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It was silent on the other end of the line and there were only sounds of labored breathing and some static noise. Myra frowned slightly and she repeated herself, "Hello, may I know who is on the line? How can I help you?" However, she was greeted with the same silence.

She waited for a long time—it was so long that she assumed it was a prank call. Just as she was about to hang up, a hoarse male voice spoke. "Myra, I want to see you."

Myra was very familiar with this man's voice—it was one that she had heard more than a thousand times in her dreams. However, listening to his voice now no longer had the same effect as the past, where her heart used to race. She scowled deeply and muttered, "I have nothing to say to you."

Sean must have known that she was about to hang up on him because he sounded anxious and urgent when he said, "Myra, Tony is not a good person. He has been plotting for a long time to be together with you. You have to believe me!" I am sure that the man isn't as devoted to Myra as he presents himself to be. He must have an ulterior motive, but I just can't seem to find concrete proof at the moment! Well, there's the Hillville project. However, it might not just be that project because there might be other things that we are not aware of!

"Sean, I am truly curious as to why you're telling me this." Myra struggled to hide her anger and unhappiness. She laughed mirthlessly and she retorted, "What's the matter? Do you feel that you've lost your manly dignity since I am not suffering after leaving you? Are you unhappy because I am doing well in life? Will you be happy only if I miss you to death and pester you every day after leaving you? Let me tell you this, Sean—I am not a cheap woman!" Myra was bewildered by Sean's sudden phone call.

He remained silent after listening to Myra, but he did not deny her claims.

In the beginning, I was mocking Myra in my heart when I saw how she just couldn't wait to divorce me at the Civil Affairs Bureau. I thought that she was just pretending to appear unrestrained and natural, and I assumed that she was just trying to hold onto her last shred of dignity. I was so sure that she would come crawling back to me in the end. However, I did not expect her to end up with Tony Hart.

After learning that Tony and Myra had become a couple, Sean felt that it was unacceptable. She is my wife! How could she be together with that man? She told me that she is in love with me and me only, so why is she smiling so happily with that man?

Sean gripped his cell phone so tightly that his knuckles turned white. "Myra, we were once husband and wife—I would never lie to you. One day, you will understand that I am doing it for your sake, whereas that man has been plotting to be together with you. He's only going to hurt you!"

"That's enough, Sean." Myra could no longer hide her frosty tone anymore. "Have you ever treated me right? If you haven't, please do not claim that you are doing this for my sake after our divorce. You claim that another man has been deliberately plotting since he treats me well. Why don't you try recalling how you treated me in the past? Since we're divorced, you should stop switching phone numbers to contact me. I honestly do not know you well anymore, and I am not interested in having an outsider criticize my private life. Also, you should mind your current wife if you have the time."

Myra recalled Lyla coming right in front of Tony and herself in the afternoon. She was asking Tony for help and I was rather upset. Why is the couple showing up constantly in my life ever since I've divorced Sean?

"Myra, you will regret it!" Sean's expression changed drastically and he squinted at the heavy traffic outside of his car window. "I even heard that Tony used to have a woman in the United States and she's back here looking for him. Myra, how well do you know Tony? You do not know how cruel this man is. He disregarded his best friend, who had fought and struggled with him, for his selfish interests by dissolving the company and in the end, he only distributed 10% of the shares to his close friend. He is the Devil, who will utterly destroy someone and one day, you will—"

Click! Myra hung up on the call straight away and she blocked the phone number swiftly. She stared at her cell phone and a flash of anger reflected in her eyes. I did not know that this man is such an abomination. I can't believe he is talking bad about someone behind their back. Has he forgotten how he treated me in the past? Is he trying to disgust me further by claiming that he's doing this for my sake?

Myra's phone started ringing again and her expression soured. However, when she noticed the caller ID on the screen, she realized that it was Mr. Smith from the Parker Group. She relaxed significantly before answering the call. Mr. Smith was calling her to inform her about the contract between the two companies.

Before the call ended, Mr. Smith invited Myra for a meal, and indirectly hinted for her to bring Tony along if the latter had the time. Myra knew that Mr. Smith was actually inviting Tony, but she did not want to bother Tony further. Hence, she skillfully changed the topic before hanging up.

Tony has helped me tremendously during the contract signing in the Ritz Carlton today. He must have been worried that something might crop up. His appearance in the private room today has confirmed our relationship, and he did that to make sure that Parker Group does not underestimate the Stark Group in the future. Myra's mood improved tremendously when she thought of Tony. Initially, she wanted to phone him, but she changed her mind when she recalled that he was most probably in a meeting now.

After work, Myra packed her things, and she made her way down the building after bidding Tilly goodbye. The elevator stopped at the Project Department and she bumped into Kris, who was entering the elevator with luggage in tow. The latter was dressed beautifully and sensually, a stark contrast from her usual office wear. Most importantly, she was dragging a small luggage with her. It was obvious that she was preparing to go on a trip.

Kris' expression fell once she saw Myra. Nevertheless, she merely snorted and the two of them acted as if they had not seen each other. When the elevator arrived at the ground floor, both of them left the elevator simultaneously.

Myra left the Stark Group and she made her way directly to a black SUV parked right outside. At that moment, a domineering man was leaning against the front of the SUV. He was wearing a suit and had on a pair of leather shoes. He had a serious expression but he was unmistakably handsome. The man was using his phone, whereas a cigarette was dangling from his other hand, causing smoke to shroud his face and blur his facial features. Nevertheless, his elegance was recognizable instantly.

Myra blushed slightly when she saw Tony, and she immediately felt annoyed with herself. I've been together with him for such a long time but I still get butterflies whenever I see him.

Myra walked slowly toward Tony. He had already stubbed out his cigarette and was smiling at her. He then wrapped his arms around Myra while planting a soft kiss on her forehead. "Let's go. Grandpa asked us to head home today and Grandma misses you."

Myra nodded. Tony opened the door of the front passenger seat for her. Just when she was bending down to get into the car, she saw Kris, who was staring at them, from the corner of her eye. Something seemed to flash through Myra's gaze but she took her seat in the car swiftly.

Tony had also noticed Kris, who was standing nearby, and he narrowed his eyes slightly. Then, he saw the person coming over to pick her up and his thin lips curled into a faint smile. The car drove away quickly.

Behind them, Kris was staring at the man who came over to carry her luggage. "Didn't I ask you to be here by 5.30 PM? Look at the time now—it's almost 6!"

The man's friendly face appeared apologetic as he murmured, "I'm sorry, baby. The traffic was heavy today but it won't delay your journey."

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Kris just could not muster her anger whenever she came face-to-face with Hayden, who had never lost his temper with her. I'm not sure why but ever since I met Hayden, he has had me wrapped around his finger! However, I need to remind myself who is the man I need to marry!

She got into the car gloomily and Hayden seemed to sense her foul mood. After he got into the car, he pulled Kris closer to give her a kiss. The kiss seemed to have ignited his passion because he almost pinned her underneath him in the car.

"What are you doing?" Kris regarded the man in front of her, who was drowned in lust. She shoved against him and she scowled unhappily. "Why aren't you driving yet? I will never let you off the hook if I miss my flight!"

Hayden merely chuckled good-naturedly as he released her. "Alright, alright. I will send my baby to the airport now. Come to think of it, does the Stark Group have a project abroad? Why are you flying to the United States out of the blue?"

Kris' gaze flashed mysteriously. However, she kept her head lowered while pretending to adjust her clothes, so Hayden did not notice anything amiss. "Dad wants to expand the business abroad and he asked me to check out the situation," she answered lightly.

"That makes sense." Hayden produced a delicate pink box out of nowhere suddenly, and he presented it in front of Kris. "Open it and have a look. See if you like it."

Kris' eyes shone brightly but she pretended to look away. "What is it?"

Hayden smiled at her without answering her.

Kris accepted the box and her mood improved straight away. Recently, Hayden is almost like a changed person. He is always giving me surprises here and there. These gifts do not cost a bomb but they are pricey. If I were to put together everything he has given me, it will no doubt be a hefty amount.

True enough, when Kris opened the box, she found a 12-carat, pink diamond ring nestled in the box. The diamond was huge and cut into a luxurious peony-shape, and it was simply stunning.

"Thank you." Kris thanked Hayden quietly while hiding the delight in her heart.

Hayden chuckled while caressing her head. "Do you like it?" Judging by his tone, he seemed to be hinting at something else.

The hint couldn't be more obvious when a man in love was presenting his woman with a ring.

I will not accept Hayden's ring, but this ring is especially beautiful and I can't bring myself to reject it...

Just as she was hesitating, she did not notice a trace of darkness flash through Hayden's eyes. Soon, she heard his gentle voice. "Kris, don't panic. I just want you to be happy, which is why I gave you this present. Please don't overthink it."

And so, she happily accepted the gift without feeling pressured after listening to Hayden's explanation.

"Hayden, I really like the gift. Thank you so much, Darling." Kris beamed brighter than before.

It is wonderful to have a lover as generous and understanding as Hayden!

She leaned over to kiss Hayden's cheek before she looked down to study the diamond ring, not noticing his smiling face stiffening slightly.

This was Myra's third visit to the Hart Residence. She went empty-handed the first two times, and she even accepted a gift from Lisa when she left during the second visit. This time, she was determined to buy gifts for everybody.

Hence, she made Tony park the car in the mall. She wanted him to give a second opinion, so the two of them went into the mall.

They shopped around and soon their hands were full with bags.

Some were gifts for Sebastian and Lisa, and there were also presents for Serena and Henry. Myra also prepared a gift for Shawn too, just in case.

However, after buying a ton of gifts, Tony didn't seem ready to leave.

Myra counted the gifts and she felt that she had everybody covered. Then, she asked Tony, who was standing beside her, "Aren't we leaving? Do you have something else you need to buy?"

Tony's expression fell when he heard that. Even when he was holding multiple shopping bags, he still managed to emit a domineering but restrained aura. He squinted slightly and his narrowed eyes glinted menacingly as he looked at Myra, who was standing in front of him. In the end, he asked casually, "Are you done shopping? Have you got a gift for everybody?"

"Yeah. Old Madam Hart, Old Master Hart, Serena, Henry and Shawn... Oh—is Damian coming back too?" Myra knew that Damian was usually in the troops, so he was rarely home.

Tony raised a brow at her and he gazed at her with a slight smirk. "You seem to be keeping tabs on them accurately."

Myra pondered for a while when she noticed his expression. Her large eyes then twinkled with a smile as she teased, "Are you being difficult because you assumed that I've forgotten to buy you a present?"

Tony chuckled coldly but his laughter did not sound genuine. The next thing she knew, Myra felt a sharp pain on her waist because Tony had pinched her hard.

"Tony!" Myra wasn't sure what to feel. "You're so childish for a man in his thirties! Haven't I bought you a shirt not too long ago?"

Then, Myra immediately recalled that the shirt was charged on Tony's card... She cleared her throat and she clung onto his arm, dragging him into a nearby shop.

However, Myra became embarrassed immediately because it was a lingerie shop for women.

Once they entered the shop, the shop assistant welcomed the two of them with a warm smile and she greeted them enthusiastically. "Sir, Miss, may I know what you're looking for? Do you need any recommendations? We have a new batch of products recently; the style and quality are top-notch and comfortable. Why don't you give it a try, Miss?"

The shop assistant's eyes twinkled brightly. She knew that this was a huge opportunity for her, judging by the shopping bags the couple had in their hands.

Myra wanted to reject the shop assistant shyly since they had entered the shop by mistake. However, Tony picked up a set of lingerie seriously and he spoke to the shop assistant. "I want another two sets of this size, in black and white."

The shop assistant didn't seem embarrassed at all. On the contrary, she picked up two sets swiftly. After selecting Tony's requested pieces, she made her way directly to the cashier.

Myra flushed a deep red straight away.

She knew from the beginning that Tony was not a shy man. However, this was her first time seeing a man choosing a woman's lingerie in such a collected manner!

Compared to her awkwardness, Tony appeared extremely calm. He held onto her waist while making his way to the cashier, and he looked as if this was a natural thing to do.

He paid by card and left the shop after picking the bag up.

Myra really wished the ground would open up and swallow her when she saw the shop assistant's suggestive gaze. Tony is such a hooligan! Does he want everybody in the world to know that he knows my measurements?

She did not select any gifts for Tony by the time they got into the car.

Myra was still hung up on the incident in the shop, so her cheeks were still flaming red; her eyes were slightly moist and they accentuated the darkness of her pupils. Somehow, she

seemed even more charming than usual and she did not look angry at all. In fact, she seemed to be... throwing a tantrum.

"You're old enough, so why are you still blushing so easily?" Tony asked casually while glancing at a blushing Myra, who was seated in the front passenger seat.

Then, he reached out to pinch her cheek.

It is a taboo for women to have others comment on our age, especially if they were to comment directly that we are old!

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Myra's pinkish face flushed a deep red immediately and she turned to glare at Tony. "I'm just 24, whereas you are almost 35 years old now! Who is the old one here?"

"Are you complaining that I'm old?" Tony's eyes narrowed in warning when he heard that.

The car came to a sudden halt and Myra was flung forward by the sudden, intense inertia. There was a loud 'clack' of the seatbelt unfastening; the next thing she knew, Tony had picked her up and she was facing him.

"Tony Hart! We should be headed to the Hart Residence. I'll leave you here alone if you keep this up!" Myra screamed at him.

Tony cocked a brow at her before releasing her slowly because he must have sensed her annoyance.

She let out a sigh of relief but before she could be fully seated, he started raining kisses on her.

Myra was at a loss for words.

It was dark by the time the both of them arrived at the Hart Residence.

They weren't even sure if the whole family was waiting for them to start dinner; it would be horrible if they were.

A small figure dashed toward Myra the moment she got out of the car. "Myra, you're finally here! We have been waiting for you for a very long time!"

Myra was rather embarrassed upon hearing that. "I'm so sorry to have kept everyone waiting."

Then, she glared viciously at Tony who emerged from the driver's seat.

Tony approached Myra's side and he pushed Henry away, who was leaning against Myra. Then, he wrapped an arm around her waist and walked forward. "Henry, Myra brought a lot of presents for everyone. You should take the gifts into the house."

Henry stared helplessly at Tony, who had snatched Myra away in the blink of an eye. Nevertheless, the boy thought of the woman in the house and his expression turned grave again. He walked toward the trunk of Tony's car obediently, and he summoned the housekeeper to help him carry everything into the house.

Myra was unhappy with Tony's behavior of constantly bullying his nephew. Hence, she reached out to poke him. "Why are you jealous of your own nephew? He is still so young; he doesn't even know anything."

"If he's allowed to cling onto someone else's woman when he knows nothing, imagine what he'd do when he knows the game!" Tony retorted stubbornly.

Myra was rendered speechless by his response.

With that, they continued walking into the house. Serena and Sebastian were already waiting for them, and the former's gaze reflected her worries when they saw the two of them walking into the house. Sebastian, on the other hand, raised a brow and he seemed gleeful about something, but the twinkle vanished almost instantly.

"Hello, Old Master Hart; Hi, Serena," Myra greeted the two of them.

Serena smiled at her. "Myra, it has been ages since you last visited. You should drop by more often."

"I will, Serena." Myra nodded in a friendly manner; she had a good relationship with Serena, after all.

Sebastian caressed his beard and he adopted a cold and distant manner. "It's fine if you are dropping by, but didn't you check the time? Must you make everybody wait for you to prove how special you are?"

"Grandpa!" Serena glared at Sebastian disapprovingly. "You were looking forward to their arrival, so why are you asking such an offensive question when they are finally here?" Then, she turned around to face Myra. "Myra, you know how Grandpa is. He always says things he doesn't mean—don't take his words to heart."

Sebastian snorted since Serena reprimanded him. He folded his hands behind his back before walking away.

After taking a couple steps forward, he didn't hear anybody following him so he turned around. "Hurry up now! Do you want to starve us to death?"

Myra grinned happily and she clung onto Tony's arm while walking forward.

Serena followed by Myra's side and she whispered quietly, "Grandpa had no idea that she was dropping by the Hart Residence when he invited you both here. After all, they are related somehow, so he couldn't just ask her to leave."

Myra was slightly bewildered because she wasn't sure what Serena was referring to. However, she quickly understood what Serena meant when she saw the woman seated beside Lisa in the dining room.

Myra did not get a good look at Gemma last night because it was dark, so she merely had a glimpse of her. Under the bright lights today, Myra could clearly see her facial features.

It was undeniable that Gemma was a beauty—in fact, her beauty was breathtaking. Her eyes sparkled with a magnificent radiance, and her originally intricate face seemed perfect with the layer of light makeup. She looked like an exquisite Barbie doll.

Gemma was seated casually in the dining room, but it was impossible to miss her presence due to her elegance.

When she saw Tony entering the dining room, she completely ignored the woman standing beside him; instead, she stood up to run toward him. 'Tony, I've waited for you for ages! You're finally home!'

Sebastian noticed Tony's gaze but he merely met his grandson's gaze innocently and gleefully. Well, I didn't plan this—I didn't expect the girl from the Walton Family to be so stubborn! I can't believe that she came all the way here.

Nevertheless, Sebastian felt guilty instantly when he shifted his focus onto Myra, who was standing just beside Tony. Clearing his throat, he muttered, "Myra, your grandma knows that you love chicken soup; look, she went ahead and spent the whole afternoon preparing the soup for you. You should have more later!"

After Sebastian's announcement, Gemma turned to look at Myra straight away.

Earlier, Gemma was too distracted because she only had eyes for Tony, so she didn't even notice Myra. Now that she heard Sebastian addressing Lisa as Myra's 'Grandma' instead of 'Old Madam Hart', she couldn't help but stare unblinkingly at Myra. Gemma finally noticed the woman, who was standing beside Tony, was clinging onto his arm when they walked into the dining room. I can't believe Tony did not shove her away!

Gemma frowned immediately and she narrowed her eyes menacingly at Myra. Her gaze was frosty when she asked, "Old Master Hart, I wonder whose family this young lady is from."

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"She's the young lady of the Stark Family. Didn't Tony tell you, Gemma?" Sebastian looked at Gemma in surprise to salvage what was left of Myra's approval of him. Then, he shot Tony a disgruntled look. "And you—why are you keeping such a low profile when you are in a relationship?"

"I'm worried that somebody might snatch her away," Tony answered calmly despite Sebastian's rhetorical question.

Everybody was astounded when they heard that, but they broke into knowing grins right away.

The only time Tony acts like a normal man is when we talk about Myra in front of her. Thereafter, they turned to Gemma in unison, their gazes holding traces of pity.

Tony tightened his arm around Myra's waist when he said that and he completely ignored Gemma who was standing in front of him. Then, he led Myra to their seats.

Gemma's expression soured slightly.

Based on her usual temper, she would have marched right up to Myra and given her a slap while demanding for her to leave. However, this was the Hart Residence. Sebastian and Lisa, who were the elders, were around, so she could not go overboard.

Nevertheless, Gemma was trembling with anger when she saw Tony holding Myra in his arms.

How dare the woman seduce Tony by leaning against him so intimately?

Gemma clenched her fists tightly while suppressing the bubbling anger rising in her chest. She turned around to approach the two of them, but she maintained a calm expression. "Oh—the Stark Family? I wasn't aware that there's a family with that name in Bradford City; I suppose it's not a large family. I am sorry, Miss Stark, for not recognizing you. That was rude of me."

Everybody frowned when they heard that. What Gemma said was extremely rude but she made it sound very natural. She walked to Myra and reached out her hand. "Nice to meet you, Miss Stark."

Myra regarded the exquisite woman who was staring at her with a frosty gaze, but she did not give anything away. After all, they were in the Hart Residence, so it was best to keep trouble to a minimum. Myra knew that she had to keep her cool even though Gemma was eyeing Tony, not to mention that the woman was challenging her openly.

In the end, Myra extended her hand. "Likewise, Miss Walton."

When they shook hands, Myra felt sharp fingernails digging into her right thumb. A sharp pain shot through her hand and her eyes reflected her surprise, but Gemma released her hand almost instantly.

Before Myra could take her seat, everybody saw Gemma picking up some wet wipes from the table after releasing Myra's hand. Then, she started wiping her hand carefully; it was the one which she used to shake Myra's. After that, Gemma threw the wet wipes into the trash can.

The atmosphere in the dining room changed subtly.

When Gemma saw everyone looking at her, she smiled at them innocently. "I am much like Tony and I'm slightly obsessed with cleanliness. I can't allow even the slightest filth to come into contact with my hand. I apologize for that."

The slightest filth...

Isn't she blatantly stating that there's something filthy on Myra's hand...

Tony's expression darkened instantly. He glanced at Gemma, who was still standing at the side, and his frosty gaze lingered on her. He looked as if he was about to freeze her to death with his stare.

Gemma felt shivers down her spine and she was even more upset.

This woman must be the woman who got into Tony's car last night! Today, Lyla even mentioned that Tony is in love with a woman—could this woman be the one? The young lady of the Stark Family? Does she truly think that she's from an important family? It's nothing to shout about! I wonder how she plotted to get into Tony's bed!

Sebastian snorted loudly and his expression turned foul too. Suddenly, Serena broke the silence. "Tony and Miss Stark, do go ahead and wash your hands; it's almost dinnertime. Miss Walton is right—you can't be sure how dirty your hands are."

Gemma's expression changed drastically when she heard Serena.

She was most probably not expecting the Hart Family to be so protective of Myra. Then, she noticed Sebastian's and Lisa's expressions—they didn't look too pleased with her either. Gemma's expression fell but she snorted lightly all of sudden, because she saw the seat to

Tony's left was empty. She was about to sit down but an 8 to 9-year-old suddenly ran toward her swiftly.

The child saw Gemma was about to sit beside Tony just as he was entering the dining room. He ran even faster when he saw that. "Don't sit at my mother's seat!" Henry's voice reverberated throughout the dining room before anyone even saw him.

Gemma was stunned into silence but Henry had already reached her. He pulled Serena's hand and they took their seats to Tony's left. "This is my mother's seat. Miss, your seat is next to my Great-Grandma. Have you forgotten?"

Gemma's expression soured while she stared at Serena, who had taken her seat calmly.

If I abandon my earlier seat, it would seem as if I've abandoned my position with Old Madam Hart. After all, I was chatting with her before Tony arrived. I need to leave a good impression with the Hart Family, after all, but if I were to give up the chance to sit beside Tony, it will benefit that woman he has by his side! Gemma was extremely frustrated but she had to force a smile. "Henry, you are so childish. Who says that I'm sitting here?"

With that, Gemma made her way reluctantly toward Lisa. Later, she saw Henry seated beside Myra while smiling at her happily, as though claiming credit for what he had done.

Myra smiled happily at him while patting the child's head.

She's such a b*tch! Only God knows what she did to charm Tony's weird nephew!

Myra was about to stand up to head to the bathroom. However, just as she stood up, Tony grabbed her hand straight away. He tugged at her suddenly and she fell onto his lap.

Tony stayed put and he wrapped his arms around Myra. "Have a seat first. Why are you in such a hurry?"

That is such a blatant public display of affection!

Everybody appeared calm since they were used to Tony's fake gentlemanly façade. Henry barely flinched, apart from rolling his eyes at Tony. Instead, he enthusiastically served a bowl of soup in front of Myra. "Great-grandma spent the whole afternoon preparing the soup for you, Myra. I'll give you a bowl of it first and you can enjoy it when it cools slightly later."

Upon listening to Henry's comment, Myra suddenly recalled that Sebastian said something similar earlier.

She was just about to say something when Tony squeezed her hand. His expression was tender when he said, "Quick—thank Grandma."

At the mention of the word 'Grandma', Myra couldn't be sure if Tony did it deliberately but he emphasized the term. Tony squeezed her hand tighter when he said that too.

Myra's face blushed immediately and she glared at him. Then, she stood up from his lap to turn toward Lisa.

"Thank you—" Before she could finish her sentence, Tony stood up abruptly to wrap an arm around her waist. Myra felt a sharp pain in her waist, and she glanced at the quiet but shameless man standing beside her. Her face flushed red when she whispered, "Grandma."

Lisa's expression remained calm and indifferent, but her eyes reflected her amusement. "Quickly now—go and wash your hands."

"Okay." Myra nodded and she made her way to the bathroom.

Under everybody's suggestive scrutiny, Tony stood up lazily to head to the bathroom after Myra.

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Gemma gritted her teeth viciously when she saw the tacit understanding between the whole family.

I did not expect the Hart Family to like that woman so much. It's not just Serena and her child! That woman even has Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart wrapped around her finger.

I, on the other hand, feel like a total outsider! Before Tony arrived home, everybody treated me courteously but they were mostly just going through the motions. However, once that

woman arrived with Tony, no one seemed even bothered to pretend anymore. I even noticed that Serena gave me a cold look earlier!

Gemma had never been treated in such a way in her life.

“Old Master Hart, do you remember the incident that happened in the United States three years ago when you were there? Tony was so busy that he forgot to pick you up and I was the one who found you at the airport. My parents and grandparents blamed me for not taking good care of you, Old Master Hart. If you and Old Madam Hart were to visit the States again, I will ensure that you two have the best time in the world!” Gemma plastered a smile on her face once more while she looked at the two elders of the Hart Family.

Lisa remained indifferent and she merely nodded calmly. Gemma was not discouraged because she knew Lisa’s temper well. However, Sebastian merely responded in kind after she suggested that. “We’ll see; that’s in the future.”

He seemed even colder and more distant now compared to earlier. Tonight, I specifically requested Tony to invite Myra back home to the Hart Residence for dinner. However, Gemma showed up out of the blue. In the beginning, I treated her courteously but after what happened earlier, I’m rather upset with Gemma now.

After all, Sebastian might complain about Myra out loud, but he was very protective of her.

Gemma scowled slightly when she heard that, while Serena smiled warmly. “Tony has Miss Stark now. In the future, if Grandpa and Grandma do not have anyone to keep them company in the United States, I’m sure that Miss Stark would be more than willing to accompany them. I doubt they would trouble you, Miss Walton. I heard that the Walton Family is moving back to Bradfort City recently, so how could we possibly expect you to fly all the way to the United States, Miss Walton?”

Serena’s tone was gentle—she claimed that she did not want to trouble Gemma, but it was obvious that she was hinting that the latter was merely an outsider. Even if they had to trouble someone, they would rather trouble their family, which was Myra.

Gemma’s expression soured straight away but Lisa announced lightly, “Let’s eat.”

Gemma stopped herself from speaking just in time when she heard Lisa. She was unhappy to be treated in such a way by the Hart Family, but she could not possibly go against Lisa.

Just as drama broiled underneath the surface, things were rather relaxed in the bathroom.

Myra washed her hands once she entered the bathroom.

However, just as she turned on the tap water, she heard footsteps following her into the washroom. Then, she heard the door close and the click of the lock.

Myra's heart skipped a beat because she knew that Tony wasn't a gentleman, nor a decent one at that.

He's locking the door when we should just be washing hands...

She immediately washed away the soap bubbles on her hands, but a figure pressed against her just when she was turning around.

Myra took a couple steps back hastily but the man in front of her didn't give up. He moved two steps forward to force her against the basin.

Her face flushed red and her large eyes widened when she met Tony's deep and teasing gaze. Myra suddenly felt embarrassed and she shoved him away. "Tony, stop fooling around. Everybody is waiting for us to have dinner!"

After the previous experience, it could be confirmed that the washroom was indeed not soundproof. She did not want anyone outside to listen to their conversation.

Tony glanced at Myra, who was blushing, and he suddenly lowered his head. He chuckled quietly as he murmured, "Myra, look at yourself. You are so scared, as if I'm about to devour you."

Myra flushed an even deeper red after he teased her.

I believe this is his goal by putting me in this position while facing a dangerous man like himself!

"Well, in that case, you should wash your hands straight away. Why are you giving me that look?"

"That's because you're pretty, Myra," Tony cocked a brow at her.

Although she knew that Tony was just making a casual comment, Myra couldn't help but feel a sense of sweetness deep down. Nevertheless, she kept a stern expression. "Quickly now; I'm hungr—!"

Before she could complete her sentence, Tony kissed her lips hard.

Later, he released her and he went ahead to turn on the tap water to wash his hands, acting as if nothing happened between the two of them.

Myra was astounded and she regarded Tony's serious side profile. He had a handsome face and a chiseled jawline. In fact, he seemed as if he was the extraordinary work of the Gods, but Myra couldn't help but grit her teeth in frustration.

Kris has just left and Gemma pops out now. This man in front of me truly has the ability to attract women!

"If you continue glaring at me, the whole bathroom is about to turn green." She heard a deep rumbling chuckle. Myra snapped back to reality, and she saw Tony's dark and beautiful eyes staring at her from the reflection of the mirror. His eyes were twinkling with a smile.

Her cheeks flushed red again and she glared at him stubbornly. Then, she opened the bathroom door to leave straight away.

Tony caught up to her effortlessly and he put his arm around her waist. He moved his thin lips close to her ear as he murmured, "She isn't as pretty as you are."

Myra knew clearly that he was referring to Gemma.

"You're such a smooth talker!" Myra refuted him, but she was secretly delighted.

"Fine; in that case, you aren't as pretty as she is, indeed." Tony's calm voice sounded almost like a hooligan. In public, Myra had always assumed that he was a very serious and old-fashioned person. Who would have expected him to act like a rascal in a shameless way?

Myra pursed her lips when she heard him. She tried untangling herself from his grip but Tony held her waist even tighter as he laughed quietly. "However, I am in love with you."

Myra felt as if fireworks went off in her heart. She kept a stern expression but her eyes twinkled in delight.

Tony laughed when he saw the happiness reflected in her large and clear eyes. Then, he caressed Myra's head gently.

Well, she got one thing right—I'm 35 years old and she's 24. No matter what, she is like a child in front of me at times.

Gemma almost lost her mind to anger when she saw the two of them approaching while interacting intimately. This was especially true when she saw Tony's openly loving gaze for Myra.

I know how picky he is!

He would never let strange women approach him, nor would he get too close with women in general. In fact, he has never had a female secretary before. He even put up a wall to stop women from getting closer to him!

He has never paid attention to me either, even if I am the younger sister of his closest work partner. In the past, I used to think that he's just being himself and that he's ruthless to women in general. I thought that he would not sweet talk women like other men, nor would he get involved with them. However, that was what made me attracted to him.

I did not expect to find out today that he is merely cruel to 'other women'. It seems that he is capable of gazing at a woman with such tenderness and love in his eyes.