

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 56

Tony's gaze lingered on Myra throughout the entire dinner. He stared at her as she stood before him with her glass raised, the indifference in his eyes interwoven with other emotions.

On the other hand, Myra winced at him after she had downed her drink.

Everyone turned to look at Tony in anticipation. After a long pause, he raised his own glass and downed his wine slowly.

As he did so, he returned Myra's gaze. She saw the dark fire that burned in his eyes and there was the faintest hint of a smile playing on his lips.

It was merely a toast of appreciation but for some reason, her heart fluttered when she saw how Tony was looking at her. She hastily turned away from him, seeking respite from the intensity of his gaze, but she was quickly barricaded by Mr. Logan.

"Something's not quite right here, Miss Stark. I counted three toasts from you to Mr. Clark, but you made only one to Director Hart. You ought to make another toast. Come on, then; pour out another glass!" he chimed.

Myra's head was already spinning from all the drinks she had, and the ground seemed to be moving beneath her feet. She might end up humiliating herself if she kept drinking at this rate. When she tried to come up with an excuse, however, she accidentally nudged Mr. Logan and the drink in his hand spilled over her.

"I'm sorry, Miss Stark!" Mr. Logan was apologetic as he hastily grabbed a napkin off the table and handed it to her.

He could not have prevented this from happening; his inhibitions were just as lowered as everyone else's after all the drinks they had. Glancing down, Myra saw that the wine had soaked through the front of her pencil skirt and the soiled fabric stuck uncomfortably to her skin.

"It's alright." She smiled, not wanting to make a fuss while everyone was having such a good time.

Meanwhile, Leo hurried over to Director Hart after the latter shot him a look from across the table. He lowered himself so Tony could speak close to his ear, then nodded and left the room. He returned with a waiter, who approached Myra and said, "Miss Stark, I could bring you up to the changing room if you'd like."

Seeing as the sodden skirt was sticking to her skin uncomfortably, Myra nodded and followed the waiter to the upper floors.

She had dressed formally today for the contract signing, but her alluring figure was not lost in the modest cut of her office lady attire. The blouse accentuated her curves, and the close-fitting skirt drew in her narrow waist and showed off her long, slender legs.

The waiter was smiling courteously as she handed a similar outfit to Myra, saying, "You have such a gorgeous figure, Miss Stark. This outfit should fit you well enough."

Myra returned her smile as she took the clothes and thanked her, then turned to enter the women's changing room.

She was feeling tipsy, probably from all the drinks, so it took her a while to change into the new set of clothes. When she was done, she had to admit that the waiter had a good eye—the clothes fit her perfectly. She bent over and packed her soiled clothes into a carrier bag, then opened the door to leave the room.

However, she had only just looked up when she froze in place at the sight before her.

The waiter must have left when Myra had been in the changing room, and the person who was presently standing at the door was none other than Tony himself.

There were a couple of cigarette butts littered on the floor, indicating that he had been standing there for a while.

Upon seeing Myra, he shifted slightly and leaned against the doorjamb, his gaze locking with hers. A cigarette dangled gracefully between his lips and his eyes looked darker in the cloud of smoke.

“Director Hart?” Myra couldn’t hide her surprise, eyeing him curiously as she asked, “Do you need the changing room as well?”

As she watched him, she found herself thinking how the heavens must adore him. There was an indescribable grace to his carefree stance, even as the cigarette dangled from his lips. She would have cringed if it was anybody else.

Having heard her question, Tony threw his cigarette on the floor and stubbed it out with the tip of his shoe. He raised a brow as he surveyed her face with mild amusement and answered flatly, “I was waiting for you.”

For a moment, Myra was lost in his gaze. Belatedly registering what he said, she instinctively craned her neck and peered over his shoulder, thinking that he was teasing her again. However, she saw only an empty hallway, with no sign of the fluffy Samoyed named Meow anywhere.

Waiting for me? Why would he abandon the others just to come up here and wait for me?

Seeing her like this, Tony’s eyes darkened and without warning, he reached up to caress her forehead.

He had noticed the dressing on her forehead when she was over at the Hart Group for the contract signing, but he refrained from asking about it. He was distressed at the thought that she might have gotten hurt as a result of what he had done, but he knew he couldn’t wait any longer.

“Does it hurt?” he asked, his voice low and gravelly.

His concern took Myra by surprise. Her skin prickled under the warmth of his hand as he gently caressed the wound on her forehead. She flinched away, growing flustered. “It’s nothing serious; it’s just a small cut, is all.”

She wondered if he was drunk but she grew wary at the same time. She cleared her throat and said, “We shouldn’t keep the others waiting, Director Hart. Shall we head back downstairs?”

As she said this, she tried to steer past him to leave the room. However, she had only just reached the doorway when he pulled her back and pinned her against the wall, taking her into his embrace.

He smelled like peppermint and tobacco, and while the scent was pleasant, it made her blush and sobered her up instantly. She struggled against him, but it seemed as though he was intent on keeping her in place despite his leisurely demeanor.

“What do you think you’re doing, Director Hart?” she demanded with her voice raised as she glowered at him warily.

A feeling of déjà vu washed over her. She blushed furiously as she thought about that night at the hotel when he pinned her against the wall in this exact manner. However, just as she felt her face reaching boiling point, Tony leaned forward.

His lips found hers—he tasted like red wine and she felt herself growing intoxicated.

She could not believe that he would actually kiss her. Indignant, she raised her knee to attack him, but he sensed this and pinned her legs down with his own.

His eyes bore into hers and though he saw the anger in them, he couldn’t help but find her extremely endearing. He shook his head and wondered if he had fallen head over heels for her.

He appraised her outfit through narrowed eyes, and his lips quirked up in an amused smile as he drawled, “Looks like I have a good eye, after all. The size of these clothes fit you perfectly.”

It was as though the air around them became still and Myra’s face grew hot. He had told the waiter her size, but how did he know her measurements in the first place?

“Let go of me right now, Tony Hart!”

He was far too complicated and dangerous, and when he looked into someone’s eyes, one couldn’t help but let their armor fall away. But there were times when he was a rogue, like he was in the present. Myra couldn’t believe that he could be so blatant as to do something like this to her.

Blood was pounding in her head. She brought her gaze up to look into his eyes and she did not know if it was her own illusion, but she thought there might have been a trace of tenderness there.

She felt herself growing hot all over. She was embarrassed and outraged when she seethed, “Tony, I think I’ve made it very clear that I’m a married woman. Don’t you think you’ve overstepped your boundaries here, Director Hart?”

“How so?” he asked breezily, as though he could not see the anger flashing across her face.

Upon hearing this, she choked. How was she supposed to answer him?

She was turning white with rage. Seeing this, Tony did not try to force an answer out of her and instead, he let her go.

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As soon as Tony released her from his arms, Myra backed away and put some distance between the both of them. She kept her eyes on him, wary of his every move.

Her thoughts tumbled over one another as she struggled to come up with a reason for what Tony had done. She allowed the possibility that he might have been misled by her the last time, when he thought that she was one of those women who slept their way into procuring a project, but this time was different!

He was not drunk—in fact, he looked more sober than she was. His advances tonight were neither those of harmless flirting nor good-natured teasing. If Myra didn’t know any better, she would think he was...

But he knows I’m married, she countered herself.

Myra wanted to run out of the room, afraid of what might happen if she continued staying with him in there. However, just as she passed him, he reached out and gently squeezed her backside.

She stiffened at this and turned to shoot him a deadly glare. A lazy, devilish smile played on his lips as he looked at her, and she bristled.

This... this rogue! Myra was infuriated. How could she not have known this side of him? She had thought of him as a gentleman, but it turned out that his cold and distant façade was nothing more than a sham!

“Don’t you have any self-respect, Director Hart?” she hissed through gritted teeth, clearly outraged at his behavior.

Upon seeing the anger in her eyes, Tony merely nodded and drawled, “As you said, we shouldn’t keep the others waiting. Let’s go.”

With that, he turned and made his way toward the stairs, as though nothing ever happened between them.

Myra wanted to punch a wall. She bit her lip, feeling the resentment and rage building up in her.

As if knowing that she did not follow him, Tony paused and turned slightly, eyeing her nonchalantly. It seemed as if he was waiting for her to catch up to him.

However, Myra drew in a deep breath and surveyed him icily, then walked in the opposite direction to where the elevators were. She had no desire to spend another minute in his company.

He watched her storm away from him, his eyes glinting with amusement.

When she returned to the private dining room, she saw that Tony was already back in his seat. Tilly was flushed as she leaned forward, her face close to Myra’s as she asked curiously, “Myra... did someone piss you off? Why do you look so upset?”

Myra had no intention to share the details of what happened in the changing room, so she smiled tightly and answered, “I ran into a rogue, is all.”

As she said this, she felt a certain piercing gaze directed at her but she pretended otherwise.

“Hey, Myra, since my dreamboat is here, you should have him take care of that rogue for you!” Tilly was clearly inebriated and her words came tumbling out in slurs, but her lack of a filter only served to aggravate Myra even more.

If only Tilly knew that the rogue was none other than the dreamboat himself. How can I be naïve enough to think that a man like Tony is so rare a find in Bradford City?

And what about that lover of his that he mentioned?

At this, Myra grew even more frustrated. She grabbed a glass of wine, but stopped herself when she remembered that Tilly was already drunk. Before this, she might have thought that she and Tilly would be safe as long as Tony was around, but his charming illusion was shattered, and Myra simply couldn't afford to lower her inhibitions any further.

It was clear that those from the Hart Group were far better at holding their drinks, seeing as they were still standing and sober after dinner despite all the alcohol they had had.

Meanwhile, Myra had an arm around Tilly as they headed out of the room, but she fumbled under the latter's drunken weight. In the end, Leo rushed over and helped her carry Tilly into the back seat of the car.

Having settled the ever-nagging Tilly into the backseat, Myra let out a huff of relief. She was about to get into the car when a deep male voice spoke up from somewhere. "Why didn't you text me back last night?"

There were a couple of manager-types from Hart Group who were within earshot, and seeing as Tony didn't even try to lower his voice, they all heard what he said.

While they did not glance over, Myra could tell that their ears had pricked up in an attempt to listen in on any conversation that might ensue. The anger in her was ignited once more as she answered coldly, "I have no idea what you're talking about, Director Hart."

Presently, Tony held a cigarette between his slender fingers. He was standing by the entrance of the Ritz Carlton, his imposing appearance and defined features already causing passersby to turn their heads to steal a glance at him.

Myra slid into the backseat of the car, not wanting to be stared at like a monkey in a zoo. She reached out to close the door, but Tony had come up to the car and was gazing down at her with a raised brow. She looked at him incredulously, wondering if he was being deliberately vexing. He exhaled and the smoke unfurled around her as he asked, "Then why did you call me last night, Miss Stark?"

Upon hearing his emphasis on the words 'last night', Myra stiffened and inhaled sharply.

She flushed all the way to her neck. Tony was definitely trying to flirt with her in front of everyone else!

"I didn't call you last night; I called you yesterday afternoon!" she argued.

"Oh—is that right? So why did you call me then?"

He sounded deadpan as he asked the question, as though he enjoyed provoking her. Her chest rose and fell angrily, and she had no idea how she should respond. She had called him yesterday to thank him for all his help. However, seeing she had done that at dinner just now—coupled with the fact that he had kissed and groped her—she found it impossible to utter the words 'thank you' again.

When she did not answer, he offered placidly, "Do you not wish to talk about it in front of everyone else? That's fine; you can call me tonight."

How dare he act all innocent like this after the things he had done to her? She glared at him murderously, her chest tightening painfully as rage filled her. When Tony shifted away, she pulled the car door shut with a bang. Without sparing him another glance, she asked the chauffeur to drive away.

"Myra, were you arguing with my dreamboat?" Tilly slurred between hiccups, scooting close to assess her with bright eyes.

Myra pressed her lips into a grim line and refused to speak, clearly beside herself with rage.

At the sight of this, Tilly beamed before she added drunkenly, "So this is how you look when you're angry... You know, Myra, you used to... you used to always look like you have a lot of resentment pent up in you, and you always looked so down..."

Upon hearing this, Myra stiffened.

Tilly pouted as she continued, "Myra, I think... I think you and Dreamboat Tony are made for each other."

Myra's face darkened and she reached out to pat the other girl on the head. "Did you forget that I'm married?"

Tilly grinned like an idiot. "You can always get a divorce. Besides, you never talk about your husband anyway—he must be horrible to you!"

Myra froze and the light seemed to go out of her eye.

Is Sean horrible to me?

A bitter smile played on her lips. Tilly's right—he does treat me horribly.

But there was nothing she could do about it. She was married to him and she liked him, even though he despised her.

The Chase Group was already starting work on the Sunny Bay Project, and they were putting in every bit of effort in order to pave their way into more real estate projects. Now that they had gone through all the building materials and done all the advertising work, they only needed to wait and see how the first stage of construction would turn out.

The weekend flew by and Myra was back to a busy schedule on Monday.

At four in the afternoon, Richard dropped by to see her. It was only then that she remembered what Sean had told her last week—he had asked her to attend Old Master's Hart birthday banquet with him.

But after their big fight the other night, she wondered if he still wanted her to go with him to the banquet.

"Are you sure there hasn't been a mistake, Richard?" Myra asked flatly, lowering her gaze.

Richard pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose and said mildly, "There's no mistake, Miss Myra. Director Chase has asked me to escort you to the atelier so that you may try on your dress for tonight. It's Old Master Hart's birthday banquet after all, and Director Chase insists on making an entrance with you. These are his exact instructions."

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Sean hadn't wanted to bring Myra to the banquet, having changed his mind at the last minute.

However, when he got home today, an angry-looking Eve came up to him and demanded, "Sean, did you and Myra have another fight?"

He did not answer but his own expression was sour after all that had happened recently.

After a long moment of hesitation, Eve pressed on, "I'll ask you this, Sean—are you still holding a grudge against Myra for what she did to the other woman and her unborn child?"

Eve hadn't wanted to bring this up because she hated talking about the other woman, but there was one other reason that kept her from asking Sean about this. Her heart clenched tightly. She knew that there was no easy way to go about this conundrum—it might even end up making things worse between Myra and Sean.

Sean's face grew darker. "Mom, I've married her just like you asked. What more do you want from me?"

"How dumb can you possibly be?" Eve snapped, then sighed heavily as she continued, "Why do you still blame Myra for hurting that child? Do you still love the other woman? Is that the reason?"

He looked up abruptly and his gaze darkened dangerously as he hissed, "You know as well as I do what that woman did to me. Why would I still be in love with her if she's already moved on with another man?"

"So why are you treating Myra so horribly?" Eve argued, her heart pounding wildly in her chest. "You say this isn't about the woman—so does this have anything to do with her child? Is that child the reason why you're being so cruel to Myra?"

"That child wasn't just hers, he was mine, too! And he was supposed to be your grandchild!" Sean thundered, his voice threatening to freeze the air around them.

“Mom, think about it—that child wasn’t even born yet, and Myra didn’t think twice about getting rid of him. How do you expect me to live with a woman like that? Haven’t I done enough? She asked for marriage and I gave it to her, but I never promised to love her.”

Upon hearing the words ‘that child wasn’t even born yet’, Eve took a couple of steps back. She trembled as the past flashed in her mind.

She clenched her fists and her voice was hoarse as she said, “Regardless of what you think of Myra, can’t you at least see all the things she’s done for you all these years? I know what kind of person she is and you know this too, but you refuse to admit it. What if what happened in the past was only a misunderstanding? What if Myra didn’t know the woman was pregnant? Sean, all I’m asking is for you to stop treating Myra the way you do. The affection she has for you won’t last forever...”

Sean spent the entire afternoon cooped up in his office. He didn’t change his mind in the end, and instead called Richard into his office.

Myra’s fingers tightened around her pen after she heard what Richard had said.

In the two years of their marriage, Sean rarely brought her along to formal events. She had thought that he hated her and after their relationship soured, he was even more unlikely to bring her along as a date.

Anxiety rose within her as she thought about the idea of attending the banquet with him.

As if reading her mind, Richard consoled, “Please don’t fret unnecessarily, Miss Myra. You are his wife, after all. Director Chase was only putting on an act with all those other women.”

“Putting on an act?” she repeated with a cold chuckle. After their big fight the other night, Sean had left to spend the night with a young model. Both of them made headlines in the tabloids the next day, with pictures of them looking as though they could not bear to part from one another. If all those were only an act, Myra dreaded to think how much he could truly hurt her.

Richard was still standing before her, looking awkward. Upon seeing this, Myra said flatly, “Go and get the car. I’ll wait for you outside the building.”

She had only agreed so that the rest of the office wouldn’t grow curious about Richard’s presence. It was only a banquet, after all; Sean was probably only trying to put up a decent

front. Though their marriage was kept under wraps, there were still many in the upper-class who knew about them anyway. She only had to do this for show, so there was really no reason for her to be bothered by it.

The traffic was clear along the way. When they arrived at the atelier, Myra was greeted by the service staff who came out to open the car door for her.

A woman—who was the manager of the atelier—stepped up from among the staff, smiling at Myra as she said, “Mrs. Chase, we’ve readied the dress that Director Chase picked out for you. It’s a limited edition and air-flown from Paris, too!”

Myra nodded and was about to head into the atelier when she suddenly stopped in her tracks. Hastily turning back with a stony expression, she caught a glimpse of the red Ferrari that was parked not too far away.

She had seen a woman get into that car after the latter came out of the atelier. That woman...

Myra stiffened and without another thought, she rushed over to where the car was. However, the car started before she could reach it, and it drove away from the curb.

Myra stared after the red car in shock. If my guess is correct...

Presently, the manager from the atelier approached her and asked cautiously, “Mrs. Chase, is everything alright?”

“Miss Sherwood, who was that lady just now?” Myra demanded, her tone anxious.

The manager looked as though she wanted to evade the question and she chuckled awkwardly. “That would be Miss Fisher. She was here to pick out an evening dress.”

“Miss Fisher? Wouldn’t that be Ly—” Myra broke off. She ought to be relieved but for some reason, her heart raced even faster.

The dress that Sean picked out for Myra was exquisite. It was a simple, ivory-colored dress, worn off-the-shoulder and hemmed at the knee. The only embellishments on it were the mother-of-pearls that were strung along the waist. The skirts were flared underneath a thin layer of tulle, adding a somewhat romantic touch to the dress.

This is the dress Sean picked out for me?

Standing outside the Ritz Carlton, Myra felt as though she was in a daze.

She couldn't remember the last time she had attended a banquet like this. She fidgeted in her dress and was beginning to feel out of place when a gentle female voice said close to her ear, "Miss Stark."

She looked up and locked eyes with Serena—the eldest of the Hart siblings. Myra had seen her once at the Hart Residence and remembered that she was Henry's mother.

Seeing as Serena was Sebastian Hart's eldest granddaughter, she had been standing by the entrance to greet the guests and usher them in. She was surprised to see Myra but she was delighted too, if not more so.

She wasn't sure what Myra had said to Henry the other evening in the garden but later that night, he had come up to Serena and solemnly told her that he would stand by any of her decisions, as long as she was happy. After that, it was as though his entire demeanor shifted. Henry started making little gifts for her just to make her smile, which comforted and surprised her to no end. Serena hadn't expected any of this from him—after all, this was the same child who had avidly protested against her divorce.

No matter how she saw it, Henry's change in attitude could only be attributed to his conversation with Myra. Serena had wanted to thank her ever since, but there was no opportunity for her to do so, until today.

"Are you here today as Tony's date?" Serena asked, a meaningful smile playing on her lips. She came up to Myra, then clasped the latter's hand in her own. "By the way, Miss Stark, I've been meaning to thank you. You know you're welcome at our place any time—Henry absolutely adores you."

It took a while before Myra realized what Serena was thanking her for. She recalled Henry, the little boy with whom she had a conversation the other night, and shook her head as she said, "You don't have to thank me, Miss Hart. I like Henry, too. As for the banquet..." she trailed off and winced slightly, unsure as to how she should phrase her words. "I'm not here with Director Hart."

"Aren't you here because Tony invited you?" Serena asked with wide eyes.

“Myra—” someone interjected, his voice a pleasant baritone.

Before Myra knew it, she was pulled into a loose embrace. The same voice then said, “You’re here at last. I’ve been waiting for you for a while now.”

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Serena was suspicious and she stared at the man who was holding Myra in his arms.

When Henry had mentioned that Miss Stark was a friend of Tony’s, Serena thought that she might be Tony’s girlfriend. After all, Tony did not have friends who were women, let alone bring them home. However, it seemed that Miss Stark was already in a relationship.

Serena frowned slightly before she asked with a pleasant smile, “And who might this be?”

Before Myra could answer, Sean replied, “Miss Hart, it looks like you’ve already met my wife. I’m Sean Chase, by the way, from the Chase Group. We’re here for Old Master Hart’s birthday banquet.”

His wife?

Serena’s smile faltered slightly. She sighed inwardly as she glanced at Myra, then turned to address Sean, “On behalf of my grandfather, I thank you for coming. Please go on in.”

Meanwhile, Myra nodded silently at Serena, then proceeded to walk through the entrance with Sean’s arm wrapped around her shoulders.

Suddenly, the hand that gripped her shoulders tightened ever so slightly, making her turn to look up at him.

As they entered the Ritz Carlton, the bright lights brought out Sean’s defined and attractive features. He looked dapper in his black suit and crisp white shirt, the dark teal of his tie

adding an understated pop of color to his outfit. He was tall and broad-shouldered, easily standing out among the other guests who were gathered by the entrance.

Myra's heart dropped to her stomach. Did he just introduce me as his wife?

When was the last time she had felt this way?

Or was he only putting on a show?

Tears pricked her eyes, and it took a moment for her elation to die down as she told herself that he was only acting for the sake of the event. All she had to do was to play along with him, and she shouldn't allow herself to believe any of this was real.

They were glued to each other as the night breeze picked up but even so, there was no warmth between them.

As if sensing someone's eyes on her, Myra halted in her steps and glanced over to the side, only to see a flurry of people hurrying over to the car that was pulling up at the entrance.

She saw that it was a silver gray Bentley Musanne. Someone called out 'Director Hart', and a familiar figure stepped out of the vehicle, looking cool and distant. He was dressed in his usual black suit and white shirt, the simplicity of which brought out the chiseled angles of his face. Every one of his movements was regal and imposing, and he looked as though he was glowing under the lights of the hotel.

Myra had long known that Tony drew attention everywhere he went. The panther-like grace with which he carried himself made him stand out in any crowd, even if there were millions of others around him.

From a distance, he appeared to be unruffled as he looked ahead, but he turned and let his gaze fall upon her.

Myra pursed her lips as she thought about how shameless he was.

Just then, an abrupt pain shot through her arm, and she thought the bones in her wrist were about to shatter.

"Be sure to address him." Sean turned to cast her a cold, warning gaze.

However, when he looked up and saw a business acquaintance standing not too far away, he quickly resumed his gentlemanly front.

Myra's lips pressed into a grim line and she looked away from Tony.

When Tony saw the 'happily married' couple who were standing at a distance, his eyes darkened like a stormy sky over tempestuous waters.

"Tony, please don't tell me you actually have feelings for Miss Stark—or should I say, Mrs. Chase," Serena said in a warning tone. She had seen the look in Tony's eyes; he'd been openly staring at Myra since he got down from the car. Her heart grew heavy as she lowered her voice and added, "She's married. I just met her husband—"

"So what if she's married?" Tony cut her off, shrugging nonchalantly. With that, he walked straight ahead, disinterested in whatever else his sister might have to say.

Resigned, Serena sighed to herself and watched as he walked away.

Sebastian Hart's birthday banquet saw a full-fledged Hart family gathering, save for his wife—Lisa Hart—who was down with a fever and had to stay home. The titans from nearly half of the business industry in Bradford City were present at the banquet as well. Myra looked around—the event was refined and proper, which explained why Sean had wanted to make an appearance with her in the first place.

In social events like this, men often grouped together to talk about business, while the women stood by the sidelines.

Myra was tired after going around the hall with Sean to greet a couple of directors who had close business relations with Chase Group. She was also tipsy after downing a few glasses of red wine. She had never been good at holding her drinks and though Sean knew this, he did not offer to drink the wine for her.

They had only just moved away from a conversation with another group of acquaintances when they ran into the two Hart brothers—Tony and Damian.

Tony was renowned in Bradford City ever since he had taken over the Hart Group, but Damian served in the military and was thus an elusive character to most. However, it was not hard to guess who the latter was, seeing as his military rank insignia was embroidered

on his uniform. Furthermore, standing side by side, both brothers shared a strong resemblance between them.

Sean's eyes narrowed slightly when he saw them, but he smiled courteously and abruptly wrapped an arm around Myra's shoulders before going up to the two men. "General Hart, Director Hart, it's a pleasure to meet both of you. I saw Old Master Hart, but he looked so busy that I didn't get to wish him a happy birthday."

Damian suddenly froze.

He and Tony had initially planned on heading over to have a chat with Mr. Engleham, but the moment he took a step forward, Tony discreetly blocked his way. Not long after that, they found themselves being greeted by the couple before them.

Damian did not spend much time in Bradford City, so he had no idea who Sean was. Tony, on the other hand, casually raised a glass at them, a light smile playing on his lips. "The pleasure is ours, Director Chase. Thank you for taking the time to attend our grandfather's birthday banquet, and thank you as well... Mrs. Chase."

His gaze openly fell on Myra as he muttered the last two words with an amused undertone.

"Speaking of which, I truly admire your work, Mrs. Chase. Now that our companies are in a partnership, I look forward to working together with you," he added.

He might be smiling but his eyes were as cold as ever, and Myra couldn't help but think about the things he had done to her even after he found out that she was married.

Her fists clenched instinctively.

Sensing that something was off with Myra, Sean recalled the scene from the video. He frowned as he stepped smoothly in front of her, cutting off Tony's line of sight.

"Pleasure to make your acquaintance, Director Chase," Damian chimed in lightly, having quietly observed the scene before him. He was surprised to see his little brother make the first move. He had heard about the Chase Group, but he couldn't figure out why Tony was getting worked up all of a sudden over a small real estate project. Nonetheless, he smiled as he continued, "We have a lot of guests today, so we apologize for not being able to attend to you."

The smile on Sean's face was a distant one as he said politely, "Don't worry about it."

"Well then, if you'll excuse us, Director and Mrs. Chase." Damian did not wait for the couple to say anything. Having sensed that there was something off with Tony, he steered him in the direction of Sebastian Hart, who was standing not too far away from them.

Meanwhile, Sean was frozen in place as he watched Tony leave with a cold gleam in his eyes. He was a man, after all, and he did not miss the look in the latter's eyes when they fell on Myra.

A rush of anger seized him and without pausing to think, he dragged Myra toward the back gardens.

Some distance away, Damian still had a genteel smile tugging on his lips, but his tone was suspicious as he asked, "Tony, did you go up against them on purpose?"

While this was Old Master Hart's birthday banquet, everyone knew that the old man preferred quiet affairs—the dinner party was only a lavish guise for him to play matchmaker for his two bachelor grandsons. Gambling on their chances to climb up the social ladder, respectable families in Bradford City were now bringing their unmarried daughters before the old man, hoping he would spare them a glance.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 60

Both of them had tall builds with similar handsome features and unique temperaments, which made the ladies around them whisper among themselves while intermittently casting alluring glances at them.

Tony, who was unfazed by their responses, narrowed his eyes and suddenly raised his head to gulp down the red wine in his glass.

"I heard that Katie is pregnant, so your holiday is almost over, right?" Tony did not seem to hear Damian's words.

Damian gazed further and looked at the woman who was beside Sean just now. Currently, she was following behind Sean, and they seemed to have had a disagreement as their expressions were dark. With his brows knitted, Damian didn't reply to him but instead he commented in a stern manner, "Tony, she is a married woman!"

If my guess is correct, he has a crush on that woman. Damian was older than Tony by three years. Other than him, nobody else at home could say anything that would affect Tony's decision.

Upon hearing the words that had been stressed on by others earlier, Tony's expression became slightly icy. "Damian, when did you become such a nosey person?"

When Damian saw Tony's surly attitude, his brows furrowed even deeper. Just as he was about to say something, Tony suddenly interrupted him in a seemingly casual manner, "Katie is coming over here. I'll make a move first."

With that, he immediately left.

Damian felt a little helpless as he looked at Tony's disappearing figure. Tony has always been intractable. If he really wants to... Then, Damian's lover, who was standing right before him, drew his attention back to her.

There was a stage at the center of the hall in the Ritz Carlton, where Sebastian Hart had stood earlier to thank the guests who came with their wishes.

Currently, behind the stage sat a woman with an elegant figure.

With exquisite makeup on her face, her eyes were as stunning as the sunset and under her petite nose were pink tender lips, which resembled the softest of petals. She was wearing a light pink one-shoulder gown which was taken in at the waist line, accentuating her sexy yet slender figure; a kind of spiritual beauty was slowly radiated from her.

"Miss Fisher, Director Hart said that it's your turn to perform next." Leo appeared backstage and looked at the woman before him impassively.

There was a gleam in the woman's eyes as she chuckled. "It's a rare chance to get Director Hart to think highly of me. I shall try my best later." Her voice was crisp and gentle, sounding pleasant to the ears.

Leo nodded and soon left.

After he had left, a female staff member appeared backstage. She approached the woman and said something to her, bringing a bright smile to the woman's lips. The woman then nodded and the female staff left silently.

"Sean, be gentle!" Myra was following Sean. As she had drunk too much earlier, the alcohol started to take effect, causing her to feel dizzy and stagger when she walked.

They arrived at the back garden of the hotel. It was dark there, with only a few people around, unlike the buzzy hall. When they arrived, Sean stopped concealing his hatred toward her and brushed her hand away. "Myra, you are such a sl\*t! How dare you try to seduce another man right in front of me?"

Rage welled up inside Sean. He knew that he did not love Myra, but the anger he felt now was born from her betrayal. I even thought of talking things out with her when we returned home from the banquet later.

His push caused Myra, who was unsteady on her feet, to fall onto the ground. Afraid that she would knock her head, she subconsciously used her elbow to support herself. A soft crack was then heard and a sharp pain exploded in her arm.

"Aargh!"

Seeing her pale instantly, Sean subconsciously attempted to help her up but the moment he extended his hand, he retracted it with a cold expression.

Myra was in so much pain that her body trembled. Looking at the heartless man before her, she felt that she brought this upon herself. A tiny hope that he gave me was enough to make me agree to attend this banquet with him yet in the end, the person who was humiliated is still me!

When he dragged her out of the hall without any consideration about her pride before the eyes of so many people in the hall, the pity and mockery in everyone's gazes almost destroyed her.

"Who did I seduce? Tony Hart?" She felt heartbroken yet enraged. Before they came, Myra told herself that she would just put up with everything as she had no intention to cause a scene with him at the banquet, but it turned out that she was just too naïve. A glimmer

appeared at the corner of her eyes, which she then discreetly wiped away with her hand. Her face was pale as she looked coldly at the man before her. "Sean, please be logical if you want to accuse me of something. I don't think that I have the charm to do that, and I have no intention to make a pointless effort as well. You know better than I what kind of person Director Hart is. Do you think that he is the kind of person who would be easily seduced by me?"

His sarcastic words might have triggered her, causing her to drop her politeness when speaking to him.

When she tried to get on her feet, merely moving her elbow caused her so much pain that she inhaled sharply, a dense layer of sweat appearing on her face.

Yet, Sean only looked at her icily.

She wanted to laugh but no sound came out. It was as if she had been enchanted these few days—although she knew that the man despised her deeply, she still tried to search for all the clues and details in an attempt to make herself fall for him again.

However...

Myra's eyes reddened but she stubbornly forced herself to not utter a word. Then, she spun around and headed toward the hall.

Looking at her miserable figure as she headed toward the hall, a strange feeling emerged inside Sean again. He had been bothered by the feeling for quite some time. Every time he had a disagreement with Myra, he would have this strange feeling—a feeling that made him lift his feet and go after her without a second thought, despite his resentment toward her.

When he was approaching the hall, he was rooted to the spot by a sudden soothing melody of the piano that came from the inside.

Myra heard the sound of the piano as well. It relaxed people's minds, as if the scenery of spring had appeared before them—birds chirping and the fragrance of flowers, as well as a gurgling stream.

The guests around all looked at the stage at that moment. Words and gazes of admiration appeared along with the melody of the piano.

For some inexplicable reason, Myra seemed to hear the call of destiny. She raised her head in a daze and looked in the direction of the stage, just like everyone else.

It was dazzling on the stage, but there were many people off the stage.

One glance was all it took to cause Myra to take two steps back incredulously. A pang of disbelief hit her so hard that her mind went blank.

On the stage was a white piano and on top of it was a bouquet of pink roses. There were water droplets on the petals, which glimmered gloriously under the brilliant light above the stage. A woman, who was even more stunning than the pink roses, was sitting elegantly in front of the piano in her light pink evening gown. The piano piece slowly blossomed from her nimble fingers, resembling little fairies. From Myra's angle, she couldn't see the woman's face, but a glance at her exquisitely gorgeous features from the side would be an unforgettable view to almost everyone, let alone when her face was one that had been deeply engraved in Myra's mind.

It shook Myra to the core and she subconsciously looked behind her. Sean, who had caught up with her, was currently gazing at the stage with his eyes narrowed. Astonishment, anger, gloom and all sorts of emotions flashed across his eyes and finally, the emotion that settled in his twinkling eyes were hints of fascination. Yes; it was fascination, no matter how much he used to despise that woman. No matter what sort of harsh words he had said before, he would still have emotions that even he himself was unclear of when he faced that woman.