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Nonetheless, Conan had an ax to grind. He wanted Tony to get together with Myra. No matter if it was for Myra's sake, or the things she was about to face in the future, to be with him would be the greatest benefit she could gain.

There was a gentle smile at the corners of Myra's mouth. "He's very kind to me. I know he treats me sincerely. And he's also... the man that I want..."

When she uttered the last sentence, her voice softened, and her face blushed. Secretly, she glanced at Conan. When she saw that he wasn't making fun of her, she went on, "If I choose the wrong one again this time, I won't regret it..."

"You've grown up, Myra." Conan let out a sigh.

Conan's words still echoed in Myra's ears when she left the Ritz Carlton. 'Are you sure, Myra? Don't you want that kid from the Hart Family to help you? You must know that with his help, you can achieve double the result with half the effort. You can even take back what's yours

from the Stark Group. It's nothing more than a meeting for a project. You mustn't underestimate his abilities. Even I'm afraid to do business with him.'

Walking with her head down, Myra fell deep in her thoughts. She didn't want to get Tony involved in the feud between her and the Stark Family.

She loved him, and she cherished him. However, she didn't want to rely on him too much at a time like this. For one thing, she didn't want to leave a bad impression on the Hart Family. She was afraid that they would think that she got together with him because she needed his help to take back what belonged to her from the Stark Family. Second, she had a personal reason: Tony was too outstanding and powerful. Sometimes, he gave her a sense of panic. She was afraid that she couldn't hold on to him. For that reason, she didn't want to rely on him like a clinging vine. She wanted to become stronger so that she could stand shoulder to shoulder with him. Moreover, he deserved a better version of herself.

A hint of a gentle smile found its way across the corners of Myra's mouth. It was only a morning apart from him, yet she found herself missing the man who was sometimes cold, sometimes gentle, sometimes sexy, and sometimes domineering.

As soon as Myra came out of the Ritz Carlton, the valet handed her her car key. Just as she was about to get into her car, a shadow quickly cast over her. Myra looked up and saw Lyla, who came when she wasn't paying attention and blocked her way.

"Let's talk, Myra." Lyla's delicate face shone radiantly under the midday sun. She was so attractive, but her gaze was unfriendly. She was staring at Myra alertly and unhappily.

Myra narrowed her eyes. The smile at the corners of her mouth quickly faded and was replaced by an indifference curve. "I don't think there's anything we need to talk about, Miss Fisher."

At this moment, Lyla was no longer the same sweet and obedient Lyla in front of Sean and Eve. She gritted her teeth and scoffed, "I know what you're thinking, Myra. You want to take Sean away from me to take revenge, right? You deliberately told Eve and Sean about the bargaining chip you have because you want them to regret their decision and come back for you! But, did you forget how they treated you back then? If you're brilliant enough, you should stay away from them after the divorce and never go back!"

Lyla acted as if she was saying that for Myra's own good. Nevertheless, Myra only laughed at her words. "So, you came here on purpose to remind me for my own good?" Soon after she said that, she pulled open the door of her sports car and got in. It was as if she didn't take Lyla's words to heart.

Immediately, Lyla's expression changed. "I know you hate me for what I did to you back then! But, did I not help you too? Why do you still want to stay in the Chase Family with that kind of family?"

"Then, why do you want to stay in the Chase Family?" Myra put on her sunglasses. When she turned around, the amber-tinted lens concealed her cold gaze. Her pink lips were pulled into a tight line for the first time since they met. "Lyla, we both know what you're up to. I know what you did to me back then, and I'm sure you know that too. I used to be easygoing, but not anymore. You stopped me just to warn me not to go back to Sean and Eve, but I have something to tell you: you're in no position to say that to me."

After Myra said that and saw the huge change in expression on Lyla's face, she smirked and closed the car window. Starting the car engine, she drove away like an arrow shooting out before Lyla's eyes.

Behind her, Lyla's expression got uglier. All along, she knew that Myra's feelings for Sean were deep, and she couldn't let go of him. After they divorced, she didn't try to offend Myra because she didn't want to ignite her desire for revenge, which would end up provoking her to steal Sean away from her. Besides, her position in the Chase Family wasn't stable yet; she needed time. Nevertheless, it didn't occur to her that Myra would come back to bother Sean and Eve right after the divorce.

Lyla went to the bathroom during the meal. When she came back, she overheard Eve asking Sean if Myra had any other property apart from the Ritz Carlton. She knew Eve very well. Eve was blinded by greed. If Myra revealed her cards, Eve would naturally want her back!

Lyla clenched her fists tightly at the thought. She knew Myra's largest secret was the Stark Group... If something happens, and the whole Stark Group becomes hers according to Old Master Stark's will... Her face turned livid with rage.

After the divorce, Myra felt like her life had become rather empty without a job and Tony by her side.

During the afternoon, she went to the club to play golf. Tony seemed to enjoy golf, yet Myra wasn't very good at it. So, she found a coach to teach her for a while. However, the ball didn't seem to agree with her. Without Tony's help, she couldn't sink a ball. In the end, she

decided to give up. Nonetheless, it was a beautiful view. So, she pulled out her phone and took a selfie as she smiled.

After a second thought, she tapped into Messenger and sent the photo to that man. Under the photo was a sentence: 'Don't look at other women during work.'

Staring at herself in the picture, Myra then read the earlier message again. Her face flushed slightly at her words. She had become more daring after she got together with Tony.

Knowing that he was still on the plane, she left her Messenger.

By the time Myra was leaving the club, she saw a group of men in suits walking in. The one in the front was a man in his forties. However, due to proper grooming and self-care, he looked as though he was younger than forty years old. He was a handsome gentleman, and he radiated a certain mature charm.

Nonetheless, Myra smirked at the sight. When the man turned his head and saw her, she instantly turned around and left the club. Her phone had been ringing since the morning, but she had never answered the call from that number. At this moment, her phone vibrated again. She turned her phone off right away.

When she reached home, she took a shower and made a simple meal to treat herself. Eventually, she found herself walking back to the bathroom inside her bedroom. Staring at

the black underwear inside the laundry basket, she bit her lip, picked it up, and washed it before she hung it inside the bathroom to dry.

It was almost 10 PM when that specific ringtone rang.

Myra was already hovering on the edge of sleep, yet she reached out for the phone on the headboard subconsciously. She brought the phone to her ear. "Hello..."

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Myra's sleepy voice sounded soft and gentle as if it was a small hand caressing Tony's heart. The impressive New York street view was no longer visible to him.

Remembering the moment he saw her message after he got off the plane, his heart softened all of a sudden. He took the cigarette away from his thin lips and put it out on the ashtray. His charmingly low voice rose in Myra's ear. "Did you miss me?"

As if an electric current had passed through her body, Myra shuddered slightly and buried herself deeper into her bed. Her muffled sound rose from under her blanket. "Yes..." Then, she heard his low chuckle. She could even feel the vibration of his chest even though he was far away.

She felt like she was getting weaker after she met Tony. When she couldn't see him, she missed him a lot. Yet, when he was in front of her, she felt awkward. Biting her lip, she then said suddenly, "Did you go back to deal with the Hartwell Group?" Estelle once mentioned to her that Tony planned to move the company back to Bradford City and merge it with the Hart Group.

Instead of being surprised by the fact that Myra knew what he was doing, Tony pulled out another cigarette from the cigarette case. He paused for a moment and threw it into the trash can inside the car again. Leaning back into the leather car seat, he loosened his tie, exuding an indifferent aura. "Don't worry. There will indeed be work-related social functions. But, those women aren't up to my standards."

At his remarks, Myra's heart flinched. A sweet feeling slowly flowed through her limbs. She lifted the corners of her mouth and huffed. "If those women aren't up to your standards, then who's up to your standards?"

Instantly, Myra slightly regretted what she said. Nevertheless, she had to admit that she was secretly looking forward to his answer. As expected, she heard his low chuckle again. Tony's voice was low and sexy, and it made her cheeks burn up. Instantly, her sleepiness went away, and she straightened up her neck and exclaimed, "What are you laughing at?"

"You want me to confess my love for you, huh, Myra?" Tony lifted the corners of his thin lips slightly. When the driver saw his expression from the rear-view mirror, his eyes widened in bewilderment. However, he soon took notice of the harsh gaze his boss was giving him faintly, and he quickly concentrated on the traffic ahead. Still, he couldn't help but feel astonished. He had long been employed as Tony's personal driver in New York, but he had never seen him talking to anyone on the phone with that tone and expression.

The one on the other side must be a woman, but she's definitely not that one... The driver couldn't help but feel sorry for that woman when he thought about her.

The moment Myra heard Tony's words, her face was blushing as red as a tomato. Luckily, he couldn't see her embarrassing state from the other side. Her grip on the phone tightened. "It's late. I'm tired. I'm going to bed."

"So, you don't want to know who's up to my standards?" Nonetheless, it seemed like Tony didn't want to let her go.

Immediately, she was annoyed. "I don't want to know any more!"

"Sigh. That's a shame. I was going to tell you. Since you're tired, go to sleep then." He sounded like a lazy leopard. As he narrowed his eyes slightly, he suddenly continued, "Tomorrow Elliot will send Meow to your place. Meow will look after you for me when I'm not around."

'Meow will look after you for me when I'm not around.'

Myra recalled what Tony said on the phone before he left. 'When I'm away, you're not allowed to talk to other men, nor have any contact with them.'

A mixture of sweetness and embarrassment enveloped her heart. What a domineering man!

Quickly, she forgot his wickedness from earlier and let out a hiss as she gritted her teeth. As if she was reluctant, she said, "Fine." It had been quite some time since she saw that big furry dog. She missed it a lot.

The atmosphere suddenly fell silent. Even though nobody spoke, and Myra could only hear Tony's indistinct breathing, she still felt a sense of satisfaction. However, knowing that he just got off the plane and would have a lot of things to deal with, she was understanding enough to say, "I'll let you go. Talk to you later."

"Hmm." Tony's voice was faint.

Myra bit her lip, and then she said, "I'll wait for you at home." Then, she even gave him a kiss boldly. By the time she realized what she had done, she quickly hung up.

Even Tony was baffled, but a faint smile quickly found its way to the corners of his lips.

When the driver saw that the call had ended, he immediately began, "Director Hart, Director Walton said that the Walton Family has tidied up a room for you. The elders from the Walton Family haven't seen you in a while and they miss you. He insists that you stay the night at the Walton Residence tonight."

After Tony ended the call, he went back to the cold and distant self he presented in front of outsiders. Hearing the driver's words, he simply replied, "Go back to Bronx Street."

Although his tone was light, it was unyielding. The driver could only answer, "Okay." Slowly, the car came to a stop and turned around, moving in the direction of Bronx Street.

Almost at the same time, there was another incoming call. Tony glanced at the number and answered calmly.

“Tony, you’re finally back! Did the driver pick you up yet? Did he pass on my brother’s message?” As soon as the call was answered, a woman’s delicate and cheerful voice was heard.

Tony took out a cigarette and lit it. When he held it between his lips, his voice came out muffled and indifferent. “Hmm.”

“You have to come over tonight. I even prepared a surprise for you! Tony, I haven’t heard from you since you went back. My brother said you planned to move the Hartwell Group back to Bradford City. Is that true? Why? The company is doing well here; why do you want to move it? Besides, after you move it back, I’ll be so far away from you, and we—”

Before she could finish her words, Tony frowned and hung up impatiently. Holding the cigarette with his index and middle fingers, he moved it away from his lips and blew out a mouthful of smoke to ease the restlessness in his heart and body. Just the voice of Myra from earlier made him want to press her underneath him. When he heard her kiss, his body quickly reacted.

She has to be proud of the influence she has over me. He squinted at the thought—it was as though he hadn’t received the call from the other woman at all.

The next morning, Elliot showed up at Myra’s apartment with the dog.

When Myra went downstairs to pick up the dog, she saw the man and the dog leaning against the extremely eye-catching golden Aston Martin Taraf. The scene was somewhat hilarious.

As if it had been copying Elliot for a while, the dog gave up that posture, and simply plunged itself on Elliot. Elliot dodged away while trying to grab it—it had become his sweet burden.

By the time Elliot noticed Myra’s presence, he finally grabbed the dog and whistled at her. “Myra, I brought your dog here according to Tony’s request!”

He walked toward Myra with the dog in his arms, during which Meow slapped him with its paw, and they got into a fight for a while again. Eventually, Elliot successfully took hold of it and handed it to Myra. “It loses its temper when its master isn’t around. Myra, if you can’t control it, call me.”

However, as soon as Meow got closer to Myra and saw her, it instantly darted out from Elliot's arms and launched itself toward Myra. It licked her excitedly—no longer grumpy as it had been when it was around Elliot.

Elliot was stunned as he stared at the dog. He shot Meow an irritated glance before saying with relief again, "Looking at its behavior, I'm finally relieved. I've something else to attend to, Myra. I have to go. Call me if you need me."

Myra nodded at his words. "Be safe on your way."

The dog was rubbing against Myra's leg as it knelt by her side while she watched Elliot getting into his dazzling car. She found his Aston Martin Taraf somewhat familiar since it wasn't commonly seen in Bradford City. Immediately, she remembered seeing this car at the Chase Group's underground car park.

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Was Elliot inside the car back then?

In the next moment, the car's engine started and left.

Myra shook her head at her own thoughts and went on to play with Meow before she brought it back to her house.

The schedule had been packed recently. Once the men from the business circle were done with dinner, one of them suggested they visit a nightclub. It was something they had gotten used to doing.

When Tony got up on his feet, he casually grabbed his suit jacket before he loosened his tie slightly without an expression. Standing beside him was a similarly tall and handsome man. The man let out a low chuckle and said to Tony, "My sister called you yesterday night, and when you didn't answer the call, she was so infuriated that she smashed the new desk lamp we just got recently. That honor is yours alone. Apart from you, I really don't know who can control her." He sounded gloomy yet evil, and his words were ambiguous.

Even though Tony heard that, his expression remained stoic. He simply put out the lit cigarette in his hand and glanced at the man who spoke earlier. "Our former partnership was solely about business."

The gloomy man was stunned for a second before he narrowed his eyes. "I'm just kidding. Look at you; we just divided up the company, and now you're already so eager to cut ties with the Walton Family? If I didn't know you, I would have thought that you really despised our family."

Tony didn't respond to his words. After he put on his suit jacket, he walked straight to the door. "I won't go later. Be sure to keep the others entertained."

His voice was calm. At work, Tony managed to work out a lot of deals no matter how tough they may be with his calm and collected nature.

For that reason, Gideon Walton chose him as his partner in setting up a company. Of course, the Hart Family's forces behind him were something Gideon had his eyes on as well. Otherwise, he wouldn't have encouraged his sister to go after a man who seemed so heartless. Furthermore, the Walton Family's company in the United States had encountered some issues. Although there was no solution for the time being, and he could only agree with Tony's idea to divide the company, as long as his sister was married to him, what happened afterward was not a problem.

However...

After he thought for a moment, he twitched his lips and asked tentatively, "All these years, even though you never found yourself a woman, you would never leave me alone when there's a big contract. Did Young Master Tony finally change his personality?"

Yet, Tony looked like he didn't hear his question. The room fell silent for a moment and soon, his figure disappeared in the doorway.

Inside the room, the smile on Gideon's face slowly froze. A layer of a gloomy fog that couldn't seem to clear away quickly formed under his eyes. Immediately, he took his phone out and called someone. When the phone was connected, he let out a smirk. A touch of malice glinted in his eyes; it wasn't there when Tony was in front of him. "Gemma, you better hurry up. I'm afraid that you might fall behind and lose his heart!"

At the moment, the young lady of the Walton Family, Gemma Walton, was driving. Upon hearing her brother's warning, she was puzzled. "Gideon, what are you talking about? Wasn't Tony out with you today to talk business?"

"Talk business?" Remembering how Tony had left the room and told him to keep the others entertained, Gideon couldn't help but sneer. "I think you're too at ease. His heart isn't with you, yet you let him stay in Bradford City for so long! Gemma, do you still think that he was joking about dividing the company? The contract has already come into effect this afternoon. Your Tony only left me ten percent of the company's shares!"

"What?!" Gemma stepped on the brake, nearly hitting the car in front. "Gideon, didn't you say that you could convince Tony? If you guys really divided up the company, once he takes care of things in the States, does that mean he'll never come back again?"

"Congratulations, you've finally come to terms with reality." When Gideon recalled his dissatisfaction when he signed the contract in the afternoon, he was enraged. However, Tony was the one who ran the company, and he accidentally made a mistake, giving Tony the upper hand over him. Therefore, even though he was irritated by Tony's ruthlessness, he couldn't change Tony's mind. Gideon's face was blazing with fury. "He'll only stay in the States for two more days. Remember what I told you. Don't let go of this man, be it for your sake, or the sake of our family! I heard that he has an affair with a woman in Bradford City. Gemma, if you're one step slower again, there'll be nothing left for you in the end."

The green light came on, and at the same time, Gemma's expression twisted. "A woman's clinging to Tony in Bradford City?"

"Is it weird that women are clinging to him?" Gideon was impatient and went on coldly, "No matter what method you use, as long as you can get married to him, I promise you that the Walton Group will give you twenty percent of the shares as your dowry. It'll also be an indication of sincerity from us to the Hart Family."

"Really?" Gemma's distorted expression quickly faded into a blooming smile.

"Of course—provided that you can convince Tony to marry you." Gideon narrowed his eyes, making him look more evil. Then, he hung up instantly.

Staring at the leftover food in front of him, he jerked the tablecloth and let everything on the dining table spill all over the place.

After Gemma ended the call, a trace of determination flashed across her delicate face. She had been chasing after Tony for so many years. All these years, no woman could stay by his side for more than two days. When he was in the United States, she could handle those women she knew who wanted to get into his bed. However, those in Bradford City...

She narrowed her eyes at the thought, and her gorgeous eyes dimmed like her brother's.

"Myra, Myra, please believe me! Do you know how I broke up with my tenth boyfriend? It's because I happened to see him meeting up with business partners in a bar. And he had hot girls with big breasts in his arms! You don't want to know how affectionate they were!"

After Estelle learned that Tony had gone to the United States and had to attend some work-related social functions, she immediately told Myra about what men usually do when they are having fun. "You just got together with Tony. Your relationship isn't strong yet. To let him leave like that, aren't you afraid that he'll go out and fool around? The one-night stand you mentioned meant nothing to him. So, why don't you call him right now and put out some feelers! Find out if there are any women around him!"

When Myra heard Estelle getting farfetched, her expression sank to its extreme. She shot her a discontented glance. "Estelle, don't be ridiculous! He's not that kind of man."

"Oh my God!" Estelle's nervous expression instantly bloomed into a flower-like smile. "Look at you; I was just making stuff up, yet you're so protective over him. Myra, you're really hopeless."

Once Myra knew she had been teased, her cheeks were painted red, and she proceeded to take the steak away from Estelle. "I'm going to starve you this afternoon!"

"No way, Myra. Sisters before misters. Without the box I sent you that day, you guys wouldn't have gotten together so fast that night! I can forgive you for not being grateful, but how can you starve me?" she protested.

After listening to her words, Myra was even more flustered. "How dare you mention that! If it weren't for that box you sent, I wouldn't have been made a fool in front of Old Master Hart!"

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He was the Hart Family's elder. Myra didn't know how he would think of her in the future!

Estelle pouted. "How would I know that he would come and happen to see that box... But, since Tony also saw it, how was it? Was he particularly excited that night?"

Speaking of Tony, Estelle started gossiping again. "How was he? You're so tiny. Could you stand him?" After she said that, she sized Myra up and pinched her cheek. "Look at your complexion. You look so good. Indeed, you've been pampered." She gave her a meaningful grin. "Myra, that box of things..."

"Estelle!"

Myra was flushed from head to toe, and her face was burning with embarrassment. "If you bring this up again, I'll kick you out!"

"Aww. You want to kick me out? Is it because you're afraid that I'll find a pair of men's black boxer briefs in the drawer where you keep your underwear?" Estelle swayed around Myra, grinning like a Cheshire cat.

Immediately, Myra's face turned even redder. Indeed, that was Tony's underwear. After the underwear dried that day, she kept it in her drawer.

"You went through my drawer!" She was defeated by the truth.

"I just opened it slightly, but the black color was so eye-catching that I accidentally saw it," teased Estelle. This time, she had rendered Myra speechless. "Honestly, did you guys use the things in the box?" Curious, Estelle leaned toward her.

Instantly, Myra slapped her away and yelled, "No!"

When she came out of the bedroom that day, Tony said he had dealt with the box. Later, she couldn't find it in her apartment. So, she guessed that he must have thrown it away.

"He threw it in the trash can."

"What?" Estelle's eyes widened in disbelief. This wasteful couple!

Looking at Estelle's reaction, Myra had finally relieved her anger, and she rolled her eyes at her. "If you give me those weird things again, don't come to me for three months!" Then, she took her purse, put on her shoes, and walked out of her house. "Remember to cook the rice. I'll go down and buy some ingredients."

After Myra walked out the door, she clutched the phone that was inside her pocket tightly. As a matter of fact, Myra knew the places men liked to visit when there were work-related social functions. Women would never be absent in functions like that. Nevertheless, she had no idea why she had faith in Tony. If he really wanted to fool around with those women, there was no need for him to stay single for so many years.

However, a voice inside her seemed to be refuting. Don't you remember the Tony you first saw in the video interview? Didn't he mean that he has a crush on a woman? Based on his expression, it seemed like she was a long-term crush.

Myra bit her lip at the thought. After she got into the elevator, she couldn't help but call that number. I only called two days ago. Will he think that I don't trust him if I call him now? Her heart was pounding, yet the call was quickly connected.

On the other side, Tony was about to get out of the car outside the villa. His tie was slightly loosened, and his suit jacket draped over his toned forearm. One of his hands was holding a lit cigarette. His handsome face looked buzzed, but this hint of laziness amplified his beauty.

When he saw Myra's incoming call, there was finally some softness on his expressionless face. Quickly, he answered the call. "Hmm?"

His low and deep voice hit right into Myra's eardrum through the phone. Instantly, Myra felt like her ear was burning. Still, she managed to pick up the anomaly in the man's voice. After giving it some thought, she asked, "Are you in the middle of a function? Did I interrupt you?"

At her remarks, Tony let out a chuckle. "Are you checking up on me, Myra? Unfortunately, the function is over, and I'm standing outside my house."

Myra thought her ears were flushing. There was no sound on Tony's end. It was so quiet as if there was no one around him. Secretly blaming herself for being oversensitive, Myra was about to tell him to get some rest, but she was cut off by a delicate woman's voice. "Tony, I've been waiting for you for so long. You're finally back."

Myra was stunned. She was sure that the woman's voice came from the other side of the phone. Nevertheless, Tony was similarly puzzled by the voice. Instantly, he narrowed his eyes and looked at the woman, who was standing not far away in his villa's garden.

Right after the call with her brother, Gemma drove straight to Tony's villa. However, when she arrived, Tony wasn't there, so she could only wait in the garden. As soon as she saw Tony leave the car and walk toward the villa, her eyes followed him with fascination. Without hesitating, she ran toward him. "Tony, I heard from my brother that you came home straight away. So, I drove here too."

Upon hearing that, Tony frowned. Though he looked slightly drunk, his gaze carried a touch of harshness. The cigarette in his hand had already burned out. Casually, he let it go and moved the tip of his leather shoe to the front, stepping on it to put it out. Immediately, there was only the dim light in the garden gleaming over him. He was tall and broad. When he didn't move nor speak, the air around him became even more distant and cold.

This was the Tony that Gemma adored. She fell for him the first time she saw him six years ago. "Tony, are you really going to move Hartwell back to Bradford City?" Gemma bit her lip, and her delicate face looked upset. "Why? Isn't it good to stay in the States? If you go back to Bradford City, we'll be so far away from each other; I—"

"Miss Walton." Tony's thin lips pursed slightly as he cut her off coldly. "Do you need me to call your brother to come and pick you up?"

Gemma froze. Her ivory white teeth sank further into her lower lip. "Tony, you know I came here for you... I... I heard that you'll be leaving in two days, but I... don't want you to leave..."

She took a step forward, trying to snuggle into his arms. Yet, Tony's face instantly sank at her actions, and a trace of hatred flashed before his eyes. He immediately backed away to avoid her before he started walking into his villa. "It's getting late. I won't see you off."

"Tony Hart!" After chasing after him for so many years, Gemma didn't expect that he was still so cold whenever he saw her! Refusing to accept his attitude, she cried out behind his back, "I don't believe you don't know that I like you!"

Seeing that he was slowing down his pace, she ran to catch up with him and stood in front of the cold-looking man. "I know you treat me differently. Those women aren't even allowed to get close to you, only I can. If that's the case, why can't you give me a chance? I'm not the same little girl who knew nothing six years ago. I'm all grown up, and I'm more mature..." As she said that, she stood upright. She was dressed seductively tonight, and her outfit showed off her perfect figure.

Nonetheless, Tony's face remained emotionless. He ended up pulling out another cigarette and lighting it. "You think I treat you differently?"

"Isn't that true? Tony..." When Gemma saw that he wasn't trying to leave, she thought she had finally caught his attention. Immediately, she moved forward, trying to approach him little by little.

Yet, when she was approaching, Tony suddenly shifted his body to the side. Unable to respond in time, Gemma stumbled toward a big tree. The moment she hit the trunk, her face twisted in pain.

"Gemma Walton." Standing beside her, Tony opened his mouth slowly. His face was blurred by the cigarette smoke. "I put up with your presence for your brother's sake. I don't like strangers coming into my territory. If there's a second time, I won't go easy on you again."

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His voice was indifferent and monotonous. Yet, it managed to send chills down Gemma's spine.

Her body stiffened as she turned around and stared at the cold man. "What? No way... You obviously have feelings for me. You just don't know it because you're apathetic... It's okay; it's okay... I can wait..."

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She started talking gibberish, and Tony's patience ran out. When he remembered Myra's call, he directly ignored the woman in front of him and walked into his villa.

Gemma stared at his distant figure. Her teeth nearly sank through her pink lip!

It's the same again! It's the same every time! No matter what I do to pursue him, he never looks at me! Is there something wrong with me? However, she felt fortunate that she wasn't the only one that Tony treated like that. He's not drawn to women. Maybe, he's born to be an indifferent man...

Gemma tried to cheer herself up as she thought, No matter what, I've had a lot more chances compared to other women.

After Tony got into the villa and got rid of the annoying voice, he undid his tie and wanted to listen to Myra's voice. Yet, by the time he looked at his phone, the call had already ended without his knowledge. When he tried to call back, her phone was turned off.

Narrowing his eyes slightly, he wondered if she was jealous.

"I know you treat me differently. Those women aren't even allowed to get close to you, only I can—"

As the woman went on, Myra's phone suddenly turned off automatically because its battery ran out.

Staring at her black screen, Myra felt as if there was a lump in her throat, and she was upset. She knew she had to believe Tony; nonetheless, when she heard the woman's confession for him, she found herself ill at ease. She took another glance at the black screen and inhaled deeply. In the end, she threw her phone back into her purse and went downstairs to buy some ingredients for the meal.

Estelle had been visiting Myra's place for free meals, possibly because of Meow's recent short stay. For that reason, Myra was no longer bored. She would get calls from Cameron at times. Yet, she always ignored them and ended the call calmly. Her life was slowly getting back on track.

Two to three days later, Myra was on her way back from the nearby supermarket after she bought some things. As she approached her apartment, she slowed down her pace at the sight of the car and the man in front of her.

A familiar, eye-catching black Lamborghini was parked outside of her apartment. Leaning against the car was a man in a white shirt and black pants. He was tall and broad even though he was leaning against the car with his head ducked down. His arrogant chin carried the vibe of royalty, and his charm attracted the attention of the people nearby.

The old Myra could never resist Sean when he looked like this. Nonetheless, the present Myra's heart was calm when she saw him. All the times she was hurt felt like someone else's story when she recalled them.

Calmly, she walked toward her apartment. Still, the man beside her managed to stop her.

"Myra, I have something to tell you." His eyes were deep. There was something gloomy behind his gaze, and his voice was pretentiously cold.

To be honest, Myra was annoyed by the fact that she was still getting involved with him even though they were divorced. For the past few days, Sean, Eve, and Lyla had been taking turns to stop her. However, did she really have to stop just because they called out to her?

Acting as though she didn't hear him, she walked straight into the apartment.

Sean's face sank slightly at her reaction. Marching a few steps forward, he caught Myra by her wrist. "Myra, I said I've got something to tell you!"

"Just say it if you want, but take your hands off me!" The moment Myra felt his touch on her wrist, she quickly shrank back and shrugged off his hand as she said with discontent.

Sean's face became even uglier. When his eyes found the bag of things she was carrying, he quickly noticed that those were household goods. However, the colors weren't the pinkish tone that was generally favored by women. They were on the darker side. His gaze deepened, and when he finally looked back at Myra, his gaze glinted with disdain. "What? There's some other guy living in your house? Are you afraid of him finding us here together?"

"It's none of your business." Myra returned his gaze with a similar mocking look.

Sean was choked by her words. He felt something indescribable rampaging about in his chest, trying to break free. He clenched his fists that were at his side, and his expression sank before he handed her an invitation letter.

The invitation letter was delicately made. It was decorated with white wedding dress-like laces, making it obvious for anyone to guess what the invitation letter was made for.

Wondering if Sean was actually dumb or pretending to be dumb, Myra looked at him as if she was smiling. "You're going to marry Lyla, and you want to invite me to your wedding?"

Sean had no idea why his heart flinched when he noticed her gloomy expression. Subconsciously, the corners of his mouth curved upward slightly as he stared at her eyes intently. "Are you unhappy?"

"Why should I be happy?" Discovering his intention, Myra knew she couldn't leave any sooner. So, she simply put the bag on the floor before she looked up at the man calmly.

Unbeknownst to her, Sean's heartbeat was accelerating as a result of her earlier words. Right when he was going to say something, Myra was one step ahead of him. "We're not related at all. Why should I be happy that you're getting married?"

What she said was like a wet blanket thrown on Sean. His expression changed subtly. "Myra, do you still hate me for not caring about you all these years? Do you still care that the one I love is Lyla?"

After they had registered their marriage, Lyla was very concerned about the wedding. Even his mother was urging him to get things done quickly. However, his mind had been occupied lately. Firstly, there were too many follow-ups to deal with at the company. Secondly, it was because of Myra. These days, he found himself thinking about her a lot. When he went to the Ritz Carlton for a meal, he would wonder if she was there too. When he went to the club to play golf, he also wondered if she would be there. Everywhere he went, he was looking for her subconsciously.

At the end of the day, he realized that ever since the encounter with her at the Ritz Carlton, she had really vanished from his world. His confidence was shaking. Yet, after he was rushed to prepare the wedding, again and again, he agreed without hesitation, took the invitation letter, and drove here.

He sent someone to find out about the apartment Myra was currently living in. When he pulled up here, he found himself even more annoyed. Something was trying to break free from his chest, but it was firmly imprisoned. The moment he saw Myra, he tried to stop her subconsciously.

Myra didn't know what Sean meant when he said those words. Nonetheless, given her previous experience, she knew he wouldn't be able to say something nice. She never knew what wicked ideas were in his mind.

"Sean Chase, you're thinking too much. I don't hate you for not caring about me all these years, and I don't care who you like. When we got a divorce, didn't I tell you that we would part ways like strangers? Please don't come looking for me again."

