crossed him now would not be spared from his wrath.

Sebastian felt as though he had been stabbed and for a moment, his breath caught in his chest.

When he saw Myra earlier, he thought that he would be able to taste another bowl of the soup she made, but what ensued was chaos and confusion instead.

Sebastian softened when he saw Myra's teary eyes. She looked like she would break down in Tony's arms if both men continued to quarrel. With a sigh, Sebastian waved his hand dismissively and he started toward the threshold. "Right, I'll get out of your hair and show myself out."

"Stop!" Tony barked in a withering tone. "Hand over the keys."

"Hmph!" Sebastian was outraged, but he reluctantly fished the key that he took from Elliot out of his pocket and threw it in Tony's direction.

As his eyes fell upon her slender frame and the wounds on her skin, he could not help but urge, "Be gentle with her, Tony. She's still recovering from her injuries."

With that, the old man left.

However, the moment he left, his face grew somber and he immediately called Elliot. "You better tell me everything that you know about Myra."

When Myra heard the sound of the door closing, she let out a breath she did not know she was holding. She paused before she turned to face Tony and whispered, "Old Master Hart dropped by my place last night."

Tony was now looking far more at ease. He gazed at her with a raised brow as he replied, "I know." How could I not know when the old man had smugly sent me a picture of the spaghetti bolognese he had at Myra's apartment?

Myra frowned when she saw his expression change. He looked like he discovered a secret that only she and Sebastian knew. She continued to explain, "I thought he swung by because he was in the area."

"That would be too much of a coincidence, don't you think?" There was a glint of amusement in his eyes.

After she explained herself, she felt as though she had spoken without much thought and cringed. She had not known that her lips were torn until she bit on the wound and the piercing pain that followed caused her to hiss.

At that moment, her lips were enveloped by a sudden warmth.

Tony had lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. His kiss was tentative and careful; as the tip of his tongue gently swept over the wound on her lips, the pain seemed to subside into numbness.

It felt like there was an electric current that came with his kiss, but when Myra finally succumbed to the temptation and was about to return his kiss, he withdrew from her. She wanted to cry out in protest.

"Here, let me take a look at those wounds."

As his lips parted from hers, Tony gazed down at her. He smiled when he saw the slightly feverish gleam in her eyes and the pink flush across her cheeks. Then, he gently laid her down on the bed before he retrieved the first aid kit that Philip had prepared for him.

Tony reached out and carefully took Myra's wrists; he was surprised when he saw how bad the abrasion wounds were. She definitely fought back with all her might when she had first been thrown into the holding cell.

His eyes darkened as he stared at the raw, red marks that circled her wrist. His long lashes cast shadows across his cheekbones and he looked so gentle in that moment that she could not help but gaze at him in wonder. Without a conscious thought, she reached out and brushed her fingertips over the skin above his eyes.

He brought his gaze to hers; his obsidian orbs were like an endless, bottomless sea that called out to her and she wanted nothing more than to drown in them.

It was as if there was a magnetic force that pulled her toward him. Before she could suppress the sudden sense of urgency that gripped her, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed him while her lips pressed against his cool, dry ones.

“Tony...” she trailed off in what sounded like a desperate whisper; her mind was only focused on how soft his lips felt against hers. She never thought that his lips felt so soft.

“Tony,” Myra uttered his name in a low voice. Why should she refuse him when he had been genuinely kind and loving to her? He’s probably the only person in the world who loves me more than I love myself, she thought.

Tony was initially taken aback by her gestures.

After the bottle of antiseptic clattered back into the first aid kit, he wrapped his arms around her. Within seconds, he had pinned her down on the bed.

His lips found hers almost instantly and she felt a pressing urgency in his tender kiss.

After what seemed like a long moment, Myra wanted to turn and gasp for air, but he refused to part from her. She blushed all the way to her neck, giddy with emotion and desire.

“Be a good girl and let me take a look,” Tony whispered against her ear and she quivered beneath him. He raised a brow as a devilish smile played on his lips. Then, he brought his lips close to her ear once more and whispered. “I want to look into your eyes...”

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“My eyes are ugly now, though...”

Myra’s eyes were swollen after she cried for the entire day. She was sure that she looked hideous and did not want Tony to see her in that shape. However, he gently caressed her

temples and brushed his lips over the tops of her eyes before he said, "Your eyes are anything but ugly. In fact, they're beautiful."

"You must be blind," she muttered, although she would hate for him to agree that her eyes were hideous, even if she said so herself.

He chuckled.

His voice was husky and sultry on its own, but when he laughed like that, she felt that she could show him every part of her. His piercing gaze was fixed on her and she found herself blushing once more.

"Blinded by your beauty," Tony quipped, his voice heavy with implication. His lips brushed past hers as his kisses trailed down to her neck whereupon he bit and sucked on the supple skin, marking her as his own.

Myra felt the blood rush to her face. She had abandoned all efforts to shrink from him and instead succumbed to the desire that swam in her veins. She had never done any of those with other men and she was never this intimate with Sean either.

She gripped onto the bed sheet beneath her, suddenly becoming shy as her thoughts ran wild with Tony's kisses.

Meanwhile, Tony did not ignore how Myra almost shied away earlier. He narrowed his eyes and his gaze darkened dangerously as he pulled her into his arms.

She could feel his weight pressing against her, but after that, he did not move any further.

His body was coiled and tense as he held her. It was as though they were two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and he wanted nothing more than to mold her against him.

"Tony?" Myra called out in surprise when he did not let go after a while.

After a lengthy pause, she heard him mutter raspily, "Say it again."

She stiffened as Tony repeated, "Say my name again."

Myra was flushed and her eyes were watery as she stared at him. Then, she said softly, "Tony..."

Her voice was crisp and gentle. When she said his name, she felt his body tense up against her and she slightly bit her lip as she asked, "Are you alright?"

She did not think that one kiss could lead to this.

Tony, on the other hand, could feel himself unraveling at the sound of her voice. It was as if him waiting for the past thirty-five years had escalated to this moment and he could not suppress himself any longer.

Sweat beads had appeared on his forehead as he tried to show some restraint.

Upon seeing that, Myra lightly bit on her lip. Her eyes grew steely as she suddenly reached out toward his belt and began to unbuckle it.

It was not hard to unbuckle his belt, but she was so nervous that she fumbled and her fingers struggled with the buckle for a while.

However, he saw her action as a sweet form of torture.

He did not hold himself back any longer and he instead grabbed her hands, guiding her to unbuckle his belt.

As his belt clattered to the floor, he reached out and covered her hand with his.

When everything had settled, Tony saw that Myra's face was flushed. His heart softened when he thought about what she had just done for him. He reached past her to grab a piece of tissue from the box on the nightstand. He began to wipe her hand with it as he held her close to him.

Myra was not used to this and she decided that she should take a shower. He did not stop her and helped her to prepare the water for a bath instead. After making sure she had everything that she needed, he proceeded to make his way out of the bathroom and gently said, "I'll be outside if you need anything else."

She was not used to socializing with Tony like that. Everything had happened so quickly in the heat of the moment that she almost forgot that she had not signed the divorce papers. The divorce...

Her movements were slow and absentminded as she removed her clothes before stepping into the bathtub. It was only when she submerged herself in the hot water that she realized everything was coming to an end.

She smiled at the irony and wondered whether she would see regret dancing on the faces of those who would see her when the divorce was finalized.

After exiting the bathroom, Tony reached for his cigarettes and phone before he made his way through the living room to the terrace.

He lit up a cigarette—and the orange spark looked even brighter in the dimness of the terrace.

He took an indulgent drag; the skeins of smoke unfurling across his features, making him look more elusive and almost ethereal.

Before long, his phone rang and he answered without looking at the caller ID.

Leo sounded respectful as he spoke on the other line, “Director Hart, everything’s been taken care of.”

Tony merely hummed in response as he took another drag of his cigarette. He then stubbed it out stoically. There was a pause as Leo debated whether he should say it, but he finally went on to add, “Director Hart, once Miss Stark finalizes her divorce from Mr. Chase tomorrow, you can reject Miss Fisher’s request—that would be a huge blow to both her and the Chase Group.”

Even if Lyla were to rock up to Tony and accuse him of going back on his word, they could easily refute her by saying there was no valid contract between them in the first place. She would not be able to hold them accountable and the Chase Group would not be let off easily either.

However, Tony remained silent as he stared out at the nightscape, which was dotted with brilliant lights. Bradford City truly came alive at night with the billboards and signboards lighting up in multiple colors on top of the grey skyscrapers.

He flipped the cigarette box in his hand and at last, he plainly responded, “We’re still buying Hillville.”

“But, Director Hart—”

As usual, he hung up before Leo could get a word in.

Leo turned to look at the documents before him; a feeling of resignation and frustration started to wash over him.

Meanwhile, Tony was still looking at the night scene, lost in his own thoughts. He knew Leo’s words made sense and he ought to go back on his word. However, when he thought about Myra, he had a strong feeling that he needed to proceed with the purchase of Hillville. After all, I had already signed up for this, hadn’t I?

The next morning, it was not a surprise that Myra woke up in Tony’s arms.

She slept well last night. His chest was warm and as she rested her head on it, she could not help but feel safe.

He was still sound asleep when she woke up.

There was a small beam of sunlight that filtered through the thick layers of the curtain, which fell on his face.

With his eyes closed, he did not look quite as intimidating as he usually did and there was a gentle look on his sleeping face that Myra found endearing.

Tony’s chiseled features looked softer in the morning light and for a moment, it was as though the whole world fell silent. And those lips... Before she knew it, she was reaching out to caress his lower lip. She then traced her fingertips along his jaw.

It was said that men with thin lips were often standoffish and reserved with Sean being one such example. Tony, however, seemed cool and distant, but Myra knew that there was a fire in him that burned brighter than anyone else’s.

“You’re so silly...” she muttered softly, but her eyes widened in surprise as a sudden warmth encased her fingers. She looked up and saw that Tony’s eyes had fluttered open. When he turned to gaze at her, she could tell that he was wide awake—in fact, he had probably been awake all along.

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Reflecting on her earlier actions and her words that he was well aware of, Myra's face flushed red like the sunset.

"Tony Hart!" she growled in a low voice like an annoyed kitten.

When Tony's cold eyes saw her face, a gentle look appeared in his eyes as he grabbed her hand, which she had planned to retract. After brushing the strands of hair that fell by her cheeks behind her ears, he asked in a slightly teasing tone, "Fangirling about me early in the morning?"

Myra's face turned even redder as she turned her head. "I just think you are a fool."

"How so? Do enlighten me." She wondered whether Tony was merely pretending or if he really did not know as he smiled at her.

Myra was slightly uncomfortable under his gaze, but she clearly knew that they would have to overcome many obstacles if they wanted to be with each other—one example was the Hart Family.

"I'm already married and about to be a divorcee. Only you would want a woman like me. There are many excellent women in Bradford City, but you only have eyes for me." When Myra brought it up, it was impossible not to notice that she did not feel miserable.

If possible, every woman would like to look for their true love and happiness during their first try. However, life sometimes would not grant what one wished for and it would throw many tests and challenges.

Can we really overcome some of these challenges?

"Who said that I can't fall for a divorced woman?" Tony's eyes narrowed. Seeing that she was feeling sad about it while she still pretended to be nonchalant, he yanked her into his embrace. "Are you aware of the phrase—there is light at the end of the tunnel?"

Myra nodded blankly.

When Tony noticed her dumbfounded expression, he could not help but caress her head, making her hair messier than it was. "Don't you think that you've had enough bad luck? It's time to change it."

When Myra heard his professional tone, she could not help but retort, "How do you know that my luck would change? What if the bad luck continues?"

"I know magic." Tony arched his eyebrows. "It's your turning point in life to meet me."

She was initially shocked by what he said. After hearing those words from him, she was suddenly torn between amusement and sadness.

As Myra planned to rise up, Tony pulled her arm, causing her to directly fall into his embrace. In the next second, his thin lips had already enveloped around hers as he sucked on her lips a few times.

After seeing the hickeys from last night on her neck slowly fading, his eyes slightly narrowed again. Then, he pressed her down and produced a few more by nibbling on her neck before he released her.

When she sat up, she said gently after thinking about it, "I'm going to the Civil Affairs Bureau today."

"You don't want me to accompany you?" Tony seemed like he knew what she thought.

Myra tightly held the blankets underneath her as she shook her head. "Maybe not." I don't want to involve him in my personal affairs at such a time and I don't want other people to look at him differently.

Tony was like a god to her, so she did not want him to be criticized by others.

He did not force her. Instead, he grabbed her hand and pinched her palms before he responded calmly, "After it's done, call me. I'll pick you up."

After thinking about it, she did not reject him.

In the morning, when Maya called Eve and informed her about what she had in mind, the latter was silent for a long time before she agreed. Just when she wanted to say something, Myra hung up without any hesitation.

At such a juncture, she was not in the mood to listen to her anymore because she felt that Eve was merely a hypocrite.

When Myra was on her way to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Estelle called her while sounding as angry as a lion.

If Shawn had not told her about Myra's incident early in the morning, she would not have known that the Chase Family was so ruthless to the point where they even made Myra their scapegoat.

After a moment of silence, Estelle angrily cursed, "I curse their future generations to be dirt poor and can't find true love! I hope all their businesses fail and life never goes their way! I curse—"

"Alright." A warm feeling surged through Myra when she heard Estelle cursing the Chase Family non-stop. After all, there is nothing more heartwarming than having a true friend worry about you when you are down.

Myra took a deep breath before she continued, "I'm on my way to the Civil Affairs Bureau. Estelle, I will sever all ties with him for the rest of my life. Wish me luck—it's time for me to change my luck for the better."

Thinking back on what Tony had said, she added the part about luck in her sentence.

Estelle was still furious, but she did not want to infect her best friend with her foul mood.

Then, she changed the topic. "Luckily, I heard that Tony managed to find you yesterday. With him beside you, I'm finally relieved. Myra, look carefully at the difference between Tony and Sean. Tony is really a good man. You will definitely regret it if you let him go. Listen to me just once since I have a good eye. Apart from his annoying third brother, there's nothing to complain about him—"

She suddenly screamed before she pleaded with Shawn, "Oh, Shawn! Shawn, I'm joking! I'm helping Myra to get together with Tony, so I didn't watch my words. N-N-No—Aaah!"

A series of flirtatious voices reached Myra's ear through the phone. Myra was a mature woman, so she immediately blushed after hearing that and quietly hung up on the phone.

Isn't this good? I really feel like Tony has cast magic on my life.

When she arrived at the Civil Affairs Bureau, she was not surprised that Eve came along with Sean. However, she was shocked that Lyla was also waiting for them there.

After all, Eve felt guilty toward Myra, so she quickly walked over as soon as she saw the latter. "Oh, thank God you're fine, Myra." She wanted to hold Myra's hands, but the younger woman took a step back and avoided her.

Eve froze for a moment before she forced a smile and eyed her son.

After last night's events, they had completely severed all ties with Myra. However, Eve still remembered Lyla's words—the crisis of Hilliville could only be solved if Sean divorced Myra and married her instead.

When Sean saw Myra, he immediately felt uneasy.

He thought that Myra would be scared after entering the place last night. He also imagined that she would be fierce while demanding an explanation from him—or she would lose her temper with him. However, after she exited the car, she was calm. In fact, she was so calm that he felt slightly disappointed.

Upon seeing his mother's reminder, he remained silent for a while before speaking indifferently, "Let's go in then."

"Sure." Myra looked at the three people in front of her. She used to belong in that group of three, but she was not resentful about it at the moment. She merely felt the irony. Then, she lifted her head and glanced at Eve before looking at Sean, who had a mysterious dark look in his eyes. "My request from yesterday is simple, but it has changed today. Sean Chase, I initially wanted 20% of the shares that I had invested in the beginning. But now, I want half of Hilliville's land!"

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Right after Myra finished her sentence, someone yelled out loud, "This is impossible!"

The person was not Eve or Sean, but it was Lyla.

However, she unwillingly lowered her head after Eve glared at her.

Eve's expression also changed immediately. Initially, she thought that everything would end on a good note today after the divorce. Myra seemed to have suddenly turned into a different person as she requested for half of Chase Group's land in Hilliville.

If it was in the past, that piece of land was a dead city, so they would not be shocked if she had asked for half of it. However, now that it was about to be sold off, they would earn money from it. Of course, no one would like to have lower profits.

"Myra..." After thinking about it, Eve frowned. "I always felt sorry that you have no affinity with Sean. I like you, but don't you think your request earlier is overboard? Two years ago, it was Sean who developed Hilliville from scratch. Have you ever thought about us when you requested half of it?"

"In that case, have you ever thought about me, Mrs. Chase?" In the past, Myra felt warmth emanating from Eve. She thought that Eve would always provide her with warmth, but she now realized her kindness came with strings attached. If she had not been useful to them, Eve would not have treated her well. Now that Eve knew that she would not help them anymore and would even avoid them, she requested for the divorce proceedings immediately.

However, it was not easy to go through a divorce.

Since they are not cutting me some slack, I'm not going to meekly tolerate it!

"Mrs. Chase, you should be lucid on who helped the Chase Group to prosper in such a short time. I'm sure you know who exactly is responsible for preventing the company from being bought by others. Of all the people, you know who the scapegoat is and that has enabled you guys to freely enjoy life. Taking half of Hilliville, no matter whether we settle in court officially or privately, is not much of a request. Otherwise, would you like to head to court so that I can fight for more?" How can a person quickly mature? It must be a result of the many obstacles and challenges.

Seeing the three darkened faces, Myra felt a surge of pleasure within her.

Lyla could no longer hold her silence and answered, "Fine! Let's go to court then! Myra, don't forget that we have pictures of you with other men. Do you think the court will help a woman who cheated on her husband?" That's half of Hilliville! The amount of money is probably something that I can't earn in a lifetime. I can't give it to Myra just like this!

Upon hearing that, Myra gave a mock smile as she looked at Sean and Eve. "In that case, should I thank you for being so in love with Miss Fisher, Director Chase? Do you need me to remind you how many women like her you've sought in the past? Everyone in Bradford City knows that you are a playboy who switches a different partner each night. Now, you are accusing me of being with another man? Huh! You can't even see the picture of the man clearly, so how are you going to prove that the man is not Director Chase?"

Sean's face immediately darkened.

"You—"

Lyla wanted to say something else, but Eve harshly interrupted her. "Stop blabbering here and shut up!"

Lyla's expression immediately changed. This time, I'm the one who saved Chase Group. How can Eve treat me like this? Even though she was furious, she could not show it in front of Sean.

"Myra, can we discuss this? After all, half is simply too much... You have to consider our position as well. How about this—I'll ask Sean to give you 20% of it." Seeing Myra's stance today, Eve knew that they could not reach an amicable result anymore.

She had no idea who the big customer that Lyla had been talking about was, but after what happened yesterday, she knew that the piece of land needed to be sold as soon as possible. Even delaying it by a day would bring much danger to them, let alone going to court with Myra.

Because of the Marina Bay Bridge incident, the customer nearly stopped dealing with them. If we go to court about this and the news is leaked, what if the customer turns back on his words?

"50%—no more, no less, Mrs. Chase, I don't want to talk about anything that happened in the past anymore. This is my bottomline. If you need time to think about it, do return and take your time. We can meet later."

With that, Myra turned to leave.

"Fine. If you want half of it, so be it." Behind her, as soon as Sean's cold voice rang, she stopped walking.

"Have you lost your mind, Sean?" Eve's expression immediately changed.

Myra twitched her lips into a smile. However, when she turned, there was only indifference in her eyes. Without looking at the three of them, she headed to a nearby photocopy shop.

"Sean, that's 50%!" Lyla shared the same thoughts as Eve on the matter. She's the one who went overboard by asking 50% of it.

He calmly looked at both the women. "In that case, do you have any other suggestions?"

The expression on their faces slightly changed. Sure enough, they did not have any other ideas. It was impossible to ask Myra to give them another chance. After what they had done to her yesterday, they should count their lucky stars that she would let that slide. Eve was even prepared to kneel before Myra if things could not work out today, but obviously, what the latter wanted was just money.

Sean's gaze passed through the crowd and he saw Myra entering a photocopy shop. She seems different from before. In the past, she always looked troubled and morose. However, earlier, not only does she look stubborn, she also looks strong. She has the glow of a woman who is about to start her new life.

His face darkened even more.

He did not know what had happened to make her change her character overnight. Is this a pretense—or is she planning to take so much away from me so that I can beg her to return?

Without speaking, Sean walked into the photocopy store with her.

It was already noon when everything was settled.

Before they entered the Civil Affairs Bureau, Myra took the bag that she left at the Chase Residence yesterday from Eve. It contained their marriage certificate. When Myra walked out, she had a divorce certificate in her hands—and perhaps with something more than that.

Her footsteps became lighter as if a burden had been taken away from her.

On the other side, Sean's face became darker for the umpteenth time.

Both Eve and Lyla did not follow the former couple into the Civil Affairs Bureau. Instead, they waited in a car that was parked quite far away.

Myra took her phone out to call Tony since he had asked her to do so once everything was settled. However, Sean firmly stood in front of her. "Myra, who bailed you out of the police station last night?"

His tall figure cast a complete shadow on her when he stood in front of her.

She frowned slightly before she replied indifferently, "I don't think this is related to you, Director Chase."

"Is it your father?" He did not seem to hear her reply as he stubbornly wanted an answer from her.

When Myra heard her father being mentioned, her expression slightly changed and her tone became even colder. "No matter what, the person who picked me up was not you. What do you want by asking this?"

"Was it a man who picked you up?" Sean's gaze immediately sank. Then, he suddenly grabbed her hand as he demanded in an icy tone. "Who picked you up?"

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Myra's wrist still bore the injuries from the handcuffs the night before. When he held her hand in that moment, she only felt immense pain. With a furious look on her face, she asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

Sean did not miss the pain on her face earlier. He lowered his head and saw the injuries on her wrist. Then, his expression immediately changed "What's this?"

It was not just the hand he was holding; her other hand also had similar blue-black bruises on her wrist.

"This is none of your business!" Myra forcefully withdrew her hand from Sean's grip as she withstood the pain.

Sean was hesitant. When I went over to her place for a meal, she didn't have any injuries. After a night... His face suddenly darkened. "Is this because last night, you were brought to..."

His sentence trailed off as he closed his mouth with a conflicted expression in his eyes.

After being framed by them last night, Myra felt resentful. Even if we can't be husband and wife, he doesn't have to frame me with such despicable means. I can only blame myself for being so blind back then.

Myra took a deep breath before she returned to her indifferent expression. "Director Chase, if you don't let me go, your lover, who is not far away from here, will become anxious."

There was no love for him anymore. Sean froze before he blankly turned. Sure enough, Lyla's face darkened as she looked at them from a distance.

Reflecting on what recently happened and yesterday's incident, a vein protruded on his forehead. "About what happened last night, I-I... didn't mean to send you to the police station—"

"Yes, you didn't mean to, because you have already arranged everything beforehand." Myra turned and appraised the man for the final time. She used to love him to her core, yet he caused her to suffer from the most trauma. If she could go back in time, she would not fall in love with him and allow him to ruin her life. "Sean Chase, we are over."

She clearly enunciated her last few words before walking past him as she left.

Immediately, a black Maybach shone under the sun on the opposite side of the road.

She quickly picked up her phone as it rang. "Hello?"

"Reigniting the flames with your old lover? You stood there with him for so long. What did you tell him?"

Tony's low voice rang from the other end of the phone. Even though he was not in front of her, Myra could imagine his current expression. His good-looking brows must be tightly knitted together and his thin lips pressed into a hard line. Yet, he still pretends as though it doesn't bother him.

"Are you jealous?" She chuckled in a low voice. As dimples formed on her cheeks, she made him feel as though all the flowers around her had blossomed with her smile.

Seated in the car a street away, his heart fluttered and melted when he saw her speaking to him on the phone with her head lowered. "There's a new restaurant on Jasmine Street. Are you hungry?"

She touched her belly; Indeed, she was ravenous. Then, she immediately smiled. "Dear Director Hart, I wonder whether I have the honor to buy you a meal today."

"Did you receive a lot of money?" Tony retorted mercilessly. Even though his tone was nonchalant, he did not sound too pleased about it.

Myra ignored the sound of him gritting his teeth and she smiled as she lowered her head. "Yes, indeed. I've gotten 20% of the shares that I brought from the Stark Group in the beginning as well as 50% of the land in Hilliville owned by Chase Group!"

When she spoke about the second part, she seemed pleased with herself as the tone of her voice rose in excitement.

Tony froze for a moment as his eyes narrowed. 50% of Hilliville?

He chuckled lightly. "Well, I guess you definitely have to buy me a meal then." In the end, half of Sean's money is given to her. Is this another form of compensation?

As Myra briskly walked past Eve and Lyla, she did not even greet them. After all, since they were now strangers, there was no need for her to do so.

However, the three of them watched her cross the road and enter a black Maybach.

Even though the vehicle was far from them, they could make out a man's outline at the driver's seat.

"So, Myra has really hooked up with another man!" Eve merely felt a surge of dizziness overcome her. Since that's the case, we gave her 50% of Hillville for nothing!

At that moment, Sean had already returned. After he heard her exclaiming, his face darkened as he tightly clenched his fists while the veins were protruding on the back of his hands. "Mom, let's go back."

"Alas!" Eve sighed heavily, hating Myra to the maximum at that point. She has clearly entered a relationship with a wealthy man, yet she still takes Hillville that Sean has worked so hard on! She's really an evil and ruthless woman!

Usually, Lyla would have agreed with Eve. However, at that moment, her face was pale as she stared at the black Maybach. Even though she did not know the driver, her heart raced due to an ominous feeling that something was about to happen. Did Myra's father, Cameron Stark, really bail her out last night?

"Lyla. Lyla!!" Next to her was Sean, who called her name several times before she returned to her senses. He frowned as he asked. "What's wrong?"

Nothing... I think I'm just dizzy from the sun..." Lyla bit her lips. In the next moment, her phone suddenly rang and pierced the silence.

Her expression immediately changed since she was actually quite scared to answer the call. Finally, under the curious gaze from the two people next to her, she picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Miss Fisher, Director Hart has something to inform you."

The volume of the call had already been adjusted to a safe volume.

Lyla shot a glance at the people next to her before she responded in a low voice, "What is it?"

On the other end of the phone, Leo's eyes narrowed. "Director Hart is giving you two options and you can only pick one—one, he will buy up the remaining 50% of the properties in Hilliville. Two, you have to hold your tongue."

"What?"

Lyla's pitch immediately increased, making both Eve and Sean frown.

She did not dare to speak in front of them anymore, so she turned and walked away before she replied to Leo in a low voice, "Leo, what does Director Hart mean by this?"

I have a good relationship with him, but I've been on the passive side for some time. We are business partners, aren't we? If he needs me in the future, I will give him the secrets of Hilliville like last time. We can profit from each other.

But... Director Hart clearly wants the buyer information of Hilliville. Why does he help me to buy the remaining properties there in the end?

Is my help actually worth that much?

Lyla wondered whether she had thought too much, but there was a peculiar feeling about it.

"You should know what Director Hart means by this, Miss Fisher. After he buys the remaining 50% of Hilliville's properties, please remember to hold your tongue. Otherwise, you might not even be able to speak if you fail to do so."