

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 11

Myra stopped her writing, but she did not raise her head. "You don't have to return with me. I will explain to Mom when I arrive home."

"What are you going to explain to her?" Sean's expression was dark as he narrowed his eyes. "Myra, you are not mad, are you? I never pegged you as the petty type."

Petty? Myra closed her eyes. What should I do to avoid being petty, then? "My husband is going to purchase an outfit for his lover before taking me home. Sean, don't you think that you're being cruel?"

As she knew that she would not be able to concentrate on the design, she put her pen down before she raised her eyes to look at the incredibly handsome man. Sean was indeed good-looking—he was blessed with a high nose bridge and thin lips. When he gazed at a woman gently, it felt like he was about to procure the whole world for her. How could any woman not fall in love with a man like him?

"Director Chase, if you have nothing else to talk about, please take your leave. I can't attend to you as I still have other matters to deal with." Myra calmly asked him to leave.

Upon hearing that, Sean's expression darkened extremely. He appraised her with a cold gaze before he snorted. "Do as you please!" he said before he left.

Looking at his disappearing back view, Myra took a deep breath to ease the suffocating feeling that she felt in her heart. Her phone suddenly rang at that moment. She took a glance at the screen and her expression turned cold as she immediately rejected the call. She placed her phone on the desk before she looked at the design draft in front of her while her eyes slowly lost its focus.

When it was time to leave the office, the beautiful Elsie packed her stuff and left while Myra looked at her leaving back with cold eyes. She continued to work overtime in the office to refine the drafts.

She had looked into Tony's background, which included his past projects in real estate, in an attempt to dig out some useful information—for instance, his preferred architectural style—so that she could incorporate those elements into her design.

In the process, she happened to stumble across a short video about him, which was actually filmed this morning. He wore a black immaculate suit that accentuated his tall, slender figure while his long legs were crossed in a casual manner and his handsome face was impassive. The viewers were easily able to grasp his unique aura through the video.

The earlier part of the video was all about Tony's career development. Toward the final part, the host wore a playful smile as she asked, "Director Hart, the last question is a personal one. Of course, I am not the only curious one. I think all the single females in front of their screens are just as inquisitive about it. Here is the question—Director Hart, do you have someone whom you like now?"

The moment she asked the question, the scene instantly fell silent since nobody expected the host to ask such a question.

Everyone initially thought that he would not answer such a lame question, but Tony unexpectedly replied, "Not now."

The host could not make head or tail of his reply and she fell into a fleeting daze. However, she immediately made sense of his words and pressed on with excitement, "In other words, Director Hart, you have a person whom you have liked for a long time. Are you currently in a relationship with the said person? As far as I know, you are still single. Does this mean that you have a secret crush on this person?"

Tony narrowed his eyes and he did not answer the question, even though the answer to the question was rather obvious to everyone.

Just when the host intended to ask further, an advertisement was forcibly inserted into the video, which concluded the short interview.

Myra switched off the video. She was a little shocked as she did not expect that a man like Tony would have a crush on a woman. I wonder what kind of woman is a good match to a man like him. Nevertheless, she soon set aside the matter and continued to work on the draft.

Just then, her phone rang. She took a glance at the screen and after feeling annoyed, she immediately added the number to the blacklist. After a while, her phone rang again. However, she felt relieved this time and picked up the call.

“Myra!” Estelle’s slightly excited voice was heard from the other end of the line.

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At Zion Club, Myra finally found Estelle, who was sneakily hiding at the corner of the hall, with the waiter’s help.

When Myra walked over, Estelle was in the midst of pouring a glass of lemon juice into her champagne in boredom. She constantly lifted her head to look at a corridor that was near to her seat.

“What are you looking at?”

Myra pulled the chair next to her. It was after she sat down that she finally felt that her dizziness had slightly subsided.

Upon seeing her, Estelle’s eyes immediately brightened. She waved to Myra and lowered her voice as she excitedly asked, “Do you know the third son of the Hart Family?”

Myra clearly knew what she meant. However, since she was not feeling well, she was not quite enthusiastic about it. Instead, she calmly reminded Estelle, “Estelle, it hasn’t even been a week since you broke up with your ex-boyfriend.”

“Well, at least we broke up!” Estelle slapped her thighs and rolled her eyes at Myra while being slightly annoyed by the reminder. After that, she could not resist herself from speaking further. “Let me tell you this—I’m being serious this time! The other day, I saw him at the City Hall. He was in a white shirt and black suit. Even though the mixture of colors were dull, they looked elegant on him and made him look like an angel! I’m pretty sure that he’s definitely a gentleman! Every action of his makes me fall for him so much... Myra, I must catch his attention and marry him!”

“The men whom you want to marry can already arrive at your house if they start lining up from here.” Myra merely took a sip of the lemon juice and she did not take Estelle’s words seriously.

Myra’s childhood friend, Estelle Langley, was the queen of rumors in the entertainment industry. She treated men as if they were disposable and her level of experience in relationships was completely opposite of Myra. However, every time she fell for a man, she would be determined to marry him. Obviously, that had not worked out well since she was still single.

“Myra, you always criticize me each time. No wonder my relationships haven’t been going well.” Estelle’s face fell as she flashed the award-winning acting skill that nailed her a Golden Globe for Best Actress.

Tears immediately swam in Estelle’s eyes; when they were about to slide down her cheeks, Myra pinched her forehead with a troubled look on her face. “Alright, I support your attempt to date him. Do your best! I believe you can do it!”

“You are the best! So, can you please get Shawn’s phone number for me?” A bright smile immediately blossomed on Estelle’s face. It was that exact face, which stunned everyone including men and women on top of the young and old, that made her invincible in both the entertainment industry and among men.

Upon hearing that, Myra immediately frowned. “Shawn Hart? The third son of the Hart Family? I don’t know him.”

“Hehe! You don’t know him, but you know the fourth son of the Hart Family—Young Master Tony. My brother saw you two in a discussion over a meal at the Ritz Carlton yesterday. Have you been doing business with him recently? Just help me to ask for his brother’s phone number, Myra!”

Ask Director Hart? Tony’s indifferent face and his apathetic eyes instantly appeared in Myra’s thoughts. By just thinking about it, she thought it was impossible, so she shook her head. “I’m not close with Director Hart at all. I’ve only talked to him once.” And I didn’t leave a good impression on that man.

Estelle’s expression immediately changed as she was on the verge of crying. “Myra, you just said that you will support me. This is only a small favor from me, yet you keep rejecting me...”

“Okay, okay. I’ll see what I can do.” Unable to withstand her pitiful expression, Myra succumbed to her friend’s acting skills again. “But I can’t promise you that I can get it.”

“No problem! It’s enough as long as you try asking for it!” Estelle’s expression suddenly switched from sad to exuberance again. Suddenly, she saw something from the corner of her eyes, which caused her to become so agitated that she instantly rose from the chair. Then, she quickly spoke to Myra. “Initially, I planned to talk to you about Sean, but I don’t have the time now. I’ll ask you out some time later! Don’t worry, I already know about Eris and I’ve punished her on your behalf. She can’t stay in show business for the rest of her life now!”

When Estelle said those words, her eyes continued to shoot glances at another corner of the hall. When she did not get any response from Myra, she quickly turned to glare at the latter. Myra was stunned upon hearing Estelle’s words.

“You are an idiot!” Estelle reprimanded in a pained voice. “What’s good about Sean? I’ve already changed two dozen boyfriends, yet you still haven’t divorced him! Myra, how long are you planning to be stuck in a loveless marriage?”

With that, Estelle stomped her foot on the ground and she quickly walked toward a group of people who just exited from a private room.

Seeing her brave and cheerful figure, Myra felt even more dizzy. She looked at the glass of lemon juice in front of her in a daze as she thought, If only I’m like Estelle—she is able to break up as if it’s nothing and quickly be involved in another relationship.

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However, Myra was nowhere like Estelle.

Even though she was extremely disappointed, she still had a slight hope for that man.

She was well aware that she was hopeless, but she was unwilling to let her sacrifices over the years go in vain. If so, how much worth does my love even have?

When Myra saw Estelle feigning that she lost her balance before accidentally falling into the arms of a man not far away, she smiled and heaved a sigh as she rose to leave.

In the main hall of Zion Club, Leo handed the car keys to the waiter for him to park the car. As soon as he entered the club, he saw Myra leaving with a dazed look on her face. Although he was slightly shocked, he quickly entered the club.

The particular private VIP room of Zion Club was different from the normal rooms as it was Elliot Samson's private room bearing more luxury while remaining low profile. Cigarette smoke filled the entire room as people played cards, sang songs, and even wailed loudly.

If one had a good eye, one would realize that all the impressive figures of Bradford City were in the same room. If any one of them were offended, no one could survive in Bradford City anymore.

Leo entered the room with a sense of familiarity and immediately walked toward a corner.

As the lighting was dim in the corner, only the figure of a tall, well-built man could be seen. A red spark appeared at the corner of his mouth, which was followed by a pillar of smoke slowly rising to the ceiling.

After he seemed to have spotted Leo, he slightly bent forward. The white shirt and black suit revealed the outline of his strongly muscular body while his handsome face slowly became clearer. When his cold eyes were reflected in the light, Leo's demeanour became more serious.

"Director Hart, we have already confirmed three design companies to compete for the Sunny Bay Project. They are the Chase Group, Hay Group, and Reid Group."

The man remained stoic as he merely loosened his tie and nodded in response.

Elliot, who replaced Tony in the card game midway, was unhappy to hear that. "Tony, can we not discuss work at the party which we have organized for you?"

It was because of the interview that Tony conducted in the morning that gave them the reason to quickly hold a welcoming party and drag him here.

Tony casually extinguished his cigarette in a nearby bowl before he calmly turned to look at Elliot. "Your grandmother called me this morning and asked me to introduce suitable women to you."

Elliot gulped, looking as though he had swallowed a mosquito.

Everyone in the room knew how powerful his grandmother was. Her polite rhetoric was to ask Tony to introduce a woman to him, but what she truly meant was for him to look for a woman to sleep with her grandson as soon as possible.

Phillip Renaud, who was next to them, showed his base card, which was an ace, and tapped on Elliot's shoulders with a wicked smile on his face. "You are always the first to lose! Sorry, but it's my win this round. Money, please."

Elliot pouted and threw his chips to Lucas before he pushed the cards away. "Count me out of this game. It's never fun to always sit with you guys."

Lucas Windrow smiled. "If you don't want to sit with us, bring a woman next time."

Upon hearing that, Elliot pouted again. He was not a narcissistic person by nature, but it was a fact that many women were wooing him. As such, he could randomly select any one of them to be his girlfriend. However, everyone in his circle knew that a woman would not simply accompany them to their hangouts if she was not whom they wanted to spend the rest of their lives with.

After he glanced at how calm Tony was, he was unwilling to throw in the towel. Instead, he scooted closer toward Tony. "Tony, you can actually bring your girl here. We will definitely look after her in the future."

Seeing that Tony remained silent, Elliot summoned his courage and glanced at Leo, who was standing next to them. "Tell me—which girl has caught Tony's interest?"

Leo secretly touched his nose. She's not a girl anymore—more like a married woman.

Of course, he did not dare to say that aloud. Instead, he merely cleared his throat and reported obediently, "Director Hart, I saw Miss Stark at the entrance earlier. She doesn't look too good."

Tony, who was planning to light another cigarette, froze in his tracks. Upon seeing that, Elliot quickly took the initiative to light the cigarette for him with a sparkle in his eyes. "Tony, who is this Miss Stark? Your secret crush?"

However, Tony merely narrowed his eyes before he shot a glance at Elliot's idiotic face with a profound look without uttering another word.

If it was like before, he would have killed me with his glare a couple times over.

Something's going on!

A curious Elliot was about to ask more questions when Tony unexpectedly finished his vodka shot that had been left aside for a long time.

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He was stunned to see that. At that moment, Tony had already risen to his full height and took the black suit that was placed aside before he walked out of the room.

As Myra left Zion Club, she wondered whether the fever medicine she took was effective since her head still felt unwell. Hence, she walked to the reception area and sat there to rest.

She touched her forehead that was burning hot. When she thought about resting a while more before she left, a group of people walked into the club as a man wearing a gray suit led them. His well-trimmed sideburns made him seem cold. On top of that, his handsome yet impassive face was one that she knew well.

I never expected that Sean would also come with his childhood friends to Zion Club as well.

Each of them were obviously regulars of Zion Club and had a sexy woman in their embrace respectively, but the one whom Sean was hugging was slightly more shy. She wore a white dress and her makeup was just right. When she cuddled in his embrace, she looked docile and weak.

Myra was caught off-guard by what she saw and she immediately stood up, but before she could turn, someone in Sean's group noticed her and spoke something to him.

Then, Sean's face immediately darkened. After releasing the woman in his embrace, he walked over to Myra with a displeased expression on his face.

At that moment, Myra took her purse from the couch and she planned to walk out of the club from the other exit. However, someone held her wrist from behind.

"What the hell are you doing here?"

Sean had already arrived behind her. .

He spoke in a cold voice, but she only felt the pain in her hands from his grip.

She turned to face him indifferently and glanced sideways at the woman dressed in white, who was looking at them morosely. She's making me look like I'm the mistress here! She smiled self-mockingly. "My reason for being here is the same as yours."

Sean's expression immediately changed as his gaze became much sharper. "You said that you have something up tonight—and that is to mess around in Zion?" Mess around?

Myra smiled, but there was warm moisture in her eyes. "Why? Are you the only one allowed to have fun with other women here? And I can't do that as well? Sean Chase, why do you have the right to fool around with a different woman everyday, yet I'm expected to stay loyal in our marriage? Have you ever thought about my feelings when you are with other women?"

Perhaps Estelle's words that night had caused Myra to be sensitive—she could no longer control her emotions. As soon as she remembered the way Sean looked at her with hatred even after she had quietly waited for him to return for two years, she could not endure it anymore.

However, he merely thought that she was jealous of the woman in his embrace earlier, so he unknowingly softened his expression, though his voice was still stiff. "That woman... She is just an act. I don't even know her."

"Whatever..."

Together with the headache and dizziness that she had, Myra felt disappointed in that instant and shook Sean's hands away harshly.

As a surge of dizziness overcame her, she almost lost her balance. However, he caught her just in time and he frowned when he saw her flushed face. "You're having a fever? I'll send you back."

"Don't bother!"

Sean's face darkened. "Myra, don't push my limits!"

Myra shook his hands away once again, but with tears and laughter this time. "I'm such an unreasonable woman! Why don't you console your other woman? I bet she's been sullenly waiting for you for such a long time."

It was perhaps because of the despair in her eyes that influenced Sean. His breathing quickened as he wanted to help her to her feet again, but her phone rang at that moment.

Myra stopped looking at him and she took out her phone. She answered the call without even a glance at the caller. "Hello. Who's this?"

There was a sob in her voice, but she masked it well with her tone. After taking her purse, she exited Zion Club, much to Sean's silence.

"Miss Stark, I'm Director Hart's secretary, Leo. We've met before."

On the other end of the phone, a spine ran down Leo's spine as he feigned anxiousness while speaking to Myra through the phone in front of his director.

"Leo, is there anything I can help you with?" She quickly recollected her emotions and asked in a low voice.

In the night breeze, she walked to her car in the parking lot with a heavy feeling in her head, but her body felt like it weighed feathers. When she suddenly received his call, she thought it was related to the Sunny Bay Project.

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“Here’s what happened—I was supposed to send Director Hart back to his apartment, but the hospital called me just now and told me that my girlfriend was involved in an accident and she’s now admitted into the hospital. I can’t find anyone else to take my place, but I saw you were here when I entered Zion Club just now. Can you please do me a favor and send Director Hart home? He’s now drunk, so he can’t drive and I don’t feel safe handing him to anyone else.”

Myra was speechless when she heard this. She took a deep breath and touched her forehead with a conflicted expression. “But—”

“Please, Miss Stark! My girlfriend is in a really serious condition at the hospital so I would like to head over quickly. Can you please help me out? I’m really worried about my girlfriend right now!”

Well, I don’t know how serious his girlfriend’s injuries are, and I can’t just reject his request under such conditions. On top of that, I don’t want to leave a bad impression on Leo that might affect the Sunny Bay Project.

After a pause, Myra finally replied, “Alright. Where are you?”

“We’re at region A of the parking lot. The lot number is XXX and the car plate is XXXXX.”

With that, Leo hung up immediately.

He was worried that he would reveal the truth if he elaborated any further.

Myra glanced at her phone before she heaved a sigh. Then, she started walking to the spot where Leo mentioned just now.

As soon as she reached there, she saw him pacing anxiously in front of a silver grey Bentley Mulsanne with a phone in his hand.

As soon as he saw her, he quickly heaved a sigh of relief as he walked to her. “Miss Stark, I really appreciate this. In the future, if you ever need my help, I will definitely do my best to help you! The car keys are already in the car and Director Hart’s address is XXXXX. Miss Stark, Director Hart has drunk quite a lot. After you send him back, can you please make some broth so that he can sober up? Appreciate it; thanks!”

With that, he ran out of the parking lot without waiting for Myra’s reply.

She merely looked at Leo’s leaving figure speechlessly, feeling that something was off since he looked like he was trying to escape from something. She then turned around to look at the person sitting in the backseat of the Bentley Mulsanne.

Tony’s well-built figure was quite noticeable at first glance. At this moment, he leaned on the leather seat with his right palm resting on his forehead. As his head was lowered, she could not see his facial features but a vein on his hand was bulging slightly, clearly showing that he was not feeling well. When Myra walked closer to him, she could detect a strong alcohol smell from the open window.

She frowned and thought, How much did he drink?

However, she merely shook her head in defeat and gathered her thoughts before she got into the car.

She wound up the windows slightly so that the cold air would not blow on the man in the backseat, at the same time ensuring the car was not too stuffy. Before she started the engine, she felt obligated to report to him. “Director Hart, Leo has already left so I’ll send you home instead. If you have any discomfort along the way, just let me know.”

The man did not reply to her. Knowing that he was quite drunk, Myra went ahead and started the engine, driving the car out of the basement parking lot.

At the entrance of Zion Club, Sean had just left his group of old friends in the loud and noisy private room. Truth was, he did not like the atmosphere there. However, he didn’t know when it started, but he needed that atmosphere to numb himself.

When he just reached the entrance, he saw a silver grey Bentley Mulsanne driving past him, but it was not the car that caught his attention—it was the driver instead.

If I remember correctly, the Stark Family, including Myra, has never owned a Bentley Mulsanne. So, whose car is Myra driving?

He narrowed his eyes and looked at the backseat.

As the window was rolled up, he could not tell the person inside the car. However, he could see an outline of the person.

It's a man!

Sean clenched his fists that were next to his body tightly. He immediately called Myra but after two rings, the other end hung up. His face darkened instantly but before he could call her back, he received another call from Elsie. With a complicated expression on his face, he picked it up.

Myra knew that she was still having a fever, so she did not dare to drive too quickly. On top of that, she would have to pay full attention when she drove.

After driving for so long, this was the first time she drove a man whom she barely knew, and one whom she would have to tread carefully with.

She shot a glance at the man through the rear view mirror.

At this moment, Tony had already changed his position. He leaned on the seat but as he was probably still feeling quite bad, he covered his eyes with his right elbow and his thin lips were pressed into a tight line.

Myra felt her body temperature increasing but she did not dare to let her focus slip.

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As the traffic during the night was quite light, she finally reached Lavender Residence in the city center after an hour.

Lavender Residence was a high-end residence in Bradford City, where every inch of land was expensive. This was not a place where normal rich people could afford to stay, nor was it a place where one with an average status could buy. Myra heard that this was developed by the Hart Group two years ago and when it was still in the planning stage, it had already been completely sold off. Back then, Eve wanted to buy a unit for both Sean and her as their wedding house. Unfortunately, she was unable to secure a spot.

After Myra hung up Sean's call just now, he did not call her again. She twitched her lips into a self-mocking smile at that.

When the security guards saw the car that she had been driving, they quickly lifted the rails and let her in. And so, she entered the basement parking area without any restrictions.

After she parked the car, Myra felt quite troubled.

Tony was a man who stood at more than six feet. Even though he was not as bulky as a weight-lifter, he was definitely someone who looked slim when he had his clothes on, but he would look quite muscular when he took his clothes off. On top of that, he was quite drunk right now, so he would not have a lot of strength.

There were many sports cars in the basement, but not one person could be seen.

Myra did not dare to leave him alone to ask for help from others. Hence, she could only grit her teeth and open the car door to help Tony out of the car.

Even though he was so drunk that he could not recognize her anymore, he was still slightly conscious.

When Myra supported him, he knew that he had to get out of the car.

When both his legs touched the ground, both of them stumbled, causing Myra to quickly grab onto the car for support. Finally, she managed to regain her balance.

"Seeing how much effort I've put in, how about giving the Chase Group more profit if I get the Sunny Bay Project in the future?"

Knowing that Tony could barely hear her, she muttered under her breath as her feet hooked on the edge of the door and closed it, unaware that Tony's lips twitched into a slight smile even though he was originally motionless with his eyes closed.

“You’re so heavy...”

Myra walked a few steps while supporting Tony. After making sure the car was locked, she walked to the elevator.

In the past, she only had physical interactions with Sean alone. Hence, she felt slightly embarrassed as she held a man whom she was not familiar with at this moment. Fortunately for her, he was unconscious so it was not that awkward.

When they passed a small step, Myra slowed down subconsciously. Just as she was about to place her foot on the ground, a sudden surge of dizziness overcame her.

“Oh!”

She lost her footing and fell to the ground with Tony.

She was not sure if it was an illusion, but she felt a hand protecting her head when she fell.

With a low grunt, she fell on Tony directly.

A soft sensation traveled from her lips to her brain, bringing along a refreshing taste of mint and tobacco.

Myra widened her eyes immediately, not expecting the fall to cause her to kiss Tony on the lips directly.

In all honesty, he smelled quite good. Myra did not feel sick, but their position made her feel nervous and embarrassed. She quickly got away from Tony and looked at the man who was still lying on the ground.

He did not look too good and under the lights from the basement parking, he looked even paler. Even after such a heavy fall, he still did not wake up. However, his frown showed that the fall was quite painful for him.

Subconsciously, Myra touched her lips. At this point, she was not sure if it was because of the fever or the embarrassment that her face flushed red. She was annoyed at herself because she knew she could not blame it on anyone else. If Tony fell on her instead, she probably would not be able to lift him off herself.

After gritting her teeth, Myra crouched and helped Tony up again.

She went into the elevator and pressed on the button before exiting.

When she got out, she froze. There was only one unit on each floor of Lavender Residence. However, Leo did not give her Tony's house keys. Does that mean... the keys are with Tony himself?

Myra looked at the pockets of his trousers as she felt her face flush again.

She leaned on the wall and pressed Tony to the wall as well to free one of her hands.

She did not even have such intimate physical contact with Sean. However, seeing as Tony was unconscious, it was highly probable that he would not even remember their experience today. Hence, she plucked up her courage and stretched her hand into Tony's pockets.

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Because the pockets were close to his thighs, they were quite warm. Yet, they did not make her feel disgusted at all. After fumbling around in his pockets, she did not find any keys. At this moment, sweat had already broken out on her forehead.

Tony's thigh muscles were quite hard and strong. Even though she tried to be careful, she still could not avoid touching him.

Her entire face was flushed red, right to the tips of her ears; she was not sure if it was because of her fever or embarrassment. Exasperated, she switched to the other side of his pocket to look for the keys. As it was further away from her and the angle was not quite right, it took Myra several tries before she finally found the keys. Throughout the entire process, she was so shy and embarrassed that she felt that her breathing almost stopped.

She was not sure if it was an illusion, but she felt as though Tony's body stiffened slightly.

She breathed out heavily and took another look at him. Even with his eyes closed, he was still extremely good-looking. She blushed and thought about what Tilly had been talking about everyday. Then, she could not help but mutter to herself, "If Tilly knows about tonight, I bet I will never hear the end of it."

With that, she placed the keys into the lock and opened the door before she helped Tony into his house.

The apartment had two floors. Since Myra had used up all her strength, she placed him on the couch and walked to the kitchen after wiping the sweat off her forehead.

The fridge was relatively well stocked. After Myra married Sean, she had specially learned about various types of cooking in order to be a good wife. Hence, she easily made some broth for Tony to feel more refreshed and placed it on the table.

It was only at this moment did she look around his apartment.

It was clean and tidy—obviously the apartment of a bachelor. The tones were quite dark and the theme was a monochrome modernist style.

It could be seen from the details that Tony had quite a private life. There was nothing left behind by any woman—not even a strand of long hair could be seen.

There were many rich families in Bradfort city. It was obvious from Sean and his childhood friends that men in the upper-class like him had messy private lives. Judging by Tony's status and position, it was hard to tell that he was such a passionate man.

She turned around to look at the man who was asleep on the couch. His closed eyes hid the usual sharp look in his eyes, making him look much more gentle at this moment. His perfectly sculpted facial features looked exquisite and Myra could not even find a single flaw on him.

A man like him has a crush on a woman?

Myra shook her head. If he was awake, I bet he would never let me help him get home.

She entered his bedroom and brought out a soft blanket to cover his body.

Then, she sat down on the long couch that was opposite him.

After doing all these, she felt extremely tired, so she planned to rest for a while before leaving.

However, her sitting position slowly morphed into a leaning position. From there, she lay down completely on the couch.

As her consciousness gradually left her, she had long forgotten that this was not her own home.

The living room was very quiet; only their breathing could be heard. In fact, it was pleasantly quiet.

Tony, whose eyes had been closed this whole while, slowly opened his eyes.

His clear eyes contained indifference in them as he looked around him silently. When he saw Myra, who was fast asleep and curled into a ball on the couch opposite to him, his gaze softened and his lips lifted up slightly.

The blanket fell off his body as soon as he stood up quietly.

After putting the blanket aside, he walked directly to Myra's couch. It was only at this moment did he realize that there was an unnatural flush on her cheeks, and her breathing was quite rushed.

His face darkened as he touched her forehead. The heat shocked him so he quickly lifted her into his arms.

Myra, who had been fast asleep, felt the warmth around her and snuggled her face closer to Tony's chest. Then, she mumbled sadly, "I love you so much... Why can't you spare me another glance..."

Tony tightened his grip on her and pursed his lips. In just a few steps, he reached his bedroom and placed her on the bed gently. After taking another look at her, he walked out of the room with his phone in his hands.

"Hello? It's me..."

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In a mansion located in the suburbs to the south of the city, the black velvet curtains were opened wide, allowing the moonlight to enter through the French windows. Through the windows, the night cityscape of Bradford City could be seen from faraway; it looked opulent and busy.

Elsie loved this place. Ever since Sean brought her here once, she would always choose to meet here every time they met.

Sean got up from Elsie's side and simply put on a bathrobe before he sat by the bed. Soon, the room was filled with cigarette smoke.

As the moonlight fell on his indifferent face, Elsie woke up coughing from the smoke. She wrapped her soft body around Sean again and looked straight into the eyes of the handsome man in front of her.

"Something on your mind, Sean?"

Ever since they got here, he had never spoken seriously to her apart from those words when they were in bed. His cold facial features were tense, revealing that he was not in a good mood.

Sean tilted his head slightly and immediately met her eyes. Under the moonlight, her eyes looked bright. When she smiled, there was a sparkle in her eyes that resembled another pair of eyes in his memories...

He was slightly dazed when he looked at her. Then, he took a deep puff from the cigarette before he extinguished the flames in an ashtray nearby.

"Don't go looking for trouble with Myra in the future," he said out loud when he returned to his senses.

Though his voice was low, there was a trace of coldness in it.

Elsie was stunned upon hearing that, thinking that she had heard him wrongly. However, after seeing the cold expression on his face, a hint of jealousy flashed across her eyes as she said hurtfully, "Sean... you've misunderstood me. Undeniably, I was angry because Myra took the credit alone for the Sunny Bay Project, so I couldn't help myself and sought her out. You know very well that I'm involved in this project too, but who would expect that Myra is this sort of person? I—"

"You said you are involved in this project. Have you joined the planning for the design of the draft?"

After hearing Elsie push the blame, Sean frowned impatiently and immediately stood up. At this moment, he felt a surge of annoyance within him and he did not want to stay any longer.

Elsie was shocked to see that. Thinking that he was about to leave, she quickly walked over and hugged him. "Sean, I was with you recently so I didn't put a lot of time on that project. But it's all for you! Even though I didn't take part in the design, I've followed up with the progress..."

She looked pitiful as tears welled up in her eyes.

Sean also saw her watery eyes but he frowned and shook her hands away. "In the future, don't come looking for me anymore. Since you like this mansion so much, I'll give it to you."

With that, he put on his clothes and walked away from Elsie ruthlessly, only showing her his back.

During that night, Myra had a few dreams but she could not remember much.

She only remembered seeing her mother, who had not entered her dreams for a long time. Her mother looked kind as she caressed her head. "Myra, I want you to be happy."

Tears streamed down Myra's cheeks. "Mom, can you come back? I miss you."

"You silly girl! You're all grown up now. There will be a man to take care of you on my behalf. You just have to live a happy life."

Live a happy life?

Ever since I married Sean, this term seemed to have left me.

Initially, she thought Sean was the man who would bring her happiness, but she had only sunken deep into the two years of nightmares.

When she was about to continue talking to her mother, the beautiful and gentle woman left with a white light.

Myra struggled to wake up.

She seemed to hear someone speaking in a low voice around her and deliberately hushed footsteps. She knew that she was in a dream with her mother but she did not want to wake up, and she was extremely unwilling to do so.

After all, she missed her mother.

Her entire body felt uncomfortably hot, so she moaned in a low voice.

Right after that, she felt a cool presence around her as she seemed to be brought into a cool embrace.

Someone gently patted her back and the tempo was so comforting that she felt like crying.

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Myra snuggled closer into the embrace and found another comfortable position. Finally, she sank into a deep sleep again.

Philip was witnessing the scene in front of him—the man among their group of friends who was most uninterested in women was now hugging a woman gently.

If he did not see this with his own eyes, he would have thought he had entered another fantasy.

“Tony, I’m going to give an injection to this lady.”

Philip gulped and waved the injection syringe that was filled with medicine in front of him. However, Tony's face darkened immediately.

"She's having a fever. This is the quickest way to let her fever go down."

Philip did not dare to wave the syringe around anymore. He merely touched his nose as he explained it to Tony innocently.

I'm just giving her an injection! I'm not going to hurt her!

Seeing the way he hugs her preciously, it seems as though he will kill me off if I dare to hurt the woman in his arms.

Tony gently pulled Myra slightly further from his arms and nodded at Philip, an indication for him to quickly give her the injection.

After the needle poked into her skin, Tony's thin lips pressed into a hard line when Myra stiffened in his arms.

A deadly atmosphere spread in the bedroom.

Philip was so nervous that cold sweat had dampened his back entirely. After giving Myra the shot and giving Tony some further instructions, Philip quickly packed his stuff and escaped from the apartment.

As soon as he got out of the apartment, he took out his phone and sent a picture he secretly took of the both of them into a group chat on Messenger that consisted of their friends.

Sure enough, as soon as he sent the pictures, even those who seldom said anything were all sending messages.

'Wow! Is this the woman Tony has a crush on?' Elliot typed, to which Philip replied, 'Most probably. He treasures her so much that he almost sentenced me to death when I was giving her an injection.'

Elliot then sent another message. 'This is so shocking! Quickly send a complete picture of her!'

Lucas chimed in, 'I bet he doesn't have the guts to take a picture of her face. But Miss Stark does look familiar...'

Philip also felt that she was familiar-looking but he simply could not place her. After putting his phone away, he shot one last look at Tony's apartment before leaving as he shook his head.

In the bedroom, Tony chuckled hoarsely when he lowered his head to look at Myra, who would only snuggle closer to him when she was unconscious.

Initially, he thought two years would be enough to forget her. Unexpectedly, as soon as he returned, he still fell for her. In fact, she was most probably the reason for his return.

His eyes dimmed as he was not content with hugging her only. Just now, when she was fumbling around his pockets for the keys to his unit, or even earlier when she fell on him and kissed him accidentally, he could barely hold himself back.

Tony lowered his head and looked at her affectionately. Then, he merely kissed her gently on her forehead as he muttered in a low voice, "I won't let you leave me this time."

The next day when Myra woke up, she had no idea what was going on.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw an unfamiliar ceiling.

A huge crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room; it had a vintage style that was different from the one in hers.

The bed is quite soft and the surroundings...

She turned around and saw the arrangement of the room that was clean and completely unfeminine.

As memories slowly returned to her, her eyes narrowed and she immediately sat up on the bed.

As it was too sudden, her mind suddenly became blank. It was only after she steadied herself for a while that the dizziness faded.

This is... not my room.

After I sent Tony back to his apartment, didn't I leave?

Myra was shocked to find out about this. Just as she tore the blanket from her body, she saw herself wearing a set of unfamiliar pajamas. The suit dress that she wore last night was nowhere to be seen.

Her mind seemed to have exploded and she was dumbfounded.

At this moment, the door was opened by an old lady in her fifties who walked into the room.

When she saw that Myra was awake, she heaved a sigh of relief and placed a set of clothes beside her tidily. "Miss Stark, you are finally awake. I'm Mr. Tony's maid, Mrs. Somerfields. Last night you had a fever, so Mr. Tony asked me to take care of you. Here are your clothes."

Myra was still stunned at this occurrence. She pointed at the pajamas she was wearing and stuttered, "T-This pajamas that I'm wearing..."

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"I was the one who changed it for you." Mrs. Somerfields smiled kindly. "You were sweating heavily, so it was not suitable for you to continue wearing your clothes. Come on down for breakfast—I bet you must be hungry. By the way, I've already placed the toiletries that you might need in the washroom. Yours is the pink set."

A peculiar feeling rose within Myra. No matter how she thought about it, it didn't seem right to wake up in the room of an unfamiliar man. Nevertheless, she still remembered what happened last night when she had a fever. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, "W-Where is Director Hart now?"

"Mr. Tony went for a jog. He will return soon."

Myra froze for a moment before she quickly got up. As she didn't know how to face Tony later, she planned to leave before he got back.

She could clearly feel that she had gotten much better, and her head did not feel as dizzy as the day before.

After she changed into her clothes, she entered the washroom and froze once again.

There were two sets of toiletries in the washroom—a blue set and a pink set. It was perfectly fine to have two sets of toiletries in the washroom, as Mrs. Somerfields had mentioned just now that the pink set was prepared for her.

However, what was weird was the position of the toiletries set. The two mugs were next to each other, both the toothbrush faced each other and the towels were also placed on top of one another.

This looks too much like a couple set....

Myra blushed again, but this time around she quickly suppressed her thoughts.

Perhaps Mrs. Somerfields thinks that this arrangement looks better.

She did not dare to take the towel, so she merely brushed her teeth and washed her face. When she turned around, she was distracted by a black underwear which did not match the room's aesthetic. It was a huge, luxurious bathroom, yet there was a clothesline in the middle with a black underwear on it.

Myra's flushed as red as a tomato. She quickly averted her gaze and left Tony's bathroom as if she was escaping from something.

Mrs. Somerfields planned to ask her to stay for breakfast, but she politely rejected the offer.

Myra quickly tidied her belongings and planned to leave after she took her handbag.

Just as she walked to the doorway to put on her shoes, the front door of the unit was suddenly opened by someone from the outside.

She raised her head and immediately saw a pair of black, profound irises.

Their gazes meeting made her mind turn blank instantly and she froze at the doorway.

The person who opened the door was none other than Tony, who had just returned from his morning jog.

At this moment, he wore a set of black sportswear that revealed his smooth and elegant figure, accentuating his tall and firm body, making it look even more perfect than it already was. He had an air of masculinity around him that was unique to men. Though his hair was slightly damp, he looked energetic. Myra could even smell the slight mint flavour from his body.

“Uh...” Myra froze on the spot. When her gaze fell on his thin lips, she suddenly remembered the kiss last night. As a result, she immediately blushed as she greeted him awkwardly. “Director Hart...”

“You’re up?”

Tony nodded naturally. Compared to his initial coldness, he seemed more familiar with her at this moment. He then took a towel from Mrs. Somerfields to dry his hair.

Myra was even more awkward as the minutes passed. Of course, it was clear that he brought her to his bed last night.

“Thanks... for everything last night.”

After all, it was impossible for me to go home in that condition.

Seeing the way she planned to leave hastily, Tony arched his eyebrows and shot a glance at Mrs. Somerfields before he walked to the dining hall.

“Let’s have breakfast together. I have a few comments on the design plan from the Chase Group.”

Initially, Myra was about to leave right after greeting him but after she heard this, her exasperated self could only take off the shoes she had just put on.

Mrs. Somerfields took her handbag from her with a huge smile as she said, “Miss Stark, I’ve made porridge specially for you. It’s best for people who are feeling unwell.”

After a moment of hesitation, Myra walked to the dining hall as well.

The breakfast on the table was quite simple. It was highly likely that it was prepared to suit her preference since she was feeling unwell, so the food was light and bland.

Seeing that Tony spooned some vegetables onto his plate casually and slowly ate his breakfast, Myra also took a small bun. She could not help but ask, "Director Hart, I wonder what comments you have regarding our draft."

Right after she finished her sentence, Tony spooned some vegetables into her bowl.

Under her surprised gaze, he retracted his hands naturally and frowned slightly. "Don't talk when you're eating."