

The two cars arrived at the restaurant one after another. When the car door was opened, a man got out of the car followed by a woman. Breeze blew through Heather's hair, and she casually tucked her hair behind her ears so that it wouldn't block her sight. Matthias gazed at Heather in adoration as he was attracted to the gorgeous and poised woman. Even the passers-by were attracted by her beautiful appearance. Not only was she a stunning woman, but she was also the kind of woman who was always easy on the eyes. The more Matthias got to know Heather, the more he could feel her charm, and the more he perceived Heather as an appealing woman. In fact, Matthias was already stunned at Heather's beauty when he first met her even though he was filled with hatred toward her at that time. Heather's beauty was extraordinary. Her delicate facial features and elegant aura were characteristics which were pursued by countless men. There was a saying that women who were extremely gorgeous would generally possess a heroic aura, and this was a genuine description of Heather as she had an independent and confident demeanor. When Heather and Matthias entered the restaurant, the waiters' attention was attracted to them. It was rare to see such a good-looking couple, so they couldn't help but to fix their eyes on them, especially Heather, who was striking. Women would want to observe how beautiful Heather was while men would cast her glances of admiration. Matthias didn't like to be watched when he was dining so he asked the waiter, "Is there a private dining room here?" He remarked casually while perusing the menu.

“Yes, but there’s no private room for two. The minimum occupancy is eight pax,” the waiter, who was a frank intern, answered bluntly.

Matthias darted a hostile glance at the waiter and wore a spurious smile.

“Please give us the smallest room then.” His domineering vehemence caught the waiter off guard as this was his first day working at the restaurant.

The atmosphere became slightly tense as two of them stared at each other.

After a while, the waiter smiled awkwardly. “Uhhh... Guests are required to spend a minimum amount to use the room,” the waiter mumbled hesitantly as he was worried that he might offend

Matthias.

Heather gazed at the waiter and smiled at him as she thought he was pretty interesting. He

seemed to be an honest man, and Heather reckoned he almost wanted to say that it wasn’t

worth it for them to overspend just for the sake of the room. However, Matthias did not

bother to admire the waiter’s honesty. He was merely unhappy with the waiter’s service and the way he spoke.

“You don’t have to worry about that. If the food we order can’t reach the minimum spending,

I’ll top up the remaining amount with cash. You can consider that your tip,” Matthias said

solemnly. It was the first time he ran into this kind of situation while dining out where his request couldn’t be fulfilled.

The waiter came to a realization at once and he looked at Matthias at a loss. He guessed

these two customers were rich. Principles and rules could be changed, but customers were

kings and the last thing he should do was to offend them.

The waiter was startled for a while. Just as Matthias was about to lose his cool and blow

up, the waiter said to Matthias apologetically, “Alright. Please follow me.”

The honest waiter

then added, “Uhhh... and I don’t need the tip.”  
The originally tense atmosphere was lightened up because of the last sentence the waiter  
said. Heather covered her mouth and giggled, seeing which Matthias was startled. He  
immediately forgave the blunt lad because he had amused Heather.  
Then, Heather and Matthias stood up and walked side by side while following the waiter to  
the private room. The waiter brought them to the smallest room but he was unsure if his  
decision was appropriate or not. He also didn’t want to alert the manager. After they settled in, Heather said to the waiter who was about to leave the room, “Thanks  
for your kindness.” The waiter blushed instantly because Heather had taken the initiative to  
speak to him, and Heather smiled even brighter seeing his reaction. After the waiter left, Heather and Matthias waited for the food to be served. Meanwhile, the  
manager was waiting for the waiter outside the room. His face darkened at once when he  
saw the waiter. “How can you allow two guests to use the private room?” he retorted. The  
manager was displeased by the waiter’s action as he thought the waiter had taken it upon  
himself to make the decision. As such, the waiter was even more flustered. Originally, he didn’t intend to  
alert the manager and planned to quietly bring the guests to the room, but apparently, the  
manager had noticed his action.  
“I-I’ll ask them to come out then,” the waiter stuttered nervously as he was at a loss of what  
to do.  
“Just leave it, but don’t repeat the same mistake again. If there’s anything that you’re unsure  
of, remember to consult me before making a decision, or you can ask me to handle the  
situation,” the manager said in a resigned manner. He had seen the waiter leading Heather

and Matthias into the private room which was usually reserved for a minimum number of eight guests, yet it was too late to stop the waiter. Looking fearful, the waiter nodded incessantly. In fact, the manager hired him because of his honesty, but he was indeed a little dull-witted. Thereafter, the waiter served Heather and Matthias with a perturbed mind. Heather sat across from Matthias, and two of them remained silent for quite some time as they didn't know how to start a conversation out of the blue.

“Why did you bring me to this restaurant?” In the end, Matthias broke the silence. He lowered his head to avoid meeting Heather's gaze. Heather was caught off guard by the question. Staring at the dishes in front of her, she pondered why she even brought Matthias here. A minute passed, and Matthias thought Heather didn't intend to answer his question. Just then, Heather mumbled, “The food here is tasty and it's worth revisiting. It's rare that I have someone to eat with, so I thought this place was just nice.”

The answer she gave was rather reasonable. Matthias hummed in response and started to dig in. Since Heather said the food here was tasty, he would like to know just how good it actually was. However, upon tasting the food, Matthias thought it wasn't that delicious after all, so he glanced at Heather in puzzlement as he was confused about what was going on. Heather perceived Matthias' gaze and could tell what he was thinking. “You don't like it?”

She stressed the last three words. Matthias thought twice. Heather was the one who invited him for a meal and brought him here, and since she deemed the food here good, he shouldn't tell the truth to upset her. He

shook his head immediately and said, “No, I like it. The food is pretty good.”

In order to add

credibility to his words, he quickly put more food onto his plate. He was

indeed striving to

impress Heather.

“I’m glad you like it.” Heather wore a profound smile. She had never heard the

others

praising the food of this restaurant other than herself.

As a matter of fact, Heather deliberately brought Matthias here as revenge

against him. She

didn’t invite Matthias for a meal out of sincerity and actually had ulterior

motives.

Remembering what Matthias had done before this, Heather thought she

shouldn’t bring him

to nice restaurants.

As such, this restaurant was the most suitable place. After all, Heather had a

different

opinion from the majority and she liked the food from this restaurant.

Nevertheless, seeing

Matthias’ expression, Heather reckoned he had the same thoughts as others

and didn’t

enjoy the food here.

It seemed like Heather was indeed one of the very few who appreciated this

restaurant’s

food while the majority disapproved of it. Heather gazed at Matthias’

expression and lying

face with amusement. All in all, it was a rather harmonious meal.

Two of them barely talked and there was only the sound of them chewing food.

Meanwhile,

Heather was racking her brain to broach a certain topic because she still had

some

important questions to ask Matthias.

While they were halfway through their meal, Heather managed to change the

topic to Myra.

As much as Matthias was confused why Heather brought up Myra all of a

sudden, he had

no choice but to go along with her.

Since Myra’s wedding was happening tomorrow, he thought Heather

deliberately wanted to

remind him of that. He already disliked the food of this restaurant to begin with, but now, he was all the more disgusted.

Deep down, Matthias thought he would never come to dine in at this restaurant again. On the other hand, Heather carefully observed Matthias' expression. That was the advantage of sitting across from him.

"Do you remember where you first met Myra?" Heather asked a burning question out of the blue, which caused Matthias to almost choke on the soup he was drinking. Why the heck is she asking this kind of question? Matthias had an impulse to leave the room. Not only did Heather bring up Myra and forced Matthias to be reminded of the past, but she even asked him about their first encounter.

Matthias looked at Heather in a hostile manner as he suppressed the emotions that were surging within him. Meanwhile, Heather stared at Matthias in a frank and fearless manner.

Obviously, she was waiting for his answer.

Matthias couldn't ignore her question, so he replied stiffly, "In a park." It was an ambiguous answer.

However, this wasn't the answer Heather was expecting. A park was far different from a man-made hill. Could it be that the man-made hill is in the park? Heather immediately denied her conjecture as she thought she was overthinking, and she continued questioning him.

"Has Myra ever brought you to the man-made hill in the school before?" In the end, Heather decided to mention the man-made hill directly. Otherwise, she doubted she would hear an answer regarding the man-made hill from Matthias.

Matthias looked at Heather in confusion as he totally had no idea why Heather was asking these questions. He thought it was ridiculous and didn't want to answer her.

However, he couldn't turn Heather down seeing her fervent gaze. Heather's stare made him feel like it would be very rude of him if he refused to answer her. He could tell from

Heather's gaze that she was dying to know. They stared at each other for quite a while until

Matthias couldn't avoid her gaze anymore.

"The first time the three of us met was at the man-made hill. She once told me that she first

encountered you at the man-made hill, so she brought me there to meet you.

She introduced

you to me, saying that both of us are her close friends whom she treasured."

Even though it

had been a long time, Matthias still remembered the incident vividly.

Back then, Matthias had never thought that he would meet the outstanding woman whom

Myra kept talking about at the man-made hill. He had thought that Heather was an angel

when he first met her. But alas, what happened next proved that he had met a devil. He was

very shy during their first meeting and he didn't even dare to look at Heather, so he stared at

Myra the whole time.

He would feel nervous when he was in Heather's presence, but he was comfortable being

around Myra, which gave him a very odd feeling. Hence, for a long time after that, he had

thought he was actually afraid of Heather while Myra gave him a sense of belonging.

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Heather was actually not surprised upon hearing this answer. How could she forget that she

first encountered Matthias at the man-made hill too? Heather wore a spurious smile. It

seemed like Myra had gone through the pains because of Matthias.

"You have a good memory." Heather lowered her head so Matthias couldn't see her eyes nor

the complicated emotions in them and took a bite of food.

Matthias smiled and remained silent. Not only did he remember the incident clearly, but he even felt like it happened yesterday. His memory was so vivid that he could clearly recall

Heather's expression at that time.

"You asked me out today just to ask about this matter?" Matthias asked in disappointment.

After beating around the bush, it turned out that Heather's motive was to ask this simple question.

Heather did not respond to Matthias. Her aim had already been achieved and she didn't

intend to explain to Matthias. Seeing Heather ignoring his question, Matthias roughly

understood that it was true that Heather came to him just to ask this simple question.

How ironic. Matthias smiled in resignation. He had never expected that this was what was

on Heather's mind. No wonder her apology today sounded so unnatural.

Matthias felt like he

had been used, and he would rather Heather had not come to find him today.

At this thought,

he laid down his cutlery as he had lost his appetite.

Heather noticed Matthias' reaction but she couldn't care less and continued enjoying her

dinner. Deep down, Heather was still bothered by what Matthias had done previously. The

only reason she came to find him this time was for the sake of Myra. After proving her

thoughts, Heather detested Matthias even more.

Besides, she became even lost as she couldn't figure out the reason behind Myra's malady.

In fact, she wasn't too sure how devoted Myra was toward Matthias back then.

It was hard to guess what a girl was thinking about. They could say the opposite of what

they meant. Moreover, it was true that Myra was attracted to Matthias at that time.

They were probably very in love with each other back then. If that wasn't the case, Matthias

wouldn't have been able to pull through the period after their breakup.



Heather was flustered when she realized this beautiful first love was destroyed by her. She didn't dare to imagine if Myra would still want to be her friend if she recalled what happened

in the past. It was only now that Heather recognized how serious the mistake she had made in the past was.

She couldn't face Matthias all the more, who was Myra's first love and someone whom she had persecuted before. Heather's mind was tangled at the thought of this complicated relationship.

"I'm done with my food. There are some urgent matters to attend to in the company, so I shall take my leave first." Matthias made up an excuse as he intended to leave. Heather did not stop him since it would be meaningless for them to continue eating together. Nodding, she still wanted to say something to Matthias but bit her tongue toward the end.

As such, she watched Matthias walk out of the private room. It seems like I've offended him.

Ever since Heather met Matthias, she felt like she couldn't even handle things in a rational manner anymore.

Neither did she want her relationship with Matthias to end up this stiff, but it somehow

turned out to be so. If this continued, the amity that was finally established between them might perish and they might become enemies again.

After Matthias left, Heather stopped eating too as she had completely lost her appetite.

Standing up, she stared at the direction in which Matthias had gone off and hesitated for a moment before leaving the room resolutely.

Seeing Matthias starting his car engine and leaving, Heather felt distressed.

She had just

met Matthias not long ago, yet they ended up in such a situation now. The development of

their relationship was even more torturing and complicated than a pair of lovers’.

On the other hand, Matthias sped away and drifted all the way home recklessly as he

desperately needed to vent out his displeasure. Fortunately, he arrived home safe and

sound. When Evan saw Matthias come home with a darkened face, he reckoned Matthias

had a fallout with Heather again.

In order to not get himself into trouble, Evan intended to avoid bringing up Heather lest he

irritated Matthias. However, Matthias brought Heather up first this time, which made Evan

stare at him innocently as he didn’t know how he should react.

“Don’t you think this woman is weird?” Matthias asked Evan crabbily. Evan couldn’t avoid the

question, so he nodded in a quandary. He didn’t dare to further provoke Matthias and

thought it would be better to agree with whatever he said at this moment.

“Miss Langston is not an ordinary woman.” Evan attempted to defend Heather, which made

Matthias glare at him in return.

With that, Evan smiled awkwardly and stopped talking. Obviously, Heather had provoked

Matthias again. Evan wondered how Heather even managed to make Matthias this furious.

“Don’t ever mention her name in front of me,” Matthias scowled angrily.

Evan wore an innocent expression. It was him who brought up Heather first, yet now he’s

blaming me. It sure is hard to please him.

“Sure, sure. It has been a long day for you. Why don’t you go upstairs for a bath first?” Evan

quickly changed the topic. He decided to let it go for the sake of his salary increment.

“Bring me to the hill. I want to go to the hot spring.” Matthias wanted to take a hot spring

bath as the usual bath couldn’t satisfy him anymore. At that time, he purchased this

bungalow situated at the foot of a hill exactly so that he could develop a hot spring behind

the bungalow.

Matthias had a health issue ever since he was born, and soaking in hot springs was

beneficial for him. As such, there was a hot spring built in Locke Residence especially for

him. After arriving at Bradford City, Matthias made himself a hot spring too.

Matthias had always been a big spender, so he had bought the land behind the bungalow as

well. Nevertheless, this was just the tip of the iceberg. Even Matthias didn't know how

wealthy the Locke Family actually was.

Now, Matthias was still not the most influential person in the Locke Family.

Although he was

the person-in-charge by name, the shares had not been transferred to him yet.

Matthias only possessed a small amount of Locke Group's shares while most of the shares

were still in the hands of the elders. If the elders in the family were displeased with

Matthias, they could drag him down from his current position anytime.

Matthias had been extremely prudent over the years, but he still couldn't escape from the

Locke Family's control. Moreover, only a few elders in the family were supportive of him

while most of them were discontented with him.

For instance, the present family head of the Lockes was displeased with him, but he still

supported Matthias because there was no other person in the family who was as talented

as Matthias when it came to running businesses.

The family head was well aware that their family business would only prosper and expand if

Matthias was the leader. Hence, he had been guarding Matthias in the dark so that no one

would target his position. No matter how much he detested Matthias, he would still support

him so that Matthias could focus on managing the business.

Nevertheless, these reasons were exactly why Matthias felt insecure. No one could

guarantee that he wouldn't be dragged down from his current position in the future.

He would only be safe after possessing a majority of the shares. Matthias had been striving to achieve this goal all these years. However, neither did he dare to act recklessly since most of the shares were in the hands of the other Locke family members. No matter how desperate he was, he couldn't buy over the shares from the other family members because such an action would cause alarm within the family, which would in turn accelerate his downfall.

The Locke Family was smart to make this move because Matthias could only obey them and would only receive shares as a reward if he did so. Otherwise, he would have to give up Locke Group. Matthias knew that the family head was actually soft-hearted despite being harsh. As such, he would become the person-in-charge with autonomy sooner or later, and he would break free from the control of the group of elders.

Having accumulated power and waiting to take action for so many years, Matthias had tried his best to give in whenever he could. However, there was news from the Locke Family a few days ago where they made a fuss out of his marriage again. Matthias knew he would sooner or later be involved in a political marriage, but he didn't expect that he was still unable to escape from this fate even after he had run away from Tasia City.

Matthias was already frustrated to begin with, but this news actually came to him a few days before Myra's marriage. It seemed like God was deliberately testing him by throwing these two incidents at him simultaneously.

Soaking in the hot spring, Matthias felt relaxed. Meanwhile, Evan stood beside Matthias to be at his service.

Evan was probably the only one who could understand Matthias. These few days, he had

kept away his sharp tongue because he knew anyone else would feel terrible if put in a similar situation.

Matthias had been totally devoting himself to his work. Since there were so many things that were bothering him, he rather put those troubles aside and completely focused on what he was supposed to do.

However, something couldn't simply be avoided just because he hoped so.

While Matthias was having the hot spring bath, he asked Evan, "Are the Lockes pushing me again?"

Matthias' face turned sullen at the thought of being pressured to get married.

He had

already sacrificed a lot for the Locke Family, and even his health was at stake.

However, he

didn't think that everyone in the family was this ungrateful and was actually dying to exploit

him to the maximum. At times, he even thought that he was just a tool of the Locke Family,

and this tool would be abandoned someday once it reached the end of its usefulness.

Although the Locke Family would need a great deal of courage to abandon him, it didn't

mean that Matthias would always be safe. After all, it wasn't too hard to get him replaced.

Matthias felt like he was just a puppet all these years. He had undergone terrible dark times

which would be unbearable for ordinary people. Now that his only hope had vanished too,

Matthias felt that his life was meaningless. He had been fighting against his fate until today,

yet he still lost terribly.

"The family head advised you to head back to Tasia City," Evan replied in a concise manner.

Matthias knew the family head had given him this reminder out of kindness, but he didn't

feel like going back to Tasia City at all. Moreover, he would have to attend blind dates once

he was back.

What a wretched life. As much as outsiders might deem Matthias as a rich and influential man, the truth was he was powerless.

Thirty was a common age to get married. Thinking he was almost reaching this age,

Matthias let out a rueful laugh as he thought he was too pathetic.

“In my opinion, you should visit Tasia City after attending Miss Stark’s wedding.” Hearing

Matthias’ terrifying laugh, Evan couldn’t help but voice his opinion.

“No way,” Matthias rejected it resolutely.

“This is the third time they pressured you to get married this year. If you don’t go back this

time, they might lose their heads and make a big fuss out of this matter. Please consider it

carefully,” Evan said responsibly. His livelihood depended on Matthias, so he naturally didn’t

want Matthias to get into trouble. As such, he would advise Matthias whenever the latter

was being irrational lest the Lockes caught him tripping.

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At night, Matthias wasn’t the only one who couldn’t sleep; Heather was also tossing and

turning in her bed. Meanwhile, Myra and Tony were having pillow talk, and before they knew

it, it was dawn. They weren’t supposed to spend the night together the day before the

wedding, but they were unwilling to leave each other’s side. As such, they disregarded the

tradition.

After changing into a suit, Tony spent most of his time in front of the mirror early in the

morning. Meanwhile, in another room, a makeup artist was putting on bridal makeup for

Myra. According to local customs, the groom was supposed to pick up the bride at her

home, but due to certain circumstances, Myra was going to be ‘picked up’ from the next

room. On another note, Tony had spent the past few days decorating their new home—a villa

he had just bought.

Myra hadn't seen the new villa nor did she know where it was since Tony wanted to surprise her. After they got married, they were going to move out and live in their own home.

Once a man was married and settled down, he would be completely independent. Knowing this, Sebastian and Lisa knew not to insist they stay. The wedding was unconventional as it was done in a way they were most comfortable with. In fact, they weren't bothered by others' opinions.

Today was a big day, so Heather had gotten all dressed up early in the morning. When she

showed up, Myra's eyes lit up as she stared at her incredulously.

It had been a long time since she saw Heather's face without makeup. It was like going back

in time to the day when she was leaving the country.

"You look so good. Time hasn't left any traces on your face at all," Myra gushed enviously.

Without any makeup on her face, Heather surprisingly looked bright, and she still looked like

a teenager.

Hearing the sincere compliments, Heather couldn't help but feel a little shy, which was a rare

sight. At that moment, her aura softened significantly.

"There isn't any collagen left in my face, so stop feeding my ego. Today is a special day, and

I thought you would like me this way." Heather was wearing a bridesmaid's dress and

beaming brightly. A carefree smile like that was hardly ever seen on her face anymore.

As a matter of fact, that smile was so infectious that even Myra relaxed and smiled.

"I do. Thank you for doing this for me," she said from the bottom of her heart.

Everything that Heather had done for her hadn't gone unnoticed. Sometimes, Myra just

didn't know how to express her gratitude. She could only gaze at her gratefully, feeling

blessed to have such a wonderful friend in her life.

“Focus on getting your makeup done and stop staring at me,” Heather teased as she gazed at Myra, who looked like she was overwhelmed by emotions. She was going to marry Tony today, and Heather felt like her precious friend was being taken away by someone else.

Without saying a word, Myra smiled. At this moment, Myra and Heather looked as pretty as a picture.

On the other hand, Tony was good to go. Myra wasn't far away, and there were several times he had the urge to go see her.

However, he was stopped by Lucas, who was also dressed up today and looked energized.

His stern and handsome face was captivating.

“Hold your horses. It's still early, and it's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding

ceremony,” Lucas said to Tony, hoping he would calm down a little.

“Myra must look especially beautiful today.” The corner of Tony's lips curved into a giddy smile that even Lucas had to look away from. It was the smile of a man in love.

“Myra has always been beautiful, and today she will look even better,” Lucas chimed in.

“She will be the most beautiful bride today,” Tony said longingly, while Lucas nodded hastily.

Tony was under a spell. Seeing the blissful smile on his face, Lucas felt a little envious.

He wondered when he would be able to experience such joy—a simple and pure love. He also wanted to walk down the aisle with the woman he loved and grow old together with her.

Waiting was the worst for someone who was filled with excitement. Since Philip and the others weren't here yet, Tony chatted with Lucas. “Heather is the maid of honor.”

Glancing at Tony, Lucas waited for him to finish his sentence. “Looking forward to seeing her in the bridesmaid dress?”



Tony spoke implicitly. After all, Lucas was an introverted person and it wouldn't be a good idea to be so blunt. He wasn't as proactive as Philip, and Tony wasn't sure whether Lucas or Philip was more compatible with Heather. However, it seemed like Lucas had better luck. Of course, perhaps Heather wasn't interested in either of them. Myra had also mentioned before that Heather might already have someone she liked, but they just couldn't be together for certain reasons. After having interacted with Heather several times, his impression of her wasn't bad. If she was paired with one of his friends, he wouldn't think of it as a bad thing. Lucas smiled and dodged the question. Ever since he met Heather, he had indeed been acting differently, but it wasn't a good thing because he wanted to control his emotions. Moreover, Philip was clearly interested in her. It was difficult for Lucas to reveal his feelings. It was one thing to have a crush on her, but confessing to her was another matter. Just then, Lucas brushed off these thoughts. He internally cursed himself for thinking too far ahead out of nowhere. Seeing the subtle expression on his face, Tony knew the answer, but with Lucas's nature, he would definitely let Philip get the jump on him when the time came. Whether it was Lucas or Philip who ended up with Heather, Tony would still be happy. He was only afraid that she didn't like any of them. In fact, it was hard to suppress the urge to play cupid. Surprisingly, Tony found it quite amusing. Meanwhile, in the other room, Heather was helping the makeup artist. Her makeup skills weren't bad. Compared to the makeup artist, Heather was able to make Myra look even better. With joint efforts, Myra's makeup was mostly completed. When touching the skin on Myra's face, Heather sighed enviously. "Your skin is so supple. It

feels like a peeled egg and I'm envious." There wasn't a hint of exaggeration when Heather said this. Myra's skin was really great, and it was probably because her usual makeup was light and her skin was well-maintained.

"If anyone heard us, they would think we were flattering each other," Myra said jokingly.

Heather giggled, amused by what she said. "They would probably say that we were

shameless behind our backs." Heather went along with what Myra said.

Time passed in this relaxed chatty atmosphere. Myra looked extraordinarily beautiful, and

the wedding dress brought out her elegance.

"Did Tony pick this dress for you?" Heather asked casually. Since Tony loved Myra so dearly,

he would, of course, arrange everything meticulously.

In a blissful manner, Myra nodded. She was extremely satisfied with her dress.

Tony was

always so thoughtful, and she felt really lucky to be able to marry him.

Thinking about

seeing him in a few more moments, she thought he must look especially handsome today.

"Seeing you so happy makes me feel relieved to entrust you to Tony." Heather spoke with a

smile although she was a little reluctant. For some reason, it felt like she was marrying her

own daughter off.

Everyone would be here in a moment, and it was going to be a busy day. Three cars had

already stopped in front of the Hart Residence. Serena would be responsible for reception,

and she was followed by Henry who had taken the day off.

Sebastian and Lisa had been sitting in the living room ever since the wee hours of the

morning, feeling overjoyed. Everyone was smiling cheerfully on such a big day.

It seemed like the only one who wasn't happy was Matthias, who had been up all night and

got dark circles under his eyes because of that. He got up and freshened up since he

couldn't show up to Myra's wedding looking so depressed. He even asked Evan to put on light makeup for him. The dark circles under his eyes had to be covered up. "Please cooperate," Evan said in a serious manner while Matthias had a resistant look on his face.

After all, most men weren't comfortable with putting anything on their faces. If it wasn't because he looked awful today, he definitely wouldn't have asked Evan to do anything to his face.

Meanwhile, Evan was grinning. "Do you remember the bet we made before?" he asked while helping Matthias with his makeup.

"No," he said. He didn't like suspenseful opening remarks like this.

"I said that you would let me do your makeup one day. Look at us now." Evan spoke smugly, which earned him an eye-roll from Matthias.

"So?" He had forgotten about such a bet.

"So, please transfer 200,000 to my bank account later." Evan stuck his nose up proudly.

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On the other hand, Evan wasn't giving him the chance to argue. "A real man never goes back on his words. It's only 200,000. It's a drop in the ocean for you."

"Yeah." Matthias didn't object even though he knew Evan was trying to distract him.

On the surface, it seemed like Evan was a money-grubber, but in reality, he was a righteous person. In fact, he preferred to keep his true self hidden.

"Thank you, Director Locke." Evan put in more effort in doing Matthias's makeup as it had earned him a huge paycheck.

However, it seemed like his distraction didn't work at all. Under Evan's skillful hands, even

though Matthias had become more handsome than before, his demeanor was still a little

sickly and he was obviously not in a good mood. Only Matthias himself could fix the sickly aura that originated from him.

“Your mood is much more stable today.” Evan properly encouraged him. In fact, he treated Matthias like he would a child.

“I feel bittersweet.” Matthias smiled bitterly in the mirror.

“You look worse smiling compared to crying. A man should be gracious, even if attending the wedding of a first love. Not to mention, Myra wasn’t even your first love. You’ve never established your relationship back then,” Evan interjected, ignoring the murderous glare from Matthias.

“If you still want 200,000 in your bank account, you better shut up.” As Matthias glared at him, he looked much more lively in an instant. Satisfied, Evan gazed at a very annoyed Matthias in the mirror.

“There you go. Otherwise, I’d have to put some blush on you.” Cunning like a fox, Evan had set Matthias up again.

“Hmm.” He turned to face Evan, who immediately shut up. Losing 200,000 was the last thing he wanted.

“Don’t worry, I know what to do. It’s Myra’s wedding today, so I’m going to send them a big gift.” Somehow, he looked a little malicious.

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The Hart Residence was bustling with people. Elliot and Tilly arrived in the same car, while the door of another car opened to reveal Shawn, who then held the door open for Estelle.

The third car had stopped, and Philip came out of it. At that moment, all of Myra and Tony’s friends had arrived. When they were in the living room, Serena warmly received them while Henry smiled happily. He was overjoyed that his Uncle Tony was finally getting married.

Everyone went upstairs, and the men and women went to different rooms. According to

local customs, the bride and bridesmaid would lock themselves in the bride's room, while the groom and the groomsmen had to complete a series of challenges set by the bridesmaids in order to be let into the room to pick up the bride before proceeding with the wedding ceremony. Estelle and Tilly went straight to Myra's room. Pushing open the door, Estelle was astonished that the one who was talking and laughing with Myra was none other than Heather. Time had been too forgiving to Heather because her face still looked like that of a teen girl's. She didn't expect Heather to still look so good even without makeup on. As soon as Heather's eyes met Estelle's, Heather immediately straightened up and her majestic aura returned. Although it was a moment's effort, Estelle was still amazed. After all, Heather had always been this way and a shift in expression wasn't hard for her. Meanwhile, Tilly's impression of Heather was her beauty. Now that she saw how different she looked, she was shocked too. No matter what kind of look Heather went for, she always looked good. She was eye-catching no matter where she went. Heather was still not used to being seen looking like this, and shifting expressions was only a matter of seconds for her. Soon, she returned to normal. Showing a polite smile, she didn't want to scare people away on Myra's wedding day. Estelle glanced at Heather profoundly, still unable to believe how easy-going she appeared to be. She was always waiting for the moment when Heather revealed her true colors. As long as she acted a little unusually, Estelle would get a tinge of excitement. "All set?" Estelle spoke first to break the ice. Myra was smiling extra radiantly. Accompanied by today's makeup, she looked so good that it was difficult to take one's eyes off her. A bride always looked the best on her wedding day.

At that moment, Estelle and Tilly gazed at Myra and congratulated her. It was such a wonderful day.

“Just waiting for the groom,” Myra said with a grin on her face.

“They’re probably ready and should be coming over in a while.” Tilly twiddled the phone in

her hand. In fact, Elliot had been updating her about the situation on their side.

On the other hand, Tony looked handsome and charming, and his eyes sparkled. Lucas was

also dressed up nicely. As the best man, he looked attractive. Philip also wasn’t to be

outdone and was dressed extra nicely today.

In contrast, Elliot and Shawn kept a low profile and dressed simply. Tony looked at his watch

from time to time, wishing for time to go faster. He couldn’t wait to see Myra.

Seeing this, Elliot said teasingly, “I wonder how many women’s hearts you’re going to

capture today, Tony.”

Tony laughed and did not answer, while the others followed suit. Then, Philip chimed in,

“You three aren’t single, so you should give us opportunities.”

“There are many beautiful women at the wedding today, so keep an eye out.”

Elliot and Philip

bantered with each other while waiting for time to pass.

The more anxious one was, the more they would feel that time was moving too slowly. As

soon as it was time, Tony impatiently rushed out from the room with speed that no one

could catch up to. It didn’t take long for him to reach the other room as he strode toward the

door.

As he stood at the door, he reached out to pull it open, but it was locked from the inside.

Politely, he knocked but no one answered. Seeing this, Elliot went up to the door and

slammed his palm against the door.

Inside came Tilly’s voice. “Stop knocking. Whether this door opens depends on your

sincerity.” One step ahead of Estelle, Tilly answered cleverly.

“What do you mean by sincerity?” Elliot shouted through the door.

“Give us the money packets,” Estelle said from inside the room. In fact, Tony anticipated this and had prepared everything beforehand. He pulled out a stack of money packets and was ready to slip them through the gap beneath the door. However, Shawn intercepted him and smiled at him. “We can’t do whatever they say. Worst comes to worst, we’ll break in.” He had always been domineering, and this was clearly said for those inside the room to hear.

“We’ll see whether you or the door is stronger,” Estelle said, not afraid at all that they would break the door down. She was confident that no human would be able to break in.

“Let’s find out,” Shawn said carelessly. They weren’t ordinary people, so this door was nothing to them.

“Don’t.” Tony quickly stopped Shawn, astonished that he would be so serious at a time like this.

“I’ve prepared so many money packets. We’ll have to give it to them anyway.” Tony didn’t want to delay further over money packets, but he knew that it wasn’t going to be easy for him to see Myra.

“That won’t work. If you agree so easily, the challenges will be more difficult than the last.”

Elliot also sided with Shawn while Lucas watched them with amusement.

“They can take as many money packets as they like when they open the door,” Philip chimed in.

“We’re definitely taking the money packets, but whether we’ll open the door or not depends on our mood,” Estelle said in dissatisfaction. How dare those men outside think they can just send us off with money packets? It’s despicable! Especially Shawn, who was taking the lead. At that moment, she thought Tony was the most dependable. Not a moment later, a pile of money packets were slid into the room through the gap between the door and the floor.

Estelle and Tilly divided the packets and happily opened the packets. They thought Tony was quite attentive. When they opened the packets, not only did they find money, but also various vouchers for things that girls liked, such as beauty and health entertainment. There were all kinds of vouchers and coupons. Despite Tony's good performance, they couldn't let him in so easily. They wanted him to make vows and just generally make things difficult for him. When it was time for the quiz, Estelle asked him everything to do with Myra's likes and dislikes, which Tony didn't find any trouble answering. He was always spoiling her and doting on her, so it was only natural that the quiz wasn't difficult for him. Finally, Tony took the initiative to declare his love to Myra through the door. "Myra, thank you for marrying me." A simple and direct sentence began with a melodramatic tone. Myra listened quietly to Tony's loud and clear declaration of love. "Before I met you, I never believed that I would fall in love with a person. To me, women were all the same—old or young, beautiful or ugly, there wasn't much difference. You are the only one who is different. You are the woman I love. After I met you, marrying you was my biggest goal, and today this goal will be fulfilled. From now on, we're married, and I will never leave you for the rest of our lives." As Tony spoke each and every word with sincerity, Myra held back her tears. She was moved by every word he said. Tony's declaration of love made the women envious while the groomsmen smiled pleasantly. It was rare to see him so emotional. Once a man met the woman they loved, the words they spoke would start to sound poetic. "Let them in!" Heather said on behalf of Myra, who probably couldn't say anything for a while, for fear that once she opened her mouth, she would shed tears of happiness.



At last, Tony got into the room as he wished and couldn't take his eyes off Myra. Meanwhile, Estelle mischievously waved her hands in front of Tony, who was dazzled by the sight of his bride. This gesture caused everyone to burst out laughing.

At that moment, Myra was also gazing at Tony. The two stared at each other for a long time as if there was no one else around. Just then, Shawn faked a cough. "We have to get going."

Estelle rolled her eyes at him, thinking that he was a spoilsport. At the same time, Myra and Tony both retracted their gaze as they realized they had been rude. At this moment, all that mattered to both of them was each other.

To Tony, Myra was a whole other level of beautiful, whereas Tony was extraordinarily handsome to Myra. They thought they wouldn't be sick of seeing each other for the rest of their lives.

Then, everyone went downstairs. Olivia was squeamish while Henry, being the caring boy that he was, was standing next to her, trying to ease her discomfort.

Myra quickly spotted Olivia. She went toward her and gazed down at her. Seeing that Olivia wasn't quite used to such a scene, Myra gave her a gentle smile, whereas Tony also gazed tenderly at her as he stood next to Myra.

"You came! I'll be busy today, so I may not be able to take care of you. You can stay with Henry. He's a reliable man," Myra said that she entrusted Olivia to Henry, but in reality, she was letting Serena take care of Olivia.

"Congratulations on your wedding, Miss Stark. I wish you and Tony lots of love and happiness," Olivia said while gazing at Tony with an understanding and well-mannered demeanor.

Reaching out, Myra ruffled her hair. "Relax. Think of this as your own home." Seeing Olivia like this, Myra couldn't help but dote on her.

At once, Olivia nodded firmly. “Mom sends her wishes as well. She’s sorry that she couldn’t attend your wedding.”

Watching her behaving like an adult, Myra was surprisingly a little heartbroken. With a smile, she shook her head. “Make sure Alicia takes care of herself. Tell her I’ve received her blessing. Thank you.”

After a brief chat with Olivia, Myra walked forward and out of the villa. The sun was shining outside, and the smell of sunshine was in the air. It was a good day. Myra and Tony got in the same car while the others got in their respective cars. The vast convoy was set to leave. Since it was Tony who was getting married, the convoy of cars was naturally the best. In fact, they attracted the attention of many passers-by along the way.

As Tony drove his new sports car, Myra sat in the passenger seat. The dazzling blue Shelby Supercar was flashy and magnificent. He said everything in the wedding had to be the best, so the sports car must also be the world’s top brand. In fact, he had gone through a lot of trouble to get his hands on this car.

Myra kept staring at Tony as if she couldn’t get enough of him. Meanwhile, Tony would occasionally turn to her and give her a smile. “You look so handsome today. I can’t take my eyes off you,” she said softly. In her eyes, he was the most handsome man in the world.

“You can look at me for the rest of your life,” he said while speeding up, a wide smile on his face.

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Tony sped all the way to the well-decorated church that seemed matrimonious. It had been completely arranged to Myra’s liking. He was willing to do anything for her, and he’d always provide her with the best.

Guests started to flock to the church as Tony welcomed the guests at the entrance.

Meanwhile, Myra was waiting for the wedding to begin in a quieter area. Heather was keeping Myra company. At this moment, Myra seemed anxious as she held

onto Heather's hand tightly.

"Take a deep breath. I've never seen you so anxious before." Heather tried to calm Myra down.

"Heather, there are a lot of things that I don't know how to convey." As Myra and Heather locked eyes, Heather bent down to match Myra's eye-level. They looked like a pair of sisters.

"You can take your time." Heather's smile was so influential.

Myra quieted down for a moment as she went into deep thought, but she still couldn't find

the right words. She ended up looking at Heather nervously, making Heather wonder if she

would be the same when she got married one day.

Time seemed to be passing extra slow today, but Myra wished that the wedding would start

as soon as possible. At this moment, she was only accompanied by Heather despite the

large number of guests. The Hart family had always been low-key with everything, but it was

an exception this time.

In fact, Tony wanted desperately to tell the whole world that he was marrying Myra. When he

saw Sean, his face fell slightly but he recovered quickly.

Sean's appearance was a surprise as he came uninvited. Tony scoffed seeing how Sean

seemed a little down.

At this moment, Lucas whispered in Tony's ear, "Will he make a scene?"

Apparently, Lucas

didn't have a good impression of Sean.

"Ask Elliot to keep an eye on him." Tony entrusted Elliot with this mission.

When Sean walked past Tony, he told him in a sincere tone, "Congratulations on your

wedding." Nonetheless, it sounded like sarcasm to Tony.

Therefore, Tony scrutinized Sean as he recalled how Sean wouldn't let go of Myra some time ago, but now he was giving the couple his blessings. "Thank you, Director Chase. Myra and I will be happy together," Tony replied as he observed the change in Sean's expression. Having let go of a good woman like Myra, he could only suffer the consequences of his actions. Clenching his fists, he tried his best to keep his emotions under control. Seeing how she was happy now, it was only right that he gave her his blessings. However, his emotions were wavering as he reminisced the moments they had shared. With a pale face, he forced himself to walk along. Though he seemed a little pitiful, it was his own wrongdoings which led him here. Not far away was Matthias, who was among the crowd, entering the church hall to attend Myra's wedding. It felt like a dream to him, but it was also a farewell to his past. After this, his past feelings would be buried along with his memories of Myra, who didn't remember a thing. That was how he was consoling himself, telling himself that the past was in the past. As much advice people might have been given, they were not guaranteed a good life thereafter. Even though he had made up his mind, it still ached deep inside his heart. Taking a deep gaze at the groom—Tony—Matthias thought to himself, That should have been me. We should be trading spots. Meanwhile, a meaningful smile made its way to Tony's lips. He was the one who invited Matthias as a token of respect to his fellow business competitor. Moreover, there had been quite some action from Matthias' side, so Tony was curious as to what he was up to. After all, Tony wasn't afraid of challenges as he thought of them as chances for himself and the company to improve.

It had been a while since Hart Group had competitors, so Tony was actually glad that Matthias was here to keep him on his toes. Matthias offered a courteous smile as he said, "Congratulations." It took a lot of effort for him to say that single word as the bride of this man standing before him was the person that he had yet to let go of. As the wedding bells rang, the guests watched Myra walk down the aisle holding onto Old Master Hart's arm. A long stretch of red carpet was covering the aisle, and Tony was standing right at the end. At this moment, Myra and Tony locked eyes as if there was nobody else in the world. As for Old Master Hart, he smiled from ear to ear. Today, he had the image of a kind and friendly old man, and Estelle thought that she had never seen this side of him. "Look at your old man grinning from ear to ear," Estelle told Shawn, who was beside her. Turning to look at her, Shawn replied, "Old Master Hart will be even happier if you marry me." At once, she stuck out her tongue. Obviously, she wasn't going to get coaxed into a marriage with him just like that. Hence, she simply ignored him, acting like the conversation never took place. Nonetheless, he didn't let her off the hook so easily. If she still wouldn't say yes to him, he was really going to force her into marriage. "Tony got married before me," Shawn said in a peculiar manner, wishing he could marry Estelle as soon as possible. However, she let her gaze wander and acted like she didn't hear what he was talking about, but he still persisted. "When do you want to get married into the Hart family?" he asked straightforwardly. Tugging on Shawn's sleeve, Estelle said excitedly, "Look! They're standing together already!"

She was obviously trying to change the topic.

He glared at her helplessly. It seemed that he still had work to do. This young lady, he thought.

Meanwhile, Myra and Tony stood side by side as they faced the priest, listening to him

speak. As the priest gave the couple a look, he asked, “Mr. Hart, are you willing to take the bride as your wife?”

At that moment, Tony became the center of attention of everyone present, including Myra,

who was looking at him with a gentle yet passionate gaze.

“Yes, I do.” He answered loud and clear.

“Are you willing to have and to hold your bride for richer or poorer, in health and in sickness?”

“Yes, I do.” The gaze he gave Myra as he said those words was gentle and filled with love. As

long as they were together, he was willing to face any hardships that came their way.

The priest then asked the same questions to Myra, and she gave the same answers. It was

a big moment for the couple as their union was witnessed by everyone present.

With that, the priest gave them a kind smile as he announced, “In the name of the Father, the

Son, and the Holy Spirit, I now pronounce you husband and wife. You may now kiss the bride.”

Upon hearing that, Tony left a kiss on Myra’s cheek before closing his lips on hers, kissing

her deeply in front of the audience.

The passionate kiss had taken away the breaths of many of the guests. Among the people

present, Matthias had his fists clenched tight. Perhaps he should not have come.

Pain was consuming him alive bit by bit. Gritting his teeth, he shifted his gaze to the

bridesmaid next to the pair, sending her a look that screamed for help.

As Heather and Matthias’ gazes met despite the distance, Heather instantly understood the

look in his eyes.

Forcing herself to retract her gaze, Heather and the groomsman passed the newlyweds their

rings before the couple put the rings on for each other.

Having completed the ceremony, Myra felt the weight being lifted off her shoulders as

blissfulness began to overwhelm her. She was currently lost in the kiss and those

captivating eyes of Tony's. She wanted to look at him like this every day and stay by his side

for the rest of her life.

There was infinite tenderness in his gaze that was on her, and he felt that it was the best day

of his life. He imagined that he would always be grateful whenever he reminisced about

today.

The newlyweds had their fingers interlocked, and they matched each other so well that

everyone was dazzled. Matthias was of course, an exception. He left the church early as he

couldn't bear to watch any longer. Similarly, Sean was another person who didn't have a

good time.

How would he have forgotten his wedding with Myra back then? It was done so half-assedly

and he hadn't treated her right. That was why she was now smiling in another man's arms.

Drowning in sorrow, he knew that he had no more chances with her. In fact, she was already

avoiding him as the mere sight of him would upset her.

By the time the wedding ended, tables were already set up surrounding the church. The

banquet was right outside the church, and Tony had prepared scrumptious foods for their

guests. Obviously, it was only appropriate to feed the guests well as they couldn't be going

home with an empty stomach.

As wedding banquets typically went, the newlyweds went from table to table greeting and

drinking with everyone. As the couple's bridesmaid and groomsman, Heather and Lucas followed suit.

Myra was pregnant, so she could only replace alcohol with juice. Meanwhile, Heather took alcohol well, never backing down when a few occasional people would purposely challenge them.

Halfway through, Myra tugged on Heather's sleeve discreetly and said to her sotto voce,

"You can't drink anymore." Myra was surprised to see how Heather was trying to drown her sorrows with alcohol.

At once, Heather offered her a smile. "Don't worry about me. You know that my alcohol

tolerance is high. It's your big day today so I want to drink a little more."

Truth was, she had

been uneasy ever since she locked eyes with Matthias. Hence, she wanted to get some

alcohol into her system so she could calm down.

Even Lucas was dumbfounded to see Heather downing alcohol glass by glass.

Why was she

drinking so much so quickly? Would she be okay?

Heather had a weak and frail body. Now that her cheeks were a deep shade of red, it was

such a gorgeous sight. From time to time, Lucas would peek at her. He was both worried

and attracted to her at the same time, and he could not help but take a few extra glances at

her.

By the time they covered all the tables, Heather had drunk quite a lot. Mainly due to the

speed that she had drunk at, the aftereffects were starting to hit. Her flushed cheeks were

extra adorable, and many guests did not recognize that the bridesmaid standing beside

Myra was Heather because she always had the queen-like image of a lady boss.

Therefore, Myra asked Lucas to bring Heather to rest, but Heather rejected.

She was not



used to others touching her. Moreover, she didn't need his help. Despite them being the bridesmaid and the groomsman, they didn't interact much throughout the wedding.

"I'm fine. It's just a joyful day," Heather said with a smile. At this point, her actions were starting to gain a few men's attention.

"Let Lucas keep you company for a bit. I'll join you in no time." Myra thought that it was about time for Heather to take a rest as she had been running around all day. Knowing that Myra and Tony no longer needed the bridesmaid and groomsman's company, Heather didn't decline this time.

Thus, Heather and Lucas sat opposite each other. While he didn't know where to look, she simply gazed at him brazenly. Perhaps she shouldn't have rejected Myra's suggestion; it might not be a bad thing to interact with other men as it might even distract her from thinking about Matthias.