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"How dare you?" Eve seethed, her chest rising and falling rapidly. Sean had made it very evident that he was swaying toward Myra, and he disregarded his mother's warnings along the way.

She grew indignant at the thought. When she stormed into the building earlier, she hadn't expected Myra to be so unkind and dismiss her like she was nothing. This girl is acting high and mighty now that she has the Hart Family to back her up! "You'd better watch your manners, Myra! Don't forget that I used to be your mother-in-law!" Eve snapped angrily.

"Thank you for the reminder but as my former mother-in-law, have you forgotten what you did to me at the time of the divorce?" Myra asked and there was a glint of dark amusement in her eyes as she assessed the woman.

She had long since understood how despicable Eve could be, and there was no point in trying to keep up the niceties under such ugly circumstances. With that in mind, she turned around and strode toward the exit, then bit out tersely, "I'm afraid you're not welcome here in the Stark Group, Madam Chase. Please stay away from our premises and avoid causing a scene; otherwise, I won't hesitate to look into the Marina Bay Bridge incident once more."

Eve blanched at the warning, though Myra had brought it up without implication. The Chase Group had, indeed, been involved in the Marina Bay Bridge incident. As much as Eve wanted to retaliate, she thought better of it. She clenched her jaw and did not take another step to barricade Myra, then watched darkly as the latter brushed past her.

"One day, the Hart Family will finally see you for who you really are, Myra! Let's see if they'll still want you then!" Eve cursed.

However, Myra didn't even bother with a response and she walked out of the company building, leaving the furious woman high and dry in the lobby.

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It didn't take long for Gemma to speed over to the Hart Group but upon her arrival, she was barred from going past the front desk. The receptionist thereafter informed her that Tony was too busy to meet her.

Gemma obstinately lingered around the lobby, but grew frustrated when it became clear that she would not be able to meet Tony today. Fuming, she got into her car and decidedly drove over to the Hart Residence instead.

She refused to believe that Sebastian and Lisa had so easily forgiven Myra. Surely they couldn't have been so persuaded by her lies that they would allow Tony to marry her.

Unbeknownst to her, the truth was that Sebastian had been incensed after news of his grandson's alleged plans to marry Myra broke out. He was outraged that Tony had given him no notice, and had instead acted on his own accord.

However, his resentment didn't last long. As soon as he had calmed down, he had the kitchen prepare lunch for Myra. After all, she was going to be married soon and a baby could be well within their plans. He had to make sure that she was building up enough strength to carry a child.

Having arrived at the Hart Residence, Gemma knocked on the door and asked to see the elderly couple, only to be turned away by the housekeeper. "Old Master Hart is resting in his bedroom. He has a terrible headache and he said he won't be meeting any guests today."

"How about Old Madam Hart?" Gemma pressed.

"She's currently taking care of Old Master Hart so she won't be meeting any guests either," the housekeeper answered placidly.

Gemma understood the implication immediately. It's not that they are not seeing guests; rather, they do not want to see me.

She gritted her teeth at the thought and she pleaded, "Could you pass them a message? Tell them that I know I made a mistake and I was too impulsive yesterday. I only posted that video because I was so worried that they would be manipulated by Myra's lies; I never meant to hurt the Hart Family's reputation."

Gemma was well aware that while the video had been posted to expose and humiliate Myra, the Hart Family had undoubtedly been embarrassed in the process.

Knowing that she was presently asking for a favor, she tried her best to come off as pleasant as she kept her temper in check.

Alas, the housekeeper simply offered her an apologetic smile as she kept the girl firmly on the other side of the door. "I'm sorry, miss, but perhaps you should come back next time."

With that, the housekeeper closed the door between them, leaving Gemma standing outside the threshold.

Her face darkened considerably at the exchange that had taken place.

It was clear to see that the Hart Family was still enamored with Myra despite the video, and it made Gemma bewildered by how things had turned out. That video is real so why are they siding her instead of me? Why are they still letting her marry into the family after seeing her true colors?

However, Gideon had warned Gemma to keep away from trouble; hence, she repressed the urge to barge through the front door to demand the elderly couple's attention. Her fists clenched on either side of her and she thought grimly, Fine, then. I'll just wait until Gideon and Grandpa come back to Bradford City.

...

Meanwhile, Eve received yet another phone call from Sasha after she had left the Stark Group, and she was agitated to see that her brother and father had called repeatedly as well.

Grimly, she answered Sasha's call, knowing that the girl would only pester her relentlessly if she didn't.

"Hello, Aunt Eve!" Sasha was panicking on the other end of the line, and she sounded as though she was close to tears as she went on pleadingly, "You have to help me this time—please, you have to help the Hay Group!"

Eve had cut off all ties with her family after the Hay Group's last incident.

She couldn't help recalling how she had begged for her family's help back when the Chase Group was in trouble, but all her father and brother had given her was two million in cash. They had made it clear that the cash was all the help they were willing to give her, and told

her that she could return to the family and live a carefree life should the Chase Group collapse.

When Sasha had approached her for help previously, Eve had returned the favor by writing them a check for twice the amount they had given her. Presently, she was beginning to grow tired of her niece as the girl pestered her once more.

With forced patience, she said placatingly, "Sasha, I would love to help you but things are a bit tight for the Chase Group at the moment. You know that Myra has taken away half of Hiliville after the divorce and we had to sell off the remaining half at below market price. There truly is nothing I can do for you."

Eve grimaced at the thought that Myra had taken away half of the company's real estate project.

"Grandpa mentioned that Sean has a couple of worthwhile projects lined up. If you could let the Hay Group collaborate on them, then we could keep things afloat for some time while we figure things out. Please, Aunt Eve, I'm begging you!" Sasha had been left with no choice but to resort to asking her aunt for such a favor, having been left behind by Gemma at the basement carpark.

Before this, she had always thought of herself as better than Eve, though she never showed it. She didn't think that the tables would turn on her, and now she was begging her aunt for a favor just so she could save her family's company.

Upon hearing that the Hays were eyeing her son's recent projects, Eve frowned and her expression darkened as she answered coldly, "I'll talk to Sean but there's no guarantee that he will agree to it. Right, then; it's getting late and I have a few errands to run. Goodbye, Sasha."

Eve didn't wait for a response before she swiftly ended the call.

Now that the Hays were having a hard time surviving in Bradford City, she couldn't risk the Chase Group being associated with them. In fact, it was crucial for her to avoid them at all costs in times like these.

Then, irritated by the recent events that seemed to work against her, she slid into her car and drove away with a sour look on her face.

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A storm appeared to be brewing in Bradford City following Myra's recent scandal, which mainly revolved around her alleged affair and the subsequent rumors of her marriage into the Hart Family.

While Cameron and Kris had yet to stir up trouble, Myra's guard was still up as she tried to anticipate whatever next move they might make.

In the blink of an eye, Tony's birthday had arrived and the banquet thrown in his honor was to be held at the Ritz Carlton.

It was meant to be an extravagant occasion, given that it was the first birthday banquet held in honor of the heir to the Hart Group.

Even Conan couldn't help but be amused as he told Myra, "Aren't we making a huge loss by throwing him such a grand birthday party? We are family, after all."

Myra had retorted in hushed tones, "I'm not family yet so I can't escape the bill."

Upon hearing this, Tony raised a brow and on that same night, he decided to educate her on a couple of family values in advance.

...

On the afternoon of the day of Tony's banquet, Myra had gotten off work early. She had just walked out of the company building when she saw Leo standing in front of an elegant Mercedes-Benz G500. Upon seeing her, Leo nodded and said, "Miss Stark, Director Hart has asked that I escort you to the atelier."

Myra couldn't help but smile at the sight of the vehicle. When she said that the black Mercedes-Benz G500 was a bold and elegant ride, she had meant it as nothing more than a passing remark. She didn't think that Tony would have Leo pick her up in the same car.

Nodding, she flashed Leo a bright smile and slid into the vehicle.

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Very soon, the car pulled up outside a high-end atelier.

“Miss Stark, Director Hart has a couple of things to attend to but he will be here soon. He asked that you dress however you like.” Then, Leo added, “He also mentioned that he loves it no matter how you dress.”

He repressed a cringe as he said this and he coughed to try to hide his embarrassment.

Director Hart’s been openly affectionate these days, he mused to himself. Gone is the imposing man whose looks could freeze an entire room.

Upon hearing this, Myra flushed and hummed in response, then hastily marched into the atelier. She was getting used to how blatant Tony could be.

As she entered the atelier, she was enthusiastically greeted by the manager and the small team of sales assistants.

They had seen her as soon as she got down from the car, and given that Tony and Sebastian had personally asked them to serve her well, they dared not leave a bad impression.

The young ladies who worked in the atelier couldn’t help but look upon Myra with envy and admiration.

While there had been plenty of discussion that surrounded her before this, the final conclusion was that Myra had divorced an accomplished man, thereafter finding herself an even better catch and having the Hart Family acknowledge her as one of their own. Most women had never seen such luck in their entire lives. Her narrative was made all the more sensational when it was revealed that her new man was a legend in Bradford City—every woman in the city saw him as the man of their dreams.

“Miss Stark, the dresses that Director Hart picked from the latest collections have been flown over from Milan and we have laid them out for you. We will tailor the dress to your size after you’ve chosen one that you like,” the manager informed dutifully with a courteous smile.

“Thank you,” Myra answered with a nod as she proceeded to browse through the dresses.

Tony had chosen dresses that he knew would be to her liking. After assessing each of the dresses, she finally picked out her favorite.

The one-shoulder dress was ankle-length and made of soft cotton, and it had a figure-hugging silhouette. The white bodice featured delicate cloud applique while the rest of the dress was periwinkle. The bodice glimmered where a narrow strip of crushed diamonds ran diagonal from the right shoulder all the way to the waist, adding a feminine and graceful appeal to the design.

In a few hours, she would be attending Tony’s birthday banquet in this dress, and he had told her last night that he would officially then announce that he was in a relationship with her.

In a relationship, indeed. The both of them had only known and dated each other for three months, but it felt as though it had been years. What astounded Myra the most was how much they behaved like an old married couple—there were days when one look was all it took for them to understand each other’s thoughts.

She was giddy with anticipation and nervous at the thought of what would happen tonight. Her fingers tightened as she clutched the dress and walked into the fitting room.

Before long, she came out of the fitting room and was surprised to find that another woman had entered the premises while she had been trying on the dress.

The woman was dressed in an elegant evening gown that accentuated her slender figure, and she held her head high so that the exquisite pearl necklace she wore was on full display.

She turned, causing Myra’s brows to furrow when she saw that the woman was none other than Kris.

Upon seeing the frown on Myra’s face, the manager awkwardly explained, “Miss Stark, you were meant to be the only customer in the atelier today, but...” She trailed off, her gaze

darting over to where Kris stood in her sophisticated get-up, and cleared her throat uneasily. "Miss Kris said that she is your biological sister and that she's only here to say hello to you."

Everyone in upper-side Bradford City knew about the strife within the Stark Family, and it was no secret that the two Stark sisters did not get along well. The manager had not wanted to let Kris into the atelier, but the latter had been dismissive of her and insisted on entering the premises. Unable to hold her off, the manager had no choice but to let her through the doors.

However, as the air around them grew thick with tension, she was beginning to regret her decision to allow Kris entry in the first place.

Myra, on the other hand, looked around the boutique and saw that Leo was nowhere in the vicinity, which explained how Kris was able to come in without causing a scene.

With that in mind, she turned to address the manager with a smile. "It's alright." After all, it wasn't as if the woman could do anything about this situation, either.

Then, she turned to look at Kris icily, her smile disappearing as she countered stoically, "But I should clarify that I do not have a biological sister, so please don't refer to yourself as such, Miss Kris."

Meanwhile, a bright and gloating smile had been tugging on Kris' lips ever since she locked eyes with Myra. Her smile grew even more dazzling after she heard the latter's snarky retort and instead of getting angry, she said pleasantly, "There's no need to be so harsh with your words, Sis. It's your boyfriend's birthday, after all. Have I mentioned that I'll be going to the Ritz Carlton to wish my brother-in-law a happy birthday as well?"

Having said that, she burst into giggles and the exquisite dress she was wearing shimmered under the light.

Myra, on the other hand, frowned. Sebastian was very protective of her and ever since he found out about her strained relationship with the rest of the Stark Family, he had cut off all ties with them. She was also certain that her family had not been invited to this evening's celebration, but Kris had made it very clear that she was going to attend Tony's birthday banquet.

As if reading her mind, Kris explained haughtily as a pleased look flashed across her features. "Oh, that reminds me—I must introduce you to my boyfriend. He's the general

manager of Walton Group and according to him, he happens to be close friends with Tony. I guess that means I'll see you at the party, Sis."

Coincidentally, just as Kris was done speaking, a man dressed in a meticulous suit and leather shoes walked over. He stood tall and carried himself with an imposing grace; he had such fine and delicate features that he looked almost pretty.

Myra could be wrong, but she felt as though the man had been eyeing her since he stepped through those atelier doors. It was merely a brief look that meant nothing, but she found herself feeling squeamish nonetheless.

She looked up and met the handsome man's gaze. There was an unreadable look in his eyes as he sauntered over to where Kris was, then pulled her slender frame into his arms.

"Kris, have you said hello to your sister yet? We could let her carpool with us over to the Ritz Carlton," he suggested, leaning close as he breathed into Kris' ear. There was a roguish smirk playing on his thin lips and a playful glint in his eyes.

Kris coquettishly hit him on the chest, but she flashed Myra a smug look as she muttered in protest, "We should control ourselves in public, Gideon, before everyone starts laughing at us."

"What's there to laugh about? I'm just admiring how beautiful you look in this dress."

Meanwhile, Myra surveyed the bickering couple in front of her impassively. It had only been a while ago when she suspected that Kris and Gideon were dating, but she hadn't expected to be right about it.

Could they really have fallen for each other? A smirk tugged on her lips as she hadn't forgotten about Kris' previous fling with a certain Mr. Fuller.

While Myra wasn't sure what Kris was trying to achieve by dangling her newfound relationship in front of her, she couldn't care less about it. But just as she was about to turn around, Gideon glanced at her in amusement and said, "You must be Kris' sister—Miss Myra. I hear that you're engaged to Tony. I've heard so much about you, and you are as graceful as they say you are. You make a great match for Tony, even if he does come off as cold and dismissive. I wonder if we—"

However, he was cut off mid-sentence when Myra brushed past him and Kris to make her way out of the atelier.

Gideon's face darkened at her indifference.

Presently, Leo was coming into the atelier after getting off the phone, and his expression grew grim when he saw the scene before him. He hurried over to Myra and asked, "Miss Stark, have you picked out a dress?"

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As though absentmindedly, Leo shifted his body as he addressed Myra, thereby blocking Gideon's line of sight.

No longer in the mood to try on the other dresses after seeing Kris in the atelier, Myra nodded and answered, "I'll be wearing this one."

Just as Leo was about to inform her that Tony was on his way, the stormy-faced man standing off to one side broke into an icy smirk. He then walked up to them with his arm around Kris' waist and asked, "Mr. Clark, are you not going to introduce us?"

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, his eyes fell on Myra.

Leo's face was impassive when he heard this, and he was perfunctory as he addressed Gideon and Myra respectively. "This is Miss Stark, Director Hart's fiancée; Miss Stark, this is Director Walton."

Then, he turned to look at Gideon and said stoically, "Now, if you'll excuse us, Director Walton. Director Hart is on his way."

With that, Leo gave Myra a look and indicated for her to head toward the exit. However, just as they were about to leave, Gideon stopped them in their tracks as he said, "Miss Stark, I know my sister has offended you previously due to her own thoughtlessness, but I'm sure you are kind and gracious enough to let it slide. Nevertheless, I apologize on her behalf."

Gideon's voice was a soft and steady baritone and while it sounded pleasant, it lacked the definitive cold edge that was characteristic of Tony's. Instead, he sounded smarmy, as though he was trying to hide something, and Myra couldn't help but feel squeamish whenever she heard him speak.

Presently, she frowned and countered plaintively, "You overestimate me, Director Walton. I'm not quite as kind and gracious as you presume me to be, but your apology is accepted." She knew that Tony had set aside Walton Group's plans to enter the Bradfort City consumer market a while ago, and he had done so to teach the Walton Family a lesson. With that in mind, she decided to let the matter of Gemma's scheming drop, as long as the girl stopped pestering her. After all, she still had social niceties to maintain and Tony had already stood up for her in his own ruthless way.

"Would you still like to carpool with us to the Ritz Carlton, Sis?" Kris chimed in, straightening in Gideon's arms as she stepped forward and flashed Myra a smile. "I'm assuming Director Hart would be rather busy this evening. Besides, there's still space in our car, so it would be no trouble at all for you to ride with us."

Myra gave her a pointed look, then marched out of the atelier without sparing her another glance. When Leo saw that she was leaving, he hastily trailed after her.

Meanwhile, Kris watched as Myra proudly walked away, the smile on her face instantly giving way to a menacing grimace. It had not been easy for her to finally get the chance to gloat in front of Myra. She wanted the latter to know that she, too, had found a man who doted on her just as Tony doted on Myra. But all I got was a cold shoulder from that wretched woman!

"There's nothing to be angry about, Kris. An arrogant woman like her would only suffer a much harder fall," Gideon consoled, chuckling as he wrapped his arm around her slender waist once more. "Besides, smug as she is, she wouldn't last long in the Hart household."

As he said this, his gaze trailed over to where Myra was standing outside. His eyes flashed maliciously at the thought of how his plans were hindered after his own sister had failed to win Tony's heart.

Kris, on the other hand, drew in a deep breath and leaned into his chest as she grumbled resentfully, "Do you see how she treats me now, Gideon? Dad doesn't even want to concern himself with her affairs anymore! But don't worry, Gideon—my father is extremely pleased with you. The Stark Group will be passed on to me and what's mine will naturally be yours."

Of course, you're going to have to help me gain power over the Stark Group before you can share my victory, she added silently as an afterthought, and lowered her eyes as her gaze darkened.

Gideon gave an easy laugh before he abruptly tipped her chin up and leaned down to nibble her lips. "Don't worry, Kris," he murmured. "I'll make sure that anyone who upsets you will be hurt by a hundredfold."

Her eyes lit up at this and she hummed in response, moved by the sincerity in his voice.

...

Myra was still within the vicinity of the atelier when Tony pulled up in his sports car, thereafter stepping down from the vehicle and making his way over to her.

He was dressed in a black suit, beneath which he wore the pale blue shirt that Myra had bought for him. He finished off his look with a navy-colored tie, and he looked more handsome in that moment than he usually did. His features were flawlessly and intricately chiseled, and there was a glint of amusement in his dark, almond-shaped eyes. There was an elegant slope to his nose and his thin lips curved up into a playful smile as he assessed the woman before him.

"Beautiful," he praised generously when he came to a stop in front of Myra.

She let out a small cough, flushing as she peered at Leo, who was clearly standing within earshot.

Tony narrowed his eyes as he cast Leo a meaningful look, his gaze dark and unreadable. Upon seeing this, Leo tapped his nose to show that he understood. He swiftly took the keys from Tony and handed over the keys to the Mercedes-Benz G500, thereafter jogging toward the silver-grey sports car that was parked by the curb.

When Leo drove away from the scene, Myra cast the man next to her a sideways glance. "I thought you would be busy this evening. I was going to ask Mr. Clark to tell you not to pick me up."

"I'm afraid that's not going to work out well for either of us," Tony replied, chuckling lightly as he took her hand and guided her over to the bold Mercedes-Benz G500. "Grandpa made it very clear that I have to personally escort you to the banquet, and we have to make an

entrance just on time. He wants us there a couple of minutes before the whole thing starts, and the rest of them will take care of everything else at the Ritz Carlton.”

“I’ve never seen a birthday boy not present at his own party before,” Myra mumbled, though she was beaming happily.

Meanwhile, inside the atelier, Gideon and Kris watched as Myra headed toward the car, her hand in Tony’s. After a moment of thought, Gideon turned to look at Kris curiously. “When did your sister start seeing Tony?”

Kris pursed her lips at this and answered flatly, “She claimed that it was after her divorce, but...” She trailed off and cast him a meaningful look, then continued, “You probably already know that she’s been together with Tony since before her divorce with Sean.”

“So it’s definitely before her divorce?” He narrowed his eyes at this information. If he were to look into the timeline of things, it had only been four months ago when Tony returned to the country. He had a hard time believing that the man would fall head-over-heels for Myra within such a short span of time. After all, Tony was a cold person, and he didn’t look like the caring and considerate type.

Then, Gideon pressed on, “Did you say that Lyla was the one who was behind their divorce?”

“That’s what she told me but I wouldn’t believe her if I were you,” Kris answered stiffly.

“True,” he agreed and nodded his head. “I heard that Sean released a statement in Myra’s defense but that’s an odd move on his part, judging from how tense things are between her and the Chase Family. It doesn’t look as if he has gotten over her.”

“I don’t know what she did to have these men drooling over her. What’s more absurd about all this is that they still worship her even though she’s made fools out of them!”

Kris had always been jealous over the fact that she could not win over Tony’s heart, and she blamed Myra entirely for it. But now that the Waltons are helping me, I’m going to have her thrown out of the company and the Stark Family!

When Gideon heard the way she had spat out her words, he narrowed his eyes as he took in the jealous look on her face. Deep down inside, he was scornful of her but he consoled her gently as he murmured, “We should get going. The banquet is about to start.”

...

As they drove over to the Ritz Carlton, Tony couldn't help but glance at Myra every now and then, and his gaze would occasionally dart over to her purse as well. After catching him doing that several times, she could no longer suppress her curiosity as she asked, "What are you looking at?"

He narrowed his eyes. "Don't you know what day it is, Myra?"

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Myra looked at him speechlessly. "Of course I know. Today is your birthday, right?"

Tony pursed his thin lips while a hint of dissatisfaction flashed across his eyes.

She suddenly caught his right hand and lowered her head before planting a kiss on the back of his hand. "Happy Birthday, Tony!"

She then raised her head and looked at the man, who was driving beside her, with sincere eyes.

However, not only did Tony not drop the frown, his expression actually darkened instead and he retracted his hand without replying to her.

She caught a glimpse of his expression with the corner of her eye, which put a smile on her face and made her clutch the phone in her handbag tightly.

And so, Tony, who was most likely sulking, did not try to make any conversation with her throughout the journey. Although Myra tried to talk to him, he either gave her perfunctory replies or he sometimes even ignored her completely.

Soon, the two of them arrived at their destination.

At this moment, all sorts of luxurious cars were gathered outside of the Ritz Carlton and guests, who were dressed to the nines, were entering the premises. It was dark outside but the streets and bars around were buzzing with people.

Just as Tony was about to open the car door to alight from the car, Myra caught his right hand and stared at his impassive face with a gentle gaze. "Are you mad?"

Her palm was warm and she was so nervous that she did not know what else to say.

Tony's eyes flicked across her hand that was holding onto his before he looked into her eyes. "No," he calmly replied.

"You were sulking all the way here, yet you are denying it now? Anyone who didn't know what happened would think that I bullied you..." she mumbled, which only made his expression become more thunderous. He then moved to get out of the car.

Meanwhile, Aaron, who was welcoming the guests not far away from them, noticed their arrival. He instantly gestured a valet to come with him to greet them.

When Myra glanced at them and found that they were still some distance away, she suddenly approached Tony and placed a kiss on his pursed lips. Her face blushed a little as she tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear while clearing her throat. "Don't be mad. I have prepared your birthday present, but... can I give it to you after we go back tonight?"

Just now, she had the impulse to tease him, but it had never been her intention to see him unhappy throughout the banquet.

Of course Myra did not forget about his birthday and she had indeed prepared his gift. However, upon recalling Estelle's suggestive expression when she was preparing the gift, she had the sudden urge to give up on the idea. How about I get him another gift for his birthday?

Her cheeks involuntarily became redder. Upon seeing Myra's bashful look, which she herself might not even be aware of, Tony narrowed his eyes and curled up his thin lips. He then raised her chin to plant a kiss on her lips. "You will give it to me tonight?" he repeated her words.

"Yes." She struggled for a while and nodded while squeezing her handbag strap.

“Tell me, what is this mysterious present that can only be given to me later on at night?” he asked teasingly. Truth was, Myra was unable to hide much of her words or actions from him. She seems shy... A playful smile appeared at the corner of Tony’s lips at the thought of that.

“It’s just an ordinary present.” Myra brushed off his hand. Feeling afraid that he would continue to press on, she pretended to glance at time on her phone. “Let’s go; the banquet will be starting soon.” With that, she attempted to get out from the other side.

However, just as she opened the car door, Aaron, who had walked up to her, carefully escorted her out of the car. “You two have finally arrived. If you were to take any longer, Old Master Hart and Young Master Shawn would become fed up with dealing with the guests.”

Since the main character of the banquet—who was also the person that they wanted to please the most—was not around, those people had to temporarily target the other members of the Hart Family.

As Damian had just taken his leave, he could only come to visit them during his younger brother’s wedding, which explained why he was absent today. Therefore, the only member of the Hart Family that they could pester were Sebastian and Shawn.

Upon seeing Aaron had one hand placed above her head, which obviously revealed his protectiveness over her, Myra smiled a gentle smile at him. “I’m fine, Mr. Johnson. I can get down on my own.”

Just as he was about to say something, he suddenly felt a slightly cold gaze on him. Stunned, he turned to look in that direction, only to see a man getting out of the driver’s seat and heading toward their direction.

The man’s gaze was impassive but it made Aaron feel uneasy, especially when his gaze flicked across him and finally landed on his hand—the same hand that was supporting Myra.

Before he could react, Tony had walked up to them and took Myra’s hand from his before taking her into his embrace. “Mr. Johnson, it’s almost time. We shall head in first.”

Understanding dawned and Aaron laughed, but the smile on his face seemed cryptic. “I wish you a happy birthday, Young Master Tony.”

“Thank you” Tony murmured with a raised eyebrow. In a seemingly inadvertent manner, he passed the car keys to Aaron instead of giving it to the valet before heading into the hotel with an arm over Myra’s shoulder.

Standing behind him, Aaron played with the car keys in his hand and helplessly mumbled, “This kid is really territorial.”

...

Today, Myra was quite nervous as she was going to make an appearance in the circle of the wealthy and the rich of Bradford City as Tony’s fiancée. However, due to what happened earlier, she burst into laughter when she was going up the steps of the Ritz Carlton Hotel. She then used her elbow to nudge someone’s chest. “Tony, why did you speak with Mr. Johnson with such a serious tone? He is my grandfather’s subordinate, so we should show him some respect since he is more senior to us.”

Tony raised an eyebrow in response and remained quiet.

Myra suddenly realized that Tony seemed displeased when Aaron supported her earlier. Could it be that... “Are you jealous?”

Her eyes instantly brightened up at that thought.

Upon seeing the laughter in her eyes, Tony pulled her into his arms and answered in a stern manner, “No.”

“You are still denying it.” Her nose bumped into his firm chest, making her feel a little uncomfortable, and she chuckled. “Hey, it’s just Mr. Johnson, yet you are jealous of him? You are being too petty.”

Tony tightened his grip around her waist, causing her to hiss softly due to the pain on her waist. She then shot a glare at him.

As a matter of fact, she did not put in much effort in dressing up today—she merely put on light makeup. Other than the gown, her hair was coiled up into a simple hairdo behind her head, leaving only two loose strands by her cheeks. She looked neat and gentle, which matched her temperament and gown well.

However, the way she looked at him seemed coquettish—at least, it was Tony who felt that way.

Myra glared at him; the black and white in her large eyes were clearly distinguishable, which made his heart involuntarily skip a beat. Suddenly, he lowered his head and his thin lips soon landed on hers.

They had walked up the stairs, arriving at the luxurious and grand entrance of Ritz Carlton.

What greeted them was a red carpet, the buzzy and lively guests, as well as the light-hearted music in the hall.

It was so unexpected that time seemed to stop at this instant.

One of the guests softly exclaimed, which was then followed by the sound of the crowd's sharp inhale. Soon, the initially buzzy hall instantly fell silent, and the only sound was the melodious music slowly playing in the background.

Myra was stunned. When she opened her eyes and saw the slight smile in the eyes of the man before her, her face immediately flushed.

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As they were standing right at the entrance of Ritz Carlton, it was only natural to have countless pairs of eyes watching them at that moment.

Just as Myra almost died of embarrassment, a pair of hands took her into his embrace and led her into the hall. Throughout all this, the man did not forget to glance at the crowd before them with a slight smile. "Thank you all for attending my banquet at the Ritz Carlton. I hope that all of you will enjoy yourselves tonight," Tony announced in a calm voice, as if kissing a woman in front of the crowd was no big deal. He then chivalrously led Myra toward the center of the hall.

The next instant, the crowd suddenly burst into an uproar.

Recently, the fiancée of the Hart Family's successor had caused quite a stir in Bradford City and became the source of gossip and scandal, especially her entanglement with the successor of the Chase Group, Sean Chase, as well as her relationship with the man who was standing before them now. Their relationship—which could be regarded as a love triangle—was known to all, and it added some flavor to the banquet tonight; other than the regular conversations between the businessmen and celebrities, the guests, especially the female ones, had something interesting to gossip about.

The gossip was born from their jealousy, envy, or even frustration toward her, and some of them were purely enjoying the show from the sidelines. Upon seeing Myra, everyone had different thoughts.

Some time ago, when the media revealed that Tony and Myra were getting married, some were of the opinion that the news might be merely a rumor. However, when Tony kissed Myra in public, his actions made everyone realize that it was indeed the truth and the couple's wedding would most probably be just around the corner.

"Director Hart, this is..." a bold guest casually asked while pretending to strike a conversation.

"Let me introduce her to you—this is Myra Stark, my fiancée." Tony openly introduced her identity to the person who asked about her without any hesitation. Then, he looked at Myra. "Myra, this is Director Jenkins, the director of the Jenkins Group; the Hart Group has a lot of business dealings with his company."

Myra smiled at him politely. "Hello, Director Jenkins."

"Hello." Director Jenkins, who had good social etiquette, concealed the shocked look in his eyes and grinned as he looked at Tony. "Director Hart, your fiancée is really gentle and beautiful, and I heard that Miss Stark is an outstanding designer as well. The both of you are a good match, Director Hart. It seems like I have to congratulate the two of you on your upcoming wedding."

"Thank you. I won't forget to invite you to my wedding when the time comes, Director Jenkins." Although the smile by Tony's lips was light, everyone was able to tell that he was in a pleasant mood today, which made them shoot complex looks at the woman beside him. It was completely out of everyone's expectations that Tony would end up marrying that woman.

The families, who had had the intention to have their daughters marry into the Hart Family, all shook their heads in resignation at that moment.

Tony and Myra greeted the guests one after another while exchanging pleasantries with them. Soon after, they arrived at the center of the hall, where all the members of the Hart Family had gathered; even Elliot, Philip, and Lucas were waiting for them there.

Upon seeing the blushing Myra, Elliot winked at her. "Myra, did you notice how half of the women in the hall looked at you? Their gazes were filled with envy, jealousy and resentment!"

Sure enough, the hearts of the women, who attended the banquet while holding onto the last shred of hope, were filled with envy, jealousy, and resentment upon seeing how affectionate Tony was toward Myra. It was totally beyond their expectations that a cold man like Tony would introduce Myra as his fiancée, his tone all the while filled with his affection toward her.

Myra glared at Tony before she turned to look at the two elders of the Hart Family. "Old Master Hart, Old Madam Hart," she greeted politely.

Lisa nodded calmly while Sebastian let out a quiet snort. "You guys sure are early."

Upon hearing that, Myra was speechless. I remember Tony said that it was Sebastian himself who asked us to come at this exact moment.

However, she was used to Sebastian always saying things that he did not mean, so she immediately smiled apologetically. "I apologise for that; we will come earlier next time."

Sebastian once again appraised her from head to toe before he frowned and pouted. "We have been preparing nutritious meals for you every day lately, but why are you still so skinny? Tell me the truth—did you throw away all the food?"

Myra felt helpless upon hearing that. "No! I made sure to finish everything that had been sent over to me."

It was only then did Sebastian nod in satisfaction. "You are more obedient than Tony."

After saying that, he cast a disapproving glance at his grandson. If this grandson of mine is as obedient as his fiancée, I won't have to worry for him all the time!

However, since Lisa had warned him in advance not to kick up a fuss at his grandson's banquet, he did not say much.

The banquet soon began.

The main character of the birthday banquet, as well as his family members, naturally would have to greet and tend to the guests.

Therefore, the atmosphere in the banquet was rather peaceful for a while.

Elliot and the two others helped to entertain the guests as well.

Although Myra could not hold her drink, she still had to more or less drink a little at an occasion like today. Fortunately, due to the Hart Family's status and position, nobody dared to put her on the spot and Tony also drank a few glasses on her behalf, so she really did not drink much.

After one round of pleasantries, she seemed a little exhausted. Tony held her waist and asked in a whisper, "Are you tired?"

"I'm fine." She shook her head, not wanting to give him trouble on a formal occasion like this.

Nevertheless, she obviously had underestimated his protectiveness over her. With an arm wrapped around her waist, he led her toward the rest area with a domineering attitude that allowed no room for rejection. "Take a rest. We have greeted everyone once, and Grandpa and the others will continue to handle the guests."

And so, Myra had no choice but to follow Tony to the rest area.

What they did not notice was that a group of people entered the hall at that moment.

The Walton Family was late because Old Master Walton and Gideon and Gemma's parents had just arrived at Bradford City. Therefore, they did not know about the incident that happened earlier.

The moment they entered the hall, the group of people naturally spotted the woman, who was sitting next to Tony, at the rest area.

“Gemma, is that the Young Lady of the Stark Family that you mentioned?” Old Master Walton struck his cane on the floor. When he saw Tony hugging a strange woman intimately, his expression instantly fell.

Gemma, who also saw how affectionate Tony and Myra were together, clenched her fists tightly and replied with a long face, “It’s her, Grandpa.”

“Hmph! She is merely a pretentious vixen! I wonder if Tony is blind; otherwise, why is he not interested in Gemma, but instead is cherishing a piece of trash instead? Today, I thought that the Hart Family would at least send someone to pick us up at the airport, but it turned out that they were nowhere to be seen—”

“Mom—” Shelly was interrupted by Gideon before she could finish grumbling. When he noticed the guests around them were eavesdropping on their conversation, he narrowed his eyes and muttered, “Mom, the Hart Family is busy today so it’s only natural for them to miss a thing or two.”

“You are his best friend! Tony’s action shows that he does not hold you in high regard. In fact, he wouldn’t have been able to make his Hartwell Group a success without your help back then!” It was obvious that Shelly had been holding a grudge over that incident. “In the end, he only gave you 10% of the Hartwell Group’s share! Looks like he really doesn’t take the Walton Family seriously!”

“Shut up! We are here at Bradford City to seek the help of the Hart Family.” Samuel quietly admonished her with his brows knitted. That statement finally silenced her but her eyes were filled with dissatisfaction.

“Let’s go over there. Let me see how the Hart Family is going to give us an explanation.” Old Master Walton pulled a long face because Walton Group’s products were not selling well in Bradford City as planned. This time, the entire Walton Family returned to Bradford City in advance solely to deal with this matter.