

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 371 - 375

"I would like to take a month off, and this is my application. Please pass it to Director Hart later." Ivy took a glance at her application form with listless eyes, and a wry smile tinged the edges of her lips for a split second, but she recovered her composure again very quickly.

At first, Leo was surprised, but he understood it quickly and breathed a sigh of relief silently. With a curious look, he asked, "Where are you going?"

Taking a deep breath, she answered, "I'll just go somewhere, anywhere, for a vacation." As though something came into her mind, she smirked and added, "Looks like I'll be missing Director Hart's wedding, so you don't have to send me the invitation."

Seeing how she appeared to be defeated, Leo couldn't help but feel a little sorry for her. Sighing softly, he asked, "Did you straighten out your thoughts?"

With a sarcastic chuckle, she said, "What else can I do besides coming around about it? Am I going to cling on to him?" Staring at her application form which she had placed on Leo's desk, she smiled bitterly. "Director Hart won't fall for me even if I cling on to him, and someone needs to retreat before I fall out completely with him and you. I have to admit that I've lost, and while it's true that I lost to Myra, I can't send them my blessings."

"Ivy—"

"Don't try to advise me. It's not that I can't get over it, but I'm just reluctant to let go." At this point, her eyes had already turned red, and she spun around before heading toward the elevator. "I'll see you in a month, Leo."

Let's meet up in a month, he thought, chuckling wryly in his heart as he watched her walk away. Hopefully by then, you'll return to the Ivy you used to be.

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After his meeting in the afternoon, Tony left the office with Myra, but they didn't take the car and were taking a walk together instead.

The weather in autumn was cool, and there weren't many pedestrians outside because it was working hours. Thus, it was comfortable to be walking on the streets.

"Are we going somewhere nearby?" Myra asked casually. "We're not even taking the car."

Holding her hand, he raised his brows and asked, "You don't want to take a walk with me?"

"Don't try to change the topic. I'm just curious," she said, casting him a glare from the corners of her eyes.

He chuckled softly, his laugh charming and alluring. Since he was good-looking and stood out in a crowd, many people turned their heads at them as they walked along the streets, attracting looks of admiration and envy.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, they stopped in front of a retro-looking store. Many different types of expensive fresh flowers decorated the first floor of the store stylishly without overcrowding the place. The entire store was very retro, and it wasn't so big. In fact, it wasn't even obvious that this was a florist.

Situated in the heart of the city, the store was located on a street behind a high-end apartment. So there weren't many people passing by, and they were mostly dignified people who did without turning to look in curiosity at the store.

When she reached the store with Tony, Myra instantly understood why he had brought her here. "You set up a store for me?" she asked, her eyes gleaming as she gazed at the fresh flowers.

"What do you think? Do you like it?" he asked in a whisper next to her ear.

His voice was deep, and his breath hot, tingling her as it sent blood rushing to her ears. Spinning around, she hugged him around the waist and exclaimed, "I like it very much!"

Chuckling softly, he placed his arms around her. "That's great. I was worried that you'll be bored staying in my office all the time, but you can come here if you do. There's already a florist and security officer working here, so you can just stay on the second floor to do your stuff."

Then, he led her into the store holding her waist, and sure enough, a florist was arranging some fresh flowers, and a security officer was sitting on a chair in a corner.

Seeing them, both the security officer and florist came over and greeted, "Hello, Director Hart."

Composedly, Tony acknowledged them and pointed at Myra with his chin, saying, "She's your boss from now onward, Miss Myra."

"Hello, Miss Myra," they greeted her.

Feeling a little embarrassed, she smiled at them and replied, "It's okay. You don't have to be bothered by us. Just do your job."

Since they both had already been briefed before, they spread out and continued with their job while Tony brought Myra upstairs.

Upstairs had also been nicely decorated. Although it wasn't spacious, it was very cozy. Thick carpet covered every inch of the floor and fresh, green plants could be seen everywhere as the sunlight poured through the balcony windows, giving the space a cozy and romantic touch.

"The workers downstairs have been briefed earlier. Without your permission, they won't come up here to disturb you, and neither will they allow anyone here. Once I'm done with work, I'll give you a call and come pick you up to go home together."

The phrase "going home together" struck Myra as extraordinarily satisfying and warm. Touched, she smiled and said, "I love this place!"

It was clear that Tony had given it a lot of thought; without so many people around here, she wouldn't be disturbed, but neither would she be isolated from the crowd. While this place was quiet, it didn't feel lonely.

"So from now onward, will you be placing the orders for the fresh flowers in your office from my store, Director Hart?" Myra asked mischievously.

Bursting into laughter, he kissed her eyes which were crinkled from her smile and said in a serious tone, "Will you give me a discount?"

Pretending to hesitate, she then said, "Well, I'll still have to show my respect to Director Hart, so I'll give you a twenty percent discount. What do you think?"

"I'll pay double the price so that the lady boss will do the delivery personally. What do you think?"

"In your dreams!" she said, casting him a look.

Then, he kissed her on the lips softly, as gentle as the wind. It was just a simple, lingering kiss, and he released her after a while.

Blushing, she buried her head into his chest, murmuring, "The happiness I'm feeling recently is so intense. It almost feels like a dream."

"Yeah. If it's a dream, then I'll be waking up together with you," he whispered, stroking her long hair.

Suddenly, his cell phone started ringing, and he picked up the call after glancing at the caller ID. Although Myra didn't know what was said on the call and Tony's expression remained the same, she saw a sharp light flashing in his eyes for a split second.

After he ended the call, she asked in concern, "What is it? Did something happen?"

His eyes narrowed as he replied, "The Walton Group recently just snatched two of Hart Group's important projects."

"What?!" Myra exclaimed, shocked.

Patting her assuringly on the shoulder, he said, "It's alright. The Walton Family had just arrived in Bradford, and they need to establish prestige and an image for themselves." With this, many companies would approach the Walton Family. After all, the situation was a little unpleasant between the Waltons and the Harts previously, and the Waltons had to let people see what they were capable of, or else it would be difficult for them to get a firm foothold in Bradford.

"Then what are you going to do?" There was some bad history between the two families, so had the Waltons decided to bring everything down with this? Having just arrived in Bradford and offended the Harts, what made the Waltons so confident that their future undertakings would be smooth here?

"I'm not doing anything. Let them have it," Tony replied calmly with raised eyebrows.

"You..." Her words trailed off as she scrutinized the man in front of her, having a hunch that he already had a plan in his mind as he wasn't a man to be walked over.

"Don't worry. It'll be fine if the Waltons don't play any tricks. But if they do, I don't even need to intervene," he assured with a soft smile and narrowed eyes. Leading her downstairs, he added, "You don't have to worry about the Waltons. All you have to do is take care of your store quietly."

Seeing that he seemed to have a clear plan of action, Myra stopped worrying because she knew that with his abilities, there was no way he would be the one to lose out.

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In the hospital, Gemma could finally calm down recently, but her grandfather, Edward, had arranged a few blind dates for her.

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In the beginning, Gemma was strongly against it because Tony was the one she liked. Even if she couldn't stand in front of him in her current state, she didn't want to accept another man just like that. Subconsciously, she hadn't lost her arrogance, and she didn't think that any other man was good enough for her except Tony.

However, Edward, Samuel, and Gideon kept assuring her and promised that this was only temporary so that their family could benefit from it. Once their family had gained a foothold in Bradford, she could do whatever she pleased. After going through a series of events previously, Gemma had matured a lot, and when she heard about how a situation could benefit her family, she gritted her teeth and agreed to it.

Her face had already been through surgery once, and the two most terrifying scars had been restored the best it could. Initially, Edward wanted the heir to the Lincoln Family, Ernie, to visit Gemma directly in the hospital, but she was bored to tears in the hospital and had never imagined nor wanted her blind date to be at an icy cold place like the hospital. This time, Edward didn't object to it and allowed her to leave the hospital together with a nurse.

In order to hide the scars without using gauze as bandage, Gemma had asked the nurse to remove her gauze bandage, replacing it with an opaque scarf to cover her face and wearing a sunhat before leaving the hospital.

When they reached the meeting spot with Ernie, Gemma took out her pocket mirror she always brought with her and opened it, but when she suddenly remembered how she looked, her expression fell a little. Still, she gathered her emotions very quickly and walked into the coffee house.

Even when the nurse was seated far away from her and it was a rare opportunity for her to step out of the hospital, she wasn't as happy as she thought she would be. On the way from the hospital to the coffee house, many people stared fixedly at her face. It was now autumn, and the weather was a little cloudy today. Not only was it weird enough that she was wearing a sunhat, but she even used a scarf to cover her face tightly and revealed only her eyes.

Many of those who had a discerning eye could tell in a glance that there was a problem with her face, and they shot her looks of pity and sympathy, which Gemma hated the most, and it made her mood even more terrible.

When she reached the coffee house, Ernie had yet to arrive, so she sat at a table which was reserved for them and ordered water. As instructed by the doctor, it was best for her not to drink anything else, and after waiting for a while, Ernie arrived.

Gemma was a little aloof toward him because she didn't really like him, and she thought that he was a hypocrite for agreeing to this blind date despite already knowing the situation with her face now.

Although it was true that Ernie knew about her face, he didn't care much about it, as a man like him was simply marrying a woman because it was a business marriage. The power of the Waltons was burning as bright as the midday sun in Bradford now, and even though it wasn't comparable to the Harts, he believed that every dog would have its day. He saw the opportunity with the ongoing development by the Waltons, and when Samuel brought this up in a cocktail party a couple of days ago, he subtly agreed to this blind date with Gemma.

However, when he saw Gemma, he had a mixed feeling of sympathy and disdain for her. Everyone knew that she was unsuccessful in her pursuit of Tony and ended up disfiguring herself in the process. Despite that, it didn't matter to him because he merely wanted a connection with her and not really to spend his life with her.

Taking a seat across her, Ernie looked at her with clear eyes and didn't display anything he was thinking about. Instead, he looked at her in concern and said, "I heard that you're not fully recovered yet, and I wanted to visit you at the hospital, but Mr. Walton said that you wanted to meet me outside. This is our first meeting, and we're unfamiliar with each other, so I hope you won't find me a bore, Miss Walton."

Observing the man in front of her carefully, Gemma saw that he didn't express any dislike for herself, and she softened her face a little, saying casually, "The air in the hospital is filled with the smell of disinfectant, and since this is a blind date, it's better suited in a more comfortable place."

"You're right, Miss Walton. I wonder what's your hobby, usually. Once you've recovered, I could maybe have the chance to show off my skills as well," he said with a chuckle.

Gemma thought that this person wasn't so bad, after all. At least, she could bear with anything he had come up with until now, and she felt that it wouldn't be a problem for her to tolerate him until the Waltons didn't need the Lincolns anymore. With that thought in mind, the conversation between them took a lighter, more positive turn after that.

Halfway, Ernie excused himself to pick up a call, and she leaned back into the couch lazily as she waited for him. Suddenly, her eyes darted toward a couple who were standing at the entrance nearby—Tony walking in with his arm around Myra's waist.

Her smitten eyes lingered on Tony as she hadn't seen him for a very long time. In fact, she hadn't seen him ever since her face was disfigured. Without anyone to point it out, she could tell just how blissful he was with Myra. Seeing how they leaned on each other, she almost pierced through her own palms with her nails as she gripped her fists tightly.

Returning from his phone call, Ernie happened to see her staring fondly at Tony, who wasn't far away. The look in his eyes grew solemn in an instant, and he asked curtly, "Who are you staring at, Miss Walton?"

Startled, she turned her head around, and her eyes fell on Ernie's face. He can't even be compared to Tony, she thought. Be it his family background, looks, abilities, or resorts... Nothing at all is comparable.

A pang of pain washed over her heart, and Gemma suddenly felt that she could no longer stay here with him, but she knew that she was not in the position to act rashly.

"I saw someone I know, but I'm not sure if I should go and say hi," she replied calmly instead.

Sniggering, Ernie said, "This is our first meeting today. Why don't you greet your friend the next time?"

Gemma smirked. "Whatever."

The look in Ernie's eyes darkened because it was clear to him that Gemma didn't understand the rules. No matter whom she was in love with before this, she had to forget the past if she had decided to be with him. Otherwise, this would be akin to a slap on his face.

The air between the both of them turned unpleasant after that, but Gemma didn't notice it because her mind was somewhere else. When the blind date ended and they both decided to leave, she even spaced out for a while. Ernie wanted to escort her out, but when he saw the dazed look on her face, he retracted his outstretched hand.

Meanwhile, Gemma thought that he wanted to help her out of her seat, so she leaned herself toward him when she stood up. However, she didn't expect him to retract his hand so suddenly, and she almost fell because she lost her balance. Luckily, she quickly held on to the little round table next to her and broke the fall.

Jerking her head up, she shot him an annoyed look. "What are you doing?!"

"What are you trying to do?" he asked in reply nonchalantly, as though he hadn't seen the annoyed look in her eyes.

Pursing her lips, Gemma got up, picked up her handbag, and left the place in a huff.

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In the meantime, Tony entered a private room with his arm around Myra, and there was already a man sitting in the room. He looked like he was in his forties, but with a matured and dashing face which was very attractive. Somehow, Myra had the feeling that she had seen him somewhere before.

"Let me introduce. She's my fiancée, Myra Stark," Tony said to the man with a friendly smile when he walked in. Turning to Myra, he said, "This is Mr. Jean-Jacques Blanc from France, a renowned jewelry designer."

No wonder he looks so familiar! I've seen him on magazines and television before! Myra realized. Extending her hand, she shook hands with Jean-Jacques and released it, saying, "So you're Mr. Blanc. I'm sorry for not recognizing you because Tony didn't tell me who you were before coming here. My apologies."

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"It's alright. I can understand that Tony didn't tell you beforehand because he wants to surprise you," Jean-Jacques said in his prominent French accent as he smiled graciously. "Please take a seat. By the way, I know that you're pregnant, so I ordered a glass of milk for you, and a cup of coffee for Tony."

Right after he said that, the waiter came in and placed the milk and coffee in front of Myra and Tony respectively.

Smirking, Tony said, "You're rather attentive toward my fiancée. So how are things going with what I asked of you?"

Looking at the both of them in confusion, Myra then saw Jean-Jacques giving herself a friendly smile as he said, "Of course I'll make it a priority to finish your request first. Look, this is the diamond bracelet I personally crafted for Miss Stark."

From a bag next to him, Jean-Jacques took out a red velvet box as Tony raised his brows. With a grin, he passed the box to Myra and explained, "Well, this is my personal gift for you, Miss Stark. I'm aware that you like silver jewelry. This bracelet is made out of silver and I personally cut the small diamonds that decorated it. I wonder if you'll like it, Miss Stark."

After opening the box, Myra saw a bracelet lying in it, and she had to admit that his design was ingenious. Despite the fact that it was such an ordinary silver bracelet, he was able to make it really exquisite. The chain itself was very fine, and the tiny diamonds sitting firmly on it didn't appear either too cumbersome nor extravagant.

"Wow, thank you, Mr. Blanc! I like it very much!" Myra exclaimed as she took the box from him and flashed him a brilliant smile.

Raising his brows, Jean-Jacques said, "You're a very beautiful woman, Miss Stark. Even I feel a little attracted when you smile at me like that. It's no wonder that Tony is so in love with you."

Everything he said was purely a compliment for Myra stemming from his deep-rooted romanticism as a French, and it didn't feel repulsive in any way.

However, Tony pulled her into his arms possessively and cast her a look. "You know full well that I'm so in love with her, so you'd better stop staring at her."

"Oh, you're jealous. How rare to see you like this!" Jean-Jacques said jokingly.

Blushing, Myra lowered her head and punched Tony's chest lightly, but he merely smiled gently and caught her fist in his hand.

The three of them continued chatting for a while, and it was revealed that Jean-Jacques made a trip to Bradford this time because he wanted to have a chat with Myra personally as Tony had requested him to design a few pieces of jewelry for her. As an artist who was also a perfectionist, he wanted to learn about her habits and hobbies so that he could incorporate it perfectly into his designs for her.

When it was about time, Jean-Jacques said to the both of them in a sad tone, "You're the most interesting and sickly-sweet couple I've ever met!"

Then, he burst into a chuckle. Throughout the whole time, he saw that Tony's eyes never left Myra, as though he simply couldn't get enough of her. This was very different from the aloof and indifferent man that he knew from before.

While Myra was embarrassed, what Tony said next left the both of them speechless. Calmly, he said with raised brows, "That's because you haven't met a lot of people, Mr. Blanc."

At the entrance of the coffee house, after they said goodbye to Jean-Jacques, Tony went to drive the car over while Myra waited at the entrance for him.

The lights in the streets had just lit up, but the evening sky wasn't completely dark yet. Waiting patiently at the entrance, Myra smiled gently as she felt her belly. Then, she said something that was only audible to herself, and the smile on her face became even more gentle.

However, this gentle smile pierced Gemma's heart deeply.

Once Tony fell in love with a woman, he would spoil her in every way. Just looking at how happy Myra was right now was proof to that, but all these once belonged to her! A wave of painful emotions washed over her, and she held her palms into tight fists in agony.

Suddenly, a voice came from behind her, saying, "Miss Stark is so beautiful and gentle. It's no wonder Director Hart likes her." It was Ernie who had come from behind her.

The next second, Gemma's face darkened. "Didn't you say that you'll be sending me back? Quickly drive the car over. It's already so late now."

With a vague smirk on his face, Ernie simply went toward the parking lot without starting an argument with her. When he had left the spot, Gemma's face turned stone cold and she marched toward Myra, who saw her when she was close to the coffee house entrance.

Seeing her head which was wrapped in a scarf, Myra froze for a moment, but she could immediately guess who the woman walking toward herself was. Reflexively, she took a couple of steps to the side, but Gemma was obviously coming for her. Myra squinted her eyes, for she was unable to see the expression on Gemma; all she could see were eyes filled with hatred and envy. Somewhat worried, she pursed her lips.

"What a coincidence, Miss Stark. I can even bump into you on the one day when I get out of the hospital. You really follow me wherever I go!" Gemma started speaking in a snide tone.

Furrowing her brows tightly, Myra said curtly, "Hi, Gemma."

"Why are you here? Are you here to have coffee with Director Hart? I remember that you're pregnant though. Do you still dare to drink coffee? Aren't you afraid of losing your child, the bargaining chip to marry into the Hart Family?" Her voice was a little high-pitched, and it immediately drew the attention of passersby around the coffee house.

Subconsciously, Myra placed a hand over her baby in her belly, protecting it as she wanted to walk away.

All of a sudden, Gemma grabbed her by her arm and said in a cold voice, "Don't go. This is a rare chance for us to meet up, so let's have a good chat."

Jerking her hand away, Myra said, "I have nothing to talk about with you."

Myra knew that Gemma was a paranoid lunatic, so she didn't want to have an argument with her right now.

"Are you looking down on me because you're about to become Mrs. Hart?" Gemma's voice had turned colder and it carried sarcasm as she suddenly came close to her ears and whispered in a cold-blooded manner, "Have you seen what I've become now, Myra? Thanks to you, my face is disfigured, but don't you get happy too soon. One fine day, I'll have my revenge on you for everything I'm going through now!"

"You must be crazy!" Myra exclaimed, her brows knitted together fiercely. With a sullen look, she said, "You're only reaping what you sowed for the fact that your face is disfigured. You wanted to run over Tony, but God is fair and you got your just desserts! You should count your blessings that the Harts decided not to pursue this matter to the end, Gemma Walton!"

"The reason the Harts didn't pursue this matter to the end is because my family is strong," Gemma spat, her eyes filled with hatred. "Just you wait. Your happy days won't remain for long!"

With that, she glared viciously at Myra and suddenly reached out her hand to give the latter a strong push. As they were standing on a step, Myra couldn't dodge in time and she was shoved off the step by her hard push. As a result, she fell to the ground. She panicked, and subconsciously reached out to protect her baby, but the fall she was expecting didn't happen.

A familiar yet foreign smell drifted into Myra's nose, and she jerked her head up in surprise to see Sean looking at Gemma with icy cold eyes. "Miss Walton, are you harming another person on the streets publicly because you're worried that the people of Bradford hadn't seen enough of your viciousness? Are you simply begging to be sent to a mental institution?"

Everyone knew that the Harts were unable to pursue the case where Gemma tried to run over Tony deliberately because of a psychiatric assessment, which stated that she was suffering from schizophrenia. Now, the way Sean was directly pointing out her schizophrenia could have her sent to a mental institution!

Clearly, Gemma knew about this point as well, because her family had all warned her about it before. However, she simply couldn't take it anymore when she saw Myra earlier, and she could feel her blood boil all over.

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When Gemma heard Sean's words, she was a little worried and afraid, but it fueled her hatred and envy even more. She couldn't understand what was so amazing about Myra that made the guys so smitten with her; even Ernie, who had just seen her, also complimented her! Just what is so amazing about Myra to these men?

"You're so devoted, Director Chase. Miss Stark is about to get married, but you still can't get her off your mind," Gemma said with a sarcastic smirk. Turning to Myra, she continued, "You've planned everything so well, Miss Stark. While you're dating one man, you also keep another hooked on the line. Are you keeping a spare man for yourself this way so that you'll have a good place to turn to in case Tony dumps you one day?"

"Stop attacking others like a mad dog, Gemma," Myra snapped. When she recovered her composure, she quickly stood up and got out of Sean's embrace, then she kept a distance from him, leaving him to stare gloomily at his empty arms for a second.

"A mad dog? Being a mad dog is better than being a b\*tch!" Peering at the both of them, Gemma waved her cell phone gleefully at them, saying, "What do you think of this picture?" Earlier when Sean held Myra to break her fall, Gemma had quickly snapped a picture of that moment. "Should I send it to Tony?"

"Do whatever you want," Myra answered nonchalantly while smirking mockingly. "There's a surveillance camera outside of the coffee house, and everything that happened earlier was captured on camera. What do you think you can achieve by sending this picture? Besides showing other people how despicable you are, do you really think you can drive a wedge between me and Tony with that?"

"Oh Myra, did you overestimate your relationship with Tony? Don't you think you're being a bit too optimistic? Are you really so sure that he can't do without you? Aren't you flattering yourself a little too much?" Gemma said, clutching her fists tightly. In fact, Myra was right, and Gemma still remembered her lesson from the scandal incident the last time. Therefore, she didn't dare to act rashly this time, but she merely said those things earlier to spite Myra because she just couldn't take it lying down.

Just as the words left her lips, a low voice belonging to a man echoed beside them. The man was speaking in an indifferent and emotionless tone, and he even sounded a little frosty. "Speaking of flattering oneself, it's clear that you're above everyone else, Miss Walton."

Without any of them realizing it, Tony had driven his car over, stopped it at the roadside and walked toward them. Seeing him, Myra called out to him.

Tony paced over and walked past Sean calmly to stand next to Myra before pulling her into his arms. With a solemn look at Gemma, he said, "Judging from what happened today, it seems like you're quite unwell, Miss Walton. I wonder if the procedures will be troublesome if I mention it to the higher ups to have a dangerous patient sent to a psychiatric institution."

He was merciless with his words, showing no respect for Gemma at all. On the other hand, all blood drained from Gemma's face as she bit her lip hard, and she wanted to pull off the scarf which was in the way. However, she knew that she would be outmatched even more if she did that. Hence, she clenched her fists tightly and wanted to say something else, but Tony had already started to walk away toward his car with his arm around Myra's shoulders.

The words were stuck in her throat, and she trembled in anger at the sight of how loving the both of them were. Seeing how glum Sean was when he stared at Tony and Myra, she chuckled mockingly and said, "Take a good look at what a two-faced woman she is, and if she's worth all of you treating her so nicely, Director Chase!"

Keeping his gaze away from them, Sean turned to look at Gemma frostily and said, "Whether she's worth it or not is up to us to decide. It's none of your business, Miss Walton." Without waiting for a reply from her, he left the spot directly.

By now, Gemma was shaking all over in anger from the way these men treated her. Suddenly, she heard the loud noise of a car engine, and she turned to see a black Mercedes-Benz driving past. She seemed to have caught a glimpse of Ernie's side profile. In just a few seconds, the car had driven away from the entrance of the coffee house.

She chased after it for a few steps, but the car turned into a corner and disappeared from sight. Stomping her feet furiously, she was about to call Ernie to ask him why he had left before picking her up when he called her first.

Glaring at the caller ID, she deliberately waited until the very last moment to pick up the call before the line could be disconnected. However, when she picked up the call, Ernie

immediately said, "Gemma, I have to attend to some urgent business in my company, so I won't be able to drop you off. Grab a cab back to the hospital by yourself and take care."

Without waiting for her to say anything, he hung up the call, and when she tried calling again, his phone was already switched off. With an incredibly sombre face, Gemma tried to calm herself down deeply from within before she gradually regained her composure.

"You won't be smug for long, Myra Stark! And you'll regret the day you gave up on me, Tony Hart!" she vowed under her breath viciously.

After getting into the car, Tony didn't look too pleased, so Myra leaned toward him to grab his arm. "I didn't see that Sean was there earlier, and he merely helped me out when Gemma shoved me," she explained, thinking that he was unhappy to see herself with Sean.

Kissing her cheek, he said, "I know that he saved our baby earlier, but Gemma..."

His voice turned stone-cold at the mention of Gemma's name. Again and again, she came seeking trouble with them, and he naturally wouldn't let her have it easy in the future.

Tugging at his arm, Myra said, "I didn't even imagine that she would show up. She really gave me a scare."

"Yeah. It's fine now that both you and the baby are safe," he said, trying to console her.

"The Waltons are doing really well recently. Are you not feeling any pressure from it?" From how arrogant Gemma was acting earlier, Myra could imagine how well her family must be doing now.

"Well, I'm actually worried that they aren't doing well enough," Tony replied with a lopsided smirk. A dark look flashed across his eyes as he started the engine and drove away from the place.

On the way, Myra looked at the bracelet on her wrist and said to the man who was driving next to her, "You got Mr. Blanc to design jewelry for me?" Earlier, she didn't notice it, but she could see it clearly now.

She could see his intense seriousness from his side profile while he was driving. The night lights poured over the side of his face, casting bright lights on it for one second and plunging his features into shadows the next, but his face still appeared incredibly gentle.

“Yes. I thought that you’ll like his designs,” he answered truthfully.

“I do like it very much,” she replied, gazing at the bracelet as a sense of happiness filled her heart.

After dinner at home, Myra received a text from Cameron, telling her how badly their company did on this day. Maybe he was worried that Tony might pick up the call if he called, which was why he had sent a text instead.

When she finished reading the text, she deleted it right away.

Then, she heard a husky voice from the bathroom. “Myra, I forgot the towel. Please pass me one.”

Without thinking too much about it, Myra grabbed a clean towel from the closet and went to the bathroom. The bathroom door then opened partially with a click, and Tony stood with his back straight at the door. Despite the heat and mist, she could see his figure clearly.

He had the golden ratio of a man’s body—wide shoulders and narrow hips—which gave his torso an inverted triangle look. The muscles around his abdomen were chiseled and looked very powerful. In an instant, Myra blushed at the sight and tossed the towel to the man in front of her without hesitation.

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“Can’t you cover that up, Tony?!”

His eyes were dark and brooding when he stepped outside; they looked clouded and dull from being enclosed in the shower for an extended period of time. Along with that, a complicated smile tugged at the corner of his lips...

“Didn’t I give you the towel? Do you expect me to cover up with my dirty clothes?” The man smirked lazily at Myra.

Myra's face turned a deeper red and she was about to turn around; she didn't notice the hint of slyness that flashed across the man's eyes when he removed the towel from his face. Immediately after that, he swiftly extended his hand and grabbed the woman, shoving her back into the shower with him. He then slammed the door shut behind them in the process and pressed Myra's back against the closed door.

The air was hot and humid with residual steam in the bathroom. Meanwhile, the temperature seemed to be rising rapidly—it was getting hotter and hotter with every passing second.

She bit down on her lip as she raised her head, and the man's eyes were unbelievably ominous when they met hers. A hint of tenderness surfaced in his eyes as he noticed her gesture.

"Myra?" Tony's low and magnetic voice played in her ears. Then, he dipped all of a sudden and kissed her.

...

By the time it was over, Myra had long since fallen asleep. The man carried her to the bed before leaving the bedroom. As he picked up his ringing phone, he noticed that he had already missed a few calls. "Hello?"

Elliot's voice rang excitedly from the other end. "You're finally picking up, Tony."

"Yeah, how's it going over there?" Tony's voice was quite draggy and hoarse as he spoke—he sounded like a leopard enjoying the sun after a scrumptious meal. Elliot seemed to have picked it up right away, so he clicked his tongue disapprovingly before he said, "How inconsiderate of you, Tony—you're being lovey-dovey with Myra all the time. Have you thought about our feelings?"

"Are you saying that you don't like Tilly anymore?" Tony was a little sarcastic with his tone. "I guess I should give Myra a heads up—Tilly is her closest employee in the company, after all."

"Stop, Tony. I was just kidding. You and Myra should do what you want every single day—lovey-dovey or not! Whatever you do, please don't take it out on your buddy here; I spent a great deal of effort to finally have a chance with a woman, so if she leaves me, I'd really need a shoulder to cry on!" Elliot wailed in a panic as soon as he heard Tony's words.

Tony smiled slightly at his flustered reaction. He then responded with a nonchalant hum as he subconsciously retrieved his packet of cigarettes and lit one up. Ever since he found out that Myra was pregnant, he only smoked a cigarette when he had an intense craving; when he did, he would make sure that she wasn't around.

Wisps of smoke which floated heavenward from the tip of the cigarette looked like smooth, premium silk; it fogged up Tony's vision a little as he stared ahead.

During such times, Elliot would usually suffer another round of evil teasing from Tony. This time, however, he was surprised to find that his buddy had let him off just like that! Elliot thought to himself that Tony was probably in a very good mood after having a great time!

Elliot pursed his lips; it was a pity that his hopes were still far from reality. How nice it'd be if Tilly has just a fraction of Myra's gentle personality!

Even though Elliot's thoughts were full of complaints, a smile played on his lips. Nonetheless, there was nothing he liked more than Tilly's flustered and angered demeanor whenever she defended her own stance. It'd make her look like a spiked up cat who was about to launch her attack—Elliot couldn't help but tease her at the sight of it!

"I actually called to talk to you about the Waltons, Tony." However, Elliot suddenly realized that they'd gone off topic in the heat of the moment! He then continued, "The Waltons are getting much bolder. We have intel regarding the smaller companies that the Waltons have started again—they're planning to collaborate with the Lincoln Family's successor. Sadly, Ernie has no clue about the Waltons' true intentions. In fact, he even went on a blind date with Gemma. From the looks of it, the two families will probably tie the knot in an arranged marriage."

"That sure sounds like the Waltons." Tony exhaled slowly as smoke escaped from his mouth. He narrowed his eyes slightly, for he was none other than the first person the Waltons had come to in hopes of setting up an arranged marriage. Then, Tony let out a sudden scoff and said, "Here's our final move—we'll start with the Lincolns. Since the Waltons have proposed a marriage, they're definitely going to please the Lincolns in order to earn their agreement. Remember this—I want concrete evidence to ruin them once and for all."

"Got it!" Indeed, the corporate world was a battlefield; no gunpowder and grenades were involved, but it was much more brutal and intense than an actual war. Tony only had one chance to do it right—if the Waltons were able to get away with their crimes this time, he wouldn't be able to come this close to exposing them again!

Elliot responded to Tony's instructions with enthusiasm. As he did so, he felt his body burning up with excitement—it had been such a long time since he was able to go all out on a job. This was nothing like their ordinary businesses in the past, for this could directly affect the rise and fall of an entire family business. If Elliot were to mess up, he could trigger huge economical changes in Bradford City!

"There's also the Stark Group..." After one problem was resolved, Elliot moved onto the next topic of discussion. In particular, Cameron and the mother-daughter duo were truly difficult to deal with. Elliot hesitated before he said, "Should we continue to pressure the shareholders?"

"Yeah, let Hansen handle it. He doesn't have a lot of the company's stocks, but he's quite well-respected nevertheless. He's one of us now—he's already told Myra on the phone. Things will be a lot smoother with him on our side."

"All right! These smart guys are the best," Elliot said with a laugh.

Tony seemed to have more to say after that, but the bedroom door opened in front of him suddenly.

He was on the phone outside just by the door, and when he heard it open, he instinctively cast his eyes toward the room. Myra was wearing a set of cotton pajamas which was suitable for the fall weather. She stood by the door, looking drowsy from her sleep. Then, she rubbed her eyes lazily with one hand and leaned against the door frame with the other. She stared at Tony with half-opened eyes and asked croakily, "Are you on the phone? It's late, so why aren't you sleeping yet..."

Tony's heart instantly softened at the sight of Myra's sluggish state. He returned to his call and told Elliot hastily, "I'll leave the rest to you." Then, he hung up without another word and walked over to Myra. After just a few steps, he was suddenly reminded of the cigarette in his hand. He quickly discarded it into a nearby trashcan before he walked past her at the door and headed into the bedroom.

"Aren't you tired? Why are you up?" Tony's voice was soft, and it sounded like he was putting a child to sleep.

Myra mumbled, "You're not here, so... I can't sleep..."

Tony jolted for a moment before a tender warmth filled his eyes. Then, he got into bed with Myra and kissed her forehead before he pulled her close into his arms. "Go to sleep. I'm here."

"Okay." Myra snuggled up to the man. A wave of sleepiness quickly washed over her, and she was sound asleep in no time.

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Ever since Kris was hospitalized after breaking ties with the Waltons, she had become a lot more meek and reserved. Rachel hadn't visited her at all since she was still unhappy with her, whereas Cameron obviously didn't have the time to do so. Apart from that, people from the Walton Family were naturally reluctant to see her. If Hayden hadn't dropped by almost every day, she would've felt like she had disappeared from the face of the earth.