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As they walked out of the hut, they were greeted with the sight of all of the rioting workers being restrained by the armed police. While the workers were all huddled up in a spot, the team leader of the police force frowned when he saw the girl in Tony's arms. "Director Hart, she's supposed to go to the station to give a statement..." he muttered carefully. But before he could finish his sentence, Tony threw him an icy glare that silenced him immediately.

"Officer Wayne, we have another witness here; she can follow you back to the station if you need a statement." Leo hastily spoke up. Wayne nodded. "All right, that's great."

Leo noticed how Myra seemed to be trembling in Tony's arms, so he took his own coat off to cover her with it. However, before he could do so, Tony took a step away from him to avoid Leo's coat. Leo scratched his nose awkwardly. Well, at least I feel relieved now that everything's over, he thought to himself. After he had gotten off the call with Myra earlier, Leo was panicking as he speedily contacted Tony to inform him about it. God knows what else would've happened if we had arrived slightly later. After all, Myra doesn't know about the Chase Group's internal affairs now, and she doesn't know... Leo frowned as he looked up to steal a glance at the foreman, Chris. A steely glint surfaced in his eyes before he turned and followed along behind Tony's tracks.

"Director Hart. These people..." Leo probed cautiously.

"Do what you have to do. Do you still need me to teach you what to do?" Tony spoke of the workers as if he was talking about dead men; Leo felt chills running down his spine as he heard Tony's deep voice. However, Leo only nodded his head solemnly. "I got it." His footsteps came to a halt as he no longer left along with Tony.

Meanwhile, Tony continued to stare at the woman in his arms. I should have just completely abandoned her after that night. Since she has made it clear that she doesn't like me, why do I still continue to show up by her side? It's almost as if I'm just asking for myself to be shamed. However, I simply couldn't control myself when I received Leo's call earlier. I was so tempted to just annihilate Lyla right there and then! Tony tightened his grip on Myra. Good job, Lyla...

Philip, a doctor who was now perfectly competent in both internal medicine and surgery, was no longer surprised when Tony called him over to give Myra a check-up. However, Philip couldn't stop himself from questioning the situation when he saw all the wounds on Myra. "What happened? How did she get so badly injured?" The cuts aren't deep, and she didn't fracture anything, but... "I think she might be left with a small scar on her forehead," Philip said with a frown.

Tony had maintained the same, emotionless expression on his face ever since Philip entered the room. Although Tony didn't seem to reveal any emotion after he heard what Philip had said, Philip could still sense the burning rage within the other man. "Could it be... Did Sean abuse her after he found out about things between the two of you?" Philip made a guess, but Tony simply scoffed without responding to his question. "Tell Elliot that things at Hilliville have been sped up."

Philip lifted an eyebrow upon hearing this. He took off his gloves after he had cleaned all of Myra's wounds. "I heard that you asked Old Master Hart for some money, Tony. Is that true?"

Tony felt extremely frustrated after Philip posed him that question. He instinctively thought of pulling a cigarette out right then, but he suppressed his desire to smoke once he saw the unconscious woman lying on the bed. He simply pressed his thin lips together and replied, "Yeah."

Philip widened his eyes in shock before he turned to glance at the woman on the bed. He then shook his head. "Tony, you really have to tell the woman what you've done after all that you've done for her. How is she going to understand what you've sacrificed for her if you don't tell her about it?!"

Tell her about it? Tony recalled how he had listed all of the things he did for the woman that night, and how she completely dismissed his efforts. The temperature around him turned chilly. "I... have more important things to handle now." I guess some things have to come to an end now that other things are starting to happen. Tony's gaze darkened as he remained deep in thought.

It was the next morning when Myra finally woke up from her long slumber. Her entire body felt like it had been run over by a car, for all her bones and joints were aching terribly. She had no idea where she was when she first opened her eyes. The last thing she remembered was being in Tony's arms; she remembered how he had saved her from the bunch of madmen and carried her into his car.

The light in her room wasn't bright as there were thick blackout curtains that blocked the sunlight from entering. Her head was still spinning as she slowly sat up, so she had to close her eyes for a long while before she felt slightly better. There was a sharp pain coming from her forehead, but when she reached a hand up, she realized that the wound had been dressed. I had a lot of other wounds all over my body; I guess they must've been cleaned and dressed as well. But this place I'm in... This room...

Just then, someone opened the door. Tony's large, muscular figure appeared as a dark silhouette that blocked out the rest of the light shining in from outside. As she looked at his figure, Myra was reminded of how it had been the same figure who had entered the hut and saved her just one day ago. She felt her eyes burning as she tried her best to hold back her tears. Right then, she felt oddly flustered as she stared at the emotionless man with her watery eyes. How am I supposed to face this man in front of me right now? All of the harsh words that I've once said to him now feel like a giant hand that's clenching onto my heart. I'm really the most ungrateful woman ever; I've ignored all his good intentions and pushed him away multiple times. Yet...

Tony took a few steps closer to her. Myra clenched her fists tightly as she felt at a complete loss for words then. She only managed to spit two words out as she parted her lips. "Thank you..." I don't know if I would've survived until I got help if Tony hadn't rushed over to me yesterday. I'll never forget that dark, terrifying experience for the rest of my life.

Tony was already in front of her right then. A series of complex emotions surfaced in his gaze as he looked down at her from where he stood. However, she simply couldn't understand what was going on in his mind. Tony was someone she couldn't decipher nor grasp as an individual...

Right as she was about to ask him what he was looking at, he spoke in a calm voice. "You have a lot of missed calls on your phone." She swiftly turned to look at the phone placed beside her pillow. The phone didn't belong to her, but her eyes widened when she saw all the missed calls on the screen.

"Your phone was crushed yesterday. Leo took your SIM card out and got you a new phone." Tony answered the question that she was just about to ask. Myra was stunned as she picked the new phone up—she hadn't expected a man as cold as Tony to perform such warm, thoughtful acts. She felt the need to say something more, but all the words disappeared at the tip of her tongue when she finally spoke. "Thank you," she uttered as if that was the only thing she had to say to him then.

“No worries. I just didn’t want anything to go wrong with the Hart Group’s project,” he said with a smirk.

She froze for a moment. There he goes again... He said the same thing to me the last time he saved me at the construction site... It’s almost as if he’s saying that he only cares about my safety because he doesn’t want anything to go wrong with the Hart Group’s project. Right then, Myra recalled the merciless tone in his voice when he had spoken to Leo about how the workers were to be dealt with yesterday. She then curled her lips into a bitter smile before she glanced at all the missed calls on her new phone.

Sean, Eve, Richard, the head of the engineering department... Even the director of the design department gave me a missed call. Myra scrolled through the list and counted nearly a hundred missed calls. It seems like they’re all looking for me because of something important. Could it be related to yesterday’s incident at the construction site? Have they all been notified about it?

Myra took a deep breath before she tapped on Eve’s number and gave her a call first. Eve picked her call up almost instantly. “Where are you now, Myra?” Eve shouted anxiously before Myra even had the chance to speak. Myra leaned the phone slightly away from her ear before she responded in a soft whisper. “I’m at the hospital now. Did something happen?”

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She uttered the word ‘hospital’ in a hushed and awkward tone, seeming as though she wasn’t hoping to be heard by the man in front of her.

“What happened? It’s an emergency! Myra, hurry over to Chase Group and tell Sean that I’m on my way back from Springdale City. I’m getting off the freeway soon and I’ll be stopping by Chase Group.”

Eve’s voice was filled with urgency, and Myra’s brows knitted in confusion.

Is it because of what happened at the construction site last night?

She regained her composure. "I'm okay, Mom. Those people yesterday... They weren't able to hurt me much. The police are also investigating it, so it should be fine."

"What are you talking about, Myra?!" Eve exclaimed, her tone laced with slight irritation. "What do you mean it's fine? Sean told me about the incident where confidential information about the Hillville Project had been stolen. Now that the company's funding chains have been cut and properties are left barren, business can't go on as usual at all. Did you look at the stock market this morning? Chase Group's financial stocks fell by 7 percent today, and it's still dropping as of now..."

"What?" Myra was shocked. How did such a small matter escalate overnight to something as huge as this?!

"What on earth happened? How did the top secret information get stolen? What was inside of it, anyway?" Myra couldn't help but ask.

She turned to the side in an attempt to get off the bed, but the sudden movement made her head spin and she almost fell head-first onto the ground.

A pair of hands came forward swiftly and steadied her arm, preventing the fall.

Myra lifted her head and her eyes met with Tony's, which were cold and unbothered as usual. She looked away immediately.

Her ongoing phone call with Eve conveniently reminded her that she was still a married woman—for now. She wasn't in the place to think about such distractions.

She nibbled on her bottom lip and eventually decided to stay quiet, walking past Tony toward the outside of the room.

Tony stared at her from behind as she slowly strolled out, his hostile eyes narrowing.

The line went silent after Myra's three burning questions. After a long pause which lasted enough for Myra to be sure that Eve had ended the call, she finally replied softly with another question, "Myra... Are you sure you don't know what happened?"

Myra could tell right away that her question had a suspicious undertone. With a heavy heart, she asked, "Am I supposed to know?"

“Uhh...” Eve seemed to be troubled. “I heard from Sean that the confidential information seemed to have gone missing because of you... You should head over to Chase Group as soon as possible and have a talk with him. I really don’t know how it happened, Myra...”

Eve continued, but Myra was already lost in her own mind.

Hilliville’s top secret information... had been stolen by me?

How could I steal something like that and be completely unaware of it?

Suddenly, a flash of bright light sent a sharp pain up her eyes as Myra squinted. Looking around, nothing seemed out of the usual.

She wasn’t at the hospital; she was on the top floor of Hart Group’s 48-storey office building. In other words, it meant that Myra had spent the night at the lounge inside Tony’s office.

Just then, her phone came to life with another call—it was from Sean. Myra stared at his name on her phone screen, nervously biting her lip. She eventually switched her phone to silent mode and headed toward the elevator.

I don’t know what happened, but don’t you dare blame me for something that I didn’t do!

Myra’s car was left at the construction site, so she hailed a cab to Chase Group.

The cab driver slammed the gas mercilessly and sped toward their destination; the usual one-hour journey only took less than an hour this time.

Myra got off the cab and paid the driver before entering the building. As she headed inside, she could feel that the atmosphere was off.

Stepping foot through the entrance, employees started pointing judgmental fingers at her while whispering among themselves.

“Look—how dare she still show up at Chase Group? I heard that this woman is a corporate spy. That’s how she easily got her hands on Hart Group’s Sunny Bay Project!”

“Rumor has it that she’s having a fling with Director Hart! He was the one who saved her from the incident at the construction site last night! She used to have her eyes on Director

Chase, but it turns out that she has been two-timing him. It's my first time seeing a woman as shameless as her!"

"I can't believe she betrayed him like that after the Director put so much trust in her! Thank goodness for the witnesses and proof. Otherwise, she'd be getting away again this time!"

Hearing the employees exchange gossip about her, Myra's lips curved into a sarcastic smirk.

Chase Group was the company that she had put years of painstaking effort in and worked tirelessly for. It wasn't an understatement to say that she had sacrificed her youth and passion for the company, but after many years of hard work, it was the same company that stabbed her in the back.

Myra shut her eyes and stepped inside an elevator. With the push of a button, the murmurs outside faded together with the view of the lobby as the doors closed slowly.

All that had happened recently flashed across her mind, but she still didn't quite understand what was going on.

The elevator arrived at the floor of Sean's office swiftly, and Myra got off it.

The outside of the elevator was quiet—in fact, it was so quiet that it was a little intimidating.

She only understood the reason behind the still atmosphere as she approached Sean's office. Everyone was gathered inside—there were managers from every department and even all of Sean's secretaries and assistants who worked on this floor. It looked like a serious and important occasion for all of them to be gathered there.

Myra entered the office calmly.

She had on a set of normal office wear, which somehow wasn't the outfit she was wearing yesterday night; someone seemed to have changed her into a new set of clothes. Still, she was certain that she wasn't looking very presentable at the moment.

Noticing her arrival, Richard's gaze sharpened, but his voice remained dull. "Greetings, Miss Stark."

Sean had also noticed Myra's arrival. She didn't look too good. For some reason, she was covered in cuts and her left cheek was badly swollen, not to mention that she was also bandaged on her forehead.

He clutched a document in his left hand tightly. As he looked at her face and remembered what she'd done, he couldn't help but fling the file straight in her direction. "Look at the mess you've made!"

Lyla's brows instinctively relaxed at the sight of his act of aggression. She knew that Eve didn't wish for Sean and Myra to divorce, but she couldn't drag on any longer.

Myra felt it when the file hit her head with a thud, but she didn't try to dodge or flinch.

It wasn't her first time being publicly humiliated by this man; what else did she expect?

"Since Miss Stark is here, we can discuss the matter regarding the leakage of private company information by Miss Stark, the leader of Team A in the Design Department—"

"Shouldn't we first discuss what happened to me last night?"

Myra looked around the room, expressionless.

When she was faced with danger at the construction site the night before, she had dialed every one of their numbers, but none of them answered at all.

Yet, as soon as there was a breach in private company information, her phone was bombarded with countless calls from the same people!

Myra studied the people present one by one—starting from the Project Department Manager, to the Design Department Director, to even Richard and Sean... Her face was calm with indifference the entire time. "There was a riot at the construction site last night. I'd really like to know... Why did none of you pick up my calls?"

Loud silence filled the office.

At long last, the Design Department Director uttered dryly, "Miss Stark, we're discussing the fact that you leaked our company's private information, not some insignificant construction site riot."

“In other words, are you saying that it’s my fault for being beaten up because of the company, Mr. Xavier? Is it because nobody cares anyway?” Myra’s gaze fell on Mr. Xavier before it shifted lazily to Sean. “Or is this how Director Chase prefers his employees to act?”

Sean’s face darkened at her words.

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Initially, Sean was still in the United States when the incident happened; he had no choice but to return early after realizing how serious the matter was. He already suspected that there might have been some mistake and had wanted to talk it out with Myra, but seeing her hostile attitude toward himself angered him even more. Recalling the photo that he’d just seen in Lyla’s phone, rage thrummed through his veins.

Seeing Sean on his side was more than enough to give Mr. Xavier a confidence boost. “I know Miss Stark is just reluctant to admit it. Nonetheless, you should know that we’re not making blind accusations at you right now, Miss Stark. We have witnesses and proof. Come on, Felicia—tell her what happened.”

After she was signaled by Mr. Xavier, a woman timidly stepped forward from the group of secretaries. She took a quick glance at Myra before looking down right away, seemingly intimidated by her. She stuttered, “Miss Stark had come looking for Director Chase on the day he left for his business trip, but I tried to stop her from going in.”

The woman paused and took a breath before continuing in a steadier tone. She said, “I told her that the Director wasn’t in and mentioned that there were lots of confidential documents in his office, so she wasn’t allowed to enter. However, she was persistent and argued that she wasn’t just anyone. I couldn’t stop her and watched her enter the office; I could only wait outside because I was too scared to follow her in.”

“Miss Stark left the office only a moment after she went in. Her face was pale and she looked quite panicked, so I looked her up and down. I saw that her handbag seemed flat and empty when she went in, but it was bulky when she came out. I even saw several A4 papers sticking out from the top corner of her bag. I didn’t give it much thought at the time, but the incident last night made me remember about this. I didn’t want to hide this any longer, so I reported it to Mr. Xavier.”

The woman finished her story in one long breath.

Sean's expression grew darker after hearing that woman's anecdote. Looking Myra dead in the eye, he demanded, "Do you have anything else to say?"

Myra's eyes went round with disbelief as she broke into a half-hearted laugh. "Does it mean that I stole the documents just because I went inside your office?"

She had indeed entered his office that day, but she never saw the so-called private documents containing confidential information, let alone stealing them. More importantly, why would she even need to steal something like that?!

The timid secretary seemed to be terrified of Myra as she chewed on her bottom lip anxiously. She said, "No one else entered the Director's office after you left."

Mr. Xavier let out a loud scoff. "If you feel wronged, just ask everyone who was in the secretary office. Ask them if they've seen anyone else stepping into the Director's office."

"There's no need for that." Myra looked at Sean with piercing eyes and stone-cold malice. "I want to check the CCTV footage—not just the ones after I left, but footage of the office throughout the entire day!"

I'm clearly being set up!

However, why was she being blindly accused of stealing some documents? Above all that, she shouldn't be the only suspect—they only realized that it was missing three days after she visited the office. The people who entered before her should have been considered as suspects too!

Mr. Xavier's eyes flashed with a hint of panic, but it quickly dissipated after receiving a reassuring glance from Lyla.

"I, too, feel that we should check the footage." Lyla tugged on Sean's arm from his side as she purred and said, "Sean, let's make it fair."

Lyla's thoughtful and considerate facade made it seem like she was being gentle and kind to Myra in front of everyone, but none of those people knew that Myra was actually Sean's wife, who was currently being accused by the others.

Her mouth twitched at the thought. "I see—all of you simply decided that I was the culprit without even looking at the CCTV footage... Mr. Xavier, your level of intelligence is indeed befitting of Chase Group's Design Department Director."

Both Sean and Mr. Xavier tensed slightly. Sean stared at Myra with his lips pursed into a tight line. He seemed angry for a moment, but he reverted back to his icy cold demeanor almost immediately. He said to Mr. Xavier, "Tell the guys at the control room to send me CCTV footage from the past few days."

Before long, the files were transported to his computer.

In order to save time, the secretaries brought more laptops to observe the footage separately; each device had several people hovering over it as they watched the footage at a higher playback speed.

After a round of filtering, they concluded that Director Chase's office was empty except on two days where there were visitors.

The day that Sean had gone on his business trip, Richard had entered the office at around 7.00PM. He had placed a set of documents on the desk.

As Richard walked past the camera with the document facing upward, the CCTV captured the words atop the papers clearly—Hilliville Project Negotiation Results.

Holding the document in his hands, he went straight toward Sean's desk and placed it there.

"Miss Stark, this document contains confidential information belonging to the company; because it was leaked, Hart Group successfully sold the property in Hilliville to our potential clients from Hong Kong right under our nose with a price 1% lower than what we offered. We're experiencing a capital chain rupture because of this lost opportunity," Richard explained.

Sean's office desk was located not in the middle of the room; it was toward a corner of the office, and next to his desk were a variety of potted plants. In one corner of the CCTV footage, another set of A4 papers could be vaguely seen as they stuck out.

Myra flinched internally at the mention of Hart Group, but her eyes followed closely on another figure in the CCTV footage as it entered the office on the same day as her.

To her surprise, it was Lyla!

In other words, Lyla and Myra were the only ones who had stepped foot into Sean's office besides Richard. Myra was sure that there was only a single set of Divorce Agreement papers on his desk, not the 'Hillville Project Negotiation Plan' or whatever it was...

It's her! It's Lyla! She switched the documents... She did it and put the blame all on me!

Myra went in front of the laptop and replayed the footage which showed Lyla; she couldn't

Lyla was indeed in the office—in fact, she had gone in there twice. She only strolled around the room the first time as she looked around casually. After lounging on the sofa briefly, she got up and left. The second time, she was seen admiring the view by the window before she moved behind Sean's desk. Not even 10 seconds later, she left with nothing in her hands. Besides a few moments here and there where her movements had cast a shadow over the documents, the set of A4 papers were in place the entire time.

Nonetheless, Myra was sure of it! She knew that Lyla must have switched the two documents within a split second!

Up next, the CCTV footage showed Myra entering the office.

What happened next was exactly how it was explained by the secretary earlier—Myra barged into the office despite the woman's efforts to stop her. She went straight to the restroom before walking up to the desk. Seeing the set of documents, she picked it up without hesitation and shoved it into her handbag. Then, she rushed out of the office.

At the door, she even insisted on not taking anything from the office when being questioned by the secretary.

Mr. Xavier was overjoyed as the footage played. He turned to Myra with a look of wicked satisfaction, his eyes gleaming with triumph. "What do you have to say now, Miss Stark?"

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Myra knew exactly what was going on, but she also knew that no one was going to believe her no matter how she tried to explain herself. Instead, she put on a humorless smile and replied, "I've got nothing to say."

Without haste, Mr. Xavier turned to the group of people behind him. "Tsk-tsk... Looks like Miss Stark has finally decided to confess. What are we waiting for? Someone call the police! Leaking company information is not a trivial matter, and we'd better leave it to the police."

He was wearing a huge smile on his face, thinking that his words had easily planted fear in Myra. To his shock, she only smiled and nodded. "I think we should inform the police as well. I'll be getting a lawyer to settle the case. Well then, can I leave now?"

Seeing her casual behavior and aloof way of accepting the decision, Sean was completely infuriated. He stood up and went up to Myra slowly. Over the past few days, his heart was filled with regret as he was feeling guilty toward Myra.

All these years, the woman he loved was Lyla. Even though he hated Myra, he always felt bad about it and had lied to himself out of regret. Despite frequently using his late child as an excuse to keep a distance from her, he was also aware of Myra's feelings for him. He had even considered increasing her share for their divorce to make up for all those years. However, little did he know how the tables would have turned in a few days!

"Just admit it. If it's not too serious, I won't put you through too much trouble, Myra. We are husband and wife, after all." Sean suddenly spoke, his voice flat and his eyes bearing a cold, sharp gaze. Just as always, this was how he acted whenever he had to talk to her.

His coldness pierced through her heart like a blade. We are husband and wife, after all...

Myra, who was trying hard to keep a calm mind, felt her composure crumble at the sound of his words. Her eyes went red-rimmed as tears welled up, not wanting to look at the faces around her and how they changed after his shocking reveal of their relationship. She stared at him straight ahead. "Has there ever been a time where you've done something for me because we're husband and wife, Sean? All these years, I've worked so hard for this company; I've given it my all! What makes you think you can just label me as your wife now after everything?!"

"All the evidence is pointing toward you. I just don't want us to end badly." Sean suddenly felt that the hatred that he had toward Myra because of the child was gradually fading away.

It was probably because he was finally able to be with Lyla now, or because he felt that the punishment that he had inflicted on her throughout their marriage was enough. Now that they were getting divorced soon, it wouldn't matter anymore.

"Let me tell you this—I don't care if we end badly or not, because I never did any of that!" Myra snapped at the man, for she couldn't hold it in anymore.

Sean went quiet once again as his expression darkened, his already-defined features looking even more horrifying than ever in addition to his simmering rage. He stared at Myra; taking in the hurt in her eyes, he recalled the way that this woman went behind his back to fool around with another man just a while back. He wanted to show her some respect in public, but since she had bitten back first...

"In that case, what's going on in this photo?!" Sean coldly placed his phone down in front of Myra. "What excuse will you use this time, Myra?!" His voice was ice cold as he demanded, "This photo was taken this morning by Lyla's friend who works at Hart Group. You told Mom on the phone that you were in the hospital, right? Well, why were you seen outside of Director Hart's office?! Not only that, why did you leave his office in the middle of the night?!"

Sean hadn't planned on exposing something as personal as this with all his employees around. After all, it was a bad reflection on his own reputation. However, now that it had come to this, he decided enough was enough; Myra's behavior had stoked his anger.

As Myra looked down at the photo, her eyelids flickered as her mind raced back to the moment she stepped out of Tony Hart's office. She recalled seeing a flash of bright light which pierced her eyes, but she didn't give it a second thought. Since it was Lyla's friend who had taken her photo, she was impressed that the woman even went through so much trouble to set her up to this point.

Noticing that Myra was looking away, Sean felt an inexplicable pang in his chest which manifested into a sea of fury. He hadn't believed it when Lyla showed him the photo earlier, but seeing the look on Myra's face...

"I was so wrong about you, Myra! To think that I was feeling guilty toward you—just for you to do this to me!" Sean's sullen expression darkened. The weather was scorching hot in the summer heat, but Myra was feeling chilled to the bone at that moment.

“What will you say now?!” His hands tightened into fists. “Don’t think that I’ll forgive a woman like you! I want nothing more than to end our marriage right now! I’d rather we never met!”

As the words came out of his mouth, Myra felt her heart sink. I’d rather we never met... She forced herself upright, her fists clenched at her sides. “That’s why I took the Divorce Agreement as soon as I saw it on your desk. When I came into your office, there weren’t any private documents on your desk at all. I only took away a set of the Divorce Agreement papers!”

“The Divorce Agreement?” Sean looked at the woman before her in disbelief. He let out a sudden scoff; his expectations for her had gone straight down to zero. “If you’re going to lie, you should at least make it sound realistic. What are you talking about? The Divorce Agreement? I don’t have anything like that on my desk! In fact, I haven’t even drafted one! More importantly, what’s going on in the photo?!”

“The photo...” Looking into Sean’s stony glare, Myra answered hesitantly, “There was a riot at the construction site yesterday and I was held hostage as soon as I got there. Director Hart just happened to be nearby, so he helped me get out. I never left his office until this morning because I went unconscious the entire time.”

“Ridiculous!” Mr. Xavier had just recovered after being consumed with shock from finding out that Myra was the Director’s wife, but he was already standing in position and waiting to butt in whenever he found a chance. In a mocking manner, he said, “I can see that you were heavily injured last night, Miss Stark. Why didn’t Director Hart send you to the hospital and took you to his own office instead? Is he a doctor who can treat your wounds?”

Tony was clearly not a doctor. Hence, Myra was unable to explain herself in front of everyone. She couldn’t possibly tell everyone that Tony had feelings for her—it would be so embarrassing to admit it herself. Besides, admitting such a thing could drag her into even more problems in her personal life. She pursed her lips and decided to stay silent.

Mr. Xavier caught on to her uneasiness and continued, “Oh my, Mrs. Chase! Are you having an affair with Director Hart? Is that why you’ve betrayed Chase Group?! You stole our company’s confidential information and gave it to Hart Group. You’re even filing for divorce with Director Chase just because of him?”

“I only have one thing to say—I didn’t steal the private documents. Since all of you already know that I’m married to the Director, why would I even leak information from my own company? To shoot myself in the foot?!”

Her nails were digging deep into her palms as she stood tall, and she maintained a straight face without revealing a hint of panic. However, this was much more painful to watch than anything else in the eyes of others...

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Sean had never seen this side of Myra. Suddenly, there was an odd feeling in his chest; it was as if he had taken pity on her. However, he quickly remembered that she was the same woman who had recently revealed her true intentions. He forced himself to stick to his decision. Myra was wicked and despicable! How could he ever take pity on her?!

“So you’re not admitting what you’ve done?” Sean’s expression remained still as a pond.

“Make a police report if you want. Whatever it is, I’ll never admit to something I didn’t do! Never!”

Myra didn’t want to be around these people a second longer, proceeding to whirl and stomp outside.

As the elevator stopped on the floor and opened with a ding, Eve was seen rushing out hastily.

Meanwhile, Myra quickly stepped into the elevator and pressed a button before Eve could make out who she was.

By the time Eve finally realized and shouted after her, the elevator door had closed and was already rapidly descending.

The surrounding atmosphere was still and heavy; everyone in the room looked troubled and uneasy.

Eve had an awful look on her face. She had just spotted that woman standing right next to her son—Lyla!

Suddenly, everything seemed to make sense. Heading straight toward Lyla, she planted a slap right on her cheek without hesitation.

Lyla was quite shocked; she had initially planned to stall until Eve's arrival so that she could take a good look at everything that happened because of Myra. But before Eve could even find out about anything, Myra had taken her leave in a hurry.

"What are you doing, Mom?!" Sean's face fell.

Eve shot a death glare at her son. Bringing home a tramp like that—no wonder he was having problems with Myra! If this woman hadn't been stirring up trouble between those two, Sean wouldn't have been so stubborn! This breach of our company's private information must've been the work of this little tramp as well!

"Sean, what is she doing here?!"

Tilly, who was on the ground floor, ran over to Myra as soon as she saw her getting off the elevator.

She stopped at the sight of Myra's face and asked worriedly, "What's the matter, Miss Stark? Are you okay?"

Since she was kidnapped by the construction workers last night, Tilly had given a statement to the police and was supposed to be taking a rest at home. Upon hearing that Myra was involved in some issue at the company, she came running back to the Chase Headquarters. At the very least, she had to give an explanation of what happened on the construction site yesterday.

Much to her shock, she had only just found out that Miss Stark was married to the Director of their company...

However, there was actually a reason behind the photo that was being circulated like wildfire...

"I'm fine." Myra looked up. Seeing that it was Tilly, she forced a smile. "I didn't do any of those things, so I'm not afraid of what they're saying about me."

Am I really fine, though?

For the first time, she had totally given up on this place.

Besides Eve and Tilly, no one here really cared about her...

"About what happened yesterday at the construction site..." Noticing that Myra didn't look too good, Tilly waited for a bit before asking, "Did you tell them?"

"Would anyone believe me?" Myra shook her head. As she had witnessed, their evidence against her was strong and solid. Her motive of stealing the documents was even justified with only a photo.

"Tilly, I'm not feeling well right now; my mind is in a mess. I'd like to be alone." Myra took a deep breath.

Tilly took a worried glance at her before she finally nodded. "Alright then, Miss Stark. You should go. I'll update you if anything happens here."

She watched as Myra entered the elevator. As the doors closed, Tilly rushed to a corner and quickly dialed a number on her phone.

As soon as the recipient picked up, she spoke. "Director Hart..."

As Myra made her way to the exit, people were pointing fingers at her as she walked.

In contrast to how she felt when she first came in earlier, Myra found herself quite untroubled by them.

If she had to think about every comment and insult thrown at her, then her life wouldn't be hers anymore.

Leaving Chase Headquarters, she stopped and looked back at the very building that she had been walking in and out of for the past two years. Strangely enough, the building before her looked distant and unfamiliar for the first time.

Not only that, it was probably going to be her last time here.

She'd never thought that her last goodbye to this place would be as brutal as this!

Myra took it all in with a breath. Without thinking, she took out her phone.

The phone in her hands looked exactly like the one she had before, but it wasn't. Thinking back to the man's office which she had stepped out from this morning, she thoughtlessly dialed his number.

If the confidential document had really been leaked to Hart Group, wouldn't she be free from her accusations if they were able to testify? In that case, Lyla's flawlessly disguised success and Sean's resentment for her...

However, why would Tony even help her out of this mess? Doing that would be equivalent to putting Hart Group in serious jeopardy...

Myra's fingers paused at the thought and she decided not to call the man, but it was too late; the call had already gone through. As she waited for him to pick up the phone, she started feeling jittery—the impulse to hang up was gnawing at her. However, her fingers did not listen until the ringing stopped and was replaced by a man's deep and attractive voice. "Myra?"

Tony's voice was soothing and magnetic every single time; Myra felt sorry as soon as she heard it on the phone.

Earlier on, she wasn't afraid of backing down when a group of people were throwing accusations at her publicly. Instead of feeling frightened or nervous, she was calm and collected. However, her voice seemed to be stolen from her now that she heard him speak; her throat was dry as a desert. She eventually found the courage to say something, but what came out was a mere 'Thank you'.

The person on the other side seemed to be surprised.

On the other hand, Myra came back to her senses and realized what she had said. She immediately muttered in explanation, "For yesterday, I mean."

"Sure," the voice replied after a long moment, his tone a little cold.

Myra nibbled on her lip. She was breathing nervously, and her pale hand was clutching tightly onto her phone.

Noticing that something wasn't right with her, Tony asked dully, "Did something happen?"

Her other arm was locked tensely by her sides. She wanted so badly to hang up right there and then, but before she could, she blurted out and asked, "Do you have time, Director Hart? I want to see you."

Ultimately, she had to try.

A short silence filled the call while the man presumably looked down on his wrist watch before saying, "Meet me at Wilson Golf Club."

Before Myra could recover from her surprise, the man hung up.

She was still holding her phone when the beeping tone of an ended call in her ear. Hailing a taxi, she headed to the place.

Cameron used to frequent the gold club. Myra didn't like it there, so he would always bring Kris instead whenever he went.

Walking inside the golf club, Myra attracted stares from the people around right away.

After all, being covered in cuts and bruises while wearing a set of office attire was indeed out of the norm in such a leisure setting.

With the help of an employee, she quickly found where Tony was.

The area was swarming with members of the upper class society. The employee turned to her and gestured toward a man who was playing golf.

Standing straight and tall, the set of white golfing attire accentuated his lean build even more; his prominent facial features elegantly resembled the poise possessed by someone of high stature. His posture was relaxed, but his every move was filled with weight which commanded respect. With a light swing of the club, the ball hurled across the land from the tee. Within a few seconds, an employee could be seen raising his hand from afar, signaling that the ball had entered the hole.

Around him, people laughed and sang congratulations, but Tony's expression remained unbothered.