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Kris knew that her only choice right now was to keep Hayden by her side. Although Hayden wasn't the successor of the Fuller Family, she could tell that he was pretty well-off from all the gifts that he had given her in the past. Even if he only owned a tiny portion of his family's assets, he was already living a much more comfortable life compared to her at the moment. After what happened with the Walton Family, she knew that her reputation had hit rock bottom—she didn't even need to ask!

At the thought of that, Kris let out a silent curse as she blamed it all on Gideon. Did he think that Kris wasn't aware of his side chicks during their relationship?! Yet, he was so heartless when she got into trouble!

"The doctor says that you'll be discharged today, Kris." Hayden had just returned to the ward; as usual, he was carrying multiple bags of fresh fruits and flowers.

Kris bit her lip instinctively at the sight of him. Truthfully, Hayden was a very good man to her; he was extremely caring and he loved her alone. While Kris stroked her belly, a complicated look clouded her eyes as she sunk into deep thought. That night, she didn't lose the baby—was this a sign from the heavens?

Whatever it was, she decided the only way for her to survive was to be with Hayden for now.

"Uh, Hayden... You're the only one who's been visiting me in the hospital lately. You've been taking care of me so well, and I..." Kris trailed off as tears flooded her eyes. Soon, she lowered her head slightly.

Hayden went up to her and put down the items he brought before wrapping the woman in his arms. "You're our baby's mother, silly. Who am I supposed to take care of if not you?" His voice softened after that as he said leisurely, "As long as you don't blame me for ruining your career."

Kris smiled at his words. "Why would I blame you? You only said it in a moment of desperation. Besides, you know that Gideon and I were only acting—there was nothing between us to begin with."

“Was there really nothing going on between the two of you, Kris?” Hayden questioned her casually all of a sudden.

Her heart skipped a beat; she looked up at Hayden and asked, “You don’t believe me?”

Just then, Hayden broke into a chuckle. “How could I not believe you? You told me that you’ll never lie to me.”

Even though he was laughing out loud, Kris couldn’t seem to make out the genuinity in his gesture while she continued to stare at him.

“All right, let’s pack up and leave. Since it’s your first day out of the hospital, we’re going to eat something fancy!”

With that, Hayden left the hospital with Kris. In the car, he picked up a call and calmly replied with a grunt before he searched up a Western restaurant. When they arrived, he carefully helped her through the doors.

Throughout their meal, Hayden was incredibly caring toward Kris. Whatever she wanted, he delivered; he had the waiter bring out each and every food that she was craving. Nevertheless, Kris couldn’t eat much since she had just been discharged, so the two of them finished up pretty quickly.

As Kris rose from her seat and was prepared to leave, Hayden stopped her and cast her a slight smile. “What’s the rush? Since you’ve just recovered, I asked someone to get you a bowl of bird’s nest essence. At the very least, you should have some of it; it’s good for your health.”

Even though Kris thought that it was extremely odd to eat something like that in a Western restaurant, she sat down and waited quietly—Hayden was just concerned for her, after all. Just then, Hayden got up and went over to Kris before he sat down next to her on the sofa. He then leaned in close to her, raised his phone in front of their faces, and took a selfie.

“What are you doing?” Kris jolted in surprise.

In return, Hayden smiled at her mischievously. “You’ll know in a while.”

Immediately after that, he logged onto social media and posted the selfie on his Stories with the caption, ‘First family dinner of three. Feeling blessed.’

Kris could see everything as he tapped away on his screen by her side. When she realized what he was up to, her pupils shrunk a little—he was blatantly exposing her state of humiliation to the whole world. However, she could only keep her anxiety hidden; she couldn't do anything against him at a time like this, so she forced a smile at him and said, "You don't have to post it—we're just having a meal. Besides, I remember that you don't like going on social media."

"I used to hate it." Hayden nodded before he fixed his gaze on her and gave her a warm, sincere smile. "But from now on, I'll post photos of us; there are many other couples on my Stories who love showing off, so we have to up our game as well."

Kris felt a little uncomfortable at his sentiment; perhaps she was imagining things, but she had the impression that Hayden's words had a deeper meaning to them. With that in mind, time seemed to drag on as they waited for the bowl of bird's nest essence in the restaurant.

Just then, Kris' eyes locked onto a nearby corner; she had caught sight of a couple walking out of the Western restaurant, and her expression hardened as soon as she recognized them.

The pair of lovers weren't strangers to her—it was even safe to say that she was more than familiar with the man!

It was Gideon!

He was engaged in an affectionate, light-hearted conversation with the woman next to him; Kris even noticed that his arm was wrapped tightly around the woman's waist. As soon as they stepped into the lobby of the restaurant, they started kissing in public without a care in the world.

Kris watched the scene in front of her angrily, and her hands balled into fists.

Gideon hadn't even officially broken up with her, yet he already found another woman in such a short period of time. He was obviously giving her a punch on the face!

"See, Kris? Gideon was playing with you the entire time; he doesn't appreciate you at all. It hasn't even been that long, and he already has a new chick!" Hayden said in her ear, his voice low and eerie.

Kris' head snapped toward Hayden in an instant; she stared into his eyes in disbelief as she exclaimed, "Did you bring me here on purpose? Did you try to stall me because you wanted me to see Gideon together with his new girlfriend?!"

It all made sense now—Kris finally knew why things felt so odd today. Hayden wasn't worried about her out of concern; he hadn't asked anyone to buy her a bowl of bird's nest at all. Instead, he simply wanted her to wait in place so that she could see Gideon sharing a kiss with his new woman!

For a moment, Hayden couldn't hide the cunning look in his eyes; Kris caught it and she suddenly felt like Hayden was a whole new person she never understood.

"Of course not; I had no choice but to do it because I was worried for you. I was afraid that you were missing someone you shouldn't be thinking about." As he smiled at her, the underlying foreboding beneath his smile didn't go unnoticed.

Kris took a few deep breaths; she stood up abruptly and turned to leave the restaurant.

"Where are you going, Kris? Wait for me!"

Since Hayden was a little loud, several neighboring diners turned to look toward the commotion.

Kris felt inexplicably bothered by the sudden spotlight. Naturally, Hayden's voice attracted Gideon's attention as the latter turned toward their direction as well—he wasn't that far away from them.

As soon as Gideon's eyes fell upon her, the mocking look he threw at Kris gave her the urge to walk up to him and land a few slaps on his face. What is there to smirk about? As a result, she changed her mind in an instant and walked toward Gideon instead.

Meanwhile, Gideon reacted by calmly stepping in front of the woman who was in his arms.

Kris went up to him, raised her hand to his face and slapped him without a moment of hesitation.

It happened all too quickly that the onlookers couldn't even comprehend what had just happened. After suffering a smack to his face, Gideon's expression darkened. He

immediately caught Kris' hand which was about to land another stinging hit. He then bellowed, "What are you doing, Kris?! Are you crazy?!"

"Am I crazy, you say?! Yes, I want the woman behind you to see how rotten you are!" Kris' attitude was unyielding. "Are you having fun playing around with women, Gideon?! How dare you get with another woman before even ending things with me?!"

"Kris, you can't be thinking that you're still my fiancée, right?" Gideon said deridingly as he sized her up sarcastically. "Look at you—how can you even compare to Miss Brie? More importantly, when it comes to playing around... aren't you more of an expert than me? You were with another man when we were together!"

Then, Gideon's eyes shifted to Hayden who was standing next to Kris. "Young Master Fuller, when this woman was around you, she couldn't have told you that her relationship with me was fake, and that it was all pretend, right? Or did she? If that's the case, how is it possible to pretend in bed?!"

Kris' face fell at once. "Enough of your nonsense, Gideon!"

She looked toward Hayden instinctively, but to her surprise, the man was unfazed and his expression was indifferent.

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"I guess it's true, then! How capable of you to be greedy for someone else whilst in bed with another, Kris! It's not all bad, though—Young Master Fuller can finally put his back-up plan to good use now," Hayden sneered as he laughed wickedly. Along with that, the look in his eyes became audacious and belittling as he stared at Hayden. "Are you sure you want to be with a woman as filthy as her?! Isn't it disgusting to you?"

"You've crossed the line, Young Master Walton," said Hayden emotionlessly. The next moment, he took Kris' hand and turned to leave the restaurant.

His strides were long and swift and Kris struggled to keep up to him. When she finally did, though, she almost slipped and fell down.

"Let me go, Hayden! You're hurting my wrist!" Kris was a little pale as she tried to follow close behind.

However, Hayden didn't seem to have heard her cries. When they finally arrived at the car, he opened the door and practically shoved her onto the seat carelessly before shutting the door in front of her.

Kris' expression darkened a little; naturally, she knew that something was off from the look on Hayden's face. Indeed, Gideon's words earlier were truly brutal...

When Hayden got into the car on the other side, Kris quickly tried to explain herself, "Don't listen to Gideon, Hayden. He doesn't want to see us happy! He humiliated me only because I made him look bad! T-There's really nothing between us!"

"Oh, really? Considering you were his fiancée, was there really nothing between you and him?" Hayden turned to her abruptly, his eyes cold and unfriendly.

Kris jolted momentarily, but Hayden had already averted his gaze and started the engine.

"You don't believe me?" Hayden simply stepped on the gas and made his way toward the freeway without giving a reply. Kris nibbled on her lower lip as her eyes reddened; they looked sad and pitiful.

After that, she reached out a hand to open the car door. Unexpectedly, Hayden stepped on the breaks and pulled her back. His expression was extremely complicated and unreadable, and a certain sadness lingered within his eyes. After a long while, he finally regained his composure and a slight resignation passed over his face. He said bluntly, "Of course... I believe you."

Tears escaped Kris' eyes in an instant and she crashed into Hayden's arms. "I knew it... You're the only one who treats me well, Hayden..."

Hayden stared down at the feeble woman in his arms, and the sense of maliciousness in his eyes finally disappeared.

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The next morning, Tony headed to the office after dropping Myra off at the florist shop.

Meanwhile, Myra spent the morning cleaning the shop with the florist before she picked up a parenting book and went upstairs to read.

The shop was quiet and serene; their clients were all rather low-profile and reserved, so Myra didn't really need to serve them personally. An hour later, she put down the book to move around a little; she opened the windows and rearranged a few house plants on the windowsill which changed the entire look of the space, making it look cute and lovely. With that, the ambiance of the room was like a different world compared to the outside—Myra couldn't help but smile at the sight.

Back then, she never thought that she'd be able to live a peaceful and wholesome life like this.

After glancing at the time, she decided to give Leo a call. Myra put off her plan of calling Tony when she heard that he was currently in a meeting, for she didn't want to be a bother when he was busy with work.

However, Leo sounded quite eager instead when he said, "Miss Myra, I'll give Director Hart the phone right away if you want to talk to him." Director Hart will be very happy to hear that she's calling! If he answers the call, the atmosphere and overall mood of our working environment will certainly lighten up!

"Ah, it's fine. I was just asking." After a brief pause, Myra asked again in a gentle tone, "I'll be sending him lunch later, so you don't have to make arrangements for his meal today."

"All right." Leo nodded.

"Okay, there's nothing else. I'm hanging up." With that, Myra ended the call.

At the same time, Sharon rushed upstairs to her; she told Myra that there was a man downstairs who was looking for her.

"How old is he? Is he around 50?" asked Myra; Tony had brought her here on his own, so there shouldn't be anyone who would visit her at the shop without giving her a call beforehand.

"No, he's quite young; he's around 30 or so." Sharon was smiling dreamily as she described, "He's tall and handsome. Not only that, his looks are almost comparable to Director Hart."

Myra frowned slightly at the sound of that—a man around 30 years old who was tall and handsome looking for her...

“Just tell him I’m not around,” Myra replied calmly.

“Okay.” Sharon nodded as her heart filled with admiration for the fact that her boss was constantly surrounded by rich and wealthy men who were interested in her. Nevertheless, her boss’ words were the law; besides, Sharon genuinely loved her job here as well. Thus, she only nodded and said, “I’ll tell him that you left.”

“Okay.”

Myra nodded to that. As Sharon was approaching the stairs, Myra stopped the woman again. “Tell him the same thing if he visits again.”

Sharon nodded in understanding and went downstairs.

Myra gave it a thought before she peered down from the top of the stairwell, and she heard Sharon recite the reason to the man with a smile. Soon after that, the familiar voice of a man replied, “In that case, when will she be back?”

Sharon said, “I don’t know, but Director Hart gifted this shop to Miss Stark for her to manage it as a pastime activity, so she comes and goes whenever she pleases.”

Following that was a moment of silence before the man finally left the shop.

As he turned to go, he raised his head and glanced upstairs; Myra immediately moved away from the stairwell.

In fact, the look on her face was complicated as she watched Sean’s leaving figure.

She wasn’t sure whether Sean had actually fallen in love with her or if he had other hidden intentions, but one thing was for sure—her time together with Sean had long since come to an end. Now, she was living a happy and fulfilled life with Tony. Although she used to be in love with Sean in the past, the man she loved right now was Tony.

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After the minor intrusion, Myra got back to reading her book. When she looked at the time again, she realized that it was getting late; she went downstairs and walked toward the Hart Group.

When Tony brought Myra to the florist shop yesterday, she took note of several restaurants they had passed by on the way. She found that one of them was quite suited to their tastes, so she packed a meal for Tony from the restaurant before heading toward the Hart Group.

However, just as she approached the office building, she saw that man standing nearby—she thought that he had left earlier.

Naturally, Sean noticed her as well; more accurately, he was intentionally hanging around near the Hart Group, waiting for her to appear.

Myra frowned a little and headed straight toward the entrance of the building. At that moment, Sean quickly walked toward her and stopped her from going in. He was holding a leather bag with some documents in it, and he handed it over to Myra.

“I know about the dispute between you and Cameron, Myra. I don’t know how to help, so this is all I can do for you. Please accept these.”

From the looks of it, he didn’t seem to be in a good state; he looked quite bummed-out, but there was a different charm to his dejected state of appearance. As he stared at her, there was a profound look in his eyes which was filled with deep emotion.

Myra didn’t know how to respond; she tried her best to avoid Sean, all for the sake of completely cutting ties with him. After all, Tony was quite prone to be jealous of such things, and she didn’t want him to be unhappy because of something like this. Moreover, Bradford City wasn’t exactly huge, but it wasn’t a small city either; it wouldn’t be odd to be spotted by someone she knew. Hence, she didn’t want to raise any unnecessary misunderstandings.

Myra rejected the man’s offer without a second thought as he tried to give her the bag of documents. “Considering our relationship, I’m afraid that I’m not in a place to accept anything from you, Director Chase. I thought I’ve already made it clear—I like Tony now. Whatever it was between us, it ended a long time ago.”

Sean was quite pale and his face was emotionless when he said, “I know what you’re thinking, but I’m only doing this out of my own will; it has nothing to do with you. You just have to accept these documents.”

Then, he stepped forward to shove the bag into Myra's hands, but she quickly retracted her empty hand and hid it behind her back. Just then, her eyes locked onto a security guard nearby. "If you don't stop, I'll have to call for security, Director Chase."

Sean's expression hardened slightly. "Do you have to do this to me, Myra?! I'm trying to help you as a friend, so can't you just accept it?! What are you so scared of? Are you afraid that Tony would get mad at you because of this?!"

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Sean knitted his good-looking brows with a frosty look in his eyes. "Tony doesn't deserve to be together with you if he gets angry at you over this!"

Myra was so angered by his reply that she almost laughed. Not wanting to waste her breath talking to the man before her anymore, she beckoned to the security guard who kept craning his neck and looking in their direction. Then, she turned to look at Sean and said, "Whether or not he deserves to be together with me is my call to make. Besides, there's one thing that I'm very clear about—you don't deserve to be together with me!"

By the time she finished her sentence, the security guard had come to her side. He then asked respectfully, "What can I do for you, Miss Stark?"

Myra's eyes swept coldly past the man before her, and his expression turned ghastly. "Nothing. This gentleman might harass me, so please help me to keep an eye on him," she said. Then, as the security guard eyed Sean with hostility, she walked toward the Hart Group's building.

"I have learned my mistakes, Myra! Are you not going to give me a chance just because of a mistake that I made?!" Sean suddenly shouted at Myra from behind just as she was about to leave. As the security guard watched in surprise, Sean pursed his lips and forced a smile. "You loved me so much in the past. If we can go back to the past where we loved each other, nothing will separate us anymore..."

Sean's voice could still be heard continuously from behind, but Myra was very calm deep down inside. Once she entered the elevator casually, she pressed the button to Tony's floor

and waited quietly before she could meet her man in a while. To her, no one was more important than Tony and the baby in her womb right now!

When she exited the elevator, Tony was already leaning against the wall near the elevator while wearing a white shirt and a pair of black suit trousers. His polished leather shoes were spotless, whereas his tall, upstanding figure and effortlessly good-looking facial features made him look as perfect as Apollo, the Greek god. He wore a meaningful smile on his lips at this moment, and he looked tenderly at the woman before him who had just come out of the elevator. "Did Sean stop you just now?" he asked with a raised brow.

Myra walked up to him and took his hand on her own initiative before she cast him a sidelong glance. "You were aware of it?" she asked. Myra then continued, "Why didn't you go down and save me from that predicament if you knew about it?"

"Why should I go down when Sean is giving you individual shares of the Stark Group with the best of intentions?" Tony replied leisurely. "You should know that you can have the Stark Group firmly in your hands with the shares he holds right now."

"The Stark Group's shares?" Myra was startled.

When he saw her expression, Tony was displeased at once. He pinched her waist and asked, "What is it? Are you regretting it now? Do you want to go down and take back his part of the shares?"

Myra immediately felt helpless. "I wouldn't want it even if he gives me the entire Stark Group," she said before pausing for a moment. Then, she tilted her head to one side and looked at the man before her. "I thought that you were a magnanimous person. As it turns out, you're jealous, hehe."

Tony pursed his thin lips before taking the stuff Myra was carrying in her hands, helplessness and affection written all over his face. The couple then snuggled against each other while walking to Tony's office.

Myra had no regrets about the shares Sean held. Sean's shares were his, and her shares were hers. Since she wouldn't accept Sean, she wouldn't accept whatever he gave to her. She didn't care if the Stark Group ended in her hands, for she simply felt that Tony's help was sufficient to her.

Earlier on, Myra had bought those lunches according to Tony's preferences. After they enjoyed a comforting meal in the lounge of Tony's office, Tony held Myra in his arms and took a lunchtime nap. Then, he got up and went out for a meeting while Myra was still soundly asleep.

Myra still had a faint smile on her face when she woke up; she had a dream where she saw her mother again. In contrast to her previous dreams, her mother looked at her with great gratification this time and told her to lead a happy life.

Myra was too lazy to go to the florist's again in the afternoon, so she called the florists there and told them that they could get off work early. As it happened, Leo came to her when she came out of the office and informed her that Cameron would like to meet downstairs.

Myra frowned. She didn't want to see Cameron, but if he had changed his mind now... "Tell him to come up," she said to Leo.

Leo nodded before asking her, "Do you need me to ask Director Hart to come out and be together with you?" He feared that anything unexpected might happen. After all, he was quite mistrustful of Cameron.

Myra shook her head. "It's not necessary to call him since he's busy with a meeting. I'll deal with Cameron myself."

Leo thought about it for a moment. "All right then, you two may talk in the small conference room. I'll be outside, so I can hear you if you call me."

Myra nodded in response.

Cameron soon came up, and he was in a worse state compared to the last time. He looked ghastly with bloodshot eyes and dark circles under his eyes, and even his back seemed to have hunched a lot. His eyes flashed for an instant when he saw Myra, but before Myra could notice it, he quickly put on a wry smile and asked her, "Are you still unwilling to help me, Myra?"

The Stark Group was on the verge of collapsing. If Cameron did not continue working hard to sustain the company after operating it for so many years, the Stark Group would've probably been declared insolvent that morning.

Myra's face was devoid of expression, though. "Tony has talked to you, hasn't he, President Stark? We can help the Stark Group, but we must get the company's shares in return. Giving ten percent of the Stark Group's shares shouldn't be a difficult thing to you compared to declaring the Stark Group insolvent right away, right, President Stark?"

Cameron's face contorted somewhat as he clenched his fists. "Are you driving your father into a dead end, Myra?"

Myra didn't change her countenance. "I don't think this is a dead end, President Stark. Even if you give me ten percent of the Stark Group's shares, you'd still hold a majority of the company's shares, so you can still live your present life!"

Cameron clenched his teeth. "We all know very well what you're up to, Myra. You want to take control of the Stark Group; the Stark Group will no longer belong to me once I give you ten percent of its shares!"

There was a hint of irony in Myra's eyes. "The Stark Group never belonged to a single person in the first place. Instead, it's jointly owned by everyone who holds shares in it. President Stark, even though you can no longer be the company's chairman in the future, you'll still be the company's major shareholder. You still have the right to decide whether to pass a resolution or not in the Stark Group, so how could you say that the Stark Group no longer belongs to you?"

Cameron was so choked by Myra's reply that he gnashed his teeth hard. "Does that mean you're deciding not to help the Stark Group?" He took a deep breath.

Myra laughed. "The decision isn't mine, but yours, President Stark."

Myra kept calling Cameron 'President Stark', and the latter found it incomparably sarcastic. His daughter—whom he'd raised single-handedly—wanted to seize the power in his hands and trample him on the mud right now! Veins stood out on his temples as a violent feeling surged through him.

His life had been unprecedentedly miserable these days, and he couldn't find the two people he was looking for. Frankly, if someone else discovered that secret right now, Tony wouldn't have to take away ten percent of the Stark Group's shares; instead, his current position would be taken by someone else right away!

He clenched his fists while letting out an insincere chuckle. “The decision is indeed mine, Myra. Since you won’t help me, I’ll be the one who decides the Stark Group’s fate. I hope you won’t regret it by then!”

His expression turned sinister in an instant, but he didn’t dare to raise his fist at Myra since they were at the Hart Group. He thought to himself, I’ve seen through it all; the two daughters I’ve raised are both ingrates who bit the hand that fed them, and they’re viciously coveting my wealth. Compared to them, only Olivia knows how to love her father.

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When he thought of Olivia, his daughter, Cameron couldn’t help but think of that woman. That woman and his daughter were his real family; the two of them were the only ones who stayed with him and gave him happiness without any complaints regardless of his financial situation!

Cameron clenched his fists tightly before he turned around. Just as he was about to leave, Myra—who could no longer hold back the anger within her—questioned the man before her and asked, “Did you ever love my Mom when you were together with her?”

Myra couldn’t believe that the man in front of her—this selfish, treacherous, deceitful, and narrow-minded man—was actually the person her mother used to love. Not only did he have an extramarital affair with Rachel, he had also been keeping a mistress behind everyone’s back and even fathered a daughter! Neither Rachel nor her mother was the woman he loved the most, for he dealt with these two women while secretly building another home of his own. Just how filthy has his heart become?! she thought to herself.

“What do you think?” Cameron laughed mockingly. He then turned around, fixed his eyes on Myra, and said disdainfully in the most merciless voice, “Do you think I would marry your mother and even father you with her if it weren’t for the bit of business acumen and means that she had?” Upon seeing the sudden change in Myra’s countenance, he laughed heartily with a touch of cruelty on his lips. “That’s why you’re not strong enough, Myra. Everything can be exploited in the business world—that includes family connections, friendships, and even love and marriage! Your mother loved me back then, and it just so happened that I needed her to help me expand the Stark Group. Since she presented herself to me, why couldn’t I take advantage of it?! To be frank, aren’t you taking advantage of Tony as well?”

You're using him to get rid of your failed marriage and your reputation as a loose woman! Not only are you using him to help you snatch the Stark Group away from me, you're also using him to join the Hart Family and join the upper classes of Bradford City! It's just that you're doing so under the pretense of love. At the end of the day, you're my daughter—haven't you inherited my genes?"

Myra's expression turned as black as thunder. "Shut up!"

"Are you telling me to shut up? Fine, I'll shut up since you're asking me to. However, can you erase what you've done even if I do so?" Cameron laughed maliciously. "I have been absolutely clear about what kind of person you are for the longest time! I just fear that Director Hart might be seeing through you slowly!"

"Don't just assume that everyone in this world is as despicable as you are, Cameron Stark!" Myra forced a sneer while looking at the hideous-looking man before her. She sincerely thought that her mother didn't deserve what had been done to her. Her mother devoted the most wonderful time of her life to this man, yet he only thought of her as an exploitable tool! Well, that's understandable, she thought to herself. What else could be better than interests in the heart of someone like him?! "Since you've made the decision, you're at liberty to do whatever you please. I'm telling you, though—I won't let the Stark Group continue to stay in your hands even if it vanishes from Bradford City!"

"In that case, we shall see if the Stark Group stays in my hands!" Cameron sneered. Then, he pushed the door open and left right away without saying another word to Myra.

Cameron ran into Leo when he left the room, and the latter said to him with a half-smile, "Allow me to give you a reminder, President Stark. Don't misjudge anyone, or the outcome won't be as simple as an awful blunder. You may even be finished for the rest of your life..."

"You're right, Mr. Clark. Nonetheless, I have seen through somebody clearly now. Thanks for your advice," Cameron retorted icily before leaving the Hart Group right away.

He stormed all the way out of the Hart Group furiously. After getting into his car, he dialed a number with a surly expression.

Gideon quickly answered the phone on the other end. "How did it go?" His voice was full of joy and meaning as though he was certain about something.

As he had expected, Cameron gritted his teeth. "I'll give you ten percent of the Stark Group's shares if you make the investment."

"We would have entered into collaboration long ago had you done this sooner, President Stark. This would have saved you so much trouble, wouldn't it?" Gideon replied. Nonetheless, he accepted Cameron's offer and said, "I'll be waiting for you to deliver the written agreement, President Stark. Once the signed agreement comes into effect, the Walton Group will invest in the Stark Group."

Cameron's face was glum. "I know that, but we've agreed in advance that we must sign an agreement even if the Walton Group takes away ten percent of the shares. This ten percent of the shares can only be managed by me in the next five years; of course, the profit will be yours."

"Okay," Gideon agreed readily, but a hint of sinisterness flashed across the depths of his eyes. Of course, he had his own plans—he was only playing along with Cameron for the time being.

Only then did Cameron breathe a sigh of relief. Soon, he hung up the cell phone and stared intently at the road ahead of him with a sneer on his lips. Since Myra has turned down my plea, I won't have any regard for her self-respect anymore. When this matter is settled, it'll be time for me to clear the company of those old ignoramuses who always like to stir up trouble!

At the thought of this, he took another deep breath and dialed a number. However, a female announcer's voice was heard on the other end. "Sorry, but the number you dialed is not in service. Please try again later..."

Cameron's face darkened instantly.

Indeed, that woman wasn't together with him for money and power. After she learned of his identity, she didn't pester him repeatedly to make her his legal wife as other women did, nor did she ask him for large sums of money. Instead, her intentions could be told from the way she left him quietly. However, she and their daughter left him quietly without telling Cameron any news about their whereabouts. How was he going to look for them in the vast sea of people?

Suddenly, Cameron's cell phone rang. At the sight of the caller ID, his pupils contracted before he immediately picked up the phone. "How did it go?" he asked grimly while lowering his voice.

There was a pause on the other end of the line before the person answered apologetically, "I'm sorry, President Stark—we haven't found them yet. However, we've gotten a tiny clue lately, and we're following up on it. If the clue is correct, we should be able to find them within a week."

Cameron's face was as miserable as sin when he heard the first part of the man's speech; it wasn't until later that his expression softened slightly. He took a deep breath and urged, "All right, locate them as soon as possible. I'm willing to pay twice the price once you find them!"

"You're such a nice person, President Stark. We'll certainly do our best!"

Both sides then hung up without saying another word. After tossing his cell phone away, Cameron leaned back in his seat with weariness written all over his face.

...

Meanwhile, Olivia was sitting next to a woman in the ambulance of a hospital. She had comforted the woman many times, but the woman was still somewhat anxious. "Can't we have surgery in the county? Isn't it just a minor surgery to remove a blood clot? Why can't we do it in the county? Besides, doesn't it cost a lot of money to seek treatment at a big hospital in Bradford City? Let's not go there, shall we—"

"Trust me, Mom. The hospital told me that it has a place for patients who need assistance, and we don't have to spend too much money. Besides, the medical technology there is way more advanced, so you'll make a better recovery in the future; it won't take long before you're up and healthy again!"

"But—" The woman couldn't help feeling that something was wrong. Olivia left for a day on the excuse of a part-time job, but she had been somewhat downcast ever since coming back. She asked Olivia twice about this, but Olivia merely responded by saying that she had come across some problems in her job. However, she knew Olivia well enough to know that Olivia wouldn't be upset by her odd jobs!

"That's enough, Mom. Trust me, okay?" Olivia replied softly while holding the woman's hand.

The woman bit her lip. "I'm afraid that you would go to your father... Olivia, you mustn't go to him in the future no matter if I'm dying or not. We can be penniless, but we mustn't abandon the most basic principles of being a decent person. Now that I have done your sister and her mother a disservice, I am ashamed to show my face. How can I do something more unreasonable..."

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Olivia held the woman's hand firmly. "Don't worry, Mom. I have sworn to you that I'll never go to him. I know what kind of person he is, so please be rest assured that I'll never go to him. Just put your mind at rest and have your illness treated, okay?"

The woman still wanted to say something, but she nodded at the sight of Olivia's determined expression. I should trust my daughter, she thought to herself.

The ambulance wasn't fast throughout the journey, but it soon arrived at the designated hospital in Bradford City.

Moments later, the woman looked at Olivia in disbelief when she was wheeled out of the ambulance. She knew this hospital, for it was the best hospital in the entire Bradford City. It cost a lot of money just to treat a minor illness here—perhaps all their savings wouldn't even be enough for an operation!

The woman began to grow suspicious. "No, Olivia—let us go back to the county. I'll have the surgery in the county, and I don't need any assistance. A minor surgery won't cost a lot of money."

She tried to get off the wheeled stretcher, but the nurse immediately held her down. "Don't move, madam. Please cooperate and lie down; you're still on a drip!"

"Mom, don't do this!" Olivia hurriedly tried to stop the woman as well.

However, the woman refused to listen to them, for she had an intuition that she shouldn't be here. She and her daughter didn't have a lot of money, but there were so many people in the

hospital who needed assistance, so why would the hospital choose to provide assistance to her? She didn't want to be a burden to her daughter!

Suddenly, a man's voice spoke from the side. "May I ask if you're Mrs. Parks?"

The struggling woman paused for a moment before she looked at the man doubtfully. "You are?"

"I am an employee of the Hart Group. You may call me Mr. Clark; I'm here today to make sure that you go through the admission procedures." Leo then held out a business card to the woman. Seeing that she was stunned, he proceeded to explain gently, "Our company has given financial assistance to many patients. You aren't the first patient to receive it, nor will you be the last one. Perhaps your daughter hasn't explained it clearly to you, but I'm here today to assist your daughter and help you go through the admission procedures before preparing you for your surgery."

Alicia Parks was a little dumbfounded. She looked at the business card in her hand which read, 'Special Assistant to the Director of the Hart Group...' Only then did she recall her daughter saying that she was a patient receiving financial aid. Does my daughter really not have to bear any costs for me?

However, she was still somewhat suspicious. "Mr. Clark, right? I'm a bit puzzled, but... why have I been chosen?"

Leo smiled before looking at the nurses around them. "You may ask these nurses; the Hart Group has provided assistance to many patients with financially difficult backgrounds, and we're definitely not a group of swindlers. Of course, we have to look into your family's condition and see if it's true. Your daughter has submitted your information to the hospital, and it has been examined and verified, so you can have your illness treated here with a peace of mind."

Upon hearing that, Olivia heaved a sigh of relief and immediately looked at her mother. "Do you believe me now, Mom?"

Alicia looked at the nurses beside her, and they smiled kindly in return. "Don't worry, madam. The Hart Group has sent many patients here, so you may put your mind at rest and have your illness treated."

Only then did Alicia believe their story. After breathing a sigh of relief, she immediately turned her gaze back to Leo. "I can't thank you enough, Mr. Clark. Please say thank you to your boss on my behalf... When I get well in the future, I'll make sure to thank him in person with my daughter... I don't know what to say, for someone like me is actually receiving help from honorable people like you guys... I'm really..."

Alicia choked up a little as she spoke. She was an honest and decent woman in the first place. She thought she had a small family of her own after meeting Cameron, so she felt happy even though she was neither well-off nor comfortable. It wasn't until later that she found out her happiness was built on someone else's misfortune. This filled her heart with guilt, shame, and remorse, but she didn't expect that God would still help her...

Leo shot a glance at Olivia and signaled her not to worry. Then, he smiled at Alicia. "Please have your illness treated with a peace of mind, Mrs. Parks. I'll visit you again."

"How can I have the cheek to bother you again, Mr. Clark..." Alicia immediately answered.

"It's okay. I'm just doing my job." Leo smiled.

Since she didn't dare to keep Leo for too long, Alicia had Olivia see him off as she was sent into the hospital's inpatient department by the nurses. On their way out of the hospital, Olivia thanked Leo sincerely and said, "Thank you for what you've done. Otherwise, my mother might have left stubbornly just now... Her illness... can't be cured at all in the county..."

Leo patted her on the head. "Indeed, it's not easy for a little girl like you to look after your mother. Take good care of yourself. You don't have to worry about the matter with the hospital. The hospital will call me, and I'll take care of that."

"Thank you..." Olivia felt somewhat ill at ease, for she had no idea what else she should say other than those two words.

Leo smiled. "If you want to thank someone, just thank your sister."

Olivia's eyes lit up at once. "Did Myra tell you to be here?"

Leo patted her shoulder without saying a word.

Olivia was a clever girl, so she figured everything out at once and was somewhat dejected. "Tony told you to be here, am I correct?"

"Well, are you going to thank him in the future?" Leo was quite fond of this little girl, so he treated her as a younger sister.

"In that case, Mr. Clark, can you help me ask him to put in a few good words for me as much as possible when he's with Myra?" Olivia asked with dead seriousness.

Leo was startled for a moment before he laughed. "I'll tell him that."

"Forget it..." Olivia's head drooped. "Myra probably... doesn't want to see me, so it's not necessary to trouble Tony."

"Your sister experiences very little love from her family," Leo replied implicitly.

"I know that... I'm so sorry..." Olivia's voice became hoarse in an instant. She knew that it was because of her and her mother that Myra and her mother became unhappy.

Upon hearing Olivia's reply, Leo knew that she had misunderstood what he said, though what she said was indeed a fact. He replied, "Everything will slowly get better."

Olivia took a deep breath. Upon thinking of her mother and Myra, she nodded heavily and responded innocently, "I know that everything will be fine. I'll apologize to Myra in person in the future." Then, she bowed to Leo. "Thank you, Mr. Clark. I'm going back to look after my mother."

"Just go." Leo nodded.

With that, Olivia parted ways with Leo. As she was on her way back, she took out her cell phone and keyed in a phone number, only to delete it after doing so. Then, she keyed in a long paragraph before deleting the entire thing once again. The only text that remained read, 'Thank you. From Olivia.'

She thought to herself, It's useless to say anything else. I'll meet my obligations as long as my sister needs me in the future!

...

Just then, Myra received a text message from an unfamiliar phone number. It was a text message sent by a girl named Olivia, and it was simply a message thanking her.

Myra's feelings were mixed when she thought of this girl. After learning the whole story, she knew that she shouldn't blame the mother and daughter, but she still rejected them somewhat deep down inside.

"What's the matter?" Tony came in from the outside just then. He just had a long meeting where there was a relatively heated debate, so he was quite worn out at this moment. He massaged his temple with his hand, but as soon as he sat down, Myra walked up to him, reached out her hands, and helped him massage his temples. "Are you tired? Let me massage your temples for you."

"Yeah." Tony closed his eyes slightly. Myra massaged his temples with just the right strength, making him feel very comfortable. After she massaged his temples for a while, he couldn't help but drag her from behind him to the front of him. As he held her in his arms, he sat her down on his lap to let her massage his temples face to face.

He kissed the woman before him on the cheeks, the forehead, and the lips from time to time before he let go of her. With his eyes still closed, he then asked impassively, "Was the talk with Cameron earlier today unpleasant?"