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When Sean saw that they did not have enough cash to make payment at the counter, he had instinctively taken out his card and handed it over the counter.

He stared at the woman before him. She was dressed in her usual work attire and the plain outfit only flattered her figure instead of hiding it. He took in her features and realized how delicate they looked. It was as if he was truly seeing her for the first time and he found that she was almost as, if not more, attractive than Lyla. In fact, there was a serene beauty to her and she exuded a quiet sense of determination that was otherwise lost on Lyla.

"You don't have to draw such a harsh line between us, Myra," Sean mused as his thin lips curved into a cold smile, although his gaze was impassive. "We were husband and wife, after all. I have no qualms about paying for these."

"We don't care about whether you have qualms or not." Myra frowned. She tried to bypass him, but she was blocked by him again. She wondered whether he was doing this on purpose.

Annoyance was beginning to register on her face as she glowered up at him. "Please step aside, Director Chase."

"Why do you have to be so stubborn? Those shirts might not even be here anymore by the time your friend gets here." He looked into her eyes, the same pair that had once regarded him with unwavering love and admiration, but all he saw in them was cold indifference. It was as if she had never loved him at all.

Sean's fists clenched at his sides. He hadn't thought that she would end up with a despicable man like Tony. How could I not realize that Tony's been eyeing her all along? I played into his hands and gave up both Myra and half of Hillivile to him! He grew murderous at that thought and the vein on the back of his hand pulsed. Nonetheless, he forced himself to stay calm and smiled bleakly. "If you truly have no feelings for me, Myra, then you shouldn't be conflicted to accept this gesture of mine. You don't have to be squeamish over these two shirts. If I didn't know better, I'd think you still have feelings for me."

His eyes lit up with dark amusement as he said this, as though he was taking pleasure in teasing her.

Myra's face darkened considerably. She didn't know why Sean was being like that, but she was sure that he did not have good intentions.

Instead of trying to go around him to leave the store, she turned and looked at the few sales assistants who were standing to the side before asking loudly, "Excuse me, but how should I proceed to lodge a complaint if I'm being harassed on your premises?"

Upon hearing that, the sales assistants exchanged a nervous look among themselves. They had heard the man saying that he was the woman's ex-husband, but it seemed as if Myra was less than keen to entertain him. Someone who resembled a manager coughed, clearly uneasy at having to answer Myra's question.

Just as the manager was about to speak, a cool and distant male voice interjected, "Take this card."

The man who handed his card over the counter stood tall and straight. The black suit and the white shirt he wore beneath it only accentuated his towering build. He looked clean and meticulous; while he carried himself with effortless grace, there was an intimidating undercurrent to his polished demeanor even though his features were handsomely chiseled. His almond-shaped eyes were slightly narrowed and when his cold gaze swept over those in the store, it threatened to bring them into subjugation.

The sales assistant behind the counter froze as she stared at his long, slender fingers.

Meanwhile, Henry had never been more excited to see his uncle than he was now. He ran over and held onto the man's leg while exclaiming, "Uncle Tony, you're finally here to pick us up!"

He spoke as though he had been hurt and he gazed at Tony with such admiration that one would think the latter was here to save him from bitter resentment.

Tony was expressionless as he patted the boy on the shoulder.

Myra, on the other hand, was taken aback at first, but relief soon followed. She slowly crossed over to Tony and interlaced her fingers with his.

Just as she did so, she felt Tony giving her hand a brusque squeeze and she nearly gasped in pain. However, she forced out a small smile as she tugged his arm and said, "Henry and I were shopping for clothes, but he didn't have enough cash on him and I left my purse back in the office."

While explaining what had happened, Myra completely ignored Sean, who was stiff and grim since Tony arrived at the store.

It was a beautiful scene to behold when the three of them huddled together like that. With the man's handsome features, the woman's gentle beauty, and the child's adorable disposition, it was hard for anyone to nitpick at this picture of happiness. The sales assistant turned their gazes toward the man who had offered to pay before, wondering what he would do next.

Tony's eyes fell on Sean and his lips curved up slightly into the barest of smirks. There was an unreadable look in his dark orbs as he spoke, "Thank you for offering, Director Chase, but seeing as my wife is doing the shopping, it's only natural for me to make the payment."

There was no hesitation in his voice as he uttered the words 'my wife' and his face remained impassive, as though he was saying this as a matter of fact. Sean, on the other hand, looked as if someone had ruffled his feathers. He raised a brow coolly, but his heart clenched with inexplicable anger and he was surprised by how much it hurt.

He appraised them, noting how they indeed looked like a happy family of three. Then, he scoffed and turned to leave the store.

The sales assistant beamed almost instantly. She took the card from Tony and swiped it on the POS machine before pushing the device over as she said, "Sir, please key in your pin here."

Tony did not move. He was staring at Myra intently, his dark gaze unwavering.

Myra felt a chill run up her spine when her eyes met his. She tugged on his arm once more and said softly, "Stop staring at me. This nice lady over here just asked you to key in your pin."

"Don't you know the pin?" Tony asked instead, catching her off guard. He raised a brow as a roguish smile played on his lips.

Of course I do. When they were at the Calvin Klein exclusive store the other day to shop for his pants, she'd been the one to key in her birth date into the POS machine, but she did not think that it would actually be the pin to his credit card.

She flushed and hastily keyed in the pin into the machine. Then, she left the store with the carrier bag.

Myra had only just taken a couple of steps when a warm, dry hand took the carrier bag from her. She turned to look at Tony, but he had already draped an arm over her shoulder.

She muttered quietly, "I came to the mall with Henry today. I didn't know Sean would be here either and I certainly didn't think that he would see us."

Myra was well aware of how Tony felt about Sean and she needed to clarify the situation before he got the wrong idea.

Tony hummed flatly in response. Then, he looked down at the two paper bags in his hand.

It was easy to see that both these bags contained men's shirts. He raised a brow as he glanced at Myra with amusement. She found herself blushing again and she said a little too forcefully, "Henry bought them. He told me that it's going to be Christian's birthday soon and these shirts are a gift to him."

Meanwhile, Henry covered his mouth with his hand as he sputtered at the sight of the two lovers ahead of him. He had wanted to take a photo of them with his phone. However, upon hearing what Myra said, he rushed toward them and snatched the paper bag that contained Christian's gift before saying to Tony, "This is the one that I bought for Christian, Uncle Tony. The other one you're holding is meant for you. Myra bought it as a gift to you! She said the shirt would look good on you!"

When she heard this, Myra blushed furiously; she looked as though she would combust at any moment. Henry turned and pulled a face at her, then laughed hysterically as he ran forward and away from them.

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“Myra wouldn’t stop complimenting you on our way here, Uncle Tony. She said that you’re very well-accomplished for your age and she complimented you for being handsome as well as kind! She also told me she likes you a lot and she doesn’t care about Sean at all! Mom told me that the reason why Myra blushes every time she sees you is because she’s head over heels for you...”

Henry was rambling even as he ran away from them.

“Come back here, you little rascal!” Myra bellowed after him. Her face felt like it was on fire from all the things he had said and she cursed inwardly, Ungrateful little brat. I can’t believe he’s doing this to me after he asked me to go shopping with him!

“No!” Henry blinked at her with an impish grin on his face. “Just admit that you’re in love with my uncle, Myra! There’s nothing to be embarrassed about!”

“Henry!” She gritted her teeth. She hadn’t realized how mischievous the boy could be and she wondered who had been filling his tender mind with all this nonsense.

“Are you angry?” Tony’s voice sounded weird, as if he was trying to suppress his amusement.

“Go ahead and laugh if you want to!” Myra snapped as she shot an icy glare at him.

Sure enough, he no longer suppressed his desire and let out a low rumble of laughter.

His voice was deep and enticing, carrying with it something uniquely enigmatic.

It was a joy to see someone as graceful and chiseled as him break into laughter. Myra wasn’t sure if she wanted to laugh along or drown in her own embarrassment.

Tony suddenly stopped laughing and leaned closer toward her to nibble on her earlobe. The warmth of his breath tickled the delicate skin of her nape. He quickly released her, but she was already burning from inside.

Worried that Myra would soon be enraged if this continued, Tony stopped teasing her and wrapped an arm around her shoulder as he guided her forward.

Sean stepped out from the corner and his eyes were stormy as he watched the three figure strolling not too far away. He was acutely aware of the resentment and frustration that was building up in him.

His heart clenched with fury when he thought about what that kid had said—‘She told me she likes you a lot and that she doesn’t care about Sean at all!’

When he saw how annoyed and irritated Myra had been, he was seized with a sudden urge to tease and cajole her. He did not want her to look at him as though he was the greatest nuisance in her life; he’d wanted to make her look at him with the same love and admiration that she had for him. Could it be that I have been acclimated to Myra’s presence around me? Is that why I felt like that? Could it be that I have developed real feelings for her—however slight they might be—during the course of our two-year marriage?

Sean closed his eyes briefly, overwhelmed by his own thoughts, before he turned and headed down to the basement carpark.

By the time Sean gave Lyla a call, he was already on his way back to the company.

“What?” Lyla demanded loudly, her shrill voice inviting disapproving looks from the other patrons in the cafe. Not wanting to cause a scene, she quickly lowered her voice and hissed unhappily into the phone. “What urgent thing in the company that requires your immediate attention? You told me you’d spent the entire afternoon with me, Sean. How could you abandon me halfway?”

She did not wait for him to answer and instead hung up angrily.

She wasn’t stupid. In fact, she could be quite clever at times. Judging from recent incidents, all the signs were indicating that she was in a precarious position indeed. She could fall from the pedestal that was Sean’s heart at any given moment.

Eve had never gotten along with her and if Sean kept distancing himself from her like this, it would only be a matter of time before she lost her title as the Young Mistress of the Chase family.

Lyla was suffocating under the weight of her fear and panic when she caught a glimpse of two familiar figures walking past the cafe window.

It was Eve and she was with the same woman whom Lyla had seen the other day.

Lyla had not been able to see the woman clearly before and she only managed to see her side profile. However, now that there was nothing obscuring her view, she could see that the woman was pregnant.

Eve, on the other hand, appeared to be doting on her. She was holding onto the woman even as they walked, as if she was terrified that the latter would get hurt simply by strolling in a mall.

At that sight, Lyla felt her heart plunge to her stomach. She had a bad feeling about this and without stopping to think, she hurried after them.

Nonetheless, she kept a safe distance away to avoid Eve seeing her.

She watched as they entered the same baby store that she and Sean had visited earlier. She noted that they had made a lot of purchases and she didn't enter the store until after they had paid and left. Her face was grim as she walked through the door.

"Have you thought about what you'd like to buy, miss?" It went without saying that the sales assistant remembered her.

Lyla forced a smile. She hummed in response and said, "I have my eyes on that crib you showed me earlier—I'll take one in the boys' style and another in the girls'."

Upon hearing that, the sales assistant beamed. "Certainly. Is there anything else you need?"

"That's all for now. The rest will have to wait until after the nursery is done," Lyla answered. She paused before she asked off-handedly. "I saw that the two ladies from earlier left the store with quite a haul. Is it because one of them is pregnant?"

The sales assistant had earned quite a hefty commission from the last two customers and she was still cheery about it as she answered, "That's right. The mother-in-law is clearly taking great care of her pregnant daughter-in-law. The baby isn't even born yet and she's already stocking up on all the baby products!"

Lyla's face darkened when she heard the words 'mother-in-law' and 'daughter-in-law'. She glared at the sales assistant and seethed, "Do you even know what you're talking about?"

The sales assistant froze at the aggressive tone of Lyla's voice. She explained warily, "That was how the young woman addressed the madam, though. Furthermore, the madam was caressing the woman's baby bump and saying something about 'her golden grandson'—"

Before she could even finish speaking, Lyla had already stormed out of the store with a sullen expression.

"H-Hey, miss! You still haven't paid for the cribs! Do you still want them?"

Lyla was no longer in the mood to answer since things were beginning to make sense now.

So, this is why Sean has been so distant with me recently and why there is an abrupt shift in Eve's demeanor toward my pregnancy, she thought. Sean has a new lady now and he got her pregnant too!

However, she came to the realization that it wouldn't make sense if the lady was Sean's newfound love interest. As far as Lyla could tell, the lady was at least four months into her pregnancy, which meant that he had been with her since before Lyla's return!

Lyla bridled at this. It had only been a while ago when he proclaimed his love for her.

Her blood boiled and she bit on her lip so hard that she was close to drawing blood.

So, what in the world are Sean and Eve up to? From what I know, Eve wouldn't turn her back against me if the other woman is carrying a daughter. After all, it's not a granddaughter she wants, which means the other woman must be carrying a son instead!

Lyla's eyes widened at that and she felt dizzy as the blood rushed to her head. She stormed out of the mall and flagged down a cab. She gave the driver an address and before long, the car sped away from the mall toward Chase Headquarters.

As agreed, Myra and Tony would drop Henry back at the Hart Residence first.

Henry made his way from the car to the front door of the house before he turned to politely wave at them. "Goodbye, Myra and Uncle Tony. Thank you for shopping with me today, Myra, and I'm really happy that you did."

Myra reached out and ruffled the boy's hair with a smile. "I'm really happy as well. Go on then. It's getting late."

The little boy nodded as he hummed in response. Then, he turned to walk through the front door.

Meanwhile, Sebastian was standing at the side as he watched the scene unfold, a devious grin playing on his face. After a while, he lifted his hand and waved the two adults away, as though he was asking them to leave immediately.

They entered the car and as usual, there was a warmth in the atmosphere that eased them.

Tony's hand clasped over Myra's left hand. His thumb gently caressed the back of her hand as he asked, "Do you like Henry?"

The ticklish sensation of his gesture made Myra squirm slightly. She wanted to pull her hand away, but he wouldn't let her. She glared at him before she answered, "I do. He's adorable and he's really mature for his age."

"Then, you should have one of your own—a child, I mean," Tony remarked teasingly as he let out a low chuckle. He made it sound as if childbirth was as easy as breathing.

Myra rolled her eyes in exasperation. "I can't just have a child at will, Tony. I need to get pregnant first before actually going through childbirth."

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"Are you trying to tell me that I'm not putting in enough work or effort, Myra?" Tony chuckled devilishly, causing Myra to flush immediately.

"Keep your eyes on the road, Tony!" She snapped while growing flustered.

He let out another low rumble of laughter, but other than the fact that he was holding her hand, he did not move to tease her any further.

Before long, they pulled up outside Tony's detached villa.

Myra had mentioned that she liked it here and soon after that, both of them moved into the property.

When they drove into the compound, a management caretaker informed Tony that he had a visitor.

They hadn't been bothered by it until they pulled up outside the villa and nearly knocked into a woman standing in the middle of the path. Myra was shocked and she let out a sharp gasp.

Tony, on the other hand, frowned. He coaxed her and took the keys before he stepped out of the car to open the gate to the villa.

He had only just walked away from the car when a figure hurtled toward him. Before he knew it, someone had grabbed onto his arm and he heard a soft female voice whining, "Tony, you're finally here! It's been a while since I last saw you. I've missed you so much. Did you miss me too?"

He caught a powerful whiff of perfume that threatened to choke him and his eyes flashed with disgust. The person who'd caught him by the arm was not standing firmly on her feet, but he paid no regard to this as he pursed his lips and pulled away from her. His freezing gaze fell on the woman who was batting her eyelashes at him and he greeted stoically, "Miss Walton."

With that, Tony brushed past her toward the gate to the front yard. He unlocked it swiftly and sauntered back to the car without so much as glancing at Gemma. She was as good as invisible to him.

When she saw that he was ignoring her, she bit on her lip.

Gemma had immediately rushed over to the Hart Residence after her plane landed today. She'd needed and whined for Tony's address before coming over as soon as she got it.

She had wanted to wait to return from the United States with her brother, but she'd grown anxious at the thought of some other woman pining after Tony. As such, she'd packed her bags and flew out from the United States without further delay.

However, Tony was still as cold and indifferent as he'd always been despite the fact that they hadn't seen each other for ages. She couldn't help but feel the resentment bubbling up

in her, yet she trailed after him. “Tony, I rushed over here as soon as my flight landed. It wasn’t easy for me to get your address. I just got back from the States and I’m worn out. Would you mind taking me in for a couple of days?”

“You should check into a hotel instead of asking for a room here, Miss Walton,” Tony countered flatly.

“I haven’t booked a room in any hotel, though. You know that I have no friends in the country. Besides, it’s already getting late—are you really going to just leave me stranded outside, Tony?” Gemma’s eyes were rimming red as she said it and she gazed pitifully as he walked away with his strong back facing her.

Meanwhile, Tony was already standing by the car, and he was opening the door.

Gemma instantly wanted to open the door to the backseat, but Tony deftly reached out and slammed the door shut. He turned and glowered at her darkly. “I’ve warned you, Gemma. I don’t take kindly to intruders on my territory. You can either leave now or I’ll have someone make you.”

There was a hard edge to his voice. He did not care that she was a woman or that she was Gideon’s sister.

Gemma stiffened. She’d believed that their time apart would finally thaw his icy demeanor toward her and that perhaps he would even come to miss her. She’d left home for Bradford City so that she could see him, but as it turned out, her efforts were futile. How could he be so heartless?

Then, she turned to the side and her eyes fell on the car.

Through the dimness in the car, Gemma could make out the figure of a woman in the passenger seat. Her eyes widened when she realized that it was not Serena, Tony’s sister, but another beautiful woman whom she did not know!

When she thought about how he’d said he did not take kindly to intruders, Gemma bit on her lip in bitter resentment. She pointed an accusatory finger toward the passenger seat of his car and demanded, “You said you don’t take kindly to trespassers, so what is she doing here? What right does she have to sit in your car and have you drive her into your property?”

“She has every right to enter my property—she’s my wife.” Tony’s eyes crinkled slightly and a gentle, indulgent look flashed across his features as he uttered the word ‘wife’.

“Don’t lie to me! How could you have a wife if you’re not even married in the first place?” Gemma retorted in disbelief. Once again, she made to open the door so she could slide into the backseat of the car, but Tony reached out and seized her wrist in a vise-like grip. He hauled her away despite her protests and moved toward the exit before unceremoniously flinging her away.

As he did so, he did not seem to care that he was being rough with her. His grip had been tight enough to bruise her skin and she could feel her wrist throbbing. For a moment, she thought it would snap.

“I’m only asking that you take me in for a couple of nights, Tony—I’ll move out once I find a place to stay. Besides, if that woman is allowed to go into your villa, I don’t see why I can’t! Who is she? She’s probably just after your money and power. Don’t be fooled by her!”

“That’s enough!” Tony barked. He took out a handkerchief from his jacket and wiped the hand with which he had gripped her wrist. Then, he threw the handkerchief into a nearby trash can like it was toxic waste.

Gemma’s face darkened. She saw that he was turning to leave and it was as if he could tell what her next move would be. He dodged when she reached out to try and grab him.

“I’m not known for my patience, Gemma,” Tony warned, his face grim when she stepped in front of him to block his way.

“You know how I feel about you, Tony. I came to Bradford City for you!” She looked at him stubbornly although she shuddered when she saw the cold gleam in his dark orbs.

He may just relent for Gideon’s sake. After all, they were good friends and there was a time when they had been business partners as well.

At the thought of that, she bit her lip and said, “Tony, if you get that woman to leave right now, then I’ll act as if this incident today did not happen.”

She drew in a breath as she waited for him to consider. She knew that men were egocentric creatures at heart. Meanwhile, the woman was still seated in his car. Gemma was stung—she never even had the chance to take a ride in it.

Tony let out a short bark of laughter and although it was soft, Gemma felt a chill run down her spine all the same. The next moment, he pulled out his phone from his pocket and made a call. When the line on the other end picked up, he said coldly, "This is the owner of Villa No.120. I need two security guards over here immediately."

Gemma's fists clenched at her sides when she heard this. "How dare you treat me this way, Tony! How are you going to explain yourself to my brother and my parents? They all know I came to Bradfort City to see you!"

After having grown tired of this exchange, Tony ignored her. When he saw the two security guards rushing toward them, he said plaintively, "I don't know this woman. Keep her out the next time you see her."

It was clear that the security guards knew who he was. They answered hastily, "Yes, Director Hart."

Without sparing Gemma another glance, Tony turned and left.

Upon seeing that, she moved to stop him, but the security guards seized her by her arms and brought her toward the exit. "Sorry, miss, but we have strict rules against trespassing."

Meanwhile, Myra could still hear Gemma's screeching protests coming from the outside when Tony opened the car door. "Let me go! Do you know who I am? I'm the daughter of the Walton Family! I'm Tony's girlfriend! How dare you treat me this way!"

The sound of her voice was drifting away as she was dragged out of the compound, but the words 'I'm Tony's girlfriend' seemed to echo in the stillness of the evening.

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Upon her arrival at Chase Headquarters, Lyla took out a hundred in cash and handed it to the driver. Then, she stepped out of the taxi without waiting for her change.

Most of the employees had left by now and there were only a few of them working overtime on each floor of the headquarters. When the security guard manning the lobby downstairs saw Lyla, he quickly pressed the button for the elevator.

It wasn't hard to guess why Lyla was here and the security guard was only being helpful as he said, "Miss Fisher, Director Chase has only just gone up."

Lyla's nails dug into her palms when she heard that. She entered the elevator before she pressed the button to close the door and for the designated floor respectively.

As the elevator began to make its climb, her chest tightened with rage and anxiousness. When the doors opened with a 'ding', she walked out and headed down the hallway.

It was quiet on this floor, but the lights were turned on.

Her eyes immediately found Sean's office, which was situated at the end of the long hallway. She took a deep breath and wore a calm front as she marched toward the office.

Sean was staring at the document on his desk. It was nothing more than a simple set of divorce papers with neither signature nor stamp to validate it.

He had found it at Myra's work station, which had been vacant ever since she left. When he returned to Chase Group earlier, he was inexplicably drawn toward her workstation whereupon he saw the divorce papers.

He remembered the time when everyone had accused her of leaking company trade secrets on Hillville. She had said that the only thing she took from his office was a set of divorce papers and nothing else. No one had believed her, not even him himself.

Now that the divorce papers were before him, how could he believe Myra?

Could he believe that these divorce papers were, as she had said, taken from the desk in his office? Had she designed the documents to cover up for her lies instead?

Sean wasn't sure what to think. All he knew was that if he had a chance to go back in time, he would not be so quick to judge Myra, although it was too late for him to do anything now.

“Sean!” A voice cried abruptly, pulling him from his thoughts.

He looked up with a frown to see that Lyla had stormed down the hallway and into his office.

There was a sour look on her face, and her eyes immediately registered the document on his desk. She was more than familiar with it. After all, she had been the one to type out the heading and now the words ‘Divorce Agreement’ seemed to leap off the page to greet their maker.

Lyla’s heart jolted and a moment later, she watched as Sean calmly slid the divorce papers to one side of his desk. He looked up at her and asked, “What’s wrong?”

She didn’t know why the papers were with him. She was sure that Myra had taken them. If the papers were here with him, could it mean that he’d figured things out?

Lyla could feel her heart racing and her fists were clenched at her sides. She seemed to have forgotten why she came in the first place.

When Sean saw that she was staring at the document with what looked like shock on her face, he pursed his lips and repeated flatly, “What’s wrong, Lyla?”

She saw that while there was a look of mild indifference in his eyes, he didn’t appear to be harboring any anger. The unease in her dissipated slightly. She convinced herself that there was no way he could have figured things out, because if he had, he wouldn’t be so calm and collected. She shook off her worry before biting her lip as tears pricked her eyes. “Sean, are you hiding something from me?”

The resentment was clear on her face.

Lyla had felt as though she could instantaneously combust when she heard the sales assistant saying earlier that the other woman was pregnant with Sean’s child. She couldn’t let things go south, not when she’d only just married him, and especially not when it concerned the Chase Family lineage!

Meanwhile, after hearing what she’d said, Sean felt the vein near his temple began to pulse again. He reached for the divorce papers once more and began to flip through it, reading the words in earnest.

When he did not respond, she only grew more anxious and upset. She crossed over and snatched the divorce papers away from him, snapping, "Answer me! Are you hiding something from me? Are you and Mom up to something terrible behind my back? Do you know how much I love and trust you, Sean? I was forced to stay away from you for two years, but I did that for you! How could you treat me like this after all that we've been through to be together again?"

She was getting more agitated as she spoke. Her heart clenched with rage at the thought of the other woman bearing a son for Sean. When did that b*tch even climb into his bed in the first place? How dare she become pregnant with his child?

"Lyla, what could Mom and I possibly be hiding from you?" Sean was getting annoyed with her and he frowned when he caught the crazed look in her eyes.

He found himself worn out all the time from his marital and family life ever since he married Lyla. It was as though she had turned into a completely different person. She was no longer as gentle or considerate as she had once been and instead spent her days being jealous and suspicious. He knew that women often experienced a change in temperament following their pregnancy, but he was beginning to be tired of her dramatics and the effects they had on his life.

He couldn't help but think about his encounter with Myra today. He thought about how calm and independent she'd been, how there was a gentle warmth to her placid disposition. He remembered how it was when they'd been married. Eve had constantly spoken up for her and claimed that she shared a friendly relationship with the latter. Myra had never once caused him trouble.

As he thought of these, his gaze flickered over to the divorce papers once again and he appeared to be in a daze.

Lyla, on the other hand, noticed that he was looking at the divorce papers. Coupled with what he'd said, she was beginning to feel threatened. She had never felt this way before; she had never felt that everything was slipping out of her hands.

She remembered what Kris had told her the other day. She registered the look on Sean's face and thought about how he had been distant and cold with her lately—how he'd humored her instead of paying attention to her.

Lyra's nails dug into her palms painfully, but the gaze with which she regarded the man before her was calm. "Don't tell me you're still thinking about Myra, Sean."

Sean snapped out of his thoughts and shook off the dazed look on his face. His face was grim as he looked at her and he responded coldly, "Lyla, if you're here only to make unreasonable accusations against me, then I'm afraid I don't have the time to argue with you. I have a lot of work to do today, so I'll be spending the night in the office. You should head back home."

"Unreasonable accusations?" All the tears and bitter resentment she'd pushed down had bubbled up within her and burst. She was turning pale with fury as she pointed at the divorce papers. "Kris told me that you went to see Myra. Why did you do that? There is nothing left between the both of you, so why did you look for her? You said you'd spend the whole day with me, but you left me alone instead! You've been cold and distant with me these days. Is it because you're expecting a child with another woman? Is that why you don't care about me or our baby anymore?"

"Do you even know what you're talking about, Lyla?" Sean's face was thunderous.

"Of course I know what I'm talking about! Tell me right now, Sean—are you expecting a baby with another woman?"

"You're impossible!" He roared. He stood up abruptly, took the suit jacket that had been draped over the back of his chair, and made his way toward the door.

However, Lyla pulled his arm before he could reach the door.

Tears were streaming furiously down her cheeks as she glowered at him, shouting, "Don't you dare leave, Sean! Let me tell you this—I will not let that child be born! And if you were to divorce me, you should know that I'd never agree to sign the papers!"

A sudden 'bang' resounded in the room, shocking Lyla and silencing her sobs.

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Sean's fist slammed into the frame of his office door. It was a horrific sight when blood quickly began to bead and flow from the cuts on his knuckles.

Lyla trembled. "Sean..."

"Lyla, if you insist on being crazy like this, then I'm afraid divorce will be all that's left on the table for us." The look on his face was cold and without throwing her another glance, he pulled away from her grip before walking away from her.

'If you insist on being crazy like this, then I'm afraid divorce will be all that's left on the table for us...'

Divorce will be all that's left...

Divorce...

As his words reverberated in her mind, Lyla's legs caved in. She collapsed onto the carpeted office floor and watched as Sean's back disappeared from view. Her heart twisted with a sharp, cold ache that threatened to cut her breath off.

Sean, on the other hand, had immediately regretted saying those words to Lyla. After all, he had once been deeply in love with her. He'd told himself to tolerate her since she was only jealous and suspicious because pregnancy got the better of her rationale.

However, he had lost his temper after being aggravated by her tantrum. Myra wouldn't have done that. She wouldn't have been so unreasonable as to throw a fit in the middle of my office. If that had been Myra...

A dull ache began to throb in his head. No, there was a time when Myra had thrown her fits and whined and complained, too, he corrected himself. However, he had distanced himself, hurting her until her love for him became threadbare and she finally gave up on him. He remembered the last time they were in a room together as husband and wife, but in the end, she had shown up at the City Hall with a steely look in her eyes and she no longer regarded him with love or sentiments. He had pushed her away, bit by bit, and toward the end, she left and never looked back.

The thought seemed to tear his heart into pieces and the pain that followed was excruciating, but it numbed him all the same. His face was still grim—like the storm clouds that gathered over a restless sea.

Myra could still hear Gemma's voice in her head screaming that 'I'm Tony's girlfriend'. She was pulled from her thoughts when a familiar scent filled the space next to her and she felt Tony's hand clasp over her own. He frowned as he asked, "What are you thinking?"

Myra shook her head. "I didn't think Gemma would be so..."

She trailed off, suddenly at a loss for words to describe the other girl. Knowing Tony, she knew she could take his word when he said he had never dated Gemma and the cavalier way with which he'd said it meant he was telling the truth.

Nonetheless, Myra was still somewhat displeased by the idea that some other woman was pining after him.

She tightened her grip on his hand before bringing it to her mouth before biting on the web between his thumb and index finger.

Myra hissed through gritted teeth after releasing his hand. "You're nothing but trouble!"

She was beginning to notice that he was trouble or at least he had the potential to be. As if it wasn't bad enough that women flocked to him like bees to honey, those women proved to be relentless pests and this annoyed her to no end.

Meanwhile, the storm in Tony's eyes had cleared after he heard Myra's accusation. He cast her a sideways glance and noted her sulky expression, then chuckled in amusement as he started the car. As he drove through the open gate and onto the driveway, he said, "Don't worry. I don't think she's as pretty as you are."

"Don't try to convince me with sweet talk!" Myra dismissed him angrily. How could she not have realized that for all his accomplishments, Tony was just like any other man?

However, she could not hide the small smile that tugged at her lips upon hearing his compliment.

After having arrived at the front door of the villa, Myra stepped out of the car and entered the house, bringing with her the bag from the men's boutique.

Tony, on the other hand, headed straight for the bathroom. When he came out after a shower, he saw her seated on the center of the bed, laying out the pale blue shirt that she'd

bought earlier. She'd rummaged through the drawer in which he kept his ties and was now picking out the ones that would compliment the shirt.

He was used to wearing white shirts beneath his black suits and he was far too lazy to deviate from this routine. He certainly didn't think that she would get him a pale blue shirt and he wondered how he was going to pull off such a pastel color.

Tony raised a brow and sauntered over to where Myra sat on the bed.

She had only just matched a maroon tie to the shirt when she heard the bathroom door opening followed by the approaching footfalls. She looked up at him as she asked excitedly, "What do you think about this look?"

However, she found herself staring into the endless sea that was his obsidian orbs.

He had only a towel wrapped around his waist and he gave his hair a quick rub instead of toweling it dry. Water dripped down from the ends of his hair and rolled past his chiseled cheekbones before it fell onto his toned chest muscles.

Myra could feel her face growing hot at the sight of that.

She swallowed; her heart was racing erratically as she watched the light play across the hard planes of his body.

Tony noticed the pink flush that colored her cheeks and his gaze darkened almost instantly.

Myra was about to turn away when his towering figure approached her and he sat in front of her. His tall frame shielded her petite figure and when they sat like that, she looked as if she was already enveloped in his embrace.

s though he had not seen her blush, Tony threw a nonchalant glance at the shirt and tie next to him. He raised his brows slightly as he asked, "I wouldn't know if it looks good just by glancing at it."

His head was lowered as he gazed at her and he was sitting close enough for her to feel his breath on the sensitive skin of her neck. Her blush crept all the way to her collarbone, but she let out a cough and feigned calmness as she suggested, "Maybe you should try it on then."

“Okay,” he answered plaintively. He reached for the shirt and pulled it on, but he left the buttons undone. Abruptly, he took Myra by the waist, pulling her closer until she was on her knees before him. His hands clasped over hers and brought them to the front of his shirt before he said, “Button it up for me.”

His voice was low and slightly hoarse.

Myra’s face flushed with more fury as she brought her gaze to Tony. The more she stared into his eyes, the more she felt herself drowning in them, as if they were dark whirlpools from which she could not escape.

She looked away from the devilish gleam in his eyes and her gaze darted around frantically as she quickly buttoned up the shirt.

She made fast work indeed and within seconds, the shirt was buttoned. However, when she turned to look at the row of buttons on the shirt, she grew exasperated with herself. The shirt had been unevenly buttoned and it looked ridiculous, if not comical.

“Myra, you did that on purpose...” Tony murmured, his warm breath stirring close to her ear. Before she could react, she felt the press of his lips against the curve of her ear.

“Tony... There’s something I’d like to tell you...” Myra kept a clear head. She hadn’t told Tony about what happened today and she would feel better if she did.

“What is it?” He did not appear to want to stop as he trailed kisses to her jawline.

For a moment, she was distracted by the pleasure that was beginning to course through her, but she quickly sobered and pushed him away. Her voice was low as she rasped, “Andrew came to see me today to take the documents for those projects that Thomas signed off for the Stark Group. He apologized to me and I think he did it because he knows you. He also mentioned that you asked him to take good care of me when I was thrown into prison the last time.”