

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 61

He would always be attracted to that woman. Myra felt as if she was shrouded in freezing coldness at that instant and all her strength left her body. Sean was so close to her, yet he felt so far.

Looking at the current scene made her realize how dumb she had been in the past. She thought that she would be able to capture the man's heart if she worked harder, but never had she thought that the man would shut himself away from everyone after the woman had left. He said that he hated that woman but without love, why would there be hatred?

Myra staggered and nearly fell, but a pair of hands suddenly reached out from the side and supported her. "Miss Stark, please be careful."

The voice, which she found a little familiar, made her turn in its direction in a daze, only to see a man whom she did not know. To maintain her composure, she had to clench her fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into her palm. With his support, she was able to stand properly. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Philip peered at the torn garment at her left arm with a frown. It was obvious that she had a scratch there since her clothes were torn and there was blood on her skin. Just as he was about to ask her to follow him and get her wound treated, Myra walked past him impassively.

"Who are you looking at?" Elliot, who finally found Philip after some effort, patted the latter's shoulder. Following his gaze, Elliot saw Myra, which in turn made his eyes widen. Then, he lifted his feet in an attempt to run toward her but Philip suddenly grabbed the back of his collar, so Elliot turned and glared at him. "What are you doing? Let go of me! I have to go and settle scores with her! How dare she seduce Tony when she is a married woman herself? That's... That's just outrageous!" His reaction made Philip furrow his brows even deeper.

It was Philip who first met Myra, and it was also him who shared her photo to the Messenger chat group which consisted of his childhood friends. Everyone thought that she looked familiar but they could not recall who she was. After that, they did some investigations and what they found shocked them greatly—the woman whom Tony liked

turned out to be the young lady of the Stark Family, the very same woman who was married to the Director of Chase Group, Sean Chase!

Elliot was obviously pissed. He initially had a good impression of her, as he thought that a woman who was able to make Tony fall for her would definitely not be a simple person. However, when he found out later that she was actually married yet she went to seduce Tony, his impression of her immediately took a nosedive.

“Don’t take any rash actions. I don’t think that Miss Stark is that kind of a woman.” Philip stopped him.

Elliot pressed his lips together. “But she is the person-in-charge of the Sunny Bay Project. Who knows if she approached Tony for the project? Anyway, we have to warn this sort of woman to stay away from Tony as soon as possible!”

Philip shook his head helplessly. “Do you think that Tony is stupid? He himself should be clear about this. Besides...”

“Besides what?”

Philip glanced at the dazzling woman who had left the stage and narrowed his eyes, without telling Elliot what he had on his mind. Besides, I have a feeling that it is not Miss Stark who is trying to seduce Tony, but it is Tony... who is trying his best to win over Miss Stark’s heart...

The desolate Myra walked past a waiter and took a glass of champagne from his tray without even glancing at him. She then downed the champagne before putting the glass back. The waiter’s expression changed slightly and just as he was about to say something, Myra walked past him.

She initially wanted to leave but for some reason, her head felt heavier and her body became hotter, as if it no longer belonged to her. Without any hesitation, she headed over to a quiet corner of the hall. Nestled in the couch, the soft sensation made her feel listless and her consciousness gradually left her body.

In a daze, she seemed to hear a buzzing by her ear. It was a little noisy so she waved her hand at the source of the noise. She tried to open her eyes but her eyelids felt as heavy as lead, stopping her from opening them. After a while, she gave up on this futile action but her body seemed to feel a little hot. Just as she was about to take off her clothes, she fell into a slightly cooling embrace the next moment.

Philip and Elliot, who was located not far from them, saw Tony taking care of the woman and complicated expressions spread across their faces. Elliot even walked over with the intention of saying something, but he was tentatively stopped by Philip.

“Tony...”

“If the old man asks about me, tell him that I am going out to get some air,” Tony replied with a dark expression.

Currently, Myra’s face was flushed and she did not look too good. Carrying her in his arms, Tony could feel her hot temperature, which suggested that she might have a fever. He looked at Philip as he murmured, “Follow me upstairs.”

Philip nodded.

Seeing that Tony did not call upon him, Elliot pursed his lips in displeasure and glared at the woman in Tony’s arms. She’s nothing but trouble!

Though it was as bright as day at the banquet, it was still quite dim in the corners. There were some people who would sometimes glance at them suggestively, but when their eyes met Tony’s freezing gaze, they would stiffen and immediately leave the place.

When Myra was being carried in Tony’s arms, she suddenly let out a quiet moan and her face paled—he had probably touched somewhere and hurt her.

Philip frowned. “Tony, I think that Miss Stark has an injury on her elbow.”

Tony lifted her left arm. Sure enough, a scratch was visible on her left elbow; not only that, it was also severely swollen.

“She dislocated her elbow.” Philip touched Myra’s elbow and stated in a stern expression, which caused Tony’s expression to fall. He did not expect that something like this would happen to her after she left his sight for only a moment.

“Get some medicine,” he ordered Elliot with his lips pursed. Without any further delay, Tony carried Myra to the second floor.

“Hey, I—” Upon seeing Tony’s hasty retreating figure, Elliot, who intended to say something, shut his mouth resignedly and went to look for the manager.

Although it was daytime, it was quite dark in the spacious presidential suite. Lying on the king-sized bed was a woman in a dark blue evening gown. Her face was extremely pale as her head was unconsciously tilted to the side.

There were three tall men standing by the bed. One of them was applying medicine on Myra's injury, the other one was glaring at the woman on the bed with his lips pursed, while the third one was standing by the bed in his immaculate suit; his features were hidden in the shadows, revealing only a pair of cold eyes.

"Tony, her elbow has been treated." Philip heaved a sigh of relief when he kept away the medicine. It was fortunate that the injury was discovered early. Otherwise, a delay in treatment would be detrimental to it's recovery.

Just now, when Philip was treating Myra's dislocated elbow, he noticed the murderous intent in Tony's eyes upon seeing her agonized expression. It further ascertained his guess that Tony's feeling for Myra was not something that was developed recently.

"Alright." Tony nodded. His expression was still cold but when his eyes rested on the woman before them, there seemed to be traces of warmth in his gaze. He took a step forward and suddenly held the hand of the woman on the bed.

Seeing that, Philip and Elliot exchanged glances with each other.

Myra could vaguely feel the sharp pain at her elbow and she wanted to open her eyes, but she lacked the strength to do so. "It hurts..." Her voice was hoarse as she moaned softly, her body squirming. "It really hurts..."

Philip immediately stepped forward and extended his hand, placing it on her forehead. He initially thought that she lost consciousness because she had a fever and had some alcohol, but unexpectedly...

At that moment, Myra seemed to feel someone holding her uninjured hand, so she held his hand back.

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From the initial paleness, which was due to her dislocated elbow, her face gradually reddened and currently, her face felt extremely hot.

She suddenly grabbed Tony's hand and placed it on her face.

The man's lower temperature brought comfort to her. A quiet moan escaped from her parted lips as she slowly moved his hand down along her neck.

The expressions of the three men changed slightly and awkwardness spread across their faces.

As Myra was wearing an evening gown, she didn't wear anything else underneath it. Therefore, when the man's hand was placed on her chest—which was a little wet—the softness of her chest could be clearly felt.

Tony's eyes instantly darkened the moment his gaze landed on her chest. Suddenly, he raised his head and shot a piercing look at Elliot and Philip beside him, making them cough awkwardly before they sagely turned around.

"Tony..." Philip rubbed his nose uneasily. "I don't think Miss Stark has a fever; it seems more like... she had taken something..."

It was clear to them what the 'something' meant—there were many men and women with ulterior motives at this kind of a banquet, and Myra accidentally got herself involved in one of them.

Traces of anger flashed in Tony's eyes as he commanded, "Look into it!"

Philip responded and darted a look at Elliot, who dilly-dallied for a moment before he reluctantly left the room.

"Tony..." Philip was able to guess Myra's current condition without having to turn around. After hesitating for a while, he asked tentatively, "Tony, do you need my help to... take care of

her?" Judging from how much he cares about her, if he wishes to make love to her, the current situation would undoubtedly be a great excuse and a godsent opportunity. Even if she were to question him after this, this sort of thing...

The man behind him remained quiet while his gaze rested on the woman's body.

Myra felt really uncomfortable. While hugging Tony's arm, she raised her body and snuggled into his embrace.

It was obvious that a mere hug was not enough to satisfy her—she looked for Tony's lips hastily and suddenly pressed her lips onto his. As she lacked kissing techniques, she felt even more uncomfortable and started crying after a moment.

At that moment, flames of desire crept into Tony's eyes and he wanted nothing more than to pin her down below him. I want her! I want her now! The raging thoughts spread like wildfire in his head and he could feel his veins pulsing in the back of his hand. Finally, he was unable to hold himself back and forcefully pressed his lips to her petal-like ones.

The kissing sounds coming from behind made Philip feel even more awkward, but it made him realize Tony's decision as well. Just as he was about to silently take his leave, he was suddenly rooted to the place by a low, husky voice. "Come over here and take care of her."

Stunned, Philip turned around, only to see that the struggling woman had been pinned under the blanket by Tony.

Myra was weeping quietly while Tony's expression was thunderous. Philip immediately ran over to them, took the medicine from the medical kit that was prepared by the hotel and injected it into her body.

Soon, Myra gradually calmed down and the unnatural blush on her face subsided.

"Stay here and take care of her for me. I'm going to the bathroom for a moment," Tony muttered in a hoarse voice. He tucked her blanket and cast a deep glance at the woman before turning to head into the bathroom.

Not long after that, Philip heard the sounds of a shower. As they were both men, he was able to tell that Tony had gone in to take a cold shower.

He then glanced at the unconscious woman before him and shook his head. Tony has really fallen for her this time, but the identity of this woman...

A complicated expression spread across his face.

Backstage, Lyla finally felt relieved after she got off the stage. She noticed the discussion and the compliments in the eyes of the audience when she was playing the piano on the stage earlier.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that one day she would be invited by Tony to play a piano piece during Old Master Hart's birthday banquet.

In the two years she had been in the United States, she had heard about the Hart Family's reputation but she never had the chance to approach their noble heir. Much to her surprise, she suddenly received his invitation this time. If I manage to capture the Hart Family's attention and marry into this family... A peculiar gleam appeared in her pair of bright eyes.

"Miss Fisher!" A waitress suddenly ran over to her in panic.

Lyla raised her eyebrows and let out a warm smile. "Are you done with the preparations? If I succeed this time, I certainly won't forget my promise to you."

"But Miss Fisher..." The waitress had a gloomy expression. "The champagne... the champagne was drunk by someone else!"

"Drunk by someone else?" Lyla's expression fell as she glared at the frightened woman before her. She's so incompetent! This is such a good opportunity, she cursed inwardly but she quickly collected herself. "Go and invite Director Hart to Room 1024." It's fine. It was merely something to arouse him. This time, I must take down that heavenly man!
"Remember to not let anyone find out—"

"Miss Fisher!" The waitress interrupted her before she managed to finish her sentence.

Feeling displeased, Lyla raised her head to look at the waitress but her body froze the next instant.

There was a long hallway near the back door at the backstage and currently, there was a man walking down the hallway in their direction with a stern expression.

It was as if he had traveled through time and distance to reach her, or as if time had remained stagnant in the past two years.

Stunned, Lyla stood rooted to the spot, momentarily unable to recognize where she was now. Her eyelashes trembled as Sean's sturdy build fully appeared before her eyes.

His expression was cold, which made her unable to tell his current mood. He seemed to have not changed much in the past two years but his handsome face, which had been appearing in her dreams, looked more mature and composed than two years ago. His pair of narrow phoenix eyes looked more constrained from all the ups and downs in life that he had been through these years. Nonetheless, he had lost the gentleness he had had in his eyes when he gazed at her in the past.

"Sean..." Lyla's expression changed slightly but the hint of complexity in her eyes soon vanished. Clenching her fists tightly, a wry mumble escaped her lips, "W-Why are you here?"

The banquet had ended and the guests had all left when Myra regained her consciousness.

Her body felt as if she had been run over by a car; she felt sore all over and her head felt dizzy.

She slowly opened her eyes and sat up, reaching up to rub her temple while surveying her surroundings.

She was in an unfamiliar place with unfamiliar surroundings. Her eyes abruptly widened as she thought, This... isn't my room!

She tried to recall what happened the night before. I was at Old Master Hart's birthday banquet... I had a conflict with Sean and I realized that Lyla is back... Right—Lyla has returned... Myra felt her heart ache but she forced herself to suppress the feeling. Then, I think I drank a glass of champagne and I felt ill, so I took a rest. After that... I don't remember anything after that...

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She inhaled sharply and instantly checked her body. Upon seeing that she was still wearing the gown that she wore at the banquet, she abruptly felt relieved. My body has not been touched by anyone...

Myra rose from the bed and felt dizzy due to her large movements. Hence, she had to clutch the blanket for some time before she finally managed to exit the room.

When she reached the first floor, most of the guests in the hall had left.

She took out her phone but did not find any messages or missed calls from Sean. So, she directly dialed the number which she had memorized, yet nobody picked up her call even after the phone had been ringing for a long time.

Myra's hand trembled but she forced herself to make another call.

This time, the phone on the other end of the line was switched off.

When she recalled the woman she saw earlier, she suddenly realized why Sean didn't fall in love with her.

Lyla was just like a devil in his heart—though he hated her to the bones, she still had a place in his heart. Now that she has returned, what will Sean do?

"Excuse me! I have some large items here! Watch out!"

Myra gazed at the floor with her reddened eyes and blurred vision, and when she finally returned to her senses, a waiter was dashing in her direction while pushing a cart with wooden planks in it.

"Careful!" A low, sensual voice echoed in her ear. The next instant, the stiff Myra was taken into a man's embrace.

“Director Hart...” When the waiter saw that he nearly hit Tony, his expression changed and he immediately apologized. “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! I didn’t notice you guys just now!”

Frowning, Tony waved at him and the waiter instantly pushed the cart away.

Myra was taken into an embrace that carried the scent of mint and tobacco, as well as a faint fragrance of red wine. In a daze, she found the embrace slightly familiar, which made her subconsciously mumble, “Sean...”

Tony’s expression fell and his hands that were holding the woman in his arms became incredibly stiff. After a while, he gently pushed her away while saying impassively, “Miss Stark, please try to stand steadily.”

Myra gradually returned to her senses when she was pushed away from the warm embrace but for some reason, she suddenly lost all her strength and slowly slumped onto the floor.

A pair of strong arms reached out in resignation and Tony took her back into his arms.

Her petite nose bumped into his firm chest, which made her nose feel sore. Suddenly, she could no longer hold herself back and grabbed on his firm arms hard, tears rolling uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. “I’m sorry. It was an accident... I... suddenly couldn’t stand steadily...”

She had never lost her composure in front of others this way before. Unexpectedly, the first time she did so was before Tony.

Tony silently watched as tears involuntarily streamed down her face, the sight of it breaking his heart. After a while, Myra heard a quiet sigh from above her head and the very next moment, she was carried in the man’s arms.

“Please don’t mind me... I...” She wiped away her tears. Although there were not many people on the first floor now, there were still a handful of people who saw him carrying her in his arms.

Tony’s expression was stern and he cast her an impassive glance, but he did not put her down.

His embrace is not the same as Sean’s—it’s not freezing and full of despair, but rather warm instead.

With tears on her face, Myra stared blankly at the man before her, suddenly feeling lost.

He carried her all the way out of Ritz Carlton. When the staff, who drove Tony's car to the entrance, saw them exiting the hotel, he immediately opened the car door for them. "Director Hart, have a safe journey."

Tony first settled Myra down in the passenger seat. Upon noticing her uneasiness, he calmly muttered, "You accidentally consumed some champagne with something added in it tonight, so it's normal for you to not have any strength now."

Champagne with something added in it? Myra's eyes widened in shock. Could it be that the champagne that I randomly took earlier was one that had some drug added to it?

He saw that she was appalled and her eyes were red. Thinking that she resembled a little kitten that was being bullied, his mood instantly lifted. He got into the driver's seat and suddenly leaned over to her while he casually consoled, "Don't worry. Philip took care of the residual of the drug in your body. You only have to go home and take a good rest; you'll be fine."

His voice was low and his breath was warm when it brushed against her cheeks, which inexplicably made her face feel hot. She unconsciously drew back, but the man in front of her—perhaps intentionally—leaned even closer toward her.

That handsome face of his kept getting close to hers, and his dark, bottomless eyes seemed to contain emotions that were unknown to her.

"Director Hart..." Her body froze as the incident that happened in front of the changing room suddenly crossed her mind. Subconsciously, she reached out her trembling hands in an attempt to block his chest. Suddenly, she heard a click and he nonchalantly pulled back from the suggestive posture earlier.

Myra glanced at the buckled seat belt in front of her.

It might have been due to the alcohol that she took earlier, hence her response was a little slow tonight. Although she knew that she shouldn't have gotten into his car, her consciousness was one step behind her movements.

"Thanks," Myra mumbled the word after a while. Tony said that I consumed alcohol which contained some foreign substance, which suggests that he must have taken me upstairs

and had someone to take care of me. Otherwise, who knows what would have happened to me.

“You’re welcome, Miss Stark,” Tony replied calmly.

He caught a glimpse of her face—which was flushed red out of embarrassment—out of the corner of his eyes, and it made him recall what he felt with his hands when they were in the hotel room. His gaze deepened as he turned on the radio in the car.

Coincidentally, the radio station was playing news about the entertainment industry.

A famous female celebrity married into a wealthy family and she soon discovered that her husband cheated on her. Hence, she went to the court for a divorce, which then caused a huge mess.

The host kindly reminded the female audiences that they had to be careful when it came to choosing a life partner. Finding a man who truly loved her was the greatest happiness a woman could ever have in her life.

Myra was initially pretending to listen attentively to the broadcast because she kept having this weird feeling when spending time alone with Tony. However, as she continued to listen, her eyes gradually lost focus.

Years ago when she was about to marry Sean, her grandfather—who was still alive back then—had tried his best to oppose the marriage, his reason being Sean did not love her. Nevertheless, she had been blinded by love back then so those words failed to reach her. Now, she finally understood her grandfather’s intentions.

But it was too late when she finally understood those words...

Lyla’s return was such a huge blow to Myra that it sent the latter spiraling into a pit of sorrow and gloominess. She failed to even notice that the car had slowly come to a stop.

The seat belt suddenly clicked open. The next second, Myra was pulled over by the man in the driver seat.

As the driver seat had been moved back, Tony was able to put her on top of him easily. He pressed his large hand on her body and pulled her closer to him. Before she even managed to make sense of the situation, his thin lips captured hers.

Tony emanated the scent of a mature man and his arms and chest that caged her were as hot as burning charcoals—so hot that it made her fluster and forgot to breathe.

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It might have been due to the effects of the alcohol or the residual of drugs in her body that caused her to lose her breath. The air felt thin and Myra fell into a daze, her eyes wide. Her hands that were placed on Tony's firm chest gradually lost their strength and fell down. In a trance, she actually thought that the man before her was the same man who had once promised to give her happiness.

She subconsciously moved her lips; the passionate and soft feeling against her lips felt so real.

Tony looked into her sorrowful eyes, yet he was charmed by her innocent movements, which induced an overwhelming feeling inside him. He suddenly extended a hand and covered her slightly listless eyes while murmuring by her lips, "Close your eyes."

His voice was especially husky and it emanated a sense of domineering sensualness, his eyes dark and bottomless when they stared straight into Myra's. It was as if there was a deep lake inside Tony's eyes that kept tempting her to stare into them.

At that instant, she actually shut her eyes, as if she had been bewitched.

The corner of his eyes raised slightly as he was surprised by the meek Myra. Looking at her obedient behavior, he could no longer hold back the surging desire in his body.

His kiss became more fervent. It trailed from her lips to her chin, then to the base of her neck, his breath becoming hotter along the way.

Tony's eyes reddened due to his passionate desire. He peered at the blush on her palm-sized face—which was born of shyness—and the wild thought to possess her completely took over his mind.

When Myra finally returned to her senses, she abruptly opened her eyes and looked at the man before her in shock. It's Tony... I'm in his car!

His eyes were extremely terrifying at that moment as they revealed the overwhelming power of someone far more superior than her. His usual cold and restrained gaze was replaced by a look that was filled with hot passionate desire, drastically different from the look he had when they were in the hotel previously. These were eyes that belonged to a hunter that had set his eyes on his prey.

Myra started to feel afraid; this situation where a woman was alone with a man inexplicably made her feel anxious.

"Tony, let go of me..." She started to struggle but her hand was caught by the man and placed above her head. Wild affectionate kisses were planted on her lips again, blocking what she was about to say.

Myra bit her lips hard. She initially thought that Tony wanted to take her home purely because he noticed that she was not feeling well but unexpectedly, he had the intention to take advantage of her! She recalled the incident that happened at the changing room in the hotel, which made

"Director Hart, please stop..."

Tony seemed to not hear her.

She bit her lips as a teardrop of humiliation flowed from the corner of her eyes.

Upon seeing the glistening tear, the man's movement came to a halt and his eyes stared unblinkingly at the woman as he panted. After a while, his gaze deepened and he finally decided to let her go.

After she was released by him, Myra immediately attempted to get up from him but she forgot about the drug that still had an effect on her body. Her hands that were placed on his chest to support herself trembled slightly and the more anxious she got, the weaker she was. His chest was hot and when she finally managed to support herself for a bit, she fell back onto him.

Her body was beyond stiff while her eyes were full of terror and dissatisfaction against the man. Tony's arms around her waist froze and as if he had given up, he shut his eyes before

carrying her up and gently placing her on the passenger seat beside him. He then buckled up her seat belt.

The atmosphere in the car fell into an uncanny silence.

Myra fists were tightly clenched by her side and her eyes were reddened from anger and humiliation.

“Tony, you jerk...” Upon recalling how he harassed her earlier, her tears uncontrollably escaped her eyes. She wanted to get up but she had lost all her strength. “How could you kiss me? D*mn it! How could you do that to me?” The incident that happened earlier was totally beyond her expectations. If he didn’t stop just now... Her body trembled as she muttered, “You’re a jerk!”

Tony, on the other hand, seemed nonchalant, as if nothing had happened earlier. The blush he had on his face had subsided and his eyes returned to its usual deep look. Suddenly, he took out a cigarette and lit it up, and the emotions on his face became vague amidst the lingering smoke.

“Tony, you jerk!” His deadpan expression while smoking a cigarette further enraged her. “You are really an *sshole!” When Myra tried to get up, she slumped back in her seat. At this point, her tears had completely messed up her makeup.

Upon seeing her tears streaming down her face, Tony suddenly inhaled a large puff of smoke before looking into her eyes. His eyes seemed incredibly calm but his voice was throaty as he asked, “Are you mad because I kissed you, or are you venting your anger at me?”

His question shook her to the core, causing her to look at the man in front of her in disbelief. However, Sean’s cold treatment toward her, Lyla’s sudden return, as well as her struggle to protect her love—all these scenes kept floating before her eyes. Every single scene that appeared resembled bullets that were shot at her, giving her immense pain while leaving her scarred and battered. The man in front of me treats me way worse—he knows that I am married yet he tries to tempt me.

She lost her strength to even clench her fist and suddenly, she could no longer suppress the aggrievement and pain that had been welling up inside her, causing her to burst into tears.

She cried so hard and paid no heed to her image at all; it was as if she had nothing to lose.

Her body went weak as she cried like a child. The loneliness, helplessness, agony, and aggrievement that she had been enduring on her own all these years overwhelmed her at that instant. Hence, these emotions uncontrollably broke out when an opening appeared. So what if I was kissed? Sean doesn't care about me at all! In his eyes, my sole existence adds to the hatred he has in his heart. All he has in his heart is that woman!

"Tony, you're a jerk! You jerk! You jerk!" Myra couldn't help but growl.

The feeling that Tony had seen through all the secrets in her heart was utterly awful, and Myra felt as if she had been stripped and thrown on the street.

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She called him a jerk non-stop. She herself was clear that it was merely a kiss, so though she was mad, it couldn't have made her feel so awful. The reason she was so upset right now was because of the man who had never cared about her.

Suddenly, she felt that her body was taken into an embrace and she could hear a quiet sigh by her ear, making her freeze again.

However, this time, Tony did not do anything to her.

Myra sobbed even louder in his arms. At that moment, she petulantly did not want to push away the shoulder that came to her and at the same time, she had no strength to push away the slightly warm chest as well.

It was dark outside. The woman wept non-stop in his embrace, while he looked at the street that was bustled with pedestrians and cars outside, his gaze deep. Impassive, he remained in the same position for a long time and nobody could tell what he had on his mind.

When Myra finally regained her consciousness, the car had already been parked at a pathway not far from the Chase Residence for quite some time.

The dim street lights outside shone into the car, yet it was still pitch-black inside.

Nevertheless, she was able to clearly see the man sitting in the driver seat.

Currently, he was holding a cigarette between his index and middle finger of his left hand while placing his arm on the car window. The street light outside the window shone into the car but half of his face was still hidden in the shadows; his expression was complex and unfathomable amidst the lingering smoke.

Tony seemed to notice that she had woken up, so he turned to her while casually throwing the cigarette butt away. His pair of cold eyes contained traces of gentleness as they glanced at her calmly. "You're awake."

Myra moved her body and felt that she had finally regained some strength. Heaving a sigh of relief, she sat up, only to find a black suit falling from her back.

She looked blankly at the suit without saying a word. Myra had a severe headache, her nose was stuffy and in fact, every single part of her body was screaming in pain. Now, she slowly calmed down after crying her eyes out and venting her emotions.

With her head raised, she silently peered at Tony, who had unconcealable gentleness in his eyes. They reminded her of the slightly intimate yet ambiguous atmosphere and feelings between them before this—he had been affectionate toward her, he completely believed her when she said that it wasn't her intention to be absent from the meeting with the Hart Group, the half-true misunderstanding between them in the hotel during their business trip, his intention toward her that he had been revealing with time, as well as when he stood up for her without anything in return when she was accused of plagiarizing the design draft, and more importantly, the photo that he used to clear her of suspicion!

As she was too flustered and anxious at that time, she did not think thoroughly about that photo.

It was only after the incident that she finally realized that a photo taken from that angle and distance could only have been captured in secret, or else she would have known about its existence. However, if it had indeed been taken in secret, why would he have done so if he had no ulterior intentions?

Not to mention what Tony said and did on the day when she had a meal with those from the Hart Group.

“Director Hart, are you planning to have an affair with me?” Myra knew about the survival rules in those large firms but she had always thought that Tony was different from other men, so she had been unwilling to make any assumptions about him. Nevertheless, it turned out that no matter how noble a man was, he still couldn’t be exempted from conventions.

Seeing that she seemed calm and had stopped rejecting him, he knew that it was time to be truthful to her, especially after he had heard her words. His gaze was warm, yet his words sounded cryptic. “If possible, I would like to change the word you used.”

Myra was stunned but she then calmly stated, “Director Hart, I remember telling you that I am a married woman. Don’t you care?”

“Why should I care?” Tony raised his eyebrows.

His tone was so direct that it rendered Myra momentarily speechless. She pursed her lips before she turned her head to the side and averted her eyes. “But I care.”

The air around them seemed to freeze. Tony’s eyes instantly narrowed—a response that caused his slightly cold gaze to become sharp.

Myra continued, “Director Hart, I took notice of your intentions but I thought that it was a misunderstanding on my side, until that day in the hotel. I am very thankful for all the help you have provided to me before, but I won’t sacrifice myself for the project. Director Hart, there is nothing else I can do to repay your kindness other than to give my all and do my best in the Sunny Bay Project.”

After experiencing the despair caused by Sean, Myra was reluctant to face Tony and handle this awkward situation at this point of time. Nonetheless, she still had to deal with the Hart Group, so she should talk things out with him since she would encounter him sooner or later.

The temperature in the car instantaneously dropped and a chill ran down her spine.

At that moment, she lacked the courage to look into the man’s eyes. Thinking that she had said all that she wanted to say, she attempted to push open the door, but the door was then locked with a click.

“What do you want?” Myra turned to him and asked, frowning as she looked at the man, who had a thunderous expression.

Tony's current expression was terrifyingly dark; his straight brows were knitted into a frown and his gaze was freezing.

"Give your all and do your best in the Sunny Bay Project?" She seemed to have riled him up and his tone was as cold as ice as he countered, "How exactly are you going to do your best?"

Upon hearing the mockery in Tony's words, Myra clenched her fists and averted her gaze. "Director Hart, are you threatening me with the Sunny Bay Project? I am married and I love my husband very much!"

Her last sentence was born of her pride as well as the intention to have him quit after learning the difficulty, but Tony perceived it differently. It instantly kicked up a huge storm—it was an expression that would scare the hell out of the Hart Group's employees, who knew him well. He then scoffed, "That kind of a husband?"

His words made her face pale. Sean's expressions when he saw Lyla at the banquet came to Myra's mind, bringing misery and humiliation into her eyes.

Myra could deceive herself before Lyla's return but now, she knew that she could no longer do so.

Before she could reply to him however, he took out another cigarette and lit it while commenting indifferently, "Miss Stark, I didn't know that you are the kind of a person who likes her husband fooling around with other women. You surely are generous!"

"You—" Myra was so pissed that she trembled all over, yet she couldn't find any words to refute him.

Suddenly, the car was being unlocked, but the click did not make her feel relieved. Biting her lips, she intended to push the door open.

"Miss Stark, I believe you still owe me a thank you, yes?" Tony's cold words stopped her from leaving and she froze. I can't believe that Tony Hart is such a petty man!

She inhaled deeply and babbled a 'thank you' without even turning around to face him. After taking a few steps forward, she seemed to think of something and paused again. With her teeth gritted, she couldn't help but to force herself to say, "The Chase and the Hart Group

still have collaborations in the future, so it's better that we pretend that nothing happened today."

The Sunny Bay Project had just begun, so she was afraid that the dispute they had tonight would affect the future collaboration between the two companies. If we are able to make up... she thought. However, it was obvious that she was too naïve.

Upon hearing her words, Tony's deep eyes were bottomless as he thought to himself, She's willing to go to such lengths for Sean! Then, he coldly sneered, "I wondered what could have happened today."

Myra froze and before she could return to her senses, the car engine was started and the car sped off from beside her.