

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 186 -190

After Myra said that, her face looked like it was about to burn from how red it was. She quickly sat upright in her seat and started the engine to depart.

Meanwhile, the man who was on the receiving end of her affection glanced at a shady place in the rearview mirror and smiled with a profound look in his eyes.

Sean's car was still parked behind them.

It was as if he had been possessed earlier. After getting into his car, he did not leave right away but drove to the school's gate instead as though he was waiting for something.

While he looked at the merry food stalls on the side of the street and the happy crowd of people, his eyes were out of focus for a long time.

Did this place carry a lot of memories that he shared with Myra?

The principal's words kept circling around in his mind: 'When it comes to certain people, don't wait until they're gone to feel regret. Myra deserves as much as you can give her. If another turning point comes around, you should hold on tight to it.'

Do I still have a chance? His expression loosened up slightly. I probably do, don't I? She loved me for so long. Two months ago, she even tried to ask me to stay. How could she change her mind in such a short amount of time?

If he went up to her now and told her that he regretted it, would she give him another chance?

He was gripping the steering wheel tightly when, suddenly, a familiar car entered his vision. That white sports car belongs to Myra.

The moment he saw the familiar figure get out of the car, his eyes remained fixed on her, and he no longer saw anyone or anything else.

He quickly unbuckled his seatbelt with the thought of getting out of the car and going up to her. Very quickly, however, he spotted another figure appear in her line of vision. It's him again.

When Sean stepped out, he watched Myra rush into Tony's arms voluntarily and the two of them were affectionate with each other as though there was no else there. She did not know that Sean was standing at the side, so she was not trying to make him mad on purpose. Does that mean... she actually likes him?

He gripped the car door so hard that he almost tore it down.

Seeing the loving couple ahead, he simply went back inside his sports car.

Inside the car, his phone had been vibrating for a while, but he did not answer it. He felt agitated. At this moment, however, he needed to find something to occupy himself with. As soon as he picked up, Lyla wailed, "Sean, where are you? Can you come home right now? Mom went too far this time! She actually followed me. That's how much she doesn't trust me! This time, you have to speak up for me..."

Every now and then, he could hear his mother screaming in the background. "When did I follow you? I was also at the mall to do some shopping! You're allowed to go to the mall, but I'm not? How does that make sense?"

"Then, why did you wear sunglasses and walk around sneakily behind me? Even the shopkeeper could tell that you were following me. What are you still quibbling about?"

"Quibbling? I'm not quibbling! I indeed went to the mall, but I wasn't following you. Are you delusional?"

While he listened to their argument get more intense, he couldn't help but massage his temples. Feeling like the veins in his forehead were popping, he ended the call abruptly and turned off his phone.

He did not know when it started, but at some point, Lyla and his mother started to get into conflict with each other. They were always arguing, and they would call him if it got out of hand. In the beginning, it was manageable, but it happened so often that even someone more patient would lose their temper.

His mind wandered to when Myra was at home. She got along very well with Mom. Mom always took her side too and told me I was in the wrong. But Myra did not like to argue and was also a filial daughter-in-law...

When he thought of Myra and saw the car in front of him depart, he pursed his lips and followed after them with a dark gaze.

Upon hearing that Myra wanted to stop by the supermarket, Tony furrowed his brows and asked, "Aren't we going straight home?"

She turned and looked at him with a warm gaze. "We've run out of ingredients at home, so we have to get more at the grocery store. I'm going to make you a big meal and let you have a feast today. How does that sound?"

His brows shot up. "You can let me have a feast even without any ingredients." His voice was deep and alluring.

Her hands trembled and caused the steering wheel to go sideways. The car wobbled for a moment and leaned toward the right. As a result, she got pulled over by a traffic officer.

Hearing his low chuckle, she shot him a glare. "It's all your fault!"

When she saw the traffic officer run over, she leaned across Tony without haste and opened the car window on the passenger side.

"You drove off the road. Do you know how dangerous that was?" The traffic police asked formally while he was recording something with his head down.

She quickly admitted in a small voice, "I'm sorry. My hands slipped earlier. I'll be more careful next time."

Perhaps she was quick to acknowledge her mistake and was also a beautiful girl, hence, the traffic officer did not press further. Out of concern, however, he exhorted once again, "You have to focus when you're driving next time. Don't go off the road again."

She nodded immediately.

As soon as the traffic officer turned away and was about to leave, he suddenly heard an alarming cry with a hint of annoyance.

His steps came to a halt, and he turned back again. "What happened?"

She was currently sprawled over Tony's lap. Waving her hand awkwardly at the traffic officer, she assured, "It's fine. I just slipped."

When the traffic officer saw that she was fine, he walked down to another car that had been pulled over.

Myra did not fall on Tony's lap willingly, but she was pulled down. Of course, it was by the man beside her.

She looked at him in annoyance.

His eyes were slightly dark, and his voice was dull. "If you don't get up now, I'll have to deal with you."

Surprised, she quickly went back to her seat and started the car.

This time, though, she had clearly slowed down.

A vague smile grew on Tony's lips. Upon seeing something in the rearview mirror, the smile on the corners of his lips hesitated and became indifferent.

When they arrived at the basement parking lot of the supermarket, Tony did not get out of the car. "I'm going to smoke a cigarette outside. You can go in first. I'll call you later."

She nodded and went into the supermarket obediently. After she left, he stepped out of the car and pulled out a cigarette. Holding it in his mouth, he used his right hand to light it with a lighter. He propped himself up against the white sports car and narrowed his eyes. Soon, the white cloud of smoke rose in the air, creating a contrast with his fierce demeanor by adding a sense of leisure.

Before Myra left, she gave him the keys. They were currently in his other hand.

Right after Myra left, a Lamborghini drove in and parked in the spot next to theirs. The man inside seemed to be suppressing his fury as he jumped out of the car.

They were both wearing black suits with white shirts underneath; they both had unrivaled looks, the same cold face, and the same hostile eyes.

Sean looked at the man in front of him. He finally found a place to put out the anger he suppressed all morning. All of a sudden, he strode forward with his right hand ready to punch Tony across the face.

His fist seemed to carry supreme strength. It also bore the uncontrollable anger he felt at this moment. Just as he was getting close to Tony, Tony quickly stepped out of the way. It all happened very quickly. After he stepped out of the way, Sean felt a strong punch on his lower abdomen. The pain even made him stumble a couple of steps back.

Tony simply swept a glance over Sean's furious eyes. Using the hand he punched Sean with, he took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked at Sean with ease and coldness. "Stop trying to hit on Myra. I'm running out of patience."

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"Trying to hit on Myra?" Sean felt pain shooting up from his abdomen but couldn't care less about it at the moment. His eyes were slightly reddened like a cornered beast's. Looking at Tony, he sneered, "Just who is the one trying to hit on Myra here? If it wasn't for you, Director Hart, the person accompanying her to the mall right now would be me!"

"You?" Tony raised his long and slanted eyebrows slightly while flicking the ash off his cigarette. "Why don't you tell me, Director Chase; just how many times have you ever accompanied her to the mall in the past two years? Or, should I say..." He took a drag on his cigarette, his eyes growing frosty. "How many times have you accompanied other women to the mall before?"

Sean's expression changed greatly. "This is between us as husband and wife. It is none of your business."

"Ex-husband and ex-wife." Tony narrowed his eyes. A dark emotion flowed through his eyes as he spat out the words, "One that exists in name only."

For an instant, Sean felt as if he could even hear the sound of the blood accelerating through the veins in his body. The veins in his forehead bulged sharply as he suddenly recalled the sexy voice Myra made by the side of the mountain road the other day. Then, he remembered that she had spent the entire night at the Hart Residence with the man

standing in front of him. Of course, I know all about the intimate acts between a man and a woman. How can I not know?! He had never once touched her in the two years of their marriage. Therefore, when he discovered that the two of them were inside the car, he had been so furious that he wanted to rush over to that car and murder the man inside!

Listening to those words of mockery, he clenched his hands into fists. "Tony Hart, you despicable b\*stard! Were you the one that purchased Chase Group's Hilliville?!"

He was slowly becoming more and more aware of this man's methods. Although he did not know when Tony started having feelings for Myra, the reason she was so decisive about divorcing him; the way Tony coincidentally rescued her during the riot at the construction site; the way Tony coincidentally freed her after she was thrown into prison; and many other things that he was clueless about even now... they all seemed to be part of Tony's plan in hindsight. He had approached Myra, little by little, with a specific goal in mind. Later, he even announced his acquisition of Hilliville. Coincidentally or not, Myra had also resolutely demanded 50% of the properties of Chase Group's Hilliville when divorcing Sean back then...

"Are you trying to take advantage of Myra?!" All of a sudden, the memory of a photo depicting Myra and another man in an ambiguous position that Lyla once showed him surfaced in his mind. Back then, only Myra's face could be seen clearly. He could not identify the face of the man in the photo. Now that I think about it, isn't that man in the photo the same man as the one standing in front of me right now?! A sense of urgency and outrage flashed across his eyes. He glared fixedly at the man in front of him with an insidious look. "Are you using Myra to obtain the entirety of Hilliville?! Is the part of Hilliville that Myra holds in your hands now?!"

"Use?" The smoke from the cigarette curled upward like white satin. Tony curved the corners of his lips into a smile that was both icy and mocking. "I have never thought much of Hilliville. I can even give her the entirety of Hilliville if she wants it. What about you?"

Sean's pupils contracted abruptly.

"Aside from throwing her into prison because of Hilliville, what else have you done that was not taking advantage of her?" Tony straightened his body, carelessly threw the cigarette to the ground, and snuffed out the cigarette with his leather shoe. Turning around, he glanced at the expensive branded watch on his wrist and emotionlessly said, "Director Chase, you seem to have forgotten about your pregnant wife. Why don't you go home and comfort your wife and your mother?" He headed toward the entrance of the mall, his voice suddenly turning cold and terrifying. "As for Myra... she is not a woman you can even dream about now."

Sean stared at Tony's back gradually disappearing into the distance and suddenly felt as if somebody had taken all the strength out of his body. He breathed heavily, clutching at his abdomen to hold himself together as overwhelming despair washed over his heart. I tricked Myra and even married Lyla. All of this... Unlike what Mr. Jones claimed, there is no saving our relationship... Myra and I are completely at odds with each other; we are drifting further and further away instead...

The phone in his pocket rang frantically again. Closing his eyes, he dug out his phone before opening his eyes again to glance at it. This time, the call came from his mother. He pressed the button to accept the call with a tired expression, and a weeping voice immediately sounded through the phone. "I can't continue living like this! Sean, come back quickly and take a good look at your wife! If you don't want to live with me, you can tell me directly. I will move out immediately. Why do I have to be humiliated by your wife in this manner?! Sob, sob..."

Sean clenched his phone tightly, a wave of overwhelming exhaustion sweeping over him.

Myra pushed a small shopping cart and wandered around the food corner of the supermarket, randomly grabbing whatever caught her eye. She also got some of the junk food that Estelle liked. When Tony called her, she had just arrived at the seafood corner.

"Where are you?"

"Seafood corner. Look at the signs above your head; there are directions." She was fairly certain that he wasn't the type of person that needed to go shopping for groceries. Worried that he couldn't find her, she explained the directions to him.

"Wait right there," Tony said before hanging up. Therefore, Myra decided to look at the live fish next to her. She could tell that Tony liked eating fish. I think Old Master Hart likes eating fish too.

While asking the supermarket staff to process the fish she had chosen, she suddenly noticed a familiar white figure passing by not too far away. Stunned, she turned around and looked in the direction the white figure had walked in. That person's figure was voluptuous. As that person was standing with their side profile facing her, she could not see that person's face from the front. Even so, she intuitively knew who that person was. Still, what surprised her more was the slight bump on that person's stomach and the flat shoes that person was wearing.

“Miss, your fish has been cleaned. Here.”

She smiled and thanked the staff. Then, she took the plastic bag that was handed to her and placed it in the small shopping cart. Although she was surprised to see that person just now, it had nothing to do with her anymore. Thus, she stood in place, wondering if she should call Tony.

All of a sudden, a hand covered her eyes while another hand wrapped around her waist tightly, pulling her backward until she was pressed against a person’s chest. Before she could react to what was going on, she felt a kiss on her neck—somebody was sucking deeply against her neck. She had been frightened at first and was about to open her mouth to scream. However, she caught a whiff of the familiar scent coming from the person behind her. Feeling both shy and angry, she couldn’t help reaching out to grab the hand that was covering her eyes. After that, she turned around and glared at the man dressed in a suit and leather shoes. “What are you doing?! We are at the supermarket!”

Whenever Myra felt embarrassed, her delicate skin would flush red. Tony studied the hickey he left on her neck and smiled evilly before glancing at the small shopping cart she was pushing. “Are you done?”

“Nope.” She pushed the small shopping cart along. However, the man took it from her naturally. He pushed the shopping cart with one hand and held her waist with the other. Even though she tried to shove him away, he simply ignored her. In the end, she gave in to him and glanced at the items in the shopping cart. “I don’t know what you like, so I just got some random stuff. I also bought some junk food just in case Estelle drops by.”

Upon hearing that she had prepared some junk food for Estelle, he swept a glance over the few colorful packs of junk food in the shopping cart without saying anything. Along the way, he grabbed many things and threw them into the shopping cart. With every item that he placed into the shopping cart, he would say, “I like this.”

Soon, the shopping cart was so full that nothing else could fit in it. She was just about to say that they ought to get another shopping cart or a basket when he casually picked up the few packs of junk food she had chosen for Estelle and threw them back onto the shelf. “Why are you going through so much trouble for her? Ask her to bring her own the next time she comes over.”

She didn’t know whether to laugh or cry at his actions. No wonder he places those packs of junk food at the top every time he throws something into the shopping cart and says that



he's worried they might get crushed. He just doesn't want to buy any of the food I chose for Estelle!

"Tony, are you jealous of Estelle?" Myra glanced sideways at him.

Tony narrowed his eyes and gradually released his hold around her waist. He faintly said, "Put back some of the things I like. We'll get what she likes instead." He deliberately emphasized the word 'the things I like', making himself sound extremely aggrieved yet magnanimous and unperturbed.

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Myra felt something warm budding in her heart. Reaching out, she grabbed his hand that was pretending to take stuff out of the small shopping cart and interlaced her fingers with his. Then, she softly said, "I'll just order them online for her. You don't need to put any of the stuff you like back."

Tony lifted his eyebrow at her and wryly said, "That's not good, is it?"

Looking at his insincere and sanctimonious attitude, she squeezed his fingers hard. I've never seen a more shameless man than this guy. At the same time, she exasperatedly said, "It doesn't matter. We bought enough today anyway."

Only then did he seem satisfied. He twisted his hand out of her grip to hold her hand instead while pushing the shopping cart along as he continued onward. She watched as the corners of his mouth lifted into the faintest smile. It was hard for her to imagine his cold and indifferent appearance, and her heart softened even more.

Finally, they pushed the shopping cart over to the cashier to check out their items. He had always been an impatient man. Fortunately, not many people were at the cashier at the moment. Therefore, they didn't need to wait for long before their turn came.

Behind them stood another couple that seemed to be university students. The couple was in the honeymoon phase of their relationship. Even during such a short wait in line, they had already exchanged kisses at least three times.

Myra inadvertently glanced backward before turning forward again uncomfortably. She normally wasn't bothered by stuff like this. It was probably because Tony was standing next to her right now that she felt embarrassed to witness such an intimate scene.

Tony glanced at her blushing cheeks. He seemed to notice something out of the corner of his eye. Narrowing his eyes dangerously, he leaned close to her ears and whispered, "Myra, let's make a bet."

"Huh?" Her ear felt ticklish. Turning her head, her pink and tender lips happened to brush against his thin lips. The touch of softness that brushed across their lips seemed driven by an electric current that made his eyes darken immediately. When she saw his expression, she hurriedly moved away from him. She uncomfortably asked in a low voice, "What kind of bet?"

"You will suddenly call out my name while we are settling the bill later." A trace of displeasure swept across his eyes when he saw her distancing herself from him. Thus, he pulled her back into his arms.

That posture happened to put her in a position where she could see the ambiguous gaze of the couple behind them. Hence, her face flushed redder than before. She speechlessly stood primly in his arms and glared at him. "Stop fooling around."

"Will you accept the bet?" The man didn't seem to notice the strange looks they were receiving from their surroundings; he was staring straight into her eyes.

She suddenly realized that bringing this shameless man to the supermarket with her was a huge mistake. Looking into his sudden scorching gaze, she felt her scalp tingling. "Sure; sure," she perfunctorily replied while hastily pushing the man away.

This time around, he did not pull her back into his arms again. He simply whispered next to her, "If I win, we'll go to my place today. Okay?"

She stiffened and glanced at him a little suspiciously. "Aren't we living next to each other? Is there a difference?"

At the same time, a faint blush crept over her face. She had been sweating bullets, thinking that he was going to say something utterly shocking. Thus, she breathed a sigh of relief at his words.

Brushing her hair aside, he murmured, "Not your apartment; the place I used to live in."

"Oh." Is he talking about the apartment he used to live in? To be honest, it doesn't matter where we go. I've already promised to spend the entire afternoon with him. It's enough as long as there's a kitchen to cook in. Thus, she nodded after briefly considering it. "Okay."

A faint chill appeared at the corner of Tony's lips, but Myra failed to notice it. She didn't pay any attention to the words he said just now. Even if they had not made the bet, she would have gone there with him since he mentioned it. Unfortunately, she had forgotten about his temperament.

As she was paying, he handed a gold VIP card directly to the lady cashier. "Use this card."

She wasn't bothered by these details. When she saw the card being handed over, she immediately kept her purse. She was just about to pack up the things that had been scanned when she suddenly saw him casually grabbing a box of Okamoto Ultra-Thin Condoms that were placed next to the counter. He handed it to the lady cashier calmly. "Add this in too."

Her face immediately turned beet-red. Lowering her head, she pretended that she had not seen anything. However, his soft voice sounded next to her ear. "Would you prefer the strawberry flavored ones or the peach flavored ones?"

"Tony Hart!" Sure enough, Myra shouted out Tony's name. Seeing the slight curve of his lips, she swore to herself, Next time, I am never bringing him to the supermarket with me again. I will also never visit this supermarket ever again...

Upon exiting the supermarket, it was Tony's turn to drive. Myra was currently fuming due to his shameless behavior at the supermarket just now. Therefore, she ignored him the entire journey. As a result, he occasionally looked away from the road to glance at the woman next to him. Raising his long and slanted eyebrows slightly, he asked, "Are you mad at me?"

She pursed her lips and turned her gaze to the scenery outside the window. He chuckled softly and did not say anything else. Not long after that, his phone started ringing.

Eyeing the woman that was still looking out the window, he smiled faintly and offhandedly mentioned, "It might be from Elliot or Leo. It's nothing important. Besides, I can't answer my phone right now since I'm driving."

Although he claimed that it wasn't important, most of the calls from those people were about important company matters. Although she remained looking out the window, her body stiffened slightly at his words. His thin lips curved into a deeper arc in response. The ringing of his phone soon stopped. However, it soon started ringing again.

Myra felt as if a cat was clawing at her heart. In the end, she caved in. Turning around, she glared at the man that was driving while answering his phone on his behalf. An impatient but pleasant female voice sounded through the phone almost as soon as the call connected.

"Hey, Tony! I called you so many times. Why do you never answer—" The voice was filled with resentment and longing; it was also overflowing with affection. It felt like a punch in Myra's gut. Feeling somewhat stunned, she failed to recover from her shock for a moment.

"Hey, why aren't you saying anything? Are you driving? Or, are you in a meeting?" The woman on the other side of the phone asked.

Myra glanced at the man that was focused on driving. His side profile was coldly handsome with a hint of trustworthiness. Noticing her look, he raised his eyebrow at her as if to ask her what was wrong.

She paused before speaking into the phone. "He is driving right now. Can I help you pass a message to him?"

The other party immediately fell silent. After that, the voice became rather haughty. "Are you his new assistant?"

"No."

"Then, who are you?! Why do you have Tony's phone?!" The female voice on the other side of the phone became shriller and shriller.

Myra was just about to reply when the other party abruptly ended the call.

"What's wrong? Who was it?" Tony saw that Myra seemed taken aback, so he glanced at his phone.

Only then did she lower her head to glance at the Caller ID—it was an unregistered number. She shook her head in response. "I don't know who it was either. It was a woman who

seemed to be looking for you. When she heard me answering your phone, she hung up on me.”

Myra bit her lip. It would be a lie to say that she wasn't bothered by the call. That woman's voice sounded so arrogant. Moreover, she addressed Tony in such an intimate manner. However, Myra simply could not figure out who it was.

Seeing that her complexion wasn't too good, a faint trace of amusement appeared in his eyes. He reached out his right hand and held her left hand. “Why do you look so moody all of a sudden? Was she rude to you?”

She did not answer his question. Instead, she looked at him. “Tony, did you have a lot of girlfriends in the past?”

Those words came out sounding so bitter that the man next to her could hear the jealousy oozing from them. Tony was taken aback for a moment before he laughed softly.

When Myra saw Tony laughing softly, a touch of shame colored her cheeks. In the past, she had heard from Elliot that he never had a girlfriend before. But, how is that possible? Besides, his skillful techniques and inexhaustible energy made her believe that their lovemaking the other day was not his first time. How could a businessman in his thirties never have had a girlfriend before? Therefore, she subconsciously assumed that woman was one of his past girlfriends from the way she spoke just now. Mulling over it, she felt a little uncomfortable about it, especially since that woman actually dared to call.

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Not long after, the car arrived at a small residential area and stopped in front of a villa located in the deepest part of the area. The villa was not very large, but it was very exquisite. There was a small garden inside; various flowers and plants also trailed down from the second-floor balcony. There were white tiles, red brick walls, wooden fences, and even a small pond inside the garden. Beside the pond stood a cherry tree, giving the entire garden an idyllic feeling.

A caretaker stood outside the villa. When he saw Tony's car, he hurriedly came forward to take the keys from Tony and opened the garage door on the first floor. Upon returning the keys, he heard Tony's indifferent voice saying, "Close the garage door behind you."

The caretaker seemed taken aback for a moment. However, he quickly nodded in response and left, not forgetting to close the garage door behind him.

When Myra heard what Tony said to the caretaker, she immediately became vigilant and wanted to get out of the car. Unfortunately, his long and slender hand was faster than hers. At the same time, the car locked with a 'click' and she found herself caught by the scorching hands of the man next to her.

Her sports car was not spacious. Even if he leaned his seat back, she felt uncomfortable lying on his body. However, it was hard for her to ignore his intentions when his burning gaze was staring right at her.

"Tony, we haven't had lunch yet—" She helplessly glanced down at the man's nether region. In such a short time, she could already feel the changes occurring on his lower body. I seriously hate how energetic he is. Then, she suddenly recalled that she had yet to receive an answer to her question that came up during the car ride. She instantly lost all interest and wanted to get up, but the man caught her by the waist and pressed her closer to his body.

"Didn't you promise to spend the afternoon with me?" The man's low and hoarse voice sounded in her ears.

His warm breath tickled the area around her ear. Her body stiffened slightly in response, and her face burned crimson all of a sudden. "Yes, but not the way that you have in mind!" This man!

He laughed softly, and his laughter was bewitching. "Then, why don't you tell me... what 'way' do I have in mind?"

His hand was already reaching toward the hem of her blouse and sliding up her slim waist... Her face flushed with blood. Biting her lip and turning her head away, she decided not to say another word.

Seeing that she seemed to be in a bad mood, he raised his eyebrows at her and kissed her on the forehead. Then, he hugged her tighter as if he was trying to merge her body with his.

When he saw that she was not responding to his advances even after a long time passed, he helplessly kissed her on the lips and said in a hoarse voice, "I've never had any girlfriends before. And now, you are my only one."

"Hmph." She turned her head to glare at him. "You're just saying that to comfort me." Studying the eyes of the man that was dark with desire at that moment, she bit her lip. "It's impossible that you've never had a girlfriend before..."

"Why is it impossible?" His voice was incredibly hoarse. All of a sudden, he grabbed her right hand with his left and led it toward his crotch. "In the beginning, I was immersed in my career. After that, I got older and wasn't bothered anymore. I won't have a reaction here if it isn't the right person for me."

She could feel the hard and hot sensation of his member under her fingers. She didn't know whether it was what he said to her or his shameless behavior that made her face flush crimson. At the same time, her body became slightly limp.

"That woman that called you today—" Myra started speaking when she abruptly realized that the woman's voice she heard today sounded rather familiar. I think I heard it not too long ago... Then, the realization hit her. I remember now; that voice... Isn't that the woman I heard through the phone when I was on a call with Tony during his business trip to the United States? That woman was called... Gemma Walton. That's right; it's her! She felt humiliated and annoyed. Doesn't that mean I was feeling jealous for no reason?

Tony watched as the expression of the woman in front of him changed again and again. The desire in his eyes burned stronger, and his thin lips covered hers fiercely. "I like seeing you jealous."

Tony's voice sounded even deeper than usual in the silence that was occasionally broken by Myra's moans. Myra felt an uncomfortable feeling expanding in her lower body. After that, her head went blank with confusion, and she couldn't think about anything else anymore...

Outside the villa, a black Lamborghini was quietly parked in the sun. However, the heat could not be felt at all. A red sports car silently approached and stopped next to it. Kris quickly got out of the car and looked at the man inside the sports car next to her, a flash of surprise flitting through her eyes. Walking over to the car door amorously, she knocked on Sean's car window.

The car window rolled down to reveal a cold but handsome face.

Seeing that it was indeed Sean, Kris couldn't help glancing at the villa beside her. She knew that Tony owned that villa. Moreover, somebody had informed her that Tony had parked his car here today. More importantly, Myra was with him too. Myra is inside. Is Sean here for Tony? Or, is he here for Myra? He's probably here for Myra.

Kris knew that Sean and Myra were divorced. Seeing how he was behaving, she secretly felt jealous of Myra for having men hanging all over her. I wonder what kind of spell Sean is under. Despite divorcing Myra, he still seems reluctant to let her go.

"Director Chase, what a coincidence. I can't believe we ran into each other here."

She had a good impression of Sean back then. It was a pity that the man was utterly disinterested in her at the time. Since she didn't want to be given the cold shoulder, she had not bothered approaching him. Besides, she honestly couldn't care less for the Chase Group's situation at the time. Rather, one couldn't find any other wealthy young mistress in Bradford University that was as stupid as Myra, who would be interested in Sean.

Still, not being interested in him doesn't mean I didn't have a good impression of him. Kris was the type of woman that especially liked having all the men's attention on her. She enjoyed the feeling of being in the spotlight. Therefore, she couldn't help showcasing her charm in front of this handsome man even though she couldn't care less about him.

However, Sean simply glanced at her indifferently before frowning and rolling the window up again. After that, the sports car quickly turned around and left swiftly.

She was rendered speechless. It was bad enough that Tony had ignored her. She did not expect to be ignored by Sean too. Thus, her expression turned ugly instantly.

"He is nothing but a divorced man. Did he think I was actually interested in him?" She angrily spat out those words before heading toward the villa next to her.

Just as she reached the gates of the villa, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom swiftly stopped in front of the gate. She narrowed her eyes slightly at the sight of the car.

Soon, the door of the car opened and an old man came out of the car. The old man looked to be in his eighties, but he still seemed to be very vigorous. His stern face was expressionless, and the beard on his chin shook slightly. He clasped his hands behind his back, looking energetic and serious.



After the old man got out of the car, he waved dismissively at the driver inside the car. Then, the driver immediately started the engine and drove away. Meanwhile, the old man stepped forward and pressed the doorbell in front of the gate. Nobody inside came to answer the door. Frowning, the old man pursed his lips and consecutively pressed the doorbell thrice. Unfortunately, the response was the same—nobody came to answer the door.

Kris felt her heart rate increasing. She was certain that this man was Sebastian Hart, the one who currently wielded authority over the Hart Family; he was a renowned businessman in Bradford City back in his time. In other words, he was none other than Tony's grandfather!

The words her father had told her immediately surfaced in her mind; he claimed that the two elders of the Hart Family were fond of well-behaved girls. She originally wanted to go and visit those two elders today. However, she couldn't sit still after receiving news about Tony and rushed over here instead.

"Excuse me, sir..." Kris swiftly formulated the words in her mind while putting on a sensible and considerate act. "Are you here to see Director Hart too?"

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 190

Kris was way more intelligent than Sasha. She pretended not to know who Sebastian was at the start so that she could take her time and create a good impression on him. Although this trick might work on ordinary old men, Sebastian had seen all sorts of tricks in his life. Therefore, he simply glanced at her indifferently before turning back to continue ringing the doorbell.

She couldn't help feeling somewhat humiliated when she saw that he was ignoring her. She was about to say something. At that moment, he muttered under his breath after being ignored despite ringing the doorbell several times, "Strange; what is going on? I clearly saw them heading here. Why is nobody answering the door? Could it be that they didn't come here?"

He had left the clubhouse out of boredom today. Thus, he asked his driver to turn the car around and head to the mall instead. He suddenly had a craving for fish, especially the steamed fish Myra made the other day. As soon as his car entered the underground parking lot, he immediately caught sight of a white sports car. Isn't that my little grandson and Myra

standing behind that car?! They are carrying several bags of ingredients. It looks like they are going home to prepare lunch.

After seeing the car drive away, he hurriedly asked his driver to secretly follow them. From the route they were taking, they seemed to be heading toward his grandson's villa. Thus, he asked his driver to slow down and stop by the side of the road for a while before heading over again. He was worried that his grandson might notice him. Besides, he knew the direction to the villa. Unexpectedly, nobody came to answer the door even though he got out of the car and rang the doorbell repeatedly.

When Kris heard Sebastian talking to himself, she hurriedly said, "Director Hart is here. You didn't come to the wrong place."

Sebastian finally couldn't ignore the woman next to him any longer. Frowning, he asked, "Who are you?"

Seeing that the old man was finally talking to her, she hastily showed him an adorable smile. "My name is Kris Stark. I am Myra's younger sister."

"Myra has a younger sister? Why haven't I heard her mention you before?" he quietly asked. To be honest, he was aware of who she was. He had thoroughly investigated Myra's entire family, all the way back until her ancestors, a long time ago. Naturally, he also knew about the relationship between Myra and Kris. Still, both the grandfather and grandson duo were protective of Myra. Therefore, he did not show any kindness to the woman in front of him.

She looked a little embarrassed. Clasping her hands in front of her nervously, she revealed an uneasy expression. "Sis left the house a long time ago, she..." She glanced at him quickly before lowering her head again with a troubled expression. "I don't think she likes me very much. So, she might not have mentioned me to other people before..."

"Oh. I get that you are Myra's sister, but why are you looking for my grandson?" He was clearly not easily fooled by simple tricks.

Her heart rate accelerated slightly. Even so, she forced herself to speak calmly. "The Stark Group is hoping to cooperate with the Hart Group on the Elsinore Garden Project. I am the person in charge of the Elsinore Garden Project. I came here to meet Director Hart because I have some urgent issues to discuss with him." Of course, that's not the actual reason. But, this is the only answer I can give this old man right now!

After listening to her explanation, his brilliant eyes narrowed slightly and the corners of his mouth twitched. "You're really hardworking and proactive, Miss Stark, to still be thinking about work on the weekends."

She felt a little displeased upon hearing the distant manner in which he was addressing her. He calls Myra 'Myra', but he calls me 'Miss Stark'. As expected, Myra has already sunk her claws into the elders of the Hart Family! Damn it! I'm one step too late! Forcing a pure and innocent smile on her face, she said, "I simply wanted to share some of the burdens my father is carrying. My father is getting older. I don't want him to work so hard anymore."

"That's very filial of you," he dryly replied. Then, he turned away and continued ringing the doorbell. He was making it clear that he did not wish to continue talking to her.

Although Kris felt a little annoyed inside, she knew that she couldn't rush things with the elders of the Hart Family. Thus, she quietly stood by the side. In any case, Sebastian had not asked her to leave. And, her reason to be here was a legitimate one. Even if she couldn't attract Tony's attention as per her original plan, it wasn't a bad outcome since she met with Sebastian and created a better impression of herself on him instead.

However, the two of them had not expected that their wait would last for half an hour. Adding to the fact that Sebastian had asked his driver to wait by the side of the road for more than 20 minutes earlier, he had practically been waiting for almost an hour now.

Myra was suffering from leg cramps. For that reason, Tony had no choice but to end things early. She pinched the waist of the man in front of her furiously. Unfortunately, his firm and hard muscles only made her hand hurt. Thus, she glared at the man in front of her with all her might.

Meanwhile, Tony was feeling very tolerant now that he had satisfied himself once. Hugging her, he massaged her calf for her. Although the pressure he used with his massage wasn't perfect, her leg felt much better. Thus, she moaned slightly from the pleasure. Listening to her sexy voice after doing the deed, his eyes darkened slightly again. His hand that was massaging her calf slowly slid upward. Just as he was about to succeed, he was stopped by a delicate little hand. Her eyes were full of grievances. "My leg hurts..."

His hand immediately stopped mid-motion. He kissed her on the lips before carefully placing her back in the passenger seat and saying in a hoarse voice, "I'll carry you up. You should soak in a hot bath for a bit."

She hurriedly nodded in agreement, for fear that he might suddenly change his mind. When he got out of the car, cool air immediately rushed into the car the moment the car door was opened. As their passion gradually ebbed, they slowly calmed down. At that moment, they heard the faint ringing of the doorbell.

The doorbell had been installed in the villa, so the sound was very faint in the garage. Moreover, the two of them had been caught in the throes of passion just now; they were too busy to hear anything. Myra indicated to Tony to go and check who was ringing the doorbell. After tidying up slightly, Tony opened the garage door and walked outside.

Sebastian saw it clearly—Tony had walked out of the garage just now. In the last half an hour, his grandson had been in the garage all along! As Tony got closer, Sebastian noticed several red marks on his grandson's neck. It was very noticeable!

"You little b\*stard!" Once Tony approached, Sebastian could no longer stop his rage from erupting. "I rang the doorbell for so long! Are you deaf?! What were you doing sneaking around inside the garage?! Why didn't you come out to open the door?!"

Tony had seen the old man that was standing outside the gate as soon as he exited the garage. He squinted slightly in response. After doing the deed, he had a lazy and sexy vibe around him, which made Kris, who was acting like she was invisible by the side, more attracted to him than ever.

"Why are you yelling?" He walked over without any expression on his face. He was also in no hurry to open the door as he calmly explained, "I was busy making you some great-grandchildren."

Sebastian's expression flushed red instantly—he immediately understood the meaning behind Tony's words.

"You little b\*stard! Don't you know shame?!" His tone became stricter. However, it had no effect on Tony. Tony simply raised an eyebrow. "If you don't want great-grandchildren, just let me know. I'll be more careful in the future."

"Who said I don't want great-grandchildren?!" After being silenced for a long time, Sebastian finally choked out that sentence. He glared balefully at his grandson standing in front of him. The problem is that I can't wait to have great-grandchildren! Seeing that the man in front of him had no intention of opening the gate, he forced himself to calm down and spoke to Tony in a commanding tone. "Open the gate."

"Why did you come here at noon?" Unfortunately, Tony was not an obedient grandson.

Sebastian had been waiting for nearly an hour now. During that period, the flames of his rage had erupted, died out, and rekindled again. Moreover, this process had repeated itself time and time again. He only waited this long because he wanted to eat the food Myra cooked herself. Pursing his lips, he glared at Tony. "Coming over during noon, what else can I come for other than to have lunch with you?!"

"Oh. We've already had lunch. If you want to drop by for lunch in the future, let us know in advance." Tony folded his arms across his chest and raised his eyebrow.

"Don't you dare lie to me! I saw you coming back after shopping at the supermarket. You never even left the garage; how could you have eaten lunch already?!" Sebastian was about to start preaching again as soon as he recalled that the two had been fooling around in the car ever since their return.