

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 281 - 285

According to Tony's status and position, he could have any woman he wanted, so why would he want a divorced woman? But if we are talking about marriage, the situation is totally different.

Therefore, Jordan's gaze inexplicably became more serious.

Suddenly, Tony patted his shoulder and murmured, "My grandpa is already making arrangements for the wedding, so it'll probably happen in the next two months."

Immediately, a hint of surprise flashed through Jordan's eyes. Looks like Old Master Hart has agreed to this. All of a sudden, he couldn't help but feel impressed as he looked at Myra. If a divorced woman like her, who has lots of scandals surrounding her, can receive Old Master Hart's approval of joining the Hart Family, it means that either she is a godlike manipulator or there's something wrong with the news that broke out yesterday. According to my sharp sense toward gossip, there's definitely a possibility that yesterday's news is fake. However, since she is about to join the Hart Family, it won't hurt to make another friend. Therefore, he raised his brows and glanced at Tony playfully. "Is that why you came here today, Director Hart? To give me this piece of exclusive news?"

Truth was, Jordan had already understood everything.

There isn't any actual evidence about last night's news so the more they try to clarify it, the hotter this topic becomes. In the end, Myra will only be discredited even more. However, if we deal with it from another angle, everything will turn out differently. If the Hart Family announces the marriage of Tony and Myra under these circumstances, it will only lead others to question the reasoning behind it. There is nothing about Myra that the Hart Family would want, which can only mean that yesterday's news is fake, because the Hart Family won't be stupid enough to allow a scandalous woman to join their family. As long as we incite this idea among the people, the conversation will quickly turn toward Myra's favor, and the image of a woman who just divorced a playboy will easily capture the public's heart.

Tony raised his brows indifferently. "You can see this as me paying you back the favor."

Jordan sighed inwardly. He really is a shrewd businessman. He claims that he is now paying me back but actually, he is the one who gains the most from this. However, the exclusive news of the Hart Family's heir's wedding is still enough for me to earn tons of money for a whole month.

Immediately, Jordan smiled brightly. "Alright, then. We have a deal." He then winked at Myra as he continued, "If you have any other gossip in the future, feel free to hit me up. Looking forward to working together!"

During the whole conversation, Myra didn't say a word because Tony didn't mention yesterday's incident at all, so her preparations were totally useless. Not only that, she could see that Tony had a good relationship with Jordan, so she didn't want to interrupt them. However, when she heard Tony saying that their wedding was only two months away, she looked at him in shock.

Seeing her surprised look, Tony's eyes became a lot more gentle as he murmured, "Don't you want to marry me as soon as possible?"

Why is he still this shameless in front of Jordan? Myra's face blushed slightly as she glared at him.

After a chuckle, he pulled her into his arms. "I can't wait to marry you, though."

Seeing Tony openly showing his affection toward Myra, Jordan was so shocked that his jaw almost fell to the floor. At this moment, he finally saw the weird bite marks on the chin of Tony's usually indifferent face. If my guess is right, only Miss Stark can reach such a difficult place to bite him. Now, Jordan couldn't help but admit that this junior of his had completely fallen head over heels for her.

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Jordan and Tony were both men of action and soon after, a press release was in place. Before leaving, Jordan saw Tony helping Myra carefully with her jacket, which caused him to sigh again. After their goodbyes, the three of them went their separate ways.

The moment Myra got into the car, she looked at Tony and asked, "Have you... spoken to your grandpa about our wedding?"

After all, Sebastian was already infuriated by what happened yesterday. If he keeps this a secret from his grandpa again, he'll probably be scolded once more tonight. Even though Myra could see that Sebastian wasn't a stubborn person, she still couldn't forget about the scar on Tony's back.

"Does it matter? He's not the one marrying you." Tony's voice was calm.

Upon hearing his tone, Myra could guess that he was planning to tell him afterward, which made her feel a little resigned. However, she knew that he was doing all this just for her. Thinking about it, she grabbed the man's hand and said, "I think we should go back to the Hart Residence tonight."

After her recent interactions with Lisa and Sebastian, she realized that the two of them actually hoped that Tony would visit them more often. Although Sebastian might be a little harsh at times, he still cared for Tony a lot.

After turning around and looking at her, Tony understood her intentions but he let it slide. Then, he started the engine and smiled faintly. "Alright."

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At first, Tony wanted to bring Myra home to have a rest but she insisted on going to the company, so he could only send her there.

When they arrived at the Stark Group, countless people looked at them the minute the car stopped.

After what happened yesterday, the Stark Group's staff were especially concerned about Myra. Initially, everyone thought that the Hart Group would be enraged by what happened yesterday and forbid Myra from ever joining the family. As for Tony, everyone assumed that he would break up with her just to preserve his reputation.

However, what surprised them the most was the article published just now by the most authoritative entertainment newspaper in the city about Myra marrying the heir of Bradford City's wealthiest family—the Hart Family. Now, the news had spread all over the Internet. Not only was Myra not abandoned by the Hart Family, she even got the quick approval of the elders of the Hart Family to hold her wedding with the director of the Hart Group, Tony Hart, in the next two months!

This was incredible and just when everybody saw the news, Tony personally sent Myra to the company as per usual.

Through his attitude, everyone could see that he had never planned to abandon her.

Some of the staff of the Stark Group were already impatient to know more because this wasn't something normal that an elite family would do, unless there was a misunderstanding.

Of course, Myra didn't know the huge change inside the hearts of those who followed her gossip closely in just an hour. In the end, she said goodbye to Tony before walking straight into the company as usual.

When passing by the front desk of the company, the receptionist even greeted her enthusiastically. Even though Myra was a little surprised, she smiled and replied, "Good morning to you too."

However, she didn't know that as soon as she left, the receptionist immediately turned toward her computer and quickly typed out something on the keyboard.

'I think that video is fake; otherwise, why would the Hart Family announce Miss Stark and Director Hart's wedding under these circumstances? I think everyone should stop criticizing her. It's obvious that someone did this to Miss Stark out of jealousy!'

After typing that, she quickly pressed 'send' before exiting the forum and continuing to look for other information.

In just two hours, the conversation took a huge turn as everyone began to defend Myra instead of discrediting her. Before Myra could even react to it, she seemed to be deemed innocent for some reason.

Soon after, even the director of the Chase Group, Sean Chase, stood out as Myra's ex-husband to speak up for her, saying that yesterday's video was just a ploy to frame her. Also, he claimed that the reason for their divorce was purely because the two of them were incompatible.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 282

Sean's statement stoked the flames of the already-heated discussion. There were those who remained suspicious of Myra and they challenged her to speak up for herself to prove she wasn't guilty. However, these keyboard warriors were quickly shut down by others who relentlessly called them out for their jealousy, claiming that they only vilified Myra because they couldn't stand to see her better off than their sorry lot. Soon after that, the vicious comments stopped and all seemed to have been perfectly resolved.

Presently, Leo's expression remained unchanged, but he felt like he was walking on clouds as he left Tony's office after the latter had increased his yearly bonus. He had only just come out of the office when Ivy was about to enter. He assessed her impassively and did not notice the frosty look in her eyes as he greeted with a smile, "Miss Ivy, Director Hart appears to be in a good mood today. Now would be a good time to let him know about the newly-revised investment funds allocated for the FDI Project."

The FDI Project was one that Tony had been keeping an eye on recently but yesterday, the Finance Department had miscalculated the investment funds to be allocated. Leo was only trying to be helpful when he advised Ivy to report the mishap to Tony now; it would be easier on her, seeing as the latter was in a pleasant mood.

However, when Ivy heard this, she immediately thought about the incident with Tony and Myra from the day before and her expression turned dark. She approached Leo and she threw him a displeased look as she said in a low voice, "Mr. Clark, as the director's secretary, are you going to just stand there and do nothing while someone makes a fool out of Director Hart?"

As far as Ivy was concerned, Myra had seduced Tony and turned him into a completely different person. It is ridiculous to think that Myra can marry him in the next two months. She's a divorcée and a hussy—there's no way the Hart Family will let her marry Tony.

"Make a fool out of Director Hart?" Leo repeated her words and there was a hard edge to his voice. He raised his brows at her and he said pointedly, "No one in the world is capable of doing that."

Upon hearing this, Ivy pressed her lips into a grim line, then brushed past him as she marched straight into Tony's office.

Leo, on the other hand, stood rooted to the spot. When he heard the door close behind him, the light in his eyes disappeared too.

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Meanwhile, Eve was bombarding Sean with phone calls.

Following his statement earlier that day, he had switched phone numbers and given Myra several calls but none of them had gone through.

In comparison, his phone was ringing incessantly and it seemed as if Eve would not relent until he picked up her calls.

The vein in his forehead was throbbing as he glanced at the number flashing on his phone screen. Finally, he pursed his lips and answered the call with a tired look on his face.

He had only just put the phone to his ear when he heard the shrill voice shouting on the other line. "Do you even care about your own mother, Sean Chase? What did I tell you yesterday? I told you not to get involved in Myra's business! Why did you have to make that statement today? Haven't you been humiliated enough already?"

Eve had nearly passed out from rage after reading her son's statement earlier that day. What was he thinking? How could he speak up for Myra? Their divorce wasn't out of mutual agreement—it was because she was having an affair!

She could not hate Myra more than she did at that moment. It was as though she had forgotten that they had thrown the girl under the bus previously. Incensed, she thought, That wretched woman refuses to leave my son alone even after their divorce!

When Sean saw that the comments flooding the online forum were mostly supportive of Myra, he couldn't help but recall what he had read before this. At the thought that Tony had plans to marry Myra in the next two months, he tightened his grip on his phone but he sounded impassive as he countered, "My statement hardly makes an impact on things. Besides, most of the comments are on Myra's side, so it's not as if I would be badly affected in any way."

“She’s just lucky enough to get away with it this time! If she somehow drags your name through the mud and if the company’s reputation gets tarnished along the way, I won’t just sit by and do nothing!” Eve thundered down the line. “Also, I don’t have to remind you that this will be the last time you pull a stunt like this, Sean. Have you forgotten all the work you’ve put into rebuilding the company? Have you forgotten how hard it was for the both of us when we had nothing? Are you so eager to get punched down by life again?”

For two years, both mother and son had been through countless setbacks in order to keep the Chase Group from crumbling. Now that the company is finally at a turning point, I can’t just let a bunch of scheming women destroy its reputation!

However, it was precisely because of life’s brutality that Sean realized how Myra had been his saving grace all along.

She had tolerated his accusations and cruel indifference for the two years of their marriage but chose to stick by him nonetheless. Little did he know that her quiet strength and kindness had long since been engraved in his heart.

“I know, Mom,” Sean answered stiffly, not wanting to prolong the conversation any longer. “I have a few things to attend to, so I’ll end the call now.”

“Hey—I’m not done speaking yet, Sean! You—” Eve was cut off when she heard the steady beeping on the other line, which indicated that he had hung up.

She clenched her jaw. After taking a brief look at the comments piling in online, she grabbed her handbag and stormed out of the house with a grim expression on her face.

Sean, on the other hand, had also risen from behind his desk after he put down the phone. He reached for his jacket and car keys, then made his way out the door.

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Tony was seated in his office and he seemed irritated as he glowered at the woman standing before him.

However, Ivy didn’t look like she was planning to leave anytime soon. Her lips were pursed into a hard line and there was a steely glint in her eyes as she said, “Anyway, Tony, I just hope you’d look into everything that has to do with Myra. I don’t trust her at all. The controversy that surrounds her couldn’t have come from nowhere.”

Even if the person Myra had been caught cheating with during her marriage was Tony, it remains a scandalous affair nonetheless. If she could cheat with him, then it would only be a matter of time before she cheats on him. A woman like that doesn't deserve to be with Tony!

"Get out!" Tony barked icily as his expression darkened.

Ivy clenched her fists and she was obstinate as she stood her ground. "You may not like what I'm doing now but one day you'll understand that I'm doing this for your own good!"

"Miss Ivy, you know I hate it when those around me put their foot into my personal affairs." Tony narrowed his eyes, clearly displeased by her stubbornness. There was a look on his face that resembled the calm before a raging storm as he continued, "But if you insist on carrying on with this, then I suggest you drop by human resources."

Ivy's eyes widened in disbelief as she heard that. "Tony, are you firing me?"

"I'll say this one more time—get out!" An icy warning flashed in his eyes as he said this.

She opened her mouth as though to say something, but a chill ran down her spine when she caught his arctic gaze. She bit down on her lip as her eyes grew misty, and rushed out of the office before her tears spilled over.

Barely a moment after she had run out of the office, Leo solemnly knocked on the door.

"Come in," Tony said as he brusquely loosened his tie. He frowned as he looked up at Leo and demanded, "What is it?"

"Director Walton is on the phone, sir. Would you like to take the call?"

Director Walton—that could only be Gideon.

As though remembering something, Tony's eyes narrowed dangerously as he answered stoically, "Put him through."

"Very well, sir."

Before long, the phone on Tony's desk rang and he picked it up with his usual icy demeanor.

"It's been a while, Tony," Gideon said over the line and he sounded cordial and pleasant. "Seeing as your birthday is right around the corner, I ought to make a trip back and toast to your health."

Unfazed by this, Tony replied plaintively, "You're welcome to do so."

It would be Tony's first birthday since returning to the country, and Sebastian had insisted on throwing him a banquet, the reason being to introduce the former into the upper-class business industry in Bradfort City. However, if Tony had any say in this, he would have gladly forgone the banquet and buried himself in work instead.

Taking no offense at his less-than-friendly tone, Gideon asked casually, "So I hear you're ready to settle down soon now that you have a fiancée?"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 283

"Seems like word has reached you," Tony remarked flatly as he slipped a cigarette between his lips before deftly lit it up with a lighter. Soon, white smoke swathed his features, blurring out the expression on his face.

He knew why Gideon was calling, but he no longer wanted to entertain the Waltons, as Gemma's antics had exhausted whatever patience he had had for them.

On the other end of the call, Gideon's face grew grim and there was a menacing gleam in his eyes as he jested, "Does your fiancée happen to be the famous Miss Stark from Bradfort City? I've heard rumors about the both of you and I didn't think they were true—unless, of course, you've actually fallen for her."

While Tony's relationship with Miss Stark had been widely covered by various news outlets, Gideon had remained skeptical. After all, he knew what Tony was like—cold, ruthless, and a workaholic who devoted all his life to his business empire. Tony might settle down with a woman at some point but it would be a solely pragmatic and strategic marriage; he would never develop any true feelings for her. Alas, Gideon had thought wrong.

Judging from the way things had turned out, he was sure that there was more to those rumors, and Tony's alleged romance with the woman was not just for show.

There had initially been plans for the Waltons to position their brand in Paradigm Mall, which happened to be a Hart Group enterprise. However, Tony had struck out their plans after Gemma posted the video about that woman, which meant they would have a much harder time establishing Walton Group in the local business scene.

"Tony, we've been friends for a long time. I know you're unhappy with my sister's thoughtless act, but that doesn't call for you to be so harsh and take it out on the entire Walton Group. You know we can't establish our brand in the Bradford City market without your help, seeing as how your family holds a few of the largest distribution channels for one-stop shopping malls. The loss would be unimaginable if we fail to see our plans through."

Upon hearing this, Tony remained impassive but he sounded rueful as he countered, "I believe there's been a misunderstanding on your part regarding this matter, Gideon."

Gideon frowned. "What do you mean?"

A cold smirk tugged on Tony's lips as he answered flatly, "Grandpa has taken over the matter of the Walton Group's establishment in Paradigm Mall. He was the one who made the decision to hold off the plans to bring in Walton Group. Believe me, I was shocked too, and I was going to talk to him about it."

Gideon's lips were pressed into a hard line and his eyes were narrowed into slits as he asked, "I thought Old Master Hart handed over the reins of the company to you. Why is he in charge of the company matters all of a sudden?"

"I may hold the reins but he's still the chairman of the group," Tony deflected his accusation with ease and he had no qualms about throwing Sebastian under the bus in the process.

A hard look passed over Gideon's face when he heard this.

The truth of what Tony had said remained to be seen, but Gideon understood the subtext to his words—the Hart Family was extremely displeased with the Waltons. Be it Tony or Sebastian, the person who had made the ultimate decision to leave the Waltons stranded outside Bradford City's market was inevitably furious with them.

The only thing that could have possibly caused this rift between their families appeared to be the most recent controversy that surrounded Miss Stark.

Gideon's expression darkened. He hadn't thought that a woman like her could have so much influence over the Hart Family—or rather, over Tony.

Then, he chuckled warmly and said, "Oh, well; I'll be going back to Bradford City soon. I suppose it's only right for me to make it up to you all for the trouble my sister caused. Old Master Hart would probably only punish her for a bit. Our families go way back, so I don't think a small mishap like this would be worth the tension."

When Tony made no reply to this, Gideon's face grew stormy. "I'm starting to get really curious about Miss Stark."

Indeed, he wanted to know the kind of person who could make Tony go to such extreme lengths, so much so that the latter was willing to disregard their years of friendship just so he could defend her.

However, the friendship that he had thought he shared with Tony was all too fragile in the latter's eyes. He knew what Gideon was like and after they had established the Hartwell Group together, he was certain that they would never be on close terms.

"She's just an ordinary woman," Tony said nonchalantly.

"Which is why she makes for an even more curious case," Gideon countered easily and he chuckled.

Their conversation was treading on the edge of a broken friendship, but Gideon had managed to keep the cracks from widening with his diplomatic chatter.

However, as soon as he hung up the call, the smile slipped from his face and a menacing grimace twisted his features.

Presently, his new secretary was bringing him a mug of coffee. She was smiling brightly as she approached his desk but just as she was about to make friendly conversation, she blanched at the sight of his grim expression. She had only just regained her composure when he suddenly grabbed the mug of coffee from his desk and flung it at her.

She screamed as the hot coffee splashed onto the delicate skin of her face, but this only made Gideon more irritated as he roared, "Get out of my sight!"

Upon hearing the commotion, an assistant rushed into the office and numbly registered the scene before him, then calmly escorted the secretary out of the door.

Gideon waited for the door to close before he angrily swept all the documents off his desk, and his face was thunderous as he made a call.

"Hello, Gideon."

In the basement carpark of the hotel in which she was staying, Gemma was seated in the car when she answered her brother's call, and Sasha was standing outside the vehicle with her palms pressed up against the window. She had wanted to demand an explanation from Tony after seeing the entertainment news today but Sasha had come out of nowhere and barricaded her from leaving.

"Don't 'hello, Gideon' me! I don't even know why I have an idiot like you for a sister!" he thundered down the line. Truth was, he was lashing out at her after his sour exchange with Tony.

He was also baffled by his sister's incompetence. Not only had she failed to take down Miss Stark, she had thrown the entire Walton Group under the bus as well.

However, Gemma was oblivious to the tremendous loss that she had caused her family business. Not knowing that Walton Group could no longer establish its in-house brand in Paradigm Mall, she gritted her teeth and snapped, "That woman is despicable—she must have cast a spell or something on the Hart Family! I was so close to getting her out of my way, but now everyone's talking about how she's engaged to Tony!"

Gemma didn't know what had gone wrong. She had an expert verify that the video was unedited and she was certain that after such a scandal, it would take a miracle before the Harts allowed a woman like Myra to be associated with their family, let alone marry into it.

And yet, news of Myra's upcoming engagement to Tony was circulating on the Internet and the animosity toward her was beginning to die down as well, replaced by comments that were demanding justice on her behalf.

Meanwhile, Sasha was angrily slamming her palms against the car window as she cried out in rage, "Get out here this instant, Gemma Walton! You gave me your word that you would help my family and the Hay Group if I gave you the information you asked for! You can't just go back on your word like this now that Tony is unleashing his wrath on our company!"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 284

Gemma found herself growing more annoyed as the call went on. "I refuse to believe that that woman would ever marry into the Hart Family. She must have been the one to spread the news but once the Harts find out about it, her life in Bradford City will be over."

"Well, don't you have everything figured out?" Gideon snorted sarcastically. "I just got off the phone with Tony and he told me himself that he was going to marry that woman! Do you even know what you've done, Gemma? Because of your recklessness, the Hart Group has decided to set aside our plans to enter the Bradford City consumer market! "

"What?" Gemma screeched incredulously. Having just buckled her seatbelt, she deliberately ignored the irritating figure who was shouting at her from the other side of the car window. Panic-stricken, she went on to say, "Gideon, please tell me you're joking."

"I can assure you I'm not. If you don't believe me, you could always give Dad and Grandpa a call," Gideon bit out witheringly. "You've known since before flying out of the States how important it is for Walton Group to re-establish itself in Bradford City. You know as well as I do the fate that awaits you and our company if the plans to enter the consumer market do not go through—I'm sure you're aware of what will happen if you keep screwing up like this."

His face darkened as he reminded her of all these.

Meanwhile, Gemma clutched her seatbelt tightly when she heard the warning in his voice.

As for Sasha, she was still slamming her palms against the car window as she cried out, "You scheming, lying little witch! If you won't help us, then I don't mind dropping by the Hart Residence to tell them about what you've done! You were the one who wanted to go after Myra and now you're just going to abandon me after you've taken advantage of me? Don't even think about it!"

The video had been Sasha's to begin with and the only other person who had it was Sean. As far as Tony was concerned, she had deliberately given Gemma the video so that the latter could post it up on the Internet and humiliate Myra. The truth, however, was that she hadn't even wanted to do so in the first place but now she was forced to bear the brunt.

She was aware of how much Tony loved Myra, and she wouldn't want to cross him for fear of suffering his wrath. But Gemma had come along and convinced her that she was the rightful granddaughter-in-law to the Hart Family, claiming that she was engaged to Tony. In an attempt to reconcile with him, she had promised to help the Hay Group in return if Sasha joined her cause in sidelining Myra. Persuaded by this, Sasha had given her the video. I can't believe how stupid I was for believing her!

At first, Sasha had admittedly been thrilled at the sight of all the abusive comments directed toward Myra after the video was posted. However, her glee did not last for long because the next day, Director Wallace had turned down the partnership with the Hay Group. She had sold herself out for the sake of obtaining that partnership but upon protesting, she was told that she might have offended the Hart Family—and Wallace Enterprise feared to do the same.

At the thought of the Hart Group, she had to admit that she did anger Tony and now she, along with the Hay Group, would have to suffer his wrath.

The Hay Group had a chance to turn things around after Director Wallace had promised to help her out, and their partnership would have been the saving grace for the company. Now that Tony had intervened, it would only be a matter of time before the company crumbled. Out of desperation, she had called Gemma with the hope that the woman would make good on her word but none of the calls went through, which was why she had rushed over to the hotel to meet her in person instead.

Now that she was here, she finally saw Gemma's true colors. She's been using me all along! She never planned on helping the Hay Group in the first place!

"Come out right now, Gemma! I have plenty of time on my hands so I can stand here all day!" Sasha yelled. When she saw that the other girl had no intention to get out of the car, she ran to the front of the vehicle and spread her arms wide, making it clear that she would not let Gemma drive away.

"Mark my words, Gideon—I will become Tony's wife!" Agitated, Gemma's grip tightened on her phone as she grimaced. "Just because the Hart Group set aside our plans, it doesn't

mean they would keep this up forever! Aren't you and Grandpa coming back soon? I'm sure that the Hart Family will reinstate the plans if Grandpa speaks up."

At this point, Gemma was infuriated and jealous. She hadn't thought that the incident from the day before had left Myra unscathed, and had instead become the stepping stone for her to marry into the Hart Family. Of course a despicable woman like her would have such dirty tricks up her sleeves!

"Grandpa will be the only person who could change their minds. Tony wasn't even persuaded when I called him, which just goes to show how much trouble you've caused!" Gideon snapped, though his sister's shenanigans were only an excuse. Deep down, he knew that Tony had never given much thought to the Waltons anyway. Nonetheless, he could not discount the fact that Gemma's incompetence had left a huge mess for Walton Group to clean up. "How has Kris been recently?"

"Kris?" It was only then that Gemma remembered Myra's sister, and she scoffed indifferently at the thought of her. "She's the same as she's always been. She's at her father's every beck and call, and she hardly has any control over the Stark Group; even Myra has more authority than she does. On a side note, that woman is despicable enough to go head-to-head with Myra. She could become our next pawn."

"Then get close to her and see how useful she can be to us. I don't want you to screw things up again before I go over to Bradfort City!" Gideon narrowed his eyes as he said this.

Gemma hummed noncommittally in response.

While this was happening, Sasha was still shouting furiously outside the car. When she saw that Gemma was deliberately ignoring her, she grew even more outraged. Without another thought, she took out her own keys and scratched a silvery-white line across the top of the other girl's car bonnet.

Upon seeing that, Gemma let out a shriek. "My car!"

"What's going on there?" Gideon demanded. Since the beginning of their phone conversation, he had heard another woman's voice yelling and taunting in the background on his sister's end.

"Nothing. There's a mad woman here, that's all," Gemma muttered as she eyed Sasha, who was still scratching her car. She grimaced but did not move to step out of the vehicle.

"Gideon, I have some stuff to attend to so I'll get going now," she added, then hung up the call and started her car. She did not spare Sasha another thought as she stepped on the accelerator and drove the car forward.

Sasha leapt out of the way immediately, shocked that the other woman was ruthless enough to want to knock her down.

When she saw that her path was clear, Gemma floored the accelerator and her tires screeched against the ground as she sped out of the car park.

"You disgusting, despicable woman! I won't let you get away with this!" Sasha roared after the car as she stomped her foot furiously.

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The clock struck noon as Myra stared at the lunchbox that was placed before her, and she blinked at Tilly in confusion.

Presently, Tilly's grin widened, and she chuckled as she said in a singsong voice, "Guess who had this delivered, Myra."

Who indeed? Myra raised her brows and after a moment of thought, she broke into a warm smile. "Is this from the Hart Residence?"

It wasn't too long ago when Sebastian would send her lunch every now and then.

Judging from the size of the lunchbox, she was willing to bet that there would be soup and various side-dishes. Knowing Sebastian, he liked adding little twists and surprises to the contents of her lunchbox, so she never knew what to expect.

"Bingo! Your guess is correct!" Tilly cheered. She had thought that the Hart Family would still be upset with Myra after the video incident, but her worries dissipated when she retrieved the lunchbox from the Harts' chauffeur earlier on. Looks like the Hart Family aren't angry with Myra at all!

Myra's smile grew wider as she looked at the lunchbox. She had been worried that it would take a while for Sebastian to cool down and she certainly hadn't expected him to have her lunch sent over.

At the thought of this, she grabbed her phone and sent him a text after Tilly had left her office.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 285

She had sent him an audio message in which she said, "Thank you for the lunch today. I love it."

For a while, there was no reply. Just as Myra thought Sebastian was ignoring her, he sent an audio message, sounding gruff as he said pointedly, "What are you thanking me for? I'm not the one who asked the kitchen to make lunch for you. You should thank Tony's grandma for this; it has nothing to do with me whatsoever."

It was almost as if Sebastian couldn't wait to deny all insinuations that he had anything to do with Myra's lunchbox.

Nonetheless, warmth surged through Myra as she smiled at his message, and she said nothing more after that.

While she dug into her lunch, Tony was speaking to her on the phone.

"I just got off the phone with Mr. Engelhard," he said down the line. Upon hearing that, she couldn't help the contented smile on her face as his deep and husky voice filled her ears.

She took another bite of food from the lunchbox Sebastian had sent over and hummed in response before asking, "He didn't even give me a call. What did the both of you talk about?"

In all honesty, Myra didn't even think that they were that close to begin with.

Upon hearing her grumble, Tony chuckled in a low voice and answered, "We talked about business for a bit."

"Oh." She sounded sullen and skeptical.

Tony smirked. Truth was, he hadn't been surprised when Conan called today. The latter must have had quite a shock when he heard rumors of Tony's engagement to Myra. After all, Tony had promised the older man that he would fulfil the three conditions prior to asking for Myra's hand in marriage.

"Naturally, we talked about the pre-marital conditions that must be met," Tony elaborated lightly and at the thought of his conversation with Conan earlier that day, he smiled.

Myra stiffened at this and blood rushed to her face.

She also found herself drawing comparisons. Where Sean had disliked Conan, Tony was the complete opposite and while she was happy that he seemed to be on such good terms with the old man, she found herself getting just the tiniest bit jealous at their friendship. To add insult to injury, Conan had stopped going to her with all his anecdotes and problems, and had instead turned to Tony.

"And what conditions might those be?" she asked as she raised a quizzical brow, though the person on the other end could not see the cynical expression on her face.

Tony laughed softly before he murmured in a gentle voice, "Well, for starters, you would have to be pregnant with my child."

When Myra heard this, she could imagine him standing next to her and caressing her belly. The flush on her face deepened into a near-crimson shade as she grumbled, "Don't try to be funny, Tony. Why would Mr. Engelhard be discussing something like this with you?"

"If you don't believe me, you can always give him a call and ask if we talked about it," Tony suggested cheekily.

She could feel her face burning up and she thanked the heavens that he couldn't see how sheepish she looked right now. In the end, she scoffed and said nothing else.

"I can't tell if you're mad or if you're reluctant to carry my child," he teased wickedly. He was doing this on purpose now that his urge to father a child was stronger than before. It turned out that there was some truth and reason to what Lyla had said.

Perhaps what weighed on his mind more than anything else was Sean's recent erratic behavior. He must have figured out something and now that he was pestering Myra, it would only be a matter of time before he pursued her once more. While Tony was confident that

Myra would stay by his side forever, he was also agitated that another man had set his sights on her. With that in mind, Tony was sure that a child was the best buffer.

With a child in tow, he could easily deal a harsh blow on all the other men who had their eyes on Myra. All he would have to do was say, "We have to go back and feed the baby."

Life would be idyllic with a child and he found that he didn't mind it at all. Tony's eyes crinkled slightly in amusement as he pondered on this.

Myra, on the other hand, knew that he had the tendency to be blatant. There was no one else as thick-skinned as he was, and she knew how shameless and roguish he could be when they were together. With that in mind, she sighed in resignation and said, "I've finished my lunch. I have to get back to work, so I'll hang up now."

Knowing that she was easily embarrassed, he stopped teasing her. "I'll pick you up after work."

She hummed in response and she could feel her face heating up. Just as he was about to hang up, she quickly blew him a kiss that was followed by a 'mwah' sound, and ended the call right after that.

Then, she reached up to touch her face and found that her skin was hot to the touch.

She cringed at herself. For heavens' sake, Myra Stark, you're turning into a complete bimbo!

Meanwhile, on the other end of the line, Tony broke into a grin at the sound of her kiss, the frustration that he had felt since that morning fading away into nothing.

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When Eve arrived at the Stark Group, she was informed that Myra was unavailable to meet her.

Tilly had been the one to relay the front desk's message to Myra, and the latter had looked impassive when she heard it. She now regarded Eve with contempt and disinterest, and she wanted nothing to do with the woman.

"Tell the front desk that I'm in a meeting right now."

Upon hearing this, Tilly nodded and hurried out of the office.

After the front desk relayed the message to Eve, the woman's face grew grim and she snapped, "Give her another call and tell her that there's something important I'd like to discuss. If she refuses to meet me, then I'll just keep waiting here until she does!"

The receptionists swallowed, feeling caught between a rock and a hard place.

Judging from what Tilly had said, it was clear that Myra had no intention of meeting this woman. However, seeing as Eve was the matriarch of the Chase Family, they didn't want to risk offending her, either. As such, they gave Tilly another call, though it was to no avail.

Having been turned down the second time, Eve grew thunderous. She scoffed icily as she marched toward the nearby reception lounge; she sat there waiting, her back stiff and ramrod straight.

As she waited, her phone rang incessantly with incoming calls but she did not pick up any of them. Instead, she merely glanced at the numbers flashing on her screen and left her phone ringing in her bag.

Meanwhile, Myra had a meeting at the nearby Newark Group in the afternoon. She had only just made her way downstairs when she was suddenly accosted by a woman who had dashed out of nowhere. Then, the latter lifted her hand and brought it down to slap Myra across the face.

Fortunately, Myra reacted in time and she held the woman by the wrist in a vise-like grip.

A dark look passed over her face as she appraised the woman in front of her. Then, she flung Eve away from her as she said icily, "A bit inappropriate for you to attack me here in the Stark Group, don't you think, Madam Chase?"

"How shameless can you be, Myra? Haven't you already weaseled your way into the Hart Family? Why are you still clinging onto my son?"

Eve was at her boiling point after waiting in the lounge for close to three hours, and seeing Myra only brought to mind Sean's recent behavior. At this moment, she wanted nothing more than to slap the living daylights out of the girl.

She had once thought that Myra was a gentle and sensible woman but as it turned out, she had been wrong. She's still clinging onto and taking advantage of my son even after their divorce! A heavy warning is the only way to ward off a woman like her!

"I'm warning you—you'd better stay away from my son!" Eve thundered as she eyed Myra with disgust. "You were the one who said you wanted nothing to do with us after the divorce, and yet here you are pining after my son. Does the Hart Family know about what you're doing?"

Myra's face grew stormy as the other woman chastised her. She had refused to meet with Eve, but it was clear that the latter didn't take no for an answer and had been waiting in the building to attack her at first sight.

"You must be joking, Madam Chase. When have I ever pined after your son? I don't know what tricks you and Lyla are pulling here, but I'm afraid I don't have the time for them," Myra retorted coldly.

It wasn't too long ago when Lyla had approached her and accused her of pining after Sean in spite of the divorce. Do both these women really think I'm that much of a pushover?

Annoyed, Myra threw a pointed look at the security guards who stood by the side and barked, "Don't let her in the next time you see her."

The guards exchanged a nervous look before they hurriedly nodded.

A menacing gleam flashed in Eve's eyes as she saw this and she spat, "So this is what you're truly like, Myra—selfish and arrogant. I promise you I won't be so civil anymore if you keep pestering my son!"

Upon hearing this, Myra let out a mocking laugh. "You should tell your son to stop pestering me on the phone. He and I are nothing more than strangers, so he should stop trying so hard to pretend otherwise."