

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 71

“You have no idea how vicious Myra is. She even approached me at that time and warned me to stay away from you!” A dark glimmer flashed in Lyla’s eyes as she wept with her head lowered. “Even if I was in the wrong, she still had no right to take away my child so ruthlessly...” By the end of her sentence, she was crying even more dramatically.

Just then, emotions were violently raging within Sean! Knowing he shouldn’t listen anymore, he closed his eyes and said, “Lyla, did you think I would miss you after you left and that I would still treat you well when you come back? Did you think saying a few words to me would make me give in, and we would carry on as before?”

“Why not?” She looked up, as if she was going to laugh. But in the end, she couldn’t stop the tears that were flowing down her cheeks. “Sean, I have always loved you deeply. There was never a moment where I have forgotten about you, and I refuse to believe that you have. The fact that you still came to the bar for me says it all!”

“This time, you thought wrong.” He loosened his tightly clenched fists. With a chilly voice, he said, “I only took you home out of goodwill. If anything happened to you and you only called me before it happened, I would probably find it disturbing. Besides, we used to be lovers. So, I’m only doing this as a small favor, not because I still have feelings for you. I married Myra because I love her. For the past two years, she was the only one by my side and never left! As for you, you’re nothing to me now!” Immediately after, he stormed out of the villa with a grim expression.

As he was about to reach the door, he stopped in his tracks. “You can stay in this villa for the time being, but I don’t like strangers staying at my place. You have one week to look for a place to stay, then get the hell out of here!”

With a loud bang, the door of the villa was slammed shut.

Watching him leave with no hesitation, Lyla couldn’t help but smash the phone that was on the nightstand as hard as she could.

If he really loved Myra, why has he been out partying and fooling around with different women for the past two years? If he didn’t have feelings for me, then why did he come to the

bar and take me home? 'Find it disturbing'? Sean Chase has never been the kind of man who would feel disturbed! He obviously still loves me, yet he keeps denying it! So, he loves Myra? We'll see how much you really love that woman!

The corners of her mouth slowly curved up into a malicious smile.

Meanwhile, Sean sped all the way down the hill after leaving Fairhill Villa, during which he called Myra twice. However, both calls were rejected immediately without hesitation.

Remembering what Lyla said, he was in agony!

No! I don't believe what Lyla said! She left me without hesitation back then. If Myra hadn't been with me, I would have never been able to get through my breakup and the troubles the business was facing. Yet, she is thinking of coming back now... Does she think I'll always be at her beck and call?

When a number came into his mind, Sean dialed it without a second thought.

However, it was rejected immediately as well.

At once, his face turned terribly sour. He kept calling the number over and over, until finally, Estelle picked it up irritably. "What do you want?"

"Myra moved out," Sean suppressed his rage inside and snapped.

Hearing such a tone, Estelle was enraged. "Congratulations, Director Chase. You finally found out."

As if he didn't notice her sarcastic remark, he said bluntly, "Tell me where she's staying now."

That's funny. Do you think I'll tell you? Who do you think you are?" Surely, Estelle wasn't going to be nice to Sean. "Let me tell you, Sean. Don't assume that just because Lyla is back, you can go back to her and have your happily ever after. I'm not Myra, and I'm not as soft-hearted as she is. If you dare to hurt her, I will not spare you and that b\*tch!" With that, she ended the call.

"What the hell!" She cursed at the phone. Just then, a darkened expression appeared on the face of the man who had opened the door of the private room.

“Oh, Shawn. I could change and be more gentle if that is what you want. I’ll do it for you.”

When she saw Shawn, Estelle’s face instantly took a 180 degree turn. However, the man in front of her only sneered, “You’re full of tricks, Miss Langley. I’m only staying here for a night, yet you already managed to get your hands on the key to this room.”

Then, he lit a cigarette and blew a smoke ring toward the woman in front of him. Watching her cough from the smoke and her eyes welling up with tears, he said, “Fine, you have one night to seduce me. If you manage to make me feel something, then I’ll give you a try.”

Once the words left his mouth, not only was Estelle bewildered, even Shawn himself froze.

But in the next moment, he put out his cigarette in annoyance and stood up. “Unless you were just popping in for a quick visit—”

“Of course not!” Estelle’s heart was already beating so hard that she stripped without a second thought and walked toward the man before her with irresistible charm. “You were the one who made the deal. You can’t go back on your words now!”

After moving out from Chase Residence, Myra was adjusting rather nicely. Over the years of being on the job, she had long been used to a casual and simple lifestyle.

In order to avoid running into Sean at Chase Group, besides attending meetings at Hart Group, she would go to the construction site for observations and rarely went to the office.

“Miss Stark, I have mailed the documents you wanted to your home. Are you still not coming to the office today?” Tilly’s voice came from the phone.

“Thank you Tilly.” Myra looked at the documents that had just arrived and whispered, “I won’t be returning to the office for a while, so if anything happens, keep an eye out for me.”

“Alright.”

Upon hanging up the phone, Tilly pouted. “Miss Stark is acting really strange these days... It’s like she’s going through a breakup and has turned into a different person.”

On this day, Myra went to the construction site as usual to check the progress of the project.

As soon as she arrived at the construction site, a foreman came to her. “Miss Stark, it’s about time we get paid for this month. When is Chase Group paying us?”

In fact, Myra wasn’t in charge of payroll. When the foreman came up to her, she still said kindly, “I’ll ask the company’s finance department for you later.”

“Thank you, Miss Stark.” The foreman was an honest man. A few days ago, he had heard some rumors and couldn’t resist asking, “Miss Stark, I heard that the houses built on the batch of land Chase Group bought for the Hilliville project have not been sold. Will this affect our future income?”

At once, Myra froze.

The Hilliville project was one of the first projects Chase Group started when they decided to invest in real estate in the early days. At that time, she had just joined the company and wasn’t qualified to participate in this project, but she vaguely remembered that the company had invested a lot of money into it.

At one point, the value of the Hilliville project had shot to sky-high prices, attracting countless companies competing for investment. In order to stand out from the crowd, Chase Group did not spare much money, but not long after the investment, the value of the property dropped. However, the houses were already in the process of being built, so they couldn’t just stop the project. All the enterprises in that area had the same thought, therefore they bit the bullet and continued the project.

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Doing the math, it was about time for the launch. Only, the situation in that area wasn’t so great.

“David, please help me appease and calm everyone. Chase Group will not owe the employees a single penny.” Myra knew that if the foreman came to ask about this matter himself, then probably all the workers on the construction site were already on edge. She

had to calm them down. "The Sunny Bay Project was approved by Hart Group. They will certainly not owe the workers money."

It was only then did David breathe a sigh of relief and smiled. "We feel more relieved with Miss Stark's reassurance. By the way, Director Hart also came to the site today—"

"Watch out!" Suddenly, a scream cut through the buzzing construction site, interrupting David.

Myra only felt as if there was something with a great momentum plunging down, the aim of which was her head.

At that moment, her body went rigid and she couldn't react. Out of nowhere, she was pulled into a warm embrace that had a faint tobacco smell.

A loud bang was heard, followed by a muffled grunt. It sounded like something heavy had hit the ground, and it was as if it had also hit Myra's heart.

"Director Hart!" The first to react was Tony's secretary, Leo.

He was here with Tony to check the site, and when he suddenly saw the falling objects, he was shocked. However, Tony had run toward it in the blink of an eye. The brick had fallen from the fourth floor, and he had used his arm to knock it out of the way.

At this moment, the back of his left hand was battered, and his entire hand was dripping with blood.

Frantically, Leo ran toward him.

"Director Hart is injured!"

"Hurry up and call an ambulance!"

"Oh my God, what the hell happened upstairs? How could they be so careless?"

While the voices of the crowd echoed around them, Tony seemed to have not heard them. The veins on his forehead protruded, while his gaze was frightening. He then lowered his head and spoke with a voice that was no longer calm like usual, and his other arm was still hooked around the waist of the woman in his arms. "Are you okay? Are you hurt?"

His tone was urgent and anxious, and his face was somewhat contorted. Myra, however, was just staring blankly at the man in front of her.

Occasionally, there would be falling objects on the site, which was why everyone wore a helmet. Even so, if that brick had really hit her head, even if she didn't bleed, she would have had a concussion.

But the man in front of her...

Suddenly noticing the wound on his other hand, she flinched, hastily broke free from his arms and grabbed his hand.

The back of Tony's hand was a bloody mess. His skin had torn open revealing his flesh, and the blood was mixed with the ash and dust of the brick, making it look even more frightening.

Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said helplessly, "How are you? Is your hand okay? Does it... does it hurt?"

As a matter of fact, this was the first time she had encountered such a thing. This was the first time someone had rushed to her aid when she was in danger.

It was a difficult emotion to describe. It felt very painful and bitter, as if there was someone squeezing her heart, making her chest tighten.

"Mr. Clark!" She came to her senses and hurriedly shouted at the crowd, "Hurry up and call an ambulance!"

"It's already been called!" Leo responded from the side with a solemn expression. "Miss Stark, I think we should send Director Hart to the hospital right away." It would be more efficient this way.

"Right, right!" She nodded quickly. "Get the car!"

"No need." Just when everyone was scared and frightened, the man, whose hand Myra was holding, frowned. Expressionlessly, he shot a glance at the wound on his hand and faintly spoke.

“Director Hart!” Leo gritted his teeth. “Your hand is badly injured. You need to go to the hospital immediately.”

“It’s not a big deal.” Tony raised his hand as if nothing had happened, then looked at David. “Do you have Vodka and gauze here?”

Site workers often got injured at work, so they did have simple medical supplies. As for vodka, it was a must have for the men on the site.

However, David did not expect that the leader of Hart Group would be willing to use Vodka to clean his wound.

“Yes, it’s just that... Director Hart, do you want to use a proper...” That kind of pain was not something that the average rich gentleman could endure.

Immediately, Tony’s face sank.

David then nodded hastily and ran toward the staff dormitory not far away, and soon came over with a box of medical supplies.

When Leo saw that Tony still refused to go to the hospital, he could only give up persuading him. Tony took the medical supplies from David and shot him a look, and he immediately understood. Turning around, he dispersed the crowd.

Soon, this area was left with only Tony, Leo and Myra, who was biting down on her bottom lip hard. She couldn’t understand why Tony didn’t want to go to the hospital, but now it was clear that he couldn’t care less.

She crouched down and was going to take the bottle of alcohol from Tony’s hand. However, he only frowned at her and dodged her hand. The next moment, he said in a low and gentle voice, “Close your eyes.”

His voice was mellow and deep. It had characteristics of a mature man and was seemingly accompanied by a touch of charisma. Involuntarily, she obeyed him and closed her eyes.

But the next instant, her eyes immediately shot wide open.

The highly concentrated alcohol had been poured onto the back of Tony’s hand, and the clear liquid washed the dust and blood off of his hand. On the surface, it didn’t seem like a

big deal, but the veins on his arm were protruding and his contorted face at the moment was a terrifying sight.

Myra wasn't a cold-blooded animal. Witnessing such a scene, it would be a lie to say she wasn't moved.

The man she gave her heart to hated her to the core and constantly ignored her, while the man she repeatedly provoked was able to do this for her.

Her hand was clenched tightly at her side, and she could feel her nails digging into her flesh. Her heart still couldn't slow down at all. She couldn't resist it anymore and went forward at once, putting her hand into the palm of his injured hand.

Perhaps Tony was in extreme pain that upon feeling the touch in his hand, he squeezed her hand without hesitation with the full strength of a man.

At that moment, Myra was in pain, but she gritted her teeth and did not make a sound.

Meanwhile, Leo, who was handling the gauze on the side, saw this and sighed silently. Director Hart is really losing his mind over this woman...

These few days, the company had been in a slump. As such, he wondered why Tony suddenly wanted to visit the construction site today, and when he saw this woman here, he finally understood... He didn't come here to see the construction site. He clearly came here to see her...

After a long period of time, Myra even felt like her hand was going numb from the pain before it was slowly released by the man before her.

Right now, there was a bright red handprint on the back of her hand. Carelessly withdrawing her hand, she hurriedly inspected the back of Tony's hand. He was currently using gauze to wrap it. A ray of sunlight fell on his face, where the gentleness from earlier had been replaced with a frigid look. It was as if that gentleness just now was only an illusion.



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“Director Hart...” Myra called out in a hoarse voice.

Tony looked up at her blankly. Then, he lowered his gaze and continued to bandage the wound.

“Myra, there’s no need to thank me. This construction site belongs to Hart Group. Even if it wasn’t you who was in danger, I would not have let anyone get hurt on my construction site.”

It was as if he was reminding her of the fact that she had asked him to keep a distance from her the other night.

Myra was stunned but before she came back to her senses, Tony had already finished bandaging his wound.

He stood up and threw his suit aside, revealing his white shirt underneath. His cuffs were folded and his dark blue tie was meticulously straight. Tony’s facial features were like God’s finest work and his cheekbones were sharp. It was a sunny day, but he exuded a cold aura. Even if he was at a construction site with a helmet on, it couldn’t hide his handsomeness and freshness.

“Leo, do I have anything else scheduled for today?” Tony asked Leo, who was standing behind him.

Leo hesitated for a moment and glanced at his arm. “No, Director Hart. You should go to the hospital to check your injury...”

“Didn’t I say that I’m not going to the hospital?” Tony turned around and glanced at Leo with a half-smile.

At that instant, Leo felt his hair stand on end and he hurriedly gestured to Myra for help.

Seeing this, Myra clenched her fists, but she immediately felt a sharp pain in her hand that Tony had gripped tightly a while ago. Her face suddenly turned pale and she muttered, "Director Hart, you should go get your wound checked. What if..."

"What right do you have to say that to me?" Tony coldly interrupted her.

Myra didn't expect Tony to speak to her like that. After all, he had just saved her from being hit by a brick a moment ago.

She stiffened and she bit her lip, but Tony had already walked past her and went outside.

Seeing this, Leo sighed inwardly. He wanted to say something to Myra, but in the end, he said nothing because he was afraid of Tony's temper. Instead, he hurriedly followed behind Tony.

Tony was very tall, so he could be found at a glance even in a crowd at a construction site.

Myra watched as he walked further into the distance and for some reason, she felt a little heartbroken. Her lips twitched a little and her gaze fell on the black suit at the side. It was the suit that Tony had held on his arm a moment ago. He had forgotten about it.

"Tony..."

Just when Myra was about to shout out Tony's name, she turned around and saw that he was nowhere to be found. Not knowing what to do, Myra stared at the jacket absentmindedly.

After Tony got in the car, he closed his eyes to rest.

The flushed and worried look on Myra's face a moment ago played in his mind and his tense expression instantly relaxed.

Myra is a stubborn woman. I have shown her kindness several times, but she still refused me. Judging by how anxious she was when she saw me get injured, I know that she has feelings for me. It bothers me that she can't see that.

Tony frowned hard when he suddenly remembered Myra mentioned that she was a married woman.

Thinking about this, he became upset again.

Sitting in the driver's seat, Leo couldn't help but feel a chill down his spine. At first, he wanted to persuade Tony to go to the hospital but in the end, he gave up the thought.

"Director Hart, Young Master Elliot called and said that he will be meeting you at Zion Club at 7:00 p.m. tonight. Young Master Philip and Director Windrow will also be there. He said that he wants to discuss the Hillville project."

Hearing this, Tony rubbed his temples and nodded.

Leo let out a sigh of relief. Young Master Philip is a doctor, so at least he can help check Director Hart's arm. I can stop worrying now.

The car sped on the highway. Along the way, Tony suddenly received a call from Sebastian.

"Hey, when am I going to get a granddaughter-in-law? I met Shawn today and he was hugging a woman! Even the man whom I thought would be single forever is seeing someone! When are you going to start dating?"

Lisa Hart wasn't bothered about her grandsons' marriages. In her eyes, her grandchildren were perfect, so they didn't need to worry about finding a good wife!

However, Sebastian was different. He was anxious to have great-grandchildren and even dreamt of having a group of them running around the house, so looking at the old bachelor at home made him anxious. His temperament was the complete opposite of his wife!

"I heard that you hugged a woman on the night of my birthday banquet."

I have been itching to ask him this question! At first, I tried hard to suppress the temptation to ask and waited for him to tell me himself. But I didn't expect this b\*stard to be so patient. He didn't even mention a single word about her! Now that I have lost my patience, I have to find out.

"If you like her, bring her home. Don't worry about her family background or social status. Your grandmother and I are not people who look down on the poor."

"Are you sure you won't mind her background?" Tony deliberately chose the important keywords and asked.

As I expected, he is afraid that we will dislike her.

After finding out that his youngest grandson was about to start dating, Sebastian grinned from ear to ear. "Why would I mind? Hurry up and introduce her to me!"

Hearing this, a soft smile appeared on Tony's tense face. "I'm still pursuing her. We'll talk about this after it's final."

"What?! You haven't succeeded in pursuing her?!" Sebastian's jaw dropped. Then, he scoffed and said, "Tsk! If you don't know how to chase after a girl, you can ask me. After all, I succeeded in pursuing your grandmother, who is a difficult woman to deal with. Grandpa has a lot of tricks up his sleeves," Sebastian said delightfully.

However, Tony directly hung up the phone.

Hearing the beeping sound on the phone, Sebastian pouted. "He can't even win a girl's heart. All he does is treat me coldly! Hmph!"

With that, he hung up the phone. Then, he stopped the maid who just came back from outside and asked, "Where's Lisa?"

"Madam is having a stroll in the garden." Covering her mouth, she thought, Old Madam Hart and Old Master Hart have been together for many years, yet Old Master Hart is still so devoted to her. I'm jealous.

After hearing the maid's answer, Sebastian got up and went outside, humming a tune as he walked. "Don't be obsessed with me. I'm just a legend..."

When Tony hung up the phone, they had arrived at Zion Club.

As soon as he entered the VIP room, Elliot rushed over to help Tony to take his suit, but in the end, he saw that Tony wasn't wearing a suit at all. He only had a white shirt with his cuffs folded, and underneath it...

"Oh my goodness, Tony, what happened to your arm?"

It has only been a day since we last met. Why does he have a thick layer of gauze wrapped around his arm? I can even see some blood seeping through!

Leo hurriedly explained, “A brick fell from the fourth floor at the construction site today. Director Hart was afraid that it might hit Miss Stark, so he hit it with his arm and got injured. Young Master Philip, can you please help check his wound?”

Leo’s words were filled with information. There were three important points—one, Tony had gone to visit the construction site for no reason today; two, Tony had used his arm to hit a brick just so he could protect Miss Stark, and three, he didn’t head to the hospital to get his wound checked.

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The last point was to help everyone understand Tony’s injury better. However, the fact that Tony went to the construction site for no reason and saved Miss Stark from being hit by a brick was intriguing news.

Everyone naturally knew who Miss Stark was.

Lucas chuckled, “Wow, Tony, you are a hero!”

Leo instantly felt a cold glare from Tony and knew that he had said too much. However, his mission was already complete so he hurriedly shut his mouth and left the room.

Meanwhile, Philip grabbed the first aid kit he always kept in his bag and walked up to Tony.

“Tony, if this wound is not treated well, it will cause inflammation and it will be troublesome.”

Tony casually pulled a chair and sat down. Then, he squinted and said placidly, “Don’t worry about it.”

Hearing this, Philip was taken aback. Does that mean we’ll deal with his wound later?

Soon, the four of them sat around the table and an exquisite dinner was served.

“Tony, the three of us discussed the Hillview project today,” Lucas said with a serious expression. “Since you said that we must sell all the properties in Hillview immediately, we will try our best to sell them before the market collapses. It doesn’t matter if we lose money. At least we’ll lose less this way.”

Hillview was originally a business district planned and designed by the government, intended to be the second-largest business district in Bradford City beside the downtown city district, but the real estate collapse had left its blueprint in ruins.

The four of them had placed a lot of their fortune in this project. After they heard about the collapse, they had instantly started discussing ways to sell the property.

All of a sudden, Philip laughed and said, “We are doing fine. There’s no need to be so worried. I heard that Chase Group has invested half of its funds into the Hillview project. If they don’t deal with the problem well, they might go bankrupt again...”

Everyone knew Sean’s relationship with Myra. This is a good opportunity for me to gloat about Sean’s problems in front of Tony.

After hearing this, Tony narrowed his eyes and said flatly, “What good will Chase Group’s bankruptcy do for us?”

His tone sounded casual, but the three other men smiled at each other knowingly.

They were discussing business at Zion Club while Myra, who was at the construction site, was hesitant.

It was only after the clock struck 7:00 p.m. that she finally left. Before she left, David shoved Tony’s suit into her arms.

“Miss Stark, you are close with Director Hart. Please hand him back his suit. The people working on the construction site are rough, so I worry that we might accidentally dirty or ruin it.”

Myra took over Tony’s jacket. She was from the Stark Family and her mother was born in a wealthy family, so she knew the value of Tony’s suit. The pair of dark blue diamond cufflinks were worth hundreds of thousands, let alone the exquisite texture and handwork of the suit.

After giving it some thought, Myra agreed to his request.

However, after getting in her car, she felt a little troubled.

Even though Tony saved me today, his attitude made it clear that he doesn't want to have too much contact with me.

With that, Myra decided to call Leo.

When Leo heard that Tony's suit was with Myra, he felt excited but pretended to be anxious and said, "We were looking for that suit! Miss Stark, can you help me check if there is an audit document for the Sunny Bay Project in the inner pocket of the suit?"

Myra was surprised and she quickly searched for it. Sure enough, she found a folded document in the suit.

"Yes, there is."

"Oh, great." Leo let out a sigh of relief. Then, in an apologetic tone, he asked, "Miss Stark, I can't leave right now. Can you send Director Hart's suit and document to VIP room A in Zion Club? Director Hart needs that document tonight."

Myra was hesitant. "I'll hand it to the receptionist at Zion Club. You can go and take it from them later."

"That won't work. It's a confidential document."

To be honest, that document was given to Director Hart by the site supervisor for approval. After reading it, Director Hart had casually stuffed it into his suit. It's just a useless document.

Hearing this, Myra helplessly replied, "... Okay."

Placing the suit to the side, Myra told herself that she was just going to send him the suit and document.

It isn't a big deal. Besides, I still have to continue seeing Tony in the future. I can't hide from him forever.

The discussion of business matters went very smoothly and dinner was coming to an end, but seeing that Tony wasn't planning on leaving, the three other men suggested playing some poker.

The subject of their discussion naturally went from business matters to daily life.

Elliot had been holding back his curiosity the whole night and he couldn't hold back anymore. He nudged Tony with his left arm and asked, "Tony, is there anything you want to share?"

Because of his wound, Tony could only play with his right hand. However, he sat straight and his right hand was steady. He was smoking a cigarette so when it was his turn to play, he could only leave the cigarette hanging from the corner of his lips.

Tony played seriously with his eyes narrowed and his posture looked elegant and thug-like at the same time.

After hearing Elliot's question, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Tell us about Myra!"

He hit a brick away to protect a woman. It is hard to imagine that Tony would do something like that. Is it possible that he has fallen head over heels for her?

Elliot was a little unwilling to accept it. "Can't you fall for someone else?" He emphasized the words 'someone else' heavily.

Upon hearing this, Tony glanced over with a strange smile. Then, he lifted his left arm slightly and replied, "What do you think?"

Seeing that Elliot was a little discouraged, Philip chuckled, "Enough. Elliot, don't you know what kind of a person Tony is? Have you ever seen him treat a woman like this before?"

"Damn!" Elliot finally figured out the situation and he played a card upsettingly. "At first, I was planning to persuade Tony to give up on Myra, but it seems... never mind. Tony, you should hurry up and win her heart. It doesn't matter that she's a married woman..."



As soon as he finished this sentence, Tony suddenly flipped his cards over and glanced at Elliot.

Philip looked over and couldn't help but laugh. "Elliot, you've already lost a lot of money to Tony. I think it's best if you zip your mouth."

Looking at Tony's royal flush, Elliot almost burst into tears. "Tony, why do you have to be so good at this?!"

He was about to continue when he suddenly heard a knock on the door.

Hearing this, Elliot immediately frowned. "Didn't I already tell them that I was using this room tonight and warned them to not disturb us?!"

Tony casually flicked the ash from his cigarette butt and a mysterious look appeared on his face. "Perhaps they are not here to disturb us."

Seeing Tony's expression, Lucas squinted and gestured to Philip. Philip, who was sitting nearest to the door, immediately got up and walked toward the door.

Elliot noticed that Tony had put out the cigarette that was only half-smoked in the ashtray beside him. Then, Tony turned to fix his gaze on him.

"Why are you looking at me? Tony, the cigarette brand that I have been smoking lately is the same as yours," Elliot said as he raised the pack of cigarettes in his hand.

Lucas fell into deep thought for a moment. Then, he smiled and put his cigarette out in the ashtray. "Who cares about what brand of cigarette you smoke? Elliot, hurry up and put out your cigarette. Otherwise, the future Mrs. Hart might choke on your smoke."

"Mrs... Mrs. Hart?!" Elliot finally understood what was going on and he hurriedly put out his cigarette. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?! Why is she here all of a sudden?!"

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No one bothered about Elliot anymore, for Philip had already opened the private room door, and the woman standing outside was indeed Myra. She was still wearing an OL outfit from Chanel, the contrast of the light gray fabric against her fair skin giving her a gentle and comfortable feeling. Her long hair was tied back, baring her slender and delicate neck, while there was faint makeup on her exquisite face. It was just right, neither too plain nor too outstanding.

Upon seeing Philip, she was stunned for a moment before she murmured in mild embarrassment, "I'm sorry. I think I got the wrong room."

Just when she was about to turn around, Philip chuckled lightly. "You must be Miss Stark, yes? Director Hart is indeed in this room, so do come in."

Myra halted, finally remembering that she'd once seen the man in front of her. That time, he gave me a hand during the Hart Family's banquet. Thus, she looked over his shoulder into the room. Smoke lingered in the room, but it didn't obstruct her vision. Even in a crowd of equally outstanding men, Tony Hart is still identifiable at a single glance!

Philip flashed her a smile before pivoting and walking back in.

With the black jacket in hand, Myra hesitated for a moment. Then, she trailed behind him.

Tony was sitting close to the back. At this time, Lucas had already stood up and nonchalantly ambled over to the window with both hands in his pockets. He opened the window, yet his gaze traveled back every so often.

Coming to a stop near Lucas' seat, Myra handed the black jacket to Tony. "Director Hart, this is the jacket you left at the construction site today. David asked me to bring it here and give it to you." Her voice was just like her person, exceedingly gentle.

Elliot eagerly glanced at her several times. I initially suspected her motives, but after understanding Tony's 'motives,' I think hers simply pale in significance and aren't even worth mentioning! "M... Miss Stark." He stifled his original address of 'Mrs. Hart' even as his brain

whirred. Out of the blue, he fawningly moved over and took the jacket from her. "Do you play poker, Miss Stark?"

Myra recognized the man before her. When I went to Hart Group once, I bumped into him on Tony Hart's floor. Hence, she knew that he was Young Master Elliot. Looks like he's a good friend of his. As she stared at the poker table in front of her, she honestly shook her head. "No."

"It doesn't matter!" Clapping his hands, Elliot guffawed. "Tony is good at poker, so he can teach you later."

Myra shifted her gaze to Tony awkwardly. Ever since she came in, he hadn't said a single word, his face as expressionless as ever, and he wasn't looking at her at this time. Thus, she shook her head at Elliot in mortification. "I'm sorry, but you all go on, Young Master Elliot. I'm just here to deliver the jacket tonight, so I'll be leaving after doing so."

"Why are you in such a hurry to leave when you're already here, Miss Stark?" Elliot spared no effort in persuading her to stay. Then, he even tugged on her arm to seat her right beside Tony, but Tony's glacial gaze suddenly shot to Myra's arm which he held. His heart jolting, he instinctively released his hold on her even as he inwardly exclaimed, I'm dead!

Failing to react in time, Myra abruptly tumbled in the direction of his reaction force and toppled right into Tony's lap.

Time seemed to come to a standstill at this moment. Even the expression of the most imperturbable Lucas a near distance away changed slightly.

Having fallen into someone's embrace, Myra was enveloped by the familiar musky smell. She fell into a trance for a second, but in the next moment, her face instantly flushed bright red as though on fire. "I'm sorry, Director Hart!" She hastily scrambled up from the lap of the man behind her before shooting Elliot who was feigning innocence nearby an aggravated look. Never mind if you pulled me, but why did you suddenly let go?

Tony's brows furrowed slightly, his eyes still cold as he replied, "It's okay." He then looked at the jacket in Elliot's hand with squinted eyes, but no one knew what he was thinking. After a long time, he placidly said to Myra, "Thank you for bringing me the jacket, Miss Stark."

It's really strange to hear him saying thank you! Myra hurriedly waved a dismissive hand and brushed it off before she whirled around to leave the room.

All of a sudden, the sound of a glass clattering back onto the table rang out, followed by Philip's concerned voice. "Tony, you've got to use your right hand if you want to have a drink. Have you forgotten that your left hand is injured and indisposed?"

At once, Myra stopped in her tracks and pursed her lips.

Upon seeing this, Elliot promptly chimed in, saying, "But how can you manage when you've got to drink, smoke, and also draw cards, Tony? Say, you're really careless. Why did you injure your hand when you're already this old? Don't you know how important your hand is?"

As his voice was loud, the guilt within Myra grew. Biting her lip, she suddenly spun around and walked back toward the three of them, or more accurately speaking, toward Tony. Coming to a stop behind him, she inhaled deeply, a glimmer of guilt flashing across her eyes as she stared at the unfathomable man before her. "If you don't mind, why don't I help to draw cards for you tonight, Director Hart?" This was a sudden decision. His hand was only injured because of me, so if I were to just turn around and leave despite the puddle of water in front of him and his indisposed hand, it'll be a bit too cold-blooded of me. Earlier, Young Master Elliot probably asked me to stay and draw cards because he thought about this.

She was actually a touch apprehensive when she offered to stay since Tony was too indecipherable. If he declines, it'll seem as though I'm deliberately coming on to him. Her expression stiffened imperceptibly. After waiting for so long that she thought he was going to turn her down, she unexpectedly saw him nodding placidly. "Sure." Her nerves finally relaxed, but in the next moment, they stretched taut though she couldn't quite understand why she was getting nervous.

As the reek of cigarette smoke in the room had dissipated significantly, Lucas closed the window and returned to his seat.

Conversely, Tony got up from the poker table and stood to the back. All of a sudden, he reached out and pulled Myra over, putting his hands on her shoulders and steering her into his seat.

His hands were warm and dry, seemingly burning Myra's shoulders through the thin layer of clothing. For a moment, regret assailed her. Why did I volunteer myself? But it's too late to back out now, so I've got no choice but to bite the bullet! She tried recalling the poker games she'd seen in the past and imitated the moves. She indeed had no idea how to play poker, but fortunately, Tony guided her at the back.

For some reason—perhaps because he’s too close to me—I can smell the faint scent of tobacco on him, but it’s not pungent or off-putting.

She was rather lost throughout the entire game. She’d just drawn a card and was a second away from opening it when a massive hand shot out and half-wrapped around the hand in which she held the card. His fingers are tapered, long and slender yet carrying a masculine air, very much alluring. She stared at the hand, her face burning so hotly that it almost combusted.

“You can’t open this card because Elliot had just raised the stakes. If you do so, it’ll only reveal your hand.” Tony’s voice was deep and sexy, his warm breath brushing against her neck, making her feel as though she was sitting on pins and needles. Very quickly, he flipped open another card before placing the card in her hands into the stack of cards.

Elliot thumped his hand onto the table in dismay. “I’ve finally met a novice, yet you’re monopolizing the game, Tony!”