

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 151

Cameron tried reaching Myra multiple times on the phone lately, but she did not answer a single one of his calls. It wasn't that she did not want to return to the Stark Group, but she wanted to make a statement before she did.

Tony's eyes narrowed as he stared at Myra. "Why do we have to wait for a bit before getting out of the car?"

For some reason, she felt rather guilty from the way he was looking at her. But the thought of Kris made her frown and lower her head. "I don't want to be in the same elevator as that person."

He looked back in the direction of the elevator. The doors had closed slowly, and the elevator was heading up.

Because he had done a thorough check on her before, he was aware of Kris' identity and perhaps even some of the relatives on Myra's paternal and maternal side of the family that she might not have known herself. Seeing the look on her face, something flickered across his eyes. He held her waist and left a reassuring kiss on her forehead. "Let's wait for a bit before going up then."

As soon as he said that, she snapped her head up and pressed, "Why don't you go back to your apartment tonight?"

In an instant, the tender expression he had on his face a second ago turned dark. Tightening his arm around her thin waist, he seethed, "Myra, sometimes, I really just want to strangle you!"

She was clearly the one who made those flirtatious suggestions in the car earlier. '...you can do anything you want when we're home...'

But now that they were at her apartment, she was telling him to just go home.

Feeling guilty, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed his cheeks. She coaxed, "Tony. Just this once, okay? That woman is my half-sister. I know her very well. If she goes up there and doesn't see me, she'll keep waiting until I show up."

"What does that have to do with me going to your place?" He was not swayed by her coaxing and simply looked at her coldly. She said she didn't want to be in the same elevator as that woman, but really, she's just afraid of letting that woman see the both of us together!

A wave of anger was surging inside of him while his expression turned sour.

She felt apologetic now that he knew her intentions. When she went to grab his hand, he avoided her. Nonetheless, she learned to be as thick-skinned as he was and forcefully grabbed his hand without a second thought. "I don't like the Stark Family. I still haven't told you some things about my family, but I'll tell you everything slowly, okay? For the time being, I just don't want them to know that we're together."

He scoffed. "The main point here is you don't want them to know about our relationship, right?" He turned and pushed her chin up harshly. Seeing how she was still looking at him with her big and clear eyes, he suddenly felt like tying her up and giving her a good beating.

"Myra, are you that ashamed of me?"

His tone was cold when he said that, but she felt her body stiffen slightly as she thought she heard a hint of hurt in his voice too.

Biting her lip, she clasped his unoccupied hand and pressed, "It's not that. I actually want to introduce you to Mr. Engelhard as soon as I can. He's someone I care about. But the Stark Family... Tony, I'm going back to the Stark Group soon. I just feel like it's not appropriate to let them find out about our relationship now."

"How is it inappropriate?" He asked with a subtle expression.

She did not know how to explain to him for a while. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I want to take back what is mine. I wanted to return to the Stark Group a long time ago, but at the time, I didn't know I would end up with you. You were not part of my plans at the time, but now..."

Her explanation was rather disoriented because the truth was she did not know what to say either.

His eyes grew even more somber. "You don't want me to interfere in your plans to return to the Stark Family?"

She took a deep breath and nodded as she bit her lip.

That was the plan she came up with during the time that he was gone.

His expression did not look too good. He laughed, but it was brief and carried a bit of mockery.

It made her feel uncomfortable all of a sudden. In a gentle voice, she said, "I promise I will get this sorted out very quickly. Isn't it your birthday next month? Old Master Hart also gave me permission to go to your birthday—"

"As you wish," he cut her off abruptly. Pulling out and lighting up the cigarette he kept earlier, he pinched it between his index finger and middle finger and inhaled sharply.

When he saw that she was staring at him in a daze, he smirked at her. "Didn't you tell me to go back home first? What are you still doing in the car?"

She had a feeling that he was upset now, but at the moment, she did not know what to say to comfort him.

After she slowly got out of the car, she wanted to turn back around and say something to him. Anything would have sufficed. I could tell him I want to go back to his apartment with him today. It's not like I haven't spent the night there before. But, if I bump into Old Master Hart again... At her own apartment, however, she would not bump into Sebastian.

Her mind was a mess. Knowing that she was wrong, she was going to say something when the passenger-side door was suddenly pulled shut from the inside.

She looked up immediately and saw his icy-looking side profile. The lines on his face were also strained tightly. A feeling of desolation entered her awareness.

It was the second time he locked her out of the car that day.

Nonetheless, she only felt sorry toward him.

Very quickly, the car rushed off once again before her.

Taking a deep breath, she felt like she was truly the worst. She wanted to tell him that she wanted to solve her problems with the Stark Family on her own so that people did not think she chose to be with him for some other reason. Do I just feel inferior? Because I'm a divorcee, and he's too perfect...

She felt dejected. When she turned around, she realized that since they had parted on bad terms, she also forgot to bring the bag of things down from the car. She tugged her lips to one side then started walking toward the elevator.

Once she got to the elevator, the doors happened to open and inside it was none other than Kris.

Kris was slightly surprised to see her, but her eyes were quickly filled with mockery and fiendish pleasure. "I thought the divorce hit you too hard and you were off crying somewhere!"

Because of her, she and Tony had gotten into a dispute. She already detested Kris and her mother to start with, but seeing her now, Myra felt even more irritated. With a cold expression, she walked into the elevator and pressed the button for her floor.

As the doors were closing, a beautiful hand suddenly stopped it. Kris was standing outside the elevator. Those eyes of hers looked blatantly smug. "What? Did the divorce hit you so hard that you don't even know how to talk anymore? Myra, I knew Sean was going to divorce you from the start! I also heard he's with Lyla now. Not only did they get a marriage license already, but they're also going to have the wedding reception soon!"

"What does that have to do with you?" Myra drew a sharp breath.

Kris froze momentarily before gloating even more. "I came here just to see you in misery!" Her gaze turned ruthless in an instant. "I told you before. What makes you think you can step on me? I've only just begun. One day, anything you have that I like, I will take away from you while destroying everything of yours that I don't like!"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 152

“Are you saying you want to take away the twenty percent I own of Stark Group?” Myra mocked.

“That’s right!” Kris exclaimed without trying to cover her intentions. Suddenly, she lowered her voice and sounded especially vicious. “Don’t assume that I’m unaware. Aside from the twenty percent you own in Stark Group, you also have fifty percent of Chase Group’s property at Hillville. And the Ritz Carlton... Myra, I gotta give it to you—you’re certainly amazing! Heck, you even had a deranged and pitiful mother who abandoned you and killed herself in the end!” Once she was done, her gaze became gentle and friendly again. She walked into the elevator calmly and let the doors close.

Myra had her hands clenched tightly by her sides as she glared at the woman beside her. She could never forget the painstaking life her mother had in those last few years up until the day she killed herself in the hospital. Before she could say anything, the elevator doors were stopped from closing again by another hand. It was an attractive hand with slender and thin fingers.

Following the hand up, they were greeted by a handsome face. His features and bone structure were very prominent. Moreover, the black suit he was wearing made him look even taller. He did not have any emotions on his face. In his left hand, he was holding a plastic bag while he had a cigarette in the other. When he looked up, his eyes were as deep and still as an old well. He stood at the entrance of the elevator without saying anything, but he carried a calm and domineering presence that showed he was not an ordinary person at first glance.

After glancing at the two people inside the elevator, he put out his cigarette and threw it in a nearby trash can outside before entering.

Myra struggled to breathe all of a sudden because the man who walked in was the man who had left and returned—Tony.

He was holding the bag of things she bought from the supermarket along with the two pairs of pink men’s underwear that stood out. Was he going up to her place now that he was in the elevator? Even though his actions surprised her, she couldn’t help but glance at Kris who

was beside her. She tried her best to suppress the despise she felt for she did not want to have a contorted facial expression.

As soon as Kris looked up, she was immediately attracted to the man in front of her. Not only was he handsome, but this thirty-four or thirty-five-year-old man also had a mannerism and introversion that even Cameron did not possess. She could identify his social status and family background just from the look in his eyes. He's definitely not someone Sean can compare to! She was only resentful of Old Master Stark's bias toward Myra at the time and for buying this luxurious apartment for her while she received nothing.

When she noticed that he did not press the elevator button, she tucked the loose strands of hair at the side of her face behind her ear to reveal her perfect neckline and collarbone. Disregarding her enemy, Myra, beside her, she asked in a gentle voice, "Excuse me, which floor are you on?" She intended on pressing his elevator floor button for him.

Tony glanced at her briefly before simply looking away, not having any intention of talking to her. As such, her body stiffened. She always took pride in her beautiful appearance and voluptuous figure. Men she liked were never able to escape from her. After getting brushed off by Tony today, however, she was able to sense the slight hint of disdain. Narrowing her eyes, she put on an even warmer smile. "I see we're going to the same floor."

When he still did not give her a response, it looked like she was about to snap. Myra scoffed at her from the side. How could she not know what Kris' intention was? Nonetheless, Tony's tactics allowed her to let out a sigh of relief.

Kris knew that Myra was laughing at her. Despite being enraged, she did not want to lose her feminine appearance in front of this man.

After Myra scoffed at Kris, however, she was unable to laugh anymore for she realized that Tony did not have the intention of going to another floor. Aside from her elevator floor button that was lit up, the rest were dull and gray.

She pretended to glance at him carelessly but caught him looking right at her with his deep gaze. Something seemed to have flickered across his eyes, but it happened so quickly that she was unable to see clearly. Not long after, the elevator bell went off to indicate that they had arrived.

Kris took one step out of the elevator first with Myra following behind her. When Myra did not hear the elevator doors close behind her, she turned back anxiously and saw that he had

gotten off on the same floor. Her expression shifted as she looked at him urgently, hoping that he would see the look in her eyes, get the message, and leave at once. But, he did not spare a single glance at her and continued to walk out.

She stopped walking, and so did Kris. They turned around to look at the man from the elevator earlier and watched as he walked past them, past Myra's door, and eventually stopped outside the unit next to hers. After digging in his pocket, he pulled out a key and pushed it into the keyhole.

Click. The door opened. In an instant, he went inside and closed the door.

Myra watched the whole process with her heart in her throat. When he finally went inside, she stared at the door he entered and exhaled heavily.

"Tsk!" A sneer came from beside her. "Myra, you just got divorced. Are you interested in another man already? You really are getting more shameless each time!"

"Really? At least I don't try to impress people by asking them which floor they're on inside an elevator." When Myra saw him enter the unit next door, she began to wonder when he had purchased it. Still, since she was relieved now, she was able to snap back at Kris without hesitation. Opening her bag, she started to search for her own keys.

Meanwhile, Kris became more annoyed as she looked at the unit in front of her. That old man. I'm his granddaughter too, but he only ever thought of Myra! This garden apartment located in the middle of the city is worth tens of millions. She gritted her teeth. "Impress? Have you ever seen a time when I needed to impress someone? I'm not as cheap as you are to become hopeless for a man. You tried to win Sean over every day, but in the end, you were still abandoned!"

While searching for her keys, Myra's hand came to a halt. She lifted her head back up with a blank expression on her face. "Don't tell me you don't know that Cameron has been asking me to return to the Stark Group?"

Kris' face shifted. "I thought you couldn't be bothered to return?"

"After being insulted by you today, I think I should still return to the Stark Group. I didn't want anything else anymore, but since you still can't get over me, why wouldn't I go back and take more away with me? By the time your little brother is born, I would have a smaller portion, wouldn't I?" Myra spoke with a calm expression.

Kris' expression turned sour immediately. "What do you mean I can't get over you? Myra, you've had this planned all along. You want to return and split up the Stark Group! Don't assume that we have no idea!"

"Yes, you're all aware of it, but what can you do? The twenty percent I own was given to me by Grandpa. Cameron and my mother still own joint property at the company. Even if Cameron passes away, I can still get my mother's half and at least a third of Cameron's assets."

"Nonsense!" Kris' face was contorted now. "Father will never give you his assets!"

When Myra opened the door to go inside, Kris also wanted to follow along, but why would Myra ever let her in?

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 153

Myra stood in the doorway, blocking the door as she coldly stared at Kris. "Kris, you should be thankful that I don't have a recording of what you said to me in the past. Otherwise, the things that I can get for myself won't stop at just those."

Slamming the door shut with a loud 'Bang!', she leaned her back against the security door and turned a deaf ear to Kris' frustrated voice outside. She clenched her fists tightly, feeling as if she had managed to vent some of her anger. I will probably be forced to fight a long, drawn-out war from now on. But, I have something more important to take care of right now.

Taking out her phone, she immediately dialed Tony's number. Although she called him three times in a row, her calls went unanswered. He must be angry.

Thus, she smiled bitterly and sent him a text message instead. 'Tony, have you fallen asleep?'

As expected, the message was completely ignored even though she knew very well that he wasn't the type to go to bed so early. She felt rather restless as she waited in the living

room. When Meow realized that she was home, it quickly ran out of the bedroom and sprawled across her body, trying its best to be affectionate with her.

Unfortunately, Myra didn't have her usual enthusiasm at the moment. Maybe it was due to the long-term cold war she had with Sean, as well as his refusal to reciprocate her feelings, which left her at a loss for what to do—she didn't know how to coax the angry man next door at the moment. However, she knew that she could not allow the cold war to continue.

After that, she waited in her apartment for a while longer, listlessly teasing Meow for a bit. Once she was certain that Kris had left, she finally came out of her apartment and walked over to the door of the apartment unit next door. She was about to ring the doorbell when she suddenly realized that the door was open! Seemingly thinking about something, the corners of her mouth curved upward. She boldly pushed the door open and walked inside, not forgetting to close the door behind her.

It was very quiet inside the apartment. She could tell that Tony had renovated the entire apartment again recently. It was in a style that he liked. Moreover, the entire apartment was very clean. As she walked into the entranceway, she discovered a pair of female slippers. The slippers had two cats printed on them, making them look very delicate and adorable.

Her heart immediately softened at the sight. She quickly changed into the slippers and continued inward. When she arrived in the living room, she saw a plastic bag and a box sitting in front of the sofa. The plastic bag was the same one she had brought back from the supermarket the other day. Similarly, the box looked very familiar too! That's the box Estelle asked her friend to deliver to me! Tony said he got rid of it. It turns out that he simply placed it next door!

She eyed the box and blushed slightly for some inexplicable reason.

"Tony—" she shouted upstairs.

The apartment was a duplex. Since she didn't see him downstairs, he had to be upstairs. Hence, she went upstairs to look for him. She soon heard the sound of the shower coming from the bedroom. Barging into the bedroom, she suddenly realized that he was probably taking a shower inside.

The blush on her face deepened, and she abruptly recalled what he said to her yesterday. It had seemed like a joke at the time... 'I won't mind if you change into something from there tonight.' At the time, I assumed that he had gotten rid of the box. So, I was wondering what

was there for me to wear. But now... She suddenly had a daring idea. By the time she came back to her senses, she had already gone downstairs and was holding the box in her arms. Then, she hurriedly returned to her apartment as if she had never been next door.

After taking a shower, she stared at the lace outfit in front of her in a daze. This is nothing but two pieces of fabric... How am I supposed to wear this? She blushed crimson and took a deep breath before tossing aside the dirty thoughts in her head just now.

“Myra Stark, you are getting more and more shameless as time passes!” Myra sharply berated herself in front of the mirror. Despite that, she picked up those two pieces of fabric...

Myra walked out of her apartment wearing a modest pink long dress that reached her ankles. She even put on a small vest that made her waist appear more slender. When she stood outside Tony’s apartment again, she discovered that the door was shut tight. Stunned, she reached out to press the doorbell. A long time passed, but nobody opened the door from the inside. Thus, she became anxious and repeatedly rang the doorbell.

Finally, the door opened with a ‘click’. The security door opened, revealing a man that only had a large towel wrapped around his lower body. He probably just finished showering not too long ago. Water droplets were dripping from his forehead. Even the corners of his eyes were wet, causing his eyes to seem even deeper and clearer than normal. She keenly noticed that he had shaved the stubble on his lower jaw—it was now clean and smooth.

Her eyes traveled lower... Then, her face involuntarily flushed crimson. The man only had a towel wrapped around his lower body. Therefore, his perfect figure was completely revealed before her eyes. His wide shoulders and narrow waist; the firm wall of muscles covering his abdomen; and his beautiful Adonis belt...

Tony noticed Myra’s gaze roaming all over his body when she came face to face with him. Narrowing his eyes, he raised an eyebrow at her. “Can I help you, Miss Stark from next door?”

His cynical words sounded so out of place that they immediately dragged her wandering mind out of the gutter and back to the present. She bit her lip and lifted her head to meet his slightly frosty eyes. “Are you still mad at me?”

“How dare I?” He refused to let her in but did not close the door in her face either. Leaning against the door, he folded his arms in front of his chest and condescendingly looked down at her.

She could tell that he was still a little upset from the way he was acting. However, most of his anger had faded away. Thus, she took a step forward and hugged his arm. "Didn't I say that I will slowly explain my family situation to you? Why don't I... go inside and tell you about it?"

The latter sentence was spoken a little cautiously. At first, she thought that he would make things difficult for her. Contrary to her expectations, he simply studied her intently for a moment. Then, he turned sideways and walked inside without closing the door. The corners of her mouth lifted in response as she hurriedly followed after him. Changing into the indoor slippers, she walked toward the figure in the living room.

The southernmost part of the living room was a floor-to-ceiling glass window, and next to it was a small balcony. He walked straight to the small balcony and sat down in the recliner, casually picking up a cigarette placed by the side and putting it into his mouth. He was just about to light the cigarette when a fair and slender hand appeared out of nowhere and snatched the cigarette from his thin lips. The cigarette was placed back in its original position. Following that, her soft voice rang out. "You should smoke less. It's bad for your health."

"Who are you to me?" His lips curled into a sneer as he reached out to pick up the cigarette again. Hence, she swiftly snatched away the pack of cigarettes and threw it onto the sofa in the living room.

"Tony Hart, didn't you ask me to be yours? Well, can I take away your cigarettes with my status as your wife?" She felt very bashful when she said those words. However, the look in her eyes at that moment was unyielding as she stared into the man's eyes unblinkingly.

The look in her eyes was very distinct. While he was being stared at so fixedly, he secretly felt annoyed about his tendency to waver in front of her. Then, his thin lips twitched slightly. "I changed my mind. There are so many other women in Bradford City; why do I have to get one who likes pissing me off for no reason?"

"Oh. Since you changed your mind—" The expression on her face didn't change much. She simply turned around and acted as if she was going to leave. "Since you've changed your mind, then it was too rude of me to barge into your apartment. I'll leave immediately."

The moment Myra turned around, she felt Tony grabbing her by the waist from behind and found herself sitting on his lap in the blink of an eye. Thus, she lifted her head and came face-to-face with a pair of grim, angry, and upset eyes. Those eyes rarely revealed so many emotions at once—he had always been an existence standing above all others. Then, she

suddenly leaned forward and lightly kissed him on the lips. “You don’t know how jealous I was when Kris wanted to seduce you just now.”

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 154

Myra’s voice, much like herself, gave off a quiet and gentle feeling. There was no attacking power hidden in it.

This damn woman! How is she able to control my emotions so easily? Moreover, she knows exactly how to comfort me! Still... Tony couldn’t help feeling pleased inside when he heard her saying that she had gotten jealous when that woman tried to seduce him at the elevator. Then, he reversed their roles and took the initiative to ‘attack’ instead. He kissed her deeply on the lips, acting as if he wanted to devour her whole. His actions were fierce—he had no intention of being gentle toward her.

Soon, he pulled off the vest she was wearing and threw it on the ground. The night breeze was chilly, and she shivered suddenly. All of a sudden, she remembered what she was wearing underneath her dress. She gasped in shock and grabbed the hands of the man in front of her just as he was about to rip the collar of her dress.

“Wait... Wait...” she urgently said while breathing heavily. Her face flushed as red as a beet in an instant, and even her ears burned fiercely.

She seemed like she wanted to get up from his embrace. However, he had no intention of letting her escape. Wrapping his arms around the woman’s waist tightly, his eyes narrowed dangerously. “Who was it that said I can do anything I want once we get home?”

Her face flushed even redder. She bit her lip hard but did not dare to let go of his hand. At the same time, she looked away desperately. “I just... I just remembered that I haven’t showered yet... I... I want to take a shower first...”

In her urgency to soothe his anger, she had acted recklessly on a crazy whim. However, she felt a sense of tragic despair washing over her at that moment. I need to get this off me! I need to get away from him, go back home, and change out of these clothes!

On the other hand, he simply picked her up in a princess carry and walked upstairs. He stared at her with a smile that didn't quite reach his eyes. "Don't tell me you didn't shower when you went back just now."

His gaze swept over her tied-up hair, the mockery in his eyes growing ever stronger.

Blushing to the extreme, she wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole. Then, she quickly changed her statement. "I want to go to the bathroom."

He walked through the living room while carrying her in his arms. When he passed by the plastic bag in front of the sofa, his eyes narrowed slightly. His gaze swept over that area, then he looked at the woman blushing furiously in his arms. After that, something seemed to flash in his eyes and mischief crept into his darkened eyes. "By going to the bathroom, do you mean the bathroom in your house?"

She turned her head away. "How did you know?"

He suddenly chuckled lightly. His laughter sounded from above her head. It was low and deep, reverberating through his chest.

At that moment, Myra felt completely powerless to resist Tony. For one, he was staring deeply into her eyes with those dark eyes of his; for another, he was chuckling softly in front of her like so. A hint of embarrassment immediately surged up in her heart—she felt as if her inner thoughts had been read by the man. Thus, she couldn't help yelling, "What are you laughing at?!"

Tony hugged her body close and continued walking upstairs. Simultaneously, he abruptly stopped laughing and said with a straight face, "I just wanted to tell you that there are many bathrooms in my apartment too. You don't need to go back to your apartment next door."

Her body stiffened. Despite that, he seemed to think that it wasn't enough and added, "I have clothes here for you too; if you really want to change, that is."

The corners of Tony's mouth lifted after he finished speaking. At the same time, he hugged the woman in his arms even tighter and continued walking upstairs.

Myra felt as if an explosion went off in her head when she heard those words—she was certain that the man knew. Thinking back to the missing box in the living room... a sense of shame washed over her. However, she found herself in the bedroom before she could

recover from her shock. Her entire body sank into the black velvet bedsheets as soon as she touched the bed. Then, he pressed down on her.

The entire house was silent. The window was opened slightly. A breeze made the curtains billow slightly, and the swaying of the curtains allowed the moonlight to spill into the room. In the faint moonlight, Tony lowered his head to look down at the woman in his arms. Myra had fallen asleep due to exhaustion. He thought back on the excessively seductive outfit she had worn today; it had aroused him so much that he nearly hurt her in their lovemaking. Feeling a faint heartache washing over his heart, he planted a light kiss on her forehead.

He did not forget the words she had whispered in his ears just now. 'Tony, I don't want anybody to think that I am using you. I also have no intention of letting Rachel and the others get their hands on what belongs to my mother and me. So, I plan to return to the Stark Group. I want to obtain it through my own strength. Let me try, okay?'

He did not want to make things difficult for her, but he was annoyed that she would think like that. He also felt worried about her position in the Stark Family.

"Go ahead and try if you want to. Just turn around when you get tired; I'll be right behind you," Tony murmured softly as he tightened his hold and pulled Myra into his embrace. Then, the two of them gradually fell asleep next to each other.

The next day, Myra decided to head to the Stark Group. She did not allow Tony to come along with her; she only allowed him to send her as far as the bottom of the Stark Tower.

The car arrived at the Stark Group. She didn't dare to look him in the eyes ever since she woke up this morning because of what happened last night. True to his word, he had prepared clothes for her in his apartment. In fact, he had a whole closet full of the clothes that she normally wore. The tags on the clothes were still attached to them. Moreover, all of them were in her size. Therefore, she couldn't help thinking of the time when she was at the hotel celebrating the Chase Group officially obtaining the Sunny Bay Project. The clothes she had changed into back then were also something he had asked the serving staff to prepare. Besides, those clothes had fit her body like a glove too. This man has such sharp eyes. How did he know my size just from a single glance at the time?!

When the car came to a stop, she couldn't wait to open the car door and get out of the car. However, the man behind her pulled her back again. Looking into those teasing eyes of his, she felt her heart pounding like crazy in her chest. She hurriedly kissed the man on the cheek and said, "Bye."

Tony seemed unsatisfied with her perfunctory actions. Hence, he took it unto himself to hold her head in place and kissed her deeply. Once he was satisfied, he released her and pressed his forehead against her forehead. "I'll pick you up from here in the afternoon."

His gaze was calm and natural; it was almost as if he knew she wanted to stay at the Stark Group.

Myra thought back to the words he said to her last night. Although she said nothing, her heart softened from the love she felt in the kiss they shared. She initially wanted to tell him not to wait for her but decided not to upset him in the end. Thus, she kissed his lower jaw and murmured, "Okay."

After Myra got out of the car, the black Maybach behind her swiftly drove away.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 155

Myra watched as the car drove away. Then, she adjusted her clothes. The moment she turned around, she came face-to-face with Kris' shocked and suspicious gaze studying her uncertainly. "Whose car did you just get out of?"

Myra coldly glanced at Kris before walking around her and heading toward the Stark Tower.

"Stop!" Kris hurriedly chased after Myra and grabbed Myra's arm tightly. "I asked you; whose car did you get out of?!"

When Kris walked out of the building, she happened to see a black Maybach stopped in front of the building. It was the latest model in the market. She originally assumed that it belonged to one of the company's presidents that was here at the Stark Group to discuss business. Just as she was about to go up and greet them, she saw Myra coming out of the car with a shy smile! Moreover, she noticed a tall man sitting in the driver's seat during the short exchange between those two. Unfortunately, she couldn't see who the man was!

Didn't Myra just get divorced?! How did she hook up with another rich man so quickly? Or, is the man sitting in the car Sean? Besides Sean, I can't imagine her showing that embarrassed smile to another man!

Meanwhile, a trace of repulsion flashed across Myra's eyes when Kris grabbed her by the arm. She coldly glanced at Kris. "Whose car did I come out of? How does that have anything to do with you?"

"You!" Kris was frightened by Myra for a moment. Her eyebrows immediately furrowed together in response. However, Myra broke free of Kris' hold and walked inside without waiting for Kris to speak.

A look of fury flashed across Kris' expression. Then, she recalled the words Myra had said to her last night. Don't tell me; did she come to Stark Group at this time to... She rushed to chase after Myra, her expression changing immediately. Upon entering the Stark Group, the receptionist stood up as usual. She was about to ask if Myra had an appointment when she saw who it was and looked shocked. In the next moment, Myra had already walked past her and headed toward the elevator.

Behind her, Kris yelled at the receptionist angrily. "Why didn't you stop her?! No matter who enters the company, you have to stop them to ask if they have an appointment! Don't you know that?!"

The receptionist fearfully replied, "But, she is the Young Lady of the Stark Family and President Stark's—"

The receptionist had been about to say that Myra was Cameron Stark's daughter. Nevertheless, she did not dare to finish her sentence when she saw the expression of the lady standing in front of her.

When Kris heard the way the receptionist addressed Myra, the veins at the side of her forehead bulged against her skin in anger. She glared at the receptionist hatefully before running in the direction of the elevator. She arrived just as the elevator reached the first floor. Myra walked into the elevator, and she hurriedly followed suit.

Pressing on the button to go to the floor Cameron was on, Kris glanced mockingly at Myra, who stood next to her expressionlessly. "Aren't you amazing? Even though you just got divorced, you're already eagerly hooking up with another wealthy man! Myra, don't think I don't know what you're doing! Aren't you thinking of getting that man to help you fight for

the Stark Family's assets?! Well, let me tell you this: no way in hell will that happen! My mother is already pregnant with my brother. Who do you think Dad will pass the Stark Group to once my brother is born?!"

"I don't know who will inherit the company, but it won't be you." Myra didn't even bat an eyelid and responded indifferently.

The expression on Kris' face stiffened. It was undeniable that she had not gotten anything aside from her position in the Stark Group to this very day. Thus, she gritted her teeth. "You won't inherit it either. You're no different from me. In the end, you'll be married off—" A sneer appeared at the corner of her lips. "Oh, we're not the same. I'll be married off to another family. But, you're used goods that will be married off for the second time. Saying that I am similar to you is an insult to myself."

Myra frowned at that.

Kris thought that she had hit Myra's sore point. Hence, she couldn't help smiling in malignant pleasure. "How dare you even try to fight for the Stark Family's assets when you're nothing but rejected goods? Let me warn you, Myra: you should stop as soon as possible. Otherwise, you'll only end up as the butt of jokes in the future!"

"Since you know that I won't win in the end, then why are you stopping me from fighting for it? You're not one to be concerned about my well-being... Could it be that you're scared I might actually win the fight?" Myra turned her head and looked at Kris calmly.

There was not a single trace of cloudiness in Myra's eyes, but Kris felt an icy feeling washing over her for some inexplicable reason. She clenched her fists that were hanging by her sides. She had always hated the indifference and arrogance that Myra portrayed. Even though Myra seemed like she didn't care for anything, she always obtained everything in the end. Before Rachel had officially married Cameron, Kris could only watch the happiness Myra had from a distance. And now that she finally had Myra's family in the palm of her hands, she still couldn't seem to make Myra show the slightest lonely and pleading expression.

"Scared that you might actually win the fight?" Her expression was unbelievably contemptuous. A 'ding' sound rang out as the elevator reached its destination. Then, Myra walked out of the elevator with a calm and composed expression. Kris followed behind her and continued saying in a low voice, "Did you know? Mom told me that Dad promised to give my brother 10% of the Stark Group's shares once he is born. Concurrently, both Mom and I will each receive 5% of the shares. Just by giving him a son, we will receive an equal number

of shares as you. But, we live with Dad. How can we only receive so little? This is only the beginning... Myra, your return might just bring us even more benefits..."

After saying that, she went on ahead.

Behind her, Myra furrowed her eyebrows deeply in response. At first, she had not thought much about the child in Rachel's womb that Kris kept mentioning.

Rachel was 43 years old this year. Therefore, her pregnancy was considered a geriatric pregnancy. Myra had checked before; the child was only three months old—there was no real way to determine the child's exact gender at this age. When Rachel learned that she was pregnant, she and Kris probably mentioned that the baby was a boy on purpose to hype up her pregnancy. Besides, even if it turns out to be a boy, he will still be the child between Rachel and Cameron. Whatever that should have belonged to me in the first place will not be reduced by that. But, Kris just mentioned that Cameron is going to give 20% of the shares in the Stark Group to the three of them...

Myra clenched her fists tightly. Walking to the office that she had gone to countless times in the past, she felt slightly dazed for a moment. Before everything changed and her entire life began to deteriorate, she had a relatively happy childhood. Although her mother had not been the happiest person back then, she had not understood where her mother's unhappiness came from. Moreover, she had quite a good relationship with her father at the time. She had been to this office many, many times before—until she ran into another girl that looked very similar to her.

She pushed the memory aside, opened the door, and walked in without knocking. When she entered, she saw Kris standing next to Cameron. Both of them were smiling. Moreover, Kris was holding her phone in her hand. It was facing Cameron—they were probably having a video call. Then, a familiar female voice overflowing with gentleness came from that direction.

"Cameron, the baby is being such a good boy today. He didn't kick up a fuss today. Mrs. Fletcher even made me a pot of creamy sweet potato and chicken soup today, which I finished obediently. Because of that, I'm feeling a little full—"

The two people inside the office were surprised by Myra's sudden entrance. Following that, the voice on the other side of the phone fell silent too.

Cameron had been frowning at first. When he lifted his head and saw the person standing at the door, his eyes narrowed slightly and he glanced at Kris, who was standing next to him. Although the glance was faint, it carried an inexplicable pressure behind it.

Kris felt her heart skipping a beat. Thus, she said to her phone, "Mom, Sis is here. Let's end the call here for now. When Dad isn't so busy, we'll call again, okay?"