

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 166 - 170

Tony glanced at her with a faint smile. "Now you remember about it."

Myra had forgotten all about Meow after their conflict today. Thus, she squirmed with embarrassment. Meanwhile, he was already heading out the door. "Relax; Mrs. Frye has already let it out into the garden outside. You don't need to worry about it."

Upon hearing that, she finally felt relieved.

Tony soon returned with a bag in his hands. That bag seemed rather familiar for some reason, but Myra could not place where she had seen it before.

His figure was tall and broad. He had gone for a smoke when he went outside and returned with a cigarette casually held between his fingers. He was still wearing the white shirt and black pants that he wore during the day. Although he had his sleeves rolled up in a casual, at-home look, he still looked extremely handsome. She watched him walking over. Looking into his slightly narrowed eyes, she felt her heart rate increasing and hurriedly shifted her gaze away to look at the TV in front of her. "You should lower the volume in case we disturb the others upstairs.

He seemed amused, and he nodded with a straight face. "Okay."

While putting in the DVD, he placed the cigarette between his thin lips and stood with his side profile to her. Within the curling smoke, she felt as if she couldn't take her eyes off his handsome face. She didn't even notice that she subconsciously gulped.

Soon, the man finished setting up the DVD and walked over to her. Although the sofa was very spacious, she still shifted to make space next to her. However, he immediately sat down next to her and pulled her into his arms. Breathing in the pleasant scent on his body, she suddenly felt a sense of security washing over her. What is there to fight about? Can't we just be with each other peacefully?

Tony turned the volume of the TV down until it was very soft. When the DVD started playing, they saw a blond and blue-eyed couple arguing. Then, the female tried to leave in tears.

After that, the man hurriedly chased after her and enveloped her in his embrace. Coaxing and cajoling, he brought her back home.

“Why are there no subtitles?” Myra murmured. Although the lack of subtitles was not a problem for either of them, she couldn’t help finding it strange.

Meanwhile, his hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her even closer into his arms.

“It’s probably a low-quality DVD.” His voice sounded a little hoarse beside her ears. His hand was very hot, making her waist shiver slightly under his touch. Even so, she did not make him move it away.

Soon after, the scene on the TV left her feeling flabbergasted. After the man coaxed the woman to go back home, they shared some sweet words with each other. At some point, they began kissing each other...

She thought to herself, Maybe all European and American horror movies are like this. Never mind; it will be over after this. Contrary to her expectations, there was no end in sight despite enduring the torture for several more minutes. She tightly gripped the white shirt of the man sitting next to her, bit her lip, and lifted her head to look at him. “Didn’t you say that it’s a horror movie?”

His eyes were dark with passion. In a soft but hoarse voice, he said, “The pictures printed on the covers were of horror movies.”

His hand slowly moved upward. Seeing her shy but lucid eyes, he suddenly stopped moving his hands. He kissed her tender lips and said to her in a low voice, “I’ll change to another one.”

She quickly replied, “Okay.”

He reluctantly let go of her and strode over to the TV. Taking out the DVD they were watching just now, he placed another DVD with ‘The Ring’ written on it into the player. This time, he had his back to her. Therefore, she failed to see the faint laughter that flashed across his eyes that were dark with desire.

He soon walked back to her again. This time, he pulled her directly into his arms. She struggled against him at first, but he softly scolded her, “Stop making a fuss. The movie is about to start.”

Her ears were slightly red. She couldn't help feeling embarrassed when sitting on his lap in this position. What if somebody comes downstairs...

"Nobody is going to come downstairs. Trust me. Besides, we're a couple. There's nothing wrong with this even if they saw us."

She didn't know if he had managed to brainwash her or what, but she stopped struggling against him.

Meanwhile, the opening credits soon ended and the movie began... Myra initially wanted to relax and watch a movie. However, she felt that something was amiss as soon as the movie started... For a moment, she didn't know what to say. Looking down, she looked at the bag that contained the DVDs. That bag... "Isn't that... from the box Estelle gave to me?"

"Hmm... Is there a problem?" Tony widened his eyes innocently, but his eyes were swirling with emotions as he stared straight into her eyes.

Looking at him pretending to look innocent, she felt rather helpless. "Tony... you definitely did it on purpose..." How could anything in that box be a true horror movie?! Estelle, that little jinx! And Tony too! Why is he carrying this around in his car all the time?!

He pursed his thin lips. "Myra, that's a false accusation..." His deep and low voice was woven with desire at the moment.

At that moment, a sudden scream rang out from the TV. She glanced in the direction of the sound. Then, she felt her body losing its balance as he picked her up in a princess carry and headed upstairs.

"Wait—" Her face was blushing so furiously that she could fry an egg from the heat. Biting her lip hard, she did not dare to look at the movie that was still playing in the living room. "Turn that off! Turn that off!" If anybody goes downstairs, they'll see it!

He narrowed his sharp eyes and held her body even closer to him. "It'll finish soon."

"But, that stuff is still downstairs!" It was a matter of principle. She couldn't ignore it. Thus, she pinched the man's waist fiercely. "Hurry up and tidy those up before you come upstairs! If you don't, I'll be sleeping in the guest room tonight!"

Tony studied Myra's persistent eyes that were glaring fixedly at him. Although his expression was sour, he placed her on the bed and went back to the living room.

After packing up the DVDs, Tony was about to bring them upstairs when the ringing of a phone sounded from somewhere by the sofa. It was coming from a woman's bag—it was Myra's bag.

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Tony's eyes narrowed and he stopped walking up the stairs. Instead, he skirted around the coffee table and picked up Myra's bag from the sofa before taking out her phone.

Although there was no caller ID, with Tony's strong memory, he clearly knew who this number belonged to.

A frosty look flashed across his eyes. His thin lips twitched, then he swiped across the screen to answer the call and said blankly, "Hello?"

There was a strange silence on the other end. In an instant, the caller hung up.

A sardonic smile appeared on Tony's face. He played with the phone for a while; his eyes were contemplative. Then, clutching the phone in his palm, he brought the bag of things upstairs to his bedroom.

Myra had already entered the bathroom, and the sound of water from inside was rather loud. Tony nonchalantly threw the bag onto the sofa in front of the bed, then fished out Myra's phone and placed it on the bedside table before going to the next room to take a shower.

It was early autumn, so it was considerably hot during the day, but at night, it was quite chilly. At this moment, Myra was wrapped in a thin blanket, and it was almost as if she was going to fall off the other side of the bed.

Tony chuckled slightly. When he laughed, he saw Myra's back stiffen.

He took a few steps forward. Tiny droplets of water were sliding down his body that was wrapped in only a bath towel, and his chest was firm.

Seeing as Myra wasn't turning back, he twitched his eyebrows and climbed into bed.

Feeling the bed dip behind her, Myra became even more nervous. She pulled the thin blanket tightly around her, and she could hear her heart beating rapidly as if it was about to jump out of her throat.

Eventually, the man behind her gradually scooted over and pulled her to his chest.

This time, he didn't turn her over. Instead, he hugged her from behind and laid fiery kisses on her. Soon, his lips landed on the back of her neck.

Feeling the tremor of Myra's body, Tony let out a low chuckle. "Did you dress like this on purpose? Hmm?"

Just now, after Myra came out of the bathroom, she searched around for a while but only managed to find Tony's white shirt, so she had no choice but to put it on.

As she didn't bring her clothes over, she could only dress this way for now. She was planning to go home tomorrow in the clothes she wore yesterday, so she would only change into them then.

But, lying there in his shirt made her feel very embarrassed, which was why she wrapped herself tightly with the blanket. Upon hearing Tony's words, Myra's ears turned extremely red. She was thankful that she had not turned around, so the man couldn't see how much she was blushing.

She made an act of struggling a little, then pretended to be calm as she said, "Stop messing around. I want to sleep."

"Myra, you're always joking." As Tony rubbed his chin on the woman's shoulder, his hand inadvertently went to press something on the phone that was on the bedside table. Then, his hand grew restless.

He let out a deep laugh. "Myra, do you like it when I do this to you?"

"B-B\*stard!" Myra hissed in a low voice.

Tony kissed her ear and chuckled. "I like doing this to you."

After that, he stopped suppressing himself.

Myra was uncertain why he seemed to be inducing her to say certain things tonight, but she didn't want to go against his wishes.

If he liked it, she would just say it to him.

When the room grew peaceful again, Tony brushed away the hair on Myra's cheeks, then gathered her into his arms and kissed her on the forehead. In his eyes, there was unconcealable pain and joy.

He thought of something, and a gleam flashed across his eyes. He then picked up the phone that he had deliberately placed next to the pillow.

The phone had been on a call, but the person on the other end had hung up.

Tony's thin lips twitched faintly as he threw the phone back onto the bedside table. After that, he fixed his gaze on the right shoulder of the woman in his arms.

The skin there was supposed to be fair and smooth, but at present, there was an ugly scar in that area. It was obvious that it was an old scar, as the mark was light, but if she wore sleeveless

As if remembering something, Tony's face turned dark. Lowering his head, he kissed the fading scar.

Myra shrank back when she felt the man's kiss, and she mumbled in a low voice, "No more..."

Fatigue was written under her eyes.

Seeing her pitiful appearance, Tony hugged her tighter, then said bitterly, "Don't think about that scoundrel anymore."

Meanwhile, a black Lamborghini was parked outside the Hart Family's villa.

Ever since he saw Tony's car on the mountain road tonight and heard Myra's voice coming from inside, Sean felt as if he was possessed by a demon—he couldn't control his words and actions.

When he sent Lyla back to the villa, he didn't care that she was weak. He simply let her get out of the car and go inside on her own. After muttering that he had something to do, he drove off and came to stop outside the Harts' villa.

Myra had been inside until the wee hours of the morning. None of the people inside had come out at all.

Cigarette butts were strewn all over the ground outside the car. As he thought of the two phone calls just now, he felt the veins on his forehead bulging so hard that it hurt, and he couldn't suppress the anger trapped in his chest.

Tony had answered the first call, so he immediately hung up.

Within less than half an hour, Myra had called him back.

At first, he found it to be a bit of a fluke, thinking that Myra really couldn't let him go. He deliberately took his time picking up the phone, but when he answered the call, he heard the voices of Tony and Myra!

'Myra, do you like it when I do this to you? I like doing this to you.'

'Myra, I like hearing your voice.'

'Myra, I know that I'm your first man; you're also my first woman...'

He's lying! How is it possible that Tony's never been with another woman before?! It was true that people like them had a woman they loved, but in the business circle, which man didn't socialize? And which man wouldn't feel restless when they had a hot beauty in their arms?

This despicable man! He's just playing around, yet he made a lie sound so true!

Sean's chest heaved sharply. Slamming his hands against the steering wheel, he ended up pressing the horn.

In the silent night, the sound of the horn spread far and wide, and the piercing sound felt like a stab to his heart.

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Throwing down another cigarette butt, Sean suddenly thought back to when Myra had just gotten married to him.

At that time, she wasn't as desolate as she was later on. Every day, she would face him with the positivity of a newlywed wife. When he got up in the morning, she would personally make breakfast for him; when he came back in the evening, she would hurry to greet him and help him get his coat. She would remember his birthday, and she would remember that he had a history of stomach issues. She would remember that he liked eating bland food, remember all the things he liked and disliked, and remember all the little things about him, even if he never slept with her or never ate a single meal she cooked.

Now that he thought about it, in order to see Myra in despair, he didn't know how many things he had done to agonize her.

And at that time, did he really make Myra miserable because she had gotten in the way of him and Lyla's child?

Could it be that he had deliberately acted that way because he still wanted to be with Lyla?

He was just making excuses for himself.

Suddenly overcome with a headache, Sean felt so uncomfortable that he bent down and coughed terribly.

He was coughing so severely that he threw the cigarette he had just lit out the window. The memories that he once dismissed suddenly floated into his mind. He remembered that once, he picked up a woman in a bar and deliberately had a one-night stand with her. Afterward, he had asked Liam to call Myra over to pick him up.

When she arrived, the woman was still in his arms, and they were lying on the bed together.

The only thing he remembered was that Myra had been extremely quiet after she came. She didn't go crazy as he thought she would. She just stayed in a daze in the living room for one night.

He had indeed drunk too much that night, so he instantly fell asleep.

When he woke up the next day, the woman in his arms was gone, and Myra's eyes were bloodshot as she looked at him. "Sean, the company is having a special meeting today. Eve said to tell you to be on time."

Then, she left without another word.

His mother had given him a gruesome scolding afterward, but Myra never once mentioned the incident to him.

She was a little colder and thinner after that, but she was insistent on keeping their marriage strong.

Sean stared at himself in the rearview mirror.

Back then, if I had treated her well even once, would she... not have left so decisively?

All of a sudden, he wondered why he was staying here. Then, in a daze, he wondered if he now felt regretful for forcing Myra away. Perhaps, he was truly starting to regret it.

Myra was so tired that she fell asleep, and she had a dream that ideally, she didn't want to have.

In the dream, she had gone back to a night six years ago when she had just known Sean for a while.

Estelle had dragged her to a bar outside the school, which was rather noisy and chaotic, but Estelle must've had some connections to the owner of the bar. Upon entering, they were protected by two bodyguards—as if they were afraid that something would happen to the two girls.

Later, nothing happened to the two of them, but someone else encountered a situation instead.

Somehow, a street thug had taken an interest in Lyla. The street thug started arguing with Sean, and they quickly got into a fight.

A gangster took advantage of the chaos and was about to smash a beer bottle onto Lyla's body. Sean noticed and ran over immediately to take the blow for her.

However, both of them were safe because Myra had sprung away from Estelle and went to push Sean and Lyla away.

She suffered a blow to the back of her neck. The thug was annoyed that someone had gotten in his way, so he immediately thrust the broken bottle into the back of Myra's shoulder.

Even though it was a dream, Myra could recall the searing pain in her shoulder at that time.

Before her vision went dark, she seemed to glimpse a man running toward her, but before she could see who it was, she blacked out.

It was a strange dream. Myra knew that it happened before, but she couldn't change the direction of her dreams.

She felt like a bystander as she watched the incident happen again.

When she saw herself running over to push them out of the way, she even exclaimed, "Don't go!"

But, it was obviously in vain.

Then, the scene changed abruptly. Tony stood in front of her in a suit and leather shoes, then asked with a twisted expression, "Do you still have feelings for that scoundrel? Why would you dream about him?"

Myra was suddenly at a loss.

Exactly. Why did I dream about Sean? She obviously knew that she had no feelings for him anymore, so why was he still able to enter her dreams?

Nevertheless, Myra was clear about one thing. She quickly assured Tony, "I don't like Sean anymore. Tony, you have to believe me."

Things were happening in the dream and outside as well.

Outside the dream, Myra was shaking her head and murmuring, "I already... Sean... I..."

When Myra got up the next morning, Tony was no longer by her side.

On the bedside were the clothes she had changed out of yesterday, and they were clean and tidy.

Myra got up in a haze. For a moment, she didn't know where she was, but soon, her mind snapped back to reality.

She glanced around and found that the bed next to her was already cold, but she didn't know when the man had woken up.

She dressed quickly, and after a simple wash, she went downstairs.

Downstairs, almost everyone was sitting in the dining room, except for Tony.

Upon seeing her, everyone had strange looks on their faces. Henry, on the other hand, saw her and hurried over before taking her hand and pulling her to the dining room. "Myra, you're up early. Hurry up and have breakfast. When the driver sends me to school, he can send you to the office too."

Seeing how energetic he was so early in the morning, Myra forced a smile onto her face. "You're so nice, Henry. But... where's your uncle?"

"My uncle..." Henry rubbed his forehead. "I don't know. It seems that something has come up in the office. He looked upset, and he didn't even eat breakfast today. He just left."

Myra frowned a little, but it was barely visible.

"Miss Stark, hurry up and have breakfast. The food's almost cold," Serena called out from not far away.

Myra nodded and took Henry's hand before walking toward the dining table.

When she arrived, she respectfully greeted Sebastian and Lisa before sitting down next to Serena.

After a while, Serena gently touched Myra's shoulder and asked quietly, "Did you quarrel with Tony last night?"

Myra was taken aback. "No."

Last night, it seemed like the two of us had reconciled... right?

Serena's eyebrows knitted together. "That's strange..."

"What happened?" Myra reckoned that even if Tony was in a hurry, he would have sent her a text message to inform her before leaving. An uneasy feeling tugged on her.

Serena shook her head. "It's nothing. You should call him later. Maybe I'm just overthinking it."

Myra's heart quivered as she responded with an 'okay'.

Before Myra left after breakfast, Lisa stopped her for the first time and handed her a red velvet box. "Take this."

The old lady's words were brief but to the point.

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Myra hesitated. Serena, who was next to her, took the box and stuffed it directly into her hands. "My grandma's giving it to you, so just keep it. You don't need to be shy."

Myra nodded and opened the box. Inside was an emerald bangle that was glittering and translucent. It was beautiful.

Surprised, she looked at Lisa. The old lady's face was blank. "Have a good future with Tony."

Holding the box, Myra's heart eased and her features softened. "Thank you, Old Madam Hart."

Lisa gave a brief nod, then turned and walked upstairs.

Myra left the Hart Residence with Henry's driver.

The driver blabbed, "I wonder who was smoking outside the residence last night. There are cigarette butts all over there... Tsk, tsk..."

Myra didn't think too much about it.

Henry was chattering while asking her to come back to the Hart Residence again next time.

"Myra, my mom said that you're going to marry my uncle. Is that true?" Henry asked suddenly.

Myra was startled. A blush crept up her face as she patted his head. "It's not decided yet."

"But, my mom said you've already accepted Great-grandma's gift!" Henry stared eagerly at Myra. "If you've accepted it, you can't return it."

Although his uncle wasn't very sensible sometimes and would make him angry, if Myra married his uncle, he would get to play with her often in the future.

Thinking of the red velvet box in her bag, Myra felt a faint sense of joy, but the driver was seated in front. She didn't feel comfortable discussing this matter under such circumstances.

She changed the subject. "Henry, do you have a good relationship with your uncle?"

When Henry heard this question, he coughed and sat upright. "Most of the time... we get along quite well."

When they had dinner last night, however, he didn't like Tony much.

Myra couldn't help but feel a little amused when she saw how cheeky he was. "Your uncle must've made you unhappy recently."

She remembered that the child had told her before that he liked his uncle, but there was some reservation in the way he said it just now.

Henry pouted. "Great-grandpa said that Uncle Tony has a bad temper, so I won't be calculating with him."

As she thought of the man's temper, Myra had to admit that it was bad. Sometimes, he had such a short fuse that it made her want to give him a vicious beating.

The two of them chatted all the way, and soon, they reached the entrance of Henry's elementary school. He begged Myra to return to the Hart Residence until she agreed, then he turned and entered the school, not forgetting to turn around and wave enthusiastically at Myra.

"Miss Stark, I've never seen Young Master Hart take such a liking to someone before," the driver said casually while smiling. "It seems like you're quite good with children."

Myra returned a warm smile. "Henry is a cute boy."

More importantly, the first time she saw him, she felt sorry for the little boy.

The driver didn't say much else, and not long after, Myra arrived at the entrance of the Stark Group.

"Wow, look! That's the current director of the Hart Group—Director Tony Hart!"

After walking into the Stark Group's building and stepping out of the elevator, Myra heard the excited chatter of several employees next to her.

"Tsk, tsk. When I saw him in magazines, I already found him tragically handsome. I didn't expect that he would look even more handsome in real life!"

"Oh, my god. Please give me a man as superb as him. I'm willing to give up ten years of my life for someone like him!"

"Pfft. You're married. Why are you still thinking about this? Be careful; your husband may not let you out of bed when you get home!"

The few women gathered around, and the topic of their discussion gradually took a turn.

Standing not far from the elevator doors, Myra followed their line of sight and saw Tony's indifferent profile and the sturdy hem of his clothes. In an instant, he disappeared into Kris' office.

Is this the 'something' that had come up in the office?

Myra thought of the two calls she had made to him in the car that were both rejected. She was uncertain whether he had done it on purpose or if he was really busy. Tightly squeezing the phone in her hand, she walked toward her office.

Myra's office was facing Kris' office, but there was quite a distance between the two rooms.

Nevertheless, the frosted glass window allowed her to get a clear glimpse of the situation from inside.

The door of the office opposite from hers was closed, and Myra had a guess of what Kris and Tony might be talking about in her office.

The Stark Group was currently trying its best to win over the Hart Group. At this moment, they had to be discussing the Elsinore Garden Project.

However, looking at the closed office door, Myra found that she couldn't get herself to pay attention to her work.

Amid her misery, someone knocked on her office door. "Miss Stark, the people from the Project Department next door asked you to quickly send over the first draft for the Elsinore Garden Project. A distinguished guest of the Hart Group is here, and they want to go through the first draft in advance."

It wasn't Tilly, as she had gone for a medical check-up today.

The person at the door was embarrassed to ask Myra to personally send it over, so she continued waiting there after saying that.

Myra quickly gathered up the first draft that was in front of her, then said gently to the girl, "All right. I'll send it over immediately."

The girl froze for a moment, then left.

When Myra was walking out of the office with the first draft in her hands, she passed a floor-to-ceiling mirror next to her. She paused subconsciously, then adjusted her appearance a little before exiting her office.

After knocking on the door, she went in.

This was Myra's first time in Kris' office. It was decorated to look very feminine, and everything inside appeared luxurious.

She didn't look at Kris, who was sitting at the main table. Instead, her gaze fell on the man who was seated on the sofa opposite Kris.

He was dressed in a trim suit that was clean and tidy. He was tall, and he sat on the sofa in a laid-back manner. His two long legs were crossed over each other, and he was leaning back with a cigarette between his right index and middle fingers. At this moment, he was watching the cigarette burn slowly, seemingly in thought. His dark eyes were slightly narrowed, and his face was expressionless.

Although she said that she didn't want to announce their relationship to the Starks for the time being, he didn't even spare her a glance when she came in. Not to mention, he didn't tell her that he was coming to the Stark Group. Feeling a little spiteful, Myra looked at him several times.

Seeing Myra personally sending over the first draft, Kris narrowed her eyes a little. When she saw the repeated glances Myra was throwing Tony's way, a trace of mockery appeared in Kris' eyes. She said gracefully, "It's rare that the Director of the Design Department is delivering the draft in person. Leave it there. If you don't mind, can you get our distinguished guest a drink?"

"Of course, I don't mind." In the past, when the two of them talked, they would never let the other have the last word, and they were always fighting each other. This time, Kris wanted to deliberately humiliate Myra in front of Tony, so she had even emphasized the sound of the words 'in person'. To her surprise, Myra had agreed to her request.

Kris' face dropped abruptly.

The 'Director Hart' that came to visit her today turned out to be the handsome and noble man that Kris met in the elevator at Myra's apartment that night! Seeing Myra acting like

this, it's clear that she's interested in this man. Two days ago, she even pretended to be in love. How disgusting!

Myra pretended not to see Kris' nasty expression, but when she was about to leave the office, she suddenly remembered that she didn't know what Tony liked to drink.

So, she turned around and looked at the expressionless man. "Director Hart, what would you like to drink?"

When talking to Tony, her voice couldn't help but soften a little.

An even more unpleasant expression appeared on Kris' face. She secretly regretted asking Myra to do that now, as she had basically thrown her a free opportunity. She glanced at the man who hadn't spoken since Myra came in.

Tony's thin lips pursed slightly, then he took out the cigarette that was dangling from his lips. Turning his head, he gave Myra a flattering look and said with a smile, "Don't you know what I like to drink?"

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Myra's heart fluttered. Tony's smile contained too many emotions, and it confused Myra for a while. What does he mean by that? Is he upset because I want to draw a line between us in front of Kris?

Myra spread the first draft on the coffee table in front of the man. As she tucked the hair that had fallen out of place behind her ears, she asked tenderly, "How about a cup of black coffee?"

During the time they had spent together, Myra noticed that when he was working, he had the habit of drinking black coffee.

Tony saw Myra looking straight at him, and a hint of tenderness appeared in his sharp eyes. He became even more irritable. Placing the cigarette back on his thin lips, he turned to look at the drawings on the table, then answered curtly, "Sure."

His cold response stunned Myra, but it made Kris smile. "Sis, please hurry up and bring a cup of black coffee. Don't leave our distinguished guest waiting for too long."

Having said that, her beautiful eyes fixed Myra with an icy stare.

Myra's heart tightened. Then, she turned and walked out of the office.

Before stepping out, she heard Kris' voice, which had been toned down deliberately to sound extremely gentle. "Director Hart, I'm rather flattered that you came to the Stark Group to find me in person today. As for the Elsinore Garden Project..."

Myra didn't hear the conversation that followed next.

After bringing in a cup of black coffee, it was obvious that the atmosphere in the office was good. Tony was smoking a cigarette while discussing the design draft with Kris, and the smile on the woman's face seemed to illuminate the entire office.

Myra set the black coffee next to Tony. Without even lifting his eyelids, he continued to talk to Kris.

Watching his indifferent profile, Myra's heart felt a little congested. She wanted to leave, but she was also reluctant to do so. While she was hesitating, she stood in front of the two of them for quite a while.

"What are you doing standing there?" Finally, Kris, who had been silently keeping her eyes on her, looked up and raised her eyebrows. The tilt in the corners of her eyebrows seemed to be mocking her. "Miss Myra, you can go out now. I have some important things to discuss with Director Hart."

Clenching her fists tightly, Myra said in a business-like manner, "I just revised the first draft of the design yesterday. If there are some things you don't understand, you can ask me."

"If I don't understand, I'll ask you to come in and explain it." How could Kris not be aware of Myra's intentions at the moment? She glanced at the handsome man in front of her. It was a pity that Kris had fallen for this man too! The smile on her face grew wider, and she gave Myra a profound look. "Miss Myra, by now, your new boyfriend must have given you flowers and chocolate again, right? You don't have to stay here to entertain us. I'll explain the design draft to Director Hart."

Upon hearing the word 'new boyfriend', Myra instinctively glanced at Tony. To her dismay, as he blew out his cigarette smoke, he didn't look at her at all—as if what Kris just said had nothing to do with him.

The two had obviously reconciled last night, so why did, after just one night, their relationship return to how it was before they had made up?

Did I do anything wrong last night?

But, after she completely exhausted herself, she went straight to sleep. She didn't do or say anything more. Unless... I was talking in my sleep...

Thinking of the dream she had last night, Myra's heart skipped a beat, and her gaze inadvertently settled on the smoking man once again. Did I say something while I was dreaming last night that made him unhappy? Could it be about that man...

Tony still wasn't looking at her. His eyes were focused on the drawings on the design draft in front of him, and he acted as if the two of them weren't related in any way.

Myra's lips moved, but she didn't say anything. After shooting a glance in Kris' direction, she turned and walked out.

What she didn't notice was that when she walked out, the man who barely spared her a peek finally lifted those indifferent eyes and swept a glance at her.

"Director Hart..." Kris blocked the view of Myra's back without batting an eyelid. She moved a little closer to Tony as she pointed to a part of the design. "This area is the Stark Group's main territory, and it's also where we're most dominant. I'll slowly explain it all to you..."

On the way back to her office, Myra heard several employees exchanging nervous whispers.

"Director Hart had come to the office in person to look for Miss Kris. What do you think that means?"

"Do you think he's taken an interest in Miss Kris?" Another person followed.

"Maybe. The company is in talks with the Hart Group about the Elsinore Garden Project. At first, no one was optimistic about it. After all, our company is not qualified enough, but if Director Hart has taken a fancy to Miss Kris..."

The few of them shared a tacit giggle.

Frowning slightly, Myra went straight into her office before closing the door.

Thinking of the heat of last night and the distant manner in which he left this morning, as well as his cold attitude just now, she figured that she must have said something when she was dreaming the night before.

But, she was quite certain that from the beginning till the end, she didn't go overboard.

After all, in the dream, although she went to block the beer bottle from hitting Sean, at that time, she remembered that she had called out a 'don't'.

Then, she thought of the last part, where she had dreamt of Tony asking her, "Do you still have feelings for that scoundrel? Why are you still dreaming about him?"

Did he say that to me in my dream, or did he say it to me in reality?

Inside Kris' office, even though she had tried her best to prolong the meeting, they had quickly finished talking about the design draft.

"Director Hart, this is the Stark Group's initial vision for the Elsinore Garden Project. Of course, if you have any other suggestions, you can also put them forward. The Stark Group will definitely complete it perfectly following the Hart Group's requirements. "

Kris had a perfect smile plastered on her face.

She wasn't sure if she was imagining things, but after Myra left, Tony's attitude had turned even colder.

At this moment, he didn't seem to hear her last sentence. After giving her a slight nod, he got up from the sofa, glanced at the expensive watch on his wrist, then walked toward the door. "Since I have quite an understanding about the design draft now, I should leave."

Kris quickly got up and walked toward the door as well. She was petite like Myra, and when she came to stand behind Tony, she realized how tall and imposing he was. He looked meticulous in a well-trimmed black suit, and his physique was sturdy. His extraordinary presence made her feel an inexplicable sense of security.

She had heard that the famous Director Hart had never been close to women and didn't like fooling around with them. He was many times better than Myra's ex-husband, Sean. When she thought of the importance her father had attached to Tony, an idea surfaced in her mind, and she suddenly said, "Director Hart, it's almost time for lunch. If you have no other arrangements, how about we go to the Ritz Carlton and you allow the Stark Group to treat you to a meal?"

When she asked this question, the two of them had just walked to the door. Myra, on the other hand, was on the way to the pantry to get water and happened to be passing by the hallway next to Kris' office.

Hearing what Kris suggested, Myra threw an unintentional glance at the man next to her.

Not only Myra, but even Kris thought that he would refuse. After all, Tony wasn't the kind of man who could be easily invited.

It was already surprising enough that he had personally come to the Stark Group.

To their surprise, Tony nodded and said bleakly, "Since you're being so kind, Miss Kris, it would be rude of me to decline."