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Myra was puzzled. Did Sean come up with some new trick just to try to contact me? However, she decided to pick the call up after she heard what Sebastian said. "Hello?" She frowned as she spoke into the phone.

A light, breathing sound came from the other end of the line. It sounded as if the other person didn't know what to say, or it could also be that the person was contemplating whether to say anything at all. For some reason, Myra felt an uneasy feeling in her chest. She somehow sensed that the other person wasn't Sean.

"Hello? Who is this? Is there a reason you're calling me?" Myra continued to speak on the phone, but the line was cut the moment she finished her sentence. She froze when her words were met with the beeping sound of the call being ended.

"Who was it?" Tony asked.

She shook her head as she stared at Tony and Sebastian confusedly. "I don't know who it was. The person ended the call without saying anything."

"That doesn't make sense. She said that she wanted to speak to you earlier. Why would she end the call after she managed to contact you?" Sebastian shook his head before he shot the couple a glare. "You guys didn't go around bullying someone else's daughter, did you?"

"Do we look like we'd have the time to do such a thing?" Tony gave his grandfather a look of amusement.

To that, Sebastian scoffed before he headed off for the stairs. "What an odd thing to happen..." he mumbled as he left them.

Myra found the situation rather odd as well, but she didn't overthink about it. She figured that the person would call her again if there were an emergency. On their way upstairs, both Tony and Myra received a call from Cameron; he had phoned one of them before the other. Both of them didn't have to exchange words to know that neither one of them would pick the call up. They didn't care if Cameron had actually met Sean that day; both Tony and Myra

felt a strong sense of contempt for Cameron regardless. They figured that Cameron was trying to see if he could fish for any benefits from Sean before he returned to the both of them, but how could Cameron expect everyone to be so generous with him?

Just before Tony and Myra got into bed, Tony pressed a key into Myra's palm. It was a vintage-looking key with complicated, jagged patterns that made it look exquisite. There was a light blue crystal dangling from the keyring, and the crystal looked gorgeous as it glowed under the light.

"What's this?" Myra asked. Why is he giving me a key out of nowhere? She eyed the key for a while more and found herself liking it the more she looked at it. More importantly, she was glad to receive such a gift as it was rare for Tony to buy her any jewelry. However, she had been mistaken—the key was more than an accessory.

"I want to take you to a place tomorrow." Tony simply smiled without giving her any explanation.

"You're acting so mysteriously. Did you prepare some sort of surprise for me?" she asked in a playful tone. He simply beamed without saying anything else. "Did you actually prepare a surprise for me?" She was shocked by his silence.

"You seem really energetic today, huh? Why don't we do some healthy, bedtime activities then?" He narrowed his eyes to give her a cheeky look, and she had a bad feeling about what he was about to do. As expected, he no longer waited for her reply, for he merely pinned her onto the bed before he flipped over and got on top of her.

His gaze darkened as his voice grew hoarse when he said, "Why don't we roleplay a situation where a female robber troubles a meek schoolboy?"

She glared at him speechlessly.

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The young girl ended her phone call before she gazed at the mini-garden in front of her. She was sitting out on the balcony of a small hospital. Her eyes were red and swollen; it was evident that she just had a crying fit. The streetlamps had been turned on outside, but the light didn't reach onto the balcony, so her figure seemed like it was about to be eaten up by the darkness around it.

"Your mother's awake, and she's looking for you, Olivia. You should go visit her." One of the nurses hastily approached her when she caught her sitting there alone. There was a hint of pity in the nurse's eyes.

The young girl responded with a dry cough and a nod before she hurried off into the toilet. She pulled out some foundation that she had sneakily purchased, and she applied it all over the red skin that surrounded her eyes. Then, she cleared her throat before she strode over to one of the wards.

She pushed the door open to reveal a shared ward with three beds lying in one row and a passageway in the middle of the room. Soon, the girl walked over to a rather young-looking woman before flashing the woman a smile. "You're finally up, Mommy. Are you hungry? Do you need water? I'll go get you some water."

"It's fine." The woman reached out for the young girl's hand as she looked at her surroundings. "Why did you send me to the hospital? I only fainted because I was too tired. It wasn't a big deal. We shouldn't waste our money like this. Let's go home now."

The young girl hastily pressed her mother's shoulders down when she saw that her mother was trying to get out of bed. After that, she gave her mother a smile that seemed too mature coming from someone of her age. "The doctor said that there's some excess blood in your brain that has to be removed. It's not clear how this occurred, but you'll faint again if you don't undergo surgery. Your mind might even be impacted if you choose to delay it for any longer. But it's not a major surgery, and it won't cost a lot of money, so we can just go home after your surgery is done." The girl put on a perfect and well-composed expression.

The young woman froze upon hearing this. She reached up to touch the right side of her head; there was a spot that she had accidentally hit when she bumped into something a while ago. I didn't hit my head too hard, but I guess I've been feeling some pain after that accidental bump. Was that the cause of the excess blood in my brain? I'm surprised I actually fainted today. But regardless, it's still costly to get surgery nowadays, and... we don't have a lot of savings left.

The woman frowned. She was afraid to get herself a proper job as she was worried that the man would hunt them down. All she could take were part-time or one-off jobs that didn't provide her with much money. She only had enough for her daughter's school fees, their daily expenses, and rental fees for the house. They had moved into this town for nearly a year then, and they felt much happier than they did in Springdale City, despite the financial struggles they faced there.

I might have no choice but to look for that man if I'm going to need a large sum of money, but... I don't want to return to my old life. I was able to live a simple life with my child back when I didn't know anything about that matter, but I have been in a constant state of pain and agony ever since I found out about it. I don't want my daughter to return to the suffering she had to endure when she was younger... "Did the doctor tell you how much the surgery would cost?" the woman asked the girl.

"Don't worry. The doctor said that it would only cost around 2,000 to 3,000. Don't worry about the money, Mommy. We'll be able to afford it. We can leave after you're done with the surgery, okay?"

2,000 to 3,000... The woman heaved a sigh of relief. "Alright. Can you arrange for the doctor to get the surgery done as soon as possible? The cost of staying an additional night in the hospital is a lot. Each night will add a few hundred to the bill. I have to pay for your piano class fees soon, and I don't even know if we'll have enough money left for that then. I'll just have to find another part-time job if we don't have enough. We'll be able to pull through..."

Olivia Stark felt warm liquid gathering in her eyes, but she brushed her tears off while maintaining her calm demeanor. "We have enough, Mommy. You should rest a while longer. I'll go speak to the doctors."

"Okay. Remember to tell the doctors that I want it done as soon as possible." The woman reminded her once more.

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"How much is my mother's treatment fees going to cost, Doctor Randall?" Olivia bit onto her bottom lip worriedly.

"I can't give you an exact sum. The surgery and chemotherapy will cost about 600,000, and there will be extra charges for staying in the hospital as well." The doctor, Alvin Randall, was aware that this was a large amount of money to ask from any regular family. He knew that Olivia's family might not have enough savings, but there was nothing he could do to help.

"Actually... Olivia, I told you about this in the afternoon. Your mother only has a 5% chance of recovery, so you'll have to prepare yourself mentally." Alvin finally gave her this reminder

after some hesitation. He was trying to suggest something with his words, but the ultimate choice lay in the hands of the family members—they would have to decide if they wanted to proceed or give up with treatment. In such situations, the patients would often opt for giving up. However, Olivia had requested to hide the truth from her mother as she didn't want her mother to know about her own illness.

"I know. But I'm not going to give up!" Olivia tightened her jaw. Alvin gave her a faint smile. It was the second time he had reminded her about this matter, but she had given him the same response both times—he liked and respected the young girl for that.

Olivia glanced at her phone after she left the doctor's office. She heard the woman's voice on the phone earlier. It was a gentle and warm voice; Olivia recognized it as it sounded like the voice of the woman she had stalked. She felt a sudden ache in her chest then. I wouldn't want to trouble her if I actually had a choice. I don't want her to hate me. But Mommy's sick... and I can't afford to wait any longer...

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Cameron couldn't sleep that entire night. He made calls to both Myra and Tony, but neither of them picked his calls up. He even gave Conan a call and attempted to ask about the Ritz Carlton shares that had been handed to Myra, but Conan was a wise man—he simply refused to answer any of Cameron's questions. Cameron felt like he was losing his mind as he couldn't come up with a plan at all.

He even gave that woman a call. He hadn't contacted the mother-daughter pair ever since they disappeared a year ago, but he found himself feeling worried for them after he saw the video earlier. I can tell that the video was taken a while ago, but she should be careful since she has a kid with her. Sean's impressive—I can't believe he managed to find that tape.

Cameron spent the whole night in his study. He checked the photo frame and realized that the photo had disappeared, but he didn't take too long to figure out who had taken the photo away. Rachel... I don't know what got into me when I first brought her into the Stark Family all those years ago.

After spending all those years with that woman, I genuinely wanted to hand her a position, but I was worried that she might turn out like Jenny or Rachel. I longed to have a regular life with her, where I'd get to see her delighted expression whenever I gave her a surprise. It's a shame that God decided to let her find out the truth about me. I'm both surprised yet shocked that she didn't—as Jenny and Rachel did—try to change her life for the better but instead chose to run away from me. It's been a year, yet I still don't know where she is.

Cameron pressed a palm against his forehead as he suddenly thought about Jenny. He had truly fallen for her in the past, but the woman he loved changed as time went on, and their relationship grew stale... He spent the night reminiscing about his past, and he felt like new strands of gray hair had grown out of his scalp by the time dawn arrived.

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Myra woke up the following day and washed up before she went down for breakfast with Tony. A mailman arrived with a parcel that was meant for her. She was surprised—she had received a tiny box with something inside. She hastily opened it to find a USB inside.

Sebastian raised an eyebrow when he saw the USB, and he quickly took it away from her before he strode toward the TV in the hall. Myra found herself getting nervous as Sebastian inserted the USB into the port and turned the TV on. No one knew where the USB came from or who sent it over to them.

“Tony...” Myra tugged onto Tony’s sleeve as she felt her heart rate increasing rapidly. He pulled her close to him as they walked toward the hall. “Don’t worry. I’m here.” His deep voice was like a calming stream that calmed the anxiety she felt.

The contents of the USB had been revealed on the TV by the time they got to the hall. There was only one short video clip in it. Myra’s eyes watered the moment the video clip was played. “Hello, my cute little baby. Hehe. Although you haven’t fully formed in my belly, I still have a feeling that I’m going to see you soon. I’m your Mommy, and I’d like to tell my future baby a few things. Do you see the dark circles under my eyes? It’s because both your Daddy and I are working really hard for our future baby. If you turn out to be a boy, we’d have to work hard so that you will be rich when you get yourself a wife; if you’re a girl, we’ll have to work hard to save up for a sizable dowry! The Stark Group is growing larger and larger now, and it’ll be our present for you in the future. Do you like it, my baby? Regardless of whether you do, I really like it—I like the way I’m living now. I’m working hard, and I’m living a happy life. You’ll have to make sure to take care of the company—it’s your Mommy and Daddy’s hard work. No matter what happens in the future, you’ll have to keep a positive mindset and strive for the best.”

The video continued to play, but Myra no longer paid any attention to it as her tears streamed uncontrollably down her cheeks. The woman in the video was her mother, Jenny. It was a video of Jenny when she was much younger. Jenny looked a lot like Myra did, though she seemed to be more jubilant and cheerful. She looked extremely lively and energetic in the video, and her joyful aura was almost contagious even through the screen.

Myra received a call then. She didn't ignore the call after she saw the caller ID this time—instead, she tightened her grip on her phone before she picked the call up. “Did you see the video?” Cameron’s voice was extremely hoarse on the other end of the line. It didn’t sound like his usual, annoying voice—his voice no longer had its usual cold and arrogant tone. “Myra, your mother was the one who built the Stark Group into what it is today. I’m sure you can tell how hard she worked...”

Myra fell silent as her gaze continued to linger on the woman in the video. Jenny was still rambling on about how happy her life was. “Myra, I thought about it a lot last night. What’s the purpose of me clinging onto the Stark Group when your mother’s no longer around? After a night’s worth of contemplation, I’ve decided to sell off the Stark Group. I’d rather hand it over to someone than have it destroyed in my hands. At least it’d still be around, even if someone else might change its name and claim ownership over it...”

Right then, Myra’s emotions were still all over the place after she saw the video of her mother. She couldn’t stop herself from questioning her father once she heard what he said. “Who are you going to sell the Stark Group to?”

Tony frowned upon hearing Myra’s words, and he reached an arm out to give her a nudge on the shoulder. She bit her lip as she shifted her gaze to him. He felt his heart aching when he saw the hurt and sorrow in her gaze, and he decided to take her phone away from her.

“Are you going to sell the Stark Group?” Tony addressed the man on the phone.

“That’s right.” Cameron narrowed his eyes as he replied in a calm tone.

“Who are you selling it to?” Tony gave Myra a gentle peck on her cheek to get her to calm down.

Cameron tugged his lips into a smirk. “Since the Stark Group has a few joint projects with the Walton Family, I believe there will be a number of companies who wish to take over the business even if the Green Palms Project doesn’t work out. But right now, I’ve decided on selling it to the Bridgers Family. Hmm, I’m not sure if you remember, but you were once matchmade with the Young Lady of the Bridgers Family.”

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Tony had a good memory—he quickly recalled who Cameron was referring to in the Bridgers Family. Sebastian had once matchmade Tony with Belle, the Young Lady of the Bridgers Family. However, Tony had intentionally called Myra over just to keep Belle away from him back then.

“Make sure he doesn’t sell it...” Myra tugged onto Tony’s sleeve as she glanced at him frantically. The longing in her gaze that surfaced after she looked at her mother’s face in the video made one thing clear—Myra’s mind was an utter mess after she watched that video. All she thought of then was how guilty she’d feel toward her mother if Cameron were to sell the Stark Group off. Her breath quickened as she repeated herself. “Make sure he doesn’t sell the Stark Group off...”

Sebastian had been in a state of confusion as he watched everything happening, but he quickly realized what was going on when he heard what Myra said to Tony. Cameron was the one who sent this USB over, and he was also the one who just called moments ago. He may have claimed that his call was to tell them he’s about to sell the Stark Group, but he clearly has hidden motives. If Cameron had truly decided to sell the Stark Group, why would he have to send Myra such a video just to get her all emotional? “Calm down, Myra. Let Tony talk to him,” Sebastian uttered as he patted the back of Myra’s hand while throwing Tony a look.

Tony narrowed his eyes. “So, you ended my call last night and spent the whole night thinking, only to come up with such a plan?” Tony’s gaze darkened as he let out a scoff. “In that case, I’m afraid I can’t come to an agreement with you, President Stark. Of course, you and the rest of the board members may proceed to decide who the Stark Group is sold off to. Don’t worry; Myra is very supportive of this decision. Just let me know once you have discussed and decided on the details with Bridgers Corporation. I’ll contact them to negotiate a price for the shares that Myra owns after that.”

Cameron had voiced out his final plan in a well-practiced manner, and he had begun to feel a sense of excitement when he heard Myra losing control of herself on the other end of the call. He thought that he was about to succeed with his plan then, but he hadn’t expected Tony to completely ignore Myra’s feelings and agree to sell the Stark Group. His heart was pounding as he tried his best to speak in a calm voice. “Shouldn’t you ask Myra about this, President Hart? The shares belong to her, after all. She might blame you if you didn’t allow her to make the decision, and I don’t want to be turned into the villain when that happens.”

Tony raised an eyebrow. “Are you going to change your mind about selling the company if you get Myra’s opinion on this?”



Cameron nearly choked on his spit as a ball of rage formed in his chest. He had initially planned on forcing Myra into a situation where she would have to beg Tony to save the Stark Group. However, now that Tony had asked him such a question, he would completely expose his secret plan if he told Tony that he was open to changing his mind. Yet, if he said that he wasn't going to change his mind, he was certain that Tony would just end his call on the spot. Any relief or joy that Cameron had felt moments earlier were gone, and the look on his face had turned into one of hatred and anger. Veins popped out of the back of his hand as he clenched onto his phone.

"Myra definitely supports your decision since you've already come to a conclusion, President Stark. I guess there's no need for us to bother you anymore now," Tony uttered before he ended the call.

Cameron's face was twisted into a look of fury when he heard the beeping noise from the other end of the phone. With a single, abrupt motion, he slammed his cell phone against a corner of the room. The phone struck against the wall and split into pieces. "F\*cking Tony! F\*cking Myra..." Cameron shut his eyes. He felt a desperate urge to lose his temper and go crazy, and it took him a long while to finally calm his emotions down. All that was left on his face then was a look of exhaustion. This is my very last plan. If it doesn't work...

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Myra seemed to have calmed down a little while Tony and Cameron were talking on the phone, but she still approached Tony with a look of concern after he finally ended the call. "Is he really going to sell off the Stark Group?" Myra didn't mind if the Stark Group faced financial struggles, as she trusted that Tony would be able to do something. But that didn't mean that she was okay with seeing the Stark Group being sold off to someone else. She hadn't expected Cameron to come to such a conclusion. If he really sold off the Stark Group... Myra felt her chest tightening at the thought of it.

"Hmph." Sebastian scoffed before he stroked his beard and spoke in a wise and calm tone. "Do you think he's going to sell the Stark Group off? Why would he send you this video if he was actually planning to do that?"

"Why?" Myra looked utterly lost for a moment. Her heart was still aching from the sight of her mother's bright and twinkling eyes in the video. If only my mom were still here...

"You idiot. Why would he send you this video and get you to stop him from selling the Stark Group if he genuinely wants to sell it off?!" Sebastian gave up on Myra. This girl looks completely soulless after she watched that video—she probably wouldn't even know if I sold

her off to someone else right now! He flashed her a look of disappointment. "Cameron's sending you this video because he wants you to stop him from selling the Stark Group. I can bet you that he would've demanded loads of stuff from you in return for not selling the Stark Group!"

Myra froze for a second before she turned to the man who had just gotten off the phone call. Tony knitted his brows into a frown as he glared at Sebastian. He then let go of Myra's phone to wrap an arm around Myra and pull her closer to him. "Watch your tone," he said to Sebastian.

Sebastian looked like he was about to choke as his face turned as red as a tomato. He didn't know what to say in response to Tony, who was clearly protecting his woman despite her shortcomings. Was I even being rude to Myra? I might have been a little impatient with her. But how could Tony give me such a stern glare when I barely said anything to Myra?! He finally rolled his eyes at the couple. "I'm done talking to the both of you."

Once he finished his sentence, he straightened himself and headed toward the stairs while mumbling words under his breath. "My kindness is always taken for granted. I spent the whole night preparing soup and worrying over them, but what was all of that for...? My own grandson sides with outsiders now that he's all grown up... There's no point in keeping a grandson like him around..."

Myra couldn't help but chuckle when she heard the old man's words. However, sadness welled up in her again when she saw the video on the TV. "Do you think there's a possibility... I mean, do you think he might actually sell the company if he finds no other ways—" She spoke to Tony in a whisper.

"No." Tony gave her a faint smile as he replied in a firm voice. With an arm around her, he led her up the stairs. "Cameron is a greedy man, and he has a huge need for power. I once suggested for him to hand over 10% of Stark Group's shares, and he couldn't even agree to that. How could he possibly agree to hand the entire company over to someone else?"

After considering Tony's words, Myra finally heaved a sigh of relief as she agreed with his point. It's true; I know how Cameron's like as well. I was just too emotional because I saw the video of my mother. If it weren't for Tony and Old Master Hart, if I had been alone earlier, I might have fallen for Cameron's trick. She let out another long sigh before she turned to Tony. "What is he going to do next?"

Tony narrowed his eyes. "He's just going to drag things on."

“What?” She eyed him puzzledly.

He kissed her on the forehead. “All he can do now is to send you news about the Stark Group every day. He wants you to witness the Stark Group falling apart in hopes that you might give in and change your mind. He would have to give up his power over the Stark Group otherwise.”

“I understand now.” Myra pushed their bedroom door open and shut it behind them. “I won’t give in, and I won’t allow things to go his way. I guess we’ll just have to see who’s better at holding their stances now.”

“You’re such a smart girl.” Tony curled his lips into a fond smile.

“Well, how’s my father going to defeat me when I have a cunning businessman who’s telling me what to do? I will simply have to wait for the day of my victory!” Myra feigned a wicked laugh before she turned to give Tony a peck on his cheek. “I’m so glad to have you around, my military advisor!”

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“I’m clearly better than Sean—you know that now, don’t you?” Tony casually gave Myra a sideways glance. She was taken aback for a short moment, but she quickly giggled in response to his words. “Are you still troubled by the fact that I used to like Sean?”

He raised an eyebrow, but he was relieved when he saw the playful look in her eyes. He was afraid that Myra would still be sad over her mother’s video, but he realized then that it didn’t take her too long to regulate her emotions.

"I wonder how some heartless, ungrateful woman rejected me multiple times for the sake of a useless man like him." Tony pinched Myra on her cheeks. He still felt a hint of anger whenever he recalled how Myra had rejected him a few times in the past. He lowered his gaze before he bit onto her lips then. "I can't believe you even mentioned things about you enjoying a married life with Sean just for the sake of infuriating me."

Tony's bite didn't seem to hurt Myra at all, for her gaze was still filled with amusement as she looked up at him. She then stuffed her face into his chest. "It felt like I was stuck in a dead end back then. I can't even imagine how things would have turned out if you hadn't been there for me." I would have probably been tortured by Lyla and Sean if I remained in that miserable marriage, wouldn't I? They would be happy, but I wouldn't.

"Why did you fall for me, Tony?" A muffled voice came from the woman leaning against his chest. Tony was careful not to press on the baby in her belly as he shifted around while sighing. "I fell under your magic spell, and I couldn't seem to fix my gaze on any other woman after that." As he uttered the last few words of his sentence, he pushed Myra slightly further away from him so that he could look into the woman's warm and gentle eyes. He was thankful that Myra hadn't blamed him for his stubborn faults in the past, and he was glad that she didn't seem to mind about all the things that he had once been terrified to tell her about. Nothing mattered to him as long as they were together. "You should bring me to visit your mother, Myra. You should introduce me to her, right?"

Myra blinked twice before she beamed and nodded. "Yeah."

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The both of them headed to the Hart Group building. Myra hadn't planned to go to the office initially, but Tony insisted for her to follow him over as he said he wanted to bring her somewhere. He went through his usual documents and meetings in the morning, and Myra had some of her own work to do.

After they arrived at the company, Myra received numerous phone calls from a few of the Stark Group's board of directors. The Stark Group was in a critical condition, and Cameron was unable to provide anyone with a perfect solution. Everyone on the board of directors was therefore panicking, and they all came to a single conclusion. They decided that Myra might be able to do something since she was a large shareholder and a potential heir of the company. Myra was a powerful individual herself, and she had Tony's support, so the board of directors knew that they would feel safer if she was willing to help them out.

The shareholders on the board hadn't informed Cameron of their decision to seek help from Myra, for they simply proceeded with their plans. They seemed to have realized something after they saw how Myra hadn't stepped forward to support Cameron when the Stark Group was threatened. Furthermore, although Myra and Cameron appeared to get along on the surface, the board knew that they secretly had a hostile relationship with one another. The board's intentions were clear the moment they approached Myra for help.

"Miss Myra, we've decided to host a shareholder's meeting in response to the financial issues that the Stark Group is currently facing. We are proposing to have a new chairperson for the Stark Group." Finally, it was one of the most powerful individuals, a person who had once been Jenny's subordinate, who informed Myra about this. This shareholder had engaged in multiple arguments with Cameron in the past, and he had already approached Myra once when she first returned to the Stark Group. He had already indirectly made the same suggestion in the past. Back then, Myra was reluctant to agree to anything and was too afraid to make any rash actions—she felt too uncertain about the situation then.

"I'm not going to go around in circles with you, Myra. I'm sure Old Master Stark must have had a will, right? I believe he must have named you as the owner of the company. He allowed your mother to build the Stark Group, and he brought her up as a businesswoman in the past. After that, he handed his shares in Stark Group to you and even left half of the Ritz Carlton's shares for you, so I'm sure he must have planned to hand the company to you. Since the company's struggling right now, I believe your father no longer has the ability to lead the Stark Group, and I hope you take this chance to step forward just like your mother did in the past. You need to reinvigorate the business." The man on the other end of the line spoke in a serious tone.

Myra paused for a moment after she heard what the man said. "I understand what you mean, Mr. Baker. I'll think about it."

"Alright. I hope you come to a decision soon." Myra massaged her temples after she got off the phone with the man. She hadn't gotten much rest in the past few days, and she felt especially drained whenever she thought about the company's matters. After some contemplation, she finally headed out of the lounge for a stroll. Right then, someone rang the bell to Tony's office, and Leo walked into the office moments later.

He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he directed his gaze, not to Tony but Myra instead. "Miss Stark, there's a young lady called Olivia Stark who would like to see you," he uttered with a rather thoughtful gaze.

"She's looking for me?" Myra was surprised. She was in Tony's office then, and any visitor who arrived usually asked for Tony. It was rare for anyone to visit the Hart Group in search of her.

“Hold on. Mr. Clark, what did you say her name was again?” Myra narrowed her eyes.

“Olivia Stark.” Leo took a glance at his boss and quickly understood his boss’s intentions when he saw that Tony had nothing to say. “Perhaps you should come out and meet her, Miss Stark. She looks like she’s only 12 or 13 years old, and I think she might have something important to talk to you about.”

“A 12 or 13-year-old girl... Olivia Stark...” For some reason, Myra had a weird feeling about this. She instinctively turned to look at Tony. Tony had made his way over to her and reached out to hold her hand then. “What is it?” he asked gently.

“Why’s this young girl asking for me?” Confusion gathered between Myra’s brows.

“You’ll find out when you go out and ask her about it.” Tony gave her a light-hearted chuckle.

“But...” Myra wasn’t sure if she was just overthinking, but she felt like the girl, Olivia Stark, might be related to her somehow. But my father doesn’t have any siblings, and Olivia Stark... Her surname’s Stark... She frowned a little as she seemed to realize something. Right then, she turned away from Tony as her face turned pale. “I don’t want to see her.”

Tony felt sorry for her when he saw the pained expression on her face. He pulled her close and pecked her on her forehead. “I know what you’re thinking, and your guess is right.

Olivia's your biological sister. I think I owe you an apology—I've found out about their existence for a while now, but I haven't told you about it."

"...Why?" Myra's voice was hoarse. Ever since she found out about Rachel, she felt like her heart had been scarred and would never heal. Rachel's existence came as a huge blow to Myra and her mother, and it was the main reason Myra refused ever to forgive Cameron. Myra knew that Tony was well aware of this.

"Olivia and her mother seem to be victims as well, Myra. Your father is too much of a hypocrite, and it was too late for them when they found out about this. Olivia and her mother had been attempting to escape from your father's grasp for a long while, but they only managed to get away from him last year." Tony pulled her close and looked into her eyes as he was afraid that she would get angry. "They're victims as well. Furthermore, the mother has a brain tumor. She's in her final stages of cancer, and they're suffering because they don't have much money."

"Why don't they have money? Didn't Cameron give them any?" Myra's tone of voice was still rather hostile. She couldn't help but feel angry toward all the women who had been with Cameron. It reminded her of how Cameron had betrayed her mother, and how much her mother had suffered because of it!

Tony let out a long sigh and gave her a hug when he saw the look of distaste in her eyes. "I can just get Leo to send the young girl off if you really don't want to see her."



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Tony was worried that Myra might regret or feel guilty over something, and he wanted to make sure that she didn't feel that way. Olivia is her sister, after all. I've run an investigation on Olivia and her mother's personalities, and they are much better than Kris and Rachel. I wouldn't have told Myra about Olivia otherwise. But I can't do anything if Myra rejects this idea; I'll just have to find another method to deal with that matter.

He placed an arm around her shoulder as he gave Leo a look. "You can send our lunch to the lounge. We'll eat here. I'll also need you to deal with the young girl outside."

"Okay." Leo nodded and turned to head out while Myra and Tony strode over to the lounge. Right before they stepped foot into the lounge, Myra halted her footsteps. Her expression was one of conflict and indecisiveness. She bit onto her lip before she looked up at Tony. "Are you saying that they didn't know who Cameron was in the start? That Cameron had lied to both of them?"

Tony froze for a moment, but a hint of amusement quickly flickered across his gaze as he nodded. "Yeah. Cameron approached them under the disguise of a regular man, and he even had a child with that woman. I'm sure of this because I looked into this case myself."

"Did you say that the woman's brain cancer is in its final stages?" Myra took a deep breath.

"That's what the medical reports have indicated so far. But the woman still doesn't know about it—I guess the girl must have hidden it from her mother. She's probably here today to ask you for help," he replied.

Myra clenched her fists and pressed them into the sides of her thighs as a series of complicated emotions filled her gaze. I'd feel like I'm betraying my mom if I helped Olivia and her mother, but... Myra heaved a long sigh. "Fine. I'll go out and meet her." She wouldn't have felt compelled to do anything if it hadn't been for the fact that the woman had brain cancer. She wouldn't have cared about the quality of their lives at all. However, the thought of them hiding from Cameron while struggling to pay for their medical fees...

"Maybe I won't go out at all. Just give her the money and tell her... to go back and take good care of her mother." Myra changed her mind after some more hesitation.

Tony burst into laughter when he saw how conflicted she looked. "Olivia came today, mainly because she wanted to ask for help for her mother's expensive medical bills. You don't need to see her if you can't bring yourself to do it—I'll just get Leo to wire her the money needed. I'll also tell Olivia to contact Leo if she needs anything else. How does that sound?"

"...Good." Myra lowered her gaze. She felt like all her thoughts were still jumbled up.

Tony gently massaged her temples as he led her into the lounge. "You were on the phone for so long this morning. Who were you talking to?" He was worried that Olivia's appearance would ruin Myra's mood, so he attempted to shift her attention away.

Myra simply shook her head when she thought about the calls she had been on that morning. "It's just a few of the Stark Group's shareholders. They're asking to re-elect the chairperson of Stark Group, and they are all supportive of me taking over."

"What do you think about that?" Tony smiled.

Myra frowned a little. "There's no use. Even if we combined all of our shares, we still wouldn't have enough to go against Cameron's power."

"This is all temporary," Tony uttered in an oddly calm voice. Myra didn't sense anything odd about his words, and she nodded when she assumed he was trying to cheer her up. "I know. We'll see how many of the Stark Group's shareholders switch over to my side as time goes on."

Tony stroked her hair fondly. "You should get some rest after lunch. I have a meeting in the afternoon, and I want to bring you somewhere once I'm done."

She thought about this for a moment before she pulled out the key that had been in her purse. "Is this the place that you're bringing me to?" she asked as she swung the key in between their faces. He held onto her hand and kissed the back of it, all while fixing his gaze on Myra's dark and twinkling pupils. "Yeah." He smiled.

"You're really getting naughtier nowadays, Tony. Isn't it just a normal place? Why are you acting all secretive and mysterious? Are you giving me a villa or something?" She eyed the key. It was the only possibility she managed to think of.

He raised his eyebrows as a curious expression formed on his stunning face. "Do you want a villa?"

"I was just making a random guess. Why don't you tell me where we're going?" she asked.

Joy seemed to leak out of Tony's gaze as he gave her a wide grin before leaning in toward her. "Why don't you kiss me? I might tell you the answer if you do."

She pouted for a moment as she considered his offer. Right then, a figure reached closer to her, and a kiss was planted on her lips before she even realized it. "That didn't count because you weren't the one who kissed me. You'll know where we're going once we get there later," he said with a cheery grin.

She eyed the man in front of her. He's getting sneakier and sneakier these days. He just enjoys fooling around with me, huh!

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Olivia felt herself getting nervous as she stood alone in a small meeting room. She had Myra's phone number saved in her phone, but she felt the need to talk to Myra in person. She heard that Myra was usually in the Hart Group's office, so she decided to visit her here.

Initially, the front desk had rejected Olivia's request to give a call to Tony's office, but she then bumped into a man who claimed to be Tony's assistant. He was the one who brought her up and left her in the meeting room. She felt anxious about the visit, especially since she and Myra shared the same father. Their awkward relationship with one another was the reason she felt ashamed to see Myra. However, her mother couldn't afford to wait any longer, so she had no choice but to return to Bradford City and seek Myra for help. Olivia would be out of ideas if Myra refused to help her.

Instead of sitting down, Olivia paced back and forth in the room as she waited for Myra. She hastily spun around when she heard a noise from the door, but the person outside wasn't Myra; it was the man she had bumped into earlier.

"Did she..." Olivia's voice was hoarse as she glanced at Leo dejectedly. "Did she... not want to see me?"

Leo gave her an apologetic smile. "Miss Myra's a little occupied right now, but she told me to hand you this card. The pin number is six 6s, and there's enough money in it to pay for your mother's fees. Also..." Leo held out his name card along with the bank card. "This is my number. If you need more money for treatment, or if you need any help with the hospital, you can just give me a call."

Olivia was a smart girl. She immediately understood that Myra was unwilling to see her since Myra had sent the money over without coming out herself. She felt a surge of disappointment as she took the cards from Leo. "Thank you..."

"No worries. You should give her some time. She only found out about who you are today." Leo gave her a kind smile.

Olivia looked up in one swift motion as she stared at Leo with an alarmed look on her face. "You know who I am?"

He laughed when he saw how she had become as alert as an animal in the jungle. "Don't worry. I simply followed my boss's orders to do some research on you and your mother. We don't have any ill intentions; we're only doing this for your sister."

She froze for a moment before she lowered her head again. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't worry about it. You're going back into town, aren't you? I've already prepared you a ride that will send you directly to the hospital." The same, gentle smile was still spread across Leo's face.

"No, no. It's fine. I can just take the bus." She was ashamed by her own hostile reactions when she heard that Leo had been thoughtful enough to get her a ride.

"It's no big deal. The faster you get back, the sooner you'll be able to go and take care of your mother, right? Also, President Hart has suggested shifting your mom over to Glendale Hospital in Bradfort City. He'll pre-inform the hospital about your mother's case," Leo uttered in a warm tone. The young girl in front of him was only 12 or 13, yet she seemed too mature because of all the things she had experienced from a young age. She didn't look like the young, innocent child that she was supposed to be.

"Well... I... Thank you so much." Olivia couldn't find a way to reject him. It was true that her mother was waiting for her in the hospital right then, so she nodded in agreement to Leo's words after some contemplation.

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After getting one of the staff members to send Olivia out, Leo returned to his desk. From where he sat, he watched as Ivy stepped out of the elevator. She looked worn and disheveled, as if she hadn't slept the whole night. Dark bags had formed under her eyes. She

paused for a moment when she saw Leo, and she then placed a leave application form on his desk.