

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 66

Myra turned around.

The car's rear lights gradually diminished as the car travelled further on the winding path down the hill, taking away the last bit of warmth along with it. Finally, it disappeared around the corner of the hilly road.

For some reason, Myra felt a sudden flush of panic, as if something was going to slip through her fingers.

Holding her chest, she took a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

She shut her eyes. I am married. Even if Sean doesn't love me, I shouldn't stoop so low as to cheat on him and embarrass him. Also, Tony is too unfathomable and mesmerizing; he isn't a man I can easily mess with. I must stand my ground and stay away!

She stopped staring at the path stretched out in front of her and averted her gaze before turning around with a complex expression on her face. Then, she walked toward the Chase Residence slowly.

After she had barely taken a few steps, she started to pant heavily, causing a wry smile to involuntarily appear on her face. All I did was to attend a banquet, yet I lost my husband and nearly cheated on him.

As Myra was walking, she suddenly started running wildly but stumbled and fell onto the stone path in front.

A sharp pain radiated up her knee, yet she acted as if she felt nothing and climbed back onto her feet before dashing through the door. She then locked the door and slowly slumped to the floor, her back leaning against the carved timber door.

At that moment, she suddenly raised her head, only to find a man lying on his side on the sofa in the living room. Dim yellow light from the only lit wall-mounted light source in the

living room illuminated Sean's face. His sound asleep figure seemed blurry, looking as if he wasn't really there.

Myra held her breath, unclear of whether this was a dream or reality. Sean is... back? Why didn't he go to Lyla?

Gripping the fabric at her chest tightly, she couldn't help but to slowly rise on her feet and walk toward the man step by step.

It was indeed Sean.

When she was near him, she could smell the strong scent of tobacco and alcohol coming from him. I wonder how much he drank to make himself so drunk.

She extended her hand in a careful manner and patted the man, who was lounging on the couch. "Sean, go upstairs and sleep. You'll get a cold if you sleep here." Myra's voice was dry and hoarse.

Truth was, she did not know why she still cared about the man. Suddenly, a wild thought flashed across her mind. Sean is here. Does this mean that he chose not to be with Lyla? Has he fallen out of love with her and does not want to be with her anymore?

The next moment, the drunk man's mumble threw her into hell.

"Why did you come back... Why?" He rolled over to the other side with agony clearly visible on his face as he growled, "Didn't you tell me that you were with me for my money? Didn't you say that the other man was better than me? Why did you return, then? Why did you say all those words that made me misunderstand?"

His last few sentences were blurted like he was an abandoned puppy. He growled for a long time before rolling over to the other side.

All of these instantly made Myra's face blanch.

Of course, she knew the person he was referring to.

Years ago, Lyla ditched him and left with another man, and this incident had left a scar in his heart. He claimed that he hated Lyla, so why would he still feel upset for that woman?

I should have known about this—if he really doesn't love that woman, he wouldn't have blamed me for the death of her child. It was merely his excuse to make himself feel better. He is afraid to develop feelings for me, so he claims that he hates me.

Myra shut her eyes and touched her face, only to realize that it was dry.

She rose to her full height and stared at the man in agony. "You make me realize that no matter how hard I try, you will never cast even one glance at me. If that is the case, I will let you go, Sean Chase."

After saying that, she turned around impassively and headed upstairs.

After the banquet had ended, a waitress furtively headed upstairs toward Tony's private room in the hotel.

She opened the door and the scene inside made her expression fall. Just as she was about to leave, she was stopped by the man inside. "Why are you leaving, beauty? I don't remember giving you my permission to come in, yet here you are. Is this the attitude of the staff at this hotel?"

Elliot narrowed his eyes playfully as he stared at the woman outside with a stern expression.

As Tony had asked him to investigate who was the person that drugged Myra, they had been checking the security recordings all night. In the end, Lucas cryptically stated, "Stay in Tony's room tonight and the person will eventually appear."

Elliot did not understand what he meant—in fact, he did not understand it now as well.

When the waitress noticed that she couldn't escape, she obediently turned to face him. "I am here to look for Director Hart."

"So, you don't have to knock to see him?"

The waitress had a guilty expression as she mumbled, "That's not... I am here to convey a lady's message to Director Hart, but I did not expect him to not be here. Sorry to disturb you; I'll make a move first."

“Stop right there!” Elliot went up to her with narrowed eyes, feeling that the woman before him seemed a little familiar. I must have seen her before, he thought as he rubbed his chin. “What is the message you are going to convey to Tony? Who is it from? I’ll convey it on your behalf.”

Sweat appeared on both sides of her temple as she mumbled, “Uh... It’s from a lady that you may not know of.”

“All the more reason why you should tell me.” Elliot seemed to understand something as he raised his eyebrows. “What if their work gets delayed because of this? That wouldn’t be nice, right?”

The waitress gave it some thought and felt that what Elliot said made sense. Besides, the lady’s motive... She then tentatively asked, “Will you really convey the message to Director Hart?”

“Of course! Otherwise, do you think that I am able to enter his room?” Elliot scoffed.

The waiter took a deep breath and said, “Alright, then—Miss Lyla Fisher is looking for Director Hart. She said that she had something to discuss with him and invited him to go to Room 1024.”

A gleam flashed across his eyes.

I see. The drug was intended to be used on Tony, but Myra accidentally drank the champagne that contained the drug. No wonder I thought that the waitress looked familiar—she’s the waitress whom Myra took the champagne from!

After understanding the whole incident, the enlightened Elliot waved at the waitress. “You may leave now. Don’t worry; I’ll definitely convey the message to him on your behalf.”

Upon hearing that, a delightful gleam flashed across the waitress’ eyes as she quickly agreed and left the room. The moment she left the VIP room, she sent a message to Lyla. ‘Miss Fisher, everything went well on my end; all you have to do is wait for Director Hart to go to Room 1024. Do hurry up and make all the necessary preparations! I hope that your wish will come true tonight!’ Of course, after her plan succeeds, she must make sure to give me what she promised!

Meanwhile, Tony received Elliot's call when he was on his way back. Elliot then related the whole incident where Myra had accidentally consumed the glass of champagne that contained the drugs.

"Tony, it seems that you're quite charming! In my view, Miss Fisher is way better than that woman named Myra—at least the former is a pure lady who is not married. Do you want to go and check her out?" Elliot muttered, hoping to stir up more trouble.

When the cold Tony heard his words, he narrowed his eyes slightly. If I am not mistaken, Lyla left the hotel together with Sean today.

Upon recalling how Myra declared that she loved her husband, Tony's expression became darker and he sneered, "You are asking me to go and check her out? I am afraid that the woman is now in another man's bed."

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"What? How is that possible?" Elliot was shocked.

He knew very well how charming Tony was. Why would the woman be so stupid to sleep in another man's bed when she has the opportunity to get close to Tony?

"You think that it's impossible?" Tony asked nonchalantly.

Elliot could feel the stress piling up and he gulped. "I didn't say so. It's just that—"

"Even if it's impossible, make it possible!" Tony's sudden harsh tone made Elliot shudder.

"Tony, what do you mean?" Elliot, of course, didn't understand Tony's meaning but right after the former asked the question, the call was hung up by the person on the other end of the line.

Elliot felt helpless. Could it be that the woman named Myra has made Tony lose his mind? Nevertheless, this incident had allowed Elliot to see Tony's determination to get Myra.

After Tony hung up, all sorts of emotions flashed across his eyes. Soon, he narrowed his eyes slightly and stomped on the pedal all of a sudden, making the car speed off like an arrow in another direction.

Lyla had once longed for love but she knew very well that it was sometimes too weak when compared to money. In fact, it was so weak that one could not stand firmly in the society with only love.

The man she loved was Sean and even until now when she thought that she had almost forgotten about him, she realized that her heart would still pound for him when she met him once again.

Even so, that did not matter! Sean was now a married man and his mother... There were certain things that she had no intention of giving a second try; one try was enough!

Her expression was a little gloomy at first, but her mood soon lifted.

Just now, the waitress sent her a message. If everything went well, Lyla would become Tony's woman tonight.

She applied some perfume and gazed at her perfect look in the mirror again before slowly leaving the place.

Room 1024 was the room that she had booked. If the man had arrived, he could directly enter the room.

In order to show her manners, Lyla knocked on the door when she arrived in front of the room.

"Come in." The voice, which she found a little familiar now, came from inside. It was low and husky, carrying the unique charm of a mature man.

Lyla's heart raced involuntarily as she slowly opened the door to the room. As soon as she raised her head, Tony's heavenly handsome features entered her sight.

Even if it were not because of his money, his face alone was enough to make her put in plenty of effort to get him.

Lyla soon returned to her senses and quickly shot an elegant and polite smile at the man. "Director Hart."

Her demeanor graceful and noble, she entered the room without forgetting to close the door behind her.

At that moment, Tony was sitting on the couch in the room. His right hand was casually placed on the couch by his side, while his left was holding a cigarette between his index and middle finger. After gently flicking the ashes, he placed the cigarette between his thin lips. His wayward yet noble bearing made Lyla's eyes brighten. On top of that, he had an incredibly handsome face and outstanding background, not to mention a high position and status that he had managed to attain in his young age, which were all achievements that Sean would never be able to obtain even if he strived for it for his whole life!

Upon seeing her walk toward him, Tony's expression was very calm. He lifted his right hand and placed it on the envelope on the coffee table before him. Picking up the envelope, he suddenly tossed it to the other end of the coffee table. "I forgot to give you your reward for playing the piano at the banquet."

With a slightly stiff expression, Lyla raised her head and tucked a strand of loose hair by her cheek behind her fair ear. Her voice was soft as she said, "Director Hart, you are too courteous. It was my pleasure and honor to play a piano piece during Old Master Hart's banquet. How could I take your money?"

"Didn't you ask me over for the money?" Tony asked indifferently, having no idea how hurtful his words were. "What's your purpose, then?"

Lyla clenched her fists tightly by her side while muttering in slight aggrievement, "Director Hart, your words make me sad. Can't I invite you out for a chat and some tea because I've taken a liking to you?"

She lowered her eyes, looking as if she had been hurt by him.

"For a chat and some tea..." Tony stopped smoking; he exhaled a puff of smoke while looking at the woman before him, a shadow of a smile playing by his lips. Suddenly, he sneered, "Miss Fisher, you have met Director Chase, no?"

Due to his chiseled and well-defined facial features, Tony's face exhibited the characteristics of a European, but his overall image that looked more similar to an Asian's, giving people an impression that he was of mixed-race. His eyes were deep, which resembled an icy lake, and his thin lips were pressed together all the time. The ups and downs in life that he had faced throughout the years allowed him to build up his powerful yet constrained aura, which caused Lyla to be momentarily mesmerized by it. However, the very next second, her expression changed as she murmured, "Director Hart..."

"It's late. I will stop beating around the bush with you, Miss Fisher." Tony raised his hand and glanced at his watch with his sharp gaze before suddenly pressing the cigarette in the ashtray beside him to extinguish it. He then calmly explained, "Miss Fisher, I know why you left Director Chase years ago, and I feel sorry for you and him. This time, I am willing to lend you a hand, if you wish. I believe that you know how the Chase Group is doing now. In a few years time, Sean Chase will soar to great heights, and you becoming Mrs. Chase will tell a sweet tale of reconciliation between lovers."

When Tony said that he felt sorry for Lyla and Sean, she failed to see any hint of sorrow from his expression.

What does he mean? Is he implying that he wants to help me get back together with Sean?

Tony's words totally confused Lyla, causing her to be unable to make sense of what was going on in his mind. She let out a wry chuckle as she muttered, "Director Hart, you are quite humorous. I thought that you understand the reason I invited you over—"

"Miss Fisher, I believe that you understand what I meant earlier," Tony nonchalantly interrupted before he rose to his full height.

He had a deadpan expression but for some inexplicable reason, Lyla noticed a hint of anger in his eyes, which made her heart sink. She suddenly blurted out, "Director Hart, if you feel uncomfortable about my past with Sean—"

"I will help you so that you can marry Sean." Click. Click. Click. The sound that was made when the lighter was repetitively opened and closed could be heard. At that instant, Tony's expression became so vague that Lyla couldn't see it clearly.

Her heart skipped a beat.

“Miss Fisher, you are, in fact, an intelligent person. You now have an opportunity to get hold of that man. Don’t be too greedy. You should quickly give up on things that you can’t get. If you have my help...”

The expression on Lyla’s face revealed her inner conflict. She was very clear about what the man before her meant—he said he would help her to get Sean.

At that time, the reason she dumped Sean was because Eve disliked her but adored Myra. Lyla was threatened, so she had no choice but to take the money and leave. However, at that point of time, her feelings for Sean were indeed genuine!

Lyla’s fists were tightly clenched by her side as she ventured, “Director Hart, I am sure that you won’t help me without wanting anything in return. I need to know your price.”

Tony scoffed as he thought to himself, Pursuing the little kitten is already tough enough, so if I can get someone to help me...

“You will know my price when the time comes.” With that, Tony picked up his suit and left the room.

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It was only when Lyla was left alone in the room that she slumped into the couch, as if she had lost all her strength.

All she could say was that she was truly tempted by Tony’s words.

Indeed, she had the intention to marry into the Hart Family, but she was also well aware that without this man’s protection, it would be a fantasy to be able to even cast a glance at the entrance of the Hart Residence, let alone entering the house.

She was no longer young and she would be old in a few more years. By then, she would lose her beauty that she had been using to capture men’s heart. Besides, there was also the man

in the United States. If she couldn't rely on Sean, how was she going to guarantee her own safety?

Sean's eyes were filled with hatred when he looked at me today. Yet, I have a feeling that he still loves me deep in his heart. Otherwise, why has there been so much news about his relationships and affairs in the past two years? And all the women from the news look so similar to me. With Tony's help, Myra and Eve won't even be my match!

Lyla narrowed her eyes slightly as a bright gleam flashed across her eyes. It's a pity that I can't get hold of that man, though.

The next morning, Myra moved out from the Chase Residence.

When Eve learnt about this in the morning, Myra had already packed her luggage and drove off.

Myra's phone kept ringing wildly in her pocket, yet she didn't pick up any of the calls.

Eve had always treated her like her real daughter, so she did not know how she should face her at this time.

Myra felt that she would eventually go insane if she were to continue to stay in the Chase Residence. However, she knew that she would surely fail to resist Eve's pleas if she picked up the calls.

Fortunately, the Sunny Bay Project had officially begun, so she did not have much time to ponder over this matter.

She had attended two meetings with the Hart Group in the morning to have an in-depth discussion about the refined design plan and details of the venue.

When she was at the Hart Group, she was initially worried that Tony would intentionally give her trouble since the two of them had had a conflict last night. Nonetheless, it was fortunate that he did not attend both discussions. On the contrary, it was Mr. Logan who attended to her throughout her time there.

Mr. Logan's attitude toward her was as warm as usual. Myra didn't feel anything about it before this but now, she found it awkward.

She suddenly recalled the first time she went to the Ritz Carlton with Tony to discuss the design plan, and it was Mr. Logan who attended to her as well. At that time, he told her that he would mention her name before Tony to promote her. Myra did not realize what he meant at that time but now that she thought about it, she realized that he might have noticed Tony's intentions back then...

Could it be that Tony has had feelings for me since then? But how is that possible? We didn't even know each other before that; at the very most, we met each other once, so why would he... Myra's expression changed as the different thoughts ran through her mind.

Mr. Logan walked up to her with a grin so wide that it almost reached his ears. "Miss Stark, your suggestion today is very innovative. I will surely convey it to Director Hart word by word."

Myra, who took notice of his suggestive tone, inexplicably felt flustered. She quickly packed her stuff and headed out of the conference room as she mumbled, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you for that then, Mr. Logan."

She hurried out of the conference room and toward the lift. When Myra arrived in front of the elevator, fortunately for her, the doors slid open with a ding.

Upon raising her head, she felt as if her whole body stiffened and her blood started flowing in the opposite direction.

Currently, standing in the lift were four or five elite white-collar employees with some distance between one another, and all of them were dressed in immaculate suits. The man standing impassively at the front was none other than the person that Mr. Logan had mentioned—Director Tony Hart.

His perfectly proportioned figure was clad in a suit and he stood in the lift in a relaxed manner. With one hand shoved in his pocket, he had both eyes looking forward, and the lines of his sideburns were cold and sharp as he emanated a suppressing yet distant aura. It was merely one night that had gone by, yet the curvature at the corner of his lips formed a colder and harder line. His gaze flicked across Myra nonchalantly—who was standing outside the lift—and his expression was as cold as usual, as if he did not recognize her.

In contrast, his secretary Leo, who stood behind him, looked at her warmly. "Miss Stark, do come on in."

The stunned Myra returned to her senses when she saw Tony's cold attitude. She waved her hand, as though she was about to say that she would wait for the next lift but Mr. Logan, who had caught up with her without her notice, gave her a gentle push from behind.

Unprepared, she felt a pain in her knees when they were bent and the very next instant, she staggered into the lift. The door then closed behind her decisively.

Myra's bag had been left open, as she was about to put the documents inside. However, the stagger caused her opened bag to turn upside down, and its contents rushed out and fell onto the floor.

Her lipstick, eyebrow pencil, foundation, work tag... All her stuff was scattered all over the floor, leaving her dumbfounded.

Just as she was about to bend over to pick up her stuff, she felt a sharp tearing pain in her knee—it was the injury from her fall when she fell down onto the stony path last night.

As a matter of fact, her wound was scabbing over. Even when she was in the conference room earlier, she had been careful when stretching her legs.

Upon seeing this, Leo intended to step forward to help Myra to pick her things up, but he suddenly noticed Tony's freezing gaze. Shocked, he quietly took a step back, while the other men dared not step forward to help her as well.

When Myra noticed that Leo initially intended to come over to help her but then stepped back, she was able to guess that it was Tony who stopped him from helping her.

Well, it makes sense. My words last night must have hurt his pride deeply. I bet that a high-status man like him never expected that he would be rejected by a woman.

Gritting her teeth, Myra slowly bent over and picked up her stuff one item at a time, placing them into her bag.

As the items were small, they were scattered all over the floor, causing her to have to move about in the lift to pick them up. Unfortunately for her, the last lipstick had landed beside Tony's handmade suede shoes.

Glancing at his still feet, she clenched her fists and went over to pick up her lipstick.

The moment she raised her head, she met his cold eyes that were looking down at her from his height. His gaze was cold and emotionless, making her feel uncomfortable, so she quickly stood up.

Her wound screamed in pain when it was squeezed together after it had been torn apart, causing her face to blanch and her body to lose her stability.

A pair of hands were extended in time to support her. "Miss Stark, please be steady on your feet."

When Myra was finally steady on her feet, the pair of hands retracted swiftly, as if the person could not wait a second longer.

Tony's expression remained impassive. Myra seemed to have heard him saying these words to her before but at that time, his tone did not contain hints of mockery. Now, it was as if he was suggesting that she intentionally fell in his direction.

Her face flushed deep crimson and she felt embarrassed before so many people, yet she couldn't say a thing.

When the lift arrived at the first floor, the few men exited the lift one after another.

After Leo had exited the lift, he glanced at her apologetically.

However, Myra had fallen into a daze as she stared at the man with the sturdiest build in front of her. It was merely a small issue; is there a need to treat me with such hostility?

She lowered her head and saw that the white gauze at her knee had been dyed red by her crimson blood. For some reason, a trace of aggrievement welled up inside her. Gritting her teeth, she exited the lift with her fist clenched tightly.

It had been quite a long time since she last met Estelle. Myra heard that the shooting for the role in her last film had completed, so she invited Estelle to meet up at a café.

As soon as she pushed open the door, she saw a woman sitting at their usual corner in the café. The woman wore a cap and a pair of sunglasses, which managed to cover most of her face.

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As the dearest younger sister of the successor of the Langley family and a popular celebrity, Estelle had always been high-profile and fearless.

Myra's weariness was greatly relieved the moment she saw Estelle, and she walked up to her, wearing a faint smile. "Hey, you're actually covering up yourself today. I thought you usually desire to be recognized by everyone."

Estelle's back was facing the door but she knew Myra was here after hearing her voice, so she turned around at once to glare at Myra. Thereafter, she remembered that she was wearing a pair of sunglasses and Myra wouldn't be able to see her expression, and so she took off her sunglasses and gave her another glare. "Cut it! What on earth is going on? Sean was a bundle of nerves when he called me today, saying that you've moved out?"

"Mm-hmm." Myra looked unaffected as she summoned a waiter and ordered a glass of lemon juice for each of them. Then, she lifted her head to meet her friend's gaze and smiled. "What? You always wanted me to leave Sean, didn't you? Why are you getting so worked up now that I've moved out?"

Seeing that Myra looked unaffected, Estelle furrowed her brows. No one would know Myra's affection toward Sean better than her. Ever since university days, Myra had devoted almost all her youth and passion toward the man and she knew how crazy Myra was about him. As such, Estelle was even more worried when she saw Myra's indifferent reaction. Taking a deep breath, Estelle said, "I heard that Lyla is back."

"Yeah." Myra still sounded nonchalant, and it seemed like she was neither upset nor depressed.

Estelle pursed her lips even harder. "What attitude is this? Don't tell me that you're going to give way to her just because she's back now!"

"What else can I do?" Myra lifted her head to meet Estelle's eyes which were filled with concern and anxiety. Feeling touched, she softened her tone. "Actually, I have to give way

regardless of whether she comes back or not. You're aware of this too—Sean does not love me at all... and I also want to start afresh."

Estelle could not perceive a tinge of sadness in Myra's calm voice. Grabbing her hair, she grumbled in frustration, "Before this, I couldn't wait to see you divorce Sean, but now... Myra, I can't accept it."

Turning aside to look at the passers-by through the window, Myra mumbled, "Even so, there's nothing that I can do."

Sean's murmur from last night after he was drunk was still bashing her heart like hail. Myra knew that she could only let it go no matter how unfair it was because Sean had never gotten over that woman.

"It's great that you want to start afresh!" Estelle couldn't bear to see Myra in this state, so she quickly struck the table to pull Myra's wandering mind back. "Initially, Sean still asked me to persuade you to return to the Chase Family, but you have no idea how elated I was when I received the news that you've moved out from the family. This time, you must not be softhearted again. Don't be silly and don't pack your luggage to go back again just because that old lady cried. You know very well that those tears are crocodile tears."

"I won't be able to go back anymore..." Myra muttered, then gave Estelle a smile. "It's so rare that we get to hang out, so let's stop talking about this matter. I heard that Charles is zealously arranging blind dates for you recently?"

"Don't even talk about that!" Estelle was depressed the moment Myra brought the topic up. "I'm such a decent woman, yet that pr*ck Shawn didn't even spare me a glance. He even despicably involved my brother in this matter. He must have said something to Charles; otherwise, why would Charles force me to go for blind dates in haste?"

Myra was stunned, but she chuckled the next second. "Don't tell me that you're getting serious about Deputy Mayor Hart?!"

Truth be told, Estelle was never serious about any men unless doomsday was near.

"But I concur with Charles' decision," Myra continued before Estelle could respond. "Estelle, Deputy Mayor Hart is not like those men who have courted you before. Let me put it this way. It's better to not mess around with this man, otherwise, I'm afraid you won't be able to shake him off in the future."

“Who says that I’m going to shake him off after messing around with him?” Estelle was slightly displeased as she gulped down a mouthful of lemon juice resentfully. “I’m really being serious this time! But it turns out that no one believes me...”

“That’s because you have too many criminal records,” Myra teased her. But out of the blue, her smile was frozen as her gaze was fixed at one spot.

“What’s gotten into you?” Seeing Myra’s unexpected reaction, Estelle followed Myra’s gaze. However, she saw nothing but a street full of neon lights.

“Nothing.” Myra took a deep breath. Since I’ve decided to let it go, I should stop caring about it. Just as she was about to continue with the previous topic, Estelle suddenly interrupted her, “By the way, I’ve forgotten to ask you one thing! I heard that last night at Old Master Hart’s banquet, you and the successor of Hart Group—I’m referring to the fourth younger brother of Shawn—were acting rather intimate?”

Myra was stunned.

“So it’s true?!” At first, Estelle didn’t believe the rumors, but her eyes lit up at once after seeing Myra’s reaction. “You’re really something, Myra! You even managed to hook up with Shawn’s younger brother, Tony Hart, who is a powerful and eligible bachelor in Bradford City!”

Myra frowned and felt resigned. “Quit your nonsense. I accidentally drank some nasty stuff last night and Director Hart merely helped me out of kindness.”

“I seriously don’t think Tony Hart is such a kind man. Everyone in Bradford City knows how hostile he is, and there are plenty of women out there who wish to gain his help, so why did he only help you out of everyone?” Estelle felt like she had grasped some clues, so she moved closer to Myra and blurted, “Come clean or I shall grill you!”

Estelle then reached out her hands slyly toward Myra and acted as if she was going to tickle her.

“Estelle!”

All of a sudden, Myra recalled Tony’s frigid look when he was looking down at her today. In fact, last night, she already made it clear to Tony that they would not have any ambiguous

relationship in the future. Myra took a deep breath as she dismissed her thoughts. "Our relationship is really not what you think it is."

After hitting the brake forcefully, Sean didn't even bother to grab his blazer and got out of the car immediately to run toward the bar beside the street. The music in the bar was deafening. In fact, Sean was feeling under the weather today due to the hangover.

He had coldly turned down Lyla's request when he received her call, but her soft sob, pitiful tone and tipsy confession had been lingering in his heart ever since then. Later, he had even vaguely overheard that there were some men who were attempting to harass her!

Boiling with rage, Sean told himself that he merely came here out of conscience, and that he was forced to come because he knew that she might be taken away by those gangsters otherwise.

Pushing his way through the crowd where people were jiving to the music, Sean finally found the drunk woman at a corner of the bar. There was another stout man beside her who looked extremely disgusting with his sparse hair on his exposed belly. The man was about to grab Lyla when Sean approached them.

At once, Sean's hand shot out and forcefully broke that man's arm in the blink of an eye. With a horrifying sound of bone snapping, the man's arm hung limply next to him while his miserable wail was drowned out by the noise in the pub.

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Sean glared coldly at that man, which then scared the man stiff. The next second, Sean had already left the bar with the unconscious woman in his arms.

Hurling her into the passenger seat, Sean regretted a little for coming over recklessly. Standing by the car door, he stared fixedly at the woman in front of him for quite a while before he pulled himself together and got into the driver's seat reluctantly.

After the car had left, the door of a cafe next to the pub was pushed open, thereafter Myra's pale face appeared.

It's indeed Sean. I've not seen it wrongly from inside just now.

Myra had stayed at the cafe after convincing Estelle to leave. Sure enough, she ended up seeing Sean coming out from the bar while carrying Lyla in an intimate manner. Furthermore, she had not missed how Sean had stared at that woman in the car just now.

Indeed, I should quit this relationship, isn't it?

Myra was gripping the cafe's door frame so hard that her knuckles turned white.

After arriving at Fairhill Villa, Sean tossed the woman onto the bed. Thereafter, he pulled out his phone, which had been buzzing non-stop the whole day, from his pocket, and hesitated for a while before returning Eve's call. However, just as the call was answered, Eve's furious voice emerged from the other end of the line.

"Sean, why do you always take forever to pick up my call?!"

Exhausted, Sean rubbed his temples, but his voice still softened subconsciously when he talked to Eve. "Mom, I've been busy this whole day."

"Why on earth are you so busy everyday? Don't you know that Myra has moved out today?!"

Stunned, Sean tightened his grip on the phone subconsciously.

"She... moved out this morning?"

"Don't assume I don't know a thing just because you're hiding it from me! I know the b*tch Lyla is back in Bradford City. I'm warning you, Sean. If you dare to abandon Myra because of that b*tch, then don't blame me for turning against you!"

Eve's tone was fierce and vicious. True enough, women who had established their influence as the main mistress in a wealthy family usually had a firm hand.

Sean frowned while looking at the unconscious woman in front of him and closed his eyes. "Don't misunderstand me, Mom. There's nothing between Lyla and I. She had hurt me so deeply back then, so how would I abandon Myra because of her? I'll be back soon."

"You better mean it!" Eve was still breathing heavily as a result of anger. "Quickly coax Myra to come home! It's so quiet at home now. I'm used to having her around me..."

After hanging up the call, Sean stared blankly at his phone as his mind went blank.

In fact, he was rather surprised to hear that Myra had moved out. All this while, he had thought that the woman's tolerance toward him was infinite. It turns out she can actually get angry too.

"Sean... Sean..." All of a sudden, Sean's mind was brought back to reality by soft sobs below him.

He lowered his head to see Lyla crying miserably in her dream. "Sean... I've missed you so much... Why are you not even sparing me a glance now that I'm back? I love you... I've always loved you... It has never changed..."

For some reason, Sean felt distressed. Are you saying that you've always loved me? Then who's the one who held another man's hand back then, saying that she would never return to me and that I'm just a poor good-for-nothing?! Lyla Fisher, are you coming back to seduce me now because I've returned to power?

Veins popped out on Sean's temples as he recalled how she ruthlessly insulted him in the past. Clenching his fists tightly, he tried to keep his shirt on.

Just as he took his blazer and was about to leave, someone forcefully hugged his waist from behind all of a sudden while he could smell a familiar fragrance.

Just as Myra said, Sean tried to seek Lyla's ambience from all kinds of women after Lyla had left. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he indeed had the sweetest and most profound relationship with this woman. And because of that, he had suffered terribly at that time.

But now, Sean's eyes were filled with coldness as he forcefully pulled away the arms that were tightened around his waist without hesitation and shoved the woman behind him toward the bed.

"Let go!"

bang was heard as Lyla lay on the bed, looking pathetic.

As expected, she had pretended to be drunk. Nevertheless, her face was already wet with tears at this moment.

“Sean... I know you’ve not moved on from me yet... I thought you wouldn’t come, but you still came to take me away...” Weeping and laughing at the same time, Lyla bit her lips as she bawled her eyes out.

Although Sean had ruthlessly shoved her away, she did not give up. Looking pitiful, she once again wrapped her fair, slender arms around the man’s skinny waist.

“Sean... I’ve always loved you. Please believe me... Back then, I was forced to leave you because I had my difficulties... ”

Sean turned around and looked at her eyes, which were still alluring though they were red and swollen.

Once, he had loved this woman at all costs and had even given up the business of the Chase Family because of her, but she had left him unhesitatingly when he needed her the most.

Sean’s expression looked even more frigid as he pulled away her hands once again without hesitation.

“Oh, is it? Why don’t you tell me about your difficulties now then?” Wearing a spurious smile, he stared at the woman who was in a mess.

Lyla’s eyes flickered as she looked even more anguished. “Don’t you believe me? I have my reasons, but I can’t tell you yet... Sean, please trust me... I’m willing to do whatever you ask me to...”

“You’ll do whatever I ask you to?” Sean’s face was as cold as ice.

Seeing Lyla nodding resolutely, he blurted in a frosty and disdainful manner, “I only have one request—don’t ever come find me again, and don’t ever call me!”

“Lyla Fisher, you’re the one who decided to leave at that time, so don’t come back at all! Don’t expect me to relent even if you kneel before me and beg me now! I’ve married Myra and I love her very much. You’re nothing to me now!”

Sean couldn't hold it back anymore and he spit out every word he had been replaying in his mind for the past two years.

At that moment, he felt relieved, yet that feeling was instantly frozen when he saw the woman actually kneeling before him the next second.

Lyla cried in despair, "I admit that I was wrong to leave you back then. I have no defense now that you want to insult me like this, but can you please don't say that I'm nothing to you? You have no idea how much it hurts to hear that... I also know that you don't actually love Myra, because otherwise, would you be involved in scandals with other women these two years?" It seemed as if there was a tinge of hope in Lyla's eyes. "You merely married Myra to devastate me, didn't you?"

Myra, you've never done me wrong but I'm sorry—we've reached this point and I don't plan to give way anymore. Little by little, I'm going to take back the things that belong to me! Blame yourself for falling for Sean out of all the other men. Furthermore, didn't you promise me that you won't marry Sean? You should already be satisfied after holding the title of Mrs. Chase for two years!