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The other party replied gently, "Sure. You should quickly get back to work too. Don't disturb your father and your sister during their discussion."

Kris obediently made a non-committal sound in reply and turned off her phone. After that, she went into Cameron's pantry, brought out a glass of lemonade for Myra, and placed it on the desk in front of Cameron. For a moment, she seemed like she was about to call out to Myra but lowered her head instead when she saw the ugly expression on Myra's face. She turned to Cameron and said, "Dad, I'm going back to work." Then, she hastily left the office. The office door quickly closed behind her amidst the strange atmosphere in the air.

In the meantime, Myra stared at the man in front of her. Although he was 50, he remained in high spirits and looked no more than 40 due to good health maintenance. His handsome looks from his younger days could still be seen from his sharp facial features, and his eyes gleamed with a businessman's shrewd intelligence.

If it wasn't for him, my mother would not have felt so lonely for most of her life and suffer so much despair that she finally decided to commit suicide in such a decisive way. Her fists clenched tightly as she stared at the man in front of her without saying anything.

On the other hand, Cameron stood up from his chair and glanced at her, a meaningful smile appearing at the corners of his lips. "I thought you wouldn't appear at the Stark Group, or at least, not so soon."

"That's why I'm here now." She was expressionless. "I hate doing what people expect of me the most. Cameron Stark, cut the nonsense. I want the position of Design Department Director. Or else, forget about trying to make me come back here again."

His eyes narrowed slightly at her words. He suddenly took out a cigarette and lit it. However, he did not continue the conversation from where she ended her sentence. Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, he softened his tone considerably. "Myra, I know that you are grieving right now. You are my child. I'm sure you must be heartbroken after being gravely wronged by that brat from the Chase Family and divorcing him. But, it's good that you're back now. No matter how well you fare outside, there is still no place like home."

If I didn't know the truth, I might have felt touched after hearing those words. The reason she left the Stark Group back then was that he had threatened to kick her out of the company if she refused to transfer the ownership of the shares her grandfather had left for her over to him. Therefore, she had left the Stark Group in a fit of rage. Now that he was going to have a son soon, her 20% stake in the company became something he had to get back at all costs! No matter how well I fare outside, there is still no place like home? She snorted derisively. "Are you trying to comfort me? Are you going to stand up for all the injustice I suffered?"

"I am your father. Now that you suffered such great injustice, who else would comfort you and stand up for you if not for me?"

Listening to his compassionate voice amused Myra to the point where she wanted to laugh out loud. In truth, she did laugh. However, the smile was not reflected in her eyes. "How amusing. Why didn't you comfort me or stand up for me when Kris and her mother were harassing my mother and me?! Why didn't you comfort me or stand up for me when Rachel framed me for killing the baby in her womb and the public condemned me for it?! You didn't even attend my wedding when I was married off to Sean... Rather, I seem to recall that you've been eyeing the 20% of the company shares in my possession for the past two years. Don't you think it's too late to pretend to be a kind and caring father?! Cameron Stark, you're a despicable sc*mbag. You're truly deserving of having an inferior wife and daughter that cannot be openly shown to the public! Don't you dare call yourself my father; just hearing it makes me sick!"

"Myra Stark!" A furious voice sounded from the mouth of the man in front of her. Cameron's eyes were burning with rage as he extinguished the cigarette in his hands. Despite that, he suppressed his anger and spoke stiffly in a gentle tone. "Those were misunderstandings of the past. Now that you're back, those misunderstandings will naturally resolve themselves."

"Misunderstandings?" She looked like somebody had struck a blow at her heart. She smiled mockingly. "Resolve the misunderstandings? Does that mean those two b*tches will be kicked out of the Stark Family? Oh, no. I forgot that there's also the child in that woman's womb. Will you kick that child out of the Stark Family too?"

"You!" His eyes narrowed dangerously. "Don't you know how much Rachel has contributed to the Stark Family over the years?! If only you can move on from your mother and properly accept her—"

“Why should I move on from my mother and accept such a black-hearted woman?!” She rudely cut him off mid-sentence. “Cameron Stark, don’t you dare bring up those two in front of me. Maybe then, we can finish discussing business peacefully.”

Bam! He slammed the lighter in his hand down on the desk with excessive force. Narrowing his eyes, he glared viciously at his daughter. She still loses her temper whenever her mother is mentioned, just like two years ago. However, she now seems to have more confidence and courage than before. Hmph; is it because she received 50% of Chase Group’s real estate in Hillville? That lousy piece of land is incomparable to the stake she holds in Stark Group and the 50% ownership in the Ritz Carlton that she owns! Half of the shares of the Ritz Carlton...

He sat back in his chair expressionlessly. Staring at the lemonade Kris had poured for Myra, he calmly said, “I can give you a three-month probationary period as the Design Department Director. However, it’s not up to me whether you can obtain the position. The Stark Group does not keep worthless trash.”

“You’re right. All you have is a Project Department Director that can’t even compare to worthless trash.” Myra did not continue wasting her time talking to Cameron. She had gotten what she wanted. Thus, she turned and left his office.

Inside the office, Cameron’s expression was livid. The Project Department Director that Myra had mentioned was none other than Kris. The Stark Group had lost many projects they were bidding on in the few months that Kris had taken over the position. If this continues...

The words Rachel said to Cameron before he left this morning echoed in his mind again. “Cameron, give Kris a little more time. She is younger than Myra by two years. Once she gains more experience, she will naturally become your right-hand man. In the future, you will have a son and a daughter supporting you by your side. The Stark Group will surely expand its influence with their help.” Thinking about Rachel’s pregnancy, he narrowed his eyes slightly and felt himself calming down.

Myra’s office was quickly cleaned up. It was equipped with everything she needed. However, she wasn’t sure if Cameron had a hand in things. On the 22nd floor of Stark Tower, one half was the design department while the other half was the project department. Moreover, her office happened to be directly facing Kris’ office. If they both opened their doors, they could even see what the other party was doing in their respective offices.

When she first saw her office, she simply smiled faintly and walked inside without further ado. However, she froze in place as soon as she walked into her office—somebody was

standing in her office. That person turned around with an adorable smile. Tilting her head to the side, she cheerfully said to Myra, "Miss Stark, are you surprised to see me?"

"Tilly..." Myra was certainly extremely surprised.

Tilly ran over and happily grabbed Myra's hands. "What do you think? Am I like a piece of bubblegum sticking to you? Hehe! Actually, I wanted to apply to work at the Hart Group once I graduated." She shrugged. "Then, I discovered that you came to work here, Miss Stark. I like that even better!"

"Why are you here?" Myra was sure that she had not managed to tell Tilly anything before coming to work at the Stark Group.

Tilly playfully stuck her tongue out. "Hmm... Naturally, I came in through the backdoor!"

Myra was taken aback for a moment, then she burst into laughter. She walked in and closed the door behind her, shutting out the inquisitive gazes coming from behind her. "Do you have connections with the Stark Family?"

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"How can I have something as dirty as a connection with the Stark Group?" Tilly raised an eyebrow at Myra while smirking. She shook her finger with a cheeky smile, pretending to be mysterious. "I might not have any connection with the Stark Group, but I have a connection with the Hart Group!" When she mentioned 'the Hart Group', her eyes practically shone with delight. She seemed like she could barely restrain herself from gossiping and quickly wrapped herself around Myra. "Miss Stark, I'll tell you the truth. Mr. Hart is the one who asked me to come and help you! Haha! He personally offered me a salary! Because of that, I'm receiving a double salary! How could I turn down such a great offer?! Therefore, I made an unscrupulous decision to take up this sacred mission!"

Looking at Tilly's excitement, Myra felt her face burning with embarrassment. Even so, her heart felt warm inside. That man is always thinking about me. Knowing how stubborn I can be, he is probably worried that I won't tell him about any problem I may encounter here.

That's why he asked Tilly to come and help me out. She had to admit that having somebody helping her inside the Stark Group was truly a blessing. At the very least, she didn't need to keep her guard up against outsiders all the time.

"Miss Stark, shouldn't you come clean with me too? Are you and Mr. Hart in a relationship?" Tilly squinted slightly as she studied Myra with an ambiguous look. She had noticed the feelings Tony had for Myra since a long while back. For that reason, she had immediately called him for help when Myra had been falsely accused back then. She wanted him to understand Myra's situation so that he could lend a hand.

Myra blushed crimson. Clearing her throat, she walked in the direction of her desk. "I guess you can say that."

"Wow! You're blushing so hard, Miss Stark!" Tilly made a cute gesture with her hands, shaping her hands into a flower shape and placing her chin on them. "To be honest, I knew even without you telling me. Before I came upstairs today, I saw you from afar. You were inside a black Maybach with a man sitting next to you. I'm sure that must have been Director Hart!"

Although she knew about the previous relationship between Myra and Sean, she didn't think much about it. At any rate, Myra is already divorced from Sean; she is free to love anybody she wants. Besides, I've always felt that Myra and Tony are a better match for each other. Seeing the two of them together always reminded her of a fairytale romance, and it always made her happy inside.

Myra knew she couldn't conceal anything from Tilly. Thus, she might as well admit to it. She glared at Tilly and said, "Why are you asking me when you already know?!"

Tilly grinned like a cat that ate the canary. "Oh, my! You seem so blissful nowadays, Miss Stark! It feels completely different from when you were working at the Chase Group!"

"Really? I don't feel any different from before," Myra stubbornly said, but she was secretly smiling inside. She knew—it was truly different from before.

...

Soon, Myra and Tilly became engrossed in their work.

Cameron did not go overboard either. Knowing that Myra's assistant was also a newcomer, he let Myra choose a few people to assist her so that she could quickly get acquainted with her work in the company. Thus, she chose Genevieve Miller, the current deputy director of the Design Department, to help her. Genevieve was a long-term employee that had been working in the company for more than 10 years.

Working throughout the entire morning, Myra and Tilly gradually threw themselves into the work and finally came out of the archives at 5 PM. They were analyzing the recent Elsinore Garden Project under the Stark Group as they walked.

Myra was discussing the issue seriously when Tilly suddenly tugged at her sleeve and indicated for her to look at the people around them. She frowned and looked at her surroundings. At some point after they left the archives, people around them started watching them while whispering among themselves with expressions of envy, jealousy, and amazement.

"Miss Stark, did something happen today?" Just as Tilly finished her question, they passed through the Project Department and entered the Design Department. Compared to the complicated expressions they saw in the Project Department, the employees of the Design Department were all smiles. Genevieve walked over to Myra and smilingly joked, "Thank you for the kindness your mysterious boyfriend showed us, Miss Stark." After saying that, she winked at Myra playfully.

Before Myra could understand what was going on, Tilly let out a 'Wow!' and ran over to her desk. Like the desks of the other employees at the Design Department, her desk was covered with a bunch of stuff, including female skincare products, various mouth-watering chocolates, and even some items that most females liked to use. All the items were exquisite. Although they were not particularly luxurious, the effort in preparing them was clear—the items prepared were different for women of different ages. Moreover, most of the men received items that could be given to their parents, wives, or daughters. It was extremely considerate of the person who prepared the presents.

Myra was stunned by the sight before her. Then, Genevieve gave her a little push in the direction of her office. "Hurry up and take a look at your office."

Tilly had already opened her chocolates and was helping herself to them. Meanwhile, Myra walked toward her office in a daze. She already had a glimpse of what was awaiting her inside before she even neared her office. It was even more elaborate than what was on her colleagues' desks outside. Chocolate bouquets were spread all over the carpet and every

inch of her office was dotted with flowers—her entire office was decorated to look like a sea of flowers.

When Myra arrived at the entrance of her office, a woman angrily stormed out of her office. It was Kris, who had an ugly expression on her face. As soon as she caught sight of Myra, the flames burning in her eyes shone even brighter. She fiercely pushed against Myra's shoulder. "Myra, why are you being so ostentatious?! Are you so worried that others are unaware that you've gotten together with another disgusting man even though you're newly divorced?! I've met many used goods, but I've never met one as shameless as you before!"

Kris moved to leave. However, Myra narrowed her eyes and spoke in a voice that stopped Kris in her tracks. "Stop!"

"Why should I stop just because you ask me to?" Kris sneered. "Don't forget; you and I are on equal footing!"

After that, Kris turned around. In response, Myra replied calmly, "I only wanted to remind the Project Department Director, who is on 'equal footing' with me, that my office is not somewhere you can enter as you please. It will be awkward if anything goes missing from my office."

"You!" Kris was livid that Myra had announced the presence of her boyfriend through such an extravagant display as soon as she entered the company. Putting so much effort into it... Isn't she just trying to win the hearts of the people?!

Just now, she even heard the employees in her department saying, "I can't believe Miss Myra managed to attract another man so soon after her divorce. Moreover, he is so considerate to send all these items to us. It looks like her second marriage is going to be better than the first." What do you mean by 'her second marriage is going to be better than the first'?! Myra is a divorcee! Who would be interested in a divorcee like her except for widowers looking to remarry or men who are too unsightly to look at?!

Thus, she sneered insultingly, "Myra, all these items and the man who sent you to work this morning... Could it all be part of your own design? Did you deliberately put on a show of being courted by another man right after your divorce since it's embarrassing to be a divorcee? Tsk. Myra, that's just pathetic. How do you even come up with these desperate ideas?"

"You're the pathetic one. Do you know who Miss Stark's current boyfriend is?!" Tilly noticed that something wasn't quite right. Hence, she hurriedly rushed over to help.

"Hmph. I'm curious to see just who it is!" Kris folded her arms in front of her chest.

Tilly was about to reveal Tony's name when Myra casually stopped her. "Tilly, the more she wants to know, the less you should tell her."

Tilly seemed to mull over it for a moment before coming to a realization. Then, she looked at Kris with a mocking smile. "You're just jealous of Miss Myra. Well, that's only to be expected. After all, the identity of her mysterious boyfriend is something you can only be envious of!"

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"You!" Kris was so enraged by Tilly's words that the flames of her rage flared wildly inside her chest. Then, she suddenly narrowed her eyes and looked at Tilly. "Tilly Quinn, don't forget who it was that placed you in the position of the Design Department Director's assistant!" It's just that I didn't know Myra would eventually take over as the Design Department Director at the time!

"So, you accepted Mr. Logan's favor too. Why are you glaring at me?" Tilly pretended to be innocent.

"This is just great! You double-faced traitor! Knowing that Myra was going to be your superior, you quickly kissed up to her. I'll make you regret it!" After Kris finished ranting, she glared at both of them and left.

Tilly patted her chest. "Phew. What a fierce woman. No wonder Mr. Hart asked me to come and help you, Miss Stark! That distorted face of hers made me think that she was going to eat me up!"

"She won't eat you." Myra glanced at Kris' back indifferently. "But, you need to be careful of her in the future."

“Okay, Miss Stark.”

Tilly returned to her desk and played with the gifts she received. When she saw Myra entering the office, she hurriedly summarized everything that just happened in a text message and secretly sent it to Tony.

On the other hand, Myra walked into her office and closed the door behind her. She wasn't bothered by what Kris said just now. After all, Kris had always been at odds with her. Besides, no matter how angry I am, just looking at the gifts piled up in my office makes my heart melt. Mulling over it for a moment, she took out her phone and dialed Tony's number.

Tony had just arrived at the Ritz Carlton when he received the phone call. Leo took the laptop from him and saved the documents he had been working on previously.

As soon as Tony saw the caller ID displayed on his phone, the corners of his mouth that had been stiff the entire day softened into a curve. He answered the call. “Hello?”

It seems like just listening to his voice through the phone is enough to fill my heart with a faint sweetness. Myra softly said, “Did you send these?”

“Yeah.” He didn't elaborate.

She felt a sweet but complicated feeling surging up in her chest in response. Sweeping a glance across her office, she felt as if the arrival of those items added a lot of color to her originally monotonous office and made her office look rather cute. She picked up the files on the desk with a smile forming on the edges of her lips. “I love it.”

“So... can I do whatever I want tonight?” The tone of the conversation changed suddenly. Stunned, she immediately recalled all the things that happened the night before. Following that, her face flushed scarlet, and she couldn't help roaring, “Tony Hart!”

“If you shout any louder than that, I won't try to be sneaky when I come to pick you up tonight.” His smirking voice sounded through the phone.

She bit her lip, knowing that she was in the wrong. Thus, she whisperingly said, “I'm going back to work now.”

“Okay, I'll pick you up after work.” After that, they both hung up.

Standing beside Tony, Leo was holding in his laughter so hard that his face was distorted. Tony narrowed his eyes and glanced at Leo faintly as he got out of the car. "I was going to increase your salary. I guess I can forget about it since you don't seem to want it."

Leo immediately turned into a loyal subordinate and said, "No, Director Hart! I was only laughing because I was thinking about something silly I did in the past..."

Tony emotionlessly glanced sideways at Leo. "Cancel the dinner tonight."

"Huh?" Leo received a cold glare from his boss and hurriedly replied, "Of course. I will get it done immediately." However, he felt extremely frustrated as he turned around. I wonder how many dinners we've canceled this month...

As soon as Tony entered the Ritz Carlton, Aaron immediately led him toward the director's office.

Conan had been waiting in his office for a long while now. He sat on the brown leather sofa with a cane by his side. Two steaming cups of tea were placed on the coffee table in front of him and white tendrils of steam were escaping from the cups. A slightly opened brown paper bag was placed between the two cups. When he heard the sound of footsteps walking toward him, he opened his eyes immediately and a flash of light gleamed in his eyes.

A tall and broad figure with piercing eyes and an extraordinary aura soon stood in the doorway; he was dressed in a white shirt and a black suit. Tony had rushed over after receiving a call from Conan.

"Come in and have a seat." Conan nodded at the sofa opposite him.

Tony nodded, walked into the office, and sat down.

Conan studied the man in front of him carefully. Leaving aside the one time this man approached me to talk about Myra, I think it has been six years since I last met him., He has grown much more mature and composed compared to back then. Even I can't tell what is going on behind those eyes of his despite staring straight at him. He smiled faintly. "I believe you know why I called you over this time." I'm sure he has long since investigated everything there is to know about Myra. Therefore, he can probably guess why I immediately called him here as soon as Myra returned to the Stark Group.

"It's only natural for me to come regardless of the reason you called for me, Mr. Engelhard," Tony replied lightly.

Conan smiled. "I knew Myra was eventually going to end up with you. To be honest, I knew that she couldn't escape even before this. Unfortunately, she is simple-minded and stubborn. So, it took her a while to realize it herself."

Tony's expression had been indifferent since the moment he walked in. However, a ripple finally appeared in his eyes when he heard those words. "She is stubborn indeed."

He couldn't stop a loving expression from faintly appearing in his eyes at the thought of the difficulties he faced when courting her.

Conan shook his head. "The only time you show any expression in front of me is when you are talking about her. Still, don't forget what you did to her. I'm ignoring it because I want her to be happy. However, you better prepare yourself for what will happen once she learns about it. Also, you should hand this document over to her yourself." Conan wasn't too bothered about the document. After all, that document was enough to determine Tony's intentions. Then, his expression gradually became stern. "I called you here because I have another important matter to tell you."

"Is it about the Stark Family's inheritance?" Tony asked dispassionately.

Conan narrowed his eyes slightly. "As expected of you; you know about it too." He toyed with his cane, seemingly hesitating about something. Even so, he soon nodded at Tony. "I didn't want to trust you so quickly. I gave Sean Chase two years, but he still failed me in the end." At this point, he pursed his lips with a measure of anger before continuing, "At the time, Myra insisted on doing what she thought was right. So, I had no choice. I was afraid she would be ruined at the time. Besides, I couldn't trust Sean. Not only did he have another woman in his heart, but he was also extremely suspicious and hostile. Only Myra stupidly wanted to marry him no matter what. Still... I can tell that the experiences she suffered during those two years were not in vain. She is now stronger than I could ever imagine. If not for this document and the Chase Group's Hillville incident, which made me believe that you are sincere toward her, I would never rush to tell you about the last will Old Master Stark left behind."

"So, it's true that Cameron Stark was not named as the heir of the Stark Group in the latest will?" Although Tony phrased his sentence as a question, his tone was affirmative.

Conan smiled. "You got it right."

Tony frowned slightly. "Mr. Engelhard, did you call me here today just to talk about this?"

"Of course, not." Conan shook his head and suddenly fixed a fierce gaze on the outstanding man in front of him. "I hope that you can help Myra get back the Stark Group."

The word 'help' was rather tricky. As they both knew, Myra did not stand a chance against the cunning Cameron, who had long since controlled the Stark Group, just by relying on the little strength she had gained so far. Besides, Conan did not wish to see a long, drawn-out war—that was also one of the reasons why he had not disclosed the will up until today.

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Besides, Old Master Stark handed his will over to Conan back then so that Conan could bring it out when the time was right.

Tony's slanted eyes narrowed slightly. "She told me that she wants to obtain the Stark Group with her own strength. She wants to give it a go."

"Of course. It's only right to let her try." Conan chuckled while giving Tony a meaningful look. "But, I also know that you won't just sit idly by and let her try all by herself."

Tony wasn't upset that Conan had seen through his inner thoughts. "So?"

"So..." Conan shrugged. "This is the second condition I have before allowing you to marry Myra on behalf of her grandfather and her mother." Needless to say, the first condition is that Myra loves him.

"There's a third condition too?" Tony scowled.

"Of course." Conan raised his eyebrow. "I don't want her to get bullied, no matter where those issues may spring from. Therefore, you still have many things to deal with."

Tony understood the implication behind those words. "It looks like I won't be able to propose any time soon."

"You can solve some of these issues as quickly as possible." Conan stood up with the help of his cane, walked over to the window, and glanced at the cactus placed by the windowsill. "Take good care of her. She has suffered enough in the past."

"I'm not being nice to her just because she suffered a lot in the past." Tony felt moved. Although he was very reluctant to do so, he still turned to the old man and quietly said, "Thank you for taking care of her over the years." After that, he turned and left the office without waiting for the other party to reply.

Glancing at the bright sunshine outside the window, Conan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

At 6 PM, Myra finally understood the ins and outs of the Elsinore Garden Project. Glancing at the time, she suddenly realized that she was feeling a little hungry. Thus, she unwrapped a piece of chocolate and stuffed it into her mouth. She rather enjoyed the feeling of returning to work. She was probably the kind of person that felt restless when she had nothing to do. Hence, her entire being seemed different when she had something to work on.

She soon received a voice message on Messenger. When she clicked on it, a deep voice sounded from her phone. "Waiting downstairs."

She felt her heart skipping a beat. After she said her goodbyes to Tilly, she freshened herself up under Tilly's teasing gaze before heading toward the elevator. Just as she arrived at the elevator, the elevator next to her arrived at almost the same time. However, she couldn't care less about what other people were doing or what was going on around her. Therefore, she failed to notice that Kris was stalking her from behind with a grim expression.

Myra walked briskly, nodding and smiling at everybody she met. It was an obvious characteristic of a young woman in love, which made Kris look even more upset as she followed behind Myra. Myra quickly walked out of Stark Tower; the black Maybach that had sent her to work this morning was parked not too far away.

Kris saw a tall man coming out of the driver's seat from afar but could not see his face clearly. Then, that man walked over in a gentlemanly manner to the passenger seat to open the car door for Myra.

Upon seeing that, Kris narrowed her eyes slightly. She quickly ran over to Myra without even thinking about it and grabbed the man's arm while shouting in a shrill voice, "Let me see just who this mysterious boyfriend of yours is, Myra!"

The man she caught furrowed his eyebrows in response. He turned around to reveal an ordinary square-shaped face. Despite looking rather down-to-earth, it was clear that he was not the owner of this car. He seemed slightly annoyed that his arm was being held. Even so, he calmly looked at her and said, "Excuse me, miss. I am not Miss Myra's boyfriend. I am just the boss' chauffeur."

The expression on Kris' face changed slightly. She released her hand and questioned, "Who is your boss?" She shot a glance at Myra and saw that Myra's eyes were filled with contempt for her, which only served to make her rage burn even brighter. I must expose her lies!

The man glanced sideways at her. "I'm afraid you don't have the right to know who my boss is." After saying that, he stepped back from Kris and made a gentlemanly gesture for Myra to enter the car.

Myra looked at her dog that was staring at her pitifully from the back seat and said to the man, "It's fine. I'll sit in the back seat with Meow." Then, she opened the car door herself and got into the car. In the next moment, Meow immediately lunged into her lap.

The driver obediently went along with her wishes. Seeing that she had gotten into the car, he headed directly to the driver's seat, got into the car, started the engine, and drove away. Kris was left standing there, swallowing a mouthful of exhaust fumes. Watching Myra and her beautiful dog being affectionate with each other nearly drove Kris mad with rage. I don't believe that she has the ability to attract another handsome and talented man!

Inside the car, the chauffeur respectfully said to Myra, "Miss Stark, Director Hart had a business meeting at Ritz Carlton this afternoon. So, he asked me to pick you up and head there directly."

No wonder all he said was 'Waiting downstairs.' in his message. It turns out he didn't come over himself. Luckily, he didn't come today. Otherwise, Kris might have seen his face. And, I

wouldn't have been able to see that depressed expression on her face. She chuckled and petted Meow's head. "Okay."

The Stark Group was not far from the Ritz Carlton. Therefore, it didn't take long for Myra to arrive there.

Since Tony received a phone call from his chauffeur beforehand, he was already waiting outside. He was dressed in a black suit and leather shoes; he was so well-dressed that he looked even colder than usual. Two hotel staff stood behind him nervously. They were probably afraid that he might instruct them to do something out of the blue. Thus, they did not dare to leave. On the other hand, he stood there with one hand in his pocket and the other holding a cigarette. He was squinting slightly as if deep in thought.

Myra noticed that the man's addiction to cigarettes seemed quite bad recently. Although she wasn't against smoking or disliked him smoking, she felt that she ought to think of a way to make him smoke less since it was bad for his health.

As soon as the car arrived in front of the Ritz Carlton, the chauffeur automatically got out of the car but left the key in the ignition.

When Tony entered the car, he extinguished his cigarette. He narrowed his eyes and glanced at Myra, who was sitting in the back seat. Then, he glanced at the passenger seat next to him. Myra immediately understood the meaning behind those looks. However, she wouldn't be able to sit with Meow anymore if she sat in the passenger seat. Meow was simply too fat to fit in the passenger seat with her. Still, his gaze was too sharp for her to ignore. She abandoned the pitiful Meow in the end, getting out of the car and entering the passenger seat instead.

As soon as the car door closed behind her, he pulled her into his arms. As he had not seen her for an entire day, he had the urge to hold her by his side at all times. He studied her slightly flushed cheeks when she lay in his arms, his eyes darkening in response. Lowering his head, his thin lips swiftly captured her lips. It was a long time before he released her.

He studied her slightly swollen lips and absent-mindedly said, "Follow me back to the Hart Residence tonight."

She was a little dizzy from the kiss, but her entire body stiffened when she heard what he said. "Is that okay? Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart didn't even invite me over..."

Unfortunately, the car was already moving. Moreover, they were driving along the same route she took during the one time she went to the Hart Residence.

Looking at Myra worriedly biting her lip, Tony's tone became considerably gentler. "I've already told my family. Besides, Shawn is coming back too. Aside from Grandpa and Grandma, only Serena, Henry, and Mrs. Somerfields will be there. So, don't be so nervous."

Myra said nothing. It would be a lie to say that she was not nervous. However, she had not expected her first time visiting the Hart Residence as Tony's girlfriend to happen under such circumstances. She didn't even have the time to change out of her clothes—she was still wearing her office lady outfit.

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In fact, I didn't even get any gifts for them!

Meow's happy cry sounded from the back seat. It was joyfully playing with a ball in the back seat.

On the other hand, Myra was feeling quite uneasy. Even though there were times when the words were already on the tip of her tongue, she hesitated to speak. Moreover, she was so nervous that her palms were covered in a sheen of sweat by the time the car arrived at the villa area.

The car gradually stopped by the side of the road. Tony unbuckled her safety belt and suddenly pulled the woman next to him into his lap. His expression was filled with a rare sense of helplessness as he kissed her on her lips and pressed his forehead against hers. "Are you nervous?"

"Yeah..." She lowered her head and slowly wrapped her arms around his slim yet powerful waist.

His eyes narrowed slightly. "I have a way to make you feel less nervous." After saying that, he kissed her again.

She lifted her head with a surprised exclamation, her large and distinct eyes looking at the man in front of her anxiously. She seemed slightly stunned. Then, her face quickly flushed blood-red. She hurriedly tried to back away from him and return to the passenger seat. However, the man she was sitting on grabbed her by the waist and refused to let her escape.

“Tony Hart!” Myra roared in a voice filled to the brim with shame. What is this man trying to do?!

“Didn’t you say you were nervous?” Tony grabbed her head with his other hand. His lips tasted of cigarettes, but she wasn’t repulsed by the taste. She looked into the pair of eyes just inches away from her face; they were cold yet mixed with deep affection. Moreover, his facial features were divinely handsome.

“Use a different method...” If he plans to make me feel less nervous by using this method, I’d rather continue being nervous instead...

Unfortunately, the man was no longer listening to her—his eyes were as dark as they could be...

As if guided by some sort of fate, Sean happened to be bringing Lyla back to the Chase Residence that day. When he drove along the mountain road in the villa area, he saw a black Maybach parked by the side of the road. That car was so familiar to him that he could recognize it anywhere! He remembered the license plate number vividly—it was none other than Tony’s car. Besides, the Hart Residence was also located in this villa area.

Just as his car approached the black Maybach, he suddenly heard a female voice coming from inside the car. It wasn’t loud, but his entire body trembled at the sound. He abruptly slammed on the brakes without even thinking about it. The veins bulged at the side of his forehead as he gripped the steering wheel with a death grip. Even without guessing, he could tell what was going on inside that car at the moment.

Lyla, who had been sitting next to him and looking into the mirror, finally noticed that something was wrong with him. Thus, she hurriedly asked, “Sean, what’s wrong?”

He abruptly rolled down the car window on her side. The sunset spanned across the entire sky. Under the faint reddish light, the black Maybach nearby looked particularly harsh on the eyes—so much so that it made his eyes hurt just looking at it. He felt the flames of fury or rather... the flames of jealousy blazing brightly in his chest.

Meanwhile, she glanced at the sports car that he was staring at. Although she didn't know who was inside the sports car, she knew what they were doing inside. A faint blush quickly crept across her cheeks and she coquettishly said, "Sean..."

Sean dragged his gaze away from that car and glanced at Lyla. She was looking at him with a tender expression at the moment. In the hazy sunset, the woman in front of him suddenly morphed into Myra's appearance. Those watery eyes that were as gentle as the silent night seemed to pull him in, asking him to take her into his arms... Almost immediately, he unbuckled the safety belt around her and pulled her into his embrace. Then, just as suddenly, he shoved her away from him.

Her right arm slammed against the car door on the right with great force when he roughly pushed her back into the passenger seat. It hurt so much that her expression twisted. She didn't even have the time to figure out what was going on.

On the other hand, Sean abruptly took out a cigarette and lit it. He seemed to be in a terrible mood. Thus, she put on a gentle and kind expression before worriedly asking him, "Sean, what on earth is wrong with you? Have you been in a bad mood recently?"

His current expression was extremely grim. He glanced at her lightly without replying to her questions. Then, he started the engine of his sports car and quickly left the place. He did not see the slight change in her expression—he was too immersed in his thoughts to notice. She had not heard anything, but he did. The voice that came from within that car belonged to Myra. Thinking about those two being intimate with each other made him feel like murdering somebody! He felt an unprecedented rage that seemed to burn within his limbs and nearly drove him crazy!

This road also leads to the Hart Residence. Stopping the car along this road indicates that... Tony is bringing Myra to meet the elders of the Hart Family?! Hah... I never imagined Myra to be capable of that!

All of a sudden, he slammed his fist heavily against the steering wheel. His expression was incredibly ugly at that moment. At the same time, the car slowly came to a stop again. His complexion looked terrible, but he stiffened suddenly—a small hand stroked against his skin.

Lyla had a shy look on her face as she snuggled into the arms of the man. "Sean..."

Sean felt his gaze dimming. His mind was filled with Myra's face. Then, he couldn't stop himself and grabbed Lyla...

Inside the black Maybach, Tony curled his lips in satisfaction and carefully placed Myra back in the passenger seat. When he saw her blushing face, he couldn't help kissing her fiercely again for a long while.