

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 91

Myra couldn't help scolding herself inwardly for being an idiot after finishing her sentence. Is it necessary to tell him this kind of thing in person? Besides, I could've just called him even if I wanted to report this to him, yet I drove here so late at night, as if with some unspeakable purpose!

Flushing bright red with embarrassment, Myra suddenly found herself at a loss for where to put the pair of hands that she originally had placed on her steering wheel.

Tony's eyes narrowed slightly as he glanced down at the expensive watch on his wrist. Then, he asked her flatly, "Are you busy tonight?"

"Huh?" Myra didn't come to her senses for a moment.

Tony repeated flatly, "Are you busy tonight?"

Myra hesitated before she shook her head puzzledly. "No, I'm not."

Tony's mouth seemed to curve into a faint smile. He was tall and handsome in the first place, and such a calm and composed demeanor lent him a charm that most men lacked. Suddenly, he walked toward the passenger seat and knocked on the car door. After Myra mechanically unlocked the car door, he bent down and got into her car right away, saying, "It so happened that my car broke down, and there's no car in sight after I'd waited here for a long time, so why don't you give me a lift? I'd like to go to Zion Club; you know the way."

Since he was of great stature, Myra immediately felt as if the space in the car had become cramped the instant he got into her BMW Z4. His handsome facial features and the outline of his profile appeared even more sculpted and clear-cut when illuminated by the streetlight; his elegance, which contained a hint of steadiness, stemmed from an air of nobleness that he had accumulated over time.

Myra was stunned for a moment; she felt she should say something, but she couldn't get a word out as her mouth opened and closed. Just then, Tony turned to look at her seriously. "Are you busy tonight? Or is it inconvenient for you?"

Myra felt ill at ease all over as he stared at her with his deep eyes. Indeed, she had thought of turning him down politely, but she had told him that she wasn't busy when he asked her just now. She turned her head away in embarrassment, but something suddenly came into her mind, causing her to tighten her grip on the steering wheel. She asked in a low voice, "Director Hart... are you on good terms with Lyla?"

She didn't forget what the receptionist had said at the Hart Group's front desk that day. Even though she had no idea what the feeling inside her was, the notion that the man who had helped her so many times had something to do with Lyla made her feel uncomfortable.

Tony narrowed his eyes slightly; his eyes seemed to have a kind of magic, as if they could see through everything in her mind when he looked into her eyes. Suddenly, he chuckled. "Why are you suddenly asking about this?"

Myra inexplicably felt her cheeks burning upon hearing him laugh. After biting her lip, she started the engine right away. "Nothing. I was just asking, so it doesn't matter if you don't answer that, Director Hart."

"Does it really not matter?" Sitting calmly in the passenger seat, Tony withdrew his gaze, took out his cell phone, and seemed to have sent out a text message. Streetlights flashed past him continuously on both sides of the road, illuminating half of his face intermittently while the other half was hidden in the shadows.

Myra suddenly felt that she had asked a question she shouldn't have. Even if Lyla has something to do with him, it is solely his business and has nothing to do with me since I'm an outsider. So why must he tell me about that?

For some reason, a feeling of irritation surged up within Myra; she couldn't help stepping hard on the gas while answering stubbornly, "Yep, it really doesn't."

The corners of Tony's mouth turned up slightly amid the high-speed ride as he put away his cell phone. It had occurred to him that Myra would be unhappy about the matter with Lyla; obviously, this outcome was even more surprising than he had expected. The way the woman next to him behaved as if going into a sulk made him feel much happier, so he turned to look indifferently at the woman before him, saying, "She and I aren't even considered friends."

Upon hearing his words, Myra suddenly eased off the gas pedal in disbelief. "How could that be possible?! I saw her going to see you that day..."

Tony turned his head away to prevent her from noticing the amusement in his eyes. Then, without turning a hair, he replied, “She came to me that day because she wanted the commercial endorsement deal for the Sunny Bay project, but I told her that I’d like to take a few days to consider it.”

Myra only felt as though she was hearing things. Lyla went to him to ask for the commercial endorsement deal from him? That’s right; I remember that the Chase Group nominated Lyla to be the commercial spokesperson, so it’s only natural that she went to Tony.

The corners of her mouth turned up without her realizing it, for she felt like there was a rubber ball full of air inside her that suddenly deflated bit by bit after a tiny hole had been poked in it. Upon hearing that Lyla and Tony had nothing to do with each other, she was inwardly relieved, which she attributed to the thought that she wouldn’t have to make herself uncomfortable for someone else’s sake if she ran into Lyla in the future.

Tony’s mood was uplifted when he noticed that Myra’s expression had softened visibly. Suddenly, he took a cigarette out of his pocket and lit it up right away, and a wisp of smoke curled upward soon after that. Then, he wound down the car window a bit to let the smoke out.

Tony had a distinctively masculine charm of his own when he smoked, and Myra was surprised to find herself fascinated while looking at him. Upon coming to her senses, she quickly turned her head away and scolded herself inwardly for behaving like a fangirl. After that, she immediately turned on the engine and drove away from here.

Meanwhile, after Myra drove away from the Hart Group’s office, Leo drove the silver-gray Bentley—which Tony claimed to have broken down—to the front entrance of the Hart Group’s office building, but he couldn’t find any sign of his boss.

Soon after that, the cell phone in his pocket received a text message. It read, ‘You’re getting the night off.’

Leo was stupefied. Did my boss hitch somebody’s ride?

Meanwhile, the man who got a lift—no, a special ride—from Myra was lowering his head and fiddling with his cell phone.

Actually, he seldom played with his cell phone, which he only used to make phone calls, send text messages, and hold video conferences.

This day was different, though. A few days ago, Elliot took his cell phone and registered an account on a mobile app called Messenger for him. According to him, young people liked using this app nowadays, so old men like them had to jump on the bandwagon or risk getting out of touch with those as young as Myra, whom he addressed using her first name.

Tony was very pleased that Elliot addressed Myra using her first name, but he raised his brow upon recalling the 10-year age difference between Myra and himself. Therefore, he couldn't help giving his acquiescence despite his reluctance to let Elliot touch his cell phone.

However, it was apparent that the man with exceptional IQ was defeated by the app that he had never used. After tinkering with the app for a long time, he could only hear Elliot's anxious voice from the other end. "Where are you, Tony?"

After hearing this question about six or seven times, Myra could no longer help herself. She stretched out her hand to Tony, suggesting, "Let me help you with that, Director Hart."

Upon hearing Myra's words, Tony narrowed his eyes and glanced at her fair and slim wrist; only then did he hand the cell phone—which he didn't like anybody else touching—to her.

Myra controlled the steering wheel with her left hand while holding Tony's cell phone—which had a black casing—with her right. After pressing a button, she said to Elliot, "Director Hart is now on Chilham Route and will reach Zion Club in ten minutes." Then, she gave the cell phone back to Tony.

Having observed thoroughly how she used the app just now, Tony said casually while taking back his cell phone, "I didn't bother to answer Elliot just now because I wanted to hear his voice a few more times."

Myra laughed inwardly upon hearing his words, which sounded like an excuse to cover up his inability to use Messenger no matter how one deciphered it. So there is stuff that Tony is unskilled at!

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Meanwhile, Elliot, Shawn, Damian, and the others had arrived at Zion Club. They were here to give a farewell dinner to Damian, who would be returning to the army very soon.

Elliot was a casual person in the first place, so when he saw the voice message from Tony, he unthinkingly played it in front of everyone else right away.

“Director Hart is now on Chilham Route and will reach Zion Club in ten minutes.”

The soft and familiar voice that came from the cell phone stunned everyone at once. When they realized what had happened, Elliot’s eyes instantly lit up. “Wow, Tony is with Mrs. Hart right now!” he exclaimed. “Damn, did Tony let Mrs. Hart touch his cell phone?!” he added.

Everyone in the circle knew how serious Tony’s grumpiness was. Previously, he reluctantly handed his cell phone to Elliot only after the latter tried every way possible to convince him of the wonderful benefits of using Messenger. Nevertheless, he nearly killed Elliot with his eyes as he watched the latter tinkering with his cell phone!

Philip commented leisurely, “Since it’s Myra, she can touch Tony’s cell phone, of course.”

Lucas, on the other hand, shot Elliot a glance. “Duh!”

Speechless, Elliot snorted at both of them since he couldn’t outargue them. However... he moved close to them a while later with a shifty face, suggesting, “Don’t we have a chat group on Messenger? What about we invite Tony and Myra to join the group? Tony will definitely join the chat group if Myra does!”

Upon hearing his words, Philip and Lucas looked at Shawn and Damien.

Shawn knew Myra through her relationship with Estelle, from whom he had heard long ago about Myra’s impending divorce from her ex-husband, as well as how bad Myra’s ex-husband was and how good Myra was. He was only superficially conscious of social conventions; plus, Tony never let anyone stick their noses into his business, so he wouldn’t

think much about it. Damian, however, had an unnoticeable frown upon hearing the three's conversation. "Could you guys be talking about... Myra Stark?"

Philip and Lucas exchanged glances upon noticing the tone in Damian's voice. Philip answered with a smile, "Yeah, we're talking about her. It's rumored that Myra and her husband have been discussing getting a divorce because of the return of the latter's first love. Tony has compassion and care for her, so he has been helping her in secret these days."

His reply contained a lot of information. Firstly, Myra wasn't at the bottom of her divorce from her husband, for she wanted a divorce because her husband was unfaithful. Secondly, Tony didn't make it widely known that he had been helping Myra, who probably didn't realize Tony's intention at all, so she wasn't to be blamed.

"Is her husband Sean Chase, the director of the Chase Group?" asked Damien. He remembered what he had seen at the banquet that day, so he paid some attention to it after that.

Also sensing that something was wrong, Elliot immediately nodded. "That's him! Damien, once you turn over the pages of entertainment magazines, you'll see that this man is constantly involved in gossip every single day. He'd be photographed with a celebrity on this day and be caught fooling around with a young model on the next. If I were Miss Stark, I would have divorced him long ago instead of putting up with him until now! In my opinion, she gets bullied too easily with that temper of hers."

He no longer dared to say the word 'Mrs. Hart' out loud.

Upon hearing Elliot's words, Damian finally unknitted his brows and said nothing else.

Only then did the three men sigh in relief inwardly.

Myra and Tony soon arrived at Zion Club.

A valet came to take the car key to park the car, but Myra thanked him without handing her car key to him. Looking at Tony, who had stepped out of the car and walked toward her car door, she said, "Director Hart, I won't be seeing you off into the club. It's a bit late tonight, so I—"

Just then, her unfinished speech was interrupted by a casual voice. "Miss Stark!" Elliot popped up from nowhere and came up to her happily upon seeing her. Enthusiastically pulling the car door open for her, he assumed the standard demeanor of a gentleman, saying, "We knew that you were the one who used Tony's cell phone in the car just now, Miss Stark! Hurry up and get out of the car, Miss Stark; we've reserved a seat for you."

Feeling awkward, Myra waved her hand. "That's not necessary. I have something else to attend to tonight—"

Elliot, however, was as silver-tongued as always. "Just put it off if it isn't important. Since you've sent Tony to Zion Club tonight, it would appear rude for us not to ask you to stay for dinner with us."

Myra still wanted to make a last-ditch attempt to turn Elliot down, but the latter simply didn't give her a chance to speak by pretending to try to grab her right away. Feeling helpless, she glanced at the expressionless man beside her and gritted her teeth. Then, she stepped out of the driver's seat and handed her car key to the valet.

She thought to herself, It's only one dinner. I've attended many dinners over the past two years; I just have to finish eating and leave as soon as possible.

Seeing that Myra had agreed to stay for dinner, Elliot smugly raised his brow at Tony, who seemed to frown upon him. He then darted Elliot a look and stepped inside right away.

Provoked by the look in Tony's eyes, Elliot gave Tony a glare from behind. Then, he turned to look at Myra with a mischievous grin, asking, "May I ask what's your Messenger username, Miss Stark? I'd like to add you on Messenger so that it's convenient for us to discuss business-related matters in the future, if there's any."

Upon hearing his words, Myra had a confused look on her face. The Chase Group seldom had dealings with the Samson Group; even if there was any, it wasn't something that someone at her level could take part in. Still, she told Elliot her Messenger username. Perhaps because she had been unable to join Sean's circle of childhood friends, she found Tony's friends more and more amiable.

However, her body stiffened the instant the three of them entered the private room. She thought that Tony came to Zion Club on this day to have dinner with Elliot and his friends, but she didn't expect Tony's two brothers to be present in addition to Elliot, Philip, and Lucas.

She knew Shawn, the famous Deputy Mayor Hart of the city council and the man for whom Estelle was head over heels. He gave her a nod of greeting upon seeing her, but as for Damian... It was probably her illusion, but she felt that Damian had been sizing her up without anyone else noticing.

Feeling nervous, she greeted, "Sorry for disturbing you all."

Tony naturally wanted to take the seat next to Damian, but the seat next to it belonged to Philip, who immediately stood up and gave up his seat to Myra, saying, "Now that you're here, hurry up and take a seat, Miss Stark. Feel free to see if there's anything else you'd like to order."

Myra felt a tinge of regret. Had she known this would happen, she would have refused to join the dinner no matter what. But now that she was already in the room, she could only put on a bold front. "Thank you." She took the seat that Philip gave up and soon saw Tony sitting next to her.

She wondered if this was her imagination, but Tony's three friends seemed to be trying to bring her and Tony together in a concealed manner. After pursing her lips, she took the menu and handed it to Tony right away. "It's better that you order first, Director Hart. I'm not particular about food."

Her words were full of courtesy.

Taking the menu from her, Tony narrowed his eyes before listing a few dishes to the reverent waiter, who stood at the side, without much thought.

Damian frowned next to him. "Tony, why didn't I know that your taste in food has become so extreme?"

The dishes Tony had ordered just now were rich in taste, but everyone here knew that he only ate lightly seasoned food.

However, Tony didn't have much of an expression upon hearing Damian's question. He casually turned another few pages of the menu and answered, "I feel like tasting something different occasionally."

Damian raised his brow. "Well, you never did this at home."

The corners of Tony's thin lips turned up, but he said nothing else and ordered warm fruit juice for Myra and himself on the excuse that his wound hadn't healed yet.

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Elliot muttered, "You actually ordered warm fruit juice? You really are becoming increasingly fussy, Tony."

Myra felt even more ill at ease. Who would order warm drinks on a hot day? But... indeed, she could only drink something warm because she was having her period these days. She wondered if Tony ordered warm drinks by sheer coincidence or because of something else.

She glanced back at Tony, who—as it happened—was looking at her as well. There seemed to be an emotion in his eyes that slowly permeated the private room, giving her a momentary impression that he was wearing a tender expression.

Tender? Myra was stunned, but Tony had reassumed his usual stony face when she looked at him again. He asked flatly, "Why are you looking at me, Miss Stark?"

Upon hearing his words, Myra was startled for a moment. Then, seeing that everyone was looking at her, she instantly went red in the face. She wanted to say that he was looking at her as well, but saying so would sound too suggestive, so she could only answer awkwardly, "I-It's nothing."

Tony was a man who could be very serious at one moment and instantly shameless in the next. Myra had seen this mischievous side of him, but she hated herself for playing right into his hands every single time. With that thought in mind, she snorted inwardly and turned her head away.

Tony's eyes flickered with fondness at the sight of her lovably haughty demeanor.

Damian, however, had a complicated look in his eyes as he watched Myra and Tony's interaction. He was more conservative-minded, so rationally speaking, he didn't quite

approve of Tony's involvement with a married woman. Even though the woman would be getting a divorce soon, she hadn't gotten a divorce yet. It would be bad for both of them and their families if any rumors arose from this. However, he was leaving soon and couldn't care about these two people, so he could only hope that Tony wouldn't stir up too much trouble.

Myra ate her meal very quietly. Everyone else in the room were men, so they naturally had their own stuff to talk about. Therefore, she only had to eat more and keep pretending to be invisible.

Surprisingly, Zion Club's food was delicious and very much to her taste. The dishes that Tony ordered afterward were placed in front of him, but they were easily within her reach. Basically, Tony rarely ate those dishes, so Myra ended up eating them all.

Food that tasted rich was delicious, but there was a drawback—one would become thirsty after eating them. Myra soon finished the glass of warm fruit juice in front of her. Just when she was thinking of asking the waiter to serve her another glass when he came in, she suddenly choked on a chunk of spicy chicken. Its spiciness spread right into her windpipe, causing her to have a bad cough.

A sudden silence fell over the dining table as everyone turned to look at her. Feeling even more embarrassed, Myra immediately turned her head and suppressed her cough. It was apparent that she was quite overwhelmed by the spiciness, for she hissed while coughing under her breath.

Just when Elliot was about to pass his red wine to Myra, a glass of warm fruit juice had been handed to her. Myra uttered the word 'thanks' with much difficulty as she hastily took the glass of warm fruit juice and drank it. The lukewarm fruit juice flowed down her throat, instantly making her feel a lot better.

However, after drinking the fruit juice, she suddenly recalled that she had finished her glass of fruit juice. Since the waiter hadn't come in yet, the only glass of fruit juice left on the dining table should belong to Tony.

He's drunk half of his fruit juice, but he handed his drink to me... Myra's face turned even redder as she felt there was a strange silence at the dining table.

Turning around slowly, she put down the glass of fruit juice in her hand with a stiff arm without daring to look at everyone else. Then, she suddenly stood up, saying, "I-I'm going to the restroom."

With that, she opened the door of the private room and ran outside right away, ignoring Elliot, who shouted behind her, "There's a restroom right here in the private room!"

Damian shot Tony a disapproving look. "You've gone too far, Tony."

"Have I? How so?" retorted Tony calmly with a raised brow. Taking the glass of fruit juice that Myra had drunk from just now, he drank the rest of it without batting an eyelid. After that, he stood up under the disbelieving gaze of everyone else and said calmly, "I'm going to the restroom too."

At the sight of what he did, Elliot, Philip, Lucas, and Shawn were rendered speechless.

Damian pursed his lips and was about to say something, but Elliot immediately interrupted him by putting a whole piece of lobster onto his plate. "Damian, hurry up and taste this signature dish of Zion Club. You won't get to eat something so delicious for quite some time after you return to the army. Even though I do say it myself, there's no other place in Bradford City aside from Zion Club that can make such a delicacy..."

While he was babbling on and on, Tony had left the private room.

Damian was speechless as he stared at the big lobster in front of him.

Myra trotted straight to the restroom and headed for the faucet after leaving the private room. Ignoring the fact that she was having her period, she turned the tap on and splashed cold water onto her face to try to cool down her burning cheeks. What did Tony's action just now mean?

At first, Myra could still comfort herself that Tony merely took a liking to her, but such feelings weren't necessarily romantic. To her, such feelings might be strictly professional, or he could be thinking of her as an ordinary friend; narcissistically speaking, he probably just thought highly of her design talent. Moreover, Tony responded with a stony face whenever she told him previously to keep some distance from her, so she believed she didn't have to flatter herself that he was interested in her.

However, what he had done in front of so many people just now had exceeded the boundaries of ordinary friendship. She could no longer convince herself that she was merely fancying herself.

Staring at herself in the mirror with a complicated look in her eyes, Myra was—at this very moment—overwhelmed with regret for driving her car to the Hart Group’s office without rhyme or reason on this day. Just when she tucked her loose hair behind her ear, she suddenly saw a man’s tall figure walking up to her from the corner of her eye.

Freezing instantly, she quickly turned around and was about to open the door to the ladies’ restroom and hide inside. However, the man who came over was even faster—when she had just opened the door a crack, he closed the door right away, trapping her between the door, the washstand, and himself.

Then, he turned the key in the lock on the restroom door in a seemingly careless manner, locking the restroom door easily. Putting his hands into his pockets, he turned to stare at the woman before him with a pair of eyes as starry as the vast galaxy.

His big and square frame made Myra feel as if she was surrounded completely in his arms as he stood before her. Such a dangerous side of him compelled her to have her guard up, so she looked at him warily, asking, “What do you want to do, Director Hart?”

Tony didn’t answer her, though. Suddenly, he took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket before drawing a cigarette out of it. He lit it up, but he merely let it burn without taking a puff. Instantly, the air between them seemed to have frozen.

The more Tony behaved this way, the more Myra couldn’t help letting her imagination run wild. She couldn’t help wanting to run away from him when it occurred to her that he approached her on purpose, but the man before her grabbed her left arm when she merely turned sideways.

As he held his cigarette in one hand while grabbing her left hand with the other, the look in his eyes became complicated for a moment, but it turned unfathomable soon after that.

Myra’s heart jumped; she had a gut feeling that something bad was going to happen on this day. “Why are you grabbing me, Director Hart...”

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Tony took a deep puff of his cigarette. "Why do you think I'm grabbing you?"

He could no longer stop the flame of desire within him from leaping up after watching Myra drink the fruit juice from his glass just now. Seeing how pretty she looked with the water splashed onto her face, he recalled how he had been luring her toward him step by step these days, only to be met with merciless refusals. All of a sudden, he couldn't stop himself from wanting to press her against his chest, to which he actually did.

Myra was slim, but her figure seemed to be tailor-made for him; he felt an incredible sense of perfection while taking her into his arms. This made him unable to refrain from tightening his arms around her, but he couldn't stop himself from feeling peeved as he pressed the woman in his arms to his chest with all his might. He had never seen such a woman who had no idea what was good for her. If she were someone else, he would have turned around long ago without giving her another glance.

Perhaps Tony wouldn't have been so impatient if Myra had not gone to Hart Group's office on her own initiative today. However, he thought that she probably wasn't even aware of the fragility in her eyes when he saw her downstairs at the Hart Group's office, as well as the dependence she showed by inexplicably stopping her car outside the building. She actually wants to see me, right? Is that why she hasn't resisted all kinds of attempts I've made at approaching her today?

Tony's eyes narrowed. Suddenly, he bent down and fiercely bit the lips of the woman before him, and his eyes darkened even more when he heard her hissing in pain.

"Mmm... Let go... Mmmm... Let go of me, Tony!" Myra was clasped tightly in the arms of the man before her. The faint tobacco smell on him lingered around her, causing her heart to race as a strange feeling spread all over her body.

Just as I expected... Now that the truth was proven once again, she only felt helpless from the bottom of her heart.

Tony probably heard her voice, for he suddenly loosened his embrace of the woman before him slightly and looked up. Staring steadily into her panicky eyes, he crinkled his chilly eyes with a hint of charm.

The sight of such a man before Myra made her feel even more flustered. She tried to push his chest, but the heat of his body made her blush to the roots of her hair. "Let go of me... Would you please let go of me?" She spoke with an imploring note in her voice as she finished her sentence. Such a man was too dangerous, so she was a bit scared...

Tony looked straight into her eyes until her pupils reflected nothing else but himself, and he slowly relaxed his hold on her waist. However, just as Myra sighed in relief, he pulled her back into his arms with some force using his wrist. His body was sturdy and stiff, and he seized her around the waist when she fell into his arms. The next second, a pair of cool and thin lips pressed itself onto her tender lips, seizing them right away.

Now that his chin was above her head, Myra closed her eyes as she could even smell the lingering faint aroma of fruit juice on Tony's lips. Tony's embrace wasn't as cold as Sean's. On the contrary, it came with a burning sensation that was the exact opposite of his chilly personality. She had no idea how long he kissed her, but it wasn't until she dug her fingernails deep into her palms that she suppressed the unusual restlessness within her. Suddenly, she said icily, "Let go of me, Tony."

The movement on her lips seemed to pause for a moment, but Tony let go of her only after he compassionately kissed her on the lips several times. When he let go of her, his eyes were deep and burning with passion; he held her tightly in his arms as he urged, "Be my woman, Myra."

Instantly, the atmosphere became stifling as Myra stood dumbstruck in place, feeling uncomfortable.

"What's with that look? Are you not keen on being my woman?" Tony seemed to be amused by her stupefied demeanor, for his chest trembled slightly as he finished his sentence with a note of affection that even he didn't notice.

Myra, however, clenched her fists tightly as her voice instantly hoarsened. "Stop kidding me, Director Hart. This joke isn't funny at all."

With that, the temperature above her head seemed to drop a lot, and Tony's voice sounded much more impassive. "I'm not kidding you, Myra. I don't believe that you're unaware of how I've been courting you up until this point."

"Y-You're courting me?" Startled, Myra seemed to have not come to her senses with a blank look in her eyes.

Tony curled his lips before lowering his head to look at her with a pair of deep and emotionless eyes. "What else do you think I'm doing?" His eyes were so deep and expressionless; it was as if there was a deep spring in them that wanted to suck Myra right into it when he stared at her quietly.

Myra's heart suddenly jumped. Turning her head away, she tried to push the man before her with her hands clenched into fists as she was desperate to leave. "I'll be leaving first if there's nothing else, Tony."

A trace of panic crept over her face, and there was a hint of puzzlement in her eyes. Of course, she didn't believe that Tony had taken a fancy to her. H-How could this be possible?! she thought to herself.

Seeing that she had averted her eyes, Tony narrowed his eyes and held her tighter in his arms. "Don't you believe me?"

Myra couldn't move at all as Tony clasped her to his chest. She bit her lip and replied, "I don't think there's something about me that attracts you, Tony."

There was nothing special about her; Myra's family wasn't the wealthiest in Bradford City, and she wasn't the most beautiful woman here. Moreover, she had a failed marriage as well. As she spoke, she tried to get out of his embrace while he let his guard down, for their current posture made her feel ashamed and annoyed.

Tony saw through her petty tricks, though. Sliding his large hand down, he seized her around the waist and refused to let go of her no matter how hard she struggled. When she struggled again, he knitted his brows.

This instantly reminded Myra that the hand which had gotten wounded for saving her was now placed on her waist, and she found herself in a corner for a moment.

Tony stared fixedly at her all of a sudden, his eyes chilly. "In that case, tell me why you fell in love with Sean back then."

Myra balled her fists up. "Tony, I don't have time to play this kind of game with you—"

"Why do you think that I'm joking or just playing around with you?" Tony loosened his tie while lowering his eyes to look at the side of her face. "Or does it make you very uncomfortable to be together with me?"

"No, it doesn't."

"Be with me then," said Tony flatly.

"That's not possible." Myra refused him without thinking.

Tony frowned slightly and asked, "Why not?"

Myra only felt that her palms were hurting badly. Hardening her heart, she replied, "There's no reason for that. I don't love you, so why should I be together with you?" With that, the surrounding temperature dropped suddenly, making the air so cold as if a thick layer of ice could form at any instant.

Myra felt as though something was stabbing her heart cruelly. However, just as she was about to turn around, the man before her held her in his arms again. Tony's eyes were as dark as the summer night; it was as though he would devour her the next instant. "You don't love me?" he suddenly asked icily. Then, he chuckled in a voice that dripped with chilliness and said, "Haha... If you don't love me, did you drive to the Hart Group for no reason? If you don't love me, why haven't you refused my repeated attempts to approach you? If you don't love me, why did you blush when I kissed you just now?"

Myra's face turned pale at once, and she bit her lip with all her might. Just then, Tony added, "If you don't love me, why do you look ashamed and annoyed as if I've hit you where it hurts?!"

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Myra found herself breathing heavily; her debating skills were nothing in comparison to the man who stood before her eyes. “Even if I do like you a little bit, it still wouldn’t be enough. Whatever feelings you have for me aren’t enough, and it’s not enough to make me want to be your woman!” She couldn’t stop herself from barking at the man in front of her.

“Not enough?” Tony pulled her closer toward his chest and forced her to stare into his eyes right then. “Did you think I only had three companies to choose from for the Sunny Bay Project? I only wanted to reduce the stress and pressure placed on you; why else would I have put in so much effort just to reject all of the designers who were better than you? When you were bullied by Elsie, why didn’t I just allow her to be the representative for communications between Chase Group and Hart Group? Why do you think I asked for you and cleared up all the false accusations made about you? Couldn’t you tell what Sasha was trying to do with me? If I was just joking or fooling around with you, don’t you think I could have chosen someone a little more fun? Why would I choose someone as unwilling as you? I’ve brought you along to meet my friends a few times now; what did you think that was for? Did you think that it was to help you expand your business contacts? Whenever Sean hurt you, I’d always show up by your side. Did you think all of those times were mere coincidences? Myra, if I wasn’t worried about you; if I wasn’t afraid that something might happen to you, why would I always rush over to you even when I know that you’d only throw me a bunch of hurtful words before chasing me out of your life again?!”

With every sentence he said, Tony tightened his grip on Myra. His lips curled into a smirk when he saw the confused look in her eyes. Once he finished his words, he gave her a long, deep kiss. He pulled her body close toward his without leaving any gaps between their skin.

“I want you to be my woman. Sean doesn’t know how to treasure you; let me do it instead.” Tony’s voice was tender and loving as he whispered these words into her ear.

Myra simply felt like everything was a mistake right then. It’s all happening during the wrong time; the wrong place; the wrong man; and the wrong feelings... It’s true that I couldn’t stop my heart from pounding furiously when I first heard Tony’s alluring words, but... The very next moment, Myra abruptly turned on the two taps beside them. As water gushed out of the taps, she reached a hand out to block the flow of the water. The water immediately splashed all over the place as if a child had just played with it.

The moment Tony loosened his grip on her, she seized the opportunity to slip out of his arms. Myra's entire body was already soaked in water. She quickly took a few steps back to increase the distance between her and Tony before she spoke to him in a calm voice. "I understand what you mean, Director Hart. I'm sorry; I didn't realize how much you've done for me all along. But in the future... You don't have to waste your effort on me any longer, Director Hart." Myra suppressed all of the feelings that made her heart squirm and writhe right then. I really shouldn't get myself tangled up with this man. Yet, his actions are too warm sometimes; it gets me caught up in a daze and it makes me feel like I can't get out of it. However, I shouldn't dream about a man who shouldn't be the man of my dreams. I've really learned a lot from Sean.

"It's late. I have other matters to handle tonight, so I won't be bidding goodbye to the rest of them." Myra turned around and headed toward the exit of Zion Club once she finished her words. Fortunately, she had brought her handbag along and placed it on the basin earlier. She felt an inexplicable ache in her chest right then, but she didn't dare to further contemplate the reason behind it. Instead, she strode off with hurried footsteps before she broke into a run. Her frantic running shocked all of Zion Club's waiters and waitresses as she zoomed past them.

When she finally got herself out of the club, one of the waiters quickly drove her car over. The waiter even asked her if she needed a designated driver—it was probably because her face seemed too pale right then. She hastily rejected his offer and got into her car before she started her engine and sent her car whizzing off into the night.

Meanwhile, Tony was fuming when he returned to his private room in Zion Club. Elliot glanced over his shoulder to see that Myra had disappeared. "Why didn't you bring Myra back with you, Tony?" Elliot couldn't stop himself from asking the question. However, the moment he finished his sentence, he was met with Tony's sharp and icy glare. With Tony's gaze so cold, Elliot felt like it nearly froze him up! The younger man shuddered slightly before he hurried off to a corner where he quietly minded his own business.

Everyone else could tell that something was off about Tony, and they naturally realized the person who was responsible for Tony's foul mood. All of them fell silent as they thought, The rumors were right; Myra is truly the root of all troubles! It looks as though she has really infuriated Tony this time.

Myra went straight into the bathroom once she returned to Ocean Blue Residence. After turning on the shower, she stood herself beneath it for the water to soak her body entirely. She couldn't deny it—she had felt slightly touched when she first heard Tony's words. Nonetheless, she was well-aware of the fact that Tony wasn't a man she could easily mess

with. Just his family members themselves would be an issue—they'd never allow him to be with a girl like her. If things are going to turn into an endless series of struggles, then there's no reason for me to get myself involved with this at all. I should really just stay away from Tony. Myra lifted her head and allowed the water to splash onto her face, as if it would blur her vision and distract her away from the temptations around her.

Meanwhile, Tony immediately rushed to Sebastian's study once he arrived at the Hart Residence. Sebastian was in the midst of practicing his calligraphy, and he didn't even look up when Tony arrived; the old man only lowered his calligraphy brush once he was done. He feigned an excessively calm demeanor as he lifted his rice paper up and blew on it gently. "You called me and said that you had something to discuss earlier. Tell me what it is."

Tony walked toward the old man's study desk with a cold, emotionless look on his face. He was silent for a while before he finally pressed his lips together and began to speak. "I need the money that was placed in Switzerland. I just need it for a while."

Sebastian froze for a moment before he narrowed his eyes. "So?"

"I need the money latest by Sunday, so I'll need you to prepare it for me soon." Tony's face was as blank as usual. Sebastian choked upon hearing how demanding Tony sounded, almost frothing at the mouth with rage. He lowered his rice paper and tried his very best to calm himself down before he gave Tony a side-eye. "Hah..." He let out a sarcastic laugh.

Everyone in Bradford City knew that the Hart Family ran a large business, but no one—not even Old Madam Hart—truly understood how large of a scale their businesses were. Both Sebastian and his son believed that it was important to be prepared for the worst; they wanted to be sure that they would have a chance of getting back up on their feet if the Hart Group's businesses were to ever collapse. Therefore, they left a grand sum of money in all of the largest banks in various countries. The amount of money that they cashed out from any bank would be enough for the Hart Family to survive the toughest financial crises! Sebastian had never intended to hide this plan from his grandchildren, but Tony was probably the only grandson who was enough of a b*stard to demand for money in such a greedy manner.

Right then, Sebastian's gaze burned with rage as he tried his best to put on a calm front. He took a sip of his tea before he spoke. "Do I have to give it to you just because you asked for it? How shameless of you." He then placed the teacup down and raised an eyebrow as he stared at the man in front of him. Tony has found quite a bit of success in his career. He's also one of the most stubborn and proud ones when compared to his other three siblings.

He first started his own business and later took over the Hart Group, but never once has he come over to tell me that he was in trouble or needed any help.

Tony's lips were pressed into a thin line. A cold glint surfaced in his gaze for a moment before it disappeared as he narrowed his eyes. "Old man, weren't you hoping for me to get myself a wife soon? How am I going to do that if I don't put in some effort?"

"You b*stard! How dare you find yourself a greedy woman!" All of a sudden, Sebastian lost his temper. He picked his new inkstone up and flung it directly toward Tony.