

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 399

The next day, the sun was hanging high in the sky when Myra opened her eyes lazily. Tony was no longer with her in the room, but she took a sniff of the scent that he'd left behind on the comforter and smiled into the sheets contentedly.

As she stretched, she reminded herself that it was a new day; any day with Tony by her side was worthy to look forward to.

Time ticked by as Myra cleaned herself up just like always. She had woken up quite late today, and she felt a little embarrassed when she saw Old Master and Old Madam Hart downstairs.

Moreover, Myra wanted nothing more than to bury herself in a hole when the two elders gave her a knowing smile.

"Come, let's eat—it's getting late," said the old lady as she smiled lovingly; she was getting more and more fond of this granddaughter-in-law of hers.

Nonetheless, Myra liked living with the Harts—she could truly feel the warmth of a family in this household. Even though she was still feeling embarrassed, she didn't want to drag on any longer and rushed over to have breakfast with the seniors!

The three of them chatted casually at the table; Myra told them some interesting stories of what had happened recently as they had a peaceful meal together.

From time to time, Myra still found herself not getting used to the warm way that the Old Master and Old Madam were treating her; it was all because they'd been giving her the same love and affection as they gave Tony.

Soon, it was getting late and morning passed in the blink of an eye. Myra planned to visit the florist shop in the afternoon; at the same time, she was constantly paying close attention to the Stark Group's affairs as things wouldn't always go according to plan. However, she had much time on her hands as she waited for the result.

In the florist shop, Myra was getting help from the florist on some basic techniques when tending to the flowers—she liked to take care of the gardening-related work around the shop. The shop was a place where she could feel relaxed and free, and it helped with her overall mood, making her feel happier and lighter.

When her phone rang with an incoming call from Tony, Myra was coincidentally thinking about the man; the couple seemed to be in sync with each other.

“Are you at the florist?” Tony had a guess that she might be there. His voice was deep and magnetic on the phone and it was pleasant to the ear.

“Yeah, we had a busy day too,” Myra said with a smile.

At the same time, the sweet memory of their passionate night flooded back into her mind; indeed, Tony had been too wild last night. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have woken up so late today.

“Remember to prioritize your health—don’t push yourself.” Myra was always flattered by Tony’s tender voice whenever he expressed his concern for her.

“It’s just some simple tasks. Besides, exercising is also important during pregnancy, you know.” Myra was very proud of her labor today, so she didn’t feel like there was anything wrong with that.

“Okay.” Tony’s tone wasn’t anything different from the usual. Nevertheless, it left a warm feeling in Myra’s chest, making her heart flutter with glee.

Following that, the line was silent for a moment; neither of them had anything to say until Tony was the one to break the silence.

“Have you heard about anything on that matter with the Stark Group?” After giving it some thought, Tony decided to tell Myra about the sudden change in the Stark Group’s situation—things were now different from how they originally were.

“What do you mean?” Myra had a feeling that something bad had happened—this couldn’t be a good sign.

“I don’t know where to start.” Tony sounded quite helpless. This wasn’t something that Myra should be worried about to begin with, but from his understanding of her personality, it

wouldn't be easy to explain himself once she found out that he'd been hiding the truth from her.

"Is there a problem with purchasing the Stark Group?" Myra tried to probe for an answer.

"More or less." Tony was careful with his words; he had no idea about the mysterious new businessman either.

Another family was intervening just after the Waltons had been dealt with—it was so sudden that Tony had yet to find out the newcomer's identity.

"How's the Stark Group's current situation?" asked Myra worriedly. She couldn't lose her chance of acquiring the Stark Group; nothing must go wrong in every step of her pursuit.

"Someone is purchasing a large number of the Stark Group's shares," Tony answered calmly.

Just then, a deep frown appeared between Myra's brows. She pondered for a moment before she asked, "Is it Sean?" She couldn't think of anyone else.

"No, it's someone called Matthias Locke." As he spoke, Tony stared fixedly at the man's photo printed on the document at his desk. He tried to recall the man's identity, but he simply couldn't remember where he'd seen him before.

"Matthias Locke?" The unfamiliar name put a fear in Myra's heart. She didn't have an inkling of who the name referred to, but what did it mean by the man's sudden appearance?

"Do you have any idea who he is?" Tony was thinking that perhaps this man was related to the Stark Family.

Myra tried her best to search her memory, but even as she recalled the clients or collaborators acquainted with the Starks throughout the years, the name didn't ring a bell.

"How old is he?" Myra wanted to know more about this man.

"He's around 30; he's a young and successful businessman," said Tony as he squinted, his eyes never leaving the photo of the man.

"He's so young... Who could it be?" Myra muttered to herself before she quickly asked Tony, "Do you have a photo of him?"

“Hold on, I’ll send you a picture.” Tony immediately positioned his phone at the document to take a photo.

Myra knew very well how Tony handled things—he was always particular with finding out the most about his opponents as he believed that it was the best way to succeed. That was why she asked for a photo of Matthias from Tony.

As Myra looked at the photo that Tony had sent her via Messenger, she fell into deep thought. The man—who was wearing a pair of black shades—looked a little familiar, but she couldn’t recognize him no matter how hard she tried.

The feeling of a thought slipping the mind was frustrating indeed—Myra couldn’t tell if he was a friend or a foe. She also wasn’t sure if this sudden change had anything to do with Cameron.

“What should we do about it?” A look of uncertainty hung over Myra’s face.

Tony hadn’t thought of a countermeasure at the moment. Matthias had appeared out of the blue and his moves were slick—a huge portion of the company’s stocks were already in his hands. In other words, things weren’t looking good at all.

“We’ll see how it goes.” Tony’s answer was quite ambiguous, but right now, their best move was to play the waiting game.

When the call ended, Myra started to worry about the Stark Group again. No doubt, a new storm was brewing just after another one ended; it was difficult to tell where things were going.

Myra spaced out for some time as she stared at the flowers in her hands. Her good mood was now ruined, and she could no longer enjoy her free time leisurely regardless of how she tried.

“What are you looking at, Miss Stark?” Sharon’s voice rang brightly from Myra’s side.

With that, Myra snapped out of her daze. She turned to the florist and smiled at her politely. “It’s nothing. Where were we?”

Myra had the habit of finishing whatever she started. Since she still had unfinished work on her hands, she didn’t want her pleasant state of mind to go to waste; she decided to put the

unhappy discussion in the back of her mind and continued the lesson with Sharon. At the very least, she could use the time to learn something practical.

Myra finally left the florist shop in the evening. Meanwhile, Tony was thoughtful as well; he drove his car to the front of the shop and waited for her so that they could head home together.

Myra felt a sudden boost of energy as soon as she saw Tony; to see his car being parked by the side was such a beautiful and welcoming sight to her.

"You don't have to go out of your way to pick me up," Myra said as she walked up to Tony. She would soon become a lazy, loafing woman who couldn't feed herself if Tony continued to spoil her like this.

"Let's say I was on the way, then." Tony opened the door for her like a gentleman as a slight smile graced his face. His eyes typically grew much softer whenever they were on Myra.

"You can't always be on the way." Myra stepped into the car. The evening breeze was gentle and the air was a pleasant temperature; it was unfortunate that they couldn't see the sunset.

"You visit the shop a lot these days," Tony said to Myra as he turned to face her after fastening his seatbelt.

"It makes me feel at ease." Myra put on a huge grin; she wasn't shy to express her appreciation for the florist shop that Tony had gifted her.

"As long as you like it." Tony stared at her with dotting eyes as he caressed her cheek lightly.

The two never once mentioned Matthias throughout their ride. After all, things in the corporate world were never meant to be set in stone, so a few surprises here and there weren't unusual.

It wasn't until late at night did Tony bring up the topic of Matthias upon noticing that Myra wasn't falling asleep after some time.

"Are you worried about the Stark Group? You're still wondering about Matthias Locke, aren't you?" Tony saw through Myra's troubles right away. He wanted nothing more than to lighten the burden on her shoulders, but due to her persistence and personal reasons, he couldn't step in too much.

“This is an odd battle—I don’t know anything about him, but I bet he knows much about us,” said Myra anxiously. She felt that her opponent had the upper hand as he knew a lot more than she did.

“How much of the Stark Group’s shares does he currently own?” It was what Myra wanted to know the most.

Tony stared quietly at Myra; he couldn’t tell for sure since he hadn’t found out about it himself. It all happened too suddenly—all eyes were on the Waltons just moments ago. Who would have thought that someone was acquiring the Stark Group’s shares in secret?

“I’m not sure,” Tony replied truthfully.

“Do you think we should meet up with him?” Myra asked Tony for his opinion.

Tony glanced at Myra as his own thoughts lingered between his brows. He did reflect on whether or not they should meet with the man, but now that the question was blatantly asked, he was suddenly at a loss for words.

That night, they didn’t come to a conclusion on how to solve the issue. Tony told her some things about Matthias, but the information came from indirect sources; its credibility was

However, as it turned out, luck seemed to be on their side—as they were considering their next step, an invitation from Matthias arrived at the Hart Residence.

Tony felt a bit strange when he received the invitation; indeed, nothing was impossible in this world, and no one knew what would happen next.

Since they were deciding whether or not to arrange a meeting with Matthias, the way he took the initiative to invite them actually made their job easier.

Apparently, Matthias was hosting a glamorous banquet in his mansion in three days, and Tony was cordially invited to attend.

With all things considered, the invitation seemed a little ill-willed, though. Myra read the words over and over again; she couldn’t help feeling that the phrases didn’t sound natural at all.

“What do you think, Tony?” Myra tossed the invitation aside. She’d heard some rumors regarding Matthias for the past few days—it seemed like he was a strong-willed and decisive businessman.

“It might be a trap, but I’ll attend it,” Tony said nonchalantly. He had a feeling that Matthias wasn’t targeting the Stark Group, but the Hart Family instead.

“Will you be taking me?” Myra blinked at him as a smile played on her lips. It looked as though she was telling him a joke.

“He invited us both. Tell me, am I taking you or not?” Tony’s eyes darted to the invitation on the table; he was curious whether the invitations were phrased the same way to Matthias’ other guests, or the man had specially prepared it this way for them.