

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 81

“Thank you, Mr. Clark.” Eve heaved a sigh of relief while packing up the soup that she brought with her, ready to go back home. Before leaving, she smiled at him gently. “Do come visit me sometimes.”

“Definitely.” Leo nodded with a subtle smile. “Thank you, Mrs. Chase.”

“It’s nothing. In fact, I should be the one thanking you!” Now that Eve was satisfied, she chuckled when she saw the thermal lunch box he held. “I didn’t know you cook for yourself. You’re a fine young man.”

However, Leo merely shook his head, his response seemingly indicative of something else. “I didn’t make this. Somebody else did, and she was the one who delivered this to the office. I am merely handing this to the designated recipient.”

“Oh, then it must be someone’s wife who delivered this. He’s a lucky man.” Eve could smell the rich aroma of the soup despite the relatively short time they spent conversing with each other.

On the other hand, Leo wore a knowing smile while replying, “Yeah. He sure is a lucky man.”

After a few more exchanges, Eve left. It wasn’t until she was gone that Leo entered Tony’s office with the soup that Myra made for his boss. Tony could observe Leo and Eve’s conversation from the TV screen in his office. When Leo came in, he arched his brow before giving praise. “Good job.”

It was rare for Tony to compliment him, so he was smiling when he handed the soup to Tony. At the same, he didn’t forget to flatter Tony either. “This is the soup that Miss Stark wanted me to pass to you. Mrs. Chase was saying that you’re lucky to have Miss Stark as your wife!”

Seeing that Tony was wearing a faint smile, Leo heaved a sigh of relief. Tony’s mood had been unstable as of late, so he had been giving his subordinates a hard time. Fortunately, Myra’s soup seemed to be a miraculous cure that was able to soothe him. Then, the internal phone on Leo’s desk outside suddenly rang. Hence, he went out to take the call. After

spending some time talking over the phone, he re-entered Tony's office to inform his boss respectfully, "Mr. Hart, you have a call from the registry. Miss Lyla Fisher would like to meet you."

In the meantime, Eve's compliment was still being replayed on the screen in front of Tony. When he heard what Leo told him, he narrowed his eyes before replying indifferently, "Tell her to come up."

Then, he switched off the screen before lighting a cigarette. Soon enough, his fine features were shrouded by the smoke. "Has Myra left?" he asked all of a sudden after Leo told the registrar to let Lyla come up.

Leo gave him a nod. "She left after getting out of the small office."

"Then she would have definitely bumped into Lyla." Holding his cigarette between his index finger and middle finger, Tony tapped it on the ashtray to get rid of the ashes, all the while wearing an uncaring expression. "Do you think she might be jealous if she knows that I'll be meeting Lyla?"

Even if she has been delivering soup to your office, it doesn't mean she fancies you to the point of getting jealous over another girl meeting you. However, I'm fairly certain that she would be unhappy to see Lyla here. After mulling over the situation, Leo nodded calmly. "Of course she will be."

Tony lifted his head abruptly to stare at Leo as soon as he heard what the latter told him. Later on, as if he had read Leo's mind, he squinted at Leo. Feeling slightly guilty, Leo moved to take his leave. "Mr. Hart, I have other matters to tend to, so I'll be leaving first." After that, he fled the scene without waiting to hear what Tony had to say.

Meanwhile, Lyla was tidying her hair at the registrar. She was wearing a sky-blue, ankle-length dress, and a matching set of heels that accentuated her slim and tall figure. Her long, wavy hair was tied up in a bun, leaving two strands of hair in the front. Having put on a light but delicate makeup, she seemed refined. Apparently, she was in a good mood on this day.

Even though things were only progressing at a moderate pace on Sean's side, she knew she had succeeded in attracting his attention, which to her, was something worth celebrating. On the other hand, she would also be becoming Tony's ally, so people of the upper class society in Bradford City would have to be careful while dealing with her.

With that in mind, she observed the lady at the front register demurely while holding onto her sunglasses. The registrar was in turn, quite agitated by it. After the phone call ended, she turned to face Lyla delightedly, "Miss Fisher, Mr. Clark informed me that the president will be waiting for you upstairs."

"Thank you," she replied politely with a lilt in her voice. The registrar nearly asked her for a photo and an autograph, but she managed to stop herself and quickly waved her hand to show Lyla the way upstairs. Without a word, Lyla left for the elevator, and then pressed on the button with an arrow that was pointing upward.

She took her time to tidy up her hair again when she was waiting for the elevator. Soon enough, the doors of the elevator opened with a chime when it arrived at the ground floor. Both of the women who stood inside and outside of the elevator respectively were startled upon seeing each other.

Myra's countenance shifted into one of indifference when she ignored Lyla and stepped out of the elevator. However, when she brushed past Lyla, who was entering the elevator, the latter bumped her in the shoulder.

"Lyla Fisher! What are you doing?!" Myra whipped around to observe the seemingly harmless woman.

Letting out a chuckle, Lyla asked, "Do you still remember your promise to me when I left?"

Myra's expression darkened. Back when Eve forced Lyla to leave Bradford City, Myra had met up with Lyla to inform the latter that she would never stand between Sean and her, nor would she marry Sean during her absence. However, she relented when Eve begged her, or rather, she broke her promise to Lyla by marrying the man whom she also loved.

"You're the one who failed me, so you shouldn't be blaming me for being hard on you!" Lyla declared with a grim look on her face before entering the elevator. After that, she pressed on the button to close the door, leaving Myra alone outside, which somehow gave her a good mood.

Upon seeing the doors of the elevator closing slowly, gradually blocking Lyla's figure out of view, Myra clenched her fists. When she passed by the front register, she heard one of the registrars asking the other one, "What relationship do you suppose Lyla Fisher shares with the president?" The ambiguous tone prompted Myra to slow down in her steps.

“Hm, I think there must be more than meets the eye! He used to have Mr. Clark turn everyone down after all, so the fact that he allowed Lyla to go meet him is suspicious! Furthermore, he has to attend another meeting later on.”

“Yeah, I think so too! Actually, I think they’re a pretty good match. Think about it! Lyla Fisher’s public image in these recent years has been rather good. She’s so elegant and classy since she can play the piano. Also, I’ve heard that she likes to do charity. Add that to her beauty and humility; don’t you think that she’s a perfect match with our president?”

Myra couldn’t help but stop in her tracks while an odd emotion rippled within her. She wasn’t sure what it was, but it felt uncomfortable. Is Lyla perhaps Tony’s crush that he mentioned in the interview that day? But he knows about my feud with Lyla, so why would he act like we are acquaintances under such conditions? Her mind was all muddled up. Biting on her lip, she hurriedly left Hart Group.

Compared to her frazzled state, Lyla was in a much better place. It was as if she could already see herself marrying Sean after he declared his deep love to her in an attempt to have her stay by his side.

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After Lyla knocked on the door, Tony’s deep and sexy voice came through. “Come in.”

When she opened the door to enter his office, she knew he was smoking despite the fact that he had his back to her, as she could see the smoke rising from behind the chair. Even though she didn’t get to see his face, she could sense his regal and majestic air.

It’s a pity that he doesn’t belong to me, she mused. “You sure hired a lot of spies to work for you. I am impressed.” Lyla let out a chuckle after she spoke. Ever since they became allies, she had been getting increasingly unscrupulous.

Meanwhile, Tony narrowed his eyes while informing her in an aloof manner, “There are a stack of photos on the table that I suppose will be of use to you.”

Despite her slight surprise, Lyla smiled when she recalled the phone call she received at Zion Club that provided her with the information. "I wonder what your terms are, Mr. Hart. I am still worried that I might not be able to repay you."

Even though that was what she said, she still picked up the envelope on the desk without hesitation. After slowly opening it, she seemed excited when her eyes lit up as soon as she saw its contents. "Mr. Hart, can I know how Myra Stark offended you?" Lyla asked while browsing through the photos of Myra being intimate with other men. She wore a knowing smile as she spoke. "Why are you so eager to teach her a lesson?"

Due to the angle of the photos that obscured that man's face, all it showed was that the man had great physique. Therefore, the photos might not have much of an impact if they were published in magazines or tabloids. However, the photos could upset the balance if Sean saw them.

"That's none of your business. I trust that you know what you should and shouldn't do." Tony turned around abruptly. His handsome features made her heart throb while she realized just how much of a shame it was that she couldn't get her hands on him. Nonetheless, she quickly regained her composure. "All I have is but one request. Keep this between us, lest it gives us more trouble in the future." After all, she was aiming to marry into the Chase Family, so she didn't want to complicate things unnecessarily.

"Of course." Tony arched his brow, his eyes holding a chilly gaze.

Meanwhile, Myra got a call from Lyla not long after she got out of Hart Group. Although she wasn't planning on answering the call, she was at the same time curious about what Lyla had to say to her. Silence hung in the air when she picked up. After that, Lyla's slightly hoarse voice came through. "Myra Stark, do you want to know about the child that I had with Sean? I'll tell you everything if you come to the cafeteria at six in the evening."

Myra went to the construction site after leaving Hart Group, and she only got back to her car at five o'clock in the afternoon. Feeling somewhat preoccupied, she had to admit that she was tempted by Lyla's offer. After Sean accused her of such a foul deed, of course she would want to know what happened to Sean and Lyla's child.

Although Sean claimed that she murdered the child, she never had memories of committing such an atrocity; she didn't do anything to Lyla and the baby. After spending an entire afternoon pondering on the matter, she ended up getting into the car to drive to the cafeteria.

While on her way there, she passed by another cafeteria. Unexpectedly, she saw Estelle seemingly entangled with another man. She thought Estelle was in trouble, so she parked her car to enter the cafeteria. It was her first time ever dropping by there. The place was quiet and had good privacy, as there were potted plants everywhere that obscured the view of its interior.

When Myra was moving closer to Estelle, she heard Estelle's shrill voice ringing in the cafeteria. "I'm warning you, Shawn Hart! Stop making any moves on me! Don't you dare assume that I'll have to take responsibility just because I f*cked you! If that's how it is, the men that I would have to take care of would have formed a long line that would reach all the way to City Hall! You're a man, so act like one!"

Her speech was followed by the somewhat familiar voice of a man. He sounded a bit exasperated as he chided, "Stay still! I'll f*ck you right here, right now if you move a muscle!"

"How dare you, you scumbag! If you lay a finger on me, I'll make a public announcement at City Hall so that the public will know that you raped an innocent woman!"

"Pfft!" Myra couldn't help but huff out a laugh when she heard Estelle's fierce declaration.

"Who's there?!" Estelle's voice came through. It was too late for Myra to hide now, for the lush growth in front of her was pushed to the side by a slender hand, which revealed Estelle's face that was tinged a scarlet hue due to anger. She was startled when she saw Myra on the other side of the potted plant. "Myra, why are you here?"

Having been discovered, Myra could only walk up to them awkwardly. After pushing the branches aside, she could finally see the man's face. Although she never saw much of the third son of the Hart Family, she quickly determined that he looked almost as handsome as Tony, which seemed to prove that the Harts had an advantage in that department.

Shawn Hart had bright eyes and a straight nose, but he looked more serious compared to Tony, who was more cold aloof. However, Shawn also had an elegance befitting of his position as a government official.

"Hello, Mr. Hart." Ignoring Estelle, she opted to greet Shawn first.

On the other hand, Estelle tried to escape from Shawn's side by moving toward Myra, only to be stopped by Shawn, who was holding her by the waist. "Don't you dare forget about the

words that you whispered into my ears! You're the one who decided to get involved with me. Once that happens, we're bound together for life!"

"Bullsh*t!" Due to the fact that Myra was watching as Estelle made a fool out of herself, she couldn't help but swear while blushing. However, she covered as soon as she saw the grim look that crossed Shawn's face. She already witnessed his ever-changing mood and duplicity. Although he seemed like a just person on the outside, he was in fact a conniving b*stard.

Ever since she nearly died that night from all the torture that he inflicted on her, she had been avoiding him. However, their positions had switched; from being the chaser, she had become the one who was being pursued. No matter where she went, Shawn could always find her.

Therefore, she changed her tune. "I have an appointment with Myra, so we'll talk another day."

Shawn sulked as soon as he heard that, while Myra blinked in confusion. What appointment? We never agreed on that? Myra thought.

In the meantime, Shawn turned to look at Myra while asking, "Miss Stark, can you move your appointment to another date?"

Estelle was about to refuse him when Myra smiled apologetically at her before glancing at Shawn. "Of course. I can meet her on another date since she already has an appointment with you."

Estelle's eyes went wide in disbelief, whereas Myra heaved an inaudible sigh. After all, Estelle was the one who got involved with Shawn in the first place. She could still recall Estelle telling her that it wouldn't be a one-night-stand, as she was serious about the relationship. If that's the case, why can't you try spending some time with Shawn?

Other than that, Myra also had a feeling that Shawn was also serious about Estelle. At the same time, Estelle was blushing, so she determined that Estelle was denying her own feelings. After all, she never was someone who would blush that easily.

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"I'll be busy, so I won't be joining you." With that, Myra gave Estelle a wink before turning to leave.

On the other hand, Estelle gaped at her as she left, so much so that her eyes almost popped out of their sockets. No longer able to suppress her anger, she let out a howl. "Myra Stark, you rascal! What did Shawn promise you? Let go of me, you b*stard! I'll break both of your legs if you dare touch me—Um—" Her voice was muffled out, and things soon heated up.

Myra paused before smiling out of relief. It's time someone teach her a lesson. From what she could see, Shawn's feelings toward Estelle were genuine, so she was certain Shawn would treasure Estelle.

Myra arrived at the cafeteria on time, but Lyla was nowhere to be found. She wasn't in a hurry, so she ordered a glass of lemonade after taking a seat. After some thought, she ordered another glass. While sipping on her drink, she glanced at the bustling street view outside. The sun had set rather early. As darkness descended, the street lights lit up one by one, giving the city a warm glow.

"It has been a while since we last saw each other. You are as punctual as ever, Miss Stark."

A familiar lilt came from behind her, but her countenance shifted at the sound of such a pleasant voice. Cafeterias were designed to be more enclosed, so Myra's table was blocked from view by a thick bamboo growth. When she turned around, she saw Lyla pushing the bamboo aside, from which her slim figure emerged.

Lyla observed Myra, who quickly schooled her expression, with a smile on her dainty lips. Then, she took off her sunglasses slowly, placing them on the table in front of her. "Does this place look familiar to you?"

The pianist in the cafeteria had just finished a splendid performance of 'Für Elise,' which was followed by a sparse applause. However, the two of them seemed to be isolated in their own world, the tense atmosphere between them setting them apart from the crowd.

Myra held a sophisticated glance. She knew what Lyla meant. Back when Eve forced Lyla to leave the city, Myra asked to meet her in the exact same cafeteria. Two years later, it was still in business. Back then, the atmosphere between them was even more awkward. But on second thought, Myra recognized that it might very well just be a matter of perspective. Not wanting to waste time beating around the bush, she cut to the chase. "Didn't you tell me you would like to talk about what happened to Sean's baby that you carried?"

Although Myra tried her best to hide her feelings of unease, Lyla could read her like an open book. With a smile on her face, Lyla asked, "Why the rush? I have plenty of time to tell you the full story."

Lyla let out a chuckle while staring at Myra with an ever broadening smile. It had only been two years, and despite the fact that they had returned to the same place, both of them had opposite mentalities compared to how they used to think back then.

"Myra, I have to say, you're even more useless than I thought." Lyla gave her a once-over before letting out a chuckle. "You're as disgusting as ever. You didn't even manage to win Sean over."

There was a drastic shift in Myra's countenance when she shot up from her seat abruptly.

"Don't you want to know about the child?" Lyla was unaffected despite Myra's reaction, as if she was certain that Myra wouldn't leave. "You're free to go if you don't think you want the answers."

With that, Lyla sat down to take a sip out of the lemonade in front of her with slight disdain. Sure enough, Myra didn't leave. Instead, she was clutching onto the strap of her bag, and managed to calm herself down within a short time. Then, she called for a waiter. "I would like to have some more water please."

After that, she sat back down, and a heavy silence hung in the air between them. Just when Lyla arched her brow, Myra spoke up languidly. "I know why you're here. Even if you didn't come back, I'll soon be divorcing Sean anyway."

That short sentence seemed to have taken a whole lot out of her. However, she knew she owed Lyla an explanation, since she was the one who made the promise. Although nothing dictated that she had to follow through on the promise, she acknowledged that it was, nonetheless, a breach of trust.

Memories of Sean's aloofness toward her in the past two years prompted her to squeeze her hands together while wearing a self-deprecatory expression. "He never liked me. On the contrary, he loved you all the same despite the hatred that he harbored toward you. If you're here to protest, I'll have you know that you already won. In fact, you always had the advantage," she said. Meanwhile, I've always been on the losing end.

"Won?" Lyla smiled. Although her smile was dainty, Myra couldn't help but feel a sense of dread when she saw that. "I have not won, at least for now. Do you know what is it that makes me hate you the most?" Lyla asked.

The smile on her face melted away as she stared at Myra's dark and alluring eyes with a vicious glint. "I hate you for having the support of your family despite having done nothing to deserve it! I hate that Eve would beg for you to marry Sean even though you didn't even put in any effort! Myra Stark, why do you get to have things that are way better than those that I possess when I'm so much better than you?"

At that moment, the light in Lyla's eyes had died out, and something dark took its place. Her intense stare sent a shiver down Myra's spine. Begrudgingly, Myra retorted, "I don't even want my family if I get to choose." After all, she had no qualms parting with everyone and everything related to her father.

"Those are but hollow words!" Lyla took a second to scan her surroundings, a hint of menace fleeting across her gaze. "It's all because you never experienced all the hardships that normal people like me have experienced! Speaking of which, I have never seen someone as shameless as you. Who are you to meddle in my relationship with Sean? Who do you think you are? The Messiah? Aren't you being a little too haughty?"

Myra squeezed her hands together when Lyla was going all out on her. "You can't hide anything from me! I know your b*tch of a mother was the one who undermined your father's relationship with another woman that he liked! However, she did receive her karma, having been reduced to a madwoman who ended her own life! As for you—"

Before Lyla could finish, she was given a loud, hard slap on the face. She wore an odd expression while observing Myra, whose chest was heaving due to anger. Then, she let out a chuckle. "Myra, you should blame yourself for going back on your word. If only you'd honored our agreement, nothing would've happened, including everything that happened after..."

All of a sudden, Lyla's gaze became even weirder. After that, she snatched the glass of water in front of Myra to splash it on herself while Myra watched in bafflement. In the meantime, the weird look in her eye transformed into one of innocence and weakness.

As tears rolled down her cheeks, she retrieved a stack of photos from her bag before spreading them out on the table. Then, she began lamenting, "Myra, I know you don't like Sean, but you're still a married couple, so how can you do this to him? You should come at me if you hate me. I don't mind begging for your forgiveness, so please don't do this to him..." By the end of her words, she sniffled.

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"What are you doing?" Before Myra could react, and just when Lyla was about to kneel on the ground, a cheerless voice came through. While Myra froze, Lyla was smiling when nobody could see her. After that, the two of them turned around to cast their glances in the direction of the voice, only to see Sean marching toward them with a grim look on his face while holding onto his phone. With the silent cafeteria as a backdrop, the ceiling lights that shone on him seemed to make him glow. However, it didn't soften his gaze as he stared at Myra with a steely look.

"Sean, I'm alright. Didn't I tell you I'm having a drink with Myra? I can solve this on my own, so don't—" Lyla began explaining herself in a flurry of panic. When she turned to look at Myra, she inadvertently showed him the angry slap mark on her left cheek. Then, as if realizing what she had done, she tried to turn away to hide that mark, but Sean held her head in place by pinching on her chin.

"Sean, I'm fine, really..." Although Lyla's eyes were red on the rim, she was consoling Sean with a gentle voice.

On the other hand, his pupils shrunk in anger when he laid eyes on the slap mark and the water that drenched Lyla's face. He snapped his head back to stare at Myra, who was biting on her lip, with piercing eyes that nailed her to the spot. "Apologize!" His gaze was chilly and aloof when he glared at her while gritting his teeth.

Meanwhile, Myra was watching as he held Lyla in his arms, tucking her as close as possible, as if afraid Myra might harm her. Myra could feel her own body stiffen while she bit her lip. Nonetheless, she met his steely gaze stubbornly. "Why should I apologize?"

She realized Lyla was lying when she said she would reveal to her the truth regarding her baby. All Lyla wanted was to lure her out. While recalling Lyla's previous actions, the pieces began quickly falling into place in her mind. Having grasped Lyla's true intentions, she wanted to laugh, but she couldn't. At least not at that moment. It's all because I was foolish enough to trust her that I ended up falling into her trap!

"Sean, I'm fine, so don't do this to Myra." With reddened eyes, Lyla began shedding tears. "All I wanted was to tell her to stop treating you like that. She might have lashed out at me, but I'm fine..."

"Apologize to Lyla!" Sean averted his gaze from Lyla's face. The veins on his forehead were popping when he glared at Myra, while a storm seemed to be brewing behind his intense gaze.

Myra was still biting down hard on her lips, so much so that she nearly drew blood. Whenever she had a conflict with someone, Sean would always request that she apologize to the other party, as if she were, by default, the vicious and despicable one who was at fault in every situation. While she used to feel aggrieved, she now felt humiliated. Therefore, she merely clenched her fists on her sides.

"Sean, don't be angry..." Although still wearing an aggrieved look, Lyla was tugging on his sleeve benignly. "I'm fine. There must be some sort of misunderstanding. I was intending to question Myra about the incident, as I didn't want you to feel sad over this. Please don't treat her like this. We can still talk things through..."

As if suddenly noticing something, Lyla sprang into action, trying to pick up the photos on the table, but Sean already noticed them before she could. He snatched them away from her with a morose look on his face. Following her movement, he noticed that there were still a lot more photos on the table or even scattered on the floor. Those were all photos of Myra being intimate with another man.

Some depicted her in his arms, while some depicted her kissing him. There were also ones in which they were flirting while the man reached out to caress her. Sean stared at the photos in disbelief before he was quickly overwhelmed by shame and anger. Prior to that, he was merely having doubts, but with those photos, his doubts were proven to be true. Since

he never was as intimate with Myra, he couldn't possibly be the man in the photos. All of a sudden, he threw the photos onto Myra's face. "What do you have to say for yourself?"

While her face hurt from being hit by the photos, her heart was aching even more. When she took a closer look at the photos, she noticed most of them were taken when she was with Tony. She didn't even know when Lyla sent a detective after her to take those photos, but it sure proved how much effort Lyla put into her plot.

"Sean, Myra must have her own reasons, so why don't you wait until I talk things through with her?" Although Lyla said so, she seemed to fear Myra, as her body trembled while she added in a hushed voice, "I have nothing that she might target, so you don't have to worry..."

Have nothing that she might target... Her words reminded Sean of their unborn child. Throughout the past two years, he had been wondering why Lyla would leave him. He didn't believe she would make the decision out of money. Plus, he came to know by accident a few days ago that she had had a conversation with his mother back then...

The scales were tipping without him noticing it. He knew for certain that he had yet to get over Lyla. He had always had a great impression of her. After he knew that his mother had spoken to her before her departure, he immediately began searching for clues like a madman. And now that he'd witnessed her being humiliated by Myra for his sake... Although Sean still had a grim expression on him, he was patient toward Lyla. All of a sudden, he took off his jacket to drape it over her shoulders.

Lyla was startled by his kindness. Soon, tears began welling up in her eyes. "Sean..."

Although Sean's movements were stiff, his expression cold, Myra noticed the worry and love he had for her, which made her feel jealous. Throughout their two-year marriage, he never was considerate toward her. Even a casual greeting was too much to ask of him, say less of such acts of kindness.

"Myra Stark, you'd better stop finding fault with her, or else I won't go easy on you the next time!" Sean took a hot towel from a waiter that he covered on Lyla's face delicately. Lyla shuddered, for the sudden warmth on her face seemed to sting a little. Seeing that, Sean pulled her into his arms. While Lyla was in his arms, she smiled when neither him nor Myra were looking.

She was pleased when she noticed that Myra was spacing out while staring at Sean. However, she lowered her gaze to tug on his sleeve once again. "Sean, I'm sure it's a misunderstanding, so don't be angry. Let's talk things through calmly, please?"

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"That won't be necessary, considering that there's nothing else to say between us." Myra wiped her face with her sleeve. The sight of Lyla and Sean being all lovey-dovey was a sore sight for eyes.

Somewhere near them, a waiter opened the door to the cafeteria, while the manager greeted the four people who came through flatteringly, "Allow me to offer my sincerest of greetings, Mr. Hart, Mr. Windrow, Mr. Renaud, and Mr. Samson. What brings you?"

The four men before him represented the four most prestigious families in Bradford City. Having worked his way up to his position as manager, the man knew who they were, which was why he wanted to make sure he didn't cross them by offering his best services.

The four men were none other than Tony Hart and his friends. As soon as they entered the cafeteria, their handsome looks and extraordinary temperament garnered the attention of all the customers. Given their graceful movements, it wasn't hard to surmise that they were of noble birth. However, aside from one man who seemed to be more easygoing, the rest of them wore a look of indifference, so nobody dared approach them. Instead, they were all left admiring them from afar.

Elliot was in a good mood, seeing that Tony offered to buy them some coffee. He waved his hand at the waiter who approached them. "You can safely ignore us and resume your respective tasks. We're merely dropping by to have a cup of coffee."

"No problem at all. Allow us to show you to the best room." The manager was all smiles.

"That won't be necessary," the man in the lead said casually. He was in a suit and leather shoes, his appearance marking him as one of the elites in society. With a morose look on

his face, he told the manager after glancing at a certain spot in the cafeteria, "We'll sit in a corner at the public space."

The rest of his friends were startled by his decision. "Tony, we never sat in open spaces like this..." Elliot reminded him. None of them understood why he would choose to sit there when he decided to buy them coffee. With all the women around them, sitting in the public meant that they would be the center of attention. But as soon as Tony glanced at him, Elliot shuddered before scrambling to pull out a chair and sat down on it. However, he let out a cry of surprise when he just sat down.

"What's the matter?" Philip asked. Elliot quickly averted his gaze while trying to stop the rest of them from looking, but it was too late. All three of them glanced in the direction that Elliot was looking at, only to see Myra, who had been close to Tony as of late, standing by the bamboos. However, she seemed to be in some sort of trouble, for her face was as pale as paper, her slim figure and expression betraying how uncomfortable and painful she was feeling. Meanwhile, standing across from her were two other people.

All four of them knew who Myra was, so they recognized the man in front of her, who was currently holding onto another woman, as her husband, the president of Chase Group.

Judging from the situation...

Philip and Lucas exchanged a glance, suddenly understanding the reason that Tony requested to make a stop at the tiny cafeteria.

"Ahem! Tony, I know you like Turkish coffee, so why don't we have the waiter serve that?" Elliot feared that Tony might just step in to interfere, but everybody knew it wasn't the appropriate time to do so. Although he tried his best to get his friend's attention, it didn't seem to be working. Meanwhile, Tony was still staring in Myra's direction with a calm gaze that betrayed a hint of menace.

"I... I didn't even tell you that Myra was the one who slapped me." Lyla began tugging on Sean after a brief pause. "Sean, you shouldn't be blaming her. We were just horsing around." Her body was still trembling with what Sean perceived as fear toward Myra. Lifting her head, she looked him in the eye. At the same time, she was biting so hard on her delicate lip that she nearly drew blood. "Sean, it's all my fault. I shouldn't have come to meet with Myra, so let's go! No, not us, but me. I'll go. Y-You can stay here with Myra..." With that, she tried to pry herself away from Sean, her frail physique nearly toppling over from the exertion.

"Enough!" Sean pulled her closer than ever while making sure that she had her back to Myra. With a morose look that showcased his hatred toward Myra, he spat, "Myra, I won't look into what happened just now, so you'd better get the f*ck out of here before I change my mind!"

Upon hearing that, Myra shuddered. Did he just swear at me? So this is how different Lyla and I are to him. While observing Lyla, she couldn't help but let out a chuckle before speaking up in a melancholic tone. "You never believed in me, so I wonder why I am naive enough to think that you might, for once, do just that."

While glancing at Lyla, she shook her head with a wistful smile on her face. "I don't even know what I have done to incite in you such hatred toward me! But Sean Chase, I had been nothing but supportive when you were at your lowest, so why won't you trust me, even if it's just this once? Back then, I even met up with Lyla!" She pointed at the woman who was trembling in his arms. "I wanted to persuade her to stay for your sake, but she didn't want to because you were in such abject poverty! Instead, she found herself a rich man! I was the one who was willing to stand by you! Yet, you're now willing to chase me away for her sake, and over those tricks that she pulled!" Myra wanted to laugh, which she did, but her broken laughter was absolutely horrendous.

On the other hand, Lyla was weeping with even more sorrow. "Myra, I know you love Sean, so I am not to criticize you by deploying such tactics to keep him. However, nobody said I was unwilling to stay by him when he was in poverty! I never thought of leaving him behind, and I always planned on coming back to him! If it wasn't for you and Mrs. Chase, you—" Lyla's body froze before she shut her mouth. All of a sudden, she began tugging on Sean's sleeve with a look of sorrow on her face. "Sean, I did leave you back then. No matter my circumstances, I left you, so I deserve this. I won't shirk my responsibility. If you wish to be with Myra, I... I... I will give you my blessings..."

With that, she tried to pry herself away from him, but he pulled her even closer. "Just leave me alone, Sean. My reputation is tarnished anyway..." Once again, she was trembling. "I should leave Bradford City. I should never have returned in the first place..."

Lyla's acting was so flawless that not even Myra could criticize.

"As I said, get the f*ck out of my sight!" While still holding onto Lyla tightly, Sean whipped his head around. His face contorted with anger when he looked at the photos that were scattered all over the floor. Then, he looked at Myra with a deadly stare. "Myra, how dare you assault Lyla! You are a cruel woman who betrayed me with your duplicity!" He wore a cold and ruthless expression on his face.

"Sean, calm down..." Lyla was sobbing in his arms while trying to placate him by caressing his chest.

Meanwhile, Myra was staring with misted eyes at their unpretentious sweet interaction in bafflement. I might have made a mistake after all. I shouldn't have married a man who never loved me! I shouldn't have assumed that he might fall for me! She was trembling so violently that she could topple over any moment, but she forced herself to plant her feet in the ground.