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“Myra, I may not care about what people say about you, but you do, right?” Tony paused, then looked at the woman in front of him, who looked rather awkward. His expression became considerably gentler. “I know what you’re thinking. You’re afraid my reputation will be ruined, right?”

He let out a low chuckle next to her ear, causing his breath to spread all over her neck. She found it ticklish and couldn’t help but shrink her neck back.

Leaning over, Tony placed a kiss on her lips. “This society will always be a little harsher on women and a little more tolerant of men. I’m a man, so it doesn’t matter even if they throw dirt my way because it’s true that I already had intentions for you at the time.”

Tony’s tone was nonchalant, but Myra squeezed her palms. She shot him a quick glance before looking down. “Anyway, since the situation is like this now, regardless of whether or not the dirt is on me, I won’t be able to wash it off.”

It was just as Tony said. This society was always a little harsher on women and a little more tolerant of men. Even if Tony came forward right now to say that he was the one who took the initiative that day in the hotel, many people would just think that she was evil and asked him to stand up for her because she couldn’t clear her own name.

People’s minds were very complex, but hearing him say that he didn’t care what others thought of her was enough for Myra.

When the feeling of being wronged slowly ebbed away, Myra looked up and met Tony’s gaze. All of a sudden, she said, “After I received the call from Old Master Hart, I... turned off my phone on purpose.”

As expected...

Tony narrowed his eyes.

"I was a little confused. At that time, I figured if I told you, you would've rushed over. I was afraid you'd get into an argument with Old Master Hart."

Sebastian was already dissatisfied with her at that point, so if Tony acted out, it would only further anger the old man.

Initially, Myra wanted to see what Sebastian would say, so on the spur of the moment, she turned her phone off.

Tony tightened his hold on her waist. "If this happens again, I won't let you off the hook so easily!"

Stretching out both her arms, she circled them around his waist. She was going to say something when the sudden ringing of a phone stopped her.

They both fell silent. Then, Myra let go of Tony's waist and tried to reach for her bag. But, Tony didn't let her do so and grabbed her hands before placing them back onto his waist. He stretched out his own arm to bring her bag over.

By the time he got hold of her bag, the phone had stopped ringing.

But, it didn't take long before the phone started ringing again.

Tony fished Myra's phone out of her bag and handed it over to her.

The call was from an unknown number, and although she didn't really want to pick it up, she was afraid it might be a new customer, so she answered the call.

However, as soon as she picked up, Sean's slightly worried voice sounded. "Myra, are you all right?"

Lately, Myra turned her phone volume up to maximum. Since the distance between her and Tony was close, he heard the male voice and found it utterly familiar.

He narrowed his eyes a little, and a sharp gleam flashed across his eyes.

Myra froze. Undoubtedly, she knew how bad the sound leakage was, and she could more or less guess that Tony must have heard what Sean said.

While she was stunned silent, Sean began to say a bunch of things. "Myra, don't worry. I'll issue a statement to clarify that you didn't do any of those things. That video is baseless. Myra, are you okay? I want to see you. Today, when I went to the Stark Group, I was planning to find you after I was done talking to your father, but you already left. Don't think too much. I—"

Before Sean could finish speaking, Tony directly took the phone from Myra's hands and interrupted him in a bleak voice, "Myra's in the shower. If there's anything, just tell me. I'll help you pass the message."

He had blocked Sean's number long ago, so he didn't expect that he would get a new number just to harass Myra!

Upon hearing Sean's words, Tony thought about how Sean went to the Stark Group today, and he even wanted to look for Myra. He remembered clearly warning Sean, yet he still didn't give up... Tony's expression gradually grew colder.

Almost instantly, Sean's tone became stony. "Who are you?"

Tony smiled, but Myra saw that it didn't reach his eyes. He said frostily, "Director Chase, you're quite forgetful. We just met not too long ago."

"Tony..." The green veins on Sean's hand that was holding the phone began to bulge.

He thought that at this time, she would probably be getting attacked by the Hart Family. He thought that by finding her, he would be able to give her comfort, but he didn't expect that Tony would actually stay with Myra!

"Please pass the phone to Myra. I have something to say to her." After knowing who was on the other end of the phone, Sean's face became void of expression.

Mockery was clear on Tony's face. He suddenly bowed his head and buried it somewhere near the right side of Myra's neck before biting her ear.

Myra couldn't dodge in time, so she couldn't help but yelp, but Tony swallowed the sound and suddenly threw the phone aside. Without caring about whether or not the call was still connected or if he had hung up, he kissed Myra.

When he heard the sounds coming from the other end, Sean held his phone in a deathly grip.

He stood in front of the office's floor-to-ceiling window, looking down at the crowd. His heart felt empty.

Starting from a certain point, after knowing what kind of woman Myra was, he actually... couldn't let her go.

Hearing the woman's repressed moans and the man's rough gasps, Sean knew Tony, with how despicable he was, was doing this on purpose, but he had no way of stopping it.

Once upon a time, Myra was his wife, so he should've been the one sleeping next to her and hugging her, but this luxury had become another man's!

As soon as he thought of another man taking away Myra's innocence, there was a sharp pain in his heart. It was as if a fire was burning inside, and his heart was soon turning into ashes.

He hung up the phone with no expression on his face. Out of nowhere, he smashed his phone into the corner of the wall. With a 'crack', the phone broke into pieces.

"Director Chase, is something wrong?" Richard heard sounds and pushed open the door. Upon seeing the scene inside, he frowned and walked to the corner of the room before picking up the shattered phone. "Director Chase, do you need a new phone immediately?" Richard asked calmly as he pushed his glasses up.

Sean seemed to have thrown away all of his strength along with that smash. He massaged his forehead. His eyes were tired, and even his voice was hoarse. "Richard, you can go out first."

Richard nodded. "All right, Director Chase."

However, just as he was about to walk out of Sean's office, Sean called out and stopped him. "Richard, at that time, all the evidence pointed to Myra stealing the Chase Group's trade secrets and giving them to the Hart Group. What's your take on that?"

Richard froze, then looked hesitantly at Sean. "Director Chase, this matter..."

“This time, I just want to hear the truth about what you think of the matter.” Sean’s voice was filled with fatigue, but when he turned to look at Richard, his gaze was grave.

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Richard pondered for a long while as if thinking about what he should say. Sean waited for so long that he was growing impatient, but Richard suddenly said, “Miss Stark has fought for many projects for the Chase Group in the past.”

That was indeed the truth.

In the beginning, the Chase Group was in a terrible state. After Myra took over the design department, she had been busy and constantly working overtime.

She took great pains to obtain more projects for them.

She never complained about working overtime or the intensity of her workload. Judging from how hard she worked, no one could believe that she was a dainty young lady from a wealthy family.

Obviously, Sean knew that Myra wasn’t the only one who was busy in the beginning because he was too. A lot of times, when he took the stairs down to the underground parking lot, he could see her when he passed by the design department, and she would always be the only one working overtime.

She never once complained to him about work, and she had gotten many projects for the Chase Group.

As of today, the Chase Group was doing many times better than they were back then.

Sean suddenly let out a low chuckle. “At that time, I was like a demon. If Myra could do this to me and the Chase Group, then why did she work so hard to help us in the past...”

Listening to what Sean said, Richard knew that he understood the meaning behind his earlier statement.

He was just a secretary, so he had no right to interfere with his boss' decisions. He could only indirectly express his opinions.

If he was being honest, Richard was quite fond of Myra. Unfortunately, she only stayed for two years before getting divorced from Sean. Then, Lyla...

Richard pursed his lips.

All of a sudden, the office phone rang.

With tightly furrowed brows, Sean waved a dismissive hand at Richard. "That's all. You can go now."

Richard nodded and left.

Sean walked to the phone and picked it up absent-mindedly. As soon as he answered the call, Eve's panicked voice sounded from the other side. "Sean! Sean... Hurry up and come to the hospital! It's bad! Elsie... S-she had a miscarriage..."

When Tony was satisfied, Myra fell into a deep sleep.

There was a soft knock on the door. He shot a lazy glance at the door, then responded in a low voice, "Come in."

With a whoosh, a small head poked in through the doorway. Tilting his head, Henry looked at his uncle and whispered, "Uncle Tony, Great-grandpa asked me to call both of you down to eat."

Henry dared not speak too loudly, probably because the room was too quiet. Not to mention, he couldn't stop his face from turning red when he saw the scene inside.

Although Tony and Myra were just lying together, he felt somewhat embarrassed.

When Tony noticed that his nephew was being evasive, satisfaction appeared in his eyes. He said softly, "Myra is asleep, so you guys go ahead and eat first. We'll go down when she wakes up."

"Okay." Henry had already withdrawn his neck, but he suddenly poked his head back in again and whispered, "Uncle Tony, do you believe what they're saying on the Internet?"

There was a hint of nervousness in the little guy's tone and expression. It was as if he was afraid to hear his uncle's answer, but at the same time, seemed to look forward to it.

Tony narrowed his eyes, then placed a kiss on Myra's forehead. He then raised his eyebrows at the little guy. "What do you think?"

Breathing a sigh of relief, Henry whispered, "I trust Myra too. She's not that kind of woman! When I go down, I'll definitely tell Great-grandpa that he was too unreasonable just now."

With that, he gently closed the door for them, then the stomping sounds of his footsteps gradually disappeared.

Perhaps it was because he got Tony's answer, but he seemed a little happy. However, the sound of his heavy footsteps woke Myra up.

She frowned and slowly opened her eyes, only to meet Tony's deep, smiling eyes. As the memories came flooding back, her face turned scarlet. She pushed the man in front of her away and sat up. "How long have I been asleep? Is it time for dinner? What time is it?"

Tony was a little upset for being pushed aside. But, since he was so satisfied just now, he could still tolerate it. Myra was nervously putting on her clothes when he swept her into his arms. "I just made an appointment with a reporter, and I'll be meeting with him tomorrow. You should go too."

"What's it for?" Myra couldn't help but ask.

He made an appointment with a reporter...

"Nothing much. We're just going to talk about what happened today." Tony raised his eyebrows.

"I won't go." Myra instantly refused.

Tony narrowed his eyes at once. "I've already made an appointment with him."

"Then, you can go on your own." Myra wriggled out of his embrace.

"Myra Stark!" Tony rarely called her by her full name, and his current expression was serious.

"Even if you call me 'Your Highness', I won't go with you!" Myra said nonchalantly, then got out of bed after getting dressed.

Tony didn't know whether to laugh or cry after hearing her say that. 'Your highness'? When did she learn to be funny?

He was about to grab Myra's hand, but Myra dodged him and proceeded to search the floor for her slippers.

"Then, we won't talk about today's affairs. We'll just talk about random stuff." Tony couldn't help but sound a little gentler when Myra started to make things difficult for him. "Since I've already made an appointment, I can't stand him up, right?"

Myra finally stopped looking for her slippers. Turning her head, she looked at Tony. "We're really not talking about today's affairs?"

"We won't." Tony got out of bed as well and walked to Myra's side. "I swear."

When Myra saw how sincere he had become, as well as her own figure reflected in his clear pupils, she was moved. She snuggled into his arms. "Since the situation has already gotten to this point, we better not give any random explanations. Over time, all of this will die down. It won't affect me."

What she meant by this was that he wasn't allowed to take the initiative to take responsibility for the incident.

Warmth surged into Tony's heart as he wrapped his arms around her waist while agreeing with her.

"Let's go downstairs. I assume you're hungry too. Just now, Old Master Hart got Henry to come up and call us down for dinner," Tony said faintly.

Hearing that Sebastian asked Henry to come up and call them, Myra felt her spirits lift. She took Tony's hand and walked out. "Then, let's hurry up and go down. We shouldn't let everyone wait any longer."

Tony wanted to tell her that he told them not to wait, but seeing that Myra was currently in a good mood, he simply followed her and went down.

Downstairs, although Sebastian's expression was still unpleasant, it had obviously eased a lot.

Myra noticed that the medicinal food Sebastian had previously brought to the Stark Group for her was placed in front of her seat.

Serena winked at her. "Old Master Hart says one thing but means another. Myra, don't be bothered by what he said to you just now. If anything, he'll be the first to forget."

Obviously, Serena trusted her.

A warm current flowed in Myra's heart as she nodded at Serena. She murmured her assent, and her smile turned her eyes into crescents.

As opposed to the heartwarming scene at the Hart Residence, in the hospital, Eve and Lyla were in a terrible mood.

After Lyla left the Chase Group in a haste, she immediately asked to meet with Elsie.

It just so happened that Elsie was near the office, so in no time, the two of them met in a coffee shop.

Lyla was furious and directly asked Elsie to leave Sean. However, how could Elsie agree to that? So, she gave Lyla a curt reply—every word she said felt like a stab to Lyla's heart.

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Considering the fact that they were pregnant, the two of them only ordered orange juice. However, Elsie's stomach started to ache after she drank the juice, and the bottom of her dress was soaked in blood.

She immediately called Eve, who then phoned the hospital right away. When Elsie was sent into the operation theater, Eve quickly called her son. Everything happened so fast that she didn't even have the chance to catch her breath.

When Elsie finally came out of the operation theater, Eve was told by the doctor that the former was fine but the child couldn't be saved. Immediately, her eyes were filled with anger and she glared at Lyla. If it wasn't for them being at the hospital, Eve would have slapped her on the face right away. "Are you happy now? Lyla, I'll have you know that you won't get away with this so easily! Sean will be here soon and he'll find out how cruel you are for killing the child inside Elsie!"

At that point, Eve was about to blow a gasket. Before this, Elsie went on to do a test with her and confirmed that the child she was carrying was a boy. I was about to become a grandmother to a grandson, but all of this was destroyed by Lyla!

"So what if he knows? Mom, don't forget that Sean told you to come here and take care of the child long ago but you and Elsie kept on dragging the matter, which resulted in this. Also, who told you that I was the one who killed the child she was carrying? I was also drinking the orange juice with her, so why would I want to hurt her and the child?" Lyla's eyes were cold and she did not have any strength left to pretend in front of Eve.

"You didn't do it? Do you really think I don't know what happened? You definitely put something in Elsie's drink! You really are a cruel woman. I've already taken what's left of her drink and ran it through an inspection. You won't get away this time!" Eve growled.

Suddenly, Lyla's expression changed slightly, but she quickly composed herself before she plastered a mocking smile on her face. "Is that so? Mom, you know my plan so well it is as if you've used the same means too on someone else in the past."

Eve's face turned pale the minute she heard that statement. Inside the ward, Elsie was still sleeping soundly but on the outside, the atmosphere between Lyla and Eve was getting tense. What happened back then... What happened back then had always been Eve's secret. Ever since she realized how big her son's reaction was toward that incident, she subconsciously told herself that it was all Myra's fault and it had nothing to do with her.

In all honesty, she had no say on whether it had nothing to do with her or not. In the past two years, there were countless times when she wanted to spill the beans whenever she saw her son's disgust toward Myra, but she held back the urge to tell him that it was she herself who drugged Lyla and caused the miscarriage.

Why is Lyla mentioning this to me at this moment? Well, maybe this is just a coincidence. Eve's fists tightened immediately and she tried to compose herself. She then stared at Lyla viciously as she roared, "I knew all along that you are a cruel woman. Don't think I don't

know that Myra was driven out of the Chase Family because of your scheme, so you can stop pretending in front of me now!”

“Looks like you do know that Myra was driven out of the family because of my little scheme. What are you going to do about it, though? You knew about this but you still didn’t stop me!” Lyla sneered at the woman in front of her who was pretending to be calm. “You want your son to marry someone who not only can bear him a child, but also has some worth for you to exploit. Now that you’ve seen the video online, I’m afraid that you feel fortunate that your son has divorced Myra, right?” At the moment, Lyla felt as though she was going off the rails, but it didn’t matter to her anymore as she only wanted the Chase Group and the Chase Family. To achieve her goals, she could sacrifice everything. “I’ve also said that I will never divorce Sean. I’m not Myra, so I won’t let you kick me out of the Chase Family after you have finished using me! I will forever be the Young Mistress of the Chase Family!” Lyla’s sharp eyes were now filled with grievance.

“You—” Eve almost passed out in anger but she couldn’t do anything about it. Lyla isn’t as easy to drive away as Myra. I should have thought of this back when I approved her marriage with Sean. Her chest heaving violently, she suddenly smiled coldly. “Lyla, have you forgotten why Sean hated Myra so much? It’s because she killed the child inside you back then. Now that you have harmed the child inside Elsie, what do you think he’ll do to you?”

“I know that if my position in the family is under threat, I won’t mind telling him how Myra was framed back then,” Lyla sneered and she was not terrified by Eve’s words at all. She stared at the latter in hatred as she continued, “Or are you still lying to yourself? Do you really think I don’t know what you did to me and Sean’s child at that time?”

All of a sudden, Eve’s expression changed slightly but she pretended to be calm. “I don’t know what you are talking about. I only know that you won’t get away with this!”

“Is that so? Mom, what do you think Sean will do when he finds out that he has misunderstood Myra? Say, do you think he will try to get back together with her?”

Upon hearing that, Eve immediately took a step forward and slapped Lyla on the face. She then narrowed her eyes as she thundered, “How dare you threaten me?”

Lyla’s face turned to the side due to the impact of the slap, but she still remained calm as she turned her head back and stared straight at Eve. “Why wouldn’t I dare to threaten you? Who do you think you are? Do you really think you are that noble just because you are from the Chase Family? You are just an arrogant woman who covers yourself in riches just to conceal your rotting core—every part of you is disgusting enough to make people sick!”

“Lyla Fisher!” No one had ever said these words to Eve. At the moment, she was so enraged that both her hands were trembling and she really regretted letting Lyla into the Chase Family. “Don’t forget that you and Sean are still married, which means that I’m still your mom.”

“Then I hope that Elsie’s incident ends here.” Lyla’s eyes were filled with coldness.

“It all ends here...” Eve wanted to continue mocking her but when she saw the darkness in Lyla’s eyes, she suddenly felt a little scared.

As expected, Lyla knows that I’m the one responsible for her and Sean’s child. If she tells Sean about this... It would be better if she told him in the past because he would just ignore me for a long period of time but if she tells him now, it will force him to reconcile with Myra! As Eve thought about her conversation with Sean just now, her heart immediately thumped because he was mostly speaking up for Myra. I can’t let Sean go back to that woman; I just can’t!

“Alright, then. I promise you that all of this ends here but you better keep your mouth shut; otherwise, you will regret it.” Eve tried her best to suppress the anger inside her. I need to hold back my rage for the meantime but one day, I will make her pay for everything!

After that, she didn’t want to stay here any longer, so she turned around and walked toward the other end of the corridor straight away. Now that the child inside Elsie is gone, I don’t need to stay here and look at Lyla’s annoying face!

As Lyla watched Eve leave angrily, a hint of disdain flashed through her eyes.

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At this point, it’s all because Eve forced me to do it! If she didn’t keep on protecting the child inside Elsie, I wouldn’t need to do this!

While clenching her fists tightly, Lyla glanced at the door of the ward one last time and furrowed her brows before leaving the place.

However, the two of them didn't know that a dark figure was standing at the emergency exit as he listened to everything they said just now.

At the moment, his face looked terrifyingly dark. Even though it was a rather warm autumn, the coldness of his face felt as though it could freeze someone completely.

No one knew how much time had passed but it had been quiet outside for a long while. Finally, his eyebrows twitched slightly and he lifted his gaze, revealing the coldness within.

...

"I know that if my position in the family is under threat, I won't mind telling him how Myra was framed back then."

"Or are you still lying to yourself? Do you really think I don't know what you did to me and Sean's child at that time?"

"Is that so? Mom, what do you think Sean will do when he finds out that he has misunderstood Myra? Say, do you think he will try to get back together with her??"

"Looks like you do know that Myra was driven out of the family because of my little scheme. What are you going to do about it, though? You knew about this but you still didn't stop me!"

...

In the past, all Sean knew was that he and Lyla had a child, but it was later killed by Myra.

In his two years of marriage to Myra, he purposely went looking for many other women just to insult her. He was willing to have one night stands with them instead of even touching her so that he could tell her that he was insulting and punishing her! Initially, he planned to leave Myra and be together with Lyla again without hesitation when she came back.

During his time with Lyla, he kept on telling himself that she was the woman he loved. She was his first love and it wasn't easy to get her back, so he thought that he should be together with her.

However, at the same time, he realized that he kept on thinking about Myra.

He would unwillingly remember how good she had been toward him and the company in the past, and he even subconsciously ignored what she once did to his child.

However, he was wrong...

He was wrong about everything...

The person who killed his own child wasn't Myra at all, but his own mother whom he trusted the most!

As for Lyla, he always thought she was kind and at least truthful toward him, but he was starting to question what he heard just now.

It was she who plotted to drive Myra out of the Chase Family... It was she who killed the child inside Elsie... She is the one who always puts on a façade in front of me... At the moment, Sean was clenching his fists so tightly that his veins were popping out. If only I knew all of this... If only I knew...

Suddenly, he took out his phone and tried to call Myra, but she had already blacklisted him on her phone long ago.

She isn't willing to see me because I hurt her... It's because I didn't trust her...

There was an endless pit in his heart and it was growing deeper and deeper while his mind was filled with panic. He seemed to feel that he could no longer hold onto Myra.

Suddenly, he ran down the stairs and rushed into his sports car. As he turned the steering wheel, his movements suddenly halted.

I need to find her so that I can explain everything to her. I need to seek her out so that I can be together with her. I was wrong... I was completely wrong! However, I don't even know where she is. I only know that she is now with that man Tony Hart... Then, he remembered the conversation between Lyla and his mother and suddenly, something occurred to him in a flash.

However, his phone chose that moment to ring, effectively breaking his train of thought.

Lowering his head, he immediately recognised the familiar number.

He could feel his heart racing as he looked at the phone number, and he answered the call with trembling hands before placing the phone next to his ear.

Soon after, a familiar voice was heard on the other side. "Mr. Chase, we could only find a golden Aston Martin Taraf in the end. Sure enough, it was Miss Fisher who stole the business secrets of the Chase Group's Hillville project. Also, she handed the document to a person in the car but due to the blurry footage, we couldn't find out who that person was."

Sean felt a chill run down his spine and he slowly enunciated, "Who is the owner of that golden Aston Martin Taraf?"

There was a pause on the other end but soon after, the person answered, "The owner is the heir to the Samson Family, Elliot Samson."

...

Inside the Hart Residence, the atmosphere of the dinner was quite nice.

Lisa even served Myra a bowl of soup, which was rather unprecedented. However, her face was still emotionless.

After getting back to their bedroom, Sebastian was a little displeased as he mumbled while pacing back and forth behind Lisa. "Lisa, why did you serve that soup to Myra but you didn't even serve it to me?"

Obviously, he was a little jealous of Myra.

In the meantime, Lisa was putting on facial cream as she listened to him complain. She then looked at him through the mirror as she commented lightly, "You've frightened her."

Sebastian immediately pursed his lips and he mumbled unhappily, "They were the ones who did something wrong. I only scolded her. What's the problem? In the end, Tony still refuted me! Why aren't you comforting me now?"

At that moment, Lisa was rendered speechless. When he was furious just now, Myra hadn't even come here yet but he was already going on and on about separating her and Tony. Maybe he said something over the top to her when she came back, which probed Tony to protect her.

"I really can't understand where Tony's temperament comes from. He is nothing like my past self!"

Upon hearing that, Lisa was a little speechless.

In the past, she was initially engaged to another man but Sebastian plotted to snatch her over. Honestly, his unruly temperament is really not much different from Tony's.

"It's been so many days but he still hasn't given me a promise about a great-grandson. Instead, he keeps on going against me!" This was another thing that Sebastian couldn't get off his chest. He promised me a great-grandson but nothing has happened since then!

"Sit down!" Seeing him walking back and forth, Lisa felt a little dizzy. Immediately, Sebastian halted his anxious pacing and he sat on the edge of the bed obediently. As he looked at Lisa, she said to him flatly, "The more anxious you are, the less likely it will happen."

Her words explained what Sebastian was worried about deep down inside, so he let out a huge sigh. "If only these two have the same taste in women as Damian. Also, look at Shawn—he always finds a woman with a weird temperament! Don't think I'm not aware that his girlfriend, Estelle, has ex-boyfriends that could line up from here to Marina Bay Bridge!"

Seeing the displeasure on his face, Lisa furrowed her brows but at the same time, her lips curled up. Then, she put down whatever she was doing and went over to sit next to him. "You only need to care about me."

Her sudden words instantly startled Sebastian, but she already pressed her lips together and got up before walking out the door.

When Sebastian finally came back to his senses, his face immediately turned from gloomy to cheerful as he chased after her. "Lisa, I think you blushed just now!"

...

The next day when they had breakfast downstairs, Myra and Tony could clearly notice that Sebastian's attitude had taken a huge turn.

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Sebastian's attitude yesterday was a result of his anger but after Lisa's advice, he thought about it for the whole night. In all honesty, it wasn't hard for him to see past it.

When he saw Myra coming down the stairs, he even took the initiative to greet her and call her over for breakfast. Even though his tone still sounded a little dark, it was a whole lot better than ignoring her.

Meanwhile, Tony also came down with her. He was wearing a white shirt and black pants that went along with his meticulously tied dark green tie. However, there weren't any emotions on his dashing face except for the two rows of teeth marks that were now imprinted on his gorgeous-looking face, serving as a contrast to his cold aura.

"Uncle Tony, who bit your chin?" Except for the naïve Henry, everyone else pretended to not notice the bite marks on his chin.

Listening to Henry's words, Tony walked to Myra's side, causing her face to flush immediately. She didn't dare to look at the man next to her, so she instinctively quickened her footsteps to put some distance between them.

However, Tony seemed to realize her intentions, so he reached out and pulled the nervous woman right into his arms before answering Henry seriously, "It's all your Aunt Myra's fault—she was being a little naughty last night, so she bit me."

"What?" Henry was startled as he didn't expect Myra to be this brutal. Looking at the bite marks on Tony's chin, he couldn't help but shiver since there was now a purplish red wound. It must have been really painful when she bit him. Looks like I cannot afford to simply offend her!

Seeing Henry's shock expression, Myra flushed even more as she couldn't help but push Tony aside embarrassedly and whispered, "Behave yourself!"

If I don't stop this man, who knows what other shameless things will spit out of his mouth?

With his head down, Tony could see the side of her gorgeous face from his angle, which looked soft and delicate. As the faint sunlight shone on her face, her eyes seemed to be coated by a layer of charming light that was enough to make his heart race. Feeling as if his heart was suddenly pierced by an arrow, a faint sense of satisfaction started to rise while he tightened his hands around her waist and he led her to the dining table. "Yes, darling."

"Who are you calling darling here?" Myra didn't expect the man to keep on going with his words, causing her whole face to flush red. Even though she knew that Tony never cared about what other people thought, they were still in the Hart Residence and everyone was now looking at them.

Tony raised his brows and he noticed her shyness, so he stopped teasing her.

The atmosphere of the meal today was much better than last night's, which was a huge relief for Myra.

Living in the Chase Family for two years almost destroyed her hopes for love and marriage. She knew that being a divorced woman, she would definitely be ostracized by most elite families, especially after the incident that was exposed last night. Not only would the family dislike her, the husband would also feel disgusted. However, this wasn't the treatment she received in the Hart Family. As she turned her head around and looked at the man who was eating his breakfast elegantly, she felt a sense of gratification within her, and she was grateful that this man was able to insert all kinds of colors into her life once more.

...

Tony made an appointment with a reporter yesterday, so the two of them drove to a café after finishing their breakfast.

On the way, Myra felt a little nervous so she turned around and reminded Tony, "If the reporter asks about yesterday's incident, just stay silent and let me answer it, or you can try to talk more about your career so that we can divert the reporter's attention. Even better, why don't I stay in the car and wait for you to finish talking with him?"

There isn't a reporter in the world that doesn't want any gossip. After what happened yesterday, the reporter will definitely question everything when he sees the two of us showing up together. What she didn't want the most was to get Tony involved in all of this.

"Don't worry. He's a friend and he won't mess with us."

Seeing the restlessness in her eyes, one of Tony's hands let go of the steering wheel and he grabbed her left hand, silently giving her strength. His eyes were filled with determination as he looked at the path in front.

...

It wasn't long before they reached the café.

The place was very private since it was no ordinary café—the moment they arrived at the entrance, there was a valet waiting to help park Tony's car.

After getting out of the car, Tony put his arm around Myra's waist and they both went in.

After passing through two corridors and an indoor fountain, they finally reached a beautiful-looking garden that was about 30 square meters. Even though it looked small, the decorations were very elegant. There were European-pastoral style decorations everywhere, and the splendid little flowers had a unique fragrance to them. In the corner of the little garden, there was a man sitting on a wicker chair while casually sipping a cup of coffee and next to him, there was a camera and a notebook. As soon as he saw them coming, his eyes lit up and he quickly walked toward them with his hand stretched out. "It's been such a long time since we've seen each other, Director Hart. I thought that you would stand me up today. You really are a busy man and it isn't easy to get a chance to see you!"

Tony curled up his lips slightly while reaching out to shake the man's hand politely. "It's been a while."

Obviously, the man knew about Tony's temperament very well, so he didn't comment on his attitude. Instead, his eyes were filled with excitement as he turned toward the woman next to Tony with a smile. "And this is?"

Actually, the man knew who Myra was but he was even more familiar with Tony's temper. I can't believe that he would one day be this protective toward a woman.

"Let me introduce my fiancée, Myra Stark. Myra, this is my senior Jordan Webb, the reporter I told you about yesterday."

Tony turned toward Myra and his gaze urged her not to be nervous. Throughout this whole exchange, he didn't once let go of her hand.

From their interactions, Myra could see that Tony had a good relationship with the reporter, so she let out a small sigh of relief and smiled at Jordan. "Nice to meet you."

"Hello! I can see that the two of you are engaged. By the looks of it, I assume that I'll be able to attend your wedding soon," Jordan cheered. Of course, he wouldn't directly ask them about yesterday's incident. Even though he was a professional gossip-loving reporter and he was currently very excited, he understood that the person standing next to him couldn't be messed with. Also, he could roughly figure out why Tony came to him today.

At the moment, Myra was a little nervous but Tony smiled and said faintly, "If you are in the country for the near future, I'll definitely invite you to our wedding."

Immediately, Jordan was dumbfounded as he didn't expect Tony to be this direct toward him. Initially, he thought that the latter came to him because he wanted to clarify the news that broke out yesterday, but it seemed like there was more to it.

Therefore, Jordan said jokingly, "Director Hart, even if I'm busy, I'll still push everything aside just to attend your wedding."

Then, he carefully sized up the woman in front of him. To be honest, even though she is pretty, there are more beautiful women in the elite's circle other than her. If we are talking about how rich she is, the Stark Family's fortune is nothing to the Hart Family and if it's about her talents, there are definitely more talented women than her. When Jordan initially heard that Myra was Tony's fiancée, he didn't pay much attention to it because he assumed that she was just another woman that Tony took a liking to recently.