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"It wasn't just unpleasant!" Myra curled her lips. "We even had a quarrel; he negated everything about the time he spent with my mother and expressed his stance. Also, he'll never give us ten percent of the Stark Group's shares."

"It's even better if he doesn't give us the shares." Tony curled his thin lips into a smile and opened his starry eyes—they were bright and dazzling as if they had sucked in all the stars in the world. Then, he kissed Myra on the lips and said, "He'll still be a shareholder of the Stark Group if he gives us the shares. If he doesn't..." He sneered, but as he stared at Myra's face, he softened his expression and stroked her long hair with his hand. "The part of the Stark Group that belongs to him will belong to you."

Somehow, Myra couldn't help but feel embarrassed when she met Tony's affectionate gaze while sitting on his lap. Deciding to simply let the chips fall where they may, she planted a kiss on the man's thin lips and looked at his eyes. "Cameron said something else just now."

"What did he say?" Tony's gaze seemed to darken somewhat. Suddenly, he turned Myra over so that her back was facing him. Myra could only look back since she couldn't see him, but the man behind her kissed her on the lips as soon as she did so.

As his kiss slowly grew in intensity, Myra pushed him away with great difficulty and glared at him in embarrassment and annoyance. "I'm still talking to you, Tony!"

However, Tony suddenly scooped her up in his arms and walked into the lounge, all the while staring at Myra's eyes with his smiley eyes. "Just say what you want to say. I'm listening!"

Myra flushed crimson in an instant, for she couldn't help overthinking things at the sight of the look in Tony's eyes and what he was doing! "You're not going to do it in broad daylight, are—"

Tony paused for a moment before his eyes darkened. "I'm dying for a smoke, Myra."

“Go out and smoke then,” Myra replied quickly. Tony had almost completely quit smoking as of late; he was worried about the baby in her womb. Whenever he wanted to smoke, he would stay away from her.

Tony took the opportunity to put her onto the bed, but he threw himself on top of her instead of leaving. “I think there’s a better way to quit smoking.”

“You have a meeting a while later, Tony!” Myra’s head was almost aflame as she put her hands on the man’s chest. “Don’t... Can’t you wait until tonight...”

“You’ve been putting the baby above everything else every single time because of your pregnancy...” There seemed to be a trace of grievance in the man’s voice.

Meanwhile, Myra was on the verge of speechlessness!

“Myra...” The man’s chest had pressed down on Myra as he planted one kiss after another on her neck. He breathed warm air onto her face and neck, giving her an itchy and tingling sensation.

Myra put her arms around the neck of the man on top of her in resignation. “Be gentle. I’ll be pregnant for three full months in another two days.”

“Really?” Tony’s eyes grew even darker as he kissed Myra on the lips again with joy in his voice. “It seems that you miss me too, Myra...” He chuckled.

Myra blushed all the way to her neck. “Who is missing you?! I’m getting up if you don’t want to.”

She pretended to get up, but the man held her down right away with all his might, for it was at this moment that he was most thick-skinned. “I’m the one who’s missing you, of course. I can’t wait to—”

“Tony!” Myra was so annoyed and amused that she simply silenced Tony by kissing him on the lips.

When the man finished making out with Myra to his heart’s content, she was already too tired to move her fingers. However, a thought came into her mind at that moment. She tugged at the man’s arm, snuggled up against him, and looked up at the man. “Earlier today, Cameron said that I’m exploiting you to get rid of my past failed marriage and get my hands

on the Stark Group... I thought about it. Even though I don't have that idea, things are developing in that direction... What will you think of me?" Myra was somewhat nervous when she asked this question. After all, what Cameron said was indeed the outcome.

Tony frowned slightly before kissing her on the forehead. "Is Cameron someone who will make you feel good when you refuse to invest in his company?"

Myra shook her head. "Of course not." At this moment, Cameron probably hated her guts and wished that he didn't have a daughter like her!

"That settles it then. Now that he doesn't want to make you feel good, are you really going to do as he wishes?" Tony felt a sense of satisfaction as he tightened his arms around Myra's body. His thin lips curved in a smile as he thought to himself, As expected, it's not bad to quit smoking in such a way. This method can be recommended for frequent use.

Myra shook her head. "No, I'm not," she replied. However, she then looked at Tony again. "Let's put his wishes aside. What do you think when both of us are concerned?"

Seeing the persistent look in Myra's eyes, Tony felt somewhat helpless. Then, he kissed her on the forehead and replied, "If this is considered exploitation, I'll only be too eager for you to take advantage of me and bleed me dry! Or..." He darted a look at her body with undisguised lust before planting a hickey on her neck. "You may also bleed me dry in another way."

Myra was rendered speechless; she felt that she had grossly underestimated how thick-skinned the man in front of her could be. With that, she simply turned over and ignored him. When he noticed that she had gotten angry, Tony let out a chuckle and coaxed her, "You're my woman, so I'm doing these things just to make you happy; this has nothing to do with someone else or your wishes. In fact, I'll give you the Stark Group even if you don't want it. As for your previous marriage, it doesn't even require mentioning—how am I going to win your love without getting rid of your previous marriage?"

His words sent a warm current flowing through Myra's heart, and she turned over again. "You like speaking honeyed words more and more now."

Tony readily went along with her. "Well, do you like it?"

"What are you going to do if I say that I don't like it?" Myra deliberately made things difficult for him.

Tony had a look of meaningful joy in his eyes. "In that case, I'll take action directly instead of speaking."

Myra glared at him as she was rendered speechless by his words. This b\*stard! Then, after hesitating for a moment, she said to him, "Also... Olivia sent me a text message just now."

Tony was a good listener. "What did she say?"

"She just thanked me."

Tony nodded impassively. "That's pretty nice. She knows to be grateful."

"You know that this isn't what I mean!" Myra glared at him again.

Tony laughed in resignation. "I can arrange a meeting between you two if you're willing to see her, Myra. Of course, no one will force you if you can't get over this."

Myra twisted her fingers together, her feelings conflicted. "Doesn't her mother's surgery have a high probability of success? Isn't she only 12 or 13 years old? Is she enduring everything alone without help from anyone else?"

"Yeah." Tony was impressed by the little girl as well. "She's a precocious child. I don't think she would've bothered you if it weren't for her mother's illness."

"I know that." Myra took a deep breath. "Just give me more time; I'll make the decision when I finish organizing my thoughts."

"Okay."

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The next meeting had been postponed to the afternoon. Since it so happened that Tony was going out to do something, Myra followed him out of the Hart Group's building and went to her small flower shop.

The two employees stayed dutifully in the shop while she was away, though they didn't sell many flowers that day.

Just then, the florist handed Myra a document in a brown paper bag. “The man who asked for you yesterday came again, Miss Stark. He left this thing behind and asked us to hand it to you when you’re here.”

Myra frowned slightly at the sight of the document. She had made everything clear to Sean the day before, but he didn’t seem to listen to her at all!

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As Myra looked at the document in her hand, a feeling of restlessness surged up within her. Then, she stuffed the document back in Sharon’s hands and said, “Can you run an errand for me, Sharon? Send this back—I know the address of that man’s company.”

Meanwhile, the florist named Sharon looked somewhat ill at ease. “I can do it for you, but the person predicted that you’d send this back, Miss Stark. He said that the document in it has come into effect, so you must go to him personally if you want to amend it...”

Myra opened the brown paper bag speechlessly. As Tony mentioned, it contained individual shares of the Stark Group; Sean had listed her as the beneficiary after buying them. Myra pressed her lips together, took out her cell phone, and dialed a number. When the call finally picked up, she asked, “Mr. Kennedy, what procedures do I need to go through in order to return the Stark Group’s shares given by someone else?” When she got the answer from the other end of the phone, she looked somewhat glum. “I got it. Thank you,” she said politely before hanging up. With that, Myra turned to look at Sharon helplessly. “I’m going out, so please watch over the shop for me.”

“It’s okay, Miss Stark. Don’t worry about it and go ahead with your stuff; I’ll watch over the shop.” Sharon waved to her.

Myra let out a sigh and picked up the document. Then, she turned around and left the flower shop.

Sean was a lunatic, and Myra had to go to him this time despite knowing that he deliberately wanted her to do so. She didn’t want to accept any gifts from him without rhyme or reason, for this would make her feel very upset.

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Meanwhile, Eve stormed into the Chase Group's building. When the receptionist noticed her arrival, she quickly stood up and greeted her by shouting, "Good afternoon, Madam Eve!"

However, Eve turned a deaf ear to it and walked directly toward the elevator.

At the sight of the scene, the receptionist immediately called Richard to tell him what had happened.

On the other hand, Sean was on the phone with someone. Now that the Stark Group was in danger of collapsing, many of its shareholders were interested in selling the shares they were holding. Sean had already bought quite a lot of the shares, but he was still contacting people ceaselessly.

The person on the other end of the line happily sold his shares to Sean at the price Sean quoted. After the two of them agreed on it, the person couldn't help but ask, "Please excuse me for speaking bluntly, Director Chase. You know as well that the Stark Group is in a bad situation right now, and the slightest carelessness can cause the company to fall into a bottomless pit, so why would you want to get involved in this mess? Of course, I'm very grateful to you for buying up the shares I hold in the Stark Group. I'd be reduced to poverty and ruin if you don't do so."

Sean attempted a smile as he recalled a past memory. It seemed that he wanted to smile, but he only managed a faint smile in the end. "I just want to help a person."

"Who do you want to help? Could the person be Miss Stark, our general manager?" asked the person.

Some emotion seemed to flash across Sean's eyes as he muttered softly, "Mm-hm."

The person sighed. "I heard about the matter between the two of you. I thought you divorced her because you didn't want to be with her anymore, but it seems that there are still many things that I don't know. Nonetheless..." The person on the other end of the line hesitated for a moment. Then, he couldn't help but continue, "I'm giving you a few words of reminder for your own good, Director Chase. There are limits to helping someone, so don't ignore everything else for her sake... After all, she may not appreciate the favor you're doing for her."

Everyone already knew that Myra was together with Tony, the Hart Group's director and future heir. Now that there was a comparison, no one believed that Myra would dump Tony and get back together with Sean. Meanwhile, Sean's reckless acquisition of the Stark Group's shares would put a strain on the Chase Group's cash flow. If anything happened, what Sean gained wouldn't make up for what he had lost, for Myra would definitely not appreciate his kindness.

Of course, the person didn't say that in such an offensive way. After all, it was a good thing for him that Sean wanted to buy his shares.

Sean replied flatly, "Me helping her is my own business, so you just have to agree to sell the shares you're holding, Mr. Sutton. I have lost many chances when it comes to her, so I don't want to lose the last chance to persuade her to stay with me."

When he saw how determined Sean was, the person on the other end of the line could only joke around. He said, "Since you think so, Director Chase, I can only wish that you manage to hold your beloved woman in your arms as soon as possible."

"Thank you," Sean replied.

Before he could hang up, the door to his office suddenly swung open. Eve looked as black as thunder, and she was followed by Richard; the latter's helplessness was written all over his face as he nodded to Sean and said, "Madam Eve is here, Director Chase."

Once he hung up his cell phone with a poker face, Sean gave Richard a wave and looked at Eve. He greeted impassively and said, "Mom."

Eve was almost overwhelmed by the sadness within her as she looked at the apathetic-looking man before her. Her son had been so apathetic toward her ever since he overheard her conversation with Lyla last time. It was as if the two of them had become strangers; he wouldn't go home to visit her, nor would he call her on his own initiative. Instead, he had silently done a lot of things for that b\*tch!

"I have a meeting in a while, so I won't be keeping you company if you have nothing to talk to me about, Mom," Sean said. Then, he casually took a document from his desk and walked outside, but Eve stopped him halfway.

“Did you divert our family’s part of the emergency funds, Sean?!” Eve felt extremely unhappy upon hearing Sean’s words, for she knew that he simply didn’t want to be in her company. However, some matters had to be resolved!

At the same time, she looked as miserable as sin.

“Yeah. Something urgent happened to the company, so I needed to divert that part of the funds to cope with the situation. I’ll return the money when things smooth over.”

The Chase Family had kept some money in reserve ever since it recovered from its previous woes, but these funds could only be used when the Chase Group was in crisis. Recently, Eve discovered that their family’s emergency funds had been diverted. Not only that, the emergency funds were diverted for the purpose of...

“Really? In that case, tell me about the emergency that’s happening to our company. I’ll see if we need to find another way.” Eve’s hands clenched tightly into fists by her sides. She didn’t expect that her son had become so crazy about Myra. Was he going to lose the entire Chase Group if she hadn’t discovered what he was doing?

“It’s not anything serious, so you don’t have to be worried, Mom.” Sean frowned impassively before attempting to walk past Eve and go outside.

However, Eve grabbed his arm this time. “Stay where you are!” She gritted her teeth. Eve was no longer able to restrain herself, and she thundered at him, “Did you use the Chase Group’s emergency funds to buy the Stark Group’s shares, Sean?!”

A trace of emotion quickly flickered across Sean’s eyes, but he remained calm. “There’s no such thing. Who did you hear this from?” he asked. He tried to get Eve’s hand off him, but when she wouldn’t let go, he furrowed his brows. “I said that I have a meeting to attend, Mom. Just tell Richard if you have anything to say; he’ll convey it to me.”

“We are mother and son, Sean—have we come to the point of depending on outsiders to deliver messages to each other?!” Eve had panic and determination written all over her face. “I know that you bought the Stark Group’s shares with the money! You’re buying the Stark Group’s shares during such a time to give them to Myra, right?! Did she come to you? Did she demand the Stark Group’s shares from you?! I’m telling you, Sean... You mustn’t treat her in such a way! She’s simply an ingrate who bites the hand that feeds her. Now that she’s together with Tony, she won’t come back to you even if she accepts what you’ve given her!”



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“Well, do you know why she won’t come back to me, Mom?” Sean’s face darkened the instant he heard Eve’s words, and he stared at her without concealing the fierce glint in his eyes. “Would Myra and I have come to this point in our relationship had you not kept being secret about the matter with Lyla’s baby?! Aren’t you the one who caused all this, Mom?!”

“I know that you hate me, Sean, but what happened is already in the past... Now that Myra doesn’t want to return to your side, she won’t come back to you even if you give the Chase Group to her!” Eve’s heart was full of desolation and fear as she saw her son behaving in such a manner. She was afraid that the Chase Group would be reduced to ruins in such a way, and that they would go back to being poverty-stricken as they were a few years ago. “Listen to me, Sean—don’t do anything stupid. Now that you guys have divorced each other, you two are no longer related. Don’t put the Chase Group in jeopardy for Myra’s sake. The Chase Group is the result of you and your father’s hard work, so how could you have the heart to do this?!”

“The former Chase Group is already finished, and the current Chase Group... Mom, you know very well who should take the credit for the Chase Group’s restoration to its current state. Myra wants the Stark Group, and this is her only chance.” Sean didn’t avert his eyes as a flicker of determination flashed across them.

“Even if Myra should take the credit, you guys have squared up whatever should be squared up between you two during the divorce! This isn’t her only chance; even if it is, it has nothing to do with you! As far as I know, Tony is completely infatuated with Myra, so she’ll definitely take advantage of him. With the Hart Group stepping in, you don’t have to help her at all. Listen to my advice, Sean. Calm down—”

“I have never been so calm...” A trace of anguish crept into Sean’s heart as he knew what his mother was thinking. However, he deeply realized these days how unbearable it was to live without Myra. The tenderness and affection that she once showed him cut his heart cruelly like knives. It was said that one would never know how important a woman was to them until she left completely, and Sean was deeply aware of it now. Not wanting to say anything else to Eve, he rudely shoved her away.

As a result of the hard push, Eve bumped into Sean's desk, causing unbearable pain in her elbow. However, she couldn't care less about the pain and yelled at her son, "You'll regret it, Sean! That woman isn't worthy of you treating her like this at all!"

"Whether she's worthy of it or not is my own business. You'd better stop coming to the company, Mom," Sean replied coldly at the door before leaving his office right away.

Eve gritted her teeth behind him. It never occurred to her before that Myra would have such a great influence on her son! Myra was about to get married, yet her son was still unwilling to give up!

"It must be her! Myra must have done something to Sean!" Eve's heart was so full of hatred that she was burning with rage. Her family never had peace for a moment ever since Myra married her son; she had a hard time sending this scourge away, yet she didn't know what this scourge had done to her son!

Eve was at her wits' end. She wanted to stop her son from making decisions, but she wasn't in charge of the company right now, so she couldn't do anything at all. As she headed downstairs, she saw the familiar woman in the Chase Group's lobby. In an instant, her eyes filled with rage, and she walked toward the front desk furiously.

...

Myra used to work at the Chase Group, but there was no trace of nostalgia within her when she came back to this building. She asked the receptionist in a businesslike tone, "Sorry to trouble you, but I'd like to see Director Chase."

Of course, the receptionist knew Myra as well. Upon hearing Myra's words, she thought for a moment and called Richard upstairs. After getting the order from above, she hung up and looked at Myra with a smile. "Director Chase would like to meet you upstairs, Miss... Stark."

"Thank you."

After expressing her thanks, Myra turned around and was about to walk upstairs when someone suddenly grabbed her long hair from behind with tremendous strength. Myra was caught unprepared, and her scalp was so painful that she trembled all over.

Then, she heard a woman's shrill and venomous voice from behind. "How could you have the cheek to come to the Chase Group, Myra?! I have caught you red-handed this time,

haven't I?! I'm telling you—don't think that I don't know what you're up to right now. You'd better stop what you're doing; don't covet anything belonging to the Chase Group, for I won't give you even a coin!"

Myra came to her senses and immediately swung her hand backward to hit the person behind her, and it resulted in a loud slap across Eve's face.

When Eve felt the pain, she let go of Myra; the latter promptly stepped back to keep a safe distance from the woman.

"Are you insane, Mrs. Chase?" Myra's scalp hurt terribly, and her face darkened instantly at the sight of Eve. Meanwhile, the older woman looked as mad as hell.

"You'd be the one driving me crazy if I'm insane!" Eve covered the slapped part of her face while glaring at Myra with a look of bitter hatred. "How could you be so shameless, Myra? Not only did you seduce my son while seducing Tony, you even shamelessly asked my son for money! Are you so short of money?!"

Myra's eyes were full of mockery. "Who seduced your son, and who asked your son for money?! Don't talk nonsense and make some trumped-up charges against me, Mrs. Chase."

"Didn't you do so?!" Eve let out a sneer. "Do you think I'm unaware of that? If you didn't do so, why would you come to my son's company to see him?! He divorced you long ago, and you got engaged to Tony way back! Why are you meeting him if you have no business to do with him?!"

"You should ask your son about that." Myra didn't want to see Eve, but she knew she couldn't flinch at this moment, so she directly tossed the brown paper bag in her hand to Eve. "Mrs. Chase, may I trouble you to advise your son not to come to me again or give me something odd? You know as well that I'm engaged, so it won't be good if word spreads about this, don't you think so?"

"That's bullsh\*t!" Eve was so angered that she unintentionally blurted out an expletive. When she saw the look of disgust in the receptionist's eyes, her chest heaved up and down in anger. "You're the one who's pestering my son! Myra, is it not enough that you have Tony? Why must you keep clinging to my son?! What a shameless woman you are!"

"You'd better watch your mouth, Mrs. Chase." Myra's eyes darkened in an instant. She had seen how crazy Eve could be a long time ago; had she known Eve was at the Chase Group today, she wouldn't have come to meet Sean directly.

"Are you asking me to watch my mouth? In that case, don't open your legs in front of my son!" Eve's face flushed crimson with anger; she couldn't sleep all night when she thought of how Myra kept bewitching her son since her divorce. "Don't think that I don't know you have carried on with Elliot before getting together with Tony. Can you count how many men you've slept with?! Now, don't think of—"

However, a loud slap interrupted Eve and caused everyone around her to stop what they were doing; everyone looked this way in shock. As she covered her face as best as she could near the front desk, Eve looked at her son in disbelief. "Sean... Y-You..."

"Send my mother back, Richard. She isn't in her right mind today." Sean glanced at Eve with a stony expression as if he wasn't the person who had raised his hand and slapped his mother across the face just now.

Eve still wanted to say something, but Richard knitted his brows and dragged her outside with all his might. "Please don't be impulsive, Madam Eve. Just leave the rest to Director Chase."

"I'm not leaving! Why should I leave?! This is the Chase Group—it's my family's company! What a nerve you've got, Richard! Hurry up and let go of me..." Eve's angry voice gradually faded away despite her struggle.

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Myra looked at the man before her with an apathetic expression as though she didn't see anything just now. She merely said impassively to him, "I have given Mrs. Chase the document you gave me, Director Chase. I won't accept the share transfer agreement; I may have my attorney cooperate in the follow-up procedures after you amend it. I just hope that you won't bring us into more trouble by making such issues again in the future."

With that, she turned around and left the Chase Group right away. She believed that with Eve's current hostility toward her, the latter would do everything she could to force Sean to take back the document after she read it—this would save her a lot of trouble.

However, she had just taken two steps when her arm was grabbed from behind. "Myra, wait—"

"Let go of me!" She reflexively broke free of Sean's grasp and looked at him warily.

Sean felt a bit sad when he saw the look in Myra's eyes. Then, as if the apathy he displayed toward Eve just now no longer existed, he said to Myra with a pained expression, "Myra, I'm already in the process of divorcing Lyla. I'll go through the formalities very soon—"

"This is none of my business." Myra shook her head. Back when she loved him, she hoped that he could transfer his affections for Lyla to her. However, she no longer had feelings for him right now. Even if Sean offered the entire world to her at this moment, she wouldn't be swayed anymore.

"I only hated your guts back then because of her concealment!" Sean no longer touched Myra, but his hands clenched tightly into fists at his sides. "Had I known back then that she was lying to me, I wouldn't have been so cold toward you for so many years, Myra—"

"You've said these words to me before, Director Chase," Myra interrupted him impatiently. Then, she lowered her head and pretended to check the time. "I have something else to attend to later, so I'll be leaving first."

Sean stood in front of her right away. "Wait a minute!"

They were in the Chase Group's ground floor lobby, so many saw their dispute as they came and went. Myra felt deeply uncomfortable, for she didn't want to give rise to any slanderous gossip; even if there was nothing between them, she didn't want Tony to get involved in this and be remarked on. When Sean tried to stop her, she took out her cell phone right away. "I have nothing to talk to you about, Director Chase. If you don't get out of my way, I can only call the police."

Sean had a hurt and remorseful look in his eyes. "Myra, do you really want our relationship to come to this point?!"

"You've misunderstood me, Director Chase—I don't have any other purpose. I just want to leave, that's all." Myra looked emotionless before she continued, "It doesn't matter if you want to talk to me about our past or Tony, Director Chase; none of this is necessary. Also, stop keeping my affairs in your mind. Don't do what you did with the Stark Group's shares again, for I don't want anyone else to misunderstand that there's something between us."

"Misunderstand? Did Tony misunderstand you?" Sean asked immediately.

Myra let out a faint sneer, though one didn't know whether it was a sneer of ridicule or a sneer with emotion. She looked Sean square in the eye. "He has always believed me. Perhaps you're unwilling to admit it, but the days I've spent with him are the happiest days of my life. I love him, Director Chase."

I love him... I love him... I love him... Sean had been hearing this sentence a lot recently, for Myra explicitly said she liked and loved Tony. Myra was right; he just didn't want to admit it. He thought that there was still a chance for them to get back together...

"Myra, you were the one who single-handedly saved the Chase Group. If you want it, I'm willing to transfer the entire Chase Group under your name—"

"I don't want it," Myra interrupted him again with an expressionless face. "I don't want something that isn't mine—especially when it's yours, Director Chase."

With that, she left right away amid Sean's stupefaction.

Sean opened his mouth and tried to say something, but he felt that he had never known Myra so well at this moment. Myra had always been such a woman; back when she was still together with him, she stayed by his side without hesitation and was never afraid that she might be implicated if the Chase Group went bankrupt. Moreover, she never demanded anything undue from him except for his love.

But now, she no longer needed his love when he was willing to give it...

A strong feeling of grief and remorse enveloped Sean, for he suddenly realized that Myra had really left him. She didn't love him anymore, and she had found another partner with whom she would live happily ever after. She would gradually forget everything she used to share with him. She'll slowly forget about me, won't she?

Sean had never been so sober as he watched Myra walking out of his sight and his life; he had really lost her this time.

He didn't notice Lyla, who looked at all of this apathetically from a short distance away.

The ups and downs in Lyla's life over the years and the days she spent adrift had made her see through the ways of the world a long time ago. She slowly became materialistic, but what she experienced these days made her feel as though she had reached the end of her journey through life.

She was really tired of living in this glorious social class behind different masks of hypocrisy, so she agreed to get a divorce without taking much of the Chase Group's fortune. She took only two million, which was probably the money she used to spend in less than a few months. However, she no longer cared about it; it was as if she was merely going through the formalities for the divorce.

She turned around and left the Chase Group. Then, she hailed a taxi outside and headed for the Walton Group where Gideon was.

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After leaving the Chase Group, Myra went back to the Hart Residence instead of returning to her flower shop.

When Sebastian saw how early she had returned that day, he cast her a sidelong glance. "Did you two have a quarrel?" he asked before looking over her shoulder incredulously. However, he didn't see the man, so he clicked his tongue twice. "This is so strange; the pair of Siamese twins have actually split up."

Myra was amused by Sebastian's description, but she gave him a glare. "Tony and I aren't some Siamese twins, Old Master Hart."

"You're really becoming more and more unruly now; you even dare to glare at me. Tell me then—you two stick together every single day, so what are you if you're not Siamese twins?" Sebastian asked right before the fixed-line telephone in the living room rang. He went over and picked up the receiver; upon hearing the voice on the other end of the line, he instantly turned to look at Myra speechlessly. Then, he said in resignation, "She's home. Don't worry; what else can happen to someone at her age... She looks fine with a ruddy complexion... All

right, that's enough. I shan't waste my breath talking to you. You want to talk to her, don't you?" Then, he beckoned to Myra. "Hurry up—it's a call for you."

"Is it a call from Tony?"

Sebastian rolled his eyes at Myra. "Who else other than him would call immediately to ask about your whereabouts when you've only been away from him for a short while?"

Myra's face blushed slightly as she took the receiver. She then greeted, "Hello, Tony?"

"Uh-huh." Tony had just returned to the Hart Group after a discussion he had outside, but when he called the flower shop, an employee told him that Myra had left. Upon hearing the employee's run-down of what had happened, he figured that Myra went to the Chase Group to return the document given by Sean. However, he learned from the Chase Group that she had left the Chase Group's premises, but he didn't see her returning to the Hart Group. Hence, he simply called the Hart Residence.

Myra felt uncomfortable while speaking, for she saw Sebastian staring at her from the side. "Why didn't you call me on my cell phone?"

"Your cell phone has been switched off." Tony's flat voice could be heard over the phone; even his voice alone made Myra feel incredibly relieved. She immediately searched through her handbag—which she had placed on the sofa next to her—and took out her cell phone. Indeed, it had been switched off. "Oh, that's right. My cell phone was running out of battery when I was leaving the flower shop. After that, I went to the Chase Group and was held up for some time." Since she had nothing to hide from Tony, she told him what happened when she went to the Chase Group; she did so because of the trust they placed in each other.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 385

Tony didn't ask her why she went to the Chase Group. "Well, it's good to go back and rest early. I'll go back early tonight."



The corners of Myra's mouth turned up slightly when she heard his reply. When he finished his sentence, she immediately asked, "Aren't you going to ask me why I went to the Chase Group?"

"Why else would you have gone other than to return the share transfer agreement that Sean gave you?" Tony replied nonchalantly as if he didn't give a damn about this matter or Sean himself.

Myra smiled. "You actually guessed it right. All right then, come back early tonight."

"Okay." Tony hung up directly without saying anything else.

When Myra hung up and turned around, Sebastian was still standing beside her. Once she put down the receiver, he glared at Myra and snorted. "You're about to get married, yet you keep going to the Chase Group. Aren't you worried that your fiancé will be jealous?"

"Tony isn't jealous at all; he didn't even ask me what I was doing there," Myra replied with a smile. "He trusts me, so you'll trust me as well, won't you, Old Master Hart?"

"Did I say that I don't trust you?" Sebastian gave Myra another glare with a stern expression.

Myra gave a soft smile. "Even so, I should tell you what happened, Old Master Hart. Sean bought a lot of the Stark Group's shares recently, and he transferred them under my name. Hence, I went there today to return the shares to him."

Sebastian's eyes widened at once. "What?! Is that brat still pestering you?!"

"Well, you can say that." Myra sat down on the sofa and massaged her sore feet.

"Hmph! What a thick-skinned man he is!" Sebastian was displeased at the thought of Sean, for it felt awful that someone kept thinking about his granddaughter-in-law. He looked at Myra seriously and said, "Now that you've decided to be together with my grandson, you mustn't transfer your affections to someone else again. Do you get it? You'll never find someone else like this grandson of mine in the future no matter how hard you try."

"Don't you dislike Tony, Old Master Hart?" Myra feigned puzzlement as she winked at Sebastian. "You used to wish that you never had a grandson like him, but now you're praising him to the skies."

Sebastian gave a snort before retorting with a straight face, "Since when did I dislike him?"

Myra was somewhat speechless. At last, she knew from whom Tony inherited his shamelessness.

In the evening, Myra went to the kitchen to help with dinner preparations. Suddenly, her cell phone rang. When she ran over and picked up the phone, she saw that it was a phone call from Elliot.

Elliot's usually casual-sounding voice became somewhat solemn, and it was quite rare. "Myra, Tony might be home later tonight; something came up at the company at the last moment. By the way, he asked me to tell you that you guys don't have to wait for him to have dinner. He'll order some takeout with us and have some food to fill his stomach."

When she heard Elliot's tone, Myra surmised that something serious had happened to the company. Thinking that it wasn't good to eat takeout, she suggested, "Would you like me to deliver dinner to you guys? Where are you all? Are you guys at the Hart Group?"

Elliot thought for a moment before turning her down. "It's not necessary, Myra. Something might happen tonight, so don't leave the Hart Residence. Tony will probably go back tonight."

"What's going to happen?" Myra had her heart in her mouth the instant she heard Elliot's words. Elliot was seldom so serious; he wouldn't speak in such a tone unless something serious would happen. "Did anything happen to Tony? Why are you the one calling me? Where is he?"

"Don't worry, Myra. Nothing happened to Tony; he's now helping Shawn deal with some matters. Let's put it this way—the matter tonight is very important. If things go smoothly, the Walton Family, the newcomer to Bradford City, will suffer heavy losses tomorrow afternoon." Elliot knitted his brows. He knew that he couldn't tell Myra the whole story; if she insisted on coming to the Hart Group, he would have nothing to compensate Tony with once anything unexpected happened midway through this and something happened to her. Besides, they hadn't gotten their hands on key evidence to bring a lawsuit against the Walton Family, though Lyla was already working hard on that. As long as they obtained the evidence, it would be easy to sue the Walton Family.

Myra couldn't help herself and thought deeper into it; she felt that the manner in which Elliot spoke was too serious. "Will you guys be in danger?"

"It's okay. The Walton Family should be still unaware of what we're doing, but for safety reasons, you'd better stay at home, Myra."

"All right. Be careful then," Myra reminded warily.

She was in no mood to prepare dinner after hanging up. After taking off her apron, she went to Sebastian's study and told him what Elliot had told her over the phone just now.

However, Sebastian looked very unperturbed and continued to focus on his painting after listening to her words. "What are you getting into a panic about? They know what to do, and they know very well what they should take precautions against."

"Should we send a few bodyguards to protect them?" Myra would come up with some half-baked ideas whenever she was nervous.

Sebastian shot a sidelong glance at her. "Won't we give ourselves away? Aren't we telling the Walton Family plainly that they're going to make a big move if we do so?"

"But—" Myra was afraid that the Walton Family might do something desperate once they learned something. After all, Elliot told her just now that the Waltons would suffer heavy losses if everything went smoothly.

"Just read a book if your mood fluctuates that much. My grandson still has this bit of capability, so you should trust him."

Since Sebastian didn't seem to be in the mood to talk about this again, Myra could only drop the matter. "All right."

Myra ate little for dinner that evening since she was worried about Tony. When Lisa asked her about it, she merely said that she didn't feel like eating.

Even so, Lisa brought her a bowl of chicken soup after dinner. "Even if you have no stomach for dinner, you must drink this soup," she said. When she saw how worried Myra looked, her expression softened considerably. "I know that you're worried about Tony, but please rest assured. He has handled a lot of such matters with Shawn and Damian in the past, so you don't have to be worried. He'll be okay."

“Okay.” Myra finished the chicken soup in one gulp since she didn’t want the old woman to worry about her. She choked for a moment while drinking it, but she soon drank it to the last drop.

However, her stomach began to churn after Lisa left; Myra ran to the bathroom and vomited the chicken soup she had just drunk. She had never felt so tormented while waiting for someone to come home. Even when she was still married to Sean in the past, she never wanted Sean to come home so urgently despite her one-sided love for him. However, she didn’t dare to call Tony at this moment, for she was afraid of disturbing him or keeping them from their affairs.

Time went by slowly, and every hour felt like an hour to her. At last, the sound of a car driving in could be heard downstairs outside the window in the wee hours of the morning.

Myra was in such a hurry that she didn’t even have time to wear slippers as she ran outside. Sebastian opened the door at the same time, but she could no longer notice him. On the other hand, Sebastian was appalled to see her running downstairs. “Be careful! Don’t run...”

Myra only heard someone talking behind her, but all she could think about right now was the man outside. As soon as she ran to the hallway, the door was opened from the outside.

As she stood by the hallway in a daze, she watched the door open little by little before the face she missed very much finally appeared before her. For some reason, she felt an inexplicable twinge in her nose, and her eyes reddened instantly.

Tony opened the door and was startled to see the woman standing at the door. When he noticed her reddened eyes, his heart melted all of a sudden; he walked up to the woman before him and took her into his arms. “Why are you crying? Didn’t I ask Elliot to tell you that I’d be coming back later?”

At the mention of Elliot, Myra immediately freed herself from Tony’s embrace, grabbed his arms, and eyed him up and down for a long time. She then asked anxiously, “Did anything happen to you? Did you get injured?”

“What happened to me? Why would I get injured?” Tony asked puzzledly.