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As soon as they got into the car, Myra turned around to ask Tony, who was focused on his driving, "You already knew that there were problems with Rachel's pregnancy?"

By the time they were done with all the drama, it was already 1 in the morning. The colorful neon lights shone around them, signaling that the nightlife in Bradford City had just begun.

Under the shadows cast by the neon lights outside, Tony's handsome face looked seductive and alluring. His strong jawline and long eyebrows made him look strict when his eyes were narrowed, but his thin lips were arched into a half-smirk. "In the beginning, I didn't know about it."

"When did you find out, then?" Myra fiddled with his right hand that was not on the steering wheel.

Tony turned his hand over and held hers as he rubbed his thumb on the back of her hand. His eyes narrowing, he muttered, "When Kris stopped us and accused you."

Initially, Tony was not sure and he was merely guessing. Through the information Elliot provided him, it was true that Rachel was pregnant—there was even evidence in the hospital. However, Elliot then mentioned the cash flow between Rachel, Kris, and Doctor Owen. If Rachel merely wanted a doctor to treat her well, she did not have to give Doctor Owen such a huge sum of money, unless she had something to hide about her pregnancy.

Since she was already pregnant, Tony wondered about what she was possibly trying to hide from everyone. It was not difficult to come to the conclusion that her baby might not make it. After all, Rachel was not young anymore, so she was considered a senior pregnant woman. If she wanted to deliver the baby safely, she would get as far from Myra as possible. The last thing Rachel would do was to get closer to Myra, unless the former wanted a reason for her miscarriage. Unexpectedly, this time around, God had taught them a lesson. Sure enough, it was better not to do things that went against one's conscience.

Myra took a deep breath before she spoke. "Now that Cameron's son is gone, I bet he is going to keep a low profile for a while."

"Isn't that good, though?" Tony brought Myra's hands to his lips and kissed it gently. "When he's idle, it's your time to take action."

Myra's heart fluttered when she turned around to look at him. "Why are you here today, though? Are you really here to support me?"

Back when Myra stood at the entryway and saw Tony walking out of the car in the yard, she inexplicably felt that he had an icy air about him. Even though he hid it well, she now asked gently, "Is there something that upsets you?"

Tony paused before he smiled. "Why do you say so?"

"I don't know. It's just a feeling..." Myra looked at her hand that was held by Tony, catching sight of the ring on her left hand.

Tony also saw the ring but he suddenly stepped on the brakes and turned around to look at Myra, a dark look in his eyes. "If you realize that I've hidden something from you, what would you do, Myra?"

Shocked by his question, Myra froze upon hearing that. She then turned around and looked into his eyes seriously. "Would you hurt me?"

"Never."

"Would you give me happiness?" Myra smiled.

Tony pulled her into his embrace. "There's no other woman that I'm willing to make happy."

"Isn't that all, then?" Myra placed her chin on Tony's shoulders. In her life, she had experienced hurt and countless betrayal. However, since she met this man, her life had magically taken a good turn, just like what he had told her. She knew Tony's feelings toward her and she also knew that there was nothing she could give him in return. If this is the case, why don't I cherish him?

"Everyone has their own privacy. If you are willing to tell me, I'll share it with you. If you need more time, I'm willing to wait..." Myra told him softly. With that, she lowered her eyes very slightly.

Tony merely tightened his hold on her hand, his eyes flickering with various emotions.

Time flew past quickly and Myra's work at the Stark Group became increasingly easier. Perhaps it was because her mood had become better after knowing that Rachel and Kris were not living the good life recently.

Ever since Rachel had a miscarriage, Cameron flew into a rage and forbade her from going out of the house, getting her to stay at home so that she could recover. Kris, on the other hand, was chased out of the Stark Residence immediately. And so, both of them kept a low profile. In the past, they liked to provoke Myra but now, Kris did not even look at her during their meetings.

Of course, when Myra was not looking at Kris, the latter had shot her many resentful looks. However, when Kris thought about the position she and her mother were currently in, she decided to tolerate this. After all, Rachel also asked her to be tolerant for the moment.

Meanwhile, perhaps Cameron had been too exhausted, causing him to make a rather big mistake in a huge project. Myra spotted it and corrected it, so she became respected in the company.

Apart from the drama in the Stark Family, Myra realized that Tilly seemed to have fallen in love. She occasionally cupped her face with her hands as she zoned out, and she also dressed up better. Apart from that, she even asked Myra some questions about love and relationships.

After recalling the marks on Tilly's neck, Myra could not help but tease, "C'mon, Tilly! You've been hiding it from me for far too long! Spill the beans—are you in a relationship?"

Tilly had just placed a document on Myra's desk. After hearing Myra's question, she blushed so much that even her ears turned red, making her look as red as a tomato. She shot a glare at Myra and stomped her foot on the ground. "Myra, don't joke around with me. I don't even have a boyfriend, so how could I be in a relationship?"

"Then why are you blushing?" Myra could not help but smile.

Tilly was speechless and her face turned even redder. "Well, I can't help it after hearing your question! Ever since you are with Director Hart, you're becoming more and more playful. I'll have you know that I can't talk to you anymore, because I have many matters to attend to. Bye!"

With that, Tilly ran out of Myra's office immediately. When she reached the door, she turned around again. "By the way, I forgot to tell you that Captain Fowler is arriving soon. Due to the incident with Mr. Hughes, Captain Fowler is coming here to check a few documents from the Stark Group that were approved by Mr. Hughes." Tilly gritted her teeth resentfully when she spoke of Thomas Hughes.

Myra had received the instructions earlier and she had also inspected the documents herself. However, she did not expect Captain Fowler to pay a personal visit. After she nodded, Tilly left immediately. She was in her office for a short while before Tilly knocked on her door again, informing her that Captain Fowler had arrived. And so, Myra took the documents that she had already sorted out and walked to the conference room directly.

A cup of coffee was already served to Captain Fowler. When he saw Myra, he stood up out of reflex, making both his subordinates also stand up hastily.

Myra was speechless and she felt slightly awkward, so she cleared her throat. "Captain Fowler, I'm sorry that you have to come here personally. Please take a seat."

"Oh—it's nothing. Don't worry about it." There was a smile on his face. Upon hearing Myra's words, he quickly shook his head before sitting down.

Then, Myra passed a bunch of documents over and said politely, "These are the documents approved by Mr. Hughes. Please check if there are any problems."

Probably because Myra was being quite serious, Captain Fowler shot her a few more glances, wanting to see if she was unhappy with him. After all, she was quite a well-known young manager in Stark Group. Hence, he explained himself once more, "Don't worry, Miss Stark. We are just following the standard procedures in checking this. It'll be over soon and usually, nothing really happens."

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Last time around, because he believed some rumors from others, he mistakenly put Myra into jail. Not only did he change her jail's location, he also did not treat her well. In the end, that incident almost made him lose his job.

It was also during that time that he saw the man who had almost become a myth in Bradford City treat Myra delicately. In the end, the all powerful Tony Hart had succumbed to love as well. However, Captain Fowler did not expect that Myra, who was a divorcee, would be able to successfully capture Tony's heart. This time around, they came to the Stark Group because they knew what plans Thomas had for Myra that caused him to be in such a situation. If it weren't for that, Captain Fowler had no plans to come here personally.

Just as he promised, the three of them checked through the documents quickly, as though they were merely following the procedures.

Half an hour later, Myra sent the three of them to the elevator.

After they entered the elevator, Captain Fowler told Myra that she did not have to see them off. After all, she was a busy woman. Upon hearing that, Myra did not insist and merely watched the elevator doors close.

However, just as the elevator was about to close, Captain Fowler quickly pressed the button to open the door. Looking at Myra's surprised expression, he muttered in embarrassment, "Miss Stark, it's our fault that we wrongly put you in jail back then. I hope you don't take it to heart. At that time, Director Hart also asked us to treat you well but because everything was in chaos, someone else took the opportunity to create a mess. Since it's already in the past, I shouldn't bring it up but I still wanted to apologize to you. I'm sorry about that."

Myra froze upon hearing that, as she was quite confused by his words but thereafter, she was stunned.

Wrongly put me into jail? I only entered the police station just that once when the Chase Family accused me. Why is Captain Fowler apologizing to me?

"It's alright. Everything's over now and you didn't do anything wrong." After all, the people who hurt her were from the Chase Family. Myra thought the reason for Captain Fowler being so polite with her was because of Tony and Shawn.

Captain Fowler heaved a sigh of relief as he released the button, and the elevator doors closed again.

As she looked at the display that showed the elevator was going down, Myra still felt confused.

“At that time, Director Hart also asked us to treat you well...”

What does he mean by this? What does Tony have to do with that incident? What did Captain Fowler mean by ‘Director Hart also asked us to treat you well’?

Myra’s heart fluttered as she clenched her fists and walked back to her office.

It was a surprise for Myra that Henry called her. On top of that, he called to ask her to go shopping for clothes with him.

“Myra, can’t you make it? Do you have other plans tonight? I thought that you would be free tonight so I called you. If you are busy, we can go shopping another time,” Henry murmured thoughtfully.

Myra did not have any other plans for the night and since she had taken a liking to this little boy, she agreed immediately. “You have to go to school today, right? I’ll pick you up after school, then. Is that alright with you?”

“Thank you, Myra!” Henry was obviously delighted about this.

After hanging up, Myra pondered for a while before she called another man.

“Yeah?” When the call connected, the single syllable rang out immediately, followed by a series of knocks on the table.

Myra thought she heard someone giving a report to Tony just now, but it was complete silence from his end at this moment. Hence, she asked hesitantly, “Am I interrupting your meeting again?”

Tony was lowering his head to look at a document but when he heard Myra’s voice, his frown lightened. “No. What’s wrong?”

Since he already denied it, she did not say anything unnecessary and cut to the chase. “Henry asked me to shop for some clothes with him tonight, so you don’t have to pick me up later.”

Using an excuse of having someone to cook for him, Tony moved into Myra’s apartment immediately. Hence, her apartment had now lost all the hints of a single woman’s apartment. After work, they would go home together to have dinner and it had become a

rather blissful lifestyle for both of them. Apart from when Tony had some business matters to settle, no one had ever interrupted their evenings until now.

Sure enough, he immediately went silent after hearing her words.

Only his faint breathings echoed down the line and reached Myra's ears.

Then, she heard the sound of a document being thrown on the table, followed by Tony's cold and dissatisfied tone. "If the graph still shows this trend in the next season, feel free to leave the Hart Group."

Tony's words were followed by another man's fearful and anxious voice. "Understood, Director Hart. We will work extra hard next season!"

Myra was speechless upon hearing that. Even though she knew that Tony would not mess around with work, the unfortunate employee was still affected by Tony's mood. Myra softened her voice as she murmured, "Henry is your nephew and I'm just going to buy some clothes with him. I'll quickly return after that."

"What time?" Tony asked indifferently. Myra could imagine the way his long eyebrows were knitted into a frown and his thin lips pursed into a hard line.

"9 PM? I can't possibly let him go home on his own. After we finish shopping, I'll send him home before going back."

"After you buy clothes for him and send him home, are you going to put him to bed first before coming back?"

The employees on Tony's end kept a straight face, and they did not even dare to breathe heavily as they heard their dominant and arrogant director say something rather awkward.

The serious meeting suddenly had a different air to it and the employees could not help but exchange awkward glances.

No wonder Director Hart was quite angry just now. It turns out that he's jealous of a particular someone.

The department manager, who suffered Tony's wrath just now, was secretly crying internally. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure out who the person on the other end of the line was.

Apart from Tony's official girlfriend, who was quite popular recently, they could not think of anyone else.

After hearing his sarcastic tone, Myra felt amused and in fact, she actually laughed out loud. This made everyone in the office immediately feel an icy atmosphere pressing down onto them, causing them to feel uneasy.

Miss Stark is driving all of us crazy!

"Why don't we do it this way—after you're done with work, you can come over to look for us. We will be at XXX mall. Henry is your nephew after all, so you can send him back when we're done."

It was only until this moment that the crowd realized that Tony looked slightly better. He then said coldly, "He's just a kid; what clothes does he need? Are we so poor that he ran out of clothes to wear?"

Myra had realized long ago that Tony was quite sarcastic sometimes. Thinking that he was in a meeting, she did not say much and hung up quickly.

Leo had been standing behind Tony all this while. At this moment, he quickly walked over to his boss and asked nonchalantly, "Director Hart, Mrs. Hart got someone to bring over your lunch just now. It's quite late now, so shall we continue the meeting after lunch?"

Leo's salutation of 'Mrs. Hart' had probably appeased Tony, so the latter immediately waved his hand. Everyone else heaved a sigh of relief and they quickly exited the office.

Sure enough, Leo understands Director Hart better! With just one sentence, all of us are off the hook!

If we meet Miss Stark—no, Mrs. Hart—in the future, we have to be on our best behavior in front of her!

The Hart Family was quite good in educating their children. They did not send the kids to a private school for the upper-class, but they hid the children's identities and sent them to a normal school, which was why Henry was currently in grade two in a public school.

When Myra arrived, the students were already done for the day and Henry was kicking some stones as he paced in front of the entrance. When he saw Myra, he seemed to avoid her eyes and he looked quite sad.

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“What’s wrong?” Myra did not miss the bruise at the corner of his eye. Once she lifted his head to take a closer look, her beautiful eyebrows knitted into a frown.

The corner of Henry’s right eye was bruised and it was obvious that someone had beat him up. Even though it was not something serious, it was too much for a kid to handle.

“Someone bullied you in school?”

Myra was sure that the bruise on Henry was not from a fall. Apart from that, teachers would not beat students up, so she presumed that Henry got into a fight with his classmates.

The boy avoided her glance and muttered, “I accidentally fell down during sports class today.”

Seeing that Myra was still staring at him fixedly, Henry grabbed her hand and forced a smile. “Let’s go, Myra. The mall isn’t far from here, so we’ll be there soon.”

However, Myra did not leave just because of his words. Instead, she pursed her lips and looked at Henry seriously. “You are not being honest with me, which makes me really unhappy.”

This was the first time Henry saw Myra being so serious and he choked slightly. “Myra—”

“Hmph! Aunt Elsie, he’s the one who knocked out my teeth! But the teacher said both of us were in the wrong, so she asked us to invite both our parents. Not only that, she also gave me a lecture! Aunt Elsie, you have to help me out here!”

Suddenly, an arrogant voice of a young boy rang out and interrupted Henry, whose expression changed immediately.

Following Henry's gaze, Myra saw an adult and a young boy walking over to them, and she frowned again.

She did not know the young boy, but she knew the woman next to him whom he addressed as 'Aunt Elsie'. Of course, she was none other than Elsie Foster.

After thinking back on what the boy had just said, Myra stood in front of Henry subconsciously as she faced the two people walking toward them.

Elsie was equally surprised to see Myra here, but she placed one of her hands on her hips while holding the boy with the other hand as she walked to Myra slowly. "Look who we have here—Miss Stark, it's been a while."

Elsie had an evil and mocking smile on her face.

It was all because of this b*tch that I got chased out by Sean from the Stark Group! However, I've had a stroke of luck after that. With some help, coupled with me being pregnant with Sean's child, Eve treats me differently now. With the future successor of the Chase Group in my belly, even Eve has to be careful of my mood when she talks to me.

After remembering the grievances that she suffered from Myra and recalling what her nephew had just told her, the smile on Eve's face grew wider as she caressed the little boy's head. "Georgie, calm down. You have to forgive children who do not have their mom or dad. After all, no one is there to teach them manners, so it's perfectly normal for them to grow up and become the scums of society."

Upon hearing this, both Myra and Henry's expressions changed immediately. In fact, Henry felt slightly guilty when he heard this because he knew that Myra's mother had also passed away. He felt that it was his fault that she was being insulted along with him. Biting his lip, he held Myra's hand and lifted his little face to look at her. "Myra, the injuries at the corner of my eye is due to the fight I had with him. He said that I'm a b*stard who doesn't have a father, but I am happy enough to be with Mom!"

Seeing the firm look on his face, Myra merely caressed his head and she could guess what took place. Since Henry's parents were divorced, there would surely be playful students in the school who provoked him deliberately. Henry was probably unable to help himself, so he got into a fight with them.

Myra then looked at Elsie calmly. "It's just a fight between two kids. Don't you think that you've gone too far, Miss Foster?"

"Just a fight?" Elsie snorted out laughing. "How did a simple fight result in Georgie's teeth falling out?"

"Henry's eye is also injured." Myra countered and she pursed her lips slightly.

"Henry? Who is this Henry and what's his status? How dare he hit Georgie? Miss Stark, aren't you aware of your own position? Don't think that you can order the Foster Family just because you are from the Stark Family. You were once Sean's wife but unfortunately, you were abandoned by him. I even heard that you were chased out of the Stark Family! Simply put, you don't have the right to speak to us here! I feel humiliated just by standing next to you!"

Elsie had heard most of Myra's matters from Eve. However, Eve did not know that Myra was with Tony now, and the former had bad-mouthed Myra quite a lot in order to have Elsie on her side. This resulted in Elsie's arrogant behavior toward Myra at this moment.

Elsie also thought that she would become the young lady of Chase Family sooner or later, seeing that she was pregnant with their precious grandson now.

Thinking about this, she eyed Myra loftily once more. "I heard that you stole the trade secrets from the Chase Family and made a huge mistake in the Marina Bay Bridge Project. If I were you, Myra, I would not dare to appear in public anymore! How humiliating would that be? Apart from that, I really don't know how you got into Mr. Logan's bed and made him—"

"Elsie Foster!" Myra interrupted her sharply.

Thinking that both kids were still quite young, Myra wanted to resolve the matters between them peacefully but Elsie had no plans to let her off the hook that easily.

Myra then turned around to look at Henry. "Henry, would you like to get into my car first? I'll be right there after I speak to this lady here."

"No!" Henry could obviously see that the woman in front of them was quite hostile toward Myra, so he refused to let go of her hand. Instead, he glared at the two people in front of them angrily and he had the sudden urge to kick the other party.

Feeling exasperated, Myra turned around to look at Elsie again with a cold expression on her face. "Would you like me to remind you about how you betrayed the Chase Group? You stole my designs and leaked them to the Hay Group. Elsie, I have the Hay Group as witness in that incident. Don't you feel ashamed about that when you mention all these incidents right now?"

"Ashamed? No matter how ashamed I feel, I could never be any more ashamed than you!" As she spoke of that incident, Elsie was filled with hate. However, once she glanced at her belly, the spiteful expression on her face was replaced with joy. While caressing her belly, she looked at Myra mockingly. "Myra, I know that you love Sean a lot. No wonder you could work quietly in the Chase Group just for his sake and you even wanted to get rid of Eris. Unfortunately for you, Sean is still mine in the end! After I give birth to this child for the Chase Family, everything that once belonged to you will belong to me!"

Finally, all my efforts will not go down the drain!

"What are you talking about? The person Myra loves is my uncle!" Henry retaliated loudly beside them.

Elsie frowned and she laughed coldly. "When adults are speaking, kids shouldn't interrupt us! No wonder you are so ill-mannered!"

Henry's expression changed again. "You are the one who's ill-mannered! George said that you are pregnant with the child of the man from the Chase Family, and he claimed that you are the young lady of the Chase Family. But my mom told me that Sean already has a wife whose surname is Fisher, so it's obviously not you! You destroyed someone else's marriage! You're the illegitimate mistress!"

Henry had asked his mother about Myra's matters.

To him, the woman who seduced his father was his greatest enemy, while Sean and Lyla were his second greatest enemy. Now, Elsie was also added to his enemy list.

Henry was quite sensitive to relationships in a marriage. Initially, he had no idea who Elsie was but he understood everything now.

He spoke in a loud and clear voice that was filled with rage.

As school was just over, many other parents were also picking up their own children.

Initially, no one paid any attention to the fight here. However, after they heard Henry's words, they immediately threw disdainful glances at Elsie.

After all, a mistress was the public enemy of all women. Even if she did not seduce their husbands, they hated her all the same.

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Elsie froze when she heard the whispers around her, most of which consisted of snide remarks.

"Look at that homewrecker. I wonder how she can still parade around shamelessly!"

"I've never seen a homewrecker who isn't shameless. After all, one can't steal another's husband without first being thick-skinned, right?"

"She does look like a sly homewrecker—and to think she was trying to intimidate others around her. She should get off her high horse and look at herself in the mirror!"

Elsie stiffened. She looked around and saw that everyone was throwing scornful looks at her. The graceful and elegant front she'd put up earlier was as good as trashed, reduced to nothing.

A fiery rage lit up her eyes as she marched forward, reaching out with her hand to push Henry, who had already stepped up. "What did you say, you little b*stard? You better watch that mouth of yours!"

However, Myra gripped Elsie's wrist before she could touch Henry. Elsie was shoved backward by Myra, who said coldly, "You should be the one to watch your mouth. What's wrong, Elsie? Are you having a hard time living with your shame? Does Lyla know that you're pregnant with her husband's child?"

After having been pushed, Elsie staggered and nearly fell onto the ground. Her face was grim, but when she heard Myra mentioning Lyla's name, her fists clenched at her sides.

Lyla was now her biggest enemy.

Elsie would have been better off not knowing that Sean only loved her for her eyes, which were the same as Lyla's. Now that she did, her heart clenched with hatred.

As it turned out, he had never loved her in the first place and after she found out she was pregnant, she looked to Eve to ask her for help.

"Why? Are you going to break the news to Lyla?" Elsie did not want to appear weak in front of Myra. After all, the latter was abandoned and unwanted. If these were ancient times, she'd be a disgraced housewife. How dare she act all high and mighty with me? She can't even begin to compete with me! At least I get to turn things around now that I'm pregnant with Sean's child.

Elsie sneered and continued, "Did you forget who sidelined you in the first place, Myra? We're practically one and the same. Besides, it doesn't matter if you tell Lyla about this. I'll give birth to this baby and I'll be the one to fulfill Eve's dreams of becoming a grandmother. We'll see who gets to become the Young Mistress of the Chase Family after this!"

Upon hearing what the woman before her said, Myra scoffed at the naivety that belied her words. "We are not the same."

If Eve really wanted to bring Elsie into the family, she wouldn't have kept quiet for so long after she'd learned of the latter's pregnancy. Even fools would know that Eve was only after the baby and once the child was born, Elsie wouldn't have a choice but to hand him over to the Chase Family. By then, it would be far too late for Lyla to do anything about it, lest she considered infanticide.

Myra mused in her heart. She had to commend Eve for her wickedness; the woman had silently and single-handedly accomplished the things that would most benefit the Chase Family.

"You and I are not the same," Myra repeated stoically. "One, I don't like Sean and two, I'm not a homewrecker."

With that, she pulled Henry with her and strode toward her car. Her heart wrenched when she saw that he had lowered his head in resentment. She paused and turned to address Elsie coldly, "You should know who you're dealing with before you try to bring them down. You're only going to humiliate yourself in the end. Who do you even think you are?"

The emphasis on the last part of Myra's warning was not easily missed—she'd used Elsie's words against her.

Myra ignored the gloom that passed over the other woman's face and led Henry into the car.

Henry was still downtrodden even as the car made its way toward the mall. In an attempt to placate him, Myra took his hand and quipped, "Is there a reason why you want to shop for clothes all of a sudden, Henry? Have you grown taller?"

He turned to look at her, no longer as upset as before, and answered, "The clothes aren't for me—they're for Mom's boyfriend. Christian's birthday is coming soon and I'd like to give him a gift."

Myra was taken aback at first, but she quickly smiled as she praised, "That's very nice of you, Henry! I'm sure your mom would be very happy with this and so would Christian."

Henry grunted in agreement before he took a deep breath and anxiously said, "Myra, I didn't mean to bring up the man and the woman back there. I was angry and I didn't think before speaking. Please don't be mad at me."

He had been feeling guilty from the moment he brought up Sean and Lyla. When the boy's mother had told him about those things, she specifically reminded him to avoid bringing up their names in front of Myra.

Myra blinked at him. At first, she did not know the man and the woman whom Henry had referred to. Then, realization dawned upon her and she smiled when she saw him assessing her anxiously. "Don't worry. Those two are irrelevant and I wouldn't be mad at you just because you brought them up. Besides, I like your uncle now—you said so yourself. Everyone else is irrelevant."

Upon seeing that Myra was not angry, Henry let out a breath of relief. He clenched his little fists and said, "My uncle is way better than that man! You're going to be the only person he loves and he won't fool around behind your back either!"

The words came naturally—he'd picked up the phrase 'fool around' from his great-grandfather, who had used the same words to put down the former's father.

Myra's smile softened as she thought of Tony and she teased, "Did your uncle bribe you into complimenting him like this?"

Henry flushed before he flapped his hand dismissively. "No, not at all."

She couldn't help but beam when she saw how flustered he was.

It wasn't long before they arrived at the mall. After having parked the car, the both of them headed toward the men's boutique.

Henry had an acquired taste since young, given that he was the heir to both the Reyer and the Hart Families. Even Myra was left slightly astonished at the understated but tasteful pieces that he'd chosen from the various collections on display.

After picking out Christian's birthday gift, he turned and saw that she was still perusing the clothes in the boutique. He went over and asked playfully, "Myra, are you picking out a shirt for Uncle Tony?"

Now that Henry knew what Sean was like, he was even more determined to bring Myra and his uncle closer together.

Myra flushed and her hand slid off a pale blue shirt before she drew it back. "I'm just looking around."

"Well, I think this is a nice shirt. It'll look good on Uncle Tony!" Henry encouraged with a grin.

Meanwhile, the sales assistant who was packing Henry's purchase had taken notice of their exchange and hurried over to them. She gave them a polite smile as she said, "The both of you have great taste. This shirt is by an esteemed designer and it's part of our latest collection too. This is the only one of its kind. You could get it for your husband if you'd like, miss."

The sales assistants in the boutique had a good eye when it came to assessing their customers and they were sure that the woman and the boy came from money.

Myra blushed when she heard that Tony was being referred to as her husband. She gave the shirt another glance and she had to agree that it was very exquisitely made.

She wasn't sure if Tony only wore white shirts out of habit. As far as she could tell, the man didn't own any colored shirts in his wardrobe.

“Just get it. Didn’t you say that Uncle Tony is coming over to pick us up later? You could give this to him as a surprise!” Henry cajoled gleefully.

Myra softened when she remembered how Tony had been slightly displeased after she’d told him she was spending the evening with Henry. She turned to the sales assistant, who was practically thrumming with anticipation beneath her polished, professional facade, and said, “I’ll take this then. Please pack it up for me.”

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There was a baby store across the boutique in which Myra and Henry were doing their shopping.

It had taken some effort on Lyla’s part to convince Sean to come shopping with her for baby products. She was wearing a cotton maternity dress and a pair of flats; while her baby bump was only subtle to the untrained eye, the sales assistant could tell that she was definitely pregnant.

“You know, Sean, the doctor told me that the baby is doing well. I think that means the baby will grow up to be a considerate and loving child.” When Lyla noticed that Sean was absent minded, she took his hand and placed it over her baby bump.

Sean’s gaze finally flickered over to her stomach and his face softened at the mention of the child. When he saw that the sales assistant was looking at him, he looked at the crib that was propped up to one side. “We’ll take that one.”

The sales assistant froze and Lyla grew awkward. She tugged on Sean’s arm once more and said softly, “Didn’t we say we wouldn’t be getting that crib, Sean? Besides, Jane said that this one over here is a much better choice.”

With that, Lyla pointed at the crib to which she was referring. The material and the structure for this were far sturdier than the other one.

However, his eyes couldn’t seem to stop flickering to the shop across from theirs.

Upon seeing that, Lyla craned her neck and peered in curiosity at the boutique. There was no one else aside from the couple of sales assistants manning the store. She frowned and wondered whether they were the ones whom Sean recognized.

She had been sensitive ever since Kris told her about his excursion to see Myra. She could tell that he was acting differently these days, but there was nothing she could do about it.

She had done everything she could, but she couldn't help but feel that Sean was not as crazy about her as he had once been. Her heart clenched with insecurity even after he'd told her he loved her. It felt as if there was an invisible barrier between the both of them and while it wasn't entirely impenetrable, its existence still burdened her.

Lyla paused in thought, afraid that something truly could be amiss. Her hand fluttered over her stomach, looking strained as she said feebly, "Sean, I'm a bit worn out. Can we go somewhere else so that I can rest for a while?"

As expected, this managed to get Sean's attention. Alarmed, he quickly held onto her as they made their way out of the baby store. He asked nervously, "Do you feel any discomfort? Should we go to the hospital?"

Lyla was relieved to hear the worried tone of his voice and she was quick to comfort him. "No, I'm okay. I must be worn out from standing all day. I'll be fine after sitting down for a bit."

She was grateful that her pregnancy had broken the ice between her and the rest of the Chase Family, although it only reminded her of how distant Eve had been with her recently. She couldn't help but resent Eve for it.

Eve had been overwhelmed when she first discovered that Lyla was pregnant, but she was also terrified that the latter may run away and leave her without a grandchild. It was clear that she'd been eager for Sean to continue the family line.

Sean then brought her to a cafe on the same floor. Lyla watched as he carefully wedged a cushion behind her and her resentment dissipated. She felt peckish and she gazed up at him as she said coquettishly, "Sean, I'm really craving for fresh corn juice. I saw a shop nearby selling it. Would you mind getting one for me?"

Back in their schooling days, Sean would always wait for her with a cup of a corn juice in hand before they went on their dates.

She was not worried about his present demeanor. It would take time, but she was confident that she could slowly work her way into his heart once more.

Upon hearing Lyla's request, Sean frowned. However, before he could say anything, she pouted and mumbled softly, "I miss the times when you used to buy it for me and I haven't had it for a while now. Besides, the baby's craving for it too."

As soon as she mentioned the baby, his face lit up and he quickly said, "Wait for me here. I'll be back in a flash." With that, he left the cafe.

Lyla huffed. It turned out that the baby was the only way for her to get Sean's attention.

However, her face grew grim at the thought of Myra.

She could not believe that a man like Tony would fall head over heels for Myra so much so that he was willing to do anything for her. She was only fortunate to have retained evidence of her previous collusion with the man; otherwise, he would never have spared her.

Lyla's chest tightened with rage and frustration as she thought about Myra's relationship with Tony. She had been the one to step all over Myra, but it seemed as if she herself was turning into the butt of the joke now. The unpredictable shift in their dynamics was driving her insane.

She had contemplated telling Myra everything, but she couldn't bring herself to do it in the end. She knew that she would lose everything if she were to tell Myra. She had no doubt that Tony would make sure to destroy everything she had.

But if Myra was in a relationship with Tony, she wouldn't weasel her way back into Sean's life anytime soon. For that, Lyla was relieved. It was probably the only good thing that she could get out of that wretched girl's newfound love.

Lyla clutched her bag close to her as a menacing grimace twisted her features.

The sales assistant had wrapped the two shirts up, but just as Myra and Henry were about to make payment at the cashier, they found themselves in a terribly awkward situation.

They did not have enough cash between them.

Henry had said that since the shirt was his birthday gift to Christian, he insisted on paying for it out of his own pocket and Myra did not stop him either. He'd pulled out a small envelope from his backpack and told her that the money was his allowance from last month given to him by his father. He'd asked his mom to make the withdrawal. Myra watched as he counted out the bills and noted how much he resembled a tycoon.

Alas, after counting out the bills, Henry realized that he was short on his budget. Myra saw the pitiful look on his face as he gazed up at her in despair and she'd almost laughed until she discovered that she'd left her purse in the office.

Meanwhile, the sales assistant gave an awkward smile as she suggested, "Would you like to call somebody?" She did not want to lose those two customers before her. After all, she would have a week's worth of commission from the sale of these two shirts alone.

Myra was about to call Estelle for help when a gold-colored credit card was handed over the counter. She saw that the fingers holding the card were slender before she heard a deep male voice speaking close to her ear. "Take this card."

Her skin prickled at the familiarity of that voice. She turned and saw that the man handing the card over to the sales assistant was none other than Sean himself.

His towering figure was clad in a tailored black suit. He was cold and aloof as usual, but he was undeniably handsome. Even the sales assistants by the side couldn't help but sneak a couple of glances at him.

Myra, on the other hand, frowned.

Henry turned and recognized Sean immediately. How could he not after he had searched and read up on Sean on the internet? His eyes flashed warily at the sight of Sean and he stepped defensively in front of Myra before glaring up at the man. "What are you doing here? We don't need your card, so take it back!"

Sean pursed his lips. His dark gaze swept over the boy before it flickered to Myra. He narrowed his eyes and pointed out plaintively, "You don't have enough cash with you."

"That doesn't mean we're desperate enough to use your card," she retorted icily, then pressed her lips into a thin line. She held onto Henry's hand and turned to address the sales assistant. "I'm sorry, but could you put those shirts aside for me? I'll come back for it after I call a friend of mine."

After having said that, she wanted to leave the store with Henry, but Sean stepped in front of them and blocked their way.

He had seen Myra picking out clothes in this boutique when he was at the baby store earlier. Upon noticing that it was a man's boutique, he was reminded of the fact that she was no longer pining after him.

He shouldn't have dwelled more on this, seeing as he had thought of her as despicable, but he couldn't seem to keep his eyes off the boutique window. He'd even decided to drop by the store since he was on his way to buy corn juice for Lyla.