

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 76

Tony arched an eyebrow, his face devoid of emotion as usual, but when his gaze fell on the top of the woman's soft head below him, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. At this moment, he leaned forward with his right hand on the poker table, his entire person seemingly engulfing Myra in his embrace.

Meanwhile, the three men at the side wore a tacit smile. We now know why he wasn't in a hurry to go back and work overtime today. It turns out that the catch is here. He knew that she's going to come over, didn't he? And why didn't he have a drink any other time but right when she was about to leave? Plus, he could've just taken a drink, yet he just had to use his injured hand. Wasn't it obvious that he wanted her to stay? The three of them truly couldn't stand seeing his desperation, so they gave him a hand.

The atmosphere at the poker table was undoubtedly peaceful, but Myra gradually felt perturbed. I don't know whether Tony Hart is doing this intentionally, but he said he'll let me play by myself and get a feel of things, but every time I want to flip open a card, he'll suddenly stop me and open another card. This is no big deal, but our hands always brush together inadvertently.

"You've just drawn this card, so don't open it so hastily. Wait and see what card Elliot opens later." She was just about to flip open the card she'd just drawn earlier, but Tony stopped her. As he took the card from her, his fingers gently brushed across her hand. He's manipulating my hand so casually that I feel as though I'm quickly losing possession of it.

When his hand again half-wrapped around hers, Myra abruptly pushed her chair back and got to her feet. "How about you take over, Director Hart? I really don't know how to play," she said to Tony. Her face was as red as an overly ripe tomato and stained with a trace of irritation.

Seemingly rather surprised, Tony raised an eyebrow and looked at her placidly. "It's okay. Just play a few more rounds, and you'll be fine." Just after his words fell, his cell phone seemingly vibrated. Holding his cell phone, he greeted the person on the other end before patting her on the shoulder. Then, he spun around and walked out.

At the sight of his hypocritical demeanor, the three men doubled over in laughter inwardly though they outwardly maintained a nonchalant expression and urged Myra to sit back down.

As Myra looked at their innocent expressions, she was all the more regretful for staying and helping Tony draw cards. I must have had a loose screw earlier!

When Tony had exited the private room, his smiling countenance gradually darkened significantly, and he merely murmured apathetically, "Come over." Then, he hung up the phone right away. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it in the corridor itself.

Without Tony by her side, Myra was much more relaxed. However, with no one to guide her, she quickly messed up after the three veterans railroaded her. Tony had won a lot of chips earlier, but Myra lost them all when he went out to take a phone call.

Upon seeing that he'd gotten a full house, Elliot happily extended a hand for chips. Myra embarrassingly glanced at the small drawer beside her, only to see that it was... already empty.

At this time, someone pushed open the private room door. Never had Myra been so hard-pressed to see Tony. When she looked over her shoulder and saw that it was Tony walking in, even she herself didn't realize that her eyes abruptly lit up, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

The moment Tony glimpsed her expression upon entering the room, the corners of his mouth instinctively curved upward, and he strode over to her in a few strides. "What's wrong?"

This time, Myra stood up without the slightest hesitation. "I don't want to play anymore, so you should play instead. I... don't quite know how to play." There was a faint blush on her face even as she shyly tucked the few strands of hair that fell to her forehead to the back of her creamy ear. If I play with my own money, it's fine if I lose, but losing other people's money—especially his—feels rather disturbing.

At this, Tony placidly swept a gaze over the small drawer before her. Understanding instantly dawned, upon which a glimmer of mirth flashed across his eyes.

Elliot who was at the side naturally wouldn't squander this golden opportunity to win Tony's money. "Just rest assured and play dauntlessly, Miss Stark. Tony won't miss such a pittance!"

Myra's flush deepened, and she waved a dismissive hand profusely in mortification. "T... That's okay. I have to work tomorrow, so I've got to go home now." After saying that, she slipped behind Tony, not realizing that her action resembled that of a demure little woman.

Casting a look at Elliot who was eagerly awaiting more money, Tony suddenly dipped his head and glanced at his watch. Then, he frowned. "It's indeed quite late." When his words fell, everyone knew that he meant it as a dismissal.

Elliot was on a winning streak, so he was a tad disgruntled. Unexpectedly, Lucas who was beside him kicked him hard under the table, so he hastily zipped his mouth at the bolt of pain.

"You should indeed go back and rest earlier today since you're injured, Tony. We're still planning to go for karaoke and a few drinks after this, so Miss Stark, do you mind dropping him off on your way home?" Lucas asked. As soon as he said this, the other two men understood at once, and they nodded profusely as well.

Myra had already made to leave after taking her bag, but she could only turn back helplessly upon hearing his question.

At this moment, Tony was pretending to take his wallet out to pay for the chips he'd lost earlier, but Elliot then smugly declared, "Philip and Lucas neither won nor lost today, while I just happened to win your chips just now, Tony. However, Miss Stark forgot to give me my winnings for the last round. It's just the right amount, so your villa in the southern part should be mine, no?"

Myra belonged to the elite class as well, so she knew full well the worth of their chips in a night despite having been out of touch for a long time. Nevertheless, a sliver of guilt still slithered into her when she heard that, and she blushed up to her ears.

"As you like," Tony murmured placidly at this time as though he wasn't at all bothered.

Thus, Myra initially wanted to decline, but she swallowed the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

Upon seeing this, Elliot snickered and walked out. "I'll accompany you to your car, Miss Stark. Zion Club is too dangerous at night."

At this precise moment, a black Lamborghini came to a stop in front of Zion Club, a sharp screech splitting the air. As soon as the car stopped, a man climbed out from inside, his expression grim and his thin lips tightly pressed together. A near distance away, a woman in a pale pink dress waved at him. "Here, Sean!"

Stalking over to the woman in a few strides, Sean demanded with narrowed eyes, "Was everything you said on the phone earlier true?" The night sky out there was stunning, but as the neon lights reflected in his eyes, they were pools of gloom.

Lyla couldn't help shivering at the sight even as a glimmer of something flittered across her eyes. In no time, she nodded hesitantly. "I think I got the right person. I went in for dinner with a few people in charge of the concert, and I saw Myra. She was holding a man's jacket and went into VIP Room A."

Upon hearing that, Sean's eyes turned even colder. After all, all elites in Bradford City were aware that VIP Room A was Elliot's personal private room in Zion Club, and no outsiders were allowed in.

"I don't know whether I should tell you this..." Lyla glanced at him, hesitating as she spoke. When she saw that he didn't stop her, she bit her lip and admitted softly, "I was feeling rather restless after seeing Myra going in with a man's suit..."

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter

77

"So, I later sneaked over and stole a furtive peek, only to see Myra playing poker with Young Master Elliot, Young Master Philip, and Director Windrow. I noticed that her interactions with Young Master Elliot seemed... a touch intimate." Lyla initially had no idea why Tony asked her to come over, but the moment she glimpsed the scene in the room, understanding instantly dawned.

At that time, she was slightly puzzled. Judging from his action, it seems as though Myra offended him, and he's taking revenge against her. But no matter what, she brought it on herself! If she hadn't come out to mingle with those men, I wouldn't have gotten any dirt on her, so if she wants to assign blame, she should just blame it on her failure to withstand loneliness! Admittedly, intense envy blazed within me when I saw Myra chatting and laughing with the group of men whom I could never mingle with! Plus, she has always trampled me under her foot with her identity, and even Sean married her...

"Don't be angry, Sean..." Lyla tugged at his arm upon seeing that his expression was as cold as ice even as she murmured insipidly, "Perhaps I mistook someone else for her..."

However, this remark wasn't even convincing to herself, let alone the man who was currently fuming. To make matters worse, it was precisely at this very moment that the silhouettes of a man and woman promptly entered their lines of sight not far from the entrance of Zion Club.

As Lyla stared at the two people whose relationship seemed close walking side by side, a sense of relief infused her, and the corners of her mouth gradually curved into an alluring arc. You're just intent on heading to your doom. I'm sorry, Myra, but you first broke your promise to me and married Sean! Surreptitiously stealing a peek at Sean's grim face, she inwardly snorted.

When Myra and Elliot exited the private room, Elliot snagged the jacket Myra brought over to return to Tony. "Miss Stark, what do you think of Tony?" he couldn't help asking the moment they left the room since he was a straightforward person. In the beginning, I was worried that Tony would be duped by Myra Stark, but after tonight's interaction, I find that she's merely a little rabbit. No, she's just like Meow at Tony's house. She doesn't even seem interested in him, much less have any hidden agenda. Rather, it's Tony who's shrewd in all aspects, showing himself as the big, bad wolf! As his buddy, I've got to give him a hand by putting in a good word for him.

Myra didn't think much of it. Remembering how he shielded her from a brick today and her losing him a villa, embarrassment pervaded her. After mulling it over for a moment, she solemnly replied, "Director Hart is a kind man."

"That's it?" Elliot was a touch incredulous when she didn't say anything else. Not only is Tony outstanding and affluent, but the line of women in Bradford City who likes him extends from here to the suburbs! Yet, he's merely a kind man to her?

Taken aback, Myra nodded.

At this, Elliot inwardly grieved for Tony. No wonder he hasn't been able to win her over after such a long time. It turns out that his image is too flimsy in her eyes! "Ahem, Miss Stark, I actually think Tony is quite good. Look, he has a superb figure, good looks, plenty of money, and high status. Most importantly, he's particularly chaste. He never goes with us to indecent places to fool around, and despite his age, he's never had a girlfriend!" He praised him to the skies.

Astonishment suffused Myra upon hearing this. "Director Hart has never had a girlfriend?" But how is that possible? As he said, Tony Hart is excellent in all aspects, so there are definitely countless women who pursue such a perfect man like him. Yet, he has never had a girlfriend?

"You must be very surprised, yes?" Elliot drawled triumphantly as though he was blowing his own trumpet.

Myra nodded. "Indeed."

"Actually, this isn't at all surprising because Tony has someone whom he—"

"Ah!" Before Elliot had finished speaking, beside him, Myra's arm was suddenly grabbed by a hand that didn't at all temper its strength, so she couldn't help exclaiming when a bolt of pain lanced through her. Before either of them could react, the person had already dragged her toward Zion Club's exit ruthlessly.

When Elliot had gathered his wits about him, his expression darkened, and he wanted to give chase, but a woman abruptly blocked his path. The woman was no stranger to him, for it was Lyla. He'd also had her investigated while investigating Myra and Sean, so he knew that she was Sean's first love who'd now returned to Bradford City.

Lyla was wearing a pink ankle-length dress that made her appear incredibly elegant and graceful, while her exquisite makeup rendered her petite face all the more enchanting. Her figure was delicate and her aura gentle, arousing a desire to hug her in comfort. However, Elliot turned a blind eye to her beauty. "Move!" His expression turned frosty, for he was wholly indifferent to outsiders.

Conversely, Lyla flashed him a faint smile. "Young Master Elliot, I'd advise you not to interfere in the matter. Sean is Myra's husband, so would it be a help or hindrance if you were to poke your nose into their affairs?"

Elliot's expression changed. Inwardly, he bemoaned, I'm done for! I offered to walk Myra to her car, but I never thought such a thing would happen! As Lyla Fisher pointed out, not only do I have no right to interfere, but even if Tony were here, he wouldn't be able to do anything either. All patrons in Zion Club are from the elite families in Bradford City, so while we men don't really care, her reputation will be ruined with just the slightest misstep... However, if I were to simply look on as she's dragged away by Sean, Tony will definitely kill me later!

"Young Master Elliot, I'm only saying this because you seem close with Director Hart. Myra Stark is a scheming woman who loves to feign innocence and weakness in front of men to garner sympathy, so don't get taken in by her," Lyla asserted lightly.

Realizing that he couldn't help Myra here but might even add to her humiliation, Elliot calmed down. Then, he snorted at Lyla. "Speaking of this, aren't you an expert, Miss Fisher?"

When Lyla's exquisite face distorted slightly, he again cast a worried glance in Myra's direction, a frown marring his face. Subsequently, he whirled around hastily. While retracing his steps with his back to her, his expression turned apprehensive, and he hastened his steps.

Meanwhile, Sean brutally dragged Myra out by the arm all the way, disregarding the burning pain assailing Myra. On the way, many people whispered among themselves as they stared at them both, making her face flame hotly. When they'd finally exited Zion Club, she couldn't help breaking free from his grip hard before she pivoted to stalk in another direction.

"Stop right there!" Sean snarled. Marching up to her in a few strides, he grasped her wrist hard. "What exactly is your relationship with Elliot Samson?"

Myra struggled several times, yet she couldn't break free from his hold. Peeved, she stared right into his eyes with resentment blazing in her eyes. "Let go of me!"

"I asked what exactly your relationship with Elliot Samson is!" Sean stubbornly demanded as though he hadn't heard her. The picture of her talking and laughing with Elliot angered him, so his grip on her wrist unconsciously tightened.

"Ouch!"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 78

Myra couldn't help exclaiming in agony as a wave of piercing pain assaulted her, cold sweat beading on her cheeks. "Have you lost your mind, Sean Chase?"

Sean's eyes were pitch-black and menacing, very much like a hellhound that came out of the depths of hell, his chest heaving incessantly from fury. In the end, he snapped bitterly, "I was wondering why you aren't taking my calls recently, and it turned out that you're messing around with Elliot Samson! You're truly something else!"

When he received Lyla's phone call, he was actually having a meal with a representative from another company to discuss a project, but he rushed over without giving a whit about the project after the taking call. I was initially feeling a tad turned off by such a ploy from Lyla, but I actually witnessed it with my own two eyes earlier, so how could there be a mistake?

"Myra Stark, didn't you say you love me very much? Is this your so-called love for me? Being all affectionate and intimate with another man?" Rage was written all over Sean's face, his eyes so glacial that it was as though he wanted to rip her to shreds. "Your love is really cheap!"

Her eyes going wide, Myra stared at the cold man in front of her incredulously. My love for him has always been unreserved. I can't say anything to the fact that he doesn't love me and refuses to accept my love, but why must he trample on my heart like this?

"Let go of me!" Myra's eyes turned slightly red, but she didn't want to show her weak side to this man, so she sneered at him. "Sean Chase, since you've said that you hate me, why would I still foolishly love a man who doesn't love me? As for your accusation against me, I find it truly ridiculous! Do you need me to do a count of the number of women you've fooled around with in the past two years?"

It was as though she was venting all the despair from her one-sided love all these years through these words as she ruthlessly flung them at the man before her. Despite knowing that they wouldn't affect him in the slightest since he didn't love her, in that instance, she just wanted to give voice to the disappointment that was bottled up within her no matter what.

Sean froze, the chilliness that had been radiating off him gradually dissipating. Never had he expected her to say such a thing to him, and her remark of 'why would I still foolishly love a man who doesn't love me' rendered him inexplicably panicked even though he didn't know why he was feeling that way. "I..." In a flash, his gaze turned conflicted. He instinctively wanted to say 'I don't want to hate you anymore', but his nerves were abruptly stretched taut upon realizing the direction of his thoughts. His gaze became ominous, and he again tightened his grip on her wrist. "Don't change the subject! I thought that you're sincere toward me albeit your innate viciousness, but you actually got together with Elliot Samson!"

Myra hadn't expected the sudden increase of force, the excruciating pain causing her face to go pale. However, she merely bit her lip hard and sniggered mockingly. "You think I'm not sincere enough toward you?"

Sean merely stared at her intently.

Never had Myra felt this helpless. "So, who's sincere toward you since you think I'm not sincere enough? Lyla Fisher?" She pointed a finger at the woman beside him, her face etched with stark despair. "Have you forgotten who stayed by your side back then? Have you forgotten who accompanied you during the difficult times? Sean Chase, I put up with your indifference in the past two years because you said you don't love me yet. But now, let me tell you that I don't want to do so anymore!"

Gritting her teeth, she struggled to free her hand from his hold, not letting up even when her wrist bone cracked. Finally shaking him off after much difficulty, she promptly sprinted into the distance without any hesitation.

Watching as her figure slowly disappeared, Sean inexplicably felt as though his heart was hollowing out bit by bit. When he was a moment away from giving chase, a timid voice halted him. "Sean..." A hand reached out to tug at him, but he callously shoved it away.

"Ah!" Lyla fell to the ground at the ruthless push, grazing her elbow in the process. Due to the intense pain, she gritted her teeth hard and stifled the urge to whimper, merely getting up from the ground silently. Her expression was obscured since she kept her head down, and the only thing visible was the puddle on the ground. "Sean... I know you hate me... Actually, I didn't dare tell you that I even saw Myra and Elliot kissing... I know you have feelings for her now, so I was afraid that you'd be saddened... I know the kind of woman she is, but I didn't dare tell you... I... I love you... If you love her, I'll go and beg her... I'll beg her not to be with Elliot Samson..." As she said this, she choked and made to dash out.

In the next instance, a hand shot out and grabbed her arm. Sean's hand was strong and forceful, so much so that it felt as though he was going to crush her bones. Yet, Lyla seemingly didn't feel any pain. Her head snapped up, and with a surprised exclamation, she stared at the man before her in disbelief. In the meantime, her face was still stained with tears, making her appear pitiful as she stammered eagerly, "Sean... Sean... I..."

"Never mind." Sean recalled that this wasn't the first time he'd seen Myra being intimate with Elliot and the gang. At this moment, his heart gradually turned cold as though it was blanketed with layer upon layer of ice so thick that not a single ray of light could penetrate. How ironic when that woman claims to love me! Fortunately, I've seen her true colors long ago! Otherwise, I would've been played like a fool for the past two years!

"Sean... Don't be sad... I'll keep you company forever... I'll never leave you anymore... Even if your mother seeks me out again—" Lyla's words were abruptly cut off.

Seemingly terrified that she'd said something wrong, she wanted to force a smile, but Sean clutched her hand tightly. "What did you just say?"

"I... I..." With panic written all over her face, Lyla took a step back. "Don't push me, Sean. I can't tell you anything... Go and chase after Myra. She must be sad now..."

"Tell me what that was about my mother seeking you out. Why did she seek you out? Had she done so previously?" Nonetheless, Sean kept pushing for answers.

At this, Lyla trembled. All of a sudden, she could no longer hold out and frantically bolted away.

Sean's gaze darkened. This time, he swiftly chased after her without even thinking about it.

After Myra had escaped Sean, she ran until she reached her white BMW. Her expression was exceedingly gloomy, but this time, she held herself back from crying. Perhaps it was because she no longer held out any hope toward Sean that she'd learned to accept and ignore it every time he said something hurtful. While the pain within her remained, she believed that the wound would heal one day.

The moment she approached the car, she opened the car door. Before slipping into the car, she lifted her head despondently, only to be greeted by Tony's tall and solid figure. He seemed to have waited for some time here, for she noticed a few cigarette butts at his feet. "Director Hart..." Having no way to avoid him, she quickly put away the sorrow in her eyes in

embarrassment and gazed at the man before her in surprise. Only then did she remember that she was supposed to drive him home.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 79

After the confrontation with Sean, Myra's good mood back when she was playing poker with the few men had vanished altogether. She was just about to ask whether he'd mind taking a taxi home, but the man standing before her suddenly circled to the passenger seat and pulled the car door open. Upon seeing that she remained motionless, Tony even arched an eyebrow in surprise. "What's wrong?" Then, he slid right into the passenger seat.

The words were on the tip of Myra's tongue, but as she watched his successive movements, she swallowed them. Never mind, my place is indeed not far from his apartment. Hence, she bent down and slipped into the driver's seat before promptly starting the engine and driving away.

Even though it was night time, the sky outside was brightly lit. In the near distance was a huge LED screen that was playing a massive advertisement. It was an advertisement for a shampoo, and the female model was someone familiar to her—Lyla Fisher, who'd now returned in a cloud of glory as a renowned pianist in the United States.

Due to her outstanding looks and magnificent aura, she'd long since gained a foothold in the entertainment industry, with plenty of companies seeking her out to film advertisements. Two days ago, Myra even found out from the Advertising Department of Chase Group that the company had already proposed the candidates for the ambassador role for Sunny Bay Project to Hart Group, and among them was naturally Lyla. She'd just come back, yet Sean couldn't wait to please her! Recalling his words earlier, a stab of pain assailed her.

"If you continue spacing out, you're going to rear-end the car ahead in ten meters." A low and deep male voice sounded beside her.

Abruptly snapping back to her senses, Myra slammed on the brakes hard. The two of them pitched forward forcefully before the safety belts snapped them back. As a bout of

dizziness assaulted her from the impact, she inadvertently glimpsed the wound on Tony's left hand. In a flash, her eyes were filled with guilt. "I'm sorry, Director Hart..." After all, it was a great transgression to zone out while driving, for it wasn't only an act of being irresponsible toward oneself, but also to others.

Tony's features were obscured in the shadows, so she couldn't quite discern his expression. However, she felt that his expression was rather grim at this moment though she couldn't be certain whether she was reading too much into things.

"Myra Stark, I've always felt that you're a smart woman. A smart woman will never allow herself to end up in such a pathetic state time and again," Tony declared out of the blue. He turned and stared fixedly at the woman whose face had drained of color from fright. Under the dim streetlights, a sense of charming allure was added to his striking features. Meanwhile, his profound eyes resembled a whirlpool that had people unconsciously sucked into them as they gazed at him, unable to extricate themselves.

Upon hearing that, Myra's hands tightened on the steering wheel. Probably every single person in Bradford City is aware of my failed marriage. At this moment, a sense of helplessness enveloped her, and it felt as though all her strength had been sapped away. "You don't understand..." she suddenly muttered softly. "I've loved him for a whole six years, so I'm long since used to loving him like this. I know it's not ideal, but I just... can't help it..."

The aggrieved expression on her face had Tony's expression darkening. Before he could say anything, she abruptly started the car and drove away. In no time, the car came to a stop below his apartment. Myra alighted from the car and opened the car door for him personally.

Then, Tony slowly climbed out of the passenger seat, his gaze meeting her limpid eyes. Those eyes clearly belong to a staunch woman, but in some matters, she's just cowardly.

"Thank you for saving me today, Director Hart." Myra uneasily turned her head to a side upon seeing that he was merely staring at her intently. Just after she'd thanked him, something occurred to her out of the blue. He seems to have helped me too many times. All at once, she stiffened slightly, at a loss for words.

"Go home and rest earlier," Tony murmured placidly. She had been expecting that he'd say something else, but that was the only thing he said.

While she was stunned, he'd already pivoted and walked toward his apartment. Myra inhaled deeply as she stared at his straight back. Unbidden, a wealth of warmth engulfed her.

Meanwhile, Tony walked to the door of his apartment with a hand in his pocket, his face devoid of expression. At the door, Philip was already waiting with a first-aid kit in his hand. In the beginning, he didn't understand it when Tony said not to bother with his injury first, but when he saw Myra Stark arriving, understanding instantly dawned. For that reason, he was now waiting at his door for him to come back.

Tony then opened the door, and Philip trailed in after him. "I heard from Elliot that Myra bumped into Sean Chase on their way out of Zion Club. Is everything fine?"

The moment Tony heard this, his expression immediately darkened.

Aware that he'd said something wrong, Philip hurriedly amended his statement. "Don't be overly impatient in such a matter, Tony. After all, Myra used to love that man. You just need to show her your virtues and slowly enclose her in your circle of protection. Sooner or later, she'll become your woman!"

Sooner or later, she'll become my woman? But I don't think I can wait any longer! Squinting, Tony looked down at the continuous stream of cars below from the floor-to-ceiling windows in his apartment, his gaze gradually darkening.

While Sean might not know where this apartment of Myra's was, her family certainly did. After parking the car, Myra took the elevator up. When her gaze alighted on the girl who was standing a near distance away the moment she stepped out of the elevator, she again stiffened. A girl of about 22 years old in a light blue dress stood outside her apartment, her wavy waist-length hair pinned to the back of her head gracefully. She had a petite face with exquisite features, and her skin was delicate, while long eyelashes framed her limpid eyes. In fact, she resembled Myra closely!

Upon seeing Myra, she took a step forward and greeted her softly. "Sis..."

Myra's brows furrowed. As though she hadn't seen her, she walked past her expressionlessly and headed toward the courtyard.

"Sis... Sis, are you still angry at me?" Behind her, the woman's voice drifted over faintly. After a series of frantic footsteps, Kris stood before Myra, blocking her path. "Sis, I was too rash the previous time. I shouldn't have taken your room. I just thought that you're already

married and rarely come home to stay anyway, so the room will just remain empty. In that case, I might as well use it. If you're angry, I'll just ask Mom to switch our rooms back when I go home."

"Don't call me 'Sis'," Myra snapped ruthlessly as soon as Kris was done speaking. When the woman across from her paled at once, the corners of her mouth curved into an icy arc. "Kris, your mother isn't my mother, and you're not my sister either. In the future, just address me directly by my name when you see me." She wanted to continue walking, but the woman in front of her just wouldn't move away.

"Sis, I know you have a misunderstanding about me and my mother. We never thought of stealing Dad away. It's just that... Dad is up in years, so isn't it good to have me and my mother keeping him company?"

Upon seeing that Kris was going to pester her for a while, Myra wasn't in so much of a hurry to enter her house anymore. She stared at the girl who was seemingly weak and innocent before her. But the truth is that if it weren't for her and her mother's sudden appearance back then, my mother wouldn't have callously abandoned me and committed suicide!

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 80

Myra clenched her fist when she recalled how her mother ventured out on searches to find her husband during her final days like a madwoman, all the while ignoring other people's advice. Staring straight at the woman before her with a chilly gaze, Myra smirked. "You don't need to beat around the bush. I suppose you have something to tell me since you came to me. What is it that you're planning to do this time? Do you want me to give up my inheritance rights over Stark Group?"

"Sis..." Kris stomped her foot in aggrievedness. "There must be a misunderstanding between us! Our father had me come to you, since you didn't pick up my calls when I called you prior to this. The company is in trouble. A few of the shareholders were suddenly against our father being the director. Therefore, in order to prevent the company from being taken over by outsiders, he thought of reaching out to you for help. Don't you have twenty percent of Stark Group's shares?"

“What’s the matter? Aren’t you and your mother being too greedy by trying to take my shares from me as well? Aren’t you satisfied with the thirty percent of shares that Cameron Stark owns?” Myra cut her short before she could finish her sentence.

Kris’ countenance shifted ever so slightly. “Sis, our grandfather was the one who established the company, so are you sure you’re going to allow some outsiders to take over it? Besides, Dad already clarified that he’s only going to borrow your shares. He’ll return them to you once things have settled down. He never planned on—”

“In your dreams.” Once again, Myra cut her off. Hearing Kris making mention of her grandfather stirred up even more feelings of resentment within her. If it weren’t for Kris and her mother... If it weren’t for them, things wouldn’t have turned out this way... She was trembling in anger while she opened the door of her house.

“Sis...”

“Stop calling me sis! You don’t deserve to call me that!” Myra didn’t even turn around.

Kris bit on her lip while hatred simmered within her. All of a sudden, she began lashing out at Myra from behind her. “Myra, you arrogant b*tch! No wonder neither Sean and Dad likes you! I’ve always performed as good as you ever since we were younger, but you were constantly presiding over me! But now, you’ll finally be dealt your karma! I heard that Lyla Fisher is back, so do you think Sean would still want you? In fact, he already threw you out of the house! Oh, there’s one more thing that I have to tell you.” Kris was chuckling so hard that she was trembling. “You must’ve not heard about the fact that my mother is pregnant. According to the doctor, the baby will most likely be a boy!”

Kris’ vile words coiled around Myra like a venomous snake before invading her senses. She could feel a sudden chill within her, but she still entered the apartment unit with a sullen look on her face before slamming the door shut. No wonder they are conspiring to take my shares. It’s all because they know a male heir is on its way. Although Myra had thought she already got used to being hurt, fate always had something even harsher in wait. Will the perils only end when I hit rock bottom?

Meanwhile, Kris shrugged in contempt when Myra slammed the door in her face. After all, she had achieved her aim of delivering the news of her mother’s pregnancy. After all those years of being oppressed by Myra, who was favored by their grandfather, she was finally able to vent the frustrations that she had accumulated throughout the years. As soon as her younger brother was born, the company would be his to inherit, so Myra would no longer be able to fight back. After letting out a harrumph, she turned to leave.

On the other hand, Myra had been constantly visiting Hart Group ever since Tony took the blow for her. Also, she had been constantly trying to gauge information from Leo to see if there was anything that she could help with. After all, she was the reason that Tony's arm was hurt. His injuries also led to an inflammation that had him hospitalized. The incident made it to the news headlines, shocking the whole of Bradford City. Elliot was right. Tony's hands are important to him. He shouldn't have taken that blow for me.

That morning, Myra volunteered to buy Leo his lunch after the meeting at Hart Group. However, it was in fact an excuse for her to buy Tony's lunch in order to ease her own guilt. After bringing them a nutritious lunch set, Myra uncapped the thermos cup to pour some of the soup out, which she then handed to Leo. "Mr. Clark, please give this to Mr. Hart."

For a few consecutive days, Myra had been waking up early to make some soup that she would send to Hart Group during lunch break. That night, she already did some research on all sorts of soup that could help Tony heal, so she had been making a different soup for him every day.

Upon glancing at the thermos cup beside Myra, Leo wore an ambiguous smile while informing her, "Miss Stark, I see you have been making him a different soup every day. From what I can see, Mr. Hart seemed to be in better spirits."

With a smile, she replied humbly, "This is the only thing I can do for him." After her soup delivery, she left on the elevator. Leo saw her off, and it wasn't until the elevator went downstairs that he went to open the door to the office.

"How is it, Mr. Clark? Is Myra finished with her meeting?" In the office sat an middle-aged woman dressed in elegant and lavish clothing. As soon as she saw Leo, she inquired him eagerly about Myra's whereabouts.

In the meantime, Leo seemed to be in slight distress. A while later, he heaved a sigh. "Mrs. Chase, I am sorry. I do not know that there is a wedge between you and Miss Stark. As soon as she heard me mention your presence in the office, she ran back into the elevator with a pale face."

"Oh dear..." The woman on the sofa was none other than Eve Hay. What Leo told her drained her face of color. She had been trying to find Myra during the past few days. However, as if Myra was trying to avoid her, she never saw Myra in Chase Group's office. After she had finally managed to track down that she would be attending a meeting at Hart Group, she had her driver drive her to the company, but she didn't expect Myra to be so angry at her.

Although Myra had always been obedient to her elders, she seemed determined to avoid Eve this time.

“Ahem... Mrs. Chase, I have something that I have been wanting to tell you, but I am unsure if you would want to hear it.” Leo was being reserved.

Eagerly, Eve said, “Pray tell.”

With a gentle smile on his face, Leo explained, “I understand why you might be feeling anxious, but you don’t actually have to feel that way. They might have had an argument, but they will resolve it by themselves. You meddling in their business will only make them both feel uncomfortable about it. Besides, I know that Miss Stark loves Mr. Chase greatly, so you have nothing to worry about. I even overheard her joking with her friend, during which she said she is merely giving him the cold shoulder for now. She will go back after she has calmed down. She still loves him greatly, so she will go back to him in due time.”

“Is that so?” Eve was feeling slightly dubious about it. Nevertheless, she knew of Leo’s status in Hart Group, so she didn’t think he had any reason to lie to her.

“Of course. I consider Miss Stark my friend, and at the same time, I am a man myself, so I know about men. Some men might have a hard time appreciating the women they had, but they will eventually realize the truth after going through a few bumps along the way. Hence, you have nothing to worry about. In fact, you’re only embarrassing her by chasing after her everywhere in public. Don’t you think so?” Leo pushed his glasses up, which reflected the lights on the ceiling.

“I suppose that’s true.” Nobody knew Myra better than Eve, or so she thought. That child will eventually come to forgive Sean no matter how sad she was. She must be avoiding me because I must have annoyed her by being constantly on her heels. Well, I suppose I should give it a rest.