

For the entire day, Myra didn't care much about Tony because he pulled a prank on her early in the morning. This time, Tony had pushed it a little too far though, for they almost ended up in a roleplay this morning, and Myra looked like an aggrieved little wife. Still, Tony couldn't figure out why she was so mad. He merely pretended to be asleep and made her touch a spot which she thought to be very sensitive, but he didn't expect that she would jump out of bed in a huff. Even after he repented within himself, he still couldn't figure it out. Perhaps, he didn't understand that she was mad because she thought that she finally got the chance to sneak up on him, but everything was actually under his control.

Later in Stark Group's office, Myra was busy with work. The company was now on track, unaffected by the change of ownership. Cameron's whereabouts were unknown, and he might pose a danger in the future, but she wouldn't exterminate him since everything was on track now, and she was satisfied that she was able to get back what was rightfully hers.

As she flipped through the documents, she recalled what happened in the morning, and a smile spread across her face when she remembered Tony's face when he was at a loss. In fact, she wasn't really mad at him at all, but just playing around with him. Most likely, he was only acting like this in front of her. Comparing him to herself, she thought that the contrast in him was even more bewildering. After some time, he sent her a sticker through Messenger.

The sight of the sticker brightened up her smile. It was a sticker of a character from the Rage Comic series with the words, 'Darling, please don't ignore me.' The expression on the sticker was on-point and amusing.

You're not the only one who has stickers, Myra thought as she sent a sticker as a reply. The one she sent had the words in bold, 'The sender rejected your message.' Seeing that Myra had stopped ignoring him, Tony grinned unwittingly. They were so passionately in love that they could catch up with the young couples nowadays. Using stickers to communicate the minute they got into a fight, they exhausted the stickers they'd saved up, and it was Myra who stopped in the end. Scrolling back to review their conversation, she felt that they were so childish because they only used stickers from the beginning until the end, but it amused her very much. "You're so childish, Tony," she said with a chuckle. Finally, Myra had sent him some text, and Tony breathed a sigh of relief. There were all sorts of bizarre reasons that could set a woman off, and he could only tolerate it no matter how ridiculous it was. 'What are you doing?' Tony sent her a proper text this time. Myra took a glance at the piled up documents in front of her and rubbed her temples. There was still so much work left to do, and she replied simply, 'Working hard now. Let's stop here. I'm busy.' She wanted to stop texting him because she had to prioritize work when she was at work. Just when they could finally chat a little, she decided to cut it short. However, he could only go along with her, and after thinking about it, he sent another sticker to her. It was a sticker with the word 'OK' written in a huge font. She took a glance at it and placed down her phone in contempt, wondering where he got all his stickers from. The stickers she had on her Messenger were all saved up from the conversations she had with others, and when she thought about Tony doing the same thing, she found that situation a little hard to imagine.

After putting away the messy thoughts in her mind, she lectured herself in her head. I've always been a serious person at work, but I'm now being led astray by Tony. This is not good. I have to continue to work hard.

When it was evening, she stayed back at work. As she was taken out of office by Tony on the previous day, a lot of work was left unfinished because she missed a day at work.

Hence, she had to work harder on this day by working overtime. While Tony was already done, she was still working.

When he arrived at her office, she was still in the midst of work, so he cleared his throat

softly to catch her attention. Lifting her head, she saw him, and immediately, a smile

appeared on her face unwittingly. There were some people who were simply able to put a

smile on her face whenever she saw them.

Putting up a stern face, he asked, "Did you ask for my permission to work overtime while

you're still carrying my child?"

The way he stared at her made her feel really guilty, and his question put her in the wrong.

Before this, he had already told her that she could work, but with proper time management

and not overloading herself.

In Tony's eyes, working overtime was an unforgivable act, and the look in his eyes turned

stricter. However, Myra merely looked at him innocently; there was only a little left to her

work, and she really didn't want to put it off until the next day.

"Can you show some leeway, Tony?" she begged in a cute tone. There's just a little left, she

thought, still holding the pen tightly in her hand.

He walked closer to her and snatched the pen away from her hand, saying, "No."

In an aggrieved voice, she said, "There's just a bit left and I'll be all done. I don't want to

leave it for tomorrow because the work will build up again.” She had deliberately softened her voice so that he could let her have her way. A frown appeared between his brows as he said, “Take a seat on the couch. I’ll take care of the rest for you.” Even though he came to that decision by himself, she decided it was best not to argue with him, so she gave up her seat. Without a doubt, it was a breeze for Tony to deal with work as this was one of his capabilities. After sitting in her place with a serious look, he began going through the documents expertly. Although it was a different company, the work was about the same. Moreover, he was rather familiar with the Stark Group. Hence, within a short time, he had finished her final bit of work of the day, and he looked at her. “Do you need to go through these as well?” Seeing that there was still a pile of documents on the far right corner, he asked if those had to be dealt with as well. “No. I’ll go through those slowly by myself.” That pile was not just any simple documents; many complications lay within as those were the problems left behind by the company previously. Therefore, she needed to take her time with it. By the time they reached home, the sky had already turned dark. Even Sebastian and Lisa thought that they were home late on this day. Myra stuck out her tongue at Tony discreetly and they exchanged a look without taking the older couple’s words to heart. Then, they nodded in unison and promised that they wouldn’t do it again. Lisa even specially told her, “Your health is the most important. Don’t work so hard.” Hurriedly, Myra nodded in agreement; it was true that she had been working too hard as a pregnant woman, and this wouldn’t do any good for her child’s development. She should combine work with rest, but she had been too concerned about Stark Group

recently. With that thought in mind, she decided to visit the florist the next day. It had been a while since she was there the last time, and it was about time for her to relax with a visit there.

The next day, Myra specially asked Heather out to the florist. Coincidentally, Heather didn't have much to do on that day, and she freed up her morning to visit her at the florist.

Early in the morning, Heather dealt with her work at hand quickly and found an excuse to slip out of the office. As usual, she drove her small car, which she liked very much. It was a tiny two-seater car, and she felt very cozy being in the car, feeling as though she was wrapped in it.

When she reached Myra's florist, she saw that she was learning flower arrangement from Sharon, the florist in her store. Thinking that it was interesting, she joined them, and they only stopped when they both came up with pieces they were happy with. Looking around at the decorations of the store, Heather then said with a smile, "It's decorated very beautifully and in a very creative way." After all, Myra came from a design background. So, the place wouldn't turn out bad with her participation in the decoration.

"How have you been, working in the Langston Group recently?" Myra asked. It appeared to her that Heather was in a good mood, and she was the kind of person who could do well regardless of where she was.

However, Heather waved her hand and replied, "Things at the Langston Group are a headache. Blake is getting more and more unreasonable." The mention of this made her disgruntled because she didn't think that Blake would resort to that sort of tactic to deal with her.

“What happened?” Ever since they were young, Myra had often listened to Heather’s complaints about Blake, and she would usually go along with her. “I thought he wouldn’t joke around with the company’s interests, but he’s now even more extreme and doesn’t care about the company’s interests simply because he wants to put me down in front of others,” she explained helplessly. All in all, he shouldn’t have disregarded the company’s interests. Surprised, Myra thought that even though Blake was a little annoying, Heather had always said that he had the thoughts of their family and company on his mind. However, looking at things now, it seemed that Blake’s paranoia had worsened, and Myra always had a bad feeling about this guy, who was a rich brat and a womanizer. “So how do you plan to retaliate?” she asked. Based on her understanding of Heather, Myra knew that she wasn’t a sitting duck, and would definitely retaliate. Spreading her hands, Heather replied, “I really don’t plan to fight with him this time.” This answer caught Myra by surprise because she didn’t expect that she had no plans of fighting back. Heather tilted her head and grabbed a bunch of baby’s-breath flowers to her nose to take a whiff. “This soft scent is very refreshing.” It seemed like she didn’t want to continue with this topic any longer. Myra was a tactful person as well, so she decided to end the topic with Langston Group. After some hesitation, she decided to get straight to the point with what she had in mind. “I have a favor to ask of you,” she said with a mysterious grin on her lips. Seeing how she appeared, Heather could immediately guess what was on her mind, and she smiled sheepishly as well. “Things are going well between you and Tony, right? So you’re

expecting an expensive gift from me because you're getting married, huh?"

Judging from

how brightly Myra was smiling, she could easily guess what her friend was thinking. Heather

was an intelligent woman, and that sort of blissfulness Myra was emanating was clear for

all to see, so it wasn't hard to make a guess.

"You have to be my maid of honor," Myra said determinedly. She was a little worried that

Heather might not agree because she did mention that she didn't like to be a bridesmaid.

Previously, when someone in her family was getting married and asked her to be a

bridesmaid, she would turn them down without a second thought. However, she merely

paused for a second at Myra's request before giving her a firm response.

"Maid of honor? Then I have to dress prettily! And you better get a best man who's tall and

handsome." She agreed so readily that Myra felt the weight was lifted off her shoulders

instantly. The only suitable person to be her maid of honor was no one else but Heather.

After a few seconds, Heather added with a solemn expression, "I've dedicated my first time

to you, so remember this—I should be the only bridesmaid because I don't want to be placed

in a group of bridesmaids with other girls." Heather always liked to be the only one, and this

request was within Myra's expectations.

Nodding, she agreed with a smile. Heather seems a little livelier and happier today, Myra

thought. I wonder what's making her so happy. Looks like what's happening at Langston

Group isn't affecting her mood at all. However, she still noticed something and felt that there

were some small changes happening with Heather.

There were some changes that even Heather didn't notice; she didn't imagine that Matthias

would bring about such a change in her. Ever since Valentine's Day, she had deliberately kept

her distance from him to emphasize the distance they should keep from each other so that they wouldn't take it too seriously.

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Noticing how quickly they were picking things up, Sharon decided to teach them another form of flower arrangement. Both of them were agreeable and paid full attention to her class with enthusiasm.

The two girls who were chatting away happily earlier were now quiet all of a sudden. Flower arrangement was something which could cultivate a person's temper and calm down a troubled heart.

Occasionally, both of them would exchange looks at each other, but they were mainly focused on the work in their hands as they followed the instructions diligently and appeared to be doing a very good job. Heather seemed to be more gifted, and even Myra was a little ashamed. Still, they both enjoyed the process very much and looked like they were in high spirits.

When they were finished with their work, a satisfied smile spread on their faces. Myra turned to look at Heather, and they both let out a small breath. One should focus fully in order to get something done well.

"That's all for today. Both of you pick things up very quickly," Sharon said politely. If all her students were as smart as them, then she would have less troubles.

After Sharon left, Heather moved in closer to Myra. Time seemed to be flying, and it was already lunchtime.

"Let's go out for lunch," she suggested, feeling a little hungry.

Myra nodded in reply. Both of them had very similar tastes in food, so it was not a problem

to be eating together, and they both liked the food which the other had ordered.

While eating, they chatted away, and Myra had a gut feeling that Heather was hiding something from her. However, since Heather didn't open up, she didn't feel it was appropriate to ask about it. Perhaps if she paid a little more attention, she would be able to figure it out, and she casually asked her what was up with her recently. "Did you meet up with the partners recently?" Myra asked in concern. She wasn't a nosy-parker, but she was unable to suppress her curiosity. Maybe only matters which concerned Heather were able to trigger her curiosity. If it was somebody else, she wouldn't give two hoots about it. "I'm thinking of meeting them in the afternoon." Looking at her plate, Heather noticed that Myra had picked quite a lot of food off her plate, and she also felt that something was amiss with Myra, wondering what was on her mind. Chatting away happily, Heather had basically told Myra everything that happened to her recently, except the part regarding Matthias. On the other hand, it didn't sound like anything was out of the norm to Myra, and she thought that she must have been oversensitive. An enjoyable afternoon passed by just like that, and even though Heather had to return to the office after lunch, she wasn't in that much of a rush. Hence, as she glanced at her watch and calculated her timing, she said to Myra, "After dropping you off at the florist, I'll be just in time to return to the office." After all the hassle, she drove back to the office, and many employees were still taking their afternoon nap when she returned. Sneaking back to her own office, she then saw that there was a pile of documents on her desk, and she felt a deep sense of lethargy. Today was another busy day, and she was long used to this as she quickly switched into her working mode. It seemed that there were more issues after she returned to Bradford; there seemed no end to it as she went through them one by one.

Dragging her sluggish body, probably because she hadn't been sleeping well recently, Heather rubbed her temples. There was something amiss with the way Myra was looking at her today, but she had purposely acted as though she was in high spirits. Hopefully, she didn't realize anything unusual, she prayed. Her head started to throb at the thought that Myra would eventually find out about her relationship with Matthias in the future, and she wondered how Myra would think about it at that time. Keeping away her disarrayed thoughts, she sank back into work mode because there was still a bunch of work left for her to do. Blake was rather good at making good use of people; he was the one who asked Heather over to be in charge of a certain project. As it turned out, he dumped all other irrelevant chores on her as well. She stared at the menial tasks on her right in annoyance, knowing that he was pushing irrelevant work on her to delay her time. What a chore, she thought. This project was the biggest project for Langston Group at the moment, and she really couldn't spare any attention to deal with other work. Still, Blake had deliberately made things difficult for her in this manner. Now, he was completely ignoring the interests of the company, and she had no idea what was on his mind that he just had to put her down in front of others before he would give up. Meanwhile, Myra was still at the florist, attending to the plants and flowers to soothe her mind and body. Recently, she had sloughed her heart out for Stark Group and devoted herself to work. It had been a long while since she could relax so comfortably just as now. Looking at the flowers in her hand, the arc on her lips blossomed into a contented smile. Relaxing occasionally helped to focus on work the next day.

Today, she had simply decided not to think about Stark Group but attend to the flowers in her florist. In the end, she was even smelling like flowers. The scent of the flowers drifted into her nose, and she took a deep breath. Then, she suddenly thought of the big, comfortable bed at home. It must be comfortable to sleep in it, she thought. The whole day, she was taking things so slow that she felt a little lazy. What's Tony up to now? she wondered as she continued attending to the flowers in her hands. He said that he'll pick me up in the evening to go home together. Myra liked a life like this day by day, and she couldn't get used to days without Tony. As though stuck to each other, Tony would avoid business trips and stay by her side at all times. The afternoon sun poured through the window, and she squinted her eyes, deciding to take a break in her private room. In this season with such weather, one could grow drowsy easily. There was a small room above the florist. Besides some miscellaneous items, a small space was specially built to place a soft bed so that she could catch a break there. Of course, this bed was only for her while the employees downstairs would catch their break on a couch, and they wouldn't touch this bed unless there was a special situation. Not anyone should use her personal item, and she felt incredibly at ease when she was lying on the bed. Surrounded by the scent of flowers, it was as though she was sleeping in a garden full of flowers, and the decorations of the small space were very cozy. All of this was designed by Tony; he would consider everything for her. Ever since she had him, she had almost turned into a useless person. Tony took care of almost everything for her. With him around, she didn't have to worry about

anything. More and more, she relied on him, and she sometimes wondered whether it was a good thing.

However, this was a good thing from the way Tony saw it because he liked to be someone she could rely on, and he liked to prepare everything for her appropriately. Without realizing, she slipped into dreamland, and in her dream, she went back to being young. Back then, she and Heather were in their youthful selves, and Myra still looked innocent.

A boy appeared in her dream, and she wanted to take a good look at his face. But no matter how hard she tried, it appeared very blurry, so she couldn't see it. After that, she started chasing behind him with all her might. Still, she couldn't reach him. She was only one step away from him, but she couldn't even grasp the edge of his shirt even when she reached out her hand, and a deep sense of sorrow washed over her. The dream turned more suffocating, and the initial sounds of laughter became the desolation of being alone under the rain on a rainy day.

Struggling, Myra woke up. Why a sudden nightmare during daytime? she wondered, wiping away the sweat on her forehead. The boy in my dream... Was there really such a boy in my younger days?

Although she was suspicious about it, there was no one who could answer her. Not even Heather had mentioned that boy before. Maybe Heather was hiding something from her, or maybe she was overthinking things. Regardless, she wanted to make this matter clear.

After waking up, she was unsettled and could no longer stay in the florist. If she went to the Langston Group now, she would definitely disturb Heather. After much contemplation, she decided to go to Hart Group in the end. Seeing Tony's face when she was feeling uneasy would make her feel much better.

Right now, Tony was hard at work as he had a lot of work waiting for him. Recently, the workload had been increasing, and even Tony felt a little overwhelmed. Ever since Matthias arrived in Bradford, the industry hadn't been stable at all. Tony had to look at him in a new light, and his guts told him that he didn't come with kind intentions, or he was just coming at the Harts. While he didn't think that Matthias was working against the Harts, the reality was taking an incredibly surprising turn. The industry in Bradford had always been a storm, and the peace before another storm hit always struck one with panic. Even though he had always been indifferent about it, he couldn't sit still without doing anything when faced with the unknown dangers. Many things were waiting for him to get done, and he would never put the Hart Group at risk. Even if there was a slight possibility, he would take prevention measures ahead of time. When Myra pushed the door open, Tony was reading the document in his hand with a frown, but when their eyes met, he immediately broke into a smile. "Myra." At first, when he didn't know who it was, he was about to throw his temper, but it turned out that Myra was the visitor. "I was bored at the florist, so I came to look for you," she said, quickly coming up with an excuse. So she could get bored staying at the florist as well, he thought with a raised brow. Still, he was pleased to have her around here. Meanwhile, Myra went straight to the couch. As she was already familiar with the place, she didn't see the need to be that formal with him. "Have you been very busy recently?" Her heart calmed down the moment she saw him, and she felt at ease whenever she looked at him. Even if they were just chatting casually, she would feel comfortable. No matter when it was,

he was so stunning that it sparked jealousy, especially when he was concentrating at work.

His charm was impossible to resist.

After all, men looked the most dashing when they were serious at work, and she instantly

became smitten with him as she stared at him.

“No, there hasn’t been a free day in Hart Group,” he answered casually.

“Your overwork timing is a little longer,” she pointed out. This was something she’d noticed

for a while now, and from many other small details, she could tell that he was more busy at

work lately.

“There have been more menial issues recently. It will get better after this,” he replied, not

planning to tell her about what was going on with the Hart Group.

It wasn’t easy for her to deal with the problems at Stark Group on a daily basis, so all the

more reason he shouldn’t let her worry about his company. And besides, no matter what the

problem and crisis was, Tony could take care of it all by himself.

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Realizing that Tony didn’t seem too interested to speak about his job, Myra decided to shut

her mouth. He was busy right now anyway, so she didn’t want to disturb him.

As she had her

cell phone with her, there were many things she could do to entertain herself, and she didn’t

feel bored at all. She would never be bored when Tony was with her.

In the end, she decided to play some games as it was a good choice to pass time. While she

was fighting vigorously in her game, Tony was fighting hard in his work.

Without knowing how many rounds she had played, he finally lifted his head and smiled.

“Let’s go home together when I’m done, Myra,” he said loudly, but she was so engrossed

with the game that she didn’t hear him at all.

Therefore, he paced in front of her and repeated everything he just said. Only then did she

look up, and she realized that her neck felt a little sore from looking down at her cell phone the whole time. “Are we going home?” she asked.

“Well, we’re not in a rush to go home. I’m bringing you to a place,” he said mysteriously, and she mentally prepared herself for a surprise at his words.

When they were in the car, Myra wondered what kind of surprise he had prepared for her as she stole a peek at his handsome face from the side. After twenty minutes of driving, Tony brought her to an alley, and she followed him ignorantly, not even knowing what he would do next.

If she had to walk alone in this deep alley, she might be a little afraid. It was already late, and the alley was dark. When the car stopped in somebody’s courtyard, only then did she show some reaction. “You’re taking me here?” she asked in disbelief because everything before her eyes right now was a little unbelievable.

“Even a dark alley can’t deter one from the hunt for good food,” he said teasingly.

After getting out of the car, she saw that the place didn’t look like any regular restaurant, and when she walked in, it was as though she had walked into somebody’s house. Looking at Tony in confusion, she had no idea what he was doing now. This was the first time they went to someone’s house because of a food hunt.

Entering the house, she started observing the interior and was almost sure that this place emphasized on a homey environment instead of a restaurant because it had a strong homely atmosphere.

“I brought you here to try some home-cooked dishes, and it’s the authentic ones. There must be a dish which you liked when you were young,” he whispered into her ears. There were too many memories from when she was young, and she couldn’t recall most of it. Even

Cameron wouldn't pay any special attention to her tastes in food.

"What about Lisa and Sebastian?" she asked. Suddenly, they popped into her mind because

they had to go home punctually for meals every day, especially for the healthy soups and

stews Lisa would prepare. Even more so when it was dinner time as they would request

them to be home for dinner almost every day, and Myra had always paid special attention to

do this.

But this time, Tony actually brought her out to try home-cooked dishes in a regular home,

and she looked at him in disbelief. I wonder what excuse he used with the old couple.

"They have their lives to live as well, and they're going out on a date today. So we're going to

sort out dinner ourselves," he replied simply.

"Okay. They make me so envious of them." She was really envious of them from the bottom

of her heart because they were possibly the most blissful couple she had ever met.

Together since they were young, Sebastian still spoiled Lisa as he always had even though

they had lost their looks to time. I wonder if someone will spoil me like this one day, Myra

thought as she looked at Tony next to her. He's the best thing that ever happened to me. At

that thought, her eyes turned gentle the next second as she stared at him.

"Is this place really good?" she asked cautiously. Since it was Tony who brought her here,

this had to be a good place.

Speaking of food, it seemed as though Tony was an expert in it, but unbeknownst to her, he

was doing it because of her. In order to let her eat well, he would pay special attention to

places with good food.

Entering another person's home, they scanned around at the interior, which looked like a

regular home. Businesses nowadays were full of ideas, and according to Tony, this place

only accepted one order a day in addition to a reservation ahead of time. Tony had made a reservation here a long time ago because he heard that the food was amazing. Now that they finally had a day where they didn't have to head home directly after work, he had to use this opportunity to relax. It's inconvenient to live with the elderly, indeed, he thought.

In the meantime, Sebastian and Lisa, who were enjoying their romantic time together, suddenly sneezed in unison. Using a piece of napkin, Lisa wiped her nose. This time, Sebastian had arranged for a candlelit dinner like how the youngsters did. With a long table between them, Sebastian gazed at Lisa nervously and asked, "Are you catching a cold from the air-conditioning?"

He had always spoiled her like a little girl despite having been together for such a long time. Just like a fairytale, Lisa would always be his princess in their marriage. Even at this age, they would still go out on a date sometimes to spruce up their relationship. In his lifetime, Sebastian had spent more effort on Lisa than on Hart Group, thinking of ways and means to brighten her up. For him, the biggest joy was to see Lisa living happily without worries forever.

"It's about time Tony got off work," Lisa said, bringing Tony up all of a sudden.

Sebastian cleared his throat as he thought, We agreed to spend time together by ourselves, yet she's still worried about those youngsters.

A bright smile broke out on Lisa's face; she knew that he was disgruntled and wanted to pacify him with her smile.

"They know how to get food for themselves, so you don't have to worry about them. Tony is about to become a father, you know?" Sebastian said, disgruntled. It's like Tony stayed as a child forever in her eyes!

And just like that, they chatted away happily. Although decades had passed, time still felt very short. The luckiest thing that happened to Lisa in her life was meeting Sebastian. When she was young, she doubted the vows he made in their wedding. But now, he had proved everything to be true through time, and spoiled her for the biggest part of her life.

Sitting in a regular living room, Myra sat across from Tony as they watched the food that was served from time to time. It seemed as though neither of them were hungry because it took them a while to dig in, especially Myra who had almost no appetite. Sceptically, Myra delivered the food into her mouth. It didn't look very appetizing, and she wondered how it tasted. Even though Tony said the food here was amazing, he was only saying it based on recommendations; he hadn't even tried them himself. However, after a few bites, Myra thought that it tasted rather good, and she suddenly felt a little hungry when she didn't have any appetite in the beginning. The aroma of food filled her nostrils, and it did taste like home-cooked food. There were even children next to them, and they had switched on the TV to watch cartoons. This was a novel experience; home cooking was not merely home-cooked dishes, for even the entire atmosphere was very homely. Families like Myra's and Tony's would definitely not watch TV during mealtimes, nor would there be any noises from children. This was the most common dining scene for regular people, but it was an impossible scene in their families, and Myra turned to look in curiosity at the cartoons the children were watching.

When she was a child, she wanted to watch TV while eating as well. Back then, she also had cartoons which she really liked, and she couldn't wait to skip eating just to watch cartoons.

This evoked her childhood memories, though she had never done something like this before, and neither did she have such an experience. Born into a businessman family, many things were beyond her control, and she really envied this sort of regular happiness. Without a word, they gazed into each other's eyes and enjoyed the meal in silence. Myra even made an exception and had an extra portion. Before leaving, Tony gave them a generous tip because they were very satisfied with their dining experience this time.

Occasionally, Myra would chance upon rant posts about parents at home when she was browsing Twitter. Even though it appeared petty and calculating, it was a feeling she rarely experienced. For example, the brat that nobody liked. In her memory, she had never encountered any brats after she stepped into adulthood. After she entered adulthood, there was only work, and her days were filled with problems from work. More and more, she wanted to travel and go to a place where nobody knew them. They could live there for some time and just be a regular couple. All of a sudden, a plan popped up in her mind, and she couldn't wait for the wedding day to arrive because this plan could only be executed after the wedding. Using their honeymoon as the opportunity, she could realize her plan one by one. Just the thought of it was enough to send adrenaline pumping through her veins.

"You're especially quiet today," Tony said, breaking the silence between them as well as her daydream.

"I'm enjoying the moment because it's very peaceful," she replied, smiling. For the whole day, she was very relaxed, and even dinner was an extraordinary experience for them.

"The car's not far off. I would like to take a walk with you," he suggested. Taking a walk after a meal would do a pregnant woman some good.

Nodding in agreement, she said, "I haven't taken a walk in a while, and the weather isn't as hot as before. You can even feel a light autumn breeze in the evening." It had already been autumn for a while, but it was still very warm during the daytime. Bringing up Stark Group, Tony asked, "What other stuff is piling up in Stark Group?" After all, their wedding date was somewhat connected to the Stark Group. The time when Myra could be a hands-off boss would be the time when she could put on a wedding dress with peace of mind and marry him. "Just some menial matters from a long time ago, which I couldn't take care of in such a short time. Basically, the company is already on the right track." Based on the current situation, she didn't have much pressure from work because the emergencies had already been taken care of. "If that's the case, then our wedding should be on the agenda," he said casually. For a long while, he had been looking forward to the wedding. In addition, it would be difficult for Myra to put on a wedding dress if they put this off until her belly grew bigger. The sudden switch of conversation to the wedding caught Myra off guard, and she appeared hesitant. From the sound of it, it seemed like Tony wanted the wedding to be as soon as possible, and she didn't know if she should give him a reply.

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Even after a while, Myra didn't give him any reply, and it made him anxious. Hence, he urged her with a look, but she avoided it deliberately. Although she wanted to marry him, all kinds of thoughts bubbled in her heart when it hit her that the wedding was really happening soon. She didn't know what she was avoiding, but she suddenly felt bad about herself and didn't want to see him disappointed.

Nodding her head strongly, she then said, “Any day which you think is the best is fine with me.” She didn’t mind letting him make the decision as she was worried that she might feel burdened before the wedding.

At this time, Heather came into her mind. Maybe I can tell Heather about it and she can give me some advice, she thought, knowing that Heather had a certain level of understanding when it came to matters of the heart. Right now, Myra didn’t understand why she was having this mentality.

A genuine and innocent smile appeared on Tony’s face. He always thought of marrying Myra, and this was about to come true soon. Thinking back about their past, which was filled with ups and downs, he thought that it hadn’t been an easy ride for them to get to this point.

“Then I’ll check the schedule when I get home,” he said teasingly. “And I’ll also need to discuss this with Grandpa and Grandma.” Clearly, his emotions exploded because of her answer, and he was now in an inexplicable state of excitement.

In the car, he leaned close to her happily and kissed her cheek. He was simply in a very good mood, and when Myra saw his smiling face, she smiled as well. It made her feel incredibly at ease to see him this way.

Back home, they got ready for bed very quickly and jumped into bed impatiently. Still very much excited, Tony glued himself to Myra, acting in such a cute contrast to how he was usually.

“Stop it, Tony,” Myra said, feeling ticklish from his breaths against her skin. “Don’t move around,” he said instead, his hand stopping on a special spot, which was also her vital point.

The next second, Myra tensed up, and she didn’t dare to move an inch. A mischievous smile

dangled from Tony's face as they sank into a stalemate, or it could also be the amusement between husband and wife.

"What are you going to do, Tony?" she asked innocently.

Damn it, he cursed silently, because he simply couldn't resist her innocent look in bed.

Then, he pressed himself against her, and finally, she relaxed her rigid body. Squirming

around, she really wished she had a strong tail that could just sweep him off the bed.

"Are you inviting me?" he asked, planting soft kisses on her face and rubbing his nose

against hers. She was simply helpless against such sweet gestures from him.

"You're... shameless," she uttered, her sentence broken along with his aggressive moves.

"That's right, I am." With a lopsided grin, he knew that he could now have his way with her completely.

Tonight was another sleepless night. Myra laced her hands around his neck and kissed his

eyes. He had really thick lashes, which made him look almost mystical. Every inch of

contour on his face was so beautiful that God must have created him himself.

"Ahn!" Just when she was smitten with his stunning looks, he invaded her, and she gasped out loud.

It only came to an end when they had exhausted their energy, with Tony's chest rising and

falling as he caught his breath. This was the kind of workout which he liked, and he thought

it to be better than any other supplements. When his breathing returned to normal, he

reached out his arm and pulled Myra into his embrace.

"There's a suitable date next week. Are you prepared?" Out of the blue, he mentioned their

wedding, and even though it sounded a little random, she knew that this matter had been on

his mind the whole time.

"Why are you asking me this suddenly?" Turning her body around, she buried her head into

his strong chest.

“I’m afraid that you don’t want to marry me and will run away with my child,” he replied teasingly. Actually, judging from her series of actions, he knew that she was not ready for now.

“I’m not marrying anyone else but you,” she clarified her thoughts quickly. How could she do that, running away with his child when all she wanted was to drown in his affections?

Tony stretched out his right hand and pinched her cheeks, but she merely rolled her eyes at him. “Your face is so soft, and it feels good to touch it,” he explained as he stared at his naughty hand.

Rubbing her cheek, she grumbled with an annoyed look, “Do you think that I’ve gained weight and my cheeks are getting chubby now?”

Hurriedly, he explained, “How can I have any of those thoughts when I love everything that you are? Of course, you look really adorable when you’re chubbier, and I like it all the same.”

And just like that, they fell asleep after chatting and joking around, then waking up at almost the same time the next morning. Although the exact date of the wedding wasn’t decided

last night, Tony wasn’t in a hurry because they still needed to ask Sebastian and Lisa’s opinion on the matter.

However, Sebastian would listen to everything Lisa said when it came to such issues, and

after Tony gave it a thought, he decided to break the good news to them and ask for their opinion during breakfast later.

“I wanna stay in bed,” Myra mumbled in his chest lazily.

“You little lazy piglet,” he teased, loving how adorable she looked every time she acted spoiled with him. There was something irresistible about her when she was in that state.

“I’m so sleepy that I can sleep the whole morning,” she continued. Last night, she had exhausted too much energy, and she was still feeling limp.

Her mind was already awake, but her body was still lifeless, and she felt as though she was stuck to the bed, unable to be separated from it.

“Stay in bed, then,” Tony said, going along with her.

“It’s all your fault,” she groaned, looking at him in disgruntlement. How she felt today was a result of him going wild last night.

“Yes, it’s my fault. Sleep in a little longer, then. I’m going downstairs to bring the breakfast up for you,” he said immediately with raised brows at her, trying to please her.

“I don’t want that. Grandpa and Grandma will think that I’m a lazy person, for sure.” They were living with the elderly, after all, and she had to watch her behavior because they would think that she was being improper.

“No, they won’t. They’re on your side now because you’re carrying their important great-grandchild,” he answered, pretending to sound like an outcast. More and more,

Sebastian and Lisa were siding with Myra so much that Tony was worried about his status in the family.

After spending a while being lovey-dovey, they finally washed up and went downstairs. It was the first time for them to see that both elders were not in the living room before them.

Unexpectedly, Tony and Myra were out of bed earlier than them, and they gave each other a look, thinking that maybe the elders went to bed late last night.

Therefore, they instructed the kitchen staff to prepare their breakfast while they waited for

the elders. After waiting for some time, the two elders still didn’t come down, so they ate as

they continued to wait. Even until they were finished with breakfast, Sebastian and Lisa were

nowhere to be seen. Tony’s initial plan was to discuss the wedding date with them, but it

was spoiled now, and he couldn't spare any more time to wait longer. He had to rush to work as there was still a lot of work awaiting him in the office. Knowing that he would be getting married in a few days, he had to quickly take care of the emergency issues recently so that he could prepare for the wedding without any worries.

Tony drove and dropped Myra off at Stark Group. Today, he had specially filled in as her chauffeur just so that he could spend more time with her.

"You'll waste your time making an unnecessary trip like this," Myra said, feeling bad to turn down his kind intentions.

"It's not such a big trip and won't delay anything," he argued. He insisted on dropping her off to work personally because he hadn't done it in a while. Usually, it was the family driver who dropped her off at work.

"Tony, if you keep spoiling me like this—" She stopped herself suddenly to wait until his eyes were fixed on her. Then, she continued with a sheepish smile, "I'm afraid I'll become proud."

The break in her sentence gave him a scare as he didn't think that she was just kidding with him.

"Spoiling you is my favorite thing to do," he answered generously. All he wanted was to treat her well and present all the best things in the world to her.

Myra's heart skipped a beat, and she suddenly recalled a saying. "A woman needs a man who spoils her like her father would." Regardless that she didn't have a father to spoil herself, she had a good husband who would spoil her rotten.

In fact, she had already regarded him as her husband in her heart for a long time, but she still felt uneasy when the wedding was drawing near. After all, the last wedding left a very bad memory in her mind, or maybe it was something from the depths of her memory which caused her to overthink.

She thought that she had already laughed off many things and hurtful memories, but it had still left some imprints in the depths of her heart. There were many things which she was clear about, but she didn't want to think too deeply about it because she wanted to become stronger. It was a weird mentality, an inexplicable emotion. Looking sideways at Tony, she saw a man she wanted to spend the rest of her life with. This time, there would be no more sadistic tragedy. Yes, she thought. It's time for me to entrust myself to him and build a happy family together with him.

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Another busy day, and another mountain of documents were waiting for Myra to go through.

She went to her desk and started working quickly. Nothing's easy around here. Gotta work hard.

Heather was already immersed in work. She had been going to work early for the past few days. Most of the time, she would be the first to arrive. The office was always eerily quiet this early in the morning, but she had to come no matter what. Blake was assigning a lot of irrelevant work for her, but she couldn't refuse, so she went on with it, though work had been giving her a headache.

It wasn't until she was halfway done when the other employees started coming in, and Blake came the latest of them all. He was the CEO after all, so he could work whenever he wanted.

On the other hand, Heather never abused her privileges, nor would she butt heads with

Blake. However, Blake kept harassing her, much to her chagrin.

She wouldn't mind working in the company if everything was smooth sailing, but nay. She

had to work through all the office politics every day, and that took all the fun out of work. I

thought Blake was a good guy, but no. He's evil. Blake wasn't as unscrupulous as he was before he took over the company, but after he became the CEO, he kept tripping up Heather.

She thought it was childish of him.

The first thing Blake did when he came was to come to Heather's office. She was too busy

to notice him, so she thought it was just another employee. "Talk." Heather didn't even look

up.

Blake arched an eyebrow at her. "It's me, Heather. Your brother," he said sarcastically.

Heather quickly looked up and frowned.

Blake was nothing but trouble for Heather, and he knew Heather disliked him too. But he

would trip her up again and again, because he thrived on her misery. "What's the matter,

Blake?" Heather forced a smile.

Blake whipped out a stack of files and put them on her desk. "There's a few errors here,

Heather," he said solemnly.

Heather thought she had never seen those files before, so she skimmed through them

quickly. There wasn't anything wrong in the first few pages, so she kept skimming, then she

noticed all the errors were marked in red.

What's this? Elementary homework? The corner of her lips twitched. The documents were

about the data on the European side of the business, so it wasn't important.

Blake wanted

her to finish it in a day out of a sudden, so she had to work overtime to finish it.

Small

mistakes were inevitable in such a short frame of time, and it wasn't a big deal anyway.

Heather wondered why Blake was blaming her for it as if she made a huge loss for the

company. "I see. I'll rectify them right away. They should be done by today."

Left with no

choice, she took the loss. She didn't pay too much attention to it, so any mistake was her

fault.

Blake wouldn't let her off the hook that easily though. He was just waiting for her to trip up.

Even though it wasn't a big mistake, he could make a mountain out of a molehill, since he

was the boss anyway. Blake cleared his throat and put on an angry look. "I had high hopes

for you, Heather. You've never made any mistakes since you were a child.

Any imperfection

is unforgivable."

What the heck is this *sshole talking about? Heather looked at him in disbelief as he

spouted nonsense. "You're giving me too much credit, Blake. Everyone makes mistakes,

especially me. I made a lot of unforgivable ones, and that's why everyone hates me," she

insulted herself. Since Blake wanted to embarrass her, then she would play along with him.

Heather had a lot of stuff to handle, so she didn't have the time to argue with him over every

little matter. Whatever he says.

It was effective enough, since it shut Blake up. He couldn't take it any further when Heather

was already insulting herself. It took him a while before he answered, "Don't say that,

Heather. Everyone loves you. They won't—" Blake didn't finish his sentence.

He noticed that

Heather was giving him a blatantly sarcastic smile.

Heather arched her eyebrow. She didn't want to keep the charade up anymore, since she

didn't have as much free time as Blake did.

Blake noticed her underlying anger too, and he realized he had annoyed her.

I'd probably get

diced if I pushed my luck. Whatever. I got what I came here for anyway. And it's not that

much of a problem. No point dwelling over it. Blake decided to stop pushing her around,

since it wasn't the time to confront her just yet. "Get to it, and don't waste my time," he said

seriously. Even though he was a douchebag, Blake could be intense when he wanted to.

Heather nodded. "Sure. My assistant will hand it over once I'm done." She wanted him to leave right away. If he stayed even for a moment longer, Heather thought she might kill him.

Once he was gone, she massaged her temples, calming herself down. Crap. Dealing with him is exhausting. Time was a strange thing. It changed Blake for the worse, and he wasn't even good to begin with. She had always disliked him for being an unfaithful playboy, but ever since he took over the company, he started becoming scummier than ever. She looked outside the door and wondered how long her suffering would go on.

There was still her company to work on, so she couldn't waste her time in Langston Group. Not only did she have to wake up early and work overtime, but she also had to look out for Blake in case

he tripped her up again. God, this is a pain. She massaged her temples. She had never felt so frustrated before, but she had no choice. She wondered when the

harassment from Blake would stop, but there was nothing she could do aside from pressing on no matter how hard it was. She had tried to stay out of his way, but he insisted on going

out of his way to make life hard for her.

There were times when she just wanted to humiliate herself in public just so he would stop

tripping her up. She wondered if he would let her off the hook if she did so, but she couldn't

do it. That would mean she'd have to damage the company, and that was unacceptable, at

least for her. She knew Blake didn't care, but the company was special for her. She worked

hard to make the business a success in Europe.

Heather had decided to run a business herself, but that didn't mean she would abandon

Langston Group. She wanted to get even more partners for them, since the company's

success made her happy too. Langston Group held a special place in her heart. She loved the company more than Blake did. Ironic, considering that Blake controlled the company. It was probably her sentiments at work, but that was how women tended to act. She read through the documents Blake left her. Before that, she was hard at work with something else, but Blake's childish tendencies forced her to stop. The frustration from the sudden pause filled her with rage and an urge to toss all the files into the shredder, but she held the urge down. There was no time for tantrums, for she had a lot of work to do. Heather rectified all the mistakes she made, and she realized they were genuine mistakes on her part. The little mistakes did affect the presentation. Heather reflected on the mistakes she made. She hated shirking her responsibilities, and time wasn't an excuse for her to make any errors. She reflected on herself while correcting the mistakes she made. Once she was done, Heather felt much better about herself. Subsequently, she called her assistant, but nobody was in the office. Oh, it's lunchtime already? Heather put down her work and stood up. Oh god, I'm sore. I need a spa treatment. She skipped out on a lot of meals lately, for she was working harder than a graduate writing her thesis. She bumped into Matthias right after she came out of the company, much to her surprise. Now this is a huge coincidence. She stared at him. Matthias was wearing a pair of sunglasses, and he smiled warmly at Heather. It caught her by surprise, melting her heart. "What brings you here?" He had been waiting for her, but he wouldn't tell her that. Matthias came to her company before lunchtime just so he could "bump into her" right after she came out. He didn't expect

her to come out late, though he realized she might be working overtime. Matthias wanted to go into the company, but he decided against it. The whole point for the wait was to create the feeling of a chance encounter. Heather had been avoiding him lately, and he was out of excuses to ask her out. In the end, he decided to go with a stupid plan—waiting for her. But the point was that this plan came down to luck. It wasn't the first time Matthias pulled this stunt, but he failed every time. Even so, seeing her was well worth it in the end. Sometimes, he would ask himself, Why am I doing this? But there was no answer for that. For some reason, he would start missing Heather from time to time. He missed her smile, and he missed the way she talked; he wondered why he felt that way. Perhaps it was a rebound, since he thought the one he liked was Myra. He didn't know why he would start to yearn for Heather out of the blue.