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Tony's going to use nearly ten billion just to chase a girl! "That woman is asking for quite a bit! Let me meet her personally. I'd like to see if she's actually worth that ten billion!" Sebastian took his coat hanging on the back of his chair and attempted to step out of the door, but his grandson stopped right in front of him to block his way. The old man couldn't stop himself from scolding Tony again. "You b*stard! Why are you still standing here?! Hurry up and get rid of that woman! You'll never be able to afford a woman like her even if she gets married and becomes part of the Hart Family!"

"Whether or not I can afford her is my business," Tony uttered in a calm tone. "I need the money that's in Switzerland. You just need to remember to cash it out in time, old man." Tony gave the old man an intense gaze.

"You... Ouch!" Sebastian clutched onto his chest and cried out in pain. He had held himself back ever since Lisa told him not to lecture his grandchildren so frequently, but now, he felt guilty for being too nice to this stubborn bull of a grandson who stood before him. Tony was very familiar with the old man's tactics; he simply pretended as if he was about to head out of the room. "It's fine if you don't want to give me the money. I can go to Old Madam Hart; I'm sure her dowry..."

"Come back here, you b*stard! How dare you even think of touching your grandmother's dowry! You unfilial grandson!" Sebastian immediately straightened his body the moment he heard Tony's idea. He no longer looked like his chest was hurting.

Tony simply let out a faint smirk. However, he didn't walk over to his grandfather; he simply headed out of the study. "I don't have to come back; I'll just get Leo to come over and check the amount of money on Sunday." Tony was already making his way downstairs as he spoke.

Sebastian was fuming; he felt like he could tear all of his moustache out in anger right then. After some contemplation, he finally gave Elliot a call. "Hey, you brat. I want you to answer me honestly—who is the girl that Tony's going after right now?! What kind of expensive

woman is that?! It's fine if he doesn't want to show me the woman; but how could he ask so much money from the family?!"

On the other end of the line, Elliot sounded rather uncertain as he spoke. "It's not that we don't want to tell you about it, Old Master Hart; I just think you should ask Tony yourself. You know that I'm going to be in huge trouble if I tell you about it..."

"You coward! Why are you so afraid of him?! At the very least, you should tell me the woman's address. I promise I won't tell your brother anything! I'll just go over to take a peek at her; I won't do anything else!" The old man insisted.

"I can't do that either... I know that you're going to do more than just take a peek! Just let me go, Old Master Hart. You can ask Philip or Lucas—they might tell you about it!"

Sebastian gritted his teeth. He could tell that Elliot was preparing to end the call. "Elliot, you brat! If you don't want your grandmother to continue forcing you on dates, then you'd better tell me about it honestly. Otherwise..." Right then, the old man suddenly recalled something that Old Madam Samson had told him. She mentioned that Elliot was helping Tony to look for apartments... His gaze lit up for a moment before he continued in a nonchalant tone on the phone. "Just tell me about that apartment you found for Tony recently. Tell me where it is. I just want to go take a look at his apartment, eh?"

Elliot hesitated for a long while. "I just want to look at his apartment. What's wrong about that?! Are you trying to ask for trouble here? Okay. I'll just call your grandmother and ask her," Sebastian hissed.

"Hey, hey, hey. Don't do that, Old Master Hart... It's the Ocean Blue Residence on Heathrow Street. It's Unit 709 on the 7th floor in Block A. Don't tell anyone that I told you about it, Old Master Hart!" Elliot looked extremely helpless and glum right then. He quickly ended the call once he finished his words.

After Sebastian heard the address, he quickly noted it down on his rice paper before he lifted a brow. "I'd really like to see what sort of extravagant person this woman is!" Then, the old man cheerily made his way downstairs. On his way out, he stopped in his tracks and gestured for his great-grandchild—Henry, who had been doing his homework—to come over. "Come here, Henry. There's something I'd like to ask you about."

Henry tottered over hastily. Sebastian couldn't help but feel a sense of frustration when he saw how old his granddaughter's child was now. Alas, none of my grandsons have given me

a great-grandchild yet. He contained his anger as he flashed Henry a wide smile. “Henry, didn’t you mention that your Uncle Tony previously brought his girlfriend home?”

“That wasn’t his girlfriend. It was just a female friend of his.” He corrected the old man’s words with an innocent look on his face.

“It’s the same.” Sebastian waved an arm dismissively. After all, my grandson doesn’t have female friends! “What was that woman like?” he then asked.

“You mean Myra...” The young child beamed when he thought about Myra. “She’s a really good person. I like her a lot.”

Huh. Look at that—she managed to fool a child just after a short meeting. Sebastian frowned in his heart. That woman must be really manipulative and good with her words. It’s only giving me a bad impression of her.

“Why are you asking me about this? Are you going to look for Myra?” Henry blinked. “Can you bring me along when you do that, Old Master Hart?”

The old man simply waved Henry off when he saw the anticipating gaze in his great-grandchild’s eyes. “Hurry up and go do your homework.”

“Okay.” Henry left dejectedly. When he saw the glum look on Henry’s face, Sebastian couldn’t help but wonder. What sort of magic did that woman use to make both my grandson and my great-grandchild fall under her charm?

The next day, Sean was prepared to leave for a business trip. He had exhausted Lyla the night before, but Lyla eventually decided that she would pay his company a visit. She had been showing up at the company frequently for the past few days, so she had become quite close with a few managers from different departments.

As she entered the Chase Group, Lyla couldn’t help but feel impressed when she saw how organized and well-managed everything was. I do have to give some credit to Myra. I can’t believe that she really didn’t give up on Sean even when he was at his lowest—he even had to go around begging others for help back then. Myra even took out all of her funds that time. But now, the Chase Group has firmly established itself in Bradford City; Sean is living a much better life than before. However, all of this is going to be mine soon. Lyla lifted an eyebrow and looked around before lowering her sunglasses. When the front desk saw her face, she was allowed into the building without having to provide any further explanation.

Lyla knew that all of the workers in the building had no idea that their boss's wife was actually Myra, who had been working in their company all along. Lyla wasn't troubled by her conscience while she walked in and out of the building frequently—she did so because she wanted everyone to know that she was the woman Sean actually liked!

When she got into the elevator, Lyla had a sudden urge to visit the design department. However, the moment she got out of the elevator, she saw a middle-aged lady who was walking toward her. The lady had pulled one of the workers over. "May I know if Miss Stark is here?" she asked. The lady was no stranger to Lyla—in fact, Lyla was extremely familiar with her.

Eve was the one who had forced Lyla to stay away from Sean in the past, but in reality, Lyla did not hold any huge grudges against the latter. After all, Lyla already intended to come clean with Sean even if Eve hadn't chased her off then. Regardless, Eve's presence only made Lyla's departure more official than it would have been; it gave Lyla more of a reason to approach Sean now.

The worker who had been questioned was quick to give a response. "Miss Stark is rarely in the company now. I heard that she handed her resignation letter over to the director a few days ago."

"What?!" Eve raised her voice immediately. Eve realized that Leo's words made a lot of sense during their last conversation; she therefore left the country for a few days to leave more space for the youngsters at home. I can't believe that the first thing I hear after coming back is that Myra's about to quit her job! What happened during the past few days when I wasn't around?!

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The worker hadn't met Eve in the past and didn't know who she was. After jumping in response to Eve's loud shouts, the worker simply flashed Eve an awkward smile before he turned around and left. Eve hurriedly gave Myra a phone call, but Myra didn't pick her phone

up. It really seems as though they might be getting a divorce! Eve's face fell pale as she walked over to the pantry before making an international call to speak to her own son.

"What is going on, Sean? Didn't I tell you to coax Myra into coming back? What have you done to her? She's even resigning from Chase Group now!" Eve's voice was filled with worry, but Sean's response was calm and flat. "Myra and I have decided to get a divorce, Mom."

"What?! Are you crazy?!" Eve was completely shocked. "A divorce?! Are you crazy, Sean? How dare you get a divorce from Myra! Y-You're mad! Hurry up and get back home now!" she cried.

"I'm in New York, Mom. I can't leave for now. Anyway, I'm taking this divorce very seriously; I've been thinking about it for a while now. I know you like Myra, but I don't like her, Mom. I hope you can understand my decision this time." He ended the call right after that. Eve felt like she was about to lose her mind as she continued to hold onto her phone despite the beeping sound that came from the disconnected call. I shouldn't have left if I knew that this would happen. I wasn't giving them the space to reconcile their feelings; I only gave them space to destroy their relationship! I feel like Leo should be partially blamed for this. Why did I believe his words when he's nothing more than an outsider?!

"They can't get a divorce! They simply can't!" Eve hissed to herself before she walked toward the elevator. Soon, the elevator arrived at her level. She got in and went downstairs immediately. Lyla then stepped out from another small room, her face pale and disheartened. I know that Eve really likes Myra. However, what should I do if Eve steps forward and stops Sean and Myra from getting a divorce? Lyla headed down the stairs with a grim look on her face—she didn't even bother taking the elevator. When she finally arrived on the first floor, she heard loud shouts and arguments coming from the front desk. As she frowned, she turned to see a pretty yet rather pallid woman wrestling with the lady who worked at the front desk. "Let go of me! I want to see my cousin! Why are you stopping me? Sean's my cousin—that's your Director Chase! If you continue to stop me here, I'm going to tell him about it and get him to fire you!"

Upon hearing this, Lyla raised her sleek eyebrows. The woman before her eyes wasn't a stranger to her either; Sasha was Sean's cousin, and she was a woman who had once looked down upon Lyla. They never really got along with one another. Right then, Lyla simply let out a slight chuckle as she walked over and got the front desk worker to let go of Sasha. "It's been a while, Sasha," Lyla then uttered with a smile.

"It's you..." Sasha knitted her brows the moment she saw the person who had just walked toward her. Sasha knew about Lyla's return, and she knew about Lyla's involvement with her

cousin. Although Sasha didn't necessarily like Lyla as a person, she hated Myra more than anyone else! Ever since the plagiarism incident and the moment she knew about Tony's feelings toward Myra, she had desperately longed to crush Myra into pieces.

Previously, Sasha told a few company directors that Myra had shamelessly flirted with Tony; that was how Sasha ended up ruining the Hay Group's reputation. Sasha had been careful as she was afraid to make this too much of a big deal; she merely told a few companies that the Hay Group had better connections with. Tony somehow managed to find out about this, and he canceled all partnerships and collaborations that the Hart Group had with the Hay Group. After he forfeited his contracts, a few other companies that had been working well with Hay Group followed suit. Now that the Hay Group's stock prices were plummeting, Sasha had no other choice but to approach her cousin brother for help. However, she didn't expect that Sean would avoid her for so long!

"Miss Fisher, please help me to tell Sean that I'm really begging him for a favor. He's the only one who can help the Hay Group right now. He's my grandfather's grandson too; he can't just watch as the Hay Group falls apart!" Right then, Sasha no longer seemed to care about her grudges with Lyla.

On the other hand, Lyla shook her head as her eyes twinkled with the obvious joy that she felt from watching Sasha's suffering. "Judging by the way you seem now, I can tell that Sean doesn't wish to see you at all, Sasha. Since he has already made his decision, I guess my words won't be of much use anymore."

Sasha gritted her teeth as she understood the unspoken meaning behind Lyla's words. But our issue at the Hay Group is a real emergency... Sasha clenched her fists at the sides of her body as she spoke. "I know that you're back to snatch Sean away for yourself, Lyla. Yet, Myra still carries her title and status for now; with all that she has done for the Chase Group, I wouldn't be surprised if they give half of the company to her. But that's not what you would like to see, right?"

The other woman lifted her eyebrows as she continued to stare at Sasha in an unbothered manner. "What are you trying to tell me here?"

Sasha took a deep breath. "I'll tell you something about Myra; it might be able to help you. However, you have to promise that you will put in a good word for the Hay Group in front of Sean!"

"Oh? That depends on whether what you're about to tell me is a useful piece of information, right?" Lyla curled her lips into a nasty smirk. Sasha tightened her fists then. Telling another

woman about how the man I like is in love with the woman I hate most—no other woman would be stupid enough to do something like this. Sasha’s eyes were filled with hatred as she spoke. “That woman, Myra, has been trying to seduce the director of Hart Group, Tony Hart.”

The next day, Myra received a sudden call from Estelle while she was on her way to the office. Estelle called to ask about a piece of gossip that she had heard the night before. “Hey, Myra—what’s going on between you and Director Hart?” The night before that, Shawn had returned home and said that Tony might be interested in Myra. However, Myra seemed to have rejected Tony’s advances on her. Estelle was extremely excited when she first heard that Tony had actually fallen for Myra! It’s Tony, the legend of Bradford City and the person in charge of the Hart Group. With a snap of his fingers, he’d be able to influence the entire economical system in Bradford City. He’s like the most exclusive piece of jewelry in Bradford City—a combination of wealth, power, looks, and wisdom all packed into the body of a single man. Many women would sacrifice anything just to be with him. If he’s fallen for Myra... Hehe. If that’s the case, it wouldn’t be Myra’s loss then! This whole thing could even be a huge slap in the face for Sean and Lyla!

Once Myra heard Estelle’s mention of Tony, she recalled the conversation that she had with him last night and felt a bitter sensation in her chest. She simply brushed Estelle off. “I’ll talk to you later. I’m almost reaching the company,” she uttered in an attempt to end the call.

“Hey, hey. Wait! Don’t end the call just yet. I literally just called you; how could you end my call so soon?!” Estelle quickly exclaimed when she realized that Myra was about to end her call. “I think Tony is so much better than Sean! You can’t miss out on this amazing opportunity, Myra; you have to hold onto him! Of course, your divorce is important too. You have to speed up your divorce process so that you can officially be with Tony!” she cried.

Beep... beep... beep. Before Estelle could finish her sentence, Myra had already ended the call. Estelle felt a mixture of emotions as she looked at her own phone. “That heartless woman! I was only saying it for her own good. Tony has such great qualities; why is she being so stubborn?! She even ended my call before I finished speaking!”

“Tony wouldn’t be interested in her if she wasn’t the stubborn woman that she is.” Estelle didn’t realize when her bedroom door had opened, but Shawn was leaning his naked upper body against the doorframe as he looked at her. All he had on was a pair of pants.

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The three brothers in the Hart Family were about the same height, and they looked quite identical to one another. Right then, Shawn's solid eight-pack abs were fully exposed as all he had on was his pants. If he tugged his pants a little lower, his Apollo's belt would be clearly visible! His figure made him appear lean whenever he wore clothes, but his muscles were revealed the moment he took his clothes off.

He was God's masterpiece. That perfect figure, his gorgeous features and his slight smirk—Estelle had to admit that she felt her heart racing when she saw him first thing in the morning. Of course, she only felt slightly mesmerized by him. The moment he said something along the lines of 'I'm hungry; make me some food,' Estelle would lose all feelings for him immediately! She thought about going against his orders, yet she found herself tearing up on the inside when she exchanged gazes with Shawn's calm, cold glare. After that, she made countless attempts to suppress him without the use of force, but all her efforts had only been met with failure. She even tried to sneak out to go on a blind-date yesterday, but she ended up being dragged back home by Shawn.

After that incident... Her entire body still felt painfully sore from it. Right then, Estelle threw him a dissatisfied glare before she obediently got out of her bed. One day, I'll make Shawn regret insisting on being with me!

Myra swiftly drove her car into the basement parking lot of the Chase Group building. She had just walked into the Design Department when the director held her resignation letter out to her and told her to leave the letter in Director Chase's office. Apparently, her resignation letter had to be personally handled by Director Chase. She had no choice but to get back into the elevator before taking it to the floor where Sean's office was located.

There were strict rules in Chase Group—a member of staff was only allowed to leave one month after they had handed their resignation letter in. The longer the night is, the more nightmares you get; I really don't want to drag this on any longer. Perhaps I can take this chance to talk to Sean about the plans surrounding our divorce as well.

The moment Myra stepped out of the elevator, Sean's secretary ran toward her and stopped her. "Director Chase isn't in the office today, Miss Stark. You can talk to him once he's back." The secretary strung all of her words together and avoided making eye-contact with her.

Myra found herself chuckling when she saw this. I'm sure that Sean and Lyla must be doing something in there. Myra then brushed the secretary off. "Why are you stopping me if he isn't around? I just want to take a look. I'll leave if he really isn't there."

"But Miss Stark..." The secretary looked extremely flustered. "Random strangers aren't allowed to travel in and out of Director Chase's office. I think it would be better if you came back when Director Chase is in."

Myra was well-aware of the commonly used techniques and tricks that were handy in avoiding an individual. Furthermore, from the angle where she stood, she could clearly look into Sean's office. Although his office windows were made of frosted glass, she could still tell that the lights were on in the room although she couldn't see the people in it. I wonder if he's just trying to avoid me. But he can't possibly avoid me for the rest of his life, right?

The door to Sean's office wasn't locked from the inside, so Myra simply twisted the knob to push the door open.

"Miss Stark!" The secretary's voice had a stern, threatening edge to it. "Miss Stark, there are a lot of private and confidential files in Director Chase's office. As a worker of the company, I believe that you know the rules—no strangers should enter his office without getting permission!" she hissed from the back of Myra.

"You're right." Myra abruptly spun around and nodded toward the secretary. "Strangers aren't allowed, but as of now, I'm not a stranger yet." She then pushed the door open and strode into his office. The moment she looked through the gap of the door, she could tell that the lights in the lounge of the office had been turned on. The door to the lounge wasn't shut; that was what made the office seem like its lights were on when she looked through the window earlier. Why would the lights be turned on if there isn't anyone else in here? Myra continued to walk into the office. At this point, the secretary probably figured that she had no chance of stopping Myra; as such, she didn't bother following Myra from behind.

Myra headed toward the lounge and stuck her head through the door. "Sean," she shouted a few times with a blank expression. It was completely silent inside; there were no other voices apart from her own. Myra proceeded to search through the rest of the rooms, but she couldn't find Sean anywhere. She knitted her brows then. Is it true that Sean isn't here today? In that case, why did his secretary act as if there had been someone inside? Why did the secretary look as if she had something to hide from me? Myra wasn't satisfied just yet. She stepped out of the lounge and continued to look around at Sean's office. It was a spacious, elegant room; Eve and Myra had been the ones who worked together to design it for him. As she looked at all the familiar details of the office, Myra only thought about the irony of the

whole situation. I was the one who had personally designed this entire place, yet that secretary earlier had referred to me as a 'stranger' to Sean.

All of a sudden, Myra's gaze fell upon a document that was placed on Sean's desk. The lounge was rather close to his desk, and Myra could clearly read the words that were written on the document from where she stood. 'Divorce Agreement' was printed on the top in large fonts. She felt her heart clenching as she took a few steps closer to the desk. She took another look to confirm that it was indeed divorce papers. If it had been left on Sean's table, it would naturally mean that they were papers regarding her divorce with him.

She picked the documents up and glanced through them. The front pages were mostly filled with standard information; she only paid more attention when it came to the property distribution section. She was only provided with the parts of Chase Group that she had invested in in the past. Although that was all she got, she felt content with it. Her lips curled into a self-deprecating smirk when she saw Sean's majestic signature on the last page of the divorce agreement. She then took her copy of the agreement and stuffed it into her bag—the papers were meant for her, after all.

Her handbag expanded into an odd shape after she folded and stuffed the documents in, perhaps because her handbag had been too small. If anyone looked closely at the edges of her handbag zipper, they would be able to see bits of A4 paper sticking out of it. Finally, Myra left her resignation letter on the top of Sean's desk before she walked out of the office.

The secretary had a rather annoyed expression on her face as she waited for Myra by the door. "You didn't take any of Director Chase's documents, did you, Miss Stark?" the secretary uttered in a harsh tone.

Myra had initially wanted to explain that she did take some documents with her. However, she realized that what she had taken were divorce papers. Sean probably wouldn't want to let his workers know about his hidden marriage and my identity as his wife at this point in time. Furthermore, I don't want to make a big deal out of this either. "What sort of documents could I possibly take?" she said casually.

The secretary gave Myra a suspicious look and scanned Myra from head to toe before fixing her gaze on Myra's handbag. Myra maintained a calm expression as she ignored the secretary's looks and simply headed down to her own department level. When she returned to the Design Department, Tilly's response toward her was the most exaggerated. "Are you really going to quit your job, Miss Stark?!" Tilly looked as if she hit the jackpot right then. Before Myra could respond to her, Tilly grabbed onto Myra's arm and continued to blabber excitedly. "Did you find yourself a new job, Miss Stark? Can you bring me along? I've been

thinking of quitting this job a long time ago!” Tilly had conflicting emotions when it came to her job at the Design Department in Chase Group. She initially concluded that she would just go on with the job, but now that she heard about Myra’s departure, she felt like she had a reason to leave as well.

Myra simply shook her head. “I haven’t found a new job; I just want to leave for now. You can’t leave just yet, Tilly. I was the one who was responsible for the Sunny Bay Project, and you’re the one who’s the most familiar with it besides me. Aren’t you about to graduate soon? I’ll be leaving in a month. I’ll recommend you to the director before I leave—you can take over the whole project then. Although the Chase Group’s property is only at its infancy stage, you have a lot of potential; I believe you’d be able to grow a lot more if you stay here.”

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“But...” Tilly knew that she was going to miss Myra a lot, but she also knew that what Myra said was true. She was just a girl from a regular family, and her pay elsewhere wouldn’t be as high as what Chase Group was paying her now. “You have to keep in touch with me, Miss Stark. We can still chat even if we’re working in different companies,” Tilly uttered.

For the first time that day, a broad grin surfaced on Myra’s face. “Of course.”

After that, Myra felt a lot more reassured—it was probably because she had gotten her hands on the divorce agreement. She started to let go of the Sunny Bay Project as she handed most of her workload over to Tilly. On the fourth day after Sean had left, Myra drove to the Chase Group building as usual. She led her car into the basement and was heading to her usual parking spot when she found herself distracted by the luxurious Aston Martin Taraf that was parked beside her. There are only a few people in Bradford City who can drive a car like this. Since this person has come over to the Chase Group, he or she is probably looking for Sean. Is Sean back from his business trip already? Myra didn’t think too much about it; she simply thought that she would head over to look for Sean if he was back in the office. She quickly parked her car at her usual spot before she headed up in the elevator. In accordance with Tilly’s request, Myra had been slowly organizing all of her architectural design projects and other design collections for her.

Myra had only been organizing her files for a while when she received a phone call from Tilly. She picked it up with a smile. "Hello—"

"Miss Stark! Miss Stark! Ahh—" Before Myra could say anything else, Tilly's terrified screams came from the other end of the call. Her screams were tangled up with a mixture of several men's questions and growls.

Myra's face fell immediately. "What's going on, Tilly?!"

"Miss Stark..." Tilly was sobbing as she finally seemed to have gotten hold of her phone again. "Miss Stark, there have been some riots going on at the construction site. The foreman, Chris Harvey, would like to meet you. He wants to talk about how the workers have stopped their work; he also wants to ask about the workers' payment. He said that Chase Group... isn't paying them..."

Riots at the construction site? The expression on Myra's face turned into a serious one. The Sunny Bay Project had been proceeding smoothly all along; she never encountered any issues in the past. She even asked the finance department about the workers' salary previously, and they mentioned that they would receive the funds for the company soon; there shouldn't have been an issue with their salaries. "Stop crying, Tilly. Hand the phone over to Chris—there must be some sort of misunderstanding here."

Once Myra gave her orders, the phone was immediately handed over to someone else. Soon enough, a man's hoarse voice came on the line. "Are you Miss Stark?"

Myra didn't wish to delay such matters. She knew that she had to take things into her own hands, so she hastily picked her coat up and rushed toward the elevator as she spoke on the phone. "Yeah, that's right. Chris, please help me to let the workers at the construction site know that Chase Group will pay them their salary soon. I've already asked the finance department about this. Our project can't be delayed as Chase Group would suffer significant losses for every day that the work isn't complete. The workers will have to go on with their work."

"I can't care less about your losses. How are you going to expect the workers to be motivated to work when they aren't getting their pay?" Chris shouted aggressively from the other end of the call. "The company has owed us two months' worth of salary. Do they not have enough money to feed us? My men and I aren't pushovers! We're going to bring this to the court if you don't pay us!" His words were followed by the voices of a bunch of men agreeing to his statement.

“Please calm down.” The Sunny Bay Project would be completely ruined if such matters were brought to court, and Chase Group would surely have to cover all the losses. Not only that, Hart Group would probably put all of the blame on Chase Group as well. Myra took a deep breath before she continued and said, “Chase Group is a relatively reputable business; of course we would never commit such horrible deeds of not paying our workers. Director Chase has been away from the company recently and we don’t have the power to make our own decisions, but he’s coming back today, so—”

“I don’t want to listen to your bullsh*t! I want you here at the construction site now. Otherwise, I’m not going to let your young colleague go!” Chris’s aggressive growls came from the other end of the call before the line was cut off.

Myra pressed her lips together when she heard the beeping sound of the busy signal on the phone. The moment she stepped out of the elevator, she ran toward her car and flung her door open before she hopped in, started her engine and sped off.

The man who had been seated in the backseat of the Lagonda Taraf watched as Myra made her every move. He then narrowed his eyes when he noticed the anxious expression on her face, sucking his thin lips inward as he watched her.

Soon enough, another man opened the door to the driver’s seat of the Taraf. That man had a tidy and proper appearance; he was also dressed in a well-tailored suit. However, his face was expressionless as he got into the car and turned toward the man—whose face was covered by the shadows—in the backseat. “Director Hart, I’ve handed the documents over to Miss Fisher. She said that she’ll always be grateful for your help, and that these documents can be considered as her way of repaying you,” the man uttered politely.

“Always be grateful for my help...” The man in the backseat let out a slight chuckle, a hint of mockery in it. He took the documents over and tore them apart without taking a look at them. Soon enough, a spark of light came from the backseat. A bright vermilion-colored fire lit up in the air, creating thick clumps of smoke.

“Drive.” The man’s deep voice came from the backseat.

The driver shuddered slightly before he answered, “Alright.” Then, the car slowly came into motion.

Myra sped through her entire journey. She was contemplating whether to make a police report; she didn’t know how things would turn out in the end. She gave Sean a call, but he

didn't pick his phone up. She then made another call to Richard, but he didn't pick the phone up either. Her calls to the project manager and the design director were ignored as well. It's like everyone just agreed on keeping their phones away from them today! Out of desperation, she decided that she would give Leo a call, who was quick to answer it.

"Is anything the matter, Miss Stark?" Leo was still as friendly as ever—his attitude toward her hadn't changed after her unpleasant encounter with Tony that night. Myra went straight to the point. "Leo, there are riots going on at the Sunny Bay Project's construction site. Those people have held Tilly hostage, and I don't know how to deal with this matter now. Do you think it's possible for you to send some men over to control the workers at the construction site?"

Once he heard the sound of the car engine on the other end of the call, Leo quickly lowered his fountain pen before he responded in a serious tone and asked, "Where are you now, Miss Stark?"

"I'm rushing to the construction site right now." After all, Myra was worried that something bad might happen to Tilly. "I wanted to call the police, but I was afraid that things might get out of hand. Since I couldn't contact anyone else, I had to call you..."

"Miss Stark, please stop your car somewhere; don't go to the construction site just yet." Leo's expression faltered as he quickly ran toward Tony's office. However, he then knitted his brows together as he recalled that Tony wasn't in the office that day. "Listen to me, Miss Stark—I'm going to inform Director Hart about this right now. Don't go there just yet. Director Hart will make sure to handle this," Leo said in a worried voice.

Will Director Hart deal with this? Of course, I wouldn't have to feel worried about this if he's willing to take matters into his own hands. However... "All right. I'll leave it to you, then. Thank you." Myra slowed her car down. But after the line cut off on the other end, she stepped on the gas and rushed toward the construction site once again. It would take nearly two hours for Leo to rush to the construction site from where his office is. I cannot—and will not—leave Tilly alone for such a long time.

It only took Myra 30 minutes to arrive at the Sunny Bay Project construction site. When she got there, the entire place was empty. She walked toward the central area and heard the voices of men shouting. Soon enough, she was faced with an empty piece of land; all the workers who were supposed to be at work were either gone or had gathered in a group a distance away from where she stood.

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All of the men turned their heads toward her when they saw her, and Myra instantly realized that she had made a bad decision when she saw the look in the men's eyes. Running away was no longer an option to her right then; the moment her footsteps came to a halt, four or five big-sized men ran toward her and crowded behind her as they forced Myra to continue moving forward. She saw Tilly a distance away from her—the young girl was being pushed toward her by another man.

Tilly immediately let out a loud cry the moment she saw Myra. "Miss Stark... I'm so afraid..." After all, she was just a young girl who hadn't even graduated from university yet; she had never expected herself to encounter such an incident. Myra was just as afraid right then, but she had no choice except to put on a calm front as she walked over and held onto Tilly's hand. Myra then turned to look at the leader of the group of men. "Where's David? Why haven't I seen him anywhere at all?" David was another foreman Myra had often communicated with in the past; he was a lot easier to talk to and never caused any problems for her.

Before Chris could respond to Myra, Tilly spoke up between her sobs. "David was hospitalized after he got injured, Miss Stark. Chris has been the one leading the workers recently."

Chris then gave Myra a side-eye as he scoffed. "So you're the person in charge of this project, huh, Miss Stark?" He spoke in a roguish tone that made him seem more like a gangster than one of the construction workers. Myra pursed her lips. "I'm just in charge of the design; there are other people who are responsible for the whole project. I've already made some calls—"

Smack! Before Myra could finish her sentence, she felt a tight slap against her cheek that made her head spin. Tilly let out a loud shriek as she hastily attempted to help Myra. However, another man grabbed onto Tilly's arm and pulled her away from Myra. Chris then lowered his hand as he casually turned toward the man who was holding onto Tilly. "Since this b*tch is here, we can let the other one go. I heard that this woman, Miss Stark, has a rather tight relationship with Director Chase from the Chase Group. With her around, we won't have to worry about getting our pay!"

Myra felt her ears ringing after she received the sudden, unwarranted slap across her face. She reached a hand up and felt blood when she touched her split lip. She bit her lips and gasped in pain before she lifted her head up to glare at Chris. "The Chase Group is definitely going to pay you guys. There might have been a mistake made in one of the departments; I'll give the company a call right now."

Meanwhile, Tilly was crying her lungs out as she found herself being dragged away. She screamed for Myra's name, but Myra no longer found the energy to be bothered by the young girl. If Tilly was allowed to leave safely, she would at least be able to pass the message to the others. Myra now realized that the situation was more serious than she had expected it to be. This is no longer about the riots; these people are trying to detain and kidnap me! She reached a trembling hand over to touch her cell phone. Coincidentally, her phone rang at that very moment. It was a call from Tony!

Myra held her breath as she quickly picked the call up. "Hello?" That was all she managed to say before Chris grabbed onto her hair and tugged her head toward the ground. Myra forced her eyes shut in pain, and she felt her left forehead slamming against a rock as she fell onto the ground. At that moment, all she felt was a sharp, blinding pain as she gradually lost consciousness. Her phone had fallen onto the ground, but the call was still connected. Even though Myra could hear Tony's loud and furious cries from the phone, all she managed then was to groan in pain; she couldn't bring herself to speak at all.

Just as she attempted to reach a hand out for the phone, Chris stomped his foot over the screen and crushed the phone into pieces. Then, he let out a cold scoff as he walked toward Myra and kicked her a few times. After that, he crouched down and spoke to her in a cold, soft voice. "Miss Stark, most of the men at the construction site have been abstinent for a long while. I wouldn't put up too much of a fight if I were you. I'm not a cruel man; I'll let you go eventually as long as you obey my words." He then turned to the two men beside him. "Greg, Eric—lock this woman up in the hut. We'll only let her out once our issues with the Chase Group are resolved!"

Myra was forcefully dragged over to a tiny, wooden hut that didn't have any source of light; it was pitch black inside. She felt herself drowning in waves of anxiety and fear the moment she heard the sound of the men locking her alone in the hut. She could still hear Chris's voice echoing in her head. How long are they going to keep me here? What are they going to do to me? All of the workers here are madmen; I'm afraid they might... Her entire body trembled in fear as she buried her face into her knees and began to sob silently.

She had experienced the same fear when her mother left her in the past. The overwhelming sense of helplessness, powerlessness and fear... She felt like the entire world had

abandoned her then. I don't even know if Tilly managed to leave; I don't even know if she managed to find someone who can help me...

Myra felt herself tensing up every time she heard the voices of men outside the hut. The darkness that surrounded her felt like a beast that could swallow her whole.

She didn't know how much time had passed, but her legs felt numb from sitting on the ground for too long. Her tears had dried on her face, and it made her skin uncomfortably tight. Just then, she heard the nearing sounds of police sirens that came from outside the hut. Her gaze was blurry; she couldn't seem to bring herself to react to whatever was occurring outside. Myra simply wrapped her arms around herself as she continued to shake uncontrollably. It felt like everything was in slow-motion right then; each second felt like a year to her.

After what felt like a long time, the door behind Myra was thrown open with a loud bam. The entire door fell onto the ground, sending dust up into the air. Sunlight shone into the insides of the dark hut. Myra gradually turned her body around, looking as though she was still stuck in slow-motion. She narrowed her eyes as they were too sensitive to the blinding sunlight; when she saw the tall, muscular figure that stood by the door with his back against the sun, she couldn't stop her tears from streaming down her face.

When you're stuck in the dark and need a helping hand to drag you out, who is the one person you'd like to see the most? I know Sean isn't going to come and save me. I know that only a single person's face surfaced in my mind the moment I heard the door being kicked open earlier. Myra parted her lips in an attempt to call his name. "To—" She couldn't finish her words as her throat felt too dry for her to even speak. All she managed then was to stare at the man who walked over to her.

Every step he took seemed to be filled with rage and hostility right then; even the warm, golden rays behind him felt oddly cold at that moment. There was a commotion occurring outside the hut, and a few men from the SWAT team stood outside with their rifles. They seemed reluctant to rush in without orders.

Tony's face was darker than clouds before a huge rainstorm. With his hands still placed by his sides, he cracked his knuckles as he met gazes with Myra's terrified eyes. Tony hastily walked toward the latter before he picked her up into his arms without a word. Myra was a complete mess right then; her workwear outfit was coated with a layer of dust, one side of her cheek was excessively swollen, and blood stuck onto the corner of her lips. Although the blood from her forehead injury had dried up, the cut still looked terrifying. Furthermore, she had suffered a few scratches on her arms and legs when she fell and scratched herself

against the pebbles on the ground. Tony felt his eyes burning at the sight of all the red marks on her skin.

He instinctively tightened his arms around her body as he lowered his head to look at Myra. "Listen to me; I want you to close your eyes now," he said with a gentle smile. She felt like he had put her under a spell right then. A tear trickled down her cheek as she blinked, but she gripped onto his shirt around his chest as she obediently forced her eyes shut. "I'm scared, Tony..." Never once had Myra revealed such a vulnerable side of herself in front of another person. However, she no longer felt like being strong right then.

"Don't be afraid. I'm here now." The simple words that Tony uttered with his deep voice somehow put Myra at ease.