

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 41

If you ever dare to offend her, you better go the hell back to where you came from!

While thinking about what Sean said that day, Elsie quickly replied, "I'll return to work immediately!" She did not dare to argue with Myra, so she left the place in an embarrassment.

When it was just the three of them at the scene, Tilly glanced at the emotionless Sean for a moment before she quietly turned toward Myra with her tongue sticking out. "Myra, I suddenly remembered that I have unfinished business to attend to. I'll come and see you later." After that, she also left.

Seeing Tilly fleeing the scene, Myra twitched her lips as she turned to face Sean, but her face had already reverted to its usual calmness. "Director Chase, is there something I can do for you?" It was the same place where they met last time and she did not forget the humiliation she endured from him, so she could not help but clench both her fists on each side.

Sean's gaze quickly swept over her eyes, but the calmness and indifference in them was enough to make him furrow his brows slightly. "I heard that you went on a business trip a few days ago. Is it because of the Sunny Bay Project?"

"Yes." Myra coldly nodded her head without saying anything else. However, it caused his brows to tighten even more.

That day, he drove out to search for her, but no matter where he went, he just couldn't find her. He was deeply aware that he was intentionally embarrassing her, so he could not help but feel a little guilty in the end. In the subsequent days, he would return home every day only to learn that she was not back from work yet. Therefore, he knew that she was avoiding him on purpose. At that time, he was too frustrated, so he did not know what to say to her for the time being. To be honest, he would probably tell her that he hated her to the core without any hesitation, but for the past two years, she was the only one who stayed by his side. No matter how indifferent he was toward her, she never decided to leave him...

“Didn’t I ask you to wait for me?!” Suddenly, a trace of frustration pierced his heart, causing him to speak in a heavy tone.

For a moment, Myra looked shocked as she was taken aback. Sean tightly pursed his lips before he suddenly and forcefully loosened his tie. It was a black tie with blue stripes and it did not look special at all, but it still caused Myra’s heart to skip a beat. The tie... It was the one she bought for him a long time ago. For the most part, he simply kept it hidden at the bottom of the closet without ever wearing it, but today...

At that moment, she felt as though there were thousands of ants chewing on her heart. Her nails sunk deep into her palms immediately as she tried to prevent herself from being hopeful once again because every time she had hope, it always ended in an unbearable moment...

With her head lowered, she smiled bitterly. “The Hart Group has allowed the Chase Group to enter the competition with the Hay Group again. The last meeting was held at a hotel near the Sunny Bay Project and I was afraid that it would be time-consuming for me to travel every day, so just like everyone else, I stayed in the hotel. If it has caused you any inconvenience... I’m deeply sorry.”

All her bitterness landed in Sean’s eyes, which made him even more frustrated. In the past, Myra was confident and cheerful as she always seemed to have a smile on the corners of her lips. However, ever since she married him, her smile seemed to have faded away as time passed.

Sean did not know what he was thinking as of late. Does she deserve to live such a life because she once harmed my child? I know clearly that she isn’t as kind as her image on the surface suggests. No matter how many times I humiliate her, it will never stop the hatred I have for her in my heart!

However, for some reason, ever since he saw the despair on her face that day, he seemed to have... Sean’s eyes grew darker and after a long while, he finally said calmly, “It’s nothing.”

His words were not as sharp as before, nor did he try to make things difficult for Myra, which was unsettling for her at first. When she lifted her head and gazed at him, she happened to see the gentleness in his eyes that he had not even noticed before it was buried. For a moment, she was shocked, but a while later, she could see that there was nothing but coldness and alienation in his eyes, so she thought that it was only an illusion earlier... Alas, it’s impossible for Sean to look at me with such gentle eyes!

Suddenly, the atmosphere became weird between the two of them.

"If there's nothing else..." Myra was starting to panic. She was afraid that she would not be able to control her emotions if the situation continued. Therefore, she murmured to the man in front of her, "If there's nothing else, Director Chase, I'll be—"

"Come with me to Old Master Hart's birthday party next week." Without waiting for her to finish her words, Sean suddenly spoke.

For a moment, Myra thought that she had heard Sean wrongly, but then, he calmly continued with his words. "By then, I'll ask Richard to come and pick you up. Try... not to be late." After that, he turned and immediately left, leaving her with an elusive figure.

While looking at the draft papers that she had just placed in front of her, her eyes were slowly filled with many mixed emotions.

For the past two days, Myra had poured all her attention into the design plans since the Hart Group wanted the final draft and its data to be presented. To prepare for the last meeting, she even forgot to sleep and eat as she stayed up late almost every night until 1 in the morning, yet she still woke up at her usual time every day.

In a short period of two days, she was completely exhausted, but the confidence in her eyes grew larger. She had a feeling that her design draft this time would definitely shine in the final meeting.

It was already 1 in the morning. When Myra exited the office building of the Chase Group, she was not surprised to see Sean's black Lamborghini parked outside. Then, Richard came out from the driver's seat and trotted all the way to the back so that he could open the door for her. "Young Mistress Myra, please get inside the car. Director Chase is waiting for you inside." For the past three nights, no matter how late she stayed for work, Sean would always be waiting for her downstairs.

Without being pretentious, she entered the car right away. Just like always, the two of them did not say a word to each other. When they returned to the Chase Residence, she would return to her bedroom while he went back to his study.

In the beginning, Eve would ask Myra whether she had already made peace with Sean.

Make peace? Actually, I don't even know why he is doing this. With her eyes lowered, Myra quietly cheered herself. Don't think about anything else. Tomorrow is the crucial battle!

The next day, Myra arrived at the company in the morning and took out the design plans that she locked in the drawer last night to take a look. Luckily, nothing went wrong. She calculated the data again to make sure there were no mistakes before rolling up the design plans.

A while later, Tilly came and informed that the director was looking for her. Therefore, she locked the plans back into the drawer before heading toward the director's office. In the afternoon, almost everyone on the floor went to the cafeteria for lunch, but Elsie suddenly showed up at Myra's desk.

With a roll of paper in her hand, she took out a key and opened Myra's drawer before exchanging the two design plans. Quickly, she locked the drawer while her eyes were filled with hatred. "Let's see how you'll make your report this evening! Myra, if you aren't able to win the Sunny Bay Project, you better be prepared to be fired by Sean!" After that, she cleaned everything up and left in a hurry.

At 4:00PM, Myra brought her design draft in advance to the Hart Group. This time, the director allowed her to select an assistant to follow her, so she picked Tilly.

At the lobby, they met Sasha and Lily, who had also exited their car. Myra nodded at them politely before waiting for Logan and Leo to come down. At that critical moment, no one dared to speak because everyone was probably a little nervous. Myra even saw Lily frowning her brows while holding on to their design drafts, as if the latter was reciting something.

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Sasha would whisper to Lily from time to time since there was a hint of reluctance on the latter's face, but she nodded her head quietly in the end.

Soon after, Logan and Leo came down to welcome them. It was only at that moment when Lily kept her design plans away.

For some reason, Myra suddenly had a weird feeling.

As soon as Logan came down and saw her, his eyes immediately brightened as he tried to stride over to her. However, Leo stepped on Logan's foot, causing him to suppress his facial expression in a hurry. After that, they both walked over to the ladies and said gently, "Miss Stark and Miss Hay, both of you must be ready, right?"

Myra and Sasha nodded their heads.

Upon seeing Myra, Logan's smile seemed to have softened. When he turned toward Sasha, his smile became a little indifferent instead, but he was still polite toward her. "I heard that Miss Hay and Miss Torres have been here all afternoon. Looks like you two are quite enthusiastic."

Lily's face slightly changed, but Sasha quickly tugged her hand before she smiled at Logan. "The early bird gets the worm. It's also better for us to respond to any sudden changes." Suddenly, she turned toward Myra. "Am I right, Myra?"

Even though Myra felt a bit strange, she still nodded her head.

Soon, all of them rocked up to the meeting room on the 48th floor. In the room, Tony and the other managers from every department were already seated.

As soon as the four of them entered the room, they quickly sat at their arranged seats.

To be fair, each company would have needed to draw lots to decide who would start the presentation first. The moment Sasha received the first pick, the smile on her face suddenly widened. "Myra, we'll start our report first."

For some reason, her smile was exceptionally bright and it made Myra feel a little uneasy in her heart. Something shook her mind, but she could not pinpoint what it was.

However, as soon as the Hay Group laid out their design plans under the lights, she immediately realized what went wrong. For a moment, her face instantly turned pale.

After the design plans were laid out, it was almost a meter long and everyone around the table was able to clearly see every inch of the drawing.

The contents of the design plan were exactly the same as Myra's!

No, wait. That design plan is practically mine! I have even checked it personally this morning! Look at those familiar little folds, corners and countless little details that I've changed! This drawing is practically mine!

While holding the design plan in her hands, her fingers started to pale as well.

If that design draft is mine, it means the paper in my hand is a... Needless to say, it has been secretly changed.

"Myra, what is it?" Tilly's concerned voice was heard beside her. Upon seeing her pale face, Tilly assumed Myra felt that the Hay Group's designs were much better than theirs, so she quickly comforted her. "Don't worry. Since we are already here, let's show everyone how good your design is. I trust you!"

However, Myra's entire body froze as she did not know what to say. Immediately, she shot a glance at Sasha, who sat opposite her.

At that moment, Sasha's eyes were filled with disdain as she seemed to be paying attention on Myra. The moment she met Myra's gaze, she slowly revealed a smirk before she coldly pouted her lips. It isn't possible for Sasha to swap the design plans without me knowing about it because I never left it out of my sight. Also, I've even checked the plans this morning. The only time it wasn't in my sight was... at noon when I wasn't at my work station! Who is it?! Who is the one who changed my design plans and gave it to the Hay Group?!

Quickly, an image surfaced in her mind—after taking a few deep breaths, she finally suppressed the rage inside her. Elsie Foster! How dare you!

Not far away, Tony glanced at her and he seemed to notice that there was something wrong with her expression, so he furrowed his brows slightly.

Leo followed his gaze and he also noticed the gloom on Myra's face, so he whispered, "Do I need to ask Miss Stark whether there is a problem?"

“No.” Tony withdrew his eyes and he gently tapped on the desk with the finger on his right hand to redirect Leo’s attention to the Hay Group’s designs.

Usually, it was Sasha’s job to present the Hay Group’s designs, but this time, it was the designer, Lily, who personally explained the designs.

After roughly perusing the designs, Tony furrowed his brows inexplicably. Lily’s explanation is perfect. She has a deep understanding of the designs, so she is able to explain every detail very clearly. There are a few tiny mistakes on the data, but it’s not a big deal.

After a round of applause, it was time for the Chase Group to present their report.

Meanwhile, Myra’s palms were already coated in a layer of perspiration. If I leave now, I’ll only be handing the Sunny Bay Project over to them. She was unwilling to be framed, but if she went ahead and presented the design plans in her hands, she would only end up embarrassing herself!

As she was placed in a difficult situation, many emotions started flashing across her face.

At that moment, everyone was still whispering about how perfect the Hay Group’s designs were, but as soon as they noticed the motionless Myra, they started talking in hushed tones.

On the other side, Sasha’s concerned voice was heard. “Myra, what is it? Are you sick? Do you need to rest for a while before continuing with your presentation?”

“No.” Myra wore a cold face as she stood up from her seat and went up the stage.

“Myra, the design plans...”

When Tilly saw Myra throwing the design plans aside, she halted her in surprise.

Instead, Myra turned toward Lily. “Miss Torres, do you mind if I use ‘your’ design plans?”

As she had heavily emphasized on the word ‘your’, sure enough, Lily’s expression changed slightly, but soon, she calmly smiled and acted casually. “If you like our design plans, you can use it as you like.”

After that, she calmly sat down next to Sasha.

However, Myra was tightly clenching both her fists on each side.

It was the most embarrassing presentation she ever had to make since she started working long ago. The designs aren't mine, the data isn't mine, and the idea isn't mine either... At least, this is what everyone will think. However, only I know that all of this is actually my idea. Only I understand the teeth-gritting grievance that I'm experiencing now.

After Myra awkwardly 'repeated' everything that Lily said, everyone was in disbelief as they fell into complete silence. A few pairs of eyes seemed to poke holes all over Myra's body, and soon after, a loud discussion erupted in the meeting room.

"Miss Stark, what do you think you are doing? Are you admitting defeat or are you blatantly plagiarising the Hay Group's designs?" A deputy project manager among the audience took the initiative to express his dissatisfaction. "We are still waiting for the Chase Group's design, but instead, you repeated the Hay Group's presentation. Is this the answer that you are giving us?"

At that moment, Myra tried her best to stay calm as she scanned through the audience below her. Almost everyone's eyes were filled with disdain and dissatisfaction.

Immediately, her back stiffened while her clothes were soaked in sweat. "Actually... I also find this strange—why is our presentation looking exactly the same as the Hay Group's?"

Immediately, it caused an uproar in the meeting room.

Myra's words were secretly implying that she was actually the owner of the design plans, which meant that the Hay Group obtained the plans through dubious means.

"Myra, you are now crossing the line. You obviously brought your own design plans, but you refuse to use it. Instead, you insist on using our plans, but rather than thanking us, you claim that our design plans are the same as yours. Are you accusing the Hay Group of plagiarizing the Chase Group's designs?!"

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An aggrieved Sasha stood up in the midst of the whispers.

"If that's the case, why don't you open the design plan that you brought so that everyone can have their say?"

A hint of disdain flashed through her eyes from an angle that no one could see.

At that moment, Myra's nails were sunk deep into her palms. The design plans that I brought have been changed. What's there to look at? Someone had obviously set up this meeting in advance. However, she wanted to give it a try because she refused to admit defeat, but sadly, nothing she did would change anything.

"Fine! What's there to be afraid of? I trust Miss Stark!"

Tilly's angry voice was heard from below as Myra tried to stop her, but it was already too late.

Tilly quickly brought the design plan to the square table before she opened it. "Huh? What is this?!"

Her scream was heard at first, but when she tried to cover the plans, she was quickly stopped by a hand next to her.

After the design plan was opened, no one knew who had started laughing from below, but what ensued was a mixture of laughter and a deep sense of mockery.

"Miss Stark, is this the design plan that the Chase Group decided to present to the Hart Group?" The deputy manager pointed at a charming man's different postures on the draft paper while saying disdainfully. "Looks like the Chase Group didn't send a designer over here to discuss the project. Instead, they sent a fangirl over!"

Looking at the design plan, Myra's face immediately flushed and her body trembled slightly after experiencing such an unprecedented embarrassment.

“Mr. Gardner.” Suddenly, a man’s deep voice was heard in the meeting room.

Ever since she started explaining her design plans, Tony had remained silent, but now, he was slowly standing up.

His figure was imposing and the black suit managed to restrain the intimidating aura around him; instead, others did not dare to look him right in the eyes. He remained a calm expression as he scanned everyone with his eyes, causing everyone to subconsciously remain quiet. Even Mr. Gardner let out an awkward cough as he did not dare to speak again.

As Tony’s gaze reached the design plan, he realized that the man in the drawing was him. It contained various postures of him walking, sitting, thinking and raising his brows. After that, he turned toward Myra whose eyes were closed.

“If Miss Stark is a one of a kind genius who has the ability to remember everything at first sight, I’m really impressed by her audacity to ‘plagiarize’ the Hay Group’s designs in front of everyone.”

Tony’s voice was calm, but at the same time, it seemed to have exerted a sort of pressure, and caused everyone to breathe heavily. On the surface, he was accusing Myra of having the audacity to plagiarize in front of everyone, but there was a strange feeling about his words. Even Mr. Gardner was starting to furrow his brows because he obviously understood the meaning behind Tony’s words.

When everyone thought about it, they remembered that Lily continued to refer to her drawings while explaining her designs. When it was Myra’s turn, she never turned to look at the outline once even though it was laid out behind her, as though she was exceptionally familiar with the designs to a point where every piece of data that she explained was correct.

If she didn’t ask someone to spy on the Hay Group’s design, how could she have such a deep understanding of the structure of their design? Or does she really have the ability to remember everything at first sight? However, both plans are exceptionally risky. For the first plan to work, she would have needed to draw the first pick whereas for the second idea to work, she had to explain her design after the Hay Group’s presentation. No matter what, not many people will tend to believe her. The Chase Group is also a massive company, so why would they embarrass themselves? Logically, why would the Hay Group take such a huge risk too? This...

“Director Hart...” Seeing that everyone was starting to doubt the situation, Sasha stood up amidst the silence and whispered. “I remember that you once said that the Hart Group will severely punish those who plagiarize other people’s work, but this time, I beg you to forgive Myra. She... might have a reason to do what she did. The Hay Group will not hold the Chase Group accountable, so I hope that the Hart Group will do the same.”

The people, who were doubtful at first, were now looking at her in shock with eyes of admiration.

On the other hand, Myra’s eyes instantly darkened.

However, as soon as Tony noticed that she was about to say something, he immediately stopped her while stoically looking at Sasha. “I’m not accusing Miss Stark of plagiarism.” His eyes were so dark that it looked like a bottomless pit, as if everyone in front of him had nowhere to hide.

Sasha felt her heart violently skipping a beat while her face darkened. “What are you saying, Mr. Hart?”

Just as his gaze was about to burn her alive, Tony redirected his glance toward Myra. “The Hart Group will not tolerate any plagiarism, but we won’t simply accuse others either. Given the current situation, the Hart Group will discover the truth soon. No matter who the culprit is, as long as the evidence is conclusive, the Hart Group will be merciless toward any wrongdoings. Unless...”

His eyes swept from Sasha’s watertight expression to Myra’s calm demeanor. When Myra saw the comfort in his eyes, she could not help but clench her fists.

A second later, he focused his sharp eyes on Lily. “Unless that person is willing to stand up and admit to what she has done; otherwise, she won’t be willing to see her fate afterward.”

Her entire body trembled as her leg softened. Luckily, she was sitting on her seat, but her head immediately lowered.

Beside her was Sasha, who almost pierced her palms with her nails! Isn’t he actually looking out for her?! I can confirm that the two of them are definitely in a secret relationship!

In the end, the meeting turned out to be a joke.

Myra tried to comfort herself again, but when she stumbled upon the gazes from everyone in the Hart Group, she still felt upset in her heart.

“Miss Stark, I’m sorry. I didn’t know about the drawing...” Tilly was almost in tears.

Then, Myra patted her shoulder. “It’s not your fault. If someone else has untoward intentions, it’s hard for us to avoid it.”

“Who stole your design plan?!” At that point, even Tilly knew that someone had set them up.

Myra’s face immediately grew colder as she closed her gaping mouth. “I don’t have any evidence, so I can only guess.”

“From the time of our departure from the Chase Group to the Hart Group and until the meeting ended, the Hay Group wouldn’t have had any chance to lay their hands on the design plan, which means that it was possibly swapped when we were at the company... It’s Elsie. It’s definitely her! She was upset that she was booted from the Sunny Bay Project and demoted to an assistant. That’s why she wanted to set you up!”

In the hallway, the employees from the Hart Group were still exiting the meeting room, one after another in groups as they continued to whisper about what had happened.

When Tony stoically exited with Leo behind him, everyone quickly stepped aside to make a path for them.

Thinking about how Tony helped her at the meeting earlier, Myra felt a sense of gratification inside, but as soon as she stepped forward, he simply went past her without even looking back at her.

However, Leo blinked at her before quickly following in Tony’s footsteps.

Myra was startled for a moment before Logan came up to her and whispered, “Director Hart doesn’t want people talking behind his back. After all, he just helped you out at the meeting. That’s why he can’t be close to you in private.”

After that, he left in a hurry.

For a moment, she was touched as she remembered Tony’s faint soothing gaze at the meeting earlier...

For some reason, it immediately reminded her of the same eyes that he had last time when he told her to 'trust him'...

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"That's great! With Director Hart and Mr. Logan's help, you'll definitely be fine!" Tilly let out a sigh of relief when she heard Logan's words as Myra returned to her senses.

Then, Myra looked past Tilly's shoulder and saw Sasha and Lily, who were both standing behind her.

Myra never had a good impression of Sasha in the beginning, but now, she finally saw what an awful person the latter was.

On the other hand, Sasha felt a little guilty when she met Myra's gaze, but she immediately lifted her head in arrogance as she walked over. "Myra, I can't believe that you don't even have the courage to admit your mistake. No wonder Sean always looks down on you!"

Myra instantly smiled with anger. No one else is better at talking nonsense than her.

"Then, who do you think will fall for you?" She could not suppress her anger any more, so she coldly gazed at Sasha. "You failed to seduce him, so you are now trying to frame me. Sasha, is this project really that important to you? Is it so important that you are willing to abandon all of your morality?!"

The moment Sasha heard the word 'seduce' from Myra's mouth, her expression changed slightly. "Myra, don't you dare slander me. How dare you try to insult me when Mr. Logan and you are in a clandestine affair! I've already shown enough respect to you, so don't push your limits!"

"I think you are the one who is taking this too far!" Myra took a deep breath. "Do you know why Director Hart didn't immediately believe your words when you accused me of plagiarism?" Sasha was now tightly clenching her fists while Myra revealed a disdainful smile on her face. "It's because just like me, he knows what kind of a person you are!"

After that, Myra left with Tilly.

When they left, Tilly vented her anger by wearing a triumphant expression and she coldly grunted as she walked past Sasha.

Sasha immediately felt a sense of rage surging from her chest, as if it was about to explode.

Beside her, Lily's face was already pale when Tony cast his gaze at her earlier. After listening to Myra's words, she grabbed Sasha's hand while breathing heavily. "Miss Hay, don't you think we should admit to it? Maybe Director Hart will consider preserving our dignity—"

"Do you know what you are saying?!" Sasha swept Lily's hand aside, but when she noticed the crowd was looking at them in shock, she lowered her voice and whispered, "If we admit to it, everything will be over! Don't worry, they won't find any evidence to prove that we did it. You just need to keep your back straightened all the time!" However, when she saw that Lily's eyes were still full of fear, her eyes sharpened as she murmured. "Miss Torres, you know how capable the Hay Family is, right? Even though we aren't the wealthiest family in Bradford City, it won't be difficult for us to fire a designer..."

Instantly, Lily's expression changed as she lowered her head and mumbled, "I know what to do, Miss Hay."

Back at the Chase Group, everyone from the front desk to the Design Department were completely quiet, but when Myra and Tilly walked past them, they immediately pricked their ears.

"Have you heard about it? When Miss Stark gave her presentation to the Hart Group just now, she actually used the Hay Group's design plan. That's blatant plagiarism!"

"That is so embarrassing. Isn't she directly discrediting the Chase Group?"

"I even heard that the design plan Miss Stark brought was filled with caricatures of Director Hart. She failed to seduce Director Chase, so she now has a new target. What an embarrassment."

However, Myra remained silent.

On the other hand, Tilly looked upset. Miss Stark probably knew that something was wrong with the design plan, so she did not take it up on stage with her. In the end, I stupidly opened it in front of everyone, landing her in an even worse position.

"It's all because of Elsie. She is the one who secretly changed the blueprint and caused Miss Stark to be humiliated. Miss Stark—"

"Tilly, you are badmouthing me again!" Before Tilly had the chance to finish her words, Elsie showed up from nowhere and interrupted. Then, she stood arrogantly in front of them with a malicious intent in her eyes. "I've heard that Myra was blatantly plagiarizing the Hay Group's designs while presenting her report to the Hart Group. Myra, if you don't have the capability to secure the Sunny Bay Project, please don't blame it all on me. It only shows how low you are!"

Upon seeing her face, Myra could feel the rage slowly rising from her heart. I knew I was overly kind to her back then. I should have just kicked her out of the company when I had the chance last time! Otherwise, I wouldn't be in this predicament! "Tilly, follow me to the surveillance room. I want to check the surveillance video for this afternoon!"

She forcefully resisted the urge to slap the woman in front of her in the face.

Just as Myra turned, she could hear Elsie's sneer from behind. "Surveillance video? The surveillance room was under repair at noon. Didn't you know about it? Or, is it because... you already knew it, so you are now purposely using it as an excuse to escape from your responsibility?"

"You!"

"What about me?" Upon seeing her pale and devastated face, Elsie let out a long-awaited giggle. "Oh, right. Miss Stark, Director Chase is now in the director's office. He asked me to bring you there with me!"

The Design Department had mainly consisted of women, so their earlier argument drew a lot of attention from the people around them.

Tilly wanted to follow them, but Elsie immediately halted her. "I'm sorry, Tilly. Director Chase didn't ask you to come along with us."

Tilly was furious, but after seeing Myra's gloomy face, she could only stomp her foot and worriedly watched her leaving.

On the way, Myra knew clearly in her heart that she was set up by someone. How is it possible that my design plan was swapped by someone on the day when the surveillance room was under renovation? I remember that when I met Sasha and Lily at the Hart Group's lobby today, the two of them were still intensely studying their design plan. Also, Lily seemed like she was remembering the data at that time! They only had more than three hours to look through my design plan, which is enough, but when the data was involved, they definitely wouldn't have the sufficient time to study all of it! That is why Lily was simply memorizing the data word by word because she knew that there wasn't enough time!

Suddenly, she felt that her breath had stopped as she tightly clenched her fists. When they were about to arrive at the director's office, they could see two figures exiting the room at the same time—it was Sasha and Lily!

Instantly, Myra's eyes twitched the moment she saw them.

Then, Sasha came over with Lily and gently explained, "Myra, don't worry. I've already explained everything to Sean. The Hay Group won't hold you accountable for this and we won't spread any rumors either."

When Myra heard Elsie's giggle from next to her, she gritted her teeth. "Thank you for your kindness, but before everything is clear, don't you think you are getting ahead of yourself?"

"Is that so..." Sasha remained calm as she murmured softly, "Myra, for Sean's sake, I won't blame you—no matter what happens from now on."

After that, she left with the silent Lily behind her.

Meanwhile, Elsie gleefully turned toward Myra's gloomy look. "You can enter now. Director Chase and the others have been waiting for a while."

After taking a few deep breaths with her head lowered, Myra pushed open the door of the director's room.

The room was completely quiet as there seemed to be an eerie silence in the atmosphere.

As soon as she entered the room, she walked straight to Sean.

At that moment, the man in front of her was leaning against his armchair while his eyes were slightly closed. He supported his forehead with one hand while the other held onto a piece of draft paper. His eyes were now extremely cold and his thin lips were tightly pressed. It was not hard to see that he was now in a bad mood.

“Director Chase...” Myra’s fingers twitched as she called him with a husky voice.

Suddenly, Sean opened his dashing narrow eyes to reveal the chill in his eyes, which was enough to make her tremble. “What is this?!”

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As Sean brusquely threw the document over, he wore a stern expression on his face. “Where did you summon the courage to do something like this?”

Myra heard Elsie’s snort of laughter from behind her. When she focused on the document, she realized that it was the document she brought to the Hart Group after it was switched—and images of Tony were drawn on it.

There were numerous drawings of him in various postures in a special, delicate style. Myra’s expression immediately changed right after she saw that.

When she was at Hart Group earlier, she did not clearly look at the document due to her embarrassment and fury. It was only now that she realized that the drawing style on the document was similar to hers! “I didn’t draw this,” she retaliated without a second thought.

When she lifted her head, her heart sank as soon as she saw Sean’s mocking smirk. She had to give it to Sasha, who was certainly skilled in framing her—she was even able to find a drawing that was similar to hers. I bet Sean now assumes I drew this. Even if it proves that I didn’t plagiarize, it shows that I drew the pictures of another man behind his back in such a lifelike manner.

“Get out—all of you!” he suddenly yelled in anger.

Xavier was smart—he was the first one to head out.

Elsie wanted to stay to watch the drama unfold, but after meeting Sean’s cold gaze, she had to leave the office as well.

However, she predicted that even if Myra’s reputation had not been completely destroyed, she would sustain a huge loss this time around. No matter what happened, she could no longer remain in Chase Group. Hence, Elsie did not care about watching the drama.

Initially, Myra thought that the actions Sean had done two days ago had alleviated their strained relationship, even though he did not directly mention that he wanted to do so. Now that she had been unexpectedly framed, they had grown further apart again.

She smiled bitterly in her heart. How is it possible for us to mend our relationship? It’s... impossible! There’s too much pain being inflicted. We are already separated by distrust, misunderstandings and the pain that we have caused each other—just like today.

Myra picked up the document and placed it in front of Sean. By that point, she had already calmed down. “I’m not the one who drew this and I’ve never committed plagiarism. It’s up to you to believe it or not. If you want to fire me, I have nothing else to say.”

There was no recording and no other evidence to indicate that she was being framed. She had completed the draft alone and she only chatted with Tilly during her occasional breaks, but that could not prove anything as well.

Sean’s face was extremely dark as he recalled the words that Sasha told him earlier.

“Sean, I only heard that Myra chased the woman you love away and caused the death of your unborn baby. I didn’t expect her to become worse. I can’t believe she actually copied the designs from Hay Group! Well, actually, since we are relatives, I don’t mind. I don’t mind giving it to you if you just ask. However, do you know what Myra has done since you have given her the cold shoulder for such a long time?” Sasha seemed to hesitate at that moment, but she gritted her teeth and continued. “It might just be rumors, but I heard that Myra met Mr. Logan and D-Director Hart for this project...”

He could no longer listen to the rest of her sentence.

Looking at the man’s picture in the design drawing, fury immediately rose within him. Just how much effort has she put in to produce such a realistic drawing?

“What is this attitude of yours?” Sean stood up immediately and he leaned forward on the office table in front of him to harshly pinch Myra’s chin. “Myra, you seem to be quite casual about leaving. You can leave anytime you like, but you left a bunch of mess behind for us! If you didn’t draw that, who did? Apart from that, about the plagiarism issue today, call Sasha immediately to apologize to her.” His face turned even darker.

In an instant, tears immediately welled up in Myra’s eyes.

She never expected Sean to trust her. During the incident which involved Elsie the other time, he did not listen to Myra’s explanation at all; in fact, he asked her to apologize instead. Even though Hart Group had already announced that they would look into it, he was anxious to accuse her.

“So, you would rather believe that I plagiarized it than to believe that it is my original drawing?” Myra asked in a hoarse voice as she closed her eyes in front of him.

Pain shot from her chin again, but the intensity could not be compared to the hurt she felt.

Looking at her expression full of despair, he subconsciously released his grip on her chin.

He had recently seen her looking like that—she had the exact same expression when he accused her last time.

“The higher-ups of Hart Group saw it, yet you still claim that you didn’t plagiarize. Show me the evidence then!” After Sean loosened his grip on her chin, he looked colder.

Sasha was not the only person who reported it to him. Mr. Gardner, the deputy manager in charge of Hart Group’s project, also called him about it.

When he recalled Mr. Gardner’s tone, his face turned more dour.

Myra tightly clenched her hands as she smiled bitterly. “I-I don’t have any evidence.”

With that, Sean looked at her sharply. She quietly met his gaze with a pair of clear eyes that were void of any guilt or defensiveness.

However, Sean suddenly saw the drawing of Tony from the corner of his eyes again...

“Get lost!” he immediately shouted in fury.

Myra froze and she quickly shot a glance at Sean. After seeing his disgust toward her on his face, a pang of pain shot through her, but she quickly left the office with her head lowered.

When he saw her figure disappear at the office door, a surge of annoyance bubbled within him, as if something had blocked his heart and he was unable to remove it.

Xavier walked into the room and asked tentatively, "Director Chase, are you going to fire Myra?"

When he was standing outside, he clearly heard how angry Sean was. In the end, Sean even asked Myra to get lost. I bet Myra can't stay here anymore after she landed into such serious troubles.

Right after Xavier finished asking, Sean shot a cold glare. "Mr. Xavier, since when have you learned to call your own shots?"

A shocked Xavier quickly bowed. "I take every instruction from you, Director Chase. I'll do whatever you ask me to."

Sean merely snorted coldly. "Investigate this matter! I must get to the bottom of this!"

"Yes, sir." Xavier only felt that he almost broke out in cold sweat.

After Myra left the Chase Headquarters, she suddenly felt lost and was unsure of where she was heading to. Since I can't show them any evidence about the Sunny Bay Project, I'm definitely going to be the scapegoat. From now onward, I probably can't even be involved in the design industry anymore. The man who once promised me that he will take care of me forever has already hated me to the core. I wonder when we will finally end things with each other. Over the years, I've always tried my best to do a good job, but things just don't seem to go my way at all.

Soon, the night lights were switched on. A silver grey Bentley Mulsanne was driving slowly behind her some time ago. Seeing that she did not react to the car's presence, the driver honked twice.

The piercing sound finally pulled Myra back to her senses.

She turned and saw Leo poking his head out of the window. "Miss Stark, are you heading home? We are on our way there too. Get in the car; we'll send you home."

She could slightly identify another person sitting in the backseat of the car. Of course, she knew who the person was without giving a second thought.

She still had not thanked Tony for everything that happened at the Hart Group earlier today. After thinking about it, she took a deep breath and nodded before opening the vehicle's back door.

"Thank you for the help today, Director Hart."

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As soon as she entered the car, the cool air slightly alleviated the summer heat.

The man in the car leaned against the backseat with his eyes closed. He had a rather wide forehead and a straight nose; although his deep, narrow eyes were shut, it did not hide his handsome features. His physique and facial features made him look like a foreigner, which radiated an aura of elegance in each and every movement of his.

Upon hearing Myra's words, Tony opened his eyes and he slightly nodded without even shooting her a glance.

However, he suddenly turned to look at her. "How did this happen?" He stretched his long, slender hands and touched her chin, which now showed red terrifying fingerprints.

Tony frowned slightly as his gaze became colder.

Myra was shocked by what she saw. Even though his fingers had only lightly touched her chin, she felt as though she had been scorched and turned away reflexively. "It's nothing," she replied in a low voice.

When she turned, her fair neck was revealed and it further emphasized the redness on her chin.

Tony's eyes reflected his hesitancy about the matter, but the stiffness around his lips revealed his anger at that moment. Even without Myra's explanation, he could roughly guess what had happened.

Leo merely felt that the temperature in the car had further decreased. Suddenly, he felt the vibration from the phone in his pocket. After he learned what had happened, he quickly stopped the car and went to a nearby pharmacy. When he returned, he had a bag in his hands that he passed to Myra. "Miss Stark, here is some ointment for your injuries. The pharmacist said that it's quite effective."

Myra froze before she took the ointment from him. "Thank you, Leo."

He had been planning to drive Tony to the Hart Residence, which was located in the mansion region of Southern Hill. Since the Chase Residence was also in the same neighborhood, it was considered on the way for them.

Throughout the drive, she felt quite anxious. She had initially expected Tony to ask a lot of questions, but he merely closed his eyes to rest. She was not someone who would take the initiative to start a conversation, so silence fell between them.

Until they were close to arriving at Southern Hill, he slowly opened his eyes with a tinge of indifference that people rarely understood. "You don't have anything that you would like to ask me?"

Myra's body slightly jolted.

Perhaps she did not understand Tony's character well, but she was clear about one fact—the Chase Residence was not on the way from the Hart Group to the Southern Hill. Hence, Tony definitely had something to tell her for him to meet her 'coincidentally'. However, after such a long time, he did not ask a single question about the plagiarism that she was involved in. Is he already so confident? Or is it just a polite excuse when they say that the Hart Group will look into it?

"Director Hart..." Myra looked at him with uneasiness, but he merely took out a cigarette and lit it.

Soon, smoke spread in the car. As Tony's expression was half-shrouded in the smoke, his handsome face looked even more indifferent. She gritted her teeth as she thought, He's probably the only person who could help me now. If he believes in me... "Director Hart, I did

not plagiarize the design from Hay Group. The design that I brought over today is not done by me either.”

When she finished speaking, she paused for a moment, but there was no reaction from him.

Myra’s heart sank. Well, there’s no reason for him to believe me unconditionally, is there?

She merely smiled. Just as she was about to turn, she heard his low voice. “Well, I would rather hope that you were the one who drew those drawings.”

His gentle voice was slightly muffled. Although it sounded as light as the smoke in the car, her body stiffened upon hearing that.

After Tony extinguished the cigarette in an ashtray, he turned and looked straight into Myra’s eyes with his indifference. “I have a way to investigate the truth.”

Myra froze before she dug her fingernails into her palms. “Really?”

“Yes.” Tony nodded simply.

Myra tightly clenched her fists. I knew it! I knew he had some ways! With his help, I believe that the accusation of me plagiarizing will be cleared!

Tears welled up in her eyes as she anxiously looked at the man in front of her. “What is it?”

Upon seeing her anxious expression, Tony slightly smiled with a twinkle in his eyes that disappeared almost immediately. However, he calmly shook his head at her. “Relax; I do have some ways to clear your name. But, how would you repay me?”

“R-Repay?” Before she could digest the joy she felt, she felt uneasy when she heard what he said.

At that moment, there seemed to be a fire in his profound eyes. It was not a strong fire—instead, it was a rather small flame that consistently burned—but the more it looked harmless, the deeper she sank into it. Her back stiffened as she understood what he meant. “H-How would you like me to repay you, Director Hart?”

“How about marrying me?” Tony said lazily as he stared into her eyes. Then, he suddenly turned and leaned into his seat.

He sounded like he was joking, but at the same time, it sounded like he meant his words. It was rather confusing to determine what he truly meant.

Myra merely felt as though her heart was about to jump out of her chest. She opened and closed her mouth multiple times as she was unsure on what to respond. After knowing that there was a way to clear her name, her excitement was doused by a bucket of cold water upon hearing his suggestion. She took a deep breath and replied dryly, "Director Hart, this joke is not funny at all. I'm already married and I know you have a woman whom you love deeply."

She placed her tightly clenched fists on each side of her body.

In an instant, the atmosphere in the car seemed tense.

Just as Myra thought the awkward atmosphere was about to be prolonged, Tony suddenly asked, "Didn't you say that you didn't watch my interview? How did you know that I have a woman whom I love?"

He looked at her with a half-smirk on his face and he seemed to have a gentle look in his eyes.

Myra immediately blushed.

Back then, when she stayed over at his place, he had asked about her thoughts on the interview when he sent her home the next day. However, she nervously gave an excuse that she had not watched the video. At that time, she was unaware that she would be exposed today. She quickly explained, "I didn't watch it back then, but since many people have watched it, everyone in Chase Group is talking about it. I initially didn't know about it, but now I do."

"Is that so?" The smile on Tony's face clearly illustrated his doubts on her explanation.

With a nervous expression on her face, Myra stiffly nodded.

However, Tony suddenly laughed out loud.

Usually, he was stern and serious. Even when he smiled, it would be a slight and cold one. It was her first time seeing him laugh out loud. The usual indifference disappeared from his eyes, making him look more warm and jovial, which had shocked her.

Unfortunately, Tony's laughter quickly ceased. His eyes narrowed as he turned away from her. "Well, then come back to the Hart Residence with me. Grandpa has something to discuss with me. After our discussion, I'll send you home. This time, I will clear your name."

With that, he closed his eyes again; he was obviously not giving her any chance to reject his offer.

Myra opened her mouth, but she closed it with a complicated expression moments later. Director Hart has a woman he loves. Even though I don't know who she is, I bet she's as perfect as him. Only someone like her can match his status.

She tried to suppress the peculiar feeling within her as she thought, I'm just going back to the Hart Residence with him. Perhaps he has some urgent matters to discuss. Apart from that, he also promised that he will send me home after he's done with the discussion.

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If he really can't keep to his promise, I can walk home too. Southern Hill is not a small area, but it's not gigantic either. Apart from that, it would be for the best if he could really clear my name from the accusation of plagiarism.

As soon as Myra thought about that, she stopped speaking and quietly looked outside the car window.

From the corner of his eyes, Tony slightly arched his good-looking eyebrows when he saw her small face had darkened.

The car was soon driven to the mansion region, which was surrounded by a garden.

Southern Hill was the paradise for many wealthy people, but a mansion as big as the Hart Residence could not be found—even in the area.

It took almost five minutes for the car to be driven from the main gate to a building that looked like a castle with European architecture.

Soon, the car came to a tall fountain that resembled a swan. Next to it was a huge mansion with white walls and red bricks that were surrounded by trees; the place looked impressive and intricate at the same time.

Even Myra, who had seen different styles of mansions, could not help but sigh in her heart. Sure enough, the Hart Family is the most prestigious family in Bradford City.

Tony, who was next to her, had been resting with his eyes closed. He finally opened them and landed his profound gaze on her as he looked at her clear eyes.

Without waiting for him to speak, she quickly responded, "Just go ahead and run your errands, Director Hart. This garden is quite beautiful—I'll take a stroll while waiting for you to be back." Afraid that he would invite her inside for a cup of tea or something to that effect, she quickly broke the silence.

Perhaps she was defensive because he had joked about asking her to marry him earlier. If I enter the mansion with him, how would I explain my reason for being here once I meet the elders in his family like Old Master Hart? I don't want to run into any unnecessary embarrassment or troubles.

Tony seemed to frown unhappily as he stared into Myra's eyes, but he did not convince her otherwise. "The garden is quite big, so bring your phone with you. I'll call you when I'm done," he reminded her nonchalantly.

Myra tightened her grip on the phone and she nodded after turning subconsciously.

I bet she doesn't even know she's blushing right now. Upon seeing her reflexes, Tony's mood suddenly became better. Before he exited the car, he stretched his hand toward her and it caused her to tense up when she felt his hand on her forehead.

Before he walked off, he arched his eyebrows as he asked, "Are you running a temperature?"

Sitting in the car, Myra's face was flushed red. She suddenly felt annoyed at Tony's earlier action. I thought... he had stretched his hand out because there were some leaves or dirt on my hair. I can't believe that he actually placed his hand on my forehead!

At that moment, the warmth from his hands slowly seeped into her skin, as if he left an imprint there.

A slightly frustrated Myra opened the car door and she alighted from the car.

Sure enough, the garden in Hart Residence was ginormous and it was obviously a well-planned garden. In the evening, the lamps in the garden were all switched on and illuminated the bushes and flowers, making the atmosphere cozy and romantic. The pebble paths and fresh air even enchanted her. However, when she turned after ten minutes of walking, she knew that she was lost.

She felt exasperated at herself. Since she expected that Tony would call her after he was done with his matters, she planned to find a spot to rest. However, at that moment, she heard a small voice sobbing. After tracing the source of the voice, she saw a young boy, who looked like he was around eight years old, sobbing as he sat next to bushes of flowers. He pouted as he mumbled, "Can they not divorce? Sob... Sob... I don't want them to divorce..."

As the lamp behind him shone from above, it cast a lonely shadow on the ground, making him look like a kid who had lost his way.

Myra immediately froze on the spot.

After all, the scene reminded her of her past. She remembered that many years ago, she also ran out from her house and secretly cried in a nearby garden, begging a God whom she thought had existed that time to stop her parents from divorcing.

She walked to the young boy involuntarily.

"Who's there?" When he heard her approaching, he immediately lifted his head and looked at her vigilantly. As soon as he saw her, a frown immediately appeared on handsome face. "Who are you?"

He thought of himself as a brave man. Hence, it was a humiliation for him to be seen crying by another person. He quickly wiped his tears away from his cheeks and lifted his head to speak to her. "I did not cry earlier. It's just that... some sand entered my eyes when I walked over."

Myra did not expose him because she clearly understood how he felt, having experienced a similar fate herself. In an instant, she felt closer to him. Even though he was still young, he

had a shadow of Tony after she looked at his face—it was highly likely that he was someone from the Hart Family.

After thinking about it, she replied, “I’m lost. Can you bring me back to the fountain?”

The little boy looked at her in confusion. “Are you a guest?”

“I...guess so.” Director Hart invited me here, so I guess I can be counted as a guest of the Hart Family. Myra touched her nose and pretended that she had not seen his red eyes that were swollen from crying. “I initially planned to take a stroll before going back, but this place is just too huge. So, I’m lost.”

“This is my great-grandpa’s house—of course it’s large. You don’t have to be embarrassed about it. I was also lost when I came here for the first time.”

Myra’s warm expression had probably lowered his defenses. He jumped down from the stairs and added, “I heard that Uncle Tony is returning tonight. You must be his guest. I like Uncle Tony, you know. Come with me—I’ll bring you back to the fountain.”

With that, he immediately walked in front of her. Seeing him regain his vigor, she could not help but grin.

As the path became increasingly familiar to her, she soon returned to the fountain in no time. However, both Leo and Tony were nowhere to be seen and there were only a few security guards not far away.

“I’ll accompany you here for a while. When Uncle Tony comes back, I’ll leave.”

Perhaps out of his worry that she would feel lonely, he took the initiative to stay with her.

Sure enough, he’s a kind child. Myra could not help but caress his hair as she remembered her mother had done the same to her back then.

The little boy’s body stiffened for a while before it slowly relaxed. He turned with a tinge of hesitation in his eyes, but he still asked her, “May I know your name?”

Myra froze for a brief moment before a hint of smile appeared in her eyes. “I’m Myra Stark. M-y-r-a S-t-a-r-k. You can just call me Myra.”

“So... Are you my uncle’s girlfriend?” The sparkle and curiosity in his eyes had replaced his sadness.

“Nope,” she quickly replied after guessing which uncle he was referring to.

“Awwww!” He actually looked a tad bit disappointed upon hearing that.

Upon seeing his genuine expression, Myra could not resist flicking her fingers on his forehead. “You’re just a kid. Do you even know what ‘girlfriend’ refers to?”

He felt a slight itch on his forehead after she did that, so he glared at her and kept a distance from her. “Of course! A girlfriend is... Well, no matter what, you are not my girlfriend, so I’m staying away from you!”

Myra smiled upon hearing that. How mischievous!

Just as she was about to reply, a gentle voice suddenly interrupted them. “Henry!”

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When Myra and Henry raised their heads, they saw a slender woman standing at the other end of the fountain, which was not far from them. Even though the woman was already in her late thirties, she looked like she was barely 30 years old. Although she was elegant, there was a hint of worry and sorrow on her face that Myra detected at that moment.

On the other hand, after Tony entered the mansion, a maid took his coat from him and placed a pair of indoor slippers in front of him.

“Young Master Tony, Old Master Hart has been waiting for you in the study for a while.”

With that, she smartly retreated to the kitchen.

As soon as he knocked on the door to enter, a voice commanded loudly from the room, "Wait at the door!"

Even though it was a rather old voice, it was still full of strength. It was obvious from his tone that the man in the room was not in a good mood.

Tony arched his eyebrows as he closed the door of the study and obediently obeyed the order—he stood straight on the spot without taking another step.

After Sebastian finished his writing, he realized that it was indeed his grandson, the one who had caused a lot of problems, standing obediently by the door. Because of the news that his eldest grandchild, Serena, had brought, his foul mood which lasted for half the day took a slightly better turn. After eyeing the door sideways, Sebastian said in annoyance, "Enter."

Tony walked into the room indifferently.

Sebastian dried the calligraphy that he wrote earlier and placed a paperweight on the table. He was not in the mood to argue with his youngest grandson, so he cut to the chase. "Do you know the Young Lady from the Hay Family?"

Tony frowned slightly before asking nonchalantly, "Which Hay Family?"

Seeing that he deliberately asked that question, Sebastian glared at him. "Which other Hay Family exists?"

Tony's eyes narrowed as he met Sebastian's gaze with a half-smirk on his face. "Bradford City is rather big, so I bet there are many families with the last name of 'Hay'. There are also thousands of people with this last name as well. How would I know which Hay Family you are referring to?"

"You... Rascal!" Sebastian was furious by his reply. Judging from his attitude, I'm sure he's deliberately defying me! If I don't have an important matter to discuss with him, I would love to throw this inkstone at him! "Which Hay Family? Of course, the one who secured the Sunny Bay Project from the Hart Group! Do you know this Hay Family?"

After he pretended to think about it, Tony looked as though he had a realization. "Oh, you mean the Hay Group? Well, I do know them, but I didn't know that they have already obtained the Sunny Bay Project."

Seeing Tony's stubborn response, Sebastian angrily gritted his teeth. The old man from Hay Group just called to tell me that we are going to collaborate soon. He even thanked my grandson for taking care of his granddaughter and sent good wishes for us to take care of each other. However... My grandson would take care of his granddaughter? When has Tony become such a kind person?

After he hung up on the call, he immediately called Mr. Logan—the person in charge of the Project Department of Hart Group.

When Mr. Logan received the call from Sebastian, he did not dare to reveal much. Instead, he merely told him the objective facts—the Hay Group and the Chase Group had competed to work on the Sunny Bay Project. There was a designer from the Chase Group who was involved in a plagiarism case.

After thinking about it, Sebastian immediately realized that Tony was behaving in an odd manner. Why would he be personally involved in such a small project? The Chase Group is involved in plagiarism? Old Master Hay calling me to tell me the news of our collaboration? Isn't it obvious that Tony is doing all of this for the Young Lady of the Hay Family?

Since Serena was about to get divorced, he had not been in a good mood. Hence, that piece of news finally cheered him up, albeit slightly. He did not even tell his wife before he confirmed the authenticity of the news. As a result, he quickly summoned Tony over to confirm it with him. However, his face darkened when he saw such an attitude from Tony.

"What do you mean? Tony, you are no longer young. Do you still think you can play hard to get—like those young ladies?"

What if she's scared away by him? I've looked it up—even though the Hart Family can't be compared to our family, this young lady is honest, pretty, and kind. She also earned good grades back in school. Even though other people have copied her work, she did not report to the police, but she generously forgave them. The Hart Family has never expected our descendents to look for wealthy young ladies. As long as they are kind, that's the most important.

"Me? Hard to get?" When Tony heard Sebastian mention Sasha's name, he vaguely knew what he meant. At that moment, his eyes narrowed dangerously. "Grandpa, could you be thinking that I like her?"

Sebastian snorted coldly. "You enthusiastically took over this project for the Young Lady of the Hay Family, didn't you? You don't have to pretend otherwise in front of me!"

As if he was satisfied that he said those words aloud, he took a few sips from a cup of tea next to him. Immediately, his throat felt much more comfortable. After that, he looked sideways at his youngest grandson, who was tall and well-built. "Tell me, how would you like your wedding? Have you decided on a date? If not, tell your grandma and let her help you. It's about time for our family to be in a celebratory mood."

Tony merely looked at Sebastian in amusement. He took a few steps forward and knocked on the table in front of him with a mocking look. "Who told you that I took over this project for someone from the Hay Family?"

Sebastian frowned as he pursed his lips. "Isn't that the case? You took over because you like that young lady, don't you? Don't tell me that you are interested in this project! I don't believe it!"

"It's true that I'm not interested in this project." Tony arched his eyebrows and snorted disdainfully. His eyes flickered when he saw the words 'Hay' written on the piece of paper in calligraphy. "It's just that the Young Lady of the Hay Family is not good enough for me!"

"You!"

Sebastian's chest heaved up and down because of his anger.

He carefully appraised Tony's expression. At that moment, Tony looked indifferent and stoic—he also did not look like he was joking at all.

Unwilling to throw in the towel, Sebastian asked, "You aren't interested in her? Really? Why did you take extra care of the Hay Family then?"

Tony let out a cold chuckle. "I never knew that I've been taking care of them."

"Then, why did the Hay Family say that..." Sebastian suddenly slammed his fist on the table. "That old jerk!"

After thinking about it, the reason why the Hay Family had given such an ambiguous story became clear to him... But...

“That Young Lady from the Hay Family seems decent. You are also not young anymore. Now that both of you are in touch with each other for these few days, why don’t you—”

“In your dreams!” Tony suddenly interrupted and he turned to leave.

Since he already knew why he was called back today, he had no plans to stay any longer.

Sebastian’s face alternated between shades of green and white as he yelled, “This scoundrel!” His mood that was finally lifted, even by a bit, sank again.

The woman quickly walked to Henry and appraised him from head to toe. “Why did you suddenly run outside? Do you know Mommy and Great-grandma are worried about you?”

Upon seeing his red eyes, she seemed even more exhausted. “Henry, I-I’m sorry...”

“Mommy...” After Henry calmed down, he also felt upset when he saw his mother being sad. However, it was almost impossible to ask him to suddenly accept the news of his parents’ divorce.

He merely grabbed the hem of her clothes tightly with his little fingers.

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After a while, the woman finally lifted her head and spoke to Henry gently, “Both Mommy and Daddy still love you very much, and it’s just that we are not staying together anymore. If you miss Daddy, I’ll still bring you over to him, alright?”

Sure enough, he has family problems—looks like his parents are getting a divorce.

Myra merely stood aside quietly while Henry lowered his head sadly.

It was only at this moment that the woman noticed Myra.

“And you are?” she asked awkwardly yet curiously.

“This is Uncle Tony’s... friend, Myra,” Henry said in a low voice after the topic was changed.

He snuck out of the woman’s embrace and walked to Myra. “She lost her way just now so I brought her back.”

“Hello.” Feeling slightly nervous, Myra tucked her hair behind her ear and smiled at the woman.

If my guess is correct, this woman should be Tony’s eldest sister, Serena Hart, who happily married into the Reyer Family with a huge dowry. This is so unexpected...

Serena was not in a good mood recently, so she brought her son back to the Hart Residence. After she heard Henry introduce Myra, Serena looked at the latter blankly.

My youngest brother has a lady friend?

“I see. So you’re Tony’s friend? What about we go and take a seat inside? Grandpa asked Tony to come back today to discuss some matters, so I bet he’s unable to leave anytime soon.” Serena smiled at Myra gently.

“Myra, why don’t we go on in?” Henry also held Myra’s hands. He had no idea why he thought Myra seemed friendly even though they had just met.

Even Serena could not stop herself from casting a few more glances at Myra. It was unexpected for her to see Henry becoming close to a woman he had just met.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Myra waved her hands and rejected their offer. “It’s fine; I’ll just wait here.”

“Then I’ll wait here with you,” Henry said quickly.

Serena did a double take and looked at her son in surprise.

Seeing that he had calmed down, she merely said, “Alright. I’ll bring some tea for the both of you.”

With that, she walked into the mansion without giving Myra the opportunity to refuse her offer politely.

Looking at Serena's leaving figure, Myra suddenly thought of her own mother. When her mother was also divorcing her father, their family was breaking apart just like Henry's family. Suddenly, she could not hold herself back anymore and spoke to Henry. "Your mom is still young. If she really divorced your dad, perhaps she can start a new life. Don't you want your mom to be happy, Henry?"

Upon hearing that, Henry froze before he lowered his head. After a pause, he muttered, "I just want to live together with everyone..."

After all, he was still young so he did not understand the troubles of an adult. Just like Myra back then—she, too, did not want her parents to separate. She gently held Henry's hands. Seeing that he wanted to get away from her, she held him even tighter. "Back then, I was too young to realize this, so I didn't want my mom to divorce my dad. However, it became something that I regretted for the rest of my life. Henry, your mom loves you so much. Shouldn't you care for her in return?"

There were many occasions where Myra regretted her actions. She regretted not stopping her mother from leaving the family back then. If that did not happen, is it possible that she might not walk to her own destruction?

At the thought of this, Myra's body trembled slightly.

Henry was shocked to see this and grabbed her trembling hand firmly. "Are you cold, Myra?"

"No; I'm not." Myra took a deep breath to calm herself down. Then, she caressed Henry's head. "Your mom is so much more upset than you now. You have to put yourself in her shoes, Henry."

Henry froze upon hearing that. Just as he was about to say something, he saw an old lady walking toward them. Immediately, he stood up straight and looked at her as he greeted respectfully, "Hello, Great-grandma."

Myra was shocked to hear that, but her shock immediately turned into exasperation.

Even though she did not enter the mansion with Tony, she still met his elders nevertheless.

Hence, she quickly turned around and looked in the same direction as Henry. At this moment, an old lady was walking toward them, a scarf around her neck. Even though her hair had turned grey, she looked energetic and had a solemn expression on her face, looking wealthy and elegant with her hair tied behind her head tidily.

As though she had heard the conversation between Myra and Henry just now, she eyed Myra impassively before her eyes narrowed. Then, she shifted her gaze to look at Henry. "Why haven't you gone in? It's so late already."

Henry seemed to treat her with great reverence. He hesitated beside Myra as he replied, "When I saw this young lady lose her way, I brought her back here. I'll go in soon."

Lisa Hart nodded indifferently before looking at Myra once again.

"Hello, Old Madam Hart." Myra smiled at her.

Without any change in her expression, she asked, "This is..."

"She's Uncle Tony's friend!" Henry quickly replied before Lisa could finish her sentence.

Lisa's eyelids seemed to tremble slightly. Upon hearing that, she looked at Myra again before she nodded and left.

After she had left them, Henry finally patted his chest. "Don't worry, Myra. She's my great-grandma. Though she looks solemn, she's a nice person."

In reality, Myra was not afraid of her. She merely felt awkward upon meeting her, but she was relieved that Lisa did not ask her any questions.

Soon, before Serena could come back to them, Tony walked out of the mansion without any expression on his face with Leo in tow.

He seemed to be quite furious. Even though his expression was indifferent, his thin lips were pressed into a grim line. When he reached Myra, he didn't even seem to see Henry. Instead, he pulled Myra by the hand and walked toward the silver grey Bentley Mulsanne.

"Director Hart..." Myra protested but Tony obviously did not hear her, as he did not release his grip.

Myra merely turned around helplessly to look at Henry, who was shocked to see this.

“Bye!” she said.

Seeing the way Tony dragged Myra away, Henry had a furtive smile on his face as he waved to her. “Bye, Myra! Do visit soon!”

On the other hand, Lisa returned to the living room of the mansion calmly. There, she met Sebastian, who was running around furiously as he complained, “This rascal! During one of the rare times he returns, how dare he show me his defiant attitude? If I catch him this time, I’ll skin him alive—”

Before he finished his sentence, he saw his wife.

People of their age in Bradford City knew that Sebastian Hart was very short-tempered. However, no matter how irate he was, he would immediately become gentle when he saw his wife.

Hence, as soon as he saw her, he immediately stopped complaining. Instead, he turned around to hold her hand with a smile on his face as she walked upstairs. “Lisa, I was just kidding. Tony is your blue-eyed boy—how could I do this to him? By the way, have you had the broth that I asked the maids to prepare? It’s your favourite chicken broth!”

Lisa merely shot him an indifferent glance. “Aren’t you going to skin my grandson alive?”

Sebastian’s solemn demeanor in front of Tony a moment ago had completely disintegrated as he pretended to be defensive about this. “Whoever dares to do anything to my grandson, I will never let them off the hook!”

Upon hearing his words, the old woman, who seldom smiled, finally twitched her lips slightly into a small smirk.

When Tony grabbed Myra’s hand as he walked outside, her soft and tender hand made him tighten his hand involuntarily.

“Director Hart...” Seeing that they had reached the car, Myra struggled against his grip awkwardly and she wanted to take back her hand.

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Tony did not turn around but his side profile looked cold and serious. Myra had no idea what he discussed with Old Master Hart upstairs, but she assumed that it did not go well.

Tony never glanced back and he did not utter a word. Instead, he merely tightened his grip on her hand.

When they reached the car, Leo quickly opened the door of the backseat for them.

Tony let Myra get into the car first before he followed from behind. All this while, he did not let go of her hand at all.

After the both of them got into the car, Myra shot a tentative glance at him. His lips were pressed tightly together and he had a deep frown on his face that made his expression look dark. However, he seemed to have forgotten the hand he had been holding.

"Director Hart..." Myra said his name worriedly again. It was only now that he seemed to hear her. Following her gaze, he saw that he had been holding her hand and with narrowed eyes, he slowly let her go.

Myra heaved a sigh of relief. Even though the atmosphere in the car was quite tense, fortunately they had reached the Chase Residence.

Myra thanked him in a low voice before getting out of the car. After taking a few steps, she turned around and knocked on the window on Tony's side. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw his profound gaze but she quickly murmured, "I still feel very grateful toward you no matter what. Also... Don't be too angry, Director Hart. No matter what, I'm sure your family has your best interests at heart."

Obviously, she thought that Tony had a fight with his family, so she gave him a piece of advice.

With that, she turned around to walk to the mansion.

Behind her, Leo heaved a helpless sigh internally.

Even though he did not enter the study just now, he understood his boss well. No matter how I look at things, the way he dragged her along just now and the dark expression on his face looks like he's just pretending!

Now that Myra is gone, the sullenness on his face has completely disappeared! Apart from that, I can even see the corner of his lips twitching upward.

At this moment, Leo was complaining about his boss in his thoughts. Miss Stark is no match for Director Hart at all! He is a hypocrite!

As soon as Myra reached the Chase Residence, Eve walked up to her anxiously. "You're finally back, Myra!"

"Mom, what's wrong?" A sudden surge of exhaustion after a whole day of dealing with different matters overcame Myra as she was changing her shoes in the doorway.

Eve seemed to have something to tell her, but she seemed reluctant to do so after seeing Myra's tired look.

After Myra put on the indoor slippers, she guessed that Eve was probably worried about the Sunny Bay Project, so she consoled her gently. "Mom, don't worry about the Sunny Bay Project; I'll deal with it."

"You? What can you do?" Eve blurted out without a second thought. After realizing what she had just said, she quickly shut her mouth again.

Just as Myra was about to walk inside, she froze for a moment before she continued walking. "Don't worry. I won't let Chase Group take the blame."

Upon hearing her words, Eve remembered what Sasha told her during their phone call earlier. After putting what she knew from the Hart Group together, she initially planned to have a conversation with Myra. However, she felt displeased after seeing Myra's nonchalant attitude, so she could not help but say, "Myra, I also hope that you can take on this project, and I know you put a lot of effort into it. But no matter what, you should not have copied someone else! Luckily Sasha is my niece, and she already said that she won't take legal actions against you. Otherwise, if this news spreads, the Chase Group will be embarrassed once again."

At this moment, Myra completely stopped walking forward.

She clenched her fists and loosened them several times before a bitter smile appeared on her face. "Mom, do you also think that I plagiarized the design from the Hay Group?"

She did not turn around but there was despair in her voice.

Eve's eyes flickered around and she avoided looking at Myra. "Myra, what I meant just now was that... Sasha has said that no matter what, she won't be angry at you, so—"

"Mom, I'm tired. Let's discuss this tomorrow."

Without waiting for Eve's reply, Myra walked to the second floor immediately.

Behind her, Eve's facial expression changed and her eyebrows knitted together into a frown.

When Myra opened the door of her room, she was greeted by a gush of icy air.

Home should be the warmest place for her, but she only felt it becoming colder as days passed by.

She had never expected that the people whom she thought were closest to her did not even believe her.

Eve's words just now had hurt her indeed. However, she had no idea why she was not as sad as before when she faced such a helpless situation.

Is it because I'm becoming numb?

Myra twitched her lips into a self-mocking smile. At this moment, she suddenly remembered Henry. I hope he doesn't take the same path as I did. Serena looks kind and gentle, just like my mom. Both of them deserve happiness.

Thinking of this, Myra took a deep breath. Only after she's gone do I realize how precious the time we spent together was. It's only until now that... I realized what a stupid thing I've done.

She closed her eyes bitterly.

As rumors spread like wildfire, everyone frantically got out of the elevator as soon as Myra entered after she arrived at the office the next day.

It was the peak office hour, so she seemed awkward and helpless to take the elevator alone.

However, Tilly entered the elevator after squeezing out of the crowd.

Someone pulled her back and shook his head at her. "Tilly, you know what everyone has been talking about. Don't go looking for trouble. You are still an intern designer. In the worst case scenario, perhaps other companies will not dare to hire you anymore."

Tilly could not be bothered to reply and she merely shook his hand off before pressing the close button on the elevator door.

"Thank you, Tilly," Myra murmured and smiled.

Tilly pursed her lips. "Myra, I believe in you and Director Hart. Since he said that he will look into this, I'm sure he is able to clear your name!"

When Myra thought of Tony, she also involuntarily relaxed. She had no idea why, but she believed him.

Around nine in the morning, the chief designer received a call from the Hart Group to ask Myra to go over, saying that they found out the truth about the designs.

When Mr. Xavier walked out to notify Myra, Elsie overheard that and walked over to snicker at her misfortune. "Myra, I can't believe that you are so thick-skinned! If I were you, I won't even dare to come to the Chase Group today. How embarrassing! Have you found the next company? Oh, I'm sorry—I forgot that you are a designer who's involved in plagiarism, and you fangirl after another man until everyone knows about it. Who would dare to hire you after this?"

"Whether I actually plagiarized other works or not, we have to wait for the Hart Group's announcement." Myra also smiled coldly, a hint of mockery on her face. "Sometimes, one can't be too gleeful. Tragedy might happen anytime, especially when you are too happy."

"Exactly." Elsie flashed a fake smile at her. "You're the perfect example of that. Some time ago, you were so well-received by the Hart Group but in no time, your reputation is ruined.

Alright, I guess you have to head over to Hart Group now. It's better to get it over with quickly."

With that, she walked to her seat with her hips swaying.

Looking at her back, Myra clenched her fists tightly.

When Myra reached Hart Group's basement parking lot, Leo had already been waiting for her next to the elevator.

As soon as he saw her, he quickly invited her to the elevator reserved specifically for the director that was right next to the normal elevator.