

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 86

“Sean, I have never done you wrong.” Myra suddenly raised her head and looked into the eyes of the happy couple before her. “I don’t know what is the matter with Lyla and your baby, but I have never hurt your child. I have never forgotten my duty as your wife over the past two years. Not only am I serious about our family, but I even kept our marriage a secret and went to work as a designer in the company for your sake. But everything turned out to be my wishful thinking!”

She was always in business attire, which she put on for him as she shed the finicky airs of the daughter of a wealthy family and plunged into the workplace. Although the workplace was beset with difficulties, she never complained of exhaustion or thought of flinching for the sake of his career. Sadly, her smart attire looked intimidating at a glance, for it seemed too rigid and out of place compared to the long green dress that showed off one’s tenderness.

“Do you know nothing about the baby?” Sean narrowed his eyes while staring icily at the lady before him. “Myra, should I say that you’re deliberately acting dumb or trying to shirk your responsibility? Would Lyla and I have lost the baby had you not offered a spiked drink to her back then?! What kind of show are you trying to put up with right now? Don’t you think you’re too full of yourself?!”

Offering Lyla a spiked drink...

Myra seemed to have grasped something, for she suddenly raised her head to look at Sean. “I never offered her any drinks. Did she miscarry her baby after our encounter?” She said the last sentence in a whisper.

Sean’s expression turned even colder. “That’s right. Didn’t you say you went to meet Lyla to reassure her by telling her that you wouldn’t marry me? Why did you get rid of our baby?! And why did you end up marrying me?!”

Myra opened her mouth; her face instantly turned as white as a sheet. It was her fault for not keeping her promise by marrying Sean, but the baby... The baby...

"I've never spiked any of her drinks! I wasn't the one who spiked the drink... Besides, how do you two know that she miscarried the baby because of the drink?"

Lyla is a cunning woman, so what if she said that on purpose to set me up just like what she did just now? Myra looked desperately at Sean as if she had found a clue.

Just then, Lyla wept in a low voice, "Sean... that's enough... The baby... didn't have the luck to come to this world... Don't blame Myra anymore... I have given up long ago..."

Sean's face was as black as thunder. Staring at Myra, he uttered word by word, "You didn't offer her any spiked drinks?! Ha... Do you know that Lyla was rushed to the hospital for miscarriage shortly after stepping out of the cafe? She asked the waiter to keep the cup she used back then, and it was found out afterward that the drink in it had been spiked with something you prepared beforehand!"

Myra trembled violently. She didn't know what had gone wrong, but she didn't do anything to that cup of coffee. "I didn't... I really didn't..."

She didn't know how else to explain herself, as she had already been labeled as a vicious woman in Sean's mind a long time ago; he even accused her of trying to kill Eris when that woman jumped into the water that time...

Tears rolled down Myra's cheeks as she closed her eyes. "Alright, I know that you'll never believe me no matter what I say right now." She shifted her gaze toward Lyla, who was crying miserably next to Sean as if the former had really killed her baby. But she knows better than anyone else whether I've killed her baby! thought Myra to herself.

"Lyla, you said just now that you hadn't won because you were waiting for all this to happen, aren't you?" Myra sank her fingernails deep into her palm to stop herself from shouting furiously at the couple before her. "You've won now... Sean, I'm merely a vicious woman to you anyway. Aren't you waiting for me to ask for a divorce? You've been finding excuses for her and finding fault with me since she came back. You accused me of killing your baby simply because you want to leave yourself some leeway so that you can reaccept the woman who had once dumped you! I shall grant your wishes then!"

Sean stared fixedly at Myra's teary eyes as tears sparkled in them. Suddenly, Lyla cried out, "Ouch! You've hurt my hand, Sean!"

Sean immediately came to his senses and lowered his head to let Lyla's charmingly pitiful expression come into view. He knew that he was consumed with worry when he received Lyla's text message just now. Even though he hated this woman, he knew that he still loved her and feared that she would suffer injustice. Myra, on the other hand, should have been abandoned by me in the first place, for she had made so many mistakes. She should be content now that I have honored her with two years of marriage!

As the idea crossed his mind, the inexplicable feeling he had deep down inside upon hearing Myra's blessing just now vanished when he looked up again to meet her gaze. He pursed his lips before sneering coldly. "It's best to do so," he said. Then, as if recalling something, he suddenly said to Myra, "I will return every single percent of the Stark Family's shares that you invested in the Chase Group back then."

As expected, he's eager to make a clean break with me as soon as possible after Lyla came back. Myra had been in despair in the first place, but the realization that she was truly going to give up her love for Sean still pained her so much that she couldn't breathe. "As you please."

She felt as if her heart had been slashed brutally with a blunt saw. It hurt very much, yet she still had to force herself to keep her pride. Straightening her back, she stepped very slowly toward the cafe's exit.

The bright sunshine outside sketched Myra's figure in outline, making her seem much skinnier than before at a glance. The world outside was lively and bustling, but she looked lonely and desolate.

Sean had been unfamiliar with this side of Myra. A nameless feeling that seemed to have come to him a long time ago surged up within him, making him feel the urge to go after her...

"Sean, you're unwilling to let me suffer injustice, after all..." Lyla got up from Sean's embrace without knowing what to do. Staring timidly at him with a mixture of sorrow, grievance, and heart-rending determination, she said, "You're here, after all. I was afraid that you wouldn't come... Sean... you believe me, don't you? I didn't mean to leave you back then... I love you... I had my own difficulties at the time..."

Lyla bet with herself on this day that she would definitely win against Myra in this battle if Sean came to the cafe. As expected, she won a brilliant and clear-cut victory, rendering Myra totally unable to fight back.

Snapped out of his trance-like state by the woman in his arms, Sean lowered his head to look at Lyla, who still had a horrifying slap mark on her face. This mark was left by Myra; that woman has always been so vicious, unlike the kindhearted, delicate, and defenseless Lyla.

Would she have left me and went alone from Bradford City to the United States if it weren't for my mom's coercion and Myra's viciousness? Would both of us have misunderstood each other for two years and not gotten back together until now if it weren't for that?

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"Do you genuinely love me? Do you love me all this while?" Sean suddenly lowered his head and stared fixedly at the lady before him. His voice was soft, but it had many feelings mixed in it. "Were you really forced to leave me against your will back then?! Do you really have no relationship with other men?!"

Sean threw several questions in a row as though he was wagering his life on them.

Lyla clutched the clothes on his chest with tears in her eyes. "I have always loved you and nobody else. I was forced to leave you against my will back then, and I... have no relationship with other men!" she answered. Suppressing the inexplicable misgivings within her with all her might, she turned her head away and bit her lip upon seeing that Sean had noticed her crying. "Actually, I shouldn't have returned to the country. You married Myra, and your mom likes her and dislikes me... I... I..."

With his warm fingers, Sean wiped the tears on her cheeks, which seemed to scald his heart. Over the years, he had been tossing and turning restlessly without getting a good sleep. He hated Lyla, yet he couldn't run away from the fact that he still loved this woman...

Now that the cat was out of the bag, what else could he be discontented with?

Sean looked at the charming and teary little face before him as the longing he had at his young age was fulfilled at last. Lyla is the woman I truly love! She suffered a lot as well back then; not only was she forced by my mom to leave Bratfort City, but she also lost our baby...

"Don't leave again..." He suddenly planted a tender kiss on her face before taking her into his arms. Then, he pleaded in a husky voice, "Don't leave me again, Lyla."

At this moment, Lyla's mouth finally curved in a triumphant smile. I just know that Sean can't escape from my grasp, be it two years ago and two years later! With this thought in mind, the pent-up anger that she had harbored for two years was vented at last.

Meanwhile, the four men had been drinking their coffee calmly nearby.

Elliot truly felt very sorry for Myra after watching the scenes unfold. He sighed inwardly while thinking to himself, This is so unexpected. Myra looks like a smart and capable woman in the workplace, but she is often thrown into unfavorable situations in her marriage. Not only that, but she even ends up having her husband stolen by another woman.

He sneaked a look at Tony, who had been drinking coffee with a totally unperturbed expression from start to finish. Tony did take a glance back when things were starting to heat up, but honestly, he looked as if he didn't care about the woman at all.

Just then, Tony's coffee cup suddenly fell onto the saucer with a clatter, causing coffee to splash out and splatter onto Elliot's cuff by accident. Elliot's expression changed subtly; he immediately stopped disguising his furtive glance and looked grovelingly at Tony. "Tony, shall we leave now that we've finished drinking our coffee?"

"Uh-huh," Tony stood up and uttered before stepping outside right away.

When Elliot finally came to his senses, he looked at the couple, who were still locked in a happy embrace by the window, but there was no longer any sign of Tony at the door. "Wait a minute... Could Tony have gone chasing after women? Could the woman be... Myra?"

Myra knew that she wasn't fit for driving in her current state. After leaving the cafe, she walked a distance ahead until she could no longer see the cafe; only then did she stretch out her hand and wave to the taxis on the street with a vacant expression.

She felt as though she had just had a nightmare, in which she was finally frank with Sean and quickly ended this marriage.

Soon, a silver-gray sports car quietly drove up to her.

The silver-gray color looks familiar. I suppose this car probably belongs to someone I know, thought Myra to herself. After closing her eyes, she clenched the fists at her sides, bent down, and got into the car.

The car then drove into a spacious street before joining the flow of thousands of vehicles. The sun was shining brightly outside the car window, and its golden light shone through the tinted car window into the car and onto Myra's palm.

Staring blankly at the lines on her palm in a glance, Myra suddenly found herself too laughable.

Actually, the writing was on the wall for everything. Sean had never touched her over the past two years, and the women he fooled around with always looked like Lyla somehow. He never forgot the woman and had always been waiting for her to return. It was just that she habitually refused to face reality, choosing to accept such a fact.

Sean and Lyla's happiness when they were reunited just now kept replaying in her mind like bees buzzing restlessly in her head, and the sentence 'Sean loves no one else but Lyla forever' kept repeating in her mind... Myra shivered all over before suddenly balling her fists.

Sunlight scattered thinly on her palm-sized face, which had been drenched in tears a long time ago and was so pale that it looked almost transparent.

Just then, she heard what sounded like a sigh coming from the side, followed by a dark blue and black checkered handkerchief that was held out to her by a hand.

The hand was knuckly, with slender and good-looking fingers, but Myra stared blankly at it in a daze and didn't come to her senses until a long time later. When she turned her head sharply, Tony's profile—the features of which looked as pronounced as if made with divine craftsmanship—came into view, catching her off guard.

"It's you..." Surprised, she looked at the man in the driver's seat next to him. Too many emotions flickered across the depths of her eyes, including those of discomfiture, shame, embarrassment, and sadness... Feeling as though her innermost secret had been snooped into, she quickly turned her head back and raised her hand to wipe the tears on her face.

But for some reason, the harder she tried to wipe the tears off her face, the more they became uncontrollable and harder to wipe away. Now that the heavy load on her mind finally toppled over, she rubbed her eyes hard as if trying to vent her emotions. Finally, she covered her face right away and cried her eyes out silently...

She never told anyone how much she loved Sean. She once thought that she would stay with him all her life, bear him a child or two, and slowly bring them up with him. She would stay by his side and watch as he managed the Chase Group's business and advanced from youth to middle age before slowly growing old. They would lean on each other and watch as the sun rose in the east and set in the west, and she would enjoy a happy life with him.

No one knew how much she yearned for the warmth of a family. Her father cheated on her mother, who died very early, leaving her grandfather the only person who took her under his wing the whole time when she was a child. Unfortunately, her grandfather didn't keep her company long enough before passing away. She thought she would own a warm family by marrying Sean, but everything turned out to be her wishful thinking.

No longer able to control herself due to the devastating blow, she sobbed her heart out as if everything she had been depending on for support had crumbled from the ground up.

Just then, the car quietly pulled over at the side of the road.

Placing his hands on the steering wheel, Tony looked steadily at the street ahead of him. His sideburns were combed carefully, and his cheeks looked quite strained.

I have never forgotten my duty as your wife over the past two years. Not only am I serious about our family, but I even kept our marriage a secret and went to work as a designer in the company for your sake. But everything turned out to be my wishful thinking!

The confession Myra made to Sean in the cafe just now felt like a steel blade slashing Tony's heart. Although he was undoubtedly furious, he felt powerless at the same time.

Elliot had been advising him over the past few days that he needn't insist on being together with Myra, a married woman. There were plenty of nice ladies in Bradford City, plus women were a dime a dozen in the adjacent Springdale City and Glastead City!

With a complicated look in his eyes, Tony turned to look at the woman who was choking with sobs. She no longer appeared as elegant and beautiful as usual, with her face in a

mess, her eyes red and swollen, and her tears mixed with snots. Even so, he felt a sharp pang in his heart, and he couldn't help holding the woman beside him to his chest.

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Tony knew very well what it felt like when he clasped Myra in his arms. Sometimes, it's difficult to devote oneself to another woman once one's heart belongs to someone else. After sighing softly, he rested his chin on her head, smoothed her hair gently, and whispered in a hoarse voice that sounded far gentler than usual, "Stop crying..."

His soft voice tenderly healed the wound in Myra's heart like a gentle breeze. At this very moment, Myra was no longer in the mood to feel everything around her; all she wanted was to vent all the repressed grief and anguish within her by crying.

As the pedestrians hurried to and fro outside the car window, no one seemed to notice the sad and yet slightly heartwarming scene of the man and the woman in the car.

It wasn't until the night settled in, the evening lights were lit, and the whole city was enveloped in the darkness outside the window that the woman next to him went from weeping into calmness. As her eyes glazed over, she only felt that the embrace she was held in was so warm that she didn't want to leave.

The faint smell of tobacco and mint around her didn't belong to Sean. She knew she shouldn't be thirsting for this smell, but the good cry she had just now seemed to have drained her of all her strength; she admitted that she only wanted to look for support at this moment.

Sensing Myra's dependence on him, Tony tightened his arms around her waist. His eyes were still cold, but the gaze that fell on her face was as gentle as spring. His thin lips seemed to curl up for a fraction of a second, and it wasn't until a long time later that he asked in a husky voice, "I don't mind you continuing to cling to me like this, but are you really not doing so to cripple my arm?"

He had been resting his right arm between her head and the headrest just now so that she felt more uncomfortable while lying in his arms. He could endure it for an hour or two, but three to four hours had passed since the beginning, so his right arm had long been numb.

Myra froze in his arms; only then did the events that happened that afternoon slowly come back to her mind.

She and Lyla met at a cafe, during which Lyla tricked her into slapping her face and splashed herself with a glass of lemonade, leading Sean—who came midway through their conversation—to think that she was bullying Lyla. Everything after that happened as a matter of course: she broke up with Sean completely, and they went their own ways from then on.

At the thought of this, she felt an instant ache in her heart, and she clutched the button on Tony's suit jacket like a dying fish that was washed onto the beach. As she slowly got up from the embrace of the man before her, her vacant eyes swept over his navy blue tie before falling on his attractive Adam's apple. When she looked upward, she saw the man's tense chin; when she looked upward again, she saw the handsome face she was familiar with.

That's right! I was so overwhelmed with sadness while leaving the cafe back then that I subconsciously got into someone's car right away. Luckily, the person isn't someone else! It's just that I was too emotionally unstable at that time to be in the mood to think about all this. And now...

Myra no longer covered up her current awful situation. The man before her had seen the embarrassing predicament she was in for such a long time just now, or perhaps she should say that he had seen through the ugly reality of her marriage earlier the night before. Therefore, she had nothing to have scruples about. However...

She sat tight, turned to look out of the window, and murmured in a voice that was extremely hoarse and unpleasant to hear after a long period of crying, "Thank you... Director Hart..."

She didn't expect to run into Tony whenever she was caught in the most humiliating situation.

Suddenly, the lights in the car lit up. There was no movement from the man next to her, but she heard the crack of a bone.

Stunned, she turned to meet the man's pitch-black eyes, which looked much tenderer than usual as they sparkled under the dim light inside the car.

"You—" Before Myra could finish her sentence, she felt that her eyes were sore.

Tony's right arm seemed paralyzed, for it fell weakly right after he lifted it up.

No matter how strongly Myra resisted this man, she had to admit that his embrace just now really brought a lot of comfort to her. This seemed to be another time when someone other than Estelle made her feel warm.

She stared blankly at Tony in a trance, whereas Tony's eyes squinted as they were fixed on her the whole time while he slowly limbered up his right arm.

Rendered ill at ease under his stare, Myra withdrew her gaze in a fluster, feeling so embarrassed that she didn't know what to do. Just then, the handkerchief that had been held out to her once was handed to her again. Tony spoke in a slightly gentle voice. "Wipe your face with it."

Myra glanced hesitantly at the handkerchief in Tony's hand, but she took it in the end. It's not necessary to behave affectedly at this moment, she thought to herself.

However, her face was so messy right now that she smudged the handkerchief with her makeup after wiping her face.

Seeing the filthy handkerchief, Myra felt even more embarrassed. She looked at Tony, saying, "I'll give it back to you after washing it clean."

Tony merely gave her a long stare, and his expressionless face gave nothing away.

Just then, the car started up and slowly joined the flow of traffic. The lights were dim outside the window; as silence fell over the whole city in the darkness of night, Myra gradually found peace.

Some fates had been predestined a long time ago, so why don't I just accept it and let go?

The prosperous areas enriched the city's landscape as the car drove all the way downtown. Just then, Tony asked, "Where are you staying now?"

It was perhaps because she was too flustered that she failed to catch the flaw in Tony's words for a moment. Obviously, he was aware that she had moved out of the Chase Residence.

She answered dryly, "Ocean Blue Residence."

Tony turned to glance at her, whose eyes were visibly red and swollen when watched from the side. However, her ear—which should've been fair—was inexplicably tinged with scarlet at this moment.

Tony's eyes narrowed piercingly as if he recalled something, but the corners of his mouth slightly turned up.

Neither Tony nor Myra spoke for the rest of the journey, and no one knew how long it took before the car finally stopped in front of an upscale neighborhood. Before Myra could come to her senses, the man beside her suddenly bent over and unfastened her seat belt.

He looked completely at ease with his slightly pursed thin lips and the soft outline of his cheeks. There seemed to be nothing suggestive in his expression, but Myra couldn't help tensing herself.

Just when she pushed the car door open, she saw out of the corner of her eye that Tony had pushed the car door open and was coming her way. He was so tall that she couldn't see the look on his face clearly as the streetlight shone over his head.

Myra's eyelid twitched; she quickly jumped out of the car, but her knees went weak while she was doing so. Seeing the pair of hands that reached out to her, she gritted her teeth, kept her feet, and avoided the pair of hands without visible effort. Then, she looked up and met Tony's deep, dark eyes as if nothing had happened. "Thank you so much for today, Director Hart."

Tony's brows furrowed almost invisibly before he withdrew his hands with an unperturbed expression. He replied flatly, "You're welcome, Miss Stark."

Perhaps because Tony had seen her most embarrassing side on this day, she could no longer feel the aversion she had to him at the beginning when she met his gaze again; it was as though she felt weaker and more inferior before him. She felt helpless deep down inside, but there was no change in her expression as she lowered her head and walked toward the entrance of the neighborhood.

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Myra walked several steps, but there was no sound of footsteps coming from behind. For some unknown reason, she suddenly felt a twinge inside her, and an emotion that she had never experienced before quickly spread through her heart.

She gritted her teeth and looked back. A look of surprise flashed across Tony's face, but he quickly reassumed his usual poker face.

Myra tucked the hair that had been brought to the front by the breeze behind her ear. Softly, she uttered, "Director Hart, I said something I shouldn't have when you sent me back on the night of Old Master Hart's birthday banquet. You're not the kind of man who takes advantage of others' misfortunes and disrespects women, so I should apologize to you."

In fact, it should have occurred to her that a man like Tony had high expectations for women in the first place. Moreover, he hadn't had a girlfriend despite being nearly 35 years old. If he wasn't proud and aloof by nature, he must—just as described in the video that day—have a woman he loved. Since that was the case, how could he possibly want to do something inappropriate with a married woman like her? But...

"But I'm now a married woman, after all. Director Hart, you'd better keep some distance from me in the future to avoid any unnecessary gossip."

She could sense the feelings Tony had for her, but she no longer wanted to delve into what these feelings meant right now. She had just ended a relationship, so she didn't have much energy to think about other matters. It was okay if she took it the wrong way, but if what happened was just as what she had thought the night before, she could only say that she had no plans to start a new relationship for the time being.

Tony stood ramrod straight under the streetlight, with his back straightened and his expression as cold as ice. His facial features were blurry under the light, but Myra felt as though she could see his expression at this moment. His thin lips must have been pressed together...

It wasn't until a long time later that she heard his icy voice. "I don't get it. Miss Stark, it was you who got into my car yourself today, but why do you speak as though I'm latching onto you on purpose?"

Myra's hands clenched tightly into fists at her sides as her cheeks instantly burned. After a failed attempt at a smile, she lowered her eyes and glanced at her knee, which had been bandaged up by the man. "Uh, I'm going home first."

Then, not daring to stay in place for another second, she stepped hurriedly toward the apartment building regardless of the wound in her leg.

Tony, whose eyes were as black as ink that was too thick to be diluted, watched her figure from behind as she fled in panic as if she had run into a great scourge. Suddenly, his cell phone rang; he picked it up with a steely face. "Speak!"

The chilling undertone in his words caused Elliot to tremble right away on the other end of the line. He ventured carefully, "Didn't you manage to pick Myra up, Tony?"

But that shouldn't have happened; the three of us have seen Myra getting into his sports car, he thought to himself.

"Just hurry up and say whatever you have to say; I'll hang up if there's nothing." Tony fretfully tugged on the collar of his shirt, only to hear a faint and subtle sound; he had torn a button out of his collar. Staring fixedly at the custom-made button that was bouncing on the ground, he felt even more agitated, so he subconsciously reached for the clothes on his chest where only a piece of silk thread was left.

Suddenly, his gaze paused on the cuff of his suit jacket's left sleeve. A black diamond button should have been there, but it had disappeared without a trace at this moment, leaving only a piece of silk thread just like the clothes on his chest.

"Well, Tony, we have found a buyer for the property in Hillville and settled on a price with them. We're about to sell it, so we'd like to discuss the matter with you."

Tony's eyes darkened at Elliot's words. Suddenly pursing his lips, he replied flatly, "I have changed my mind."

Elliot was astounded. "Huh? What?"

“Buy up all the newly developed housing areas and commercial areas in the Hillville project for me.” Tony spoke lightly of the matter that involved tens of billions as if he was talking about the weather.

Elliot, however, was so taken aback by his words that he nearly dropped his cell phone to the ground. “Tony... what has gotten into your head? The money involved is no small sum; it won’t go so far as to make the Hart Group bankrupt, but spending so much money will rock the company to its foundations! Moreover, that piece of land...” he objected with a quiver in his voice. Now that’s a piece of land that has been forecast to be unprofitable even before it was developed! he thought to himself. “Did Myra do something to you just now? Is that why you—”

Beep... Before Elliot could finish his sentence, he heard the sound of the phone being hung up on the other end of the line.

As the look in his eyes alternated between shock and stupefaction, he suddenly pinched himself hard, and the resulting pain nearly brought tears to his eyes. “So I wasn’t dreaming just now...” he mumbled to himself when his cell phone suddenly rang again. Lowering his head and glancing at his phone’s screen, he found that it was a call from the big shot that had just hung up on him! He immediately picked up the phone, greeting, “Tony—”

“I want the apartment next door to Myra’s in Ocean Blue Residence. Get it for me as soon as possible,” ordered Tony in a cold voice.

Elliot was stunned. Is Tony trying to steal Myra’s heart by living close to her? However, before he could say anything, the phone call was hung up again on the other end.

Speechless, he immediately called the other two, saying, “F\*ck, I’m telling you guys—Tony seems to have gone crazy!”

Tony tossed his cell phone into his car through the window of the passenger seat after hanging up. He thought to himself, Myra could sense my feelings for her; it’s just that she’s too used to burying her head in the sand. As for Sean...

Taking out a cigarette, he lit it up and smoked while leaning casually against the car door. His handsome and stern face slowly became blurred as it was shrouded in smoke.

Sean had come back to Fairhill Villa with Lyla when he received a phone call from David Brooks, the foreman on the construction site. He asked him about the workers’ wages for

last month before mentioning to him in passing that Myra was almost hit by a brick at the construction site in an incident.

The initially casual tone in Sean's voice instantly turned chilly. "What did you say? Miss Stark... Myra was nearly hit by a brick that fell from the fourth floor?"

David nodded. "That's right, but fortunately, Miss Stark was lucky enough to be saved by Director Hart in time. Otherwise, she would certainly have gotten hurt."

Upon hearing what David said, Sean only felt as if he had just experienced a roller-coaster ride of emotions; even he himself didn't realize that he was very worried about Myra just now. "I got it," he responded. After compressing his lips and loosening his tie, he couldn't help pleading with David, "Please take care of her in the future, David."

However, a lady's gentle voice came from the bathroom door as soon as he finished his sentence. "Take care of who?"

Sean froze; he hung up without betraying any emotion, by which time Lyla had walked up to him. Her hands had clenched tightly into fists while falling to her sides as she glanced at his cell phone, but she asked anxiously, "Did anything happen to Myra?"

Sean frowned slightly for a moment before explaining flatly, "Nothing. Someone at the construction site called to press me for the workers' wages, and he mentioned Myra in passing, saying that she was nearly hit by a brick that fell from upstairs at the construction site."

"What should we do then?" Lyla's eyes seemed to be full of concern for Myra.

Sean narrowed his eyes and—seeing that her expression seemed genuine—held her to his chest with a soft sigh. "Aren't you jealous, Lyla? Why do you care about her... Don't you love me?"

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The faint light of the wall lamp shone obliquely on Sean from behind, making his figure seem even taller and more erect in the light as he stood in front of the French window in the bedroom.

Unlike Tony's mixed-race-like nobleness and elegance, Sean's facial features belonged to a more typical Asian. His high brow ridge made his eyes look very refined, and the thin lips below his tall nose had a heartless and unfeeling quality similar to Tony's. However, compared to Tony's impassiveness, Sean's iciness was immature and partly affected. Perhaps Sean can become someone like Tony one day...

As the idea crossed Lyla's mind, her eyes took on a touch of sorrow; she stopped wiping her hair dry and replied bitterly, "Sean... of course I love you! It's just that... if you regret it and want to chase after Myra again... I-I won't blame you..."

Seeing Lyla's sorrowful expression, Sean knew that his marriage to Myra over the past two years had hurt her deeply. He then sighed softly while tightening his arms around the woman before him. "Lyla... you know what kind of life I've been living over the last two years; even Myra could tell that I have been waiting for you all the time. Don't worry, for I've never loved her; I was merely caring about my employee as a boss just now. After all, she's the Chase Group's best designer. Lyla, you're the one I love and the woman I want to marry..."

He only felt that his heart was overflowing with tender feelings at this moment. But why did my heart suddenly jump when I said I never loved Myra?

"Sean..." Lyla was moved to tears again. She had just come out of the bathroom in Sean's bathrobe after taking a shower. Fairhill Villa had only his bathrobe, which trailed on the ground and was loose around the waist as it was a bit too large for her size, making her waist seem so slim that it could be held with an arm. In particular, the deep cleavage between her breasts...

Staring at her cleavage, Sean only felt that the arms he wrapped around the woman before him were burning, and his eyes darkened at once. After two years of waiting, the woman he loved was finally in his arms...

“Sean... I love you...” Suddenly, Lyla stood on tiptoe and tremblingly pressed her lips to Sean’s thin lips. Like a pure and fresh flower bud, she sucked on his thin lips bit by bit, slowly flirting with the man before her like her former self. Then, Sean unexpectedly loosened his hold on her waist, allowing the beautiful and naked body underneath the bathrobe to come before his eyes the next second.

Lyla’s face was full of coyness, but she suddenly closed her eyes and daringly flung herself into Sean’s arms. Moving close to his ear, she whispered intimately, “Sean... I have never slept with other men... over the past two years... I have always been... waiting for you—mmm...”

Right after she pronounced the word ‘you’, she was kissed on the lips by the man before her. The next second, he scooped her up in his arms and walked straight toward the large bed nearby...

Realizing that Eve no longer went to the Chase Group to look for her, Myra started coming back to the company occasionally to deal with her accumulating work there. In fact, she was planning to hand in her resignation to the company these days; since her marriage to Sean would come to an end these days, she didn’t want to be still working in the Chase Group after the divorce.

More gossip had been circulating in the Chase Group these days. Seeing Myra coming to the office, Tilly quickly came up to her. “Miss Stark, you must have no idea that Director Chase has gotten himself another new girlfriend these days! She’s said to be a pianist residing in the United States who has returned to the country recently!”

“Yeah, that’s right! Everyone is betting on how long Director Chase will date this pianist residing in the United States! But let me tell you something in secret...” Tilly lowered her voice. “I heard that this woman is Director Chase’s first love!”

“Then Director Chase will probably settle down this time,” Myra answered ambiguously.

“That’s not necessarily so.” Tilly shook her head, though. “Director Chase is a womanizer, so who would he settle down with? For a man like him, who can have countless women throwing themselves at him with a crook of his finger, only the unattainable women are the best. Just you wait—they definitely won’t be together for long,” she uttered before taking an apple and munching on it. Then, recalling something, she couldn’t help adding, “He’s unlike my Dreamboat Tony, whom one can tell at a glance is a virtuous man who keeps his integrity! Whoever can marry him must be extremely lucky!”

The more Tilly talked, the more enthusiastic she became, and she even began gesticulating wildly.

Myra had grown accustomed to the way Tilly behaved like a fangirl at the mention of Tony, so she couldn't help shaking her head and chuckling. After sorting out some documents in the Chase Group for a while, she went to the Hart Group for a meeting and spent the afternoon supervising the construction site.

A few days passed with nothing out of the ordinary, but perhaps because she had suddenly lost her life's goals and directions, Myra unexpectedly felt at sea. She drove around in her car after leaving the construction site, but in the end, she had no idea where she wanted to go. She simply didn't feel like going home to an unwelcoming place where she was alone and couldn't even find someone to pour out her feelings to.

Picking up her cell phone with one hand, she wanted to call Estelle, but she was afraid that the latter might be with Shawn at this moment. Fearing that she might disturb them by calling, she gave up the idea of doing so.

Now that she thought carefully about it, there was no home for her to return to in the vast Bradford City. She could neither go back to her home nor Eve's place, and she had no friends in Bradford City except Estelle...

Myra smiled bitterly. As it turns out, I'm the most miserable person!

Before she realized it, she had driven her car to the Hart Group and parked it naturally. Upon realizing what she had done, she was stunned at once. Why... did I park my car here?

However, she couldn't stop the tall figure from forcing its way into her mind. Furthermore, she couldn't chase Tony's face—which sometimes wore a tender expression but was stony most of the time—out of her mind no matter how hard she tried.

Realizing what she was thinking, she trembled all over, as if being stung by a bee. She frantically tried to restart the engine and leave this place, but her movements were stopped by a man's deep voice that suddenly came from behind. "Myra?"

Myra was so familiar with this man's voice right now that his handsome face automatically appeared in her mind when she merely heard his voice. At that moment, frustration, awkwardness, and embarrassment flickered across her face as she couldn't help slapping the steering wheel. However, knowing that leaving at this very moment would make herself

appear oversensitive, she could only brace herself and wound down the car window to meet Tony's eyes, which contained a look of surprise and a kind of emotion that she couldn't fathom as he stood outside.

She greeted with a forced smile, "Hi, Director Hart... Fancy running into you in such circumstances."

Tony raised his handsome brow, and the corners of his thin lips turned up slightly, as if he was amused. "It's not a coincidence, for this place is the Hart Group's office. Didn't you just finish your meeting in the afternoon? Is there any matter that brings you here right now?"

"Uh, nothing, actually. I-It's j-just that..." Myra tried hard to think about why she was here, only to realize about ten seconds later that she had driven here unconsciously. She cleared her throat and answered with some difficulty, "As you know, I went to the construction site this afternoon, so I'm here just to tell you that everything is fine at the construction site, Director Hart."