

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me

Chapter 398

After the two of them had a brief discussion, Myra and Tony both changed into the casual clothes that the store had prepared beforehand. This was the first time Myra saw Tony in such clothing. “Focus. Don’ t keep staring at me.” The corners of Tony’ s lips lifted as he basked in Myra’ s gaze. Join Telegram Group For Fast update and Novel Query Her gaze had shifted to him; he looked oddly adorable dressed in such whimsical, youthful clothes with that face of his. Not only that, the tiny teddy bears printed on his shirt were just so cute. Myra wished to hug Tony, for it was rare to see him so adorable. As she retracted her gaze, Myra decided to listen attentively. They would need to start making the clothes later, and she didn’ t want to embarrass herself. Meanwhile, Tony’ s gaze swiveled to the side. Myra was dressed in a blouse like his shirt, and the teddy bear print brought out the youthfulness of her face. She was a gorgeous beauty with a nice smile. Lucia proceeded to carefully explain everything to them. She was a competent teacher, and she broke down each step into digestible pieces. Myra nodded, her forehead screwed up tightly as her brain whirred with effort. “You’ re both smart people, so I believe that you’ ll get the hang of things soon enough. If you have any questions, feel free to ask me. I will help you throughout everything.” Lucia was well and perfectly polite. Myra and Tony smiled and nodded. Needless to say, they were both pleased with Lucia’ s lesson. Myra had always trusted Tony’ s tastes; whichever location Tony picked naturally had its own special charms. Once the lesson was over, the pair began to turn their attention to the objects before them. Tony’ s forehead was tightly furrowed as he picked up the scissors and ruler, unsure of where to start. On the other hand, Myra seemed confident in herself. Seeing how Tony was stuck, Lucia walked over and whispered something to him. It was like Tony was suddenly struck with inspiration, and he immediately got to work. There was always a first time for everything, and people eventually got better with practice. He believed that he

was capable of this. Time flew by instantly; at times, DIY projects were a good way to pass the time. Myra had a pair of deft hands, so her final product wasn't bad. However, Tony was in a bit of a bind; this proved that there were certain things that Tony was not skilled at. He had a mind filled with creative ideas, but alas, his hands could not bring the thoughts in his mind to life—his final product was an absolute mess. Myra had made a dress for a young girl, whereas Tony made a pair of pants meant for a boy. Compared to what Myra had made, Tony's choice of clothing item was far easier to make. He turned his head to the side and noticed that Myra was nearly finished with her dress. Meanwhile, he was still struggling with his project. Lucia covered her mouth, giggling sneakily from where she stood by the side. The afternoon passed by in this sweet, warm atmosphere. A tranquil smile hung on Myra's lips, her entire being emanating a motherly radiance. At some point, Myra finished her handiwork, and she quietly approached Tony. As she watched Tony work haphazardly, the corners of her lips unwittingly quirked up. "Do you want me to help you, Tony?" Myra's lips were now curved into a small smile. "No need," Tony said stubbornly. He wanted to personally finish those pants, for he didn't believe that he would be tripped up by this kind of small thing. Under his insistence, Myra sat by the side and waited for Tony to finish his handiwork. Lucia would give some pointers to Tony from time to time, and Myra enjoyed this rare moment of Tony being awkward. After much torture, Tony's handiwork was completed at last. Myra curiously pressed closer; upon seeing the pants that Tony held in his hands, the smile on her face widened. Meanwhile, Tony said with a straight face, "Actually, that wasn't so hard." His gaze bore straight into Myra, who was standing next to him. Judging from the look on his face, he clearly wanted Myra to praise him. "Yep, that wasn't hard at all. You're awesome!" Sometimes, men could be like children—they needed unfiltered praise and compliments from their beloved. Lucia watched the pair's interaction and felt touched. She reminisced about her own youth; love was something that couldn't be obtained through force. Unfortunately, it was easy to fall in love but difficult to maintain those loving feelings most of the time. Myra and Tony were the envy of many people; the two of them firmly trusted each other, and they

were both devoted to each other with their love. Love should be like this—a beautiful sight to behold with no interfering third party. Sharing one's life with their partner until both were old was a nice, peaceful life to have! “Will our son like it?” Tony asked in all seriousness, making Myra unable to stop herself from laughing. “Of course. His own father made it, so he'll definitely like it,” Myra said in admiration. She had even sneakily filmed some short video clips of him earlier. Tony truly was captivating when he was absorbed in his work. Regardless of what he was doing, he always looked so elegant; it was a pleasant sight to enjoy. To Myra, Tony was someone who was close to perfect. She must have saved the galaxy in a previous life to be able to be loved by him. The pair of them soon walked out of the shop with their own handiwork, pleased. Tony rather liked the dress that Myra carried in her arms. Meanwhile, Myra was enamored with the tiny pair of pants that Tony had made. They both had contented smiles on their faces, as though they had the entire world in their hands. “It'll be a few more months before the children can wear these,” Myra said, a brilliant smile on her face. She imagined how her children would look, assuming that they'd have Tony's features. “No rush. We can keep these clothes nice and safe until then,” Tony said as he helped Myra to open the car door. As they returned home while feeling satisfied with their trip, the pair chatted and laughed with each other. By the time they returned home, the day was no longer young. Meanwhile, there was a pot of soup simmering away on the stove. Myra had been nourishing herself well every day, and her figure was fuller than it had been before. After they had a simple dinner, Tony eagerly pulled Myra into their bedroom. The intent in his eyes was clear. “You should get some exercise after dinner.” Tony looked straight at Myra, his eyes conveying a smouldering look. “I'm tired after the day's activities. I want to sleep.” Myra pretended not to understand what he was saying between the lines. “The doctor said that the babies are developing well, and it's already past the three-month mark. We can do husband-and-wife activities,” Tony said, laying things out bluntly. As he spoke, he pressed in close to her. “No, I'm really tired.” Myra had a pleading look on her face as she attempted to deflect Tony's eager, amorous advances. “Today's a good day. We should celebrate.” Tony was unphased. How could he

easily let Myra go? “No.” Myra hastily took a few steps back so that Tony wouldn’t get his way. “Don’t tell me that you like playing cat-and-mouse?” Tony’s expression was teasing, looking as though he wouldn’t give up as long as he didn’t get a taste.

“There’s still plenty of things for you to settle at work tomorrow. Let’s forget about tonight,” Myra said in all seriousness. She was a true, good wife. “Tomorrow’s work shall be left for tomorrow, but we shouldn’t procrastinate when it comes to things that should be done today.” Myra felt that she had no way to run with each step Tony took toward her. With no way to escape, Myra was swept straight into Tony’s arms. He held her tightly and let out a tiny sigh. Tony treated Myra like she was a priceless treasure; the fragile person in his arms was the woman he loved the most—the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life together with. Myra was unable to breathe normally in his arms. Even so, she still felt touched. As she breathed in Tony’s scent, she felt somewhat drunk; perhaps it was because the air felt too perfect. The next moment, she was swept into a princess carry by Tony. Somehow or other, she ended up lying on the bed. Before she could make sense of her surroundings, Tony was already pressing himself on her. “Myra.” Tony passionately called her. His heart was about to melt as he gazed at Myra below him. Before she could answer, his lips were already on hers. The temperature around them gradually rose, and lust filled the room. Myra felt she was about to be suffocated; Tony had sucked out all the air in her lungs, as though he had sucked the very life from her. She felt dizzy, and her vision was starting to blur. This ethereally handsome man before her was her beloved! Piece by piece, her clothing was peeled off from her body. Myra clung tightly to Tony’s back, her entire body leaning against him. She was somewhat eager for what was about to come. After ending the kiss, Tony lifted his head and pressed a kiss to the tip of Myra’s nose. “Every part of you is dazzling,” Tony exclaimed, saying such blush-inducing love talk out of nowhere. “Don’t be like this.” Myra couldn’t stand Tony’s sweet nothings being whispered into her ear with that low, sensual voice of his. “Well, what do you want me to do?” Tony asked with a teasing smile, unwilling to ease up on his whispering. “Don’t… speak… by my ear.” Myra’s voice was coming out in pants. “Where do you want me to speak?”

Tony' s flirty tone made it harder for Myra to contain her body' s desire. "I..." Before she could finish, her words were swallowed up by Tony' s mouth. He wished for nothing more than to swallow her right down as he admired Myra' s lovely looks.