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Myra was touched upon seeing this. It was likely that Tony gave such an order because he was worried that the people from the Hart Group might make snide comments in front of her. After all, the rumors of her plagiarism had spread throughout the Hart Group as well.

When Myra reached the 48th floor, she entered Tony's office. At this moment, Sasha was already there and Tony was sitting behind his office table, with his crossed fingers supporting his forehead. Through the windows, sunlight shone on his back and the outline of his figure glimmered slightly.

"Director Hart, Miss Stark is here."

After hearing Leo's voice, Tony raised his head and his eyes narrowed. Then, he leaned backward in the chair. His facial features were perfectly exquisite and well-defined, and he was also tall and well-built. He was dominant yet not ostentatious, sharp yet not ruthless, and there was a hint of laziness as he leaned backward at this moment. Tony had completely dominated Sasha's field of sight now.

Since the last failure, she went back and thought carefully about the possible reasons. Then, she came to the conclusion that Tony did not understand her well enough. Hence, she begged her grandfather to call Old Master Hart to give him some hints about her feelings. According to her grandfather, even though Old Master Hart did not give a straightforward reply, he seemed to be pretty satisfied with her judging from his tone. She was beyond excited to hear about this, so she quickly drove over here once she received the call from Hart Group. To her, everything was going according to plan. Since she was just here to witness Myra's trial, she did not even bring her designer over.

Sasha flashed a kind and gentle smile at Myra. "Myra, I believe that Aunt Eve has already passed my message to you. If you admit your mistake now, no one will know about this in the future." Sasha looked at Myra earnestly to show Tony that she was kind and generous. She had always grabbed on every opportunity to showcase herself.

"Oh—is that so?" Myra's eyes gradually became colder.

“Myra, I know you did this because you love Sean very much. You want to take this project for him so much that you gave in to the temptation. I know you did not mean to do this and I—”

“Director Hart, please let us know the results.” Myra interrupted Sasha without waiting for her to finish speaking.

Annoyance was already in Tony’s eyes but when he saw Myra’s reaction, there was a quick flash of a smile on the corner of his lips, so quick that no one saw it except Sasha. She clenched her fists tightly and bit her lips as she gently murmured, “Director Hart, please go ahead.” She looked like she was trying to stay strong after she had been wronged.

Myra smiled sarcastically and stopped looking at her. Instead, she turned her gaze to the emotionless man in front of them.

At this moment, Leo placed a laptop in front of Tony and opened a file in it. Then, Tony turned it around so that it was facing both the women. “Here are the results,” he announced in an indifferent tone as his gaze swept past Sasha coldly.

“This is the result?” Sasha was the first to voice out her confusion.

A clear picture of a woman was shown on the screen of the laptop. Her head was lowered, so her eyes could not be seen. Instead, only the shadows from her long eyelashes were visible. She had an exquisite nose and petal-like lips. Even though her hair was tied back, there were strands of it falling into her face, forming a stark contrast compared to her fair neck. This woman was none other than Myra, and she had her head lowered as she drew.

If the current atmosphere was not solemn, Sasha would have snorted coldly. I wonder who the photographer is? This person had obviously put a lot of effort into taking this picture! After all, Myra looked so beautiful that made others want to drop everything and just look at her. In the picture, there was a drawing paper in front of Myra that was already fully drawn.

Looking at Sasha’s questioning gaze, Tony enlarged the drawing paper and revealed that it was the drawing that was submitted by the Hay Group yesterday. Even though it was not that clear, the outline could be clearly seen.

“H-How is this possible?” Sasha exclaimed. Right after that, she quickly closed her mouth after realizing her faux pas.

Looking at the shocked expression of the two people in front of him, Tony curved his lips into a cold smile. "Miss Hay, the time when this picture was taken is marked at the bottom of the picture. If you are worried that this picture is edited, you can make a copy and take it back to examine it." With arms crossed in front of his chest, Tony looked at Sasha coldly. "Do you still need me to tell you the result?"

In an instant, different emotions flitted across Sasha's face. She glared at the picture before looking back at Myra, who kept mum as soon as she saw the picture.

Sasha did not expect anyone to take a picture of Myra that would become the evidence to her accusation. The words that she had just said to Myra and Tony had backfired, and her face blushed red as she felt like she had shot herself in the foot.

"Director Hart, Myra, I'm sure there's some misunderstanding here." Sasha's fingernails almost dug into her palm and the expression on her face took a drastic turn. After a while, she finally settled on a solemn expression. "After we came back from the construction site of the Sunny Bay Project, our designer, Miss Torres, said that she was going to focus on drawing. Honestly, I only knew about her design on the very last day, so I had no idea that she stole Myra's drawing. But don't worry, Director Hart and Myra. The Hay Group will never stand for such actions. After finding out the truth, I will definitely provide you with a proper explanation, Myra."

The gentle expression on her face just now had become serious and earnest. From her words, she did not dig a grave for herself. At this moment, she suddenly turned around to look at Tony seriously. "Director Hart, I would like to discuss this matter with you in private. Is that alright?"

In just a few sentences, she had pushed the responsibility from herself entirely. Myra knew that this was perfectly normal in their profession, as the scapegoat had always been powerless employees. She knew that she could not make any decisions at this moment, so she merely looked at Tony, who nodded at her. Then, she left the office. Since everything had reached this point, she believed that he was a man of his word. Hence, she was not worried about the rest of the incident anymore.

To her, the most important thing was to have her name cleared. As for the discussion between the both of them, she assumed that Sasha planned to make a deal with Tony in order to save the Hay Group.

Myra did not forget what happened to the Reid Group after they were involved in plagiarism. Of course, Sasha did not forget about it as well. Losing a business partner like the Hart Group was a huge blow to the Hay Group.

Sasha's heart pumped wildly when she saw that the office only consisted of Tony and herself. She felt annoyed that her perfect plan had such a sudden change midway, and she was not willing to let the Chase Group take charge of the project. Not only that, it was now the Hay Group that was involved in plagiarism.

Actually, it all depended on Tony's intentions whether which side was at fault. If he wanted to help them, the Hay Group would walk away from it unscathed. If only I can seduce him and make him change his mind...

Looking at the man she had taken a liking to sitting in front of her, she walked to him and suddenly took off her cardigan, revealing her sensual figure.

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"Director Hart... Tony..." She took a deep breath and with a shy expression, she murmured, "You misunderstood me the last time. I've never even looked at other men. Perhaps you are unaware of this, but ever since I saw you at Old Master Hart's birthday celebration, it was love at first sight. I fell in love with you uncontrollably..."

As she walked closer to him, the sorrow and shyness in her eyes became more apparent. Just as she was about to reach him, he suddenly asked, "Miss Hay, do you want me to give you another warning?"

He slowly took out a cigarette and lit it. Compared to her passionate advances, he was like an iceberg.

"I know you must be angry at me for not knowing my employee's character. But if you delete the picture, Tony, everything can still be salvaged. Tony—"

"Who gave you the permission to call my name?" Tony breathed out a puff of smoke. When he turned around to look at her, there was annoyance in his eyes.

His sensual look right now was precisely the reason Sasha fell for him. Biting her lip, she said, "Yesterday, Old Master Hart said that... he likes me a lot..."

With that, Tony's eyes narrowed dangerously before he suddenly gave a soft chuckle without any mirth in his eyes. "Miss Hay, I was the one who asked someone to take this picture of Miss Stark working."

Following his gaze, Sasha looked at the picture once more, not knowing what he was trying to imply.

Tony leaned back in his chair again. His handsome features and well-built body that was enshrouded by smoke made her unable to move her gaze away.

"What do you mean?" she mumbled.

"I'm sure you must have suspected that Miss Stark and I have a relationship that we keep secret," Tony said flatly.

Sasha's expression immediately changed. It is true that Myra gets special treatment from the Hart Group every time. Just like this time, everyone is so sure that she has plagiarized another person's work, yet Director Hart still helped her to clear her name!

Sasha's breathing froze as she tried to calm herself down. Everything is not confirmed yet, so don't think too much into it. It's also possible that the thick-skinned Myra wants to seduce Director Hart!

Watching the changing expressions on her face, Tony curved his lips and he said in a cold voice that completely destroyed her hopes. "Miss Stark keeps rejecting me, but it so happens that I'm the one who wants her."

It so happens that I'm the one who wants her...

Sasha froze as she looked at the man in front of her incredulously.

"Are you out of your mind? Myra is a married woman!" Sasha yelled, her voice shrill.

“So what?” Tony took another puff of the cigarette before extinguishing the flame in an ashtray nearby. When he looked at her again, only indifference was reflected in his eyes. “Let me give you another warning—don’t try to harm her. Otherwise... you wouldn’t want to see what the Hay Group will become.”

Sasha was so angry that her entire body was trembling. “Tony Hart, how dare you threaten me?”

Initially, she was thinking about having the man in front of her all to herself. Unexpectedly, even though he was rumored to be a monk who was not interested in any woman, he would rather fall for a married woman than spare her a second glance.

Every time when she recalled how he humiliated her, she hated Myra for it.

At that time, Myra was just staying next to Director Hart’s room. I bet he deliberately said those words for her to hear!

However, Sasha shivered when she saw Tony’s dark expression. After all, based on his capabilities, she knew that he could carry out his threat just now.

Well done, Myra!

“Tony, I did not expect for you to stoop so low! But I’m sorry to tell you that Myra loves my cousin a lot, so it’s impossible for her to fall for you! To her, all your efforts are worth nothing!”

“Is that so?” Tony did not become angry because of her words; it was as if he did not mind at all. This, however, made Sasha even more irate.

“Please remember to publish an official statement, Miss Hay,” he reminded her with a cold smile on his face. “And I’m sorry to tell you that there are no more working opportunities between the Hart Group and the Hay Group in the future.”

Upon hearing that, Sasha merely felt a surge of fury rising within her to the point where she felt like murdering someone. However, she tried her best to suppress it as she ran out of the room after picking up the cardigan she had taken off just now.

Two minutes later, Myra was informed by Leo that Tony had already chosen the Chase Group as the company to take charge of the Sunny Bay Project. Then, he asked Myra to

make the necessary preparations before coming back to the Hart Group to sign the contract.

A warm feeling surged through her heart, something that she had not felt in a long time. However, she felt conflicted that it was brought by a person whom she did not really know.

Looking at the door of Tony's office that was not far from her, Myra suddenly panicked for no good reason. Without even thanking him, she bade farewell to Leo and left the Hart Group directly.

Ten minutes later, Leo entered Tony's office and reported respectfully, "Director Hart, the hotel called us just now. Sure enough, Miss Hay would like to see the footage of the surveillance camera when we stayed there a few days ago."

Initially, he did not understand why Tony asked the manager to play that specific footage. After the events that transpired today, he finally understood what Tony had in mind after seeing him deliberately infuriate Sasha.

He's too sly! Miss Stark has to pray for her own safety now...

Tony stood up nonchalantly and walked to the huge floor-to-ceiling windows before he replied indifferently, "Alright."

He then remembered the sensation when he held Myra's hand yesterday.

He did not want to see her suffer, yet he did not want the distance between them to remain like this.

After Sasha walked out of the Hart Group, she called the hotel immediately and requested to see the footage of the surveillance camera outside of Myra's room. She did not dare to let them know that she was in fact looking to see Tony's actions, for fear that the hotel might inform him. If that happened, the Hay Family would then get themselves into a lot of trouble. Since Myra's room was right next to Tony's, Sasha would get the same results by asking for Myra's footage.

Looking at the footage, her lips curled coldly when she saw Myra running out of Tony's room with a disheveled look.

Now it all makes sense, and here I was wondering how Myra is so capable! She makes Director Hart fall for her so hard that he gives the Hay Group such a serious warning, and she even humiliates me in front of him. Because of her, we are going to be the laughing stock of the other companies in the industry. I can't take this at all! Apart from that, I already have my eyes on Director Hart, yet she took the opportunity from me! She's already married but she's not loyal to her husband at all!

Even though I can't blow this up on the surface as Director Hart will attack me, I can still tell Sean about this.

Looking at the video in front of her, a cruel look that had never been revealed to anyone flashed across her eyes.

As soon as Myra returned to the office, Tilly ran over to her. "Miss Stark, how did everything go?"

Before Myra could reply, Elsie walked up to them immediately. In reality, she was quite anxious just now, since the Hart Group did not call to give an update on whether Myra was being framed. Now that Myra had returned, Elsie heaved a sigh of relief as she laughed at her misfortune even more gleefully. "Tsk! Myra, do you still have the courage to return to Chase Group? I bet you must be back to take your belongings before you leave!"

Myra shot Tilly a look that warned her to stay calm. Then, she looked at Elsie as she tightened her hold on the phone in her bag.

Myra looked straight into Elsie's eyes firmly and decisively, making the latter slightly furious so she shouted, "Why are you looking at me like that? It's not like I can change the outcome!"

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"This is what you get for plagiarizing the Hay Group's design! Speaking of which, didn't you draw a portrait for Director Hart? Why didn't he speak up for you in front of the Hay Group?" Elsie sneered, buzzing with the anticipation of throwing Myra out of the Chase Group.

Myra, however, merely smirked in response. With a cold gleam in her eyes, she marched straight into Mr. Xavier's office.

"Trouble-seeking w*nch!" Elsie cursed aloud, her eyes flashing wickedly. She stood outside the door, waiting to see what Myra was getting up to.

It wasn't long after Myra went in when the door to Mr. Xavier's office opened again.

This time, it was Mr. Xavier himself who stood in the doorway. Fury belied his thunderous face. He had thrown open the door in a fit of rage and everyone in the design department jumped as the door swung back and forth on its hinges, banging loudly against the wall.

A pleased look passed over Elsie's face. With the way things were going, Myra might end up leaving Bradford City altogether!

However, just as Elsie was indulging in the thought of never having to see Myra again, Mr. Xavier marched up to her. Surprised, she wondered if the design director would let her take over Myra's job so she quickly stepped forward.

He came up before her, suppressing the rage that he'd been feeling since hearing the voice recording, and said coldly, "Miss Foster, please come with me to Director Chase's office immediately."

Upon hearing this, Elsie nodded hastily and traipsed after him. As she did so, she did not forget to throw a triumphant glance over her shoulder at Myra, who had already emerged from Mr. Xavier's office.

Meanwhile, Tilly sauntered over with a frown etched onto her face. "Myra..."

Myra turned to address her with a placid smile. "Don't worry; Director Hart found out that Lily from the Hay Group was the one who plagiarized my design." Now that she had seen how Elsie was treated, she deduced that the Hay Group had sold Elsie out in order to save themselves and receive a lighter punishment.

Tilly blinked at Myra's explanation, then broke into a wide grin after it dawned on her. "I knew you were innocent, Myra! I knew my dreamboat wouldn't let us down!" she squealed excitedly, then cast a curious gaze at the elevator doors not too far away. "But what about Elsie?"

Myra's lips pressed into a thin line as she eyed the elevators with a raised brow. "She would probably end up losing her job in the Chase Group."

"Well, good riddance!" Tilly huffed indignantly. "I heard that Director Chase is now looking into this whole debacle too, which means he obviously believes your side of the story. I can't wait to see how this plays out!"

Myra was taken aback to hear that Sean was looking into the matter of the design plagiarism as well, but as she recomposed herself, she frowned.

It was just as Myra had predicted. Elsie had only been in Sean's office for less than twenty minutes before everyone in the company found out that she was the traitor who had stolen Myra's design and given it to the Hay Group.

The Hay Group had clearly sold her out, and they managed to blame everything on her while covering their own tracks. They claimed that Elsie was the one who had stolen the drawing, but gave it to them under the pretense that she was the designer, thereby misleading them into thinking that she was doing them a favor. In short, they didn't know the truth when they accused Myra of plagiarism.

Now that the truth was out, the Chase Group pressed charges against Elsie for stealing company trade secrets, and she was brought away by several police officers. She didn't even come back to the design department.

There were employees who said they had seen Elsie causing a scene downstairs, insisting that Myra was out to get her. However, in light of the warnings issued by the Hay and the Hart Groups respectively, as well as the former's public apology to the Chase Group and Myra, the evidence weighed heavily against Elsie. In the end, the police brought her away without further delay.

Meanwhile, the colleagues who had wrongfully accused Myra before were now coming up to her to apologize.

Myra never took any of their accusations personally in the first place. Mr. Xavier, on the other hand, approached her and spent some time consoling her.

"Myra, your performance this time earned everybody's praise in the board meeting. The company has decided to reward you with an incentive—you will receive five percent of the project profits."

“Thank you, Mr. Xavier,” she answered without much enthusiasm. She had never wanted any incentive in the first place, only a chance to clear her name.

“Myra, I’m sorry to have accused you before. To be fair, everyone fell victim to Elsie’s lies. I promise this won’t happen again!” he continued earnestly. Mr. Xavier gained a new perspective of Myra after Director Chase made him look into this matter.

However, Myra appeared nonchalant as she said, “Don’t worry about it.”

Then she thought about the man who had helped clear her name, and glanced down at her phone pensively. She felt bad for not apologizing to him when she was at the Hart Group earlier today. She had wanted to give him a call after everything was settled, but after all that had happened—and even after scrolling through her contacts several times to look for his number—she just couldn’t bring herself to do it. Her instincts told her to stay away from Tony, because she didn’t think he would help her out for nothing. While he’d told her last night that all she had to do was to follow him back to the Hart Residence, she still had a strange feeling about it.

But at the end of the day, he was the one who had helped her.

Snapping out of her thoughts, she decided that she must thank him properly.

With that in mind, she made the call, but there was no answer on the other line. She let out a breath she didn’t know she had been holding and stored her phone away. She did not call him a second time.

Meanwhile on the other side, Tony had already seen Myra’s incoming call. Instead of picking it up, he held the phone in his hand thoughtfully, wondering what she could be calling him for.

It didn’t take long before the ringing stopped. He waited for what seemed like a long time but she did not follow up with a second call.

The smile slipped off his face. What an impatient kitten indeed, he mused inwardly. He’d done her a huge favor and now she couldn’t even bother to thank him. She didn’t even try calling him again after he did not pick up the first time.

He swiped his phone to unlock it. He was just about to call her back when he heard a knock on the door and Leo entered his office. "Director Hart, the next meeting is starting soon. Here are the data and statistics."

Tony's finger hovered above the phone. He stood up and kept his phone without much expression, then took over the documents from Leo before walking out of his office.

There wasn't much for Myra to do, seeing as she would be going over to Hart Group tomorrow to sign a contract. As such, she got off work earlier than usual and began to make her way home.

Upon reaching the Chase Residence, she saw that the lights were on in the house.

Meanwhile, Eve heard the front door opening and hurriedly asked Greta to bring out the dishes to the dining table, then happily made her way over to the foyer to greet Myra.

She had heard about what happened at the company. It turned out that Myra was the one who had come up with the design that impressed the Hart Group, thus proving that she was innocent all along. More importantly, Myra was heading over to Hart Group the next day for the contract signing—she really was the lucky star in the Chase Family! After Eve had caught wind of the good news, she asked Greta to cook up a storm so that they could properly celebrate Myra's achievement.

"Myra, you're home at last!"

This Eve was different compared to the one last night. She looked happier today and there was a bright smile plastered on her face.

Unsurprised, Myra merely nodded and hummed in response.

Upon seeing that Myra was less enthusiastic than she had hoped, Eve thought that perhaps the former was still mad about the hurtful things she'd said last night. She reached out and took Myra's hand, guilt flashing in her eyes as she placated, "Myra, are you still angry at me? I only said those things last night out of anger, but I've never once doubted you. I was only worried that the Hay Group would go after you, so I panicked. Please don't hold this against me."

Eve sounded so genuinely sorry that Myra couldn't help but soften. She paused, then clasped her fingers around Eve's as she said, "I'm not angry at you, Mom, but I have to admit I was pretty upset yesterday."

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The guilt in Eve tripled at the hurt in Myra's voice. The latter did not have a scheming nature but she had been framed anyway. Eve grew angry at the thought of this and she said, "I never thought Miss Torres from the Hay Group could do something as distasteful as this! As for Miss Foster, I've called Sean and told him that he ought to take strict disciplinary actions against her. It wouldn't be fair to you otherwise."

She paused and gave Myra a comforting pat on the hand. "Besides, Richard told me that Sean's been looking for evidence to clear your name. He doesn't say it, but he truly cares for you."

When Richard—Sean's secretary—told her about this, Eve felt a huge sense of relief. She thought perhaps this might be an open gambit for both Myra and Sean to mend the broken pieces of their relationship.

Myra's hand stiffened at this piece of news.

She still remembered what Mr. Xavier had told her in his office yesterday. Tilly had also mentioned something about Sean trying to clear her name. Could it be that he had believed in her all along though he refused to admit it?

Meanwhile, Eve was aware of Myra's feelings for her son. For the past two years, the latter had stood by him despite all the resentment and hurt that he put her through. All the pain she had sustained, she kept to herself—Eve's heart went out to her, but she couldn't help but worry for her as well.

Seeing Myra like this, Eve was sure that Sean still held a special place in Myra's heart. Relieved, she patted Myra's hand and said placatingly, "You know how Sean is. Talk to him after he gets home from work. I know you're attending Old Master Hart's birthday banquet

with him and according to the staff at the atelier, he's had an evening dress made for you in Paris. It's a limited edition and it's being flown over as we speak! Myra, Sean really is changing for the better, and although he's made mistakes in the past, I hope you won't hold them against him. Try your best to look at the bigger picture and spend your days happily with him..."

That night, Myra tossed and turned in bed, but she could not find slumber.

She had grown desperate and hopeless over the span of the last two years. She even asked Sean for a divorce, but she knew she would not be able to live that down.

She had spent her best years loving him and she had given up so much for him; how could she leave without putting up a fight? Would that not mean that her love was as flimsy and fragile as a house of cards?

But should I put my trust in him again? Each time that she did, she ended up hurting herself more than the last and with every drop of blood she spilled, her courage went with it. Eventually, she was drained, and if she were to trust him again this time—

Her thoughts were cut off when the bedroom door slammed open with a bang.

She bolted upright in shock and saw that the man she had been thinking of was presently stumbling into the bedroom.

He appeared to be drunk as he staggered into the bedroom. He slammed the door shut behind him and began walking unsteadily toward her.

Seeing this, she hurriedly switched on the lamp on the bedside table, worried that he might trip over his own feet in the dark.

Under the dim lighting, his handsome face looked as cold as a frozen lake. His almond-shaped eyes were a wintry slate as they stared at her.

He came up to her before she could react and out of the blue, his hand shot out and clasped her chin firmly.

She didn't know what had happened, only that her chin was suddenly in his iron grip. The stabbing pain that radiated from her old injury made her eyes tear up. Without another thought, she pushed him away, shouting, "Let go of me, Sean!"

However, he did not yield even as she pushed at his arm. If anything, his grip only tightened on her jaw. Against her face, his breath smelled strongly of alcohol and his chiseled features twisted into a menacing grimace.

“You have some nerve, Myra Stark! Some nerve!” he spat.

She let out a gasp of pain. “What the hell are you doing?”

“What the hell am I doing?” He let out a cold bark of laughter, his poisonous gaze slithering over her body. Her skin glowed smooth in the dimness, her neck and collarbones exposed beneath the nightdress. His hand slid down past her jaw without thinking and when his fingers clasped around her neck, he seethed, “What the hell am I doing? I’m going to kill you, Myra!”

“Do you believe me now that you’ve seen the video, Sean? Myra just can’t stand being lonely. She went into Director Hart’s room just so she could have the upper hand in the Sunny Bay Project, and we all know exactly what two grown ups could get up to in a bedroom. I’m only telling you this so you wouldn’t get caught up in her lies. You can’t let her walk all over your dignity like this—she’ll ruin the reputation of the whole Chase Family!”

And to think, he had believed her enough to ask people to look into the plagiarism incident, just so he could help clear her name, only for her to betray him like this!

“Do you have to be so cheap, Myra?” he snapped presently. Sean felt a bit of his anger relenting when he saw the fear that flashed across her face, but it was not enough to placate his rage. “Are you so desperate to climb into bed with other men? Have I deprived you so much that you would rather sleep with someone else than be lonely?”

The rims of his eyes were growing red—he looked terrifying.

Trembling, Myra stared at the man before her in a mixture of shock and disbelief. “Do you even know what you’re talking about, Sean?”

“What do you think I’m talking about?” he hissed. His heart was beating like a sledgehammer. He knew that she was despicable enough to kill his child without batting an eyelash, and now that he had found out about her vulgar lifestyle, he ought to divorce her! But that would be playing into her devious plans and he refused to let her get away without a scratch!

He suddenly flung her away heavily.

Myra let out a cry as she fell onto the bed. Fear rose in her when she looked up and saw the menacing look on his face. However, before she could scream, he pinned her down on the bed. His lips slammed against hers and he didn't let go.

"Let go of me, Sean!" Myra cried out in between muffled groans of protest as she tried to struggle against him, but she couldn't move. There was no gap in between them. With one hand, he grabbed both of hers before she could claw him and with the other, he held her head so she could not move beneath him.

"Isn't this what you wanted all along? So let me give it to you!" he growled.

The fear in her deepened when she saw the ominous look in his arctic eyes.

She didn't know what she had done to deserve any of this from him!

"Let me go right now, Sean! Don't you dare touch me! Get off of me!" she cried out desperately, her voice turning hoarse; her hair was ruffled and her cheeks tearstained. She knew there was no point struggling against him and she was seized by a sense of helplessness.

He had already torn open her nightdress and it hung loosely on her frame. Hovering above her, Sean could see the soft curves of her bosom peeking out over the fabric as they rose and fell with every breath she took.

Upon seeing the dark fire that lit up in his eyes, Myra quivered. She closed her eyes and let fresh tears stream past her cheeks.

"Why are you doing this to me, Sean? The Hart Group has already proven that I did not plagiarize anything, and I'm the one who secured the project for our company. Aren't these enough for you? What more do you want from me?"

The tears did not stop and her eyes started to swell.

The scene he saw from the video flashed in his mind. Seeing her disheveled look, he realized that this was exactly how she had looked when she left the other man's bedroom!

The vein near his temple throbbed as he pulled out his phone to look for the video. When he did, he threw the phone at her.

Myra could not dodge it in time. The phone crashed against her forehead with a thud and for a moment, she thought she was seeing stars. Instinctively, she reached up to touch her forehead and her fingers came away red.

Meanwhile, the video on the phone was already playing.

She watched herself running out of Tony's room, her clothes disheveled and her face flushed.

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Myra closed her eyes, refusing to watch the video any longer.

"Are you trying to tell me this isn't you?" Sean hissed above her, clearly sober now.

Her lips tugged up into a bitter smile. "It doesn't matter what I tell you. It's not as if you'll believe me anyway. You've convinced yourself that I was cheating on you from the moment you saw this video. What use is there for me to say anything else?"

There was a stubborn look in her eyes, and the blood flowed down from the gash in her forehead past her temples. The bright red color made her look even paler and more fragile.

He was regarding her with a pointed gaze, as if wanting to pierce a hole through her body.

A long time passed, long enough for Myra to feel herself growing numb beneath him. It was only then that Sean heaved himself off of her.

He glared at her icily and his eyes swept over her rumpled state with bare disgust. "I won't touch you, Myra. I wouldn't want to get my hands dirty!"

With that, he turned and walked out of the bedroom. He did not spare a single glance at her pale, frightened face.

Work kept piling in these days. Tony could not remember how much overtime he had put in thus far, but he would rather keep himself busy than constantly think about a certain person. It was only when he got a call from Elliot that he remembered about their dinner plans tonight.

“You don’t happen to be working overtime again, do you, Tony?” Elliot asked in disbelief on the other line, then added mischievously, “I’m not trying to scare you, Tony, but if you keep working overtime like this, it’s going to badly affect your performance in the bedroom. How are you going to please your wife in the future?”

Hearing this, Tony leaned into his chair and loosened his tie, a devilish grin playing on his face as he countered, “Don’t worry about my endurance—it’ll still be better than yours anyway.”

Elliot choked, then broke into a dry laugh. “Alright; pretend I didn’t say anything. Will you still be joining us tonight?”

Tony blinked, remembering the phone call that he hadn’t made earlier, and turned to glance at the nightscape outside his window. His gaze softened as a sudden thought came to his mind and he replied plainly, “You guys can go on without me.”

“I thought you might say that.” The other man scoffed. “If you love those statistics so much, why don’t you marry them?”

Following this, a beeping sound from the other line indicated that Elliot had hung up.

Tony scrolled through the contacts on his phone. His finger hovered momentarily above the one saved under ‘Kitten’, then pressed it.

Unfortunately, for some reason, the other line went unanswered for a while.

He raised a brow and his gaze darkened under the lights. After a while, he texted, ‘You called? I was in a meeting during the day.’

However, much like the call just now, the text went unanswered, too.

Ten minutes later, a frown etched itself onto his face. He stood up abruptly and grabbed his jacket, intending to drive over to Myra's house, but stopped when he recalled that she was staying with the Chase Family. At this, he pursed his lips, disgruntled.

Meanwhile, Myra had dragged herself into the shower after Sean left. She stared at her reflection in the mirror, and was suddenly clueless as to how she should live the rest of her life. There was a saying that you reaped what you sowed, and she had been the stubborn fool who thought time could change everything.

Numbly, she rubbed the plain, silver ring on her necklace between her fingers. She had been wearing it like this after what happened the last time.

She took off the ring robotically and placed it on top of the sink before leaving the bathroom.

When Myra arrived at work the next day, Tilly noticed the gash on her forehead and exclaimed, "Myra, what happened to you?"

"I fell," Myra answered stoically. The bruise along her jawline had faded significantly after she had used the ointment Leo gave her, and with her bangs framing her face, it was almost undetectable.

"You're a grown woman, for goodness sake. You ought to be more careful! By the way—" Tilly broke off mid-lecture and scooted over excitedly. "Are you really married, Myra? What's your husband like? What does he do? Are you having fun being a married woman?"

There was a mischievous lilt to her voice.

Myra stiffened but she smiled plainly as she answered, "Yes; I'm married. We're just like any other family, so I guess my marital life's pretty much average."

When she saw that Tilly was on the verge of pressing further, she quickly switched subjects. "I'm going over to the Hart Group later to sign the contract. You should come with me."

Tilly burst into a devilish giggle and quipped, "I was just about to tell you—I've signed up to be your assistant and Mr. Xavier has already approved my application! Myra, I'll be working with you from now on!"

Upon hearing this, Myra blinked and then grinned. She shot Tilly a teasing glare as she said, "As long as you don't muck things up for me."

"As if! I promise I'll follow all your orders down to every last word!" Tilly promised, sticking out her tongue playfully.

They looked at each other, exchanging a heartfelt smile.

By the time they arrived at the Hart Group, they saw that Leo and Mr. Logan were already waiting for them. Upon seeing Myra and Tilly, the two men hastened over to greet them.

"Miss Stark, Director Hart is expecting you upstairs."

They were both well aware that Myra held a special place in their director's heart. In fact, they had seen what happened to Lily, the disgraced designer from the Hay Group. As far as they were concerned, her career in Bradfort City was over.

In other words, the Sunny Bay Project had been set aside for Myra from the very beginning.

Presently, Myra nodded in greeting and went up the building with Tilly in tow.

The contract signing process went smoothly and after everything was done, Mr. Logan suggested for them to adjourn to the Ritz Carlton to celebrate. Myra made no objections. After all, she ought to thank the Hart Group for the opportunity to work with them. She also wanted to express her gratitude to Tony for helping her out.

Everyone had drinks in the private room at Ritz Carlton. On several occasions, Mr. Logan and Leo came up to Myra to clink glasses. Her alcohol tolerance was only average and at some point, she began to feel tipsy. However, just as she thought she could take a breather, Tilly, Leo and the others pushed her to give a toast to Tony.

Tony had been silent throughout the entire dinner and the least excitable too. The employees from the Hart Group dared not approach him to make a toast, and it might have something to do with his cold demeanor, or perhaps it was because he was their superior. Myra and Tilly, on the other hand, were making friendly conversation with everyone.

With Tilly having such a bubbly personality, the table was in a cheerful uproar within seconds.

Presently, Leo winked at Myra as he persuaded, "All things aside, Miss Stark, you should know that Director Hart played the most important role in your company's successful procurement of the Sunny Bay Project. You must make a toast to him!"

"That's right, Myra! You have to make a toast to him!" Tilly chimed in, buzzing with excitement.

Myra blinked hard, forcing herself to stay awake, then stood up and raised her glass in Tony's direction.

Indeed, she must toast to him.

Her heart softened when she thought about all those times he had come to her aid. She delivered her speech in a gentle tone, saying, "Thank you, Director Hart, for the help you've given all this while. Here's to a wonderful and bountiful partnership between the Hart Group and the Chase Group. Cheers!"

Myra's eyes looked brighter in her mildly-inebriated state and there was a pink flush on her cheeks. She was unaware of how sultry she looked at that moment, with the ends of her eyes curved upward and her soft lips parting ever so slightly. Having ended her speech, she gulped down her red wine.

Everyone cheered and applauded at the end of her toast.

Tony, on the other hand, was looking casual in his white shirt, having taken off his suit jacket after coming into the private room. His sleeves were still cuffed meticulously but he had loosened the top two buttons, revealing the subtle beginnings of a well-toned chest.