

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 146

After she finished talking, she lifted the bag again and walked back to her apartment. The light in Sean's eyes had dimmed and a wave of slight anger filled his chest. Without thinking, he pulled Myra back by her hand. "Who are you seeing now?"

Why else would she speak to me this way?

At this moment, the two of them did not notice the black Maybach that was driving toward them in the sunset.

Myra grew furious when he held her back. She seethed, "Even if I am seeing someone, what does it have to do with you?" The moment she saw the look on his face, her gaze turned bizarre. "Sean, don't tell me you're bothered that I'm with another man now? Don't forget that we got divorced a long time ago. You have no control over who I choose to be with!"

His expression was dark, and his eyes lit up with fury. But, seeing the calm expression on her face, he suppressed his anger and scoffed. "After all, we were married once. I just wanted to remind you of your status, Myra. You have to be wary of any man that approaches you; either he doesn't know that you're a divorcee or he knows that marrying you will bring him wealth."

In an instant, her body began to tremble with anger. She had to try with all her might to suppress the rage in her chest and stop herself from flinging the items in the bag at him. She jeered, "Well, I apologize for the disappointment, but the man I'm with now already knows that I'm divorced, and he doesn't care about my paltry fortune. Sean Chase, not all men are as malicious as you are. You sent me to prison in your place. How audacious of you to show up in front of me now and give me this invitation?"

His expression turned even worse.

While he looked at her gloomily, he also wondered why he had reacted that way. It seemed like he was a little jealous because she had found another man right after she divorced him. That awareness made him lose control over himself.

"You're already with another man!" He had a faint scowl on his face. "I knew you seemed too indifferent when we got a divorce! Who knew you were already with someone else? How can you be so cheap, Myra?"

"I'm cheap?" She was about to go mad. Various past events resurfaced in her mind; from having her dignity trampled on by them to being framed. She glared at him with a chilly expression that she never had before. "Well, I guess I stalked you for all those years because I'm cheap. I am truly sorry. I will live a more dignified life from now on and stay far, far away from you!"

She emphasized the word 'far' several times as if she was worried it would be insufficient to express her meaning. After hearing her words, Sean's expression changed. He was just about to say something when her phone suddenly began to ring.

The incoming call was from 'Hubby'.

After Tony left last time, Myra realized that his name on her phone had changed, but she did not correct it.

The anger that was boiling in her chest dissipated immediately as soon as she saw his number. Instead, she felt a slight sense of misery and answered the call without a second thought.

"Hello?"

"Where are you now?" Tony's voice came through the phone. He had probably been smoking because his voice sounded fuzzy.

Biting her lip, she replied, "I'm downstairs in the apartment."

He paused for a while, then said, "Turn around."

Clearly, Sean had also seen the incoming call. Feeling shocked, he looked at her with a newfound contempt, ridicule, and some other vague, indescribable emotion.

He watched her turn around in surprise and followed her line of vision to a black Maybach not too far away.

That Maybach looks rather familiar. All of a sudden, he remembered. While I was on that street outside the detention center that night, I saw this car drive out the entrance of the center.

A man was standing gallantly next to the door of the Maybach. He was tall, handsome, and was dressed in a black suit and a pair of black leather shoes. The surrounding air around him felt chilly. His presence did not seem ordinary, and it also felt slightly overbearing. As soon as Sean and Myra looked at him, he tossed the cigarette in his hand and squinted at them. With a hand in his pocket, he started to take one step after the other toward them.

Myra was slightly shocked by Tony's words. I thought he was coming back tomorrow. Why is he back a day early? In the next moment, she remembered the situation that she was in. Even though she did not intend for this to happen, she was currently standing with Sean. He sounded so calm earlier. Could he be mad?

Tony quickly made his way over. Although there were not many people by the entrance of the apartment, there were still some people passing by, but he walked right through the crowd. The remnants of the sunset that fell on him softened the blank expression on his face and gave him a relaxed elegance.

When he arrived before Myra, he stretched a hand out naturally and pulled her into his embrace. Looking down at her with a gentle smile, he asked, "Why do you look so surprised? Aren't you happy that I came back earlier?"

His gaze was tender; even more tender than it was when he was with her in the past. It was so overwhelming that she froze for a moment. Not long after, however, she felt a sharp pain in her waist. Knitting her brows together, she looked at the man beside her and saw that his eyes were narrowed with a slight look of danger in them.

That was when she knew that he was jealous.

For some reason, she was not worried anymore. Squinting with a smile, she no longer had the hostility she had when she was talking to Sean earlier. In a soft voice, she answered, "Of course, I'm happy."

"Did you miss me while I was gone?" It seemed like Tony was not satisfied. He went on to pinch her cheeks and looked even more gentle as though he did not see the man with a grim expression before them.

Myra knew that he was doing it on purpose. Since she did not want to brush off his efforts, she gave him a nod. Her big and clear eyes looked earnest and tender. "Yes, I missed you so much."

The light in her eyes seemed captivating with every blink. Tony tightened his grasp around her waist and snatched the white-colored invitation from Sean's hands abruptly.

"It looks like you've come here to give out this invitation. We've troubled you, Director Chase, for coming all the way here to personally give Myra her invitation."

Am I hallucinating? When Tony said the word 'personally', it sounded full of ridicule.

Meanwhile, Sean looked incredibly hurt as he watched the loving couple in front of him. She really is with another man now. But, it was not just any man; it was Tony Hart, the man she had been romantically involved with in the past.

Sean had even thought that they were pretending. When the theft of the business secret in Hilliville happened, he did feel like he had been betrayed, but he eventually concluded that she wasn't that kind of woman. The love she had for me was not an act. How could she have been tied up with another man? Even though Myra got caught leaving Tony's office, he figured that they had most likely discussed it, and she was only trying to make Sean jealous.

But how could he explain all of this now? The daily necessities for men in her bag... She couldn't have known that I was coming today, could she?

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As Sean's memories returned to him, he seemed to remember seeing Myra drive a silver Bentley Mulsanne once. At the time, a man was also sitting in the back of the car. Later on, he found out that the car belonged to Tony.

When confidential information at Chase Group in Hilliville was stolen, Myra had come out of Tony's office awkwardly.

She was held at the detention center that same night, but by the time Sean made it there, someone had already taken her away. At the time, it was this black Maybach that drove past him. Is this the man who took her away back then? And the Sunny Bay Project... Sean recalled that Myra and Elsie had gotten into an argument, but shortly after that, Elsie was fired mercilessly from the Hart Group. Now it seems like that was also this man's doing. Or was the Sunny Bay Project meant for Myra all along?

Too many traces had been left behind. Before Sean believed all of this, he never thought to link the two of them together, but now, he did not have a choice anymore. She already betrayed me two months ago! Was this divorce for the sake of me and Lyla, or for Myra and Tony?

A rage he had never felt before flowed through his body. A plethora of emotions flickered across his face, but he settled on looking somber. He stopped responding to Tony and only kept his eyes fixed on Myra.

Her brows started to pull together under his stare while Tony narrowed his eyes and tightened his arm around her waist.

Seeing the two of them that way only made Sean's face grow darker. Turning around, he sat inside his black Lamborghini, started the engine right away, and left after making a turn.

As soon as his car disappeared from sight, Tony loosened his facial expression and let go of Myra's waist. Then, he started to walk toward his sports car.

Myra was taken aback, but she quickly followed after him with the bag in her hand.

After he sat inside his car, he closed the door immediately and started the engine.

Just as she was about to open the door to the passenger side of the car, however, the doors locked from the inside.

Out of surprise, she shot a quick look at the man in the driver's seat.

He did not look too good at the moment. After he got in the car, he lit a cigarette and let the smoke cover his face, making it hard for her to see his expression clearly.

For some reason, though, she knew that he looked somewhat aloof now.

She knocked on the glass window a few times. Afraid that he couldn't hear her, she shouted, "Tony, what's wrong?"

With the cigarette between his fingers, he cast a sidelong glance at her and wound down the windows slightly to let the smoke out.

She quickly ran to the other side, but before she could ask him anything else, the car suddenly took off like an arrow. He did not even look back at her once.

Because she was leaning against the car door, she immediately fell to the ground as soon as the car left.

A sharp pain rose from her knees and her eyes suddenly became red as she stared at the cement ground.

She watched the car disappear from her field of vision, then slowly crawled back up without making a sound and looked at the plastic bag beside her. Thinking that he might stay at her place occasionally, she had gone to the supermarket to restock some of his daily products.

Taking the bag with her, she walked to a nearby trash can to throw the things away, but alas, she was unable to.

"That b*stard. It's not like I did anything! I wasn't the one who invited that guy over to my place..."

Feeling disheartened, she bit her lip and started to head back. After taking a couple of steps, however, the car that sped off earlier came back around again and stopped right in front of her.

The door to the passenger seat opened. Inside, she could see Tony's blank face.

"Get in the car," he said.

Still mad at him, she looked away and continued walking back toward her apartment.

His face only grew darker as he watched the stubborn image of her back.

Nobody knew that he almost lost it the moment he saw her and Sean together.

He was well-aware of the significance Sean had in those few years of her life. After scheming incessantly to get them to divorce, he happened to spot them tugging at each other earlier.

For a brief second, he was terrified that she would get into Sean's lousy car with him.

"Get in the car!" Tony had always been in a dominant position. Therefore, his words sounded more like an order and were filled with impatience.

Her eyes were growing redder now. She kept her back straight and did not look back at him.

Just when she thought she heard the sound of muffled footsteps behind her, she was lifted into his arms right away.

"Let me go! Tony Hart! Just go and don't come back again! B*stard!"

The sad tears that welled up in her eyes finally fell.

"Behave yourself!"

She was taken aback after receiving that treatment and felt even more wronged now. Clutching the white shirt in front of his chest and still feeling a blunt pain from her knees, she yelled, "I thought you never listened to me. Why? Do you think Sean and I have rekindled our feelings for each other? Since you already made that assumption, why the h*ll did you still come back for me?"

Sean was the one who came to look for her at her apartment, but Tony was making it seem like she had intentionally invited him over. Moreover, he also grew mad at her and drove off right in front of her.

Because of how upset she was, tears did not stop rolling out of her eyes.

Seeing the miserable appearance on her face, Tony felt like his heart was being beaten to pieces. He held her tighter and said, "Don't come back? Do you want me to let you go so you can rekindle your feelings with that fellow?" he grumbled with a scowl.

"You!" She was infuriated and started to struggle even more. "Let me go! I don't want to be with you anymore! You b*stard! B*stard!"

After another blow, his eyes grew darker as he watched her struggle. He put her in the passenger seat and pressed up against her. "Did you call me a b*stard? I took my eyes off you for a short time and you were already holding hands with that fellow. Didn't I tell you before that you're not allowed to talk to or have any physical contact with any other guy? What did you give me in response? What were you doing just now? Hmm? Did you forget already?"

She was overwhelmed by the questions he threw at her all at once. When she thought about the day he left, she remembered, I did promise him that I wouldn't talk to other men. The thought made her bite down hard on her lip.

Her red-rimmed eyes were glistening, and her clothes were disheveled from the struggle she put up earlier. At a glance, she looked like she had been bullied.

Narrowing his eyes, he lowered his head suddenly and seized her lips that she had been biting.

Her face turned bright red in an instant. She wanted to push him away, but he easily grasped both her arms and put them above her head.

Flames were burning in his eyes. When he saw the panic in her eyes, he raised his head again and looked down at her with a threatening gaze. "Are you scared now?"

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"Tony Hart, you're... you're shameless!" Myra seethed as soon as he let go of her lips.

People were still passing by outside the apartment. The both of them had already garnered some attention, but their blatant act in the car compelled even more people to steal glances at them.

"Don't you know that better than anyone else?" Tony pursed his lips and stared straight at the woman in front of him. His gaze was deep and dark—like a deep body of still water. The

bottom could not be seen but they still captivated people. When she was about to make him turn away, he suddenly pushed her waist up against his.

The close contact made her body stiffen in an instant.

She did not think that he would pull a rebellious stunt in that situation.

Her face turned incredibly red. She wanted to escape from him, but she only started to speak incoherently from the anger. "Tony, you... you rascal! Let me out!"

"You're right, Myra. I am a rascal; a rascal for you." He narrowed his eyes and spoke calmly.

She shivered all over. The pose that she was in with both her hands pinned above her head made her feel deeply embarrassed. Seeing the constant looks being thrown their way, she knew that if he did not let her go now, they would probably be the headline news under the entertainment section tomorrow. Her face would also be exposed without being blurred out.

After pondering for a moment, she calmed herself back down and said softly, "Tony, I don't feel comfortable being held up like this. Can you let me go first?"

Her voice was as gentle as the night breeze and felt rather comforting.

The hardened expression on his face slowly began to relax, but he still kept his eyes narrowed at her. Suddenly, he bit down on her lips until she cried out in pain, then his anger subsided and he let go of her hands.

Once her hands were freed, she quickly straightened her clothes and started to get out of the car, but he simply put the seat belt over her and shut the door.

By the time she unfastened her seat belt and was going to open the door again, he had already returned to the driver's seat, closed his door, and locked the car.

"You!" She glared at the expressionless man with her big eyes and cursed at him in her mind repeatedly. "Let me out, Mr. Hart!"

"Am I back to being Mr. Hart again?" He did not unlock the doors but started the engine instead.

"Where are you taking me?" She bit her lip.

He did not make a sound, but his gaze, as he looked ahead, was cold and overbearing. The lines on his cheeks were also hardened.

She was mad; mad that he did not believe her and that he did not consider her feelings. On the other hand, was he afraid that she still had lingering feelings for Sean? Was his fear that she would leave him for Sean the reason for his harsh behavior?

Biting her lip, she noticed that the car was about to leave but the forlorn plastic bag was still sitting on the side of the road. Hence, she blurted, "The things I bought are still outside."

Tony turned and brushed his eyes over her. He backed the car up and stopped when they passed by the plastic bag. Opening the car door, he picked up the bag of things and looked inside. As soon as he saw what she had bought, his eyes narrowed again and he snapped his head up at her.

Myra knew that she was being weak now. Of all things, why did I have to buy that whole pile of things for him?

She turned away and pretended she did not see the look in his eyes, but she heard him utter one simple sentence. "You forgot to buy me underwear."

His tone was calm as though he was telling her she forgot to get the groceries for dinner that night.

The redness in her face reached her neck. Grinding her teeth, she snapped, "Get it yourself!"

He caught sight of the scowl on her face from the corner of his eye, and somehow, it made him feel better.

After that, he deliberately drove them to a Calvin Klein exclusive store.

Initially, she did not want to get out of the car. However, he was staring at her blatantly as if to say that if she did not get down, he was going to deal with her inside the car.

Biting her lip, she gave in to his oppressive behavior.

When they walked into the store, a young female shopkeeper greeted them with a sweet voice, "Sir. Miss. What are you looking for?"

Myra only felt like burying her head in the ground.

Tony looked at her with an honest gaze, but she knew exactly what he was implying. She cursed at him for being a hypocrite in her mind. Looking at the shopkeeper, she asked awkwardly, "Where are the men's boxer briefs?"

Even though she had worded her question carefully, it still seemed too coarse and dubious for a man and a woman to walk into a store to buy men's underwear. It would only make people stare at them more.

The shopkeeper's eyes changed immediately as she brought them to the section for men's underwear. "It's all here."

Myra wanted to get the underwear quickly, pay for it, and leave. If she stayed another second longer, she felt like her heart was about to beat out of her chest.

After she picked up two pairs of underwear randomly, she was about to hand them over to the shopkeeper to pack when Tony said, "Get a different size." Myra's hands paused. His unhappy expression had made it into her awareness. "This size is too small."

Her hands quivered as she clenched her teeth in annoyance. Suddenly, she tossed the two black pairs of underwear aside and grabbed two pink ones instead. She turned back around to the shopkeeper with a different expression and said, "These two. Pack them up for me, please."

Clearly, she had not brought that much money out with her. Without putting much thought into it, she turned around and pulled out the wallet she saw Tony put in his suit pocket earlier.

Opening the black wallet, she took out a gold card and handed it over to the shopkeeper.

When it was time to put in the passcode, she turned to look at the man who was waiting not too far away. All of a sudden, she thought of putting in her own date of birth.

A beeping sound was heard, then the credit card reader spat out a receipt.

She felt her heart leap in her chest. Under the shopkeeper's envious gaze, she quickly signed the receipt and walked toward Tony with the bag in her hand.

She was clearly aware of what people were envious of. A woman who could pull out a man's wallet whenever she wanted to and who knew the passcode for any card she used was very lucky in their eyes. Even though she might have been misunderstood, she did not mind it all that much.

"Here." She handed over the black wallet to the man who was waiting with a hand in his pocket. The anger she felt had mostly subsided now.

Tony took his time to put his wallet away. Looking back up at her, he suddenly grabbed her hand and asked, "Are you not mad anymore?"

She was taken aback. The coldness in his eyes was also gone at this point. Pursing her lips, she looked away and retorted, "Who said so?"

The corner of his mouth curled up into a slight smile. With one hand, he pulled her in by the waist and started to head out, not forgetting to cast a glance at the pink underwear inside the bag.

"Myra, I didn't know you had such a tacky taste. I finally know why Estelle sent you that box of things now."

His deep-sounding laughter rang in her ears.

Dumbfounded, she glanced at the pink underwear inside the bag and had a feeling she just dug her own grave.

"I won't mind if you change into something from there tonight." His serious voice loomed over her head.

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Myra eventually lost her temper and flung the bag at him. "I'm not changing into anything!" she fumed. After she shrugged him off, she ran straight toward the car in front of her. During this time, however, she did not think of taking a cab back home.

Being considerate and tolerant was necessary in a relationship. Both she and Tony already lacked both of those traits, but they were still able to learn how to love each other.

By the time she arrived at the car, she still had to wait for Tony to get there.

He walked toward her at a steady pace and shot an eyebrow up at her before unlocking the doors.

Without a second thought, she got into the car.

After he got into the car and locked the doors, he suddenly pressed up against her.

Looking straight into her flustered eyes, he lowered his head and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. "Don't be mad anymore, okay?"

She felt like she was an even bigger hypocrite now. Just because he said those words, the grievances in her heart simply washed away. Biting her lip out of frustration, she turned away from him.

Tony turned her face back toward him and kissed her eyes. "Who told you to let me spot you with that fellow when I had come rushing back to see you? It made me upset."

"You're upset? What about me?" She pushed him away slightly. Looking at him with her big, clear eyes that were filled with despair, she retorted, "When you flirted with women at social gatherings, I didn't say anything about it. When I called you the other day, I ended up hearing a girl at your house. Don't you know how miserable I felt? Not to mention, you... claimed that you liked me as though you don't have another woman, but the truth is you have a crush on a woman that you've never told me about!"

He felt sorry just seeing the accusing look in her eyes. After giving her a peck, he shook his head obliviously. "I've never flirted with other women at social gatherings before. That's slander. As for the night you called, the person who came to look for me was Gemma, the Young Lady of the Walton Family. She was able to find my address because of her brother's connections, but nothing is going on between us. The crush..." His eyes sank when he got to that point, and his voice also became slightly raspy. "It's true; I do have a crush on a woman."

Myra's body stiffened, and her eyes filled with disbelief.

Without waiting for her response, he let out a low chuckle and said, "I have a crush, but isn't she my girlfriend now? Myra, if you insist on being jealous of yourself, I can't stop you either."

There was a tear still hanging on her eyelash. Upon hearing his words, she blinked and the tear rolled down.

He wiped away the tear with a kiss then proceeded to kiss her lips.

When she started to run out of breath in his arms, he finally let go. Biting her lip one last time, he knew that she was back to herself after hearing her wince in pain.

Before this, she used the first two issues to keep scores with him in order to build up her argument, but his answer to her last accusation caught her by surprise. He admitted to having a crush, but that woman... is me?

She quivered. Biting her lip, she looked at the man in front of her and asked, "Are... you telling me the truth?"

Hearing her suspicious tone, he narrowed his eyes and a dangerous light flashed across them. "You don't believe me?"

"I-I believe you now!" she blurted.

She pushed him away. Since they were at such a close distance, his manly scent surrounded her and made it impossible for her to think straight. She also forgot to ask when he had started to develop feelings for her if she was really the woman he had a crush on.

In a calm demeanor, he sat back in the driver's seat to start the engine and leave the place.

But he was just... She cursed at him again, You devil!

After they drove off, a woman slowly snuck out from behind a car.

The woman had an exquisite appearance and was wearing makeup that was perfect for her. At this moment, however, her expression looked tense and hideous. Sasha was just passing by the area, but she could never have imagined that Tony and Myra were really dating. I thought he was only joking, but he even came out shopping with her and let her use his wallet! His credit card!

A wave of anguish and anger washed over her. Without any hesitation, she took out her phone and made a call. As soon as the person picked up, she exploded, "Sean! I told you before that Myra is not a simple woman, but you didn't believe me. Just a minute ago, I saw her and Director Hart from the Hart Group shopping together!"

She thought, Myra must have used some shameful tactics to get Tony into her hands. The thought aggravated her.

Sean was already in a terrible mood, but his face sank when Sasha delivered the news to him. He scoffed. "She wants to ruin herself now. What does that have to do with me?"

As he was saying that, his frustration continued to build up inside. He floored the gas pedal and quickly brought the car speed up to a hundred and twenty.

Sasha chewed on her lip. Well, she and Sean are divorced now. There's nothing much he can do about her.

After thinking for a moment, she accused, "She was the one who stole our company's designs back then, but I don't know what sort of deal she made with Tony for him to attack our Hay Group. Sean, I just think you're so much better. Women like her are the worst!"

Sean was angry. Yes, it's not worth it to get caught up again with someone like Myra. I have Lyla, and my life is getting better. Why do I have to care about whether Tony eventually abandons her or not?

He was certain that Tony would leave her. After all, how could a man like him accept Myra? Even if he did, would the Hart Family be able to accept a divorced daughter-in-law?

Letting out a final scoff, he hung up on the call.

Myra looked at Tony as he focused on driving. Eventually, she said in a small voice, "Everything ended between Sean and me right after the divorce."

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Myra glanced at Tony. "I wasn't expecting a visit from him today either. I didn't want to talk to him at first, but he kept holding me back. He even gave me that invitation and said some strange things."

Finding out that she was the woman Tony had a crush on probably made her feel better. She did not want him to get mad again because of Sean nor did she want their relationship to go through more turbulence because of Sean. It was just not worth it.

When she mentioned the invitation, Tony looked sideways at the white pamphlet that had fallen on the carpet in the car and a cold gaze flashed across his eyes.

Even though he did not make a sound, she could feel his desolation. Biting her lip, she reached out and interlocked her fingers with his unoccupied right hand. When he did not push her away, her face turned slightly red and she murmured, "I admit I used to like him."

Her fingers suddenly started to hurt from the increasing pressure he was clenching her hand with.

Grimacing in pain, she looked at the dark expression on his face and murmured, "Your moods are so erratic. Just a second ago, you were so gentle toward me and talking about having a crush on me, but now you're being so fierce."

He immediately turned to look at her with a serious gaze. "Do you want me to turn back right now and send you to the Chase Residence? Since they haven't had the wedding yet, you still have time to snatch him back."

As she listened to his words that were cold yet filled with jealousy, she felt like laughing for some reason. In the end, she let out a chuckle and turned to stare at the side of his face. "You're already getting jealous before I even finished talking."

His lips were pressed into a tight, straight line.

She tugged his hand then suddenly lifted it up and placed a kiss on his fingers. Her face blushed slightly, and she subconsciously tucked a loose strand of hair at the side of her

face behind her ear. He noticed that her ears were also red now and heard her sigh softly. "I used to like him, but it's all in the past now. I don't like him anymore." She hesitated briefly. Her face grew red and her bright eyes filled with bashfulness. Glancing over at him, she suddenly took a deep breath and said in a small voice, "I like you now."

All of a sudden, the car screeched to a stop.

When the car stopped abruptly, she was also flung forward. By the time she sat back in her seat, she heard the sound of a seatbelt being unbuckled and felt herself being spun before landing on top of his lap.

She still hadn't looked up yet when her lips were forcefully seized by the man in front of her. His kiss was passionate and ruthless. This time, he did not give her a second to breathe.

His series of actions left her rather dumbfounded. Although it was night now, the windshield at the front of the car was not covered, and they were also in the middle of the street.

She hated that side of him that was shameless, but she still did not dare to do anything.

There were already people outside looking at them and whispering to each other.

Gritting her teeth, she exhorted by his ear, "Don't... Tony, can we go home?"

His eyes grew dark. Lifting his head, he narrowed his eyes when he saw that her cheeks, neck, and even ears had turned bright red.

Her face turned even redder. "Let's go home... You can do anything you want when we're home." Just not here.

Tony looked straight at her. His intense gaze was like a big net that encased her.

A while later, just as she was starting to assume that he would not agree to it, he let her go. His eyes were still dark. He lowered his head abruptly and bit her lip before finally allowing her to return to the passenger seat.

With a reddened face, she scrambled back to her seat and urged him to start the car right away.

It was deep in the night now. The scent of autumn was slowly approaching.

Myra opened the window and enjoyed the cool night breeze as it blew in.

Since the windows were open, Tony pulled out a cigarette to smoke. When he was about to light it, a thought suddenly occurred to him and he kept the cigarette back inside. In a low voice, he said, "I don't like to see you and that fellow standing together."

Her head was close to the window, but she was able to hear every word he said. The anger she felt earlier was now gone. She mumbled sweetly, "It's not like I wanted to stand with him."

With a calm expression, he said, "You know what I mean, Myra."

He did not have the power to change the feelings she once had for Sean during those six years, but from this point, she was only his.

When she turned her head back around, she saw the calm expression on his face, then thought for a moment and nodded helplessly. "Okay. The next time I see him, I'll run in the opposite direction. If he catches me, I'll call the police right away. Is that good enough?"

Glancing over at her and seeing the playful look in her eyes, he had a feeling that she had him in the palm of her hand. His eyes narrowed. Stepping on the gas pedal, he quickly returned to her apartment and drove straight into the basement parking lot.

He parked at a random spot and stopped the car. Just then, Myra suddenly grew serious and grabbed his hand that was reaching for the door. "Wait."

Raising his eyebrows, he followed her line of vision to the front of the elevator in front of them.

A woman was waiting over there. She was wearing a short, light green, tight-fitting dress and carrying a shoulder bag in the same color palette. Judging by her silhouette, he thought she looked quite similar to Myra.

Once the elevator doors opened, the woman walked in. As soon as she turned around, Myra's face grew even more serious.

It's Kris.

"Aren't we getting down?" Tony turned back around to look at her.

The only reason Kris is here is to see me, but if we get out of the car now... "Why don't we wait for a bit? Let's wait in the car for a bit before getting down." She was looking at him with an unusual gaze.

Even though she could not hide it for much longer, she still did not want the Stark Family to find out about her relationship with Tony at the moment.