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This time, Lyla took a deep breath before quickly answering the call. Immediately, a gloomy man's voice was heard on the line. "Lyla, it's been so long since you went back. Did you find yourself a new boy toy? You forgot about me so fast, and you didn't even pick up my call!"

As soon as Lyla heard his gloomy and ruthless voice, her hand trembled subconsciously. Then, she pretended as though she was cold when she said, "Director Walton, I broke up with you before I left. I hope you won't call me again. You're disturbing me."

"Ugh..." There seemed to be a woman moaning softly from the other side of the phone, and it was coupled with an ambiguous thumping sound. Lyla was very clear as to what was happening over there. Although she felt disgusted, she only bit her lip instead of hanging up. Gideon's cold voice that sounded discontented rose again. "Disturbing... It looks like you've really found yourself someone new. But, what should we do? When you first came to me, this game wasn't something you could end just because you wanted to. Now that you've found someone better, you want to leave? You never asked if I agreed!"

As his merciless voice sounded, Lyla heard that woman crying out in pain too. Her expression changed subtly. Taking a deep breath, she tried to soften her tone. "Director Walton, you promised me that if I followed you, you would make sure to inform your family about our relationship and marry me. But, I was with you for over a year, and you didn't marry me. Instead, you're fooling around with more and more women! I love you, but I can't stand the thought of sharing you with other women at the same time. I'd rather die..."

"You love me?" echoed the man as if he had heard a joke. He went on with his disdainful tone, "It just so happens that I'll be going back to Bradfort City later next month. I would like to see how much you love me by then!" After saying that, he hung up straight away.

When Lyla heard the beep sound as the call ended, she only felt a chill all over her body.

That gloomy man was as ruthless as the devil. Back then, when she first went to him, she did it partly because she didn't have a choice and partly because it was a fantasy of hers. It turned out that he would never belong to a woman. Besides, he had this weird kink in bed where he would torture her to the point of death. This was also one of the main reasons she hated Myra so much.

If he's coming to Bradford City...

"Who did you just talk to on the phone?" Suddenly, a voice rose. In that instant, Lyla felt the hair on the back of her neck stand on end. She quickly turned around, only to see Eve walking out from the house without an expression.

She forced out a smile. "Mom, weren't you taking a nap? Why did you come out?"

However, Eve seemed like she didn't hear her question. She stared straight at Lyla. "Are you feeling guilty? Who did you talk to on the phone just now?"

"Guilty?" Lyla pretended to be indifferent as she smiled at her. "I was just worried that I would disturb you, so I came out and answered the call. It was a friend from abroad who's coming to Bradford City next month and wants to look for me."

"A friend?" Lyla's stiffened figure didn't go unnoticed by Eve when she called her earlier. She twisted the corners of her mouth. "Male or female?"

Lyla noticed the meaning behind Eve's question, and the smile she barely managed to put on faded in an instant. She returned her gaze and suddenly, she got tired of having to deal with her constant harassment. Faintly, she said, "Mom, don't you believe me? I'm married to Sean, so I'll never hurt him. You don't want to see this family fall apart, do you? It's tough for Sean to get caught in the middle of our squabbles."

Eve never paid much attention to Lyla's words. However, she agreed with her earlier statement. Now that Lyla was married to her son, if the two of them really got into a fight, her son would suffer the most.

To be honest, the reason Eve's attitude toward Lyla changed recently was due to a chat she had with her friends some time ago at the salon.

After the crisis at the Chase Group, she started hanging out with her friends again. Those rich ladies loved to compare everything between themselves, including their jewelry, their outfits, their sons, and their daughters-in-law. At first, Eve despised that behavior. However, after Sean divorced Myra and married Lyla, somehow, she started to concern herself with what they said. For instance, which family's daughter-in-law was married to their son with how much dowry, and whose daughter-in-law was the backbone of the project their son had completed. The more she heard about those things, the more depressed she got. Eventually, one of her friends asked her about Lyla.

Eve had no idea if that woman had asked her intentionally even though she knew Lyla's identity and that she couldn't do anything to help the Chase Group. Eve was embarrassed by her question. Nevertheless, she didn't want to lose face in front of them. Hence, she said calmly, "Our Lyla is an acquaintance of the Walton Group and the Hart Group. When the Chase Group encountered some financial issues and couldn't sell the land in Hillville, Lyla was the one who got a customer to buy it."

Immediately, her friends started looking at her differently as they praised Lyla and her luck.

Eve was slightly delighted for a while. Although she wasn't satisfied with Lyla, she was somewhat useful. Suddenly, she heard one of her friends say, "Wait; didn't the Hart Group terminate Lyla's commercial endorsement publicly? They even said that the Hart Group will never find her to endorse their products anymore. How could she possibly be good friends with them?"

At that moment, Eve was caught off guard. Lyla was the one who told her that she was an acquaintance of the Walton Group. However, her relationship with the Hart Group was something she learned from her son. Besides, she didn't know that the Hart Group had terminated Lyla's endorsement contract. Or perhaps, she should say that she never cared about her matters at all.

Then, her friends started to agree with that earlier woman, saying that they had heard about that as well.

At the end of the day, Eve was no longer in a good mood. Her friends had been looking at her as though she was lying in order to build some kind of relationship with the Hart Group and the Walton Group. On the verge of flying into a rage, she heard those women criticizing her behind her back when she was in the restroom.

"Don't you guys think that Mrs. Chase is dumb? How can she let her son divorce the girl from the Stark Family and marry an underrated pianist who only knows how to have fun?"

"That's right! I call her a pianist out of respect, but she's merely making a living as a performer. Two days ago, I even saw her shopping for designer clothing and purses in a high-end shop like a country bumpkin. For God's sake; luckily, my son didn't marry someone like her! How dare she lie to her mother-in-law that she's acquainted with the Hart Family? How ridiculous! If she had a good relationship with them, why would she marry into the Chase Family? The one who bought the Chase Group's land in Hillville was probably the man she spent a night with, and the price of the land was the amount she got for a night with him!"

“You don’t say! Didn’t she find another man back then because she thought the Chase Group was on its last legs? I heard she found herself a rich man. Perhaps, her years in that circle have expanded her network.”

That last sentence was like an arrow shooting straight into its target; it hit right into Eve’s heart.

In the past, although Eve had warned Lyla to leave her son alone publicly, Lyla had gotten into another relationship a little too quickly. She did it so rapidly as though she already had an affair with that guy. And it was because of what Eve did that allowed Lyla to announce her relationship with him to the public.

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Naturally, that conversation became a thorn in Eve’s heart. She was never fond of Lyla, and now, Lyla was just a real eyesore.

Eve’s expression was gloomy, yet Lyla didn’t seem to have the patience to entertain her anymore. She walked past her directly and went straight for the house.

Eve’s expression sank further. Infuriated, she pulled her lips into a tight line, though she could only choke down her rage. This wasn’t the time. She didn’t want Sean to be caught in the middle of their fight. Still, don’t let me find out what you did behind my son’s back, Lyla! she thought as her heart boiled with hatred.

After Lyla hung up on her, Kris didn’t look good. She knew what kind of woman Lyla was. Nonetheless, they had a common enemy. The enemy of her enemy was her friend. This wasn’t the time for her to fall out with Lyla. But, the scene of Myra flirting with Tony set the rage in her heart ablaze.

Tony dropped Myra off somewhere near the Stark Tower.

Taking her time to unfasten her seatbelt, Myra glanced at the man beside her. In the past, Tony would have leaned over and kissed her before she got out. However, he showed no sign of doing that today.

Remembering that they had just made up with each other, Myra bit her lip, unfastened her seatbelt, and took the initiative to approach him before she kissed the corner of his pursed lips. "Can you pick me up tonight?"

The man turned around and looked at her with arched brows. "Aren't you afraid that the others would see us?"

Myra knew he said that on purpose. Thus, she reached out and pulled his hand that was resting on the steering wheel and shook it. "So what if they see us? They'll find out that you're mine sooner or later anyway."

At her remarks, Tony's expression relaxed. He pressed her head toward him and gave her a peck on her forehead. "I'm not sure if I'm busy tonight. If I'm caught up by something, I'll send Leo to pick you up."

"Okay." Myra nodded. Glancing at the ring on her left hand, she felt soft in her heart. Then, she got out of the car.

After she saw Tony's car leave, she walked back to the Stark Tower, feeling sweet. Unexpectedly, she ran into Kris, who had been waiting for her outside the company. Myra pretended as though she didn't see her and walked straight into the building.

She was feeling good at the moment. Therefore, she didn't want to make a fuss. Nevertheless, the fact that she didn't want to cause trouble didn't mean that someone else didn't want to.

Kris had raced back here on purpose because she wanted to find Myra. When she saw Myra, the corners of her lips lifted into an indifferent grin. She approached her, blocking her from moving forward as she sized her up. "Sis, I didn't know you're getting better at seducing men. However, as your sister, I have to remind you to be very careful; otherwise, you'll fail miserably. You should know what you're capable of and the boundaries before you bite someone. You aren't supposed to mess with some people. Stop dreaming!" After saying that, she sneered and turned around, walking gracefully back to the company.

Standing at the entrance, Myra stared at her arrogant figure as her brows slowly furrowed. Apparently, Kris' words had a hidden meaning. Is she mad because she found out about my relationship with Tony?

Just like Kris, a disdainful grin found its way across Myra's lips. It didn't matter to Myra whether Kris knew about that because Kris would never tell Cameron about the relationship since she herself had eyes for Tony. Telling Cameron would do no good to her. Furthermore, Myra no longer cared whether the father-daughter pair knew about her relationship with Tony. If the Stark Family wants to exploit our relationship and gain something from Tony, I'll never allow it! Her eyes narrowed at the thought.

After Tony left the Stark Tower, his pursed lips gradually relaxed into a small grin. He had been entertained by Myra's sweet-talking. As he stared at the ring on his left hand, the grin on his face grew wider. Suddenly, he pulled up the car by the roadside and fell into a moment of contemplation. Then, he pulled his phone out and took a photo of his fingers. The photo was quickly uploaded on his Stories with a caption: 'I know it's kind of ugly, but I'll just wear it'. It was as though he really hated the ring.

Nevertheless, those who saw his post were cursing him silently, I know you're showing affection in public. There's no need to pretend!

Elliot: 'Tony, the ring is so pretty. The one who gave it to you must have put in a lot of effort to choose it! It must be a gift from Myra, right?'

Usually, Tony despised what Elliot said. However, Elliot suddenly struck him as a smart person today, and he couldn't help but reply, 'Yeah'.

Elliot pouted further at his reply, but his fingers continued to tap out the words he didn't really mean: 'Tsk, tsk. It looks like Myra really loves you. I've never seen a woman who took the initiative to give a man a ring. Indeed, Myra is very unique.'. He managed to flatter Tony with every word he sent.

When the others saw his comment, they couldn't help but spurn him.

Unlike them, the corners of Tony's lips lifted further. She really loves me?

He took another glance at the ring on his finger and arched an eyebrow as if he didn't care. It's just a ring. Is it really worth it for Elliot to exaggerate like that? Be that as it may, his mood had obviously brightened up.

During the afternoon, Leo told him that Bradford University would be holding 'Bradford City's Road to Success Conference' tomorrow, and the principal had formally sent Tony an invitation letter.

The university had invited most of their notable alumni. However, because the current students had been looking up to Tony, the principal decided to comply with their wishes and invited him at the last minute. Usually, Leo would never show him this kind of letter. Nevertheless, today...

Tony tossed away the pen in his hand. Looking up at his secretary, he raised an eyebrow. "Reason."

When Tony was working, he normally held the cigarette with his right index and middle fingers. When he needed to write something, he would hold it between his thin lips. Nonetheless, he was holding the cigarette with his left hand today. After he said that, he put the cigarette back between his thin lips.

Leo was very observant. Immediately, he noticed the ring on Tony's left hand and understood why his boss was in a good mood when he went to his house this afternoon. Quickly, he began, "Bradford University is Miss Stark's alma mater. I heard that the principal also sent her an invitation letter since she's an outstanding designer. Apart from Miss Stark, Director Chase from the Chase Group is amongst the invitees as well..."

When Leo mentioned Sean, he held his breath to avoid provoking his boss, acting as if he was just mentioning the fact. Soon, he heard his boss's low voice that carried a hint of disdain. "That brat is considered one of the successful people in Bradford City too?"

Leo wanted to laugh. Although he had a prejudice against Sean, he had to admit that Sean was considered one of the young talents in Bradford City, though he didn't agree with his despicable behavior.

"So..." He continued to ask tentatively, "Are you going to accept the invitation from Bradford City's principal and attend the conference, Director Hart?"

Tony narrowed his eyes at his question. Then, he put out the cigarette on the ashtray.

"Clear out my schedule for tomorrow."

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In the afternoon, Cameron gave Myra a new mission: she had to acquire the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Project that the Bradford City's government had recently called for tender. The Stark Group had attached great importance to the project, considering it as important as the Elsinore Garden Project for the second half of the year. When Myra got her hands on the project, the company was stunned, and they appreciated her effort.

At night, before Tony called her, Myra had taken the initiative to give him a call, telling him that she had to work overtime tonight, so she might be going home late.

By the time Tony received the call, he had already driven his car to the entrance of the Stark Tower. Leaning against his car, he smoked nonchalantly. He was dressed in a suit with the buttons on his chest undone, exposing the white shirt underneath his suit jacket. His outfit added a touch of sass to his originally serious aura. The waves of smoke brought out the beauty of his handsome facial features.

It was the rush hour, and his appearance drew the attention of many Stark Group employees.

When Kris went to the first floor, some of the employees from the same department grinned at her meaningfully. "Miss Kris, Director Hart came to pick you up in person. Is something good happening soon?"

Another employee quickly added, "Of course. Besides Miss Kris, who else is worthy of a man like Director Hart?"

That remark pleased Kris profoundly. For the first time, she stood in front of them with a pleasant smile. "Nonsense. We have no plans yet!"

When they heard her, the smiles on their faces grew more ambiguous. "Then, you have to come up with a definite plan quickly, Miss Kris! If you don't act faster and keep a man like him with you, he might run away. Miss Kris, you should take the initiative. Men nowadays love women who are bold and open-minded, let alone a man like Director Hart who has spent most some years in the States."

Their words hit Kris hard. Remembering Myra's bold behavior toward Tony during the afternoon, she narrowed her eyes and said, "You guys should go first. I have something else to do."



There was a touch of shyness on her face, so the others quickly left, knowing what she was about to do.

However, Kris didn't go to Tony. Instead, she made her way to the underground car park and left in her red sports car. She was already some distance away from Tony's car. Deep in her heart, she knew very well that Myra couldn't stay with Tony tonight.

When Tony heard Myra's words, he stubbed out the cigarette in his hand. He didn't mention to her that he was already outside the company. Jamming one of his hands into his pocket, he looked up slightly, staring at the floor Myra was at. "What time are you leaving tonight, then?"

Myra looked at the pile of documents in front of her. "I'm not sure yet. Probably around ten or eleven."

Because the bid was shifted to an earlier date, Myra panicked since she just got the documents.

Tony hummed in response and said, "I'll come pick you up later."

His voice was so low and flat. Nevertheless, Myra managed to pick up the softness in his voice. Her lips curved slightly. "You don't have to come later. It's going to be late. I'll drive myself back." She knew Tony was very busy with work, so she didn't want to see him running around.

Nevertheless, Tony always meant what he said. "Call me in advance."

Listening to his determination, Myra felt helpless but happy at the same time. "Fine." She nodded.

They talked for a while before ending the call.

Tony got into his car after the call ended. Thinking for a while, he gave Elliot a call and drove straight to the Zion Club after finding out his whereabouts.

A red sports car was following him from behind.

When Tony noticed the flash of red from the rear-view mirror, he remained unconcerned and took out another cigarette.

By the time Tony arrived at the Zion Club, the others were already partying there. When they saw him coming in, some of them, especially Elliot, rushed toward him dramatically and approached him. "Tony, are you lonely and came to us because Myra couldn't make time for you?"

Tony lifted one of the corners of his mouth into a vague smile. Holding the cigarette between his thin lips, he glared at Elliot. "I'm feeling lucky lately, so I decided to come and earn some money for baby formula."

"Money for baby formula?" Elliot's voice pitched higher as he stared at Tony in shock. "Tony, you and Myra... Are you guys ready to have a child?"

"Why are you so shocked? Tony is no spring chicken. Isn't it normal to want a child? Besides..." Philip let out a low chuckle. "With a child, Tony will be able to keep Myra bound to him."

Elliot's eyes widened at his words. Yet, when he saw Tony's calm expression, he couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth. It was the first time he knew a child could have a role like that.

The four of them took their seats. After dinner, they moved to the card table. During the game, Lucas received a message. He then frowned and looked at Tony. "Tony, it seems like Sean is suddenly looking into the one who bought the land in Hilliville."

When Elliot heard that, he pouted and tossed a card on the table. "So what if he finds out? Is he going to buy it back?"

Nonetheless, Lucas and Philip knitted their brows. Even Tony slightly narrowed his eyes. Elliot couldn't help but shut his mouth at the sight. Suddenly, he remembered the trap they had set up...

Philip was the first to break the silence as he looked at Tony. "Tony, is he... suspecting us?"

Back then, all of them had participated in the plan to help Tony win Myra's heart. Therefore, besides the Hilliville Project, they were also involved in the Marina Bay Bridge Project...

Tony let out a smirk. He recalled the number that called Myra in the middle of the night a few days back. With his expression stoic, he took a drag on his cigarette and pulled it away

from his lips. His handsome features were blurred by the smoke, concealing his expression as well.

“What a clown,” he said suddenly.

At his remarks, the others breathed out a sigh of relief. After all, they all knew what Myra meant to Tony. They were afraid that that brat from the Chase Family would overestimate himself and make a fuss again. However, looking at Tony, who was so at ease, they guessed that he had probably already won Myra’s heart.

He’s right, though...

At the same time, they turned their gazes to Tony’s left hand that was resting on the table. Tony was never someone who would waste his time on wearing accessories. The ring he wore was naturally the same ring he posted on his Stories in the afternoon.

“But, my driver said he saw an unfamiliar Lamborghini when he passed by the Hart Residence yesterday night. There was someone inside, but they didn’t come out nor turn on the headlights. They just sat there and stared at the gate. Could it be Sean? Don’t tell me he changed his mind and wants to take back...” Lucas didn’t let the last word slip out of his mouth. Yet, the others in the room knew what he meant.

To take back who? Of course, it’s Myra.

Holding a few pieces of cards in his left hand, Tony slightly bent his right index and middle fingers, tapping the surface of the table. The tapping sound hit the others’ hearts, beat by beat. There was a layer of darkness under Tony’s eyes, and his emotions were indecipherable.

Suddenly, silence flooded the air.

“Get the word out. Tell the public that the Hart Group will soon acquire the Hillville and all businessmen are welcome.” After a long while, Tony finally said something in his flat tone. Suddenly, he tossed the cards away, stood up from his seat, and simply took the suit jacket he left beside him. “The Hart Group will sign a three-year contract with the first fifty percent who move in.”

The other three were shocked. At first, they only wanted to launch the Hillville Project sometime later. Looks like...

They exchanged a glance with one another.

Looks like someone will regret their decision soon.

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“Tony, are you leaving?” Elliot was a little excited to hear that he would have something to do again. However, Tony’s actions quickly rendered him speechless.

Tony used to be a man who spent time with them until one to two in the morning before he went home. Now that he had suddenly turned into a family man, arriving late and leaving early, Elliot thought Myra had given him a curfew.

“Myra’s still at the company,” Tony said and put out his cigarette before he walked outside, leaving behind three men who couldn’t stand the change in his personality.

The night was slightly cool in early autumn. After Tony left the Zion Club, he put on the suit jacket casually. By the time he made it to the entrance, the valet had already got his car ready and gave him his key the moment he saw him.

Tony took the key and saw someone at the corner of his eye. His eyes slightly narrowed and something crossed his mind. Instead of leaving the club, he ended up walking toward the corner next to Zion Club.

Zion Club was a vintage-style building built in the suburbs. Because it was surrounded by hot springs, flowers that weren’t in season still managed to bloom on the land. Tony stood beside a cluster of delicate Bengal Roses as he pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

He was tall and broad. His suit brought out his calm aura, and his handsome facial features were concealed by the waves of smoke. Nonetheless, his noble aura couldn’t be hidden by any means.

Kris saw his gorgeous figure from afar, and her heart was pounding fast.

Tony Hart was indeed an exceptional man in Bradford City. If she let him slip, she might not be able to find another man that had the perfect identity, status, capabilities, appearance, and aura like him here in the city.

Kris became even more determined as she thought about that. Clenching her fists, she got out of her car. After a moment of hesitation, she put on a gentle smile and walked toward the corner where Tony was standing. As soon as she stood still beside him, she saw the man put the cigarette between his thin lips. He looked elegant, though there was a hint of impudence in the air around him. He reached out gracefully to pluck the Bengal Rose in front of him. "You followed me all the way here. Aren't you tired, Miss Stark?"

His voice was deep and cold. Apparently, he had long known that she had been following him.

Kris' heart flinched at his words. Carefully, she tried to read Tony's expression. Nevertheless, when she noticed there was no hatred on his face, the weight on her shoulders disappeared. Her smile grew more tender. "You may have misunderstood me, Director Hart. I had to visit Zion Club today too. When I saw you from afar, I thought my eyes had deceived me."

"Is that so?" Tony plucked another Bengal Rose. Then, he turned around with a disdainful smile. "Since you're right, Miss Stark, you may leave now."

Upon hearing that, Kris stiffened. She naturally didn't want to leave like that. Therefore, she hastily changed the subject of the conversation and asked tentatively, "Director Hart, you seem to have drunk some alcohol. Do you... need a ride?"

Earlier, when she approached him, she could faintly smell alcohol on him. And she couldn't help feeling delighted. If she could have a one-night stand with him under the influence of alcohol... she could guarantee that Myra could no longer compete with her!

Her eyes were similar to Myra's. Whenever their eyes sparkled, they looked especially pitiful. Staring at the man in front of her intently, Kris tried to bring out her best gaze.

Pluck. She heard Tony picking another flower. There was no sympathy on his face. "Do you love to give men rides home, Miss Stark?"

Instantly, Kris' expression changed. "Are you kidding, Director Hart? In Bradford City, you're the only one I've ever made such an offer to."

As though something had crossed her mind, her expression became even more gentle. "Director Hart, you don't want me to say that to other men? Don't worry; apart from you, no one can catch my eye. Besides, I've never said something like that to anyone else. You're the first one whom I'm willing to approach." After she said that, she couldn't help but take a step forward. Her bright eyes stared straight at Tony; she looked like she had never regretted falling in love with him.

Tony's hand that was plucking the flowers halted. He was already holding two Bengal Roses in his left hand. With his right hand, he took the cigarette away from his lips and tapped it slightly. The smoke concealed his eyes further, and he suddenly let out a chuckle. Nonetheless, there was no warmth in his laughter. "If that's the case, does it mean that you have feelings for me?"

If that sentence was spoken by any other man, Kris would have found them arrogant and disgusting. However, when it was Tony who said that, she could only feel her heart melting. Her ivory white teeth bit on her lower lip, and her face was painted red. Secretly, she took a glance at the man in front of her before she ducked her head and hummed softly in response.

As she looked down, she missed the hint of contempt that flashed before his eyes. By the time she looked up at him again, he was already taking in a drag of his cigarette. Faintly, he said, "What can you bring me, then, Miss Stark?" He glanced at Kris, who was stunned, before he went on, "You're probably aware that I have a lover. You must have something that I'm interested in if you can stand in front of me so confidently despite the circumstances."

"Of course, I have!"

Without a second thought, Kris affirmed his question. At that moment, her heart started pounding wildly. As expected, Tony is only fooling around with Myra. As soon as there's a more valuable interest, he will break up with her heartlessly. Kris could already imagine how miserable Myra would end up after she was abandoned by him!

The corners of Kris' lips lifted, and she looked proud. "In the future, the Stark Group will be inherited by me. If I offer the entire Stark Group to you, will that show you my sincerity, Director Hart?"

"Is that the only thing you can offer me?" Nevertheless, Tony only twitched his lips. Tapping the cigarette, he looked away.

Kris' heart tightened. She knew the Stark Group was nothing compared to the Hart Group. However, apart from that, she had nothing else... Maybe...

"Have you heard about Hillville, Director Hart? I might also own nearly forty percent of the property in Hillville, as well as fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton after I inherit the company!"

"Okay. That sounds good." Nonchalantly, Tony stubbed out the cigarette before he plucked another flower. When he turned around, ridicule was visible in his gaze. "However, you're not the only young lady of the Stark Family, right? Not to mention..." After he said that, he came to a stop intentionally, only to see the panic in her eyes as he had expected.

"As far as I know, your mother is about to give birth to a boy. If that's the case, can I assume that what you said just now was just to entertain me, Miss Stark?" His expression sank as his words ended.

At that moment, Kris was dumbfounded. Then, she was overwhelmed by anxiety. She reached out and grabbed his arm without even thinking twice.

When Tony felt her touch on his arm, his expression darkened, and he slapped her hand away subconsciously.

Kris stumbled at his action. Her foot slipped out of her heel and she stepped into the Bengal Rose shrub beside her. Immediately, she felt a prickling pain on the sole of her foot. Her face turned ashen from the pain. Yet, as soon as she saw Tony was about to leave, she hurriedly exclaimed, "Director Hart, what I said is true. In the future, the Stark Group will be mine. You have to believe in me!"

"What about your brother?"

At his remarks, Kris' eyes glinted, and she bit her lip. "Believe me; the Stark Group will only be mine in the future!"

Will the Stark Group really belong to Kris in the future?

Turning his back on Kris, Tony looked incomprehensible. Something flashed before his bottomless eyes, but he didn't say another word as he walked straight ahead.

Kris was puzzled. In the next moment, Tony had gotten into his silver sports car.

“Hey, Director Hart, Director Hart! Wait for me... Director Hart!”

Kris tried to chase after his car as she stumbled with her injured foot. However, Tony’s car was moving at an extremely fast speed. She had only gone less than two meters before the car took a sharp turn and drove out of the area.

When Kris ran two steps forward, a waiter followed her and called her softly, “Miss, your shoe...”

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Kris was exasperated as she went to get her shoe back. When she walked back out again, Tony’s car was already gone.

She stomped her foot in anger but could only return to her car for the time being.

Tony gave Elliot a call upon leaving the Zion Club. Once the call was answered, his brows pulled together as he asked, “Can you look into Kris’ mother, Rachel Parker’s, pregnancy?”

Since Elliot had him on speaker, the other two people there also heard him. Philip chuckled, “I was wondering why you were dealing with that woman at the door. It looks like you were trying to get information.”

Tony had a blank expression. He did not want to play along with Kris initially, but since she walked up to him herself, he thought of taking the chance to ask some questions. As expected, there were some problems.

“From what I heard, Cameron’s current wife is pregnant with a boy. According to Cameron’s priorities and shrewdness, even if we don’t consider the gender of the baby, this pregnancy shouldn’t be fake,” Lucas interrupted from the side.

Tony also had the same thought in mind. Narrowing his eyes, a thought occurred to him and he went on, “Look into her recent diet and lifestyle. There must be some clues.”

By the time Myra looked up from her paperwork, it was already ten at night.



As she stretched her back, she felt a terrible ache around her waist area. Standing up, she walked toward the French windows and looked down at the busy streets below.

Bradford City was incredibly beautiful at night. Brightened up with lights, the entire city looked much warmer compared to the rigidity and desolation during the day.

Her phone seemed to have vibrated earlier, but she was too absorbed at the time to look at it.

Grabbing her phone, she took a look at the message while drinking a cup of milk. It was from Tony who wanted to know if she was done with work yet.

He did not call her because he was worried that he would interrupt her, so he simply sent a text.

She felt her heart warm up and called him right back.

“Hello?”

When he heard her voice, he murmured, “Are you finally done with work now?”

“Yes.” She nodded. After she finished off the last bit of warm milk, she returned to her chair and started to pack up her things. “Are you... here to pick me up?”

“What do you think?” It was a short question that was filled with tenderness.

At that moment, she felt the exhaustion in her body melt away. Smiling, she quickly packed her things up and headed toward the elevator.

Inside the elevator, she even tidied herself up subconsciously.

When she walked out of Stark Tower, she saw him standing not too far away below.

She thought, He must be God’s favorite. Even though he was not doing anything and only leaning against the car with a subtle expression, he was able to make it look relaxed and elegant. He was wearing a white shirt with two buttons open at the top. The sleeve on his left arm was pulled up and he had a cigarette between his index and middle fingers. Amid the white cloud of smoke, his eyes looked even more deep and dark.

He seemed to have noticed her gaze. Lifting his head, he looked right at her and smiled when their eyes met. Shortly after, he put out the cigarette in his hand.

For some reason, her face started to turn red under his gaze. She walked up to him and asked bashfully, "Why didn't you call me when you got here? You must have waited a long time."

The text was sent half an hour ago. There were also three to four cigarette buds scattered on the ground.

"It hasn't been that long." He smiled and opened the passenger side door for her.

She was going to go in when he suddenly embraced her and placed a kiss on her forehead before letting her go. "Go on in."

Stunned, she looked up at his deep and boundless black eyes. They seemed to have magic that could make her feel like she was trapped whenever she looked into them.

A low chuckle came from beside her. Feeling the tip of her ears heat up, she quickly went inside the car.

Shortly after, the car started and brought them away from the place.

As soon as she sat inside the car, she noticed several beautiful rose stalks beneath the windshield of the car. She grabbed one out of surprise and smiled as she looked at it. "These roses bloomed quite late."

"Do you like them?" He glanced over at her briefly from the driver's seat. The side of his face was indifferent, but it also had a hint of deliberate tenderness.

"I like them." She retrieved the other two flower stalks. Her smiling eyes were in the shape of a crescent moon. "Are they for me?"

"Yes." Seeing the happiness on her face, Tony felt his heart soften and took her left hand in his unoccupied right hand.

The ring on her left hand naturally entered his field of vision. With her hand in his, he gave her palm a short squeeze.

Myra was filled with bliss and contentment. Despite being careful while holding the roses, she still got pricked lightly by the thorns.

Moreover, the thorns on those roses were sharp and hard and she guessed that it hadn't been a long time since the roses were picked. After glancing at Tony, she suddenly flipped his hand over and took a closer look at it.

He seemed to have known her intention. Without making a sound, he wanted to pull his hand away, but she did not let him. Seeing the obvious marks from the roses on his beautiful finger pads, she had a painful look in her eyes. "You could've been more careful."

Her voice was filled with concern. He decided not to pull his hand back now and said, "It's just a small wound."

Just then, she noticed a cut on the index finger of his right hand. He accidentally got cut by the thorns when his hand clasped around the flowers suddenly upon hearing Kris say that the Stark Group would be hers.

Myra shot him a glance. "Does it have to be bleeding for it to be considered a major wound? Does it still hurt?"

In her innocent expression, she also showed hints of pain and panic. He felt a flutter inside then stepped on the brake abruptly.

How could such a small scratch like this hurt until now?

Unfastening his seatbelt, he leaned in front of her and pecked her softly on the lips.

The struggle she put up at first slowly turned into having her arms wrapped around his neck.

When he tasted the scent of milk in her mouth, his eyes became even darker. Moving away from her lips, he leaned into her ear and murmured, "Have my child, Myra."

His breath tickled her ear and made her body tremble slightly.

She froze as soon as she heard his words. Burying her head in his chest, she whispered, "Okay." Having his child doesn't sound too bad.

The thought of having a little bundle of joy being closely cared for by two people filled her heart with happiness.

When he heard her answer, he smiled and tightened his arms around her.