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Myra tried to grab onto the doorknob, but Thomas was already pulling her further from the door. Hot tears were streaming past her cheeks, but she gritted her teeth and kicked harshly at the door, even as she was being hauled away.

Meanwhile, he felt a rush of anger and frustration at the girl's relentless struggle. He brought his hand up, but just as he was about to slap her hard across the face again, the door was kicked open from the outside.

Thomas was startled as the door slammed open with a violent 'bang'. Almost instantly, a man with a thunderous expression strode through the entry and landed a harsh kick against Thomas' sternum, sending him flying backward.

"Y-You..." His eyes widened when he took in the familiar face before him and he faltered as panic rose in him.

Thomas knew the man. He knew him so well that the recognition itself made his bones tremble with fear. This was the man who haunted the urban legends of Bradford City—Tony Hart, the fourth son of the Hart family and younger brother to Deputy Mayor Hart.

Falling in step behind Tony were two other men whose faces were equally stormy. One was Deputy Mayor Hart himself and Thomas recognized the other as Young Master Elliot, the head of Zion Club.

Thomas winced as soon as he met Deputy Mayor Hart's furious gaze. I'm as good as dead this time. The next moment, a fist was hurled toward Thomas and it landed hard on his chin. He could taste copper in his mouth and two of his front teeth were loosened.

Shawn reached out and restrained Tony. Then, he said in a low voice, "Let me handle this. Go and get Miss Stark out of here."

Currently, Elliot was holding onto Myra as they stood to the side. She looked miserable. She was so relieved at having been saved that her legs caved in under her weight and she

almost skidded on the floor. Before she could react, Tony threw a suit jacket over her before he carried her in his arms.

Zion Club was not an ordinary clubhouse and its patrons were prominent figures in Bradford City. Any delay in bringing an end to this debacle would only increase the risk of others finding out about what happened and that would not be good for Myra's reputation.

Tony gazed at her trembling body and he grew grim when he saw that one of her cheeks were swollen. He had come to pick Myra up from the club today, but upon his arrival, he heard that she was still engaged in a discussion with those from the Management Department. With some time to spare, he had decided to wait for her with his brother and Elliot in another private room.

It was only after the waiter, who had been keeping a close eye on the other private room, informed the three of them that there was something wrong that they rose from their seats and rushed over, thereupon catching Thomas in his attempt to assault Myra.

Tony tightened his grip on her and shot a cold, baleful look toward Thomas. He then said, "There's no need to spare him."

Even Elliot could not help but shudder at the murderous tone of those words. Meanwhile, Shawn clapped Tony on the shoulder—a silent assurance that he knew what to do.

Tony looked sullen, but knowing that his brother would take care of the rest, he turned to leave the room with Myra cradled in his arms. Myra's slender frame was hidden under his suit jacket and half of her face was obscured as well. All that peeked out were her reddened eyes and she gazed up at him as the fear and resentment settled within her. She had heard their conversation and upon remembering something, she quickly glanced toward Shawn. "Tilly..."

Her throat felt dry, as though it was being sliced by a knife, but she swallowed and looked over at the dining table. "Tilly collapsed over there..."

Elliot stiffened before he hurried to the exquisitely-carved square table. Sure enough, there was a woman who lay unconscious behind it and he swiftly carried her from the ground. Upon seeing him holding Tilly, Myra let out a sigh of relief. She'll be fine since Elliot's with her.

At that moment, Tony held Myra closer to him and marched out of the room in a few long strides. After they made their way out of Zion Club and into the car, he bent and silently fastened her seatbelt. She reached out suddenly and clasped her fingers around his wrist. She bit her lip and said softly, "I'm okay." Her voice was hoarse and her hands were shaking even as they held onto his wrist.

He lifted his gaze and she could see the dark fire that burned in his eyes. He looked like a panther who had been thoroughly provoked—dangerous and unpredictable. He looked far angrier than he had been in the club.

Nevertheless, Myra tightened her grip on Tony's wrist, but in the next moment, she found herself being pulled into his arms. "Damn it! Damn it! Goddamnit!" he cursed under his breath, his voice rough and punctuated with rage. He had cursed thrice, she dimly noted. He was beside himself with fury. Her face was pressed to his chest and she could hear the steady staccato of his heartbeat. Only then did she fully realize that he had saved her.

"How are you okay?" he roared, tipping her chin up so that their eyes met. He might have saved her, but it did not seem like he would let her off the hook that easily either.

Myra knew that she had been careless this time, that her naivety got the better of her. She had fallen into a trap that was hidden in plain sight. She was afraid to imagine what could have happened if Tony and the others had not gotten to her in time. Her heart clenched at the thought of how terrible things could have turned out to be and her eyes rimmed red. Before long, the tears overwhelmed and the aftershock seized her like an icy claw. She broke down in front of him.

She did not cry much. She put up a brave front before others and she had forced back her tears even after she knew about Sean's string of affairs. However, ever since she met Tony, she found that she could not keep her guard up in front of him. She had been scared witless, and her scalp and her arm were prickling with pain, but she could not hide any of these from him. It was as if the floodgates were open and the tears did not stop coming.

Myra gripped onto the chest area of Tony's shirt, choking out the words, "I'm sorry. I didn't stop to think... He was so polite—Tilly and I didn't catch on." It was no wonder that Thomas had deliberately asked if they drank wine. The wine must have been spiked before the waiter brought it into the room, she thought.

Tony's heart wrenched as he saw the tears streak down her face. He softened as he held her close and his voice was raspy as he murmured, "You ought to bring a few more others

with you the next time you have dinner appointments like this..." His eyes flashed with anger. How dare that man lay a hand on my woman!

Myra nodded as she hummed feebly in response, her tears soaking the front of his shirt. She clenched her fists, bunching the fabric of his shirt and resting her head on his shoulder. She felt a sharp stab of pain whenever she thought about what Thomas had said to her. Her tears streamed down furiously and with her hands still trembling, she added, "Mr. Hughes also said..."

Her words trailed off as she took a shaky breath. She felt her chest tighten painfully with the effort, but she forced down the ache and continued, "He said that... Cameron had promised him my hand in marriage, that he'd agreed to let him have his way with me tonight."

The air around them grew cold as the fire in Tony's eyes only burned darker at this. Cameron Stark... Very well played, indeed...

His arms wound tighter around Myra and he did not loosen his hold until he heard a soft gasp from her. He lowered his head and placed a kiss on her forehead, murmuring gently, "Don't think about these anymore—leave them all to me. I'll take care of everything." His voice was a low rumble, the rage seemingly gone from it and replaced by an arctic edge that made a chill run down Myra's spine.

Myra was completely drained from all the struggling and sobbing that she soon fell asleep after Tony had fastened her seatbelt for her.

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By the time she woke up, Tony had already arrived outside her apartment.

The moment she opened her eyes, which were still bleary with sleep, she was immediately cradled in his firm embrace once more as he carried her into the building.

His arms were like a warm cage containing her scent. She was fully awake now and she clung onto the front of his shirt as she quietly buried her face into his chest, breathing in and growing attached to his familiar scent.

Tony tightened his grip on her as they made their way through the green boulevard and toward the apartment lobby. They then ran into an anxious Estelle, who had been waiting outside the building.

Estelle had been feeling uneasy ever since she saw Kris earlier that afternoon. After she found out that Myra was going to meet up with Thomas for dinner at Zion Club, she had cajoled Shawn into going as well.

When Shawn called Estelle earlier to inform her of what had happened, she had wanted to go up to Kris and give her a good beating.

It did not take a sleuth to figure out that Kris had something to do with all of this.

Estelle was enraged, but she was more concerned about Myra. She dared not think that something terrible could have happened to Myra.

Upon seeing Tony making his way over with Myra in his arms, Estelle half-jogged up to him and asked frantically, "How is she? Is she okay? Was she hurt?"

Tony's face was grim. Myra, on the other hand, looked up from his arms when she heard Estelle's voice. She softened when she saw the panic in Estelle's eyes and said softly, "I'm fine. Tony, Deputy Mayor Hart, and Elliot all arrived in time."

It was obvious that Estelle had found out about tonight's tumultuous events.

Meanwhile, she let out a sigh of relief at Myra's words. Then, she registered Myra's disheveled appearance—her hair was ruffled and her cheek swollen. She was sure that the girl had been assaulted by that sleaze from the Management Department.

At that thought, Estelle felt the fury rise within her. She rolled up her sleeves like she was about to hit something before she let out a string of abuse as she yelled, "That sleazy piece of trash! How dare he lay his dirty hands on you? If Shawn hadn't held me back, I would have marched right into Zion Club and beat that creep into a pulp! And this applies to Kris, too! Don't think I don't know what that wretched b*tch is planning. She must have given that creep the idea that he could have his way with you! Myra—"

Tony glared at her darkly and she trailed off. She pursed her lips and let her words die on her tongue as she registered the icy look in his eyes.

After hearing the part where Estelle had mentioned Kris' involvement in the whole thing, Myra tightened her grip on Tony's shirt. The defeated look in her eyes was swiftly replaced by a grim one and she asked slowly, "Was Kris behind this?"

Estelle hesitated. She saw Tony's brows drawing closer together, but she nodded anyway and told Myra about her encounter with Kris at the City Hall earlier that day.

Upon hearing Estelle's explanation, Myra clenched her fist, bunching the front of Tony's shirt in her grip. Her knuckles turned white as the anger and hatred rose within her.

She had thought that something was off about the entire thing. Cameron was far brainy to discuss anything about her with the likes of Thomas. After all, Tony had only just told Cameron about their relationship—Cameron would have to wait until the former had broken up with her before he could even try to set her up with Thomas. She knew Cameron well enough to understand that everything he did was calculated.

However, things were making sense now that Kris was added into the equation.

It was no wonder that Kris had wanted to take the same elevator that Myra did. Her words of encouragement were nothing more than a snide forewarning and she had said them with the confidence that Thomas would ruin Myra's reputation.

She gritted her teeth as she remembered what had happened to her mother. Following his advances on her, she had felt a piercing anger that radiated within her and it only deepened as she thought about how Kris and her mother were parading around in Stark Group.

Myra loathed herself for being powerless to cast Kris and her mother out of the Stark Family; for failing to come to her own mother's defense and prevent her tragic death; and for being so careless even after returning to the Stark Group that Kris' schemes could get the better of her.

Just as Myra was drowning in rage, she felt Tony's arms tighten around her, cutting off her breath. He loosened his grip just as quickly, but the warmth of his embrace lingered on her skin nonetheless.

She looked up and locked eyes with him. She saw the worry in his dark gaze and the erratic beating of her heart slowed to a steady rhythm.

Knowing that both Tony and Estelle were worried about her, she took a deep breath and said hoarsely, "I'm okay."

"Myra—" Estelle was about to say something, but Tony interrupted by turning, obscuring Myra from view as he headed determinedly toward the apartment elevators.

"Hey! I'm not done speaking!" Estelle cried out as she made to follow him, but when she saw the cold silhouette of his back, she sighed. Fine then, I'll just let him do all the comforting tonight.

She turned to leave, but the moment she thought about the Elsinore Garden Project of which Myra was in charge, she gritted her teeth. She resisted the urge to stomp her foot. I'm going to get Shawn to do something about this!

Meanwhile, Tony carried Myra into the elevator and under his gaze, she reached out to press the button designated for her floor.

However, as she did so, his gaze flickered to her arm and storm clouds began to gather dangerously in his eyes.

It did not take long for them to arrive at Myra's apartment. He carried her into the bedroom, then left and returned with a first-aid kit in hand.

She stiffened when she saw the first-aid kit and it was not until after Tony drew her arm toward him that she remembered the wound she had inflicted upon herself. While the bleeding had stopped, the cut had crusted with dried blood and it looked all the more garish against the pale skin of her arm.

He did not say anything as he took out the antiseptic to clean her wound. He had probably never done something like this before; there was something careful and gentle in the way he tended to her wound. She even hissed at the sting of the antiseptic.

Tony glared at her, all the tenderness gone from his eyes. He grew infuriated at the sight of her injuries and his tone was clipped and icy as he snapped, "So, you're not completely immune to pain, after all."

Myra understood how he felt. She had been the one who insisted on keeping their relationship under wraps. If they had gone public, then no one would dare to lay a finger on her like how Thomas did, lest they had a death wish. She was also acutely aware that if

Tony and the others had not figured out something was wrong—that if they hadn't been at Zion Club in the first place—then things could have ended on a worse note tonight.

Her other hand slowly reached out to grasp his, but she retracted when he shot her a cold look. She muttered, "I didn't think that Kris would do something like this."

Myra pondered on this. Kris knew about her relationship with Tony, yet she went on with her plan anyway. She must have thought that my feelings for Tony are shallow enough to play to her advantage. It's either that or she truly believes she could emerge victorious out of this.

Myra had never thought of herself as a saint, but she held back from plotting against Kris after returning to the Stark Group. After all, the time she had spent in the company was hardly long enough for her to build her network, so she could not possibly cause a scene and strike against Kris. Her capabilities were also extremely limited for her to expand and she could not shoulder all the responsibilities that came with the company—at least not yet.

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However, just because Myra could not strike against Kris now, it did not mean that she never would. Myra did not see the need to back down after the other girl had provoked her.

A searing pain drew her from her thoughts. She hissed in protest and looked up to meet Tony's dark gaze. His orbs were a dark, depthless ocean that was devoid of emotion. The pain ebbed away just as quickly and he softened as he tended to her wound.

"You don't have to bother yourself with this anymore. Just leave everything else to me." He sounded cool and distant, like he was trying to suppress his anger. Nonetheless, his words warmed her.

Myra watched as he fumbled slightly to treat the wound on her arm. For once, he wasn't his usual graceful self. Abruptly, she reached out and wrapped an arm around his lean waist, murmuring, "I think it's time we go public with our relationship, Tony."

She no longer wanted to brood over or consider what could happen if she disclosed her relationship with him. To hell with them all, she thought grimly.

Tony's gaze darkened. He narrowed his eyes as he looked at the woman embracing him. There was no way to tell what he was thinking, but his icy demeanor thawed significantly. He threw away the Q-tip he was holding and drew Myra closer to him before he answered quietly, "Okay."

It was a dark and moonless night, but there was an unmistakable warmth in the atmosphere.

He watched as she slowly drifted into sleep in his arms. A cold, dark gleam returned to his eyes that had only moments ago been lit with endearing warmth. He rose, looking like the devil himself since he would unleash his wrath tonight.

In a small, civilian building that was tucked away in the countryside, screams of agony pierced through the quiet night from behind an open door.

Elliot was bursting with glee as he fell in step behind Tony, angling for praise as he said, "So, what's-his-name has confessed to everything—it turns out that Kris really did promise him a long list of favors in return for his cooperation and she also drilled it into his head that Myra was interested in him, which led him to assault her in the first place. But, don't worry, Tony—Lucas and I have plenty of experience in dealing with men like him. He's going to pay one hell of a price for laying his dirty hands on Myra!"

To the back of the building was a steel door with darkness behind it.

Elliot turned on the light. Although it was dim, it illuminated the room just enough for them to make out the unmoving figure of a man, who lay at a close distance in front of them.

The man desperately wanted to move, but he could not.

When he had been brought out of Zion Club by Deputy Mayor Hart, Thomas was filled with dread. He knew then that his career as a government official was over, but he had clearly underestimated the consequences that would befall him when their car was stopped on the way to the police station. Before he knew it, he'd been kidnapped and thrown into another vehicle by a group of large, muscular men. They had brought him to this godforsaken place, in a location so remote that he doubted he could find it on his own, and began to torture him relentlessly. Presently, there was a bone-shattering pain in his arms and legs and he wondered if he could end up permanently disabled.

He had the realization that someone was taking their revenge on him when he was blindfolded on the way here, but there was nothing he could do about it. He had no way to save himself.

Upon hearing voices outside the door, Thomas broke down once more and howled into the dimness, "I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Please let me go! Please spare me! I promise I won't do it again... I promise! I didn't mean to hurt Miss Stark—I was deceived by someone else into doing it! Please spare me!"

Meanwhile, Tony had already stepped forward. He was expressionless as he regarded the crying, begging mess of a man in front of him.

There was no mercy or compassion in his handsome features and no warmth in his cold, hard gaze either. He had one hand in his pocket and the other holding a cigarette.

Thomas lifted his head and when he met the pitch black of Tony's eyes, he couldn't help but shudder. "D-Director Hart!"

He wanted to stand up, but his arms and legs were useless. He could only wriggle on the floor to inch closer to Tony, his movements punctuated by panic and fear. He wanted to reach out to grab onto Tony's pants. "I'm begging you, Director Hart; please spare me! I didn't mean to hurt Miss Stark. I didn't know that she was your woman! If I did, I wouldn't have even thought about doing those things to her! This was all orchestrated by the Stark Family—Kris and Cameron both had a role in this! They framed me! I had nothing to do with this, Director Hart... Please let me go!"

Thomas had never once encountered anything as terrifying as this and he knew that no one would believe him even if he lived past tonight to tell the tale. In fact, he suspected that he would only invite the wrath of the devil before him if he so much as breathed a word about this.

Tony was dressed in a neatly-pressed black suit, which only made his towering silhouette seem colder. He appraised Thomas with disinterest and flippantly lifted his foot to step hard on the latter's right hand.

There was a loud crack followed by Thomas' blood-curdling howl. He was rolling on the ground in pain by the time Tony lifted his foot.

As though he was disgusted, Tony turned away without giving Thomas a second look. He carelessly threw the cigarette butt on Thomas' writhing body and his gaze was flat as he addressed Elliot, "Knock him out. Then, start gathering evidence on all the bribes he's taken and the frame-ups or illegal things he has done in order to eliminate his competition over the years. You can hand those over to Captain Fowler when you're done with it."

"Got it!" Elliot smirked in dark anticipation. He glanced behind Tony's shoulder at the man whose eyes had widened out of fear, then drawled coldly, "He's as good as dead now."

Indeed, Thomas would not have ended up in such a dire position over Myra's incident alone. After all, he had only been a pawn in someone else's scheme and he would have gotten off with nothing worse than a demotion and a warning. However, now that they had evidence of all the dirty deals he'd made, he really was as good as dead.

As he thought about the storm that lay ahead of him, he panicked. Within seconds, his eyes rolled back into his head and he fainted.

Meanwhile, the air in the Stark Residence seemed to have dipped to freezing point.

The situation here was not quite as violent as the one that had befallen Thomas. Tony had spared them—or rather, that was what Cameron assumed. However, he grew angry at the thought of how Tony had shown him the audio recording as well as the video of Kris meeting with Thomas, thereafter using those as leverage to force Cameron into surrendering five percent of his shares to Myra. It was the only way to keep those incidents under wraps. A seething Cameron slapped Kris hard across the face.

A resounding crack seemed to echo off the walls as Cameron's palm made contact with Kris' face. Not even Rachel, who was pregnant and doted on Kris, dared to speak up for her daughter.

"You incompetent, foolish girl!" Cameron thundered.

He had the choice of not giving five percent of his shares in Stark Group to Myra, but Thomas was a hopeless case now. He wasn't sure how much evidence Tony had gathered on all the backdoor deals made between Thomas and the Stark Group, and seeing as the company still had a couple of ongoing projects, he did not want to risk an investigation from the authorities. It would only bring a halt to those projects and cost him to lose a lot!

Meanwhile, Kris was slapped so hard that the impact caused her head to turn to the side. The beginnings of an angry-looking handprint were now showing on her left cheek and the blood vessels near the corner of her lips were throbbing beneath the delicate skin. Her fists clenched at her sides as she protested, "Dad, I didn't think that Tony would show up at Zion Club. If only there was more time, then Myra would have been ruined and Tony would have stopped liking her! He wouldn't have come and threatened us either! I could have taken over Myra's place and gotten close to Tony, we—"

"You could have replaced Myra and gotten close to Tony? How ambitious of you! Who do you think you are? What makes you think you have what it takes to get Tony to notice you?" Cameron glared at his daughter icily. He had never found her as moronic as he did at this moment.

He continued, "Do you really think you'd still be standing here in one piece if you weren't my daughter? Do you know that Thomas is going to be thrown behind bars for life? You were this close to making me his cellmate!"

Kris turned a ghastly shade of white as she heard this. Rachel, on the other hand, hurried over and rubbed soothing circles on Cameron's back, saying, "Cameron, please calm down. Kris knows she's made a mistake. She isn't as incompetent as you say and I'm sure there are other reasons behind this mishap. Let her finish speaking."

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Rachel tried to calm Cameron down while winking at her daughter.

When Kris received her mother's hint, she bit on her lips while her eyes turned red, as if she was forcing her tears back.

"Dad, what I did today was truly reckless, but it was Thomas who begged me to do it at first. He said that he has admired Myra for a long time, so he hoped that I could help him get closer to her. Also, I have always been afraid of her snatching the shares of the Stark Group from your hands through Tony's support. After all, we all clearly know her ambitions. With that in mind, I did all of this for you, Dad..."

“For me?” Cameron’s face grew colder as his eyes were filled with disdain. “You think I don’t know what you are actually thinking of? Kris, I’m happy that you don’t want your sister to get the shares of the Stark Group, but don’t forget that she is still my daughter—no matter how much you hate her. She is your own sister! How could you do something like this to hurt her? If you are able to plot against her today, who is to say that you won’t plot against your little brother or even me in the future?!”

At that moment, Cameron’s expression had become gloomy.

Upon hearing his words, Kris was immediately rendered speechless as Rachel’s expression changed drastically.

Cameron was a suspicious person by nature and had a weak relationship with the family, which was why Kris and Rachel were able to suppress Myra for many years.

As soon as Rachel heard him talking about her daughter, she whimpered, “Cameron, you’ve misunderstood Kris. She did all of this for you and her little brother... We all know that Myra came back this time to take the Stark Group away from us. I’m afraid that if Kris doesn’t do anything, Myra will succeed in taking the company away from us step by step. Even if she is unable to do so, what about Director Hart? We can’t be sure that he won’t help her acquire the Stark Group after he falls deeply in love with her. Isn’t that 5% share of the company a strong evidence that—”

The moment she mentioned the 5% company share, Cameron immediately gave Kris another slap on her right cheek. Suddenly, she couldn’t help but burst into tears in pain.

“Dad, think about it. Tony and the others were obviously there at the Zion Club for a while, but they waited for Thomas to lay his hands on Myra before stopping him. Isn’t it obvious that they are turning my plan against me so that they could benefit from the Stark Group?! Maybe Myra knew about my plan all along, so she did all this on purpose to set us up, Dad...”

Kris thought that her plan today was flawless, but she did not expect Tony and the others to find out about it in advance. I can’t believe that they were in the Zion Club too! I was only one step away from destroying Myra! Just one step!

She bit on her lips so hard that it almost drew blood.

Even after listening to her words, Cameron’s mood did not improve, but his anger had subsided by a bit. His eyes were still gloomy as they glared at her. “Kris, please stop acting

smart with all your little tricks. If you don't give them the chance to take our shares away, it doesn't matter how powerful Tony is! The Stark Group is a family corporation, so most of the shares are in my hands. As long as I don't sell my shares, no one can replace my position as president!"

Rachel nodded her head in a hurry. "You are right. So what if Myra has Tony backing her? I'm sure that they won't dare to rob us of our shares! Kris, you really are too reckless this time. Hurry up and apologize to your father!"

Even though Kris was unsatisfied in her heart, she knew that she had to silently endure all her father's words. Therefore, she gritted her teeth and gulped her blood before picking up a cup of tea next to her. Then, she respectfully handed it over to Cameron with her head down. "Dad, I was too reckless today. From now on, I will remember this lesson and listen to your every word..."

At that moment, she was in an embarrassing condition. After being slapped on the face twice by him, her pale face was now swollen as blood trickled down the corners of her lips.

Upon looking at Kris' current state, Rachel's eyes started to turn red while tears rolled down her face. After walking to her daughter's side, she pulled Kris' hand to touch her belly and whispered, "Baby, you must not learn from your sister. You need to be more steadfast and honest, like your father, okay? In the future, I need you to teach your sister on how to run a company properly. I know that you will be great..."

As she said her words, she managed to draw Cameron's attention.

A powerful man like him in his fifties had regretted not having a boy to inherit his enterprise the most, but Rachel obviously fulfilled that wish of his.

Thinking about the unborn child inside her, he calmed down a little.

Immediately, Rachel went to his front and pulled his hand to touch her belly. "Baby, we need to stop your father from getting angry; otherwise, it'll damage his health, making you, me and your sister worry..." Although his expression was still a little gloomy, he did not break free from her hands, which gave her a sense of relief. As she gazed at him, she comforted him with a smile. "Cameron, I'll ask Kris to apologize to Myra and invite her home so that we can all have a meal together. Myra is still a little girl after all, so she definitely misses home. By then, you can persuade her and explain to her the company's recent hardships. She is a good girl, so maybe she'll return the 5% share of the Stark Group."

"She'll return it?" Cameron's voice sounded a bit cynical, but he did not refute her proposal. After what happened today, our relationship with Myra has become even more tense, so why would she return that 5% of the Stark Group's shares? However, we can try to 'explain' the whole situation to her. Let's see if she'll believe us or not.

"Remember not to get into any trouble!" His voice grew colder again.

Beside him, Rachel immediately nodded her head while dragging Kris over. "She won't. After all, Myra is her sister and she really did cross the line today."

After that, Cameron let out a cold grunt before going upstairs to his study.

As soon as he disappeared into his study, Kris immediately shook off Rachel's hand and growled quietly, "Mom, why do I need to apologize to Myra? I would rather be killed!"

"Even if it kills you, I still need you to apologize to her! Kris, why are you always this impatient? This time, I need you to apologize and invite her to our house for a meal!" Rachel's expression changed from the gentle lady in front of Cameron to a much darker face.

"Mom!" Kris looked at her in disbelief.

However, Rachel squinted her eyes and interrupted her. "I know what you want to say, but Kris, how could I watch with my bare eyes as Myra takes 5% of the company's shares? Try your best to invite her home. I have my own plans for her."

As she remembered what Cameron said earlier about Myra being his daughter, her lips slowly revealed a sarcastic smile. His daughter? Let's see who he'll choose when her daughter threatens the existence of his son.

When Myra woke up, she realized that her entire body was engulfed in a fiery chest.

At that moment, Tony was sleeping soundly with his eyes closed, covering the coldness under his eyelids, which made him look even gentler than usual.

His straight nose and thin lips look dashing together with his elegant chin. This man is practically the work of God.

Last night, she was on the couch downstairs, but she was probably tired, so she fell asleep in the man's arms until now.

The horror Myra suffered last night had almost disappeared. Suddenly, she lifted her head and landed a kiss on the man's thin lips in front of her.

Tony's lips were usually cold, but at that moment, it was burning like fire.

In Myra's mind, she couldn't help but think of heart-racing images, causing her entire face to flush instantly. Currently, she was annoyed at herself for getting flustered over Tony's face!

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At that moment, Tony's thin lips looked as though they had some sort of magical power that made it irresistible for Myra to softly kiss him. One of her hands also went up to his face and reached out for his narrow brows before gently caressing them.

Suddenly, her tender hand was completely engulfed by a big, dashing hand.

Before she had the chance to react, her whole body was suddenly carried and laid next to the man.

The narrow eyes which were closed earlier now stared into her terrified eyes.

"Myra, did you just do that on purpose..."

The man's voice was a little husky because he had just woken up.

Thinking about how she secretly kissed him while he was sleeping soundly earlier, Myra's entire face instantly flushed!

"Tony, you were already awake..." She struggled to break free from the man in front of her, but as soon as she moved, she was immediately pulled back by his enormous hand.

He gave her a quick kiss on the lips and murmured, "I had woken up a long time ago. I just couldn't sleep."

The moment Myra understood what Tony was implying, her face turned even redder while her eyes seemed to be filled with tears.

As she bit on her lips, she thought about what happened last night. Tony saved me again... Every time that I am in danger, he would always risk himself to save me without hesitation.

However, she did not dare to look right at Tony's eyes, so she slightly tilted her head away.

Then, she took a deep breath before slowly sinking herself into the blanket with a red face...

When Myra entered the car after she was done with everything, it was almost 9:00AM.

Due to her passionate actions this morning, she did not dare to look at Tony, who was sitting on the driver's seat next to her. After getting into the car, she pretended to read a magazine, but she kept staring at only one page without ever flipping the book.

The man next to her was wearing a suit with a pair of leather shoes, which gave him an elite look. With his meticulous expression and calm demeanor, Tony quietly drove the car while his body exuded an irresistible elegance. At first glance, who would have thought that the serious man was the same person whom Myra met this morning?

"Is it hot in here?" As the man drove the car, he could see that Myra's entire face was red, so he raised his brows and asked.

"Um... No." Myra's voice was a little muffled, but her face grew even redder as she almost buried her entire face into the magazine.

Suddenly, Tony stepped on the brake and removed that annoying magazine before pulling the ostrich-like woman into his arms. "Did I cross the line this morning? Huh? I'll be more careful next time..."

At that moment, Tony lost control of himself because it was the first time he saw her being this proactive.

Upon thinking about her own recklessness in the morning, Myra did not dare to raise her head once again.

When she heard a soft laughter next to her, she finally realized that the man was actually teasing her.

"I like you that way." There was a hint of joy in Tony's husky voice as his fingers gently caressed her lips before he landed a kiss on her cheek. He suddenly continued. "I think you shouldn't go to the Stark Group today. Come with me to the Hart Group."

However, he probably had changed the subject too quickly, which startled Myra. Then, he smiled faintly at her. "What is it? Don't you want to go?"

Myra shook her head.

After what happened last night, she did not want to meet Cameron and Kris in the Stark Group, so she understood why Tony invited her to the Hart Group instead. However, even if she refused to see them, they would still meet each other one way or another in the end. When she thought about what Kris did to her especially, the emotions in her heart started to churn.

"I want to return to the Stark Group today." Myra took a deep breath and met Tony's dark eyes. "I know that you are worried about me, but I still need to face them one way or another. Besides, I didn't do anything wrong, so I don't want to avoid them directly."

At this point, her voice slowly grew stronger.

From last night's terror of knowing she was being set up to being touched in the heart by the man who rescued her and the calmness she was feeling now, Myra knew that she wasn't strong or powerful enough to face all those, but she also refused to back down.

Upon seeing her determined eyes, Tony seemed to feel a little resigned. Then, he lovingly rubbed her head and placed her back on the passenger seat before starting the engine again. "Last night, I talked to Cameron on the phone," he uttered casually.

Instantly, Myra clenched both her hands on each side.

Tony pressed his thin lips and murmured, "He agreed to give you another 5% of the Stark Group's shares." As for what he did to make Cameron accede, he did not plan to tell Myra yet.

"5% of the shares..." she murmured repeatedly while revealing a sarcastic smile. Then, she turned her head and gazed outside the window.

She probably did not know that she had changed from being shy a second ago to someone who looked sorrowful in just a blink of an eye because of the name 'Stark Group'.

Thinking about how Thomas violated Myra when he opened the door to the private room, a hint of coldness flashed through Tony's eyes that were as dark as the night.

There was a strange tension brewing inside the Stark Group's Project Department today.

The moment Kris arrived at the Project Department, everyone realized that she was wearing a mask and pair of sunglasses, which was abnormal. Also, her temper today was unusually bad as anyone who came to her at that moment would be scolded ruthlessly.

Therefore, everyone started to guess whether her face had been disfigured, but they were still terrified while doing their work.

When Myra saw Tilly in the company this morning, she finally let out a huge sigh of relief. Last night, Tilly followed me to the Zion Club. If I experienced that incident last night, I assume that she would meet the same fate too. If that's the case, I'll blame myself for the rest of my life.

After calling Tilly into her office, Myra immediately walked up to her from her office desk and grabbed both her hands before giving her a thorough look. "Tilly, were you fine last night?"

Tilly's face was still a little pale, but she looked quite good as she shook her head. "I'm fine, Miss Stark..."

However, she did not dare to look toward Myra.

Myra did not notice it and she smiled bitterly. "I'm sorry. Due to my mistake last night, I almost dragged you into this mess." I'm the one who Kris wanted to hurt. Tilly was just innocently involved in all this.