

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 136

Fearing that they were going to be seen by Sebastian, Myra didn't dare to make a sound or raise her head. Her left hand went down as she tried to quietly remove Tony's restless hand.

Instead, his hand grabbed hers.

Tony held a mug in his left hand as he drank his water in a leisurely manner, but his right hand gripped Myra's left hand tightly, and he suddenly placed it on his own thigh.

For a moment, Myra froze. Beneath her hand, the only thing separating her from the taut lines of his muscles was his pants.

His body heat was being passed to her hand through the thin fabric of his pants, and she was blushing all the way to her neck. She looked up and her breath skipped as she shot Tony a look. However, Sebastian, who was opposite from her, saw this and frowned. He looked at her, feeling displeased. "Why are you blushing?"

Myra's heart leaped. Upon catching sight of the way the man next to her was trying not to smile, her entire body seemed to heat up. Under the table, Tony even squeezed her hand on purpose and was forcing it toward a certain area.

"I-I'm a little thirsty!" Myra suddenly stood up from her chair, trembling slightly.

She was ashamed and annoyed, so she turned around and ran toward the kitchen without glancing at Tony or Sebastian.

Behind her, Tony calmly lifted the hand that was underneath the table as he picked up his cutlery to take a piece of fish.

Sebastian looked suspiciously at him. "Did you do something to that girl?"

Tony raised his eyebrows. "What did I do to her?"

"Who knows what you did to her?!" Sebastian frowned and grunted coldly. "I'll have you know that I wasn't compromising just now. I just... didn't want to quarrel with you. It will make things difficult for Myra to be the middleman!"

"It's hard to believe that you're already thinking about her wellbeing." Tony let loose a faint snort.

"You!" Sebastian's face flushed red.

He spoke too quickly and said the wrong thing! He immediately glared at the fish his grandson was eating. "Did I say that you can eat the fish? I was the one that brought this fish over!"

"Oh, but Myra was the one who cooked it," Tony answered lightly.

"That still doesn't have anything to do with you!" Sebastian snapped.

As Sebastian watched, Tony slowly placed another piece of fish onto his plate. "Without me, would Myra be around to cook this fish for you?" He cast his grandfather a sideways glance.

Sebastian was certain that he saw a sense of contempt in that one glance!

He began to seethe with rage.

"Don't think I don't know that your intentions toward her and Meow aren't that simple! Tony Hart, you better not let me find out that you're the reason her marriage was ruined. Otherwise, you'll have to explain it to her yourself!"

Sebastian wasn't a foolish person.

After thinking about it for so long, he still found that the situation wasn't that simple.

How could Tony have fallen in love with her so quickly? He even bought a unit at Hillville for her! A large part of Hillville belongs to the Chase Group. Isn't Myra's ex-husband that scoundrel from the Chase Family? This only made Sebastian's thoughts wander even further.

He might not fully understand Myra's character now, but he knew that she was definitely not the kind of woman who would actively pursue other men.

Not to mention, his heartless grandson had suddenly gotten a Samoyed several years ago, and he even named it 'Meow'...

All the signs show that Tony must have done something bad!

Tony, however, simply raised his eyebrows and said nothing.

Sebastian pursed his lips, then threw down his cutleries in front of him. "I'm not eating anymore. Looking at a certain someone has made me lose my appetite!"

Myra finally managed to calm herself down in the kitchen. When she came out, she saw Tony calmly eating fish, while Sebastian had his head turned away. He sat on the chair looking as if someone owed him money.

"Come here!"

When he saw Myra coming out of the kitchen, Sebastian pointed at her with a bitter look on his face.

Myra walked over rather nervously.

Sebastian said bleakly, "Next month, this brat is turning thirty-five, so his grandma is going to hold a banquet for him. You'll go with him."

Myra's heart wavered as she looked into Sebastian's eyes, but the old man had already turned away. "When the time comes, watch yourself. Don't create trouble for us."

Myra looked at Tony in a daze. With this sentence, it was obvious that Sebastian had approved of her, even though he still appeared to be two-faced.

"Why? I'm inviting you, but you don't want to go?" Sebastian's face dropped when he saw that Myra wasn't giving him a reaction.

Myra nodded hurriedly. "Okay, I'll be there. I won't... create trouble, Old Master Hart."

At this, Sebastian's expression became a lot more pleasant.

"Sit down and eat some fish," Sebastian said blankly.

In fact, Myra had just taken her lunch less than three hours ago, so she wasn't that hungry. But, since the old man had asked her to eat, she couldn't refuse, so she went to take a plate and a pair of cutleries.

After eating for just a short while, the doorbell rang again.

Myra was about to get up to open the door, but Sebastian stopped her. "Eat your food; I'll go."

After that, he didn't bother about her and walked straight to the hallway to ask who was outside. He was told that they were from the real estate company downstairs and that they had sent a parcel up.

Because it was a high-end apartment, ordinary courier services couldn't deliver the parcels directly to the residents.

Sebastian looked at Myra. "What did you buy?"

As he spoke, he opened the door and retrieved an enormous box.

The box was rather heavy, and Sebastian nearly sprained his waist.

Myra didn't remember what she bought. "Probably some snacks..."

Because Estelle loved snacks, there was always a supply of her favorites at home.

Sebastian pursed his lips again. "Young people should eat more healthy food and less junk food... Where do you put the scissors?"

He chided her, but he was rather eager to open the box as well.

"In that small cabinet in the hallway."

There was a spark in Sebastian's eyes. He was old, so the family doctor prohibited him from eating many things. Some time ago, he secretly ate a bag of potato chips that his grandson bought, but was caught by his wife, who reprimanded him. Now, seeing this box of snacks, he felt a little excited.

He found the scissors with ease and quickly cut the tape to see what was inside.

"This... this... What kind of filthy stuff are these?!"

He was so surprised that the scissors in his hand dropped to the ground, and his face was flushed red. He stood up and stared at the pair, whom he had just started to change his opinion of. "Come and see for yourself what nonsense you all bought!"

His embarrassment had turned into anger!

He knew that the man and woman weren't decent!

Myra even lied and said that she had bought snacks. When he saw the items inside... He had lived for so many years, but now, he felt so ashamed that he didn't know where to put his face!

Myra was a little puzzled. Why is Old Master Hart acting like this?

She hurried over from the dining room and saw the contents of the box after taking just a few steps. Her reaction was the same as Sebastian's. The blush that had receded earlier crept onto her face all of a sudden.

"This... this..." She stumbled over her words, and she wished that the ground would crack open and swallow her whole. "This... I didn't buy it..."

She was so anxious that her eyes were red.

Behind her, Tony walked over calmly. When he saw the contents of the box, his eyes narrowed, then a brief smile flashed across his face.

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The things weren't snacks at all. It was a box of adult toys. The sexy underwear set on the top was barely made of a few scraps of fabric, and the black laces were particularly eye-catching. Not to mention, the toys below were of various lengths...

A phone rang, and Myra jumped. She instinctively reached for her phone, but because her hand was trembling slightly, she accidentally pressed the speakerphone. Everyone heard the ambiguous voice of the woman on the other end. "Miss Stark, I presume you've received the goods? The cable and CDs in the bag have been prepared for you according to Estelle's instructions. I hope you enjoy using them."

Then, she hung up the phone.

There was a terrible silence in the hallway. It went on for so long that Myra felt as if it was the end of the world. Then, Sebastian let out a loud snort, opened the security door, and left.

Myra stood in front of the box. This was her first time being put in such a difficult situation. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and she felt utterly ashamed. She wanted so badly to rush to Estelle and give her a good scolding!

Seeing how embarrassed Myra was, Tony's lips curled up slightly. He gathered the trembling woman in front of him into his arms and hugged her tightly. "It's all right. The old man knows that you didn't buy it. Don't worry."

"But, it's so embarrassing..." Myra bit down hard on her lip. An elder had witnessed such a scene, and in her own house too. It didn't matter if she was the one who bought it; she still felt ashamed. Perhaps the old man would think that her friend bought so many adult things for her because she had certain desires.

"It's not shameful. You can use a lot of this stuff on your own anyway." Tony's voice sounded from above her head as he eyed the items at her feet.

"Tony! Hart!" When Myra heard this, she thought of how he actually dared to place her hand on his thigh when Sebastian was around earlier. Not only that, but he had also used her hand to touch his... She felt like she was going to explode. Stomping her foot, she pushed him away, then turned and ran toward her bedroom.

Once she entered, she locked the door and immediately dialed Estelle's number. As soon as her call was answered, she yelled in embarrassment, "Estelle, what the hell did you buy?"

When Estelle received the call from her friend, she smirked and answered, "I'm livening things up for you and Tony. I was afraid that you'd be nervous, so I specially asked her to include some CDs with horror movies for you. My dear Myra, you don't have to thank me."

"Why should I thank you?" For the first time, Myra didn't feel like talking to Estelle anymore, so she hung up the phone and threw it down, then buried herself under the blanket.

It's over. Old Master Hart's impression of me is ruined... She felt like giving up on life.

Outside the bedroom, Tony peered at the box full of things, and a profound look clouded his eyes. Looking at the bedroom door that was shut tightly, he suddenly chuckled.

After burying herself under the covers, Myra gradually fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, three hours had passed, and the sky was dark.

Waking up, Myra suddenly remembered something and hurried out of the bedroom. She didn't see Tony, but there was a laptop on the coffee table in the living room. Beside it was a glass ashtray which already contained a few cigarette butts.

She thought for a while, then turned and walked toward the corridor outside the glass door. Sure enough, she saw Tony standing there talking on the phone with his back facing her.

He was holding a cigarette in his right hand, and he was dressed in only his white shirt and black pants. On his feet were the dark brown slippers she bought, which made Myra feel like he was part of her home.

Just by watching his back, Myra seemed to feel a sense of contentment in her heart.

He must have sensed her gaze, as the man on the phone turned around. When he met Myra's eyes, a small smile appeared, and it felt as if all of the world's moonlight was concentrated in his eyes. He said something to the person on the other end, then he hung up before opening the glass door and walking toward her.

As he took in her crimson face, Tony's lips curved into a shallow arc. "You're finally awake?"

Myra's face felt a little hot. There were guests at home, but she had gone to the bedroom and fell asleep.

Thinking of the laptop on the coffee table, she figured that Tony had asked his assistant to send it over when she was asleep. She was a little embarrassed as she said, "I don't know why I fell asleep..."

Almost instantly, the memory of the box full of stuff returned to her mind, and Myra subconsciously looked in the direction of the hallway.

"I've taken care of the items," Tony informed nonchalantly. He held Myra's waist as he walked toward the sofa in the living room. Lowering his head, he placed a quick kiss on her forehead, then murmured, "I still have some business to deal with. You go ahead and make dinner first, okay?"

Tony was being extremely gentle—so gentle that Myra was unable to resist him. She nodded as she stared into his deep eyes. "Okay."

Only when she began to busy herself in the kitchen, did Myra start to feel a little upset. Why can't I resist his charm?

From the door of the kitchen, she could see the man seated at the coffee table not far from her. He was constantly tapping away on the laptop while he held a cigarette between his index and middle fingers. Occasionally, he would place the cigarette between his thin lips as he squinted at the screen in front of him. Sometimes, he would tap the tabletop with his left fingers.

Myra found that he was expressionless when he was working, and his thin lips would be pressed together, but somehow... He's so damn sexy!

Most people say that a man was most handsome when he was working, and Tony's behavior just now made Myra's heart throb.

She patted her chest, wondering when she became so obsessed with him. Seeing that he was still busy, she subconsciously slowed down the speed of making dinner.

The dinner was simple but filled with warmth. After eating, Myra went to the kitchen to wash the dishes. When she came out, the table was already cleaned up.

The computer was turned off, and the papers were neatly laid aside.

Just now, she didn't notice that there was a suitcase beside the sofa. At this moment, the suitcase was opened, and it was a mess inside. It was filled with men's clothes and daily necessities, and everything was laid bare on the floor.

For a moment, Myra was taken aback. Then, she suddenly remembered that when Tony sent her back today, he asked her to go to his place tonight, and she had agreed.

Now...

Having heard that the sound of water in the bathroom had stopped, Myra didn't know why, but her ears grew hot, so she rushed into her bedroom.

Tony... Is he going to stay at my house tonight?

She suddenly thought of what Estelle had said. 'A man and a woman in the same room...'

Although she didn't have any objections to having any sort of relations with Tony, she always felt shy.

There was a knock on the door, and Tony's deep and sexy voice sounded immediately, "Myra?"

Perhaps it was because he had been in the bathroom for a while, so the heat had made his throat dry, causing his voice to drop several octaves.

Myra's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly responded, "I'm taking a shower."

Then, she scolded herself for being an idiot. Anyone could hear that she was standing behind the door. It didn't sound like she was taking a shower at all. It was more like she was hiding from someone!

Of course, Tony could tell too. There was a hint of a smile in his voice as he said, "Then, I'll wait for you to come out."

After a pause, he added, "After you come out, I have something to tell you."

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Myra had no choice but to take a bath in the bathroom in her bedroom. After taking the longest bath she had ever taken, she finally got out of the bathtub.

Then, she slowly blew her hair dry. Initially, Myra was wearing a bathrobe, but when she remembered that there was a man in the house, she changed into her loungewear.

In front of the mirror, one of her hands unexpectedly reached for a bottle of perfume that had never been used before. When she snapped back to her senses, she placed down the bottle of perfume, but her ears had already turned extremely red.

When she opened the bedroom door, she was still in a daze, and her cheeks were rosy from the heat in the bathroom.

Outside, Tony was watching TV and looking bored. Upon seeing her step out of the room, his eyebrows lifted and a teasing look appeared in his eyes. "I thought you fell asleep in the bathtub."

As his gaze swept over her, Myra didn't know what to do with her hands and feet. Pretending to be calm, she walked toward the sofa, then sat down on the other sofa before saying, "Didn't you say that you have something to tell me?"

"Why are you sitting so far away? Come here." Tony narrowed his eyes at her, somewhat displeased that she had placed such a distance between them.

Biting on her lip, Myra walked over, then sat down on the other end of the sofa where he was sitting. She took a sip out of the glass of water that was in front of her, trying to conceal her embarrassment.

"Speak."

Tony chuckled. He was playing with an unlit cigarette in his hand, but now, he threw down the cigarette, got up, and walked toward Myra.

He was tall and imposing, and he wore a bathrobe after taking his shower.

At this moment, the neckline of the bathrobe was slightly open, revealing his strong and muscular chest. His domineering aura was so strong that it was hard to ignore him.

Myra averted her gaze in a panic. When she looked up, she met Tony's darkened eyes.

"Afraid of me? Hmm?" His voice contained some kind of charm, and in the quiet living room at night, it evoked a sense of numbness that burned away her rationality.

Myra stammered, "M-Mr. Hart, if you have something to say, just say it. Didn't you say there was something you needed to tell me?"

"Tony." The man's deep and pitch-black eyes narrowed, and his tone was undeniably certain.

Myra swallowed and repeated in a low voice, "Tony..."

Her ears were utterly red, and she was blushing hard. She resembled a rabbit that was going to be slaughtered.

Tony studied the woman. Ever since he saw the box today, he had been thinking about what would happen tonight. A cluster of flames ignited in his eyes as spoke in a low and hoarse voice. "I'm going to the United States for a business trip tomorrow. I'll come back in a week at least, or half a month at most."

The sudden news made Myra pause for a second. "You're going on a business trip..." No wonder there's a suitcase next to him...

"Okay." A kiss came crashing down hard on her lips.

The first two times, the timing was wrong. But tonight, he couldn't wait any longer.

"Tony..." Myra's eyes grew moist in an instant.

Tony let out a low laugh. "Deliberately drinking water from the cup I was using... Myra, you little sprite!"

"I didn't..." Hearing his accusation, Myra closed her eyes shamefully and denied it.

This only made Tony laugh even more. He kissed her eyes and said, "Don't close your eyes; look at me."

His voice seemed to have a seductive charm, as it caused Myra to stare at his eyes in a daze.

“Tony... I’m... a little scared...” Myra turned her head away.

Tony’s eyes narrowed slightly, then he kissed her more gently than before. “Don’t be afraid. I love you...”

The room was silent, and occasionally, the night wind would breeze gently into the bedroom.

The bedroom light wasn’t turned on; only the glow from the stars outside spilled in.

Tony leaned against the headboard of the bed with a tired woman lying asleep on his waist.

Since finding out that Myra was married to Sean, Tony never thought that she would still be pure.

Last night, when he discovered that it was her first time, he was filled with indescribable shock and ecstasy, but it was followed by a feeling of pity.

“Tony...”

When he lay under the blanket, perhaps the temperature of his hands was burning the woman in his arms, but she reflexively shied away.

Tony was a little helpless. Did I scare her?

He gathered her into his arms and patted her on the back. Soon, she fell asleep again.

She didn't know how she fell asleep.

When Myra opened her eyes, she felt discomfort all over her body.

Beside her, the man was long gone.

He said last night that he would be going on a business trip today, so he had probably left.

Although she was somewhat disappointed, Myra wasn't an unreasonable woman.

Besides, Myra figured that he was going on a business trip this time to deal with the company in the United States.

Immediately after, Myra thought about last night, and her breathing hitched as she blushed all the way to the nape of her neck.

Tony seems like a man who's indifferent and warm, but his actions...

Myra suddenly thought of what Estelle said.

'For a man like Tony who's thirty-five but has never done it before, he definitely went down on you hard, right?'

He definitely went down hard, but it was definitely not his first time!

Myra was a little upset as she slowly stood up.

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Upon entering the bathroom, Myra saw two cups and two toothbrushes in front of the mirror.

In addition to her usual toiletries, there were also men's products.

On the towel rack beside the mirror, a navy blue towel had been unknowingly added right next to hers.

All of this felt too familiar. Back when she slept in Tony's apartment for one night, upon waking up the next day, the bathroom in his apartment had been set up like this as well!

Back then...

Myra quickly turned to the storage basket next to her. That basket contained the clothes she changed out of last night that was meant to be washed, and on the top was her nude-colored bra. Above that were Tony's black boxer briefs!

Myra's face flushed red at once.

Her phone rang, and when she saw that it was a call from Tony, she immediately hung up.

Tony was at the airport at that moment, and he was about to board his plane. When his call was hung up on, he raised his eyebrows slightly. She's just woken up and it's so early in the morning, yet her temper's so bad already?

He called her again.

This time, Myra didn't hang up. However, when she picked up, her tone was mildly unpleasant. "Yes?"

Tony let out a low chuckle. "Angry?"

Myra kept a straight face and didn't speak.

"Hey, I'll deal with things as quickly as possible and come back. When I'm away, you're not allowed to talk to other men, nor have any contact with them. Myra, I'll get jealous." Tony thought of her sulking on the other end, and his lips curled up a little.

When he woke up in the morning, if it weren't because he thought of how exhausted she was from last night, he barely managed to restrain himself.

"I don't care if you get jealous!" When Myra heard his remarks, her heart raced so fast that it felt like it was going to take off, but she replied stiffly, "Why are you so domineering? I can't even talk to other men..." Her voice was barely a whisper when she reached the end of her sentence.

Tony's eyes narrowed slightly. "Who else do you want to talk to? Sean?"

Upon hearing the name 'Sean', Myra's eyelids twitched.

For some reason, she felt a little guilty as she murmured, "I understand..."

After a pause, she added, "Come back soon..."

Then, she chided herself for not standing her ground. I was still angry just now!

Tony laughed again. "Remember to miss me."

Myra's face became hot and she grunted. Before ending the call, the man on the other end said casually, "Remember to wash the pants I changed out of last night."

Myra had been shy when she saw the black boxer briefs in the storage basket, but now, she was irritated. She spat out a 'you wish' before hanging up.

She looked at her blushing self in the mirror. Since when did my life become so full of vigor again?

She had already divorced Sean, and Tony had left Bradford City. Now, Myra could finally settle down and think of the many things she needed to contemplate.

First, she had to make a trip to the Ritz Carlton.

At noon, she drove her white sports car and quickly arrived at the hotel.

Unfortunately, she ran into the group of people she least wanted to meet at that moment.

Eve, Sean, and Lyla had come to the Ritz Carlton together at noon that day. Eve had suggested that the three of them have a nice meal and that they should all forget about the past misunderstandings and conflicts so that they could start living a good life again.

Meeting Myra at the door was something Eve hadn't expected.

However, contrary to Eve's belief, Myra was not depressed after divorcing Sean. Instead, she had a ruddy complexion, and there was a certain sweetness about her. She was wearing a light yellow ankle-length dress paired with a small vest. Her whole person was overflowing with shades of happiness.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, Eve would never have believed this was Myra's current state.

After all, she clearly knew how much Myra liked her son. Unless it was a fake divorce, how could she be so happy?

When they saw Myra approaching, the three of them stopped, feeling a little embarrassed.

A flash of surprise crossed Myra's heart, but the hint of a sneer touched the corners of her lips. She wanted to ignore the three people in front of her and simply walk away, but suddenly, Eve's voice brought her footsteps to a halt.

"Myra, are you here for a meal too?"

There was a little hesitancy in her voice. Myra wanted to walk away, but somehow, Eve walked straight in front of her to stop her from moving forward. Myra wasn't sure if she had done it on purpose.

Her brows furrowed slightly as she met the gaze of the three people in front of her, and she was extremely indifferent when she spoke. "Mrs. Chase, is there a problem?"

"Myra..." Eve used to like her very much, but after she took away half of the Chase Group's properties in Hillville, she developed a strong sense of dislike toward Myra, and she even felt that she was a scheming person! She didn't expect that Myra would also turn up at the Ritz Carlton today as soon as they arrived. Eve figured that she must have come on purpose because she couldn't let go of Sean. Her tone turned deliberately patronizing. "Myra, Sean

has indeed done you wrong, but you've divorced him, so it's better that you don't see each other so often to prevent any rumors from spreading."

Myra could clearly see Eve's true colors now. Upon hearing what she said, she found Eve's statements ironic and amusing. Her gaze swept over Sean, and a mocking smile appeared on her lips. "I came here to eat, but you think that I came here deliberately to bump into you, Mrs. Chase?"

Eve frowned a little. "You're the most aware of your own intentions."

"I really don't understand. Mrs. Chase, don't you know who this hotel belongs to?" Myra looked at the woman in front of her while trying not to smile.

Not far away, the manager of the Ritz Carlton was hurrying over to them. As he got closer, the manager said kindly to Myra, "Miss Stark, Mr. Engelhard is already waiting for you inside."

"Mr. Johnson, please let Mr. Engelhard know that I'm being pestered by a few people that I've encountered, and I'll need to deal with them first. I'll go find him later."

Myra was polite, and the manager, Aaron, immediately threw a vigilant glance at the three people. Seeing who they were, a trace of disgust flashed briefly across his eyes, then he pursed his lips and looked at Myra. "Miss Stark, do you want me to help you deal with them?"

Having said that, he beckoned the security personnel not far away from them.

Myra snorted when she saw the immediate change of expressions on the three people's faces. She said gently to Aaron, "It's okay; I can handle it myself. We ran into each other here, so they probably think that I'm still yearning for someone. Therefore, I just have to make things clear to prevent certain people from having any fantasies."

Sean's expression turned extremely nasty, and he pressed his lips into a straight line. "Myra, do you have to speak with a sting in your words? Have you forgotten how my mother used to treat you last time?"

"I haven't forgotten." The spark in Myra's eyes instantly turned to disgust.

How can I forget? She had done so many filthy things to me.

Myra could restrain herself from pursuing the past, but it didn't mean that she had forgotten about it.

It was fine if everything was peaceful, but if someone insisted on finding fault with her, she wasn't going to be an easy target either!

"It's precisely because I remember Mrs. Chase's words that I should give a proper answer. Mrs. Chase, fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton belongs to me; I have the right to stand here more than anyone else. As for the three of you... Could it be that Sean deliberately brought you all here because he's still pining after me?"

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"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense!"

Two different voices said the same thing.

Myra stared at Lyla, who had been quiet since earlier. This woman has become even more gorgeous than before. After all, she has managed to get between my relationship with Sean and replaced me. All of her tactics have succeeded.

Suddenly, she leaned closer to Lyla and said faintly, "Miss Fisher, you've racked your brains just to be with Sean. However, the heavens are keeping watch on the wicked and the good. One day, you'll accidentally expose your cloven foot."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Approached by Myra, Lyla shrank and buried herself in Sean's arms in fear. "Myra, you've betrayed us so many times. Even though Sean accidentally put you in prison, there's no need for you to hate us like this, is there? Your debt to us... has been written off."

Noticing that Lyla was hiding in his embrace out of her fear toward Myra, Sean looked right at the latter's cold gaze. "Myra, we didn't know you'd be here when we decided to come today."

"I came here without knowing you guys would be here too. If I had known earlier, I wouldn't want to run into you guys either."

After Myra said that, she turned around and left. When she was about to leave, her eyes caught Eve, who seemed to have something to say. Quickly, she added, "Please don't try to stop me again, Mrs. Chase. I know your son is popular, but he's nothing to me now." Then, she walked toward the hotel.

Behind her, Eve and Sean's expressions got ugly. They didn't expect Myra to turn into a different person after the divorce.

"She... She's... getting on my nerves!" Eve's hands were shaking. "I treated her with all my heart in the past. How can she turn her back on me after the divorce? Sean, from now on, you can't get involved with her anymore!" Her chest was heaving with anger.

Sean's expression clouded. When Myra said that he no longer meant anything to her, he was embarrassed. Yet, the corners of his mouth curved into a disdainful grin. She's only trying to act calm. Let's see how long she can stay that way!

"Hmm," he replied to his mother indifferently.

Right after Eve finished her words, she took a glance at the Ritz Carlton.

Ritz Carlton was the largest hotel in Bradford City. Pomp and circumstance were its distinctive characteristics. Its annual profit was no less than that of a medium-sized company. But, what did Myra say earlier?

'Fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton belongs to me. I have the right to stand here more than anyone else.'

When Eve recalled the manager of the Ritz Carlton treating Myra politely, her expression immediately sank. How come Myra never mentioned to us that she owns fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton?

Myra was down in the dumps after she ran into Eve and the others. Standing outside Conan's office, she took a long, deep breath. After she shook off her bad mood, she knocked on the door.

"Come in." A hoarse voice rose from inside.

When Myra heard the voice, her heart softened, and she felt upset. She pushed the door open and her eyes immediately found the old man, who was sitting behind the desk.

Conan had aged a lot in the last two years. Back then, he only had white hair on his temples. Now, his hair was almost completely white.

She choked a little at the sight and went to the old man. Softly, she began, "Mr. Engelhard, I should've come earlier to apologize to you... I don't know if you're willing to forgive me..."

When the Chase Group ran into troubles back in the days, Myra blindly sold twenty percent of her shares in the Stark Group to the old man in front of her. Besides that, she also wanted to sell her share of the Ritz Carlton in order to provide Chase Group with the funds they needed desperately. Nonetheless, Conan strongly opposed her decision. Since then, she never contacted him out of anger. She didn't regret her decision until some time ago, but she was too ashamed to visit him. Looking back at what happened, she felt guilty.

Conan looked at the girl in front of him, who had grown more mature compared to two years ago, and was overwhelmed by emotions. He knew how Myra had been living all these years. Yet, he also knew that the girl in front of him was very stubborn—she would never give up.

All these years, he had never stopped watching over her. It was only until yesterday when she got a divorce with Sean that he finally felt like the dust had settled. He waved at her. "Come here, Myra."

With her eyes brimming with tears, Myra walked toward him and squatted down before him. "Mr. Engelhard, I know I've made a lot of mistakes in the past. Can you forgive me?"

Conan was a close friend of Myra's grandfather, and he watched Myra's mother and Myra grow up. Therefore, he loved Myra as though she was his own granddaughter.

He caressed her head. "I'm not fed up with you. I'm just afraid that you'll be hurt. Myra, the past is in the past. I know you've divorced Sean. That's great. Don't think about that heartless man anymore. I'll never get angry with you. I was worried you might not live happily in the future."

"Mr. Engelhard..." Myra's heart flinched. She wondered what a bastard she had been to skip visiting him for two years...

"I won't think about him again. I'm no longer the old Myra." She held his hand, and her expression was complicated. In the end, she bit her lip and whispered, "Mr. Engelhard, I'm ready to go back to work at the Stark Group."

A trace of surprise flashed across Conan's face.

Myra took a deep breath and repeated, "I've decided to work at the Stark Group, Mr. Engelhard."

Staring at the girl in front of him, Conan realized that Myra had grown up from a stubborn girl into a strong, open-minded girl. She was braver than he imagined, and she took the fastest time to grow up well. There was a touch of comfort before his eyes as he asked gently, "Myra, are you sure?"

"Hmm."

This was not a decision made on the fly. A long time ago, Myra had considered going back to work at the Stark Group. The Stark Group was the result of her mother's efforts. She didn't want to give it to that mother-daughter pair. However, she wasn't prepared to leave Sean either. She thought Sean would eventually share a single heart with her, and she would be able to take back the Stark Group—the company that belonged to her mother. Yet, she had overestimated herself. Now, she and Sean were divorced, and she left the Chase Group. It was about time she returned to the Stark Group and took back what was supposedly hers.

Fortunately, she was not alone. The thought of Tony softened the hard lines on her face.

"Mr. Engelhard..." She hesitated. Still, she went on and told the old man in front of her gently, "There's someone that I would like to introduce to you sometime..."

"The kid from the Hart Family?" Conan arched an eyebrow at her.

"How did you know, Mr. Engelhard..." Myra was surprised.

Conan let out a chuckle. "Silly girl, how could I not know about your things?"

The 'kid' came to see him a while ago.

Conan shook his head. "Myra, I won't comment on that kid from the Hart Family. You're all grown up. Whether he's good or bad, whether he treats you sincerely, and whether he's the

man you want, these are the things you need to think about carefully. I won't interfere this time."

It wasn't that he didn't want to put in a good word for Tony in front of Myra. There were some things that Tony had gone overboard with, but Conan didn't even step in to stop him.

