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My little grandson has always been rebellious and undisciplined. I shouldn't have sent him to the United States back then. All he did there was learn a bunch of bad habits! It's still broad daylight outside, how can he be so depraved?! Sebastian's aged face turned even redder. He also became angrier. "If you don't open the door, I will call Myra instead! She will surely open the door for me!"

He acted as if he was going to call Myra with the phone in his hand. In reality, he was only friends with her on Facebook. He did not have her phone number. He had messaged her on Messenger, but she had yet to reply to him. He also called Tony's number just now, but Tony's phone had been turned off. If Kris had not mentioned that she saw Myra and Tony heading inside, I would have left a long time ago!

At the mention of Myra's name, Tony narrowed his eyes slightly. Meanwhile, Sebastian stared straight into Tony's eyes. Their gazes collided and clashed like a lightning storm. After a long while, Tony stuck one hand into his pocket and looked at the stubborn old man in front of him with a fake smile. "Just this once; I'm returning the favor I owe you for Hilliville."

This f*cking b*stard! Sebastian uttered a string of expletives in his heart. How can he say that he is returning the favor involving tens of billions just by inviting me in for lunch with that unwilling expression of his?! Even an earthworm is better than this f*cking ungrateful grandson! Cursing non-stop in his head, he was tempted to perform a shoulder throw on the man standing in front of him. He is practically begging for a beating. Even so, he resisted the temptation. He coldly and mockingly looked at the man that was opening the gate. "I'm surprised you still remember the help I gave you for Hilliville. Should I be grateful that you're willing to let me in and benevolently give me a free lunch?"

"Quickly eat and go home," Tony coldly added.

Sebastian suddenly thought to himself, it's such a miracle that I managed to live until I'm 80! He walked inside, feeling down. At the same time, he was thinking about how to punish this unfilial grandson of his!

The gate only allowed Sebastian to pass through before closing again without further ado. Kris had been pretending to follow Sebastian inside as if it was only natural for her to do so. Thus, her expression changed slightly when the gate closed. Despite that, she forced a kind smile on her face. "Director Hart, I came here to discuss the Elsinore Garden Project with you. And..."

A trace of hatred flashed across her eyes. She had understood the situation from the conversation between Tony and Sebastian just now. Not only did Sebastian know that Myra was Tony's girlfriend, but he seemed to hold a favorable impression toward Myra. That clearly indicated one thing—Tony was serious about Myra and it wasn't just a fling. When such a dangerous signal flashed through her head, she immediately panicked. Even so, she wasn't one to give up so easily as long as she still had a chance!

"Visit Sis while I'm at it." After considering all sorts of scenarios, she decided that she could adapt to the situation and react as she saw fit as long as she managed to follow them inside.

"You can look at her from here." Tony didn't even bother to look at her as he turned and headed inside.

Behind him, Kris' expression turned livid. 'Myra'... He is addressing her in such an affectionate manner! The rage that filled her heart expanded like a balloon filled with hydrogen gas—just a little bit more and the balloon would explode. She tightly clenched her hands that were hanging by her sides into fists.

Ever since she received her father's approval, she immediately made plans to pursue Tony romantically. On another note, the Hart Group had announced their acquisition of Hilliville today and were aggressively hyping it up. As far as anybody was concerned, Myra, who held a 40% stake in Hilliville, was immeasurably valuable right now! I can't believe Myra managed to score such luck! I'm pretty certain Sean's appearance just now wasn't because of anybody—it was because of Hilliville! What about Tony? Is he doing this for Hilliville? Or, does he actually have feelings for Myra?

The sense of crisis grew stronger and stronger. Myra has been suppressing me ever since her divorce from Sean. She no longer runs away from her problems like how she used to. She also learned how to fight back with what she has. Didn't she return to the Stark Group for the sake of taking back the company? Will Tony help her?! For a moment, the fear made Kris feel as if she had fallen into a freezing abyss.

Sebastian's expression was very grim. When he arrived at the garage, he naturally stood in place and did not venture further inside. Meanwhile, Tony walked past him and entered the garage.

Myra had heard the conversation outside clearly. As her legs had been stiff just now, she couldn't get out of the car. Now that she finally recovered from the cramps, she wanted to get out of the car. However, she suddenly found herself in a clean and faintly minty embrace.

Lifting her head, she came face-to-face with Tony's chin, which had a faint shade of stubble on it. Then, she suddenly bit his chin viciously. Her eyes were full of rage. "Are you satisfied now, Tony Hart?!" I've never met such a shameless person in my life! Old Master Hart wants to have lunch with us today! How am I supposed to face him now?! Besides, he also saw the box that Estelle posted to me back at my apartment the other day... She felt like dying suddenly. Everybody else has best friends and boyfriends that support them. Why do I only get ones that sabotage me?!

"Satisfied? Do you think I'll be satisfied with just that?" Tony countered, narrowing his eyes and looking at her instead.

Her face turned redder than Sebastian's. She was so furious that she couldn't get the words out.

He nonchalantly added, "Still, Grandpa is pretty satisfied. If you can produce a great-grandchild for him right away, he will be even more satisfied."

"Tony! Hart!" She pinched him hard. Unfortunately, she couldn't pinch his firm muscles and only hurt her hand instead. Still, she quickly buried her head in the man's chest again—they had already left the garage.

Following that, she heard Sebastian scoffing loudly. The blush crept from her face down to her neck. Despite that, she endured the embarrassment, lifted her head, and uncomfortably called out, "Old Master Hart..."

"Hmph!" Sebastian turned his head away and walked toward the villa. However, he was stopped by Tony's words. "The ingredients are in the trunk of the car. If you want to eat lunch, bring them in yourself." After saying that, Tony brushed past Sebastian and strode forward.

Sebastian stood motionless, his expression flashing with various shades of fury. A long while later, he angrily went to the trunk of the car and brought out the two bags of stuff inside.

Meanwhile, Myra entered the villa and struggled to get down from Tony's arms. The villa wasn't large, so she quickly figured out where the rooms were on the ground floor and entered the bathroom. When she came out, she didn't spare a glance at Tony and headed straight into the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, the contents of the two bags had been sorted and neatly placed into the refrigerator. Myra was studying the refrigerator in a daze when a head popped in from the outside. When Sebastian saw that Myra had seen him, he cleared his throat slightly, walked into the kitchen sternly, and glanced sideways at her. "For lunch, I want to eat steamed fish, sweet and sour pork, braised chicken with chestnuts—"

"We only have spinach." Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by the man that had walked over. Tony glanced at Myra and dispassionately said, "Cook some rice and some spinach. We'll make do with that."

Sebastian immediately lost his temper. "Damn it! You know I don't eat spinach! You're doing this on purpose!"

"You can eat that or leave; I don't care." Tony's expression was aloof.

Seeing that the two men were about to start bickering again, Myra chased them out of the kitchen with a cranky expression.

Sebastian looked at the tightly closed door, the corners of his mouth trembling slightly as he glared at Tony. "Look at what terrible temper the woman you chose has!"

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“Admit it; you like this, don’t you?” Tony pulled his lips into a grimace. He turned around and headed into the living room, leaving behind the angry old man.

“Only you like this! Your entire family likes it!” Sebastian finished speaking, only to realize that his statement included himself. Thus, his aged face was so furious that even more wrinkles appeared. Lisa is still the best. She doesn’t upset me like this. All of a sudden, he felt as if he had wasted an entire afternoon away when he could have had lunch with his wife instead. Why did I visit this stupid couple just to make myself angry? How stupid of me!

While Myra was busying herself in the kitchen, Tony settled some company affairs with his laptop in the living room while Sebastian pretended to read the newspaper next to him. One hour later, lunch was served.

Sebastian wasn’t sure if it was done on purpose. However, all of his favorite dishes were placed in front of him. Meanwhile, Tony only had a plate of plain spinach in front of him.

Myra picked up her spoon and nonchalantly announced, “Lunch is served.”

“Hahaha—” Sebastian laughed heartily when he saw the difference in treatment between him and his grandson. He finally felt the resentment building up in his chest for such a long time diminishing.

In contrast, Tony’s expression was as dark as night. All of a sudden, he rudely slammed his spoon on the table with a loud ‘thud’. Folding his arms across his chest, he pressed his thin lips together tightly.

Myra casually took a serving of spinach from the plate in front of him and nonchalantly asked, “What’s wrong? Is there something wrong with the taste?” Pretending to taste it, she lifted an eyebrow at him. “It tastes fine.”

Raising her eyebrow at him right now felt rather similar to what Tony usually did. Thus, it made Tony narrow his eyes at the sight.

“Don’t mind him; don’t mind him. Come, Myra. The fish you cooked looks great. I love it.” Sebastian hurriedly invited Myra to eat with him.

“Thank you.” She naturally felt happy when she was being praised. As a result, the awkward atmosphere from just now faded greatly. She was just about to help herself to the fish for a

taste when she suddenly felt her body being lifted into the air. In the next moment, she was already in the scorching embrace of the man next to her.

“You b*stard! What are you doing?!” The first to object was Sebastian.

Tony carried Myra in his arms and walked toward the staircase. He looked her straight in the eye and expressionlessly replied, “Making great-grandchildren!”

Upon hearing those words, Sebastian blushed beet red but closed his mouth and said nothing more.

“Tony Hart!” Myra was so furious that she wanted to kick the man in front of her.

“Go ahead; scream! Scream louder!” In just a few seconds, Tony had climbed to the top of the stairs and turned around to enter the bedroom. He immediately trapped the woman in his arms against the door. His stiff body pressed against her soft body tightly and seamlessly, and his actions were rough. It happened in the blink of an eye—Myra felt the heat of the man in front of her against her body. In the next moment, that man’s thin lips covered hers forcefully...

By the time a certain man had had his fill, Myra was completely exhausted. Tony had placed her on the King-sized bed and the pure black bedsheets surrounding her made her arm outside the blankets appear even fairer and more delicate. Toward the end, she was practically begging for him to stop making love to her. When he felt satisfied with her begging, he finally released her. By then, she was so tired that she couldn’t even keep her eyes open anymore.

A knock on the door sounded from the outside. Tony tucked Myra’s arm under the blanket and pulled her closer into his embrace before lightly saying, “Enter.”

Sebastian poked his head in through the door. Needless to say, he detected the smell of sex lingering in the air. Clearing his throat uncomfortably, he muttered, “Can you call my driver for me and ask him to pick me up? My phone ran out of battery.”

Tony frowned slightly. “Use the phone downstairs.”

Sebastian knew that he could have used the phone downstairs. However, he simply wanted to come and ascertain that the poor girl had not been devoured to the point where only her bones were left. When he saw the slight rise and fall of the bundle in his grandson’s arms,

he guessed that Myra had fallen asleep. Only then did he feel relieved. Then, he glanced at his grandson reproachfully and softly scolded, "Don't go overboard. If you scare her away, I'll see what you're going to do then!"

"Stop nagging." A trace of impatience appeared on Tony's face. "Close the door behind you."

Sebastian choked on those words. He was just about to slam the door in a rage when he paused mid-motion and turned back again. "What are you planning to do with that thing outside?"

At that moment, Tony felt the body lying in his arms stiffen noticeably and he narrowed his eyes in response. It was obvious he knew who Sebastian was referring to by 'that thing outside'. When he had Myra pressed against the railing in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass window just now, they had seen Kris standing outside the gates and refusing to leave. The glass was specially treated so that the people on the inside could look outside, but the people on the outside could not see anything inside. Despite the passionate atmosphere between them at the time, he had noticed an absent-minded look in Myra's eyes at the sight of Kris.

"Ignore her." He had always been indifferent toward women. Still, it was clear that Kris' incessant pestering and harassment had left him feeling utterly repulsed, not to mention the pain she and Rachel had brought to Myra.

After Sebastian left, Tony slid his hand from Myra's face to her delicate neck to the soft plumpness of her left bosom. Kneading her left bosom lightly, he planted a soft kiss on her forehead before nimbly getting up. He tucked the blanket around her, took her phone, and went downstairs.

Following Sebastian's departure, the door of the villa opened again. This time around, Kris stood in the yard with a slightly emotional expression. Turning around to face the man that had opened the door and walked out, she seemed as if she didn't know what to do for a moment. Her expression was extremely aggrieved. "Tony..."

She had hung around for nearly four hours now. She was unwilling to admit defeat and leave. At the same time, she felt furious that she couldn't enter the villa and could only wait outside. When she saw Sebastian coming out, she had wanted to approach and talk to him. However, he clearly did not want to waste his time with her. He immediately got into his car and left. With her arrogant temperament, she would have flipped her hair and left immediately if it were the Kris from past times. For some reason, she didn't dare to do that now. She was afraid she might lose her only chance if she left now.

Alas, this man is still unable to resist me. He is here to meet me. "Tony..." Kris called out to him again in a voice heavy with resentment and a glimmer of expectation.

Meanwhile, Tony stepped out into the garden but did not step forward to open the gate. He strode to the gate and stood motionless. Under her bright-eyed gaze, he took out a cigarette and lit it. He held the cigarette between the index finger and middle finger of his right hand with an unapproachable look and a languid posture. Then, he held a white phone in his left hand and dialed a number right in front of her.

The other party answered the call quickly with a deep baritone voice belonging to a man. "Myra, why are you calling me so suddenly?"

"President Stark, listen carefully to who I am." Tony blew out a smoke ring, his eyes looking as deep and cold as ice.

Cameron was slightly taken aback. He seemed to have a faint recollection of this male voice. I spoke to this man recently. Moreover, it was during... Despite his surprise, he felt slightly hesitant too. "Director Hart?"

"You have a good memory, President Stark," Tony replied with a fake smile.

When all was said and done, Cameron was a veteran in the business. He quickly composed himself and said, "Why is Myra's phone with you, Director Hart..." His voice carried a questioning and doubtful tone to it.

Tony gave a low laugh. "Why don't you take a guess, President Stark?" Although it was a laugh, his laughter held no warmth. Besides, something like that was easily understood even without guessing.

For a long time, Cameron looked at the busy traffic downstairs while various expressions flitted across his face. Finally, he managed to force a weak smile on his face. "Myra, that child... How could she keep this from us? It is her honor to be in a relationship with you, Director Hart. Why didn't she tell us about it? Director Hart, Myra is a willful child. I hope you don't blame her if she ever upsets you in the future."

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"Heh..." Tony chuckled softly. Even Cameron could hear the deep ridicule hidden within the laughter. Cameron clenched the phone tightly in his hands and asked, "Director Hart, what... is the purpose of your call today?"

Tony flicked the ash off his cigarette and faintly replied, "Naturally, I'm here to give my future father-in-law a present. I heard that the Stark Group was trying to obtain the Elsinore Garden Project recently."

As if he didn't know in the first place. Cameron's eyes gleamed. "Director Hart, are you—"

"I will hand over another 3% of the profits in the Elsinore Garden Project if you let Myra take the position of the Stark Group's general manager and take charge of this project. What do you think?"

Without waiting for Cameron to express his opinion, Tony addressed the person on the other end of the phone as 'father-in-law'. Then, he said something about handing over the profits to the Stark Group on the condition that Myra took the position as the general manager of the company. Listening to those words, Kris felt her pupils contracting abruptly in response. Even so, she didn't dare to interrupt the conversation between the two men!

When Cameron heard Tony saying that he was willing to hand over the profits, his eyes narrowed considerably. Obtaining the Elsinore Garden Project was a great opportunity for the Stark Group—the profits from the project were enough to compare to the company's profits for the next half of the year. If I can get another 3%... "It looks like Myra is deeply loved, Director Hart." After weighing the pros and cons, he quickly came to a conclusion and laughed in delight. "Myra is a scrupulous child. I will feel at ease to leave the Elsinore Garden Project in her hands."

Those words meant that the two of them had reached an agreement. Thus, Tony hung up without further ado.

"Tony..." Kris no longer addressed him as 'Director Hart'. She looked shocked, her white teeth fiercely biting down on her lower lip. "Have you gotten the wrong idea about me? I didn't mean to deceive you last time. However, I can't explain the specifics to you. The Stark Group, Hilliville, and the Ritz Carlton will indeed all be mine in the future. I know that the Hart Group is hyping up Hilliville right now. I'm sure Sis is not willing to hand it over to you. But, if I can obtain it, I will surely hand it over to you without hesitation!"

She now blamed the man's indifference toward her entirely on the last conversation they had outside the Zion Club that went nowhere in the end.

After Tony hung up the phone, he didn't even glance at the woman opposite him. He turned around, extinguished his burnt cigarette butt with his foot, and went back inside. The way he acted was as if he only wanted her to listen to the phone call that showcased just how much he loved Myra.

Kris felt a gradual feeling of helplessness washing over her limbs; it was a feeling she had never experienced before. Gnashing her teeth savagely, she was tempted to yell at the back of the man that was getting further and further away. All of a sudden, her phone began to ring. She answered the call, then her expression changed drastically upon listening to what the other party said through the phone. Eyeing the cold and indifferent back of that man again, she got into her sports car and left.

Myra had rested enough by the time Tony returned to the bedroom. She had seen the interaction between the man and the woman downstairs from the floor-to-ceiling window. She felt a little anxious at first—she didn't even notice that she breathed out a sigh of relief when Tony tossed his cigarette butt to the ground and walked back to the villa. When she saw him, she subconsciously turned over and faced her back to the man behind her.

Tony chuckled softly. Walking over, he took off his coat and got into bed. He brought a cool breeze with him as he got into bed. The moment he climbed into bed, he pulled the stiff woman into his embrace and forcefully planted a kiss on her forehead. "Are you angry?"

His voice was not as hard and cold as it had been when he had been talking to Kris. Moreover, the lines of his face had softened considerably too.

She struggled against him slightly. Then, she bit her lip again when she couldn't escape from his hold. In the next moment, she felt her body being flipped over. The lips that she was biting were also covered by the man's thin lips. He kissed her on the lips several times before lifting an eyebrow at her and smiling. "Don't you want to know who I called with your phone?"

"I don't care," she muttered softly.

In response, he laughed quietly again. When he laughed, his chest shook slightly. It made her feel rather embarrassed, so she buried her head under the covers. He let her do as she pleased and just hugged her tighter. "I called Cameron."

She was slightly taken aback by those words. Following that, she heard his voice again. "I threatened him. I told him I would not give him the Elsinore Garden Project if he didn't let you become the general manager."

Although those words sounded like a joke, her heart skipped a beat. She immediately lifted her head and came face-to-face with his vastly profound eyes. There was a playful smile in his eyes. Seeing that smile in his eyes made her face flush. Then, she took one of his hands to play with. "It feels like I'm being protected..."

Initially, she had not wanted to let Cameron know about her relationship with Tony despite knowing that she could not keep them in the dark for long. However, the way Tony revealed their relationship to Cameron clearly indicated that he was protecting her. Kris most likely understood that just now. Isn't that why she left in a huff? Contrary to her expectations, she felt pleased with the thought.

Seeing that she wasn't throwing a tantrum, he hugged her tighter. "That means I'm not putting in enough effort. Still, putting you into a cage seems like a pretty good idea."

"Tony Hart!" She gritted her teeth.

Meanwhile, he laughed comfortably. Lowering his head, he laughingly whispered in her ear, "Grandpa has left."

"I know." She felt gloomy. I embarrassed myself so many times in front of Old Master Hart today. It's all this man's fault!

"He also took that little thing we bought at the supermarket away with him." His voice was playful and sexy. Therefore, it was hard not to think about the small box that he was referring to. Her face flushed crimson at those words. She decided to burrow into the covers instead, but she was caught by the man and placed on top of his body. "Grandpa and Grandma are getting older. I believe we should go along with their wishes and make them happy."

If it were anybody else who had spoken those words, she might have found it touching. However, she couldn't detect a single hint of filial piety when he was the one to say those words. She looked at him slightly vigilantly. "What do you mean?"

Unfortunately, it was too late. Myra felt a fullness in her lower body. Then, the man in front of her covered her lips with his again. Tony murmured in between kisses, "Since Grandpa

and Grandma want great-grandchildren so much, we should work harder to make their wish come true.”

“Dad, I only need you to give me a little more time. Just a little more time! Tony will surely be mine! The Elsinore Garden Project too; I will do as you wish and bring you the profits that you want!”

An hour or so later, Kris barged into Cameron’s office. On the way to the Stark Group, Cameron had given her a call. He asked her to take over for another project and hand over the management rights of the Elsinore Garden Project, which was carried out in cooperation with the Hart Group, to Myra.

“Kris, that’s enough from you. I’m only asking you to give up on this project this time. You will have many other opportunities in the future.” Cameron gently comforted his daughter and patted her on the shoulder.

“What about becoming the general manager of the Stark Group?! Didn’t you say not too long ago that you will find a chance to hand that position over to me...” She bit her lip viciously. “Also, I poured my heart into the Elsinore Garden Project. Now, I have to hand it over to Sis?! Dad, that’s not fair!”

“Fair or not, I’m not the one to decide.” Cameron glanced at Kris meaningfully. “You actually knew that Tony was in a relationship with Myra, right? But, you didn’t tell me about it. In the end, you caused all these incidents to happen.”

Knew about it? That’s true; I knew about it. But, if I had told you about it earlier, a man like you, who puts his own interests first, would have placed more importance on Myra even sooner.

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That’s why I wanted to quickly wrap Tony around my finger. I did not expect him to be such a difficult man with such a weird state of mind. I can’t figure him out at all!

"But, Myra is currently in charge of another project..." Kris refused to give up. She suddenly blurted out, "Besides, Dad, you know that Myra only returned to the Stark Group to retake the company shares from you. Making her the general manager... What if she gradually seizes power and takes control of the Stark Group?!"

Cameron's expression turned grim, but the change was barely visible. He quickly turned around. "Kris, I know what you're thinking. A man like Tony Hart won't be satisfied with just one woman—he is well aware of the differences between women. Myra has been abandoned by the Stark Family for a long time. Meeting him was luck and making him reach out to help her was her ability. Still, this kind of ability will not last for long." At this point, he paused with a rather mocking smile curling the corners of his lips. "This kind of ability... will probably fail once Hilliville falls into his hands completely. But, you... If you want to stand beside him, you will need to learn patience first."

"Dad, you're just beating around the bush. At the end of the day, you still want to throw Myra into Tony's bed!" Her expression was slightly distorted. She took a deep breath, preventing her lungs from exploding out of rage. "You just encouraged me to pursue Tony romantically this morning..."

"That's because I didn't know that Myra was one step ahead of you; I didn't know she was already in a relationship with that man." He could tell that she wasn't happy. When it came down to it, he doted on this daughter more. He thought about her mother and softened his voice. "Since Tony likes Myra, what's the big deal with giving her to him? In the end, she is going to be thrown away like that time with Sean. It won't be any different."

"But—"

"No need for buts." She seemed like she still had more to say. However, he cut her words off directly. The impatience in his expression was gradually growing stronger. "Leave. Organize the data and transfer it to Myra. The Elsinore Garden Project must succeed; failure is not an option!"

Kris' expression changed many times. When she saw that he did not wish to continue with the conversation anymore, she furiously stormed out of the office.

Behind her, his expression became sullen. No wonder Myra wasn't interested in the conditions I offered her—she's found herself a backer. Hmph... By the time she comes crawling back to me after being deceived and robbed of everything, it will be too late... Besides, it's only a position of a general manager in the company—it's no big deal. The Stark Group is still in my hands. All these years I managed the company was not for nothing.

What can she do even if I named her the president of the company? As long as I refuse to give my approval, she won't even get a single thing from the Stark Group.

Cameron suddenly recalled the words Myra's mother had uttered with a savage expression back then. His expression became slightly distorted in response, then he closed his eyes.

Kris returned to her office and immediately swept all the documents on her desk to the ground. Outside the office, her assistant didn't even dare to check on her after hearing the commotion inside. During the time they worked together, her assistant was already familiar with her unstable mood swings. She would surely take her frustrations out on anybody that went into the office at this time.

After another while, the door of the elevator opened on this floor and a gracefully dressed lady walked out of the elevator. She carried two thermos flasks in her hands with a warm smile on her face. When her assistant saw the lady, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Mrs. Stark, I'm so glad you're here."

Rachel was stunned by the assistant's expression for a moment. Then, she smilingly asked, "What's wrong?"

"Miss Kris has been throwing a tantrum in her office ever since she returned from President Stark's office. Please go in and talk to her."

Aside from Rachel's reputation in the Stark Group as the mistress who became the official wife, most people had a fairly good impression of her as a person. The main reason was that she had a gentle personality and did not like conflict. She once caught several employees red-handed when they were talking badly about her behind her back. However, she did not lose her temper with them. She simply smiled and allowed it to pass. She had a clear distinction between right and wrong. Therefore, she gained a good reputation among the old-timers in the company over the years, especially Kris' assistant who was always troubled by Kris.

Rachel smiled at the assistant apologetically. "Kris is still a kid; she sure has troubled you a lot. I will go in and talk to her immediately."

Although the assistant had started sweating slightly, Rachel's words were very kind. Thus, she quickly shook her head. "It's nothing."

Rachel smiled at her again before opening the office door and going inside. When she went inside, she did not forget to close the door behind her. She studied the messy office for a moment. Then, she no longer kept up the gentle expression she maintained in front of others—her expression quickly turned grim. “What are you doing?! Your assistant mentioned that you’ve been feeling down ever since you returned from Cameron’s office. Kris, did you get into a fight with your dad?”

As soon as Kris saw her mother, she finally found a place to pour out all the grievances in her heart. Her eyes were red as she viciously said, “Mom, I finally had my eye on a man, but Myra just had to snatch him away from me! Moreover, Dad tacitly allowed her to do that!”

“Who is this man?” Rachel narrowed her eyes slightly. She knew very well that not many men could catch her daughter’s interest.

“Who else? Director Hart of the Hart Group—Tony Hart!” Thinking back to all the times she had shown kindness to that man only to be coldly ignored, she felt overwhelmingly heartbroken. At the same time, her resentment toward Myra grew deeper.

“Tony Hart?” Rachel was astonished, but she quickly regained her composure. She glanced at her daughter and placed the two thermos flasks on the desk that was now clean and empty without a single item on it. Unscrewing the cap on one of the thermos flasks, she poured out some soup from inside and handed it to Kris. “Drink some of this soup and calm down.”

“Mom, how can you ask me to calm down at this point?!” Kris could smell her favorite chicken soup, but she didn’t have any appetite at the moment. “Myra, that b*tch! She is more of a slut than her mother was! Even though she was abandoned by Sean not too long ago and divorced him as a result, she immediately hooked up with Tony instead! Mom, did you know?! Dad is going to make Myra the general manager soon! He is also going to transfer the Elsinore Garden Project that I worked so hard on to Myra! How am I supposed to calm down, Mom?! She was kicked out of the Stark Family, so why am I always suppressed by her in whatever I do?!” While ranting, her tears began to flow, ruining the makeup on her face. “Dad is too much too! Just this morning, he encouraged me to pursue Tony romantically. Now, he tacitly accepted the relationship between Myra and Tony. In my opinion, he only thinks of Myra as his daughter!”

“Don’t you dare say that about your father!” Rachel frowned. Lowering her voice, she shouted, “Are you trying to let the whole world know?! What have I taught you all these years, Kris Hart?! Did I teach you all that for nothing?! Don’t pick a fight with Myra and don’t snatch what belongs to her. If she likes it, then just leave her be.”

“But, why?! I’ve yielded to her for more than 20 years! Do I have to step aside for her for the rest of my life?!” Kris’ expression was full of grievances. “Mom, I don’t want to live so pitifully...”

“I didn’t ask you to endure forever.” Rachel looked visibly moved. She touched Kris’ head and softly said, “But, you can only achieve greater heights with patience. Did you forget how I slowly climbed my way up to this position?” Seeming to recall something, a trace of savagery flitted across her eyes before disappearing. Similarly, her complexion soon returned to her usual gentle expression. Only her voice still held some coldness to it. “Kris, those that are living a blissful life right now are usually the ones that will meet the cruelest endings. Look at Myra’s mother; what sort of state did she end up in? I’m sure your father has his reasons for doing that. Besides, did you forget that we still have a trump card?”

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When Rachel said that, she gently used one hand to stroke her belly. The bump on her belly was not that obvious, but both of them knew what was inside her belly.

Still, Kris bit her lip. “But, even the doctor has said that this child will never be born. Dad is keeping such a tight grip over the company shares. If the baby isn’t born, how are we going to get a hold of those shares?”

The basic condition to gain control over the Stark Group’s shares was for Rachel to give birth to a child. Moreover, it had to be a boy. They had known since the beginning that this child would not survive. Initially, they wanted to coax Cameron into handing the shares to them while it was still in her womb. However, they had underestimated his sense of vigilance.

Rachel’s lips curved. “Do you remember the plan I told you about in the beginning?”

Kris paused for a moment before nodding, “I remember; I’m just scared...”

“Yes. It’s normal to be scared. After all, your father is inherently suspicious. If he realizes that we have been deceiving him all along, he would never forgive us. But, what if I didn’t lose this child because of him? Instead; what if Myra caused me to miscarry again?”

achel strongly emphasized the word 'again'. Kris was taken aback for a moment. After that, her vibrant lips lifted into a smile and excitement crept into her eyes. "Mom, do you mean..."

"Yes. Didn't you resent Myra for snatching your man away from you? If everybody sees Myra's true colors... What will they think of a person like her who couldn't even tolerate the birth of a younger sibling? What will the Hart Family think of her? What will outsiders think of her?" Rachel patted Kris on the shoulder and quietly continued, "Especially your father; he's finally getting the son he always wanted. If he lost his son to Myra, who is single-mindedly trying to reclaim the family assets..."

Although Rachel did not finish the rest of her sentence, Kris immediately understood what she was aiming for. "Dad said that Tony is only having a fling with Myra. He claims that Tony is only aiming to obtain Hillville from her. He also asked me to endure..." Now that Kris had calmed down, she began to think about what Cameron had said to her.

The corners of Rachel's mouth curled into a gentle smile. "Your father is still on your side. Kris, we need to kick Myra out of the Stark Family completely. It doesn't matter even if we can't get a hold of the company shares for the time being. If you are the only daughter Cameron has, then the Stark Group can only be handed down to you."

Similarly, a smile finally appeared on Kris' face. It was a rather cruel smile. Nodding, she replied, "I understand."

"As for Tony..." Rachel narrowed her eyes. "That man will surely become my daughter's! Myra will only get to enjoy him in the beginning. Once Tony throws her aside..." She stroked Kris' head. "Naturally, that will be the time when you take her place."

Concurrently, Sean swiftly drove back to the Chase Residence. As of this moment, the floor of the Chase Residence was littered with broken stuff. The living room was more or less destroyed, the TV screens were smashed, and the outside of the kitchen was full of porcelain shards.

As soon as Greta noticed his return, she quickly greeted him and anxiously said, "I'm so glad you're finally back, Mr. Chase! Madam Eve and Young Mistress Lyla have been quarreling non-stop! They won't listen to me no matter how hard I try to talk them out of it! Please go and check on them."

He did not wait for her to finish speaking before brushing past her and walking inside. The first person he met was Eve. Eve had been slapped in the face, and the red marks on her

face were still visible. The moment she caught sight of Sean, she immediately ran over and wept bitterly. "Sean, I regret this. You should divorce this woman! Look at how she treats me?! She actually dared to hit me!"

She turned the injured half of her face to him for him to see. However, he said nothing. Similarly, Lyla also ran over to him upon seeing that he had returned. She was in a worse state than Eve. Both sides of her face indicated that she had been slapped. One side of her face was swollen. Moreover, both her face and her body were dripping with tea as if somebody had poured tea on her. She looked very disheveled.

"Sean, Mom hit me first! Look at my body..." She was also crying, looking extremely pitiful and wronged. "Sean, I tried my best to get along with Mom for your sake. But, she always finds fault with me. She even had somebody follow me! Whenever we disagree on something, she will immediately slap me—"

"I told you; I didn't send anybody to follow you. You are being too suspicious over nothing!" The expression on Eve's face was very ugly. She cried her heart out. "The Chase Family should never have accepted a black-hearted woman like you as our daughter-in-law!"

After being insulted by Eve all night long, Lyla's rage finally erupted. She couldn't help retorting, "You don't want a daughter-in-law like me? How will you survive your current financial crisis without me?! Eve Hay, you kicked Myra out after you finished using her. Now, are you trying to kick me out after you're done using me?! Let me tell you this: I'm not that easy to bully!"

"You! You—" Eve pointed at Lyla, her finger beginning to tremble. She hurriedly turned and glanced at Sean. "Sean, I've never thought that way before. When she insults me like that, isn't it equivalent to insulting you? Sean—"

"That's enough!" Sean, who had not said a word since he entered the house, suddenly shouted loudly, preventing the two women from continuing with their accusations. He looked at the two disheveled figures in front of him and felt a sense of discomfort and exhaustion that he had never felt before. "Mom, don't follow Lyla anymore."

"Sean—"

Seeing that the look in Eve's eyes was incredulous, he expressionlessly turned to Lyla, who was looking a little triumphant. His voice became considerably colder than before. "Lyla,

don't forget; she is my mother and our elder. Did you even think about me when you hit her?!"

Lyla's originally triumphant expression immediately changed when she heard those words. "Sean, I—"

"What happened today ends here. I don't want to be called back from the company because of something like this again." As soon as he finished speaking, Lyla bit her lip and said, "Sean, you weren't at the company today, were you? I called Richard just now; he told me you went out—"

"Why do you care where my son goes?! He is working hard to earn money for your sake! What about you?! All you know how to do is spend money lavishly! You swipe your card as if you have too much money! Myra never did that!" The moment the words slipped out of Eve's mouth, all three people, including Greta standing by the side, held their breath in fear. Eve became nervous when she saw her son's expression instantly turning gloomy.

"That's right! Myra never used to do that. That's why you ruthlessly kicked her out of the Chase Family! She almost went to jail! Will I also be kicked out of the family if I continue doing this? I—" Slap! Following that, Lyla was prevented from finishing the rest of her sentence. Clutching at her face, she gazed at the gloomy-faced man next to her in disbelief. Even her voice trembled slightly from shock. "Sean... You... How dare you hit me?!"

This was the first time Sean looked at her with such a terrible expression ever since she came back. It was also the first time he ever hit her! In the past, he could never bring himself to say anything harsh to her. He had always been carefully taking care of her! The tears flowed freely from her eyes. At the same time, her nails dug into her palms. However, she didn't seem to notice.

Sean seemed stunned after he slapped her. Even so, he quickly regained his composure and coldly said to her, "Calm down."

"Why should I calm down?!" Lyla was sobbing even harder than before while pointing at Eve and Sean. "Great. Just great. Both you and her... You're both bullying me. So, are you done using me? Is that it? Sean, how dare you treat me like this..." She staggered backward, stepped on the shards of a broken plate, and fell to the ground. Not far away lay the remnants of a plate of steamed fish. When she saw the fish and smelled the fishy smell, her expression immediately changed. Then, she abruptly turned away and retched for a long time.

Eve's expression changed drastically too.

Standing by the side, Greta fearfully asked, "Young Mistress Lyla... Are you... pregnant?"