

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 131

"For my sake?"

"Of course!" Estelle was dumbfounded as she stared at the simple and dumb woman who somehow had Tony wrapped around her finger. "Didn't you know when Tony returned to take over the Hart Group?"

"Isn't that two months ago?" Myra knew about that as well.

"Well, try to recall when the Sunny Bay Project started."

Myra hesitated before answering, "It's also two months ago."

"Well, isn't that right?!" Estelle shook her head. "Judging by those facts, he has fallen for you during the Sunny Bay Project. After that, he decided to stay in Bradford City and expand his business. That is why he decided to transfer his company from the United States back to here, don't you agree?"

Well, even if I don't think Tony would make such a huge decision for a woman whom he had only known for a month, Estelle's assumptions have melted my heart anyway.

Estelle glanced at Myra before asking, "Hey! I know that you are in the infatuation period, but is it necessary to provoke me? You look drunk in love. I am sure Tony would have you within his grip if you continue in a daze."

After that, Estelle seemed to have thought of something because she shot Myra with a mischievous look. "Have you two... done it last night?" She sounded suggestive when she said that. She then stared at Myra openly from head to toe, causing Myra to furiously blush.

"Estelle, stop joking around." Myra glared at Estelle.

"I am being serious." Estelle chuckled in delight. "We are all adults and I am sure that it is normal to ease one's loneliness when a man and a woman spend time together. Besides, Tony is a virgin despite being 35-years-old. I am sure that he must have pushed you to your

limits, am I right? Why don't I buy some books for you or a few CDs? Or would you like some courses? At least you wouldn't be suffering much when you are going at it with him; perhaps—"

"Estelle!" Myra interrupted while seemingly annoyed. She tossed a pillow in Estelle's direction. "Enough from you!"

"Oh, my. Hey, I am doing this out of kindness. I am sure that you two must have done it since you look embarrassed and annoyed. Either that or you used something else to help him. Was it your hands or..." Estelle stared unblinkingly at Myra's red and swollen lips before she thought, It turns out the Hart brothers like to play it rough. However, how could a woman like Myra endure so much? Numerous thoughts flashed through Myra's mind and her eyes narrowed into slits while she smiled in delight.

On the other hand, Myra was oblivious to Estelle's thoughts, which were already filled with all types of explicit sensual positions. Myra blushed a deep red when she recalled Tony requesting her help with her hands last night and this morning. After that, she glared at Estelle before walking to her bedroom.

"Hey, please don't be angry with me! I was merely joking!"

Despite saying that, Estelle was grinning from ear to ear. She picked up her phone since she saw Myra walking into the bedroom. She found a phone number from her contact list and called it. "Hello, Shay! You previously mentioned that there's a new batch of toys in your shop. Are they still available? Send me a box of those. I will text you the mailing address later. Send them over as soon as possible, please."

After hanging up on the phone call, Estelle sent the address to the person in excitement. She deliberately wrote Myra's name as the recipient.

After a while, a phone started ringing, but it was not Estelle's.

She noticed the purse, which Myra had left on the couch, after the latter walked into her bedroom. Estelle mischievously cackled while taking Myra's phone out of her purse stealthily. She entered the passcode easily and a message showed up in front of her— 'I will pick you up at 6:00PM.'

Oh. my!!! I can easily guess who the sender is without even checking! Estelle burst into a fit of giggles. Then, she sent a reply text—‘My dear, in that case, you will have to pick me up right on time. I’ll be waiting for you at home. XOXO (づ 3 ゝ)’

Estelle added an air-kiss symbol emoticon to make the text sound more passionate. She thought that she was a genius after sending the text!

Then, she heard Myra sounding like she was about to come out of her room, so she swiftly deleted the message. Then, she placed the phone back into Myra’s purse.

“Estelle, did my phone ring just now?” Myra opened the door to ask her.

Estelle was tapping away on her phone. “No, it was my phone.”

“Oh.” Myra seemed distracted and she turned into her room to change into some casual clothes.

Estelle looked at her phone to check the text message which she had just received—‘Miss Langley, the goods have been sent out. Please remind your friend to accept the delivery.’

Her lips curled into an eerie smile while reading the text.

Within the same day, someone was elated whereas there were others who were so happy that it caused sadness.

After obtaining their marriage certificate at the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sean, Lyla returned to the Chase Group with the group of three. She wanted to sign a contract with the so-called VIP client. Naturally, the other side merely sent a group of assistants over. However, everything was handled expeditiously and she signed the contract soon enough. A huge sum was immediately reflected in the Chase Group’s financial accounts too. The three of them were both excited and happy simultaneously.

The group of people had just left the Chase Group’s building when her phone started to ring again—it was her agent’s phone number.

Lyla answered the call and a panicked voice spoke to her over the line, “Lyla, we are in trouble. Didn’t you mention that the Hart Group proposed for you to be the ambassador for the Sunny Bay Project? Why have I received news that they are cancelling your rights for that? I heard that they have chosen Estelle. Apart from that, the Hart Group has announced

that they will never invite you again for advertisements involving the Hart and Hartwell Groups.”

“What...” Most of Lyla’s joy from securing her marriage certificate and selling off the Chase Group’s Hilliville real estate vanished. She could not believe her ears when she heard her agent. Then, she asked suspiciously, “Sofia, are you mistaken? Are you sure that you’ve obtained the news directly from the Hart Group? Are you sure that it’s not a rumor?!”

“It is definitely true. It just happened since the Hart Group held a press conference for the Sunny Bay Project. They have confirmed that the ambassador is Estelle! A reporter asked why it wasn’t you—and would you like to guess what the person in charge from the Hart Group answered?”

“What did they say?” Lyla had a sinking feeling at that point.

“The person in charge of the Hart Group said that from now on, both the Hart and Hartwell Groups will no longer engage you for advertisements!” Sofia had been shocked to her core when she learned about the news.

Just a while ago, the Hart Group phoned me to reassure me that everything is going according to plan and there is nothing to worry about. That’s why I didn’t mind when Lyla had to sign the contract. I did not expect the Hart Group to go against their word! Everyone knows that the Hart Group has an unshakable bond with the powerful families, namely the Samsons, the Windrows, the Renauds and even the Mosses. Once the Hart Group announces their intention, those families might not show it openly, but they would follow suit with an unspoken rule! Lyla might be a pianist from the United States, but she has changed her direction in the past few months. She has been expanding her career in the entertainment industry. In fact, She is trying to secure more advertisement contracts to gain traction. Her career has just started, but it seems like she has already been kicked out of the industry...

“No, that’s impossible!” Lyla inhaled deeply. “I am sure that there is a mistake amidst all this. Let me ask the Hart Group. I am... acquainted with Director Hart! He would never treat me in such a way!”

She clenched her jaws while hanging up on the phone call. Then, she turned and met Sean’s questioning gaze. He asked calmly when their eyes met. “Lyla, since when are you acquainted with Director Hart?”

Lyla was shocked to her core. She was speaking on the phone in the narrow corridor beside the conference room, but she did not expect Sean to stand beside the corridor to wait for her.

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His words made her expression change. Then, she answered, "Director Hart invested in the Hartwell Group in the United States together with the Young Master of the Walton Family. As I am acquainted with the Walton Family, I know a thing or two about Director Hart as well. Speaking of which, Sean, I have an urgent matter to attend to. The Hart Group has canceled my rights to be the spokesperson of the Summer Bay Project, so I have to ask them for an explanation. You are aware of how much effort I have put in to become their spokesperson."

A hint of aggrievement appeared on her face when she said her last few sentences.

Upon hearing that, Sean's gloomy expression eased and he took her into his embrace with a frown. "I have just heard about it as well. Don't worry, let's first ask them what exactly happened."

He was, in fact, the person who recommended Lyla to become the spokesperson to promote Sunny Bay Project. However, much to his surprise, the Hart Group chose Estelle instead of her.

When he thought of Estelle, it reminded him of Myra.

He had only recently divorced Myra and the Hart Group revoked Lyla's qualification as the spokesperson for the project. Instead, they chose Estelle, who was close with Myra. Is there really nothing fishy going on?

Lyla soon arrived at the Hart Group. She went there alone because Sean had to deal with urgent matters of the Chase Group and at the same time, she was unwilling to allow him to follow her there. In the past, whenever she arrived at the Hart Group, she would be led to the floor where Tony's office was located. Nevertheless, she was stopped from going upstairs by the receptionist this time.

“My apologies, Miss Fisher. Director Hart said that he is not free today and has no time to meet you.”

“Are you sure that it was Director Hart who personally told you that? Please help me to convey a message to Mr. Clark—tell him that I am Lyla and I have something to discuss with them.”

Lyla did not believe that it was Tony who told her that.

The receptionist’s gaze at her slightly changed. Previously, she thought that Lyla had a relationship with Director Hart. Now, it seemed to her that Lyla had been pestering Director Hart due to her unrequited love for him! Sigh, she is another woman who dreams of marrying into a wealthy family.

She shook her head. “Miss Fisher, what I said earlier was exactly what Leo asked me to convey to you. It was also what Director Hart told him.”

Lyla felt her vision become dark. “It’s impossible...”

Her cooperation with Tony was still alright in the afternoon and he even helped her to acquire the real estate in Hillville. Why have things suddenly become out of control after a mere hour?

“How about if I head upstairs to find him on my own?” Although it was a question directed at the receptionist, Lyla’s feet were already headed toward the ground floor elevator.

“Hey, Miss Fisher, you can’t head up directly without permission.” The receptionist immediately stopped her. “If you continue being like this, I will have to call the security.”

Lyla’s feet came to an abrupt pause. It was only then did she really believe that Tony indeed did not wish to meet her.

She turned and saw the receptionist gazing with a look of displeasure on her face. With gloom welling up inside her, she stomped her feet before turning to leave the Hart Group.

As soon as she left the building, she pressed hard on the number that had not been answered for some time.

At the 48th floor of the office building, Elliot and two other men were peering at a man with a strange expression. The man in question was staring at a dark phone on a black table with a visibly bright mood and a cigarette between his index and middle finger.

At that moment, instead of a boring, dull ringtone, the phone on top of the black elegant office table repeated a phrase at a consistent speed—You are handsome; the most handsome one! You are unbelievably handsome!

Every time the phone rang, the phrase would be repeated at least 5 or 6 times before it stopped. From the moment it started ringing until now, there were already 7 or 8 missed calls.

Although Myra's voice was melodious, the few of them were close to their breaking points after listening to the phrase repetitively for dozens of times. Elliot then decided to risk his life and hung up on the call. Upon noticing someone's expression that fell at that instant, he quickly simpered. "Tony, we have acquired all the real estate in the Chase Group's Hillville project and now, trouble has arrived. What should we do with the assets owned by Myra? Should we acquire them as well?"

Upon hearing that, Tony slightly narrowed his eyes with a dark expression. He casually extinguished the burnt-out cigarette in the ashtray while he regained his impassive expression.

After a while, he calmly replied, "There is no need for that now. Hype this project up again and send an email to Shawn to inform him that a new industry is entering Hillville. He will know what to do."

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Tony, are you planning to allow the assets in Myra's hands to increase in value? Tony, she may become a shareholder of the Hart Group by then."

Currently, other than the ones owned by Myra, almost all the real estate of Hillville had been acquired. All that was left was to proceed with the next step.

It was in a businessman's nature to acquire the real estate at its lowest price, but there would be something wrong with the person's mind if he intentionally jacked up the value of someone else's asset.

They would definitely purchase the assets owned by Myra sooner or later, but if they were to do so in the future, the value of her assets would cause her net worth to soar.

“What’s wrong with that?” Tony lit up another cigarette and he met the gazes of the three men amidst the lingering smoke.

At the same time, he recalled Myra’s reply in the message. ‘Darling, you have to arrive on time. I will be waiting for you at home. Muack!’

It was the first time that he intended to skip work and immediately drove to her apartment.

The three of them looked at one another before shaking their heads in speechlessness.

It was sometimes terrifying when a man started dating.

However, Philip did not forget about the woman who was trying to reach Tony earlier. “Tony, what should we do with the woman—Miss Fisher?”

“Ignore her.” Tony slowly exhaled a puff of smoke while his expression was nonchalant. “She doesn’t have the courage to do anything—at least for now.”

As a matter of fact, Lyla did not only lack the courage to do anything, but there was nothing she could do. Meanwhile, she could not figure out what to do as well.

She did not know why he had suddenly treated her in this manner, but there was one thing she was sure of now—his reason for purchasing Chase Group’s real estate was not because he did her a favor, but more like he had an ulterior motive.

As for what his motive was, she was unsure of it.

All she could do now was to firmly cling onto the Chase Family. A woman would eventually leave her career and return to her family and it was the place she had always thought would provide her with a lifetime of peace. Therefore, she had no choice but to bear with it despite her unwillingness to do so.

When Myra exited her room after changing into her casual clothes, Estelle had already switched on the television to entertain herself. Upon seeing her, Estelle handed her some chips. “Do you want some?”

Myra took some chips and chucked them into her mouth. Playing on the TV was Estelle’s favorite horror movie, which she had watched countless times before on DVD. Myra took a seat beside her.

"You have just showered, right?" Estelle asked without turning to her side to look at Myra. Myra's ears slightly blushed as she calmly hummed in agreement.

"Myra, that's not right. Which girl would wear a nude-colored bra with such thick straps when she is in a relationship? You would turn your man off when he removes your clothes!"

Estelle finally turned to face Myra; she pouted when she caught a glimpse of the bra strap on the latter's shoulder.

Myra's face instantly flushed crimson, as if her real purpose had been seen through by the woman before her. She muttered with gritting teeth, "I think this is alright."

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"What do you mean by 'fine'? A man like Tony has seen all sorts of women. Do you think that you will be able to turn him on just by standing before him?" Estelle tossed the chip in her hand away and she continued in a stern manner. "Let me tell you this—you were too casual when you were with Sean. Look at all the women he has outside there—they are all tempting and bewitching! Therefore, when Tony stands in front of you, you must try to enchant him with your expressions, seduce him with your movements, and mesmerize him with your eyes... All in all, you have to make sure to gain full control of his body and heart this time!"

The more she spoke, the more emotional she became. It caused Myra to blush so fiercely that even the base of her neck turned red. Lastly, she could not help but ask, "Was that how you treated Shawn before he pounced on you?"

Myra's words rendered Estelle speechless, so she glared at her. "Don't touch that sensitive topic. I must have been blind to have my eyes on that b*stard at that time. Stop mentioning him and spoiling the mood; it isn't easy for me to come over to hide at your place for some time, so please, I beg you not to mention him.

Just as Myra was about to reply to her, the doorbell suddenly rang.

"Who is that?" Estelle took the opportunity to answer the door while leaving Myra behind for fear that the latter would question her further about her relationship with Shawn. From the peephole, she saw an old man with grey hair and beard standing outside the door.

As the old man was also looking at her through the peephole, all she could see was an enlarged, twisted face. Puzzled, she opened the door and asked him as his back instantly straightened outside, "Old man, are you at the right place?"

She knew almost all the old people that Myra knew of and the one before her looked like none of them.

After Sebastian had left the club, he asked his driver to look for a place to slaughter the fish, which was stolen from Old Master Hay, before taking the fish to Myra's place.

Upon hearing Estelle's rude way of addressing him, he was so pissed that his beard nearly curled upward. "Who are you calling an old man?! Don't you know that you should respect an elder?" He appraised her from top to bottom while pursing his lips in displeasure. "I think that it would be more appropriate for a person your age to address me as 'sir'."

"Sir?" Estelle's eyes widened. "I even call my own grandfather 'old man', but he is not as sensitive as you."

Estelle had never been a person who respected senior citizens.

Sebastian was so furious that he nearly stomped his foot. "Who are you? Why are you at Myra's house?" he asked with a stern expression.

"I'm her friend. Why can't I be in her house?" she replied unrelentingly.

Oh, my! Look at her! Why does Myra have this kind of friend? Well, it is no wonder—a person with a poor character can only make friends with people of the same character!

Myra, who seemed to hear a familiar voice from inside, immediately went to the foyer. Upon seeing the person standing outside, she was surprised and called, "Old Master Hart."

"Hmph!" Is she going to comfort me now? It's too late for that!

"Why are you here?" She felt edgy. Could it be that he found out that I have gotten together with Tony?

Upon seeing that she did not immediately invite him into the house, Sebastian was even more displeased. These two ignorant people really don't know how to read an old man's mood!

"Hmph!" When he took a look inside, he failed to find his grandson's figure and there was no sign of a man's shoe at the foyer, which made his dark expression ease a little. "These are the fish that I caught this morning. I want to eat steam fish today. Quickly prepare the dish and serve it on the table."

Sebastian curtly handed the bag of fish to Myra and directly entered the foyer. He took a pair of flip-flops, which he had worn when he previously came, from the cabinet and went into the house.

Everything that happened seemed unbelievably unreasonable. Estelle looked at Sebastian, who was heading inside, with eyes that were filled with countless question marks.

"Myra, is he the Old Master of the Hart Family?"

As she did not previously attend his birthday banquet, she had never seen him before, which explained why she did not recognize him.

Carrying the bag in her hands, the helpless Myra nodded. "Yeah, he came over here once before this. I didn't expect him to come over again."

"What does all this mean?" Estelle pulled Myra closer to her and whispered the question.

Myra shook her head, indicating that she had no idea as well. I just hope it isn't what I thought.

After she entered the kitchen, she could not help but to close the door and sent a message to Tony. "Your grandfather... is at my house now."

Ever since Estelle learned that the old man was Old Master Hart, she did not dare to be rude to him. This old man in front of me is the grandfather of that b*stard, Shawn. A b*stard's grandfather could only be worse than he is, no?

She politely walked past him to pour herself a glass of water. Then, she guzzled it. After that, she poured another glass of water before sitting next to him.

Sebastian cast her a glance and he grumbled with a look of disgust on his face. "How rude."

His comment nearly made her spill the glass of water in her hands.

She turned to the other side and pretended to attentively watch the horror movie, but once again, she heard the old man beside her muttering a comment. "Such a poor taste."

Upon hearing that, she gripped the glass with such force that she nearly broke it, which brought about a frown and another comment from the old man beside. "Such a large strength she has."

When Estelle was at the verge of spitting blood, he concluded, "Luckily, she is not the girl whom my little grandson has fallen in love with."

She roared in her heart, Your little grandson didn't fall in love with me, but your third grandson did! He likes me! So, what are you going to do about it?

Of course, she did not yell the words. After suppressing herself for a while, she decided to rise from the couch and head into the kitchen.

Sebastian finally was able to gain control of the remote control to watch variety shows.

"He really pissed me off! I'm so pissed now! No wonder Shawn has such a capricious temper. It turns out that the reason is his grandfather!" Shawn's bad temper is exactly the same as the old man outside!

"Calm down. Old Master Hart's words may not sound nice, but he doesn't have any ill intentions." Myra consoled her.

"His words don't sound nice? They are practically harsh! And he doesn't have any ill intentions?" Estelle's voice almost cracked. "His ill intentions are basically written on his face! No, I can't stay with him here. I will take my leave first. Since you won't be staying in tonight, I will be bored staying alone here anyway."

After saying that, she attempted to leave, but Myra asked her a question in puzzlement. "How did you know that I won't be around tonight?"

Crap! Estelle turned and grinned at her. "Just a guess. You will surely stay with Tony tonight!"

With that, she turned and quickly headed outside while feeling relieved.

Myra had no choice but to continue to prepare the steam fish that Sebastian wanted to eat. It was fortunate that she had stocked her fridge with food after the other night, so she now had all sorts of ingredients in her house, which spared her from receiving any further complaints from him.

However, she intentionally slowed down the cooking process to wait for the man to arrive.

40 minutes later, Sebastian, who had been sitting in the living room, finally lost his patience. He walked to the kitchen and cast her a cold glance. "What is taking you so long? Are you waiting for someone?"

Myra's face instantly blushed. "It has just been prepared. I will serve it to you now."

After saying that, she reached out with her hands to hold the plate. It was burning hot that she immediately retracted her hands to touch her ears.

"You are so stupid. How did you manage to seduce my grandson?!" Upon seeing her reaction, he coldly snorted with his brows deeply furrowed.

His words made her feel even more embarrassed. As expected, Old Master Hart has learned that I am dating Tony.

She silently took a soft cloth to hold the plate.

Myra was considerably hardworking for preparing not only steam fish, but other side dishes and sauce as well. Sebastian's expression finally eased a little when he saw her carrying one dish after another out from the kitchen.

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Even so, it didn't extinguish the anger in his heart. Although Sebastian knew that Sasha had deliberately exaggerated the facts in the morning to taint Myra's reputation, after giving it careful thought, he figured that something fishy was going on. Not to mention, at the time, Myra had gotten together with his grandson before she had even divorced her ex-husband!

Myra stood silently beside the old man. Because the fish Sebastian brought was a crucian carp, there were a lot of bones. Seeing that he was eating with some difficulty, Myra hesitated, then went to take a clean plate and a set of cutlery.

Just as she was about to sit down, Sebastian fixed her with a fierce glare. "Why are you sitting down? Did I say you can sit down?"

Myra was a little embarrassed, so she just stood there while she picked up a huge piece of fish meat. When she did this, he glared at her once more, but she simply picked out the fish bones before placing the fish onto the plate in front of Sebastian. Then, she picked up another piece of fish and continued to pick out the fish bones.

As Sebastian took a glance at the fish in front of him, his expression eased without him noticing. Picking up the fish, he put it into his mouth and mumbled, "Don't think this will make me change my opinion of you. Hmph!"

For some reason, a small part of Myra's initial worries ebbed away. Some people looked kind but were wicked at heart, while some looked wicked but had a kind heart. Although the old man acted cold toward her, she always knew that he would not do anything to her. However, she wasn't sure about what the old man was going to do about her relationship with Tony, so she was deeply worried.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Myra's heart skipped a beat, and she couldn't stop her lips from curling up. Having heard the doorbell and seeing how excited the girl was, how could Sebastian not know who the person at the door was? He immediately let out a heavy grunt.

Myra tested the water as she said, "It seems like there's a visitor..."

Sebastian answered in an enigmatic manner, "If you want to open the door, just do it. Why are you being so reserved? What a spoilsport!"

Used to Sebastian's criticisms, Myra immediately set down the cutleries and trotted down the hallway. When passing by the floor-length mirror in the hallway, she subconsciously slowed down to glance at her reflection. She flattened her hair a little before walking to the security door and opening it.

As expected, the person outside was Tony. At this moment, he had a cigarette between his index and middle finger. When the door was opened, he took one last inhale, put out the cigarette, then threw it into the trash can beside him.

He wasn't wearing a suit but was dressed only in a white shirt. His cuffs were slightly folded to reveal his strong forearms, and his tie was slightly loosened. Two of the shirt's buttons were undone, and beneath his exquisite collarbone, the shirt couldn't seem to conceal his protruding chest and abs.

Upon seeing a blushing Myra after the door was opened, Tony raised his eyebrows slightly and asked faintly, "Is the old man here?" With that, he walked in.

This was his first time coming to Myra's house, but his actions made it seem like he had come here countless times before. Myra casually took out a pair of newly bought men's slippers from the shoe cabinet on the side and placed them near his feet. Tony put them on like it was second nature. The pair worked with extreme coordination—as if they were a couple who had lived together for many years.

Sebastian, who was far away in the dining room, saw this and his heart felt congested again. He peered at the masculine slippers on his grandson's feet, then at the pair of lady slippers he was wearing. The more he looked, the more he felt that Myra was a clueless person. Why didn't she stop me when I took this pair of slippers just now?

"Hmph!" He immediately pushed aside the plate in front of him, suddenly finding the delicious fish tasteless.

Hearing the sounds from the dining room, Myra, who was following behind Tony, stopped walking. Tony seemed to have sensed it as his eyes narrowed. He then reached out to grab hold of her waist, leading her forward. "You have me."

His words were plain and didn't seem to hold much power, but they somehow gave Myra peace of mind. However, in front of Sebastian, she didn't dare appear too impudent. Struggling a little, she whispered, "Don't. Your grandpa is inside."

"He needs to know sooner or later." Tony's tone was casual, and he quickly led Myra into the dining hall.

He had a tall and sturdy stature, while Myra was petite. With his arm wrapped around her waist, the two of them seemed to fit naturally with each other. The rightfulness of this scene was too glaring for Sebastian. When he heard his grandson say that he needed to know about it sooner or later, he grew even more speechless and infuriated.

Seeing how affectionate they were, Sebastian couldn't help but say coldly, "She just got divorced, yet you two still don't know how to avoid arousing suspicion. Are you afraid that others won't know what filthy stuff you did while she was married?"

Myra turned pale, and her body in Tony's arm became stiff. She was about to push Tony's chest away, but as soon as she placed her hand on his chest, he held it.

His hand was warm and dry, and when he held her, he seemed to be giving her endless strength. Suddenly, he pressed Myra down onto the chair next to his. Myra wanted to get up, but he instantly placed his hand on her shoulder. His tone was light, but he wasn't going to be refused. "Sit down."

Immediately after, he sat next to her, and when he turned his head, he gave her a faint smile. No matter the situation, those eyes never showed panic. They were deep and dark, and Myra reckoned that he was born with the domineering power of a king as his eyes made her feel utterly at ease.

When Tony turned back to look at the old man next to him, his face had turned expressionless once more. "I'm just afraid that others won't know that she's my woman now."

"B*stard!" Sebastian shot up from his chair, his eyes bulging bigger than copper bells. He looked furious.

Tony, on the other hand, seemed completely relaxed. "Old man, you came here to scrounge free meals before Myra was even divorced. How could you not know to avoid arousing

suspicion? Are you afraid that people don't know how satisfied you are with your granddaughter-in-law?"

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Sebastian shot his grandson a vicious glare, then pointed a shaking finger at Myra. "When did I say that I was satisfied with her?! Don't put words into my mouth! I'm not like you. You're a traitor who does shameless things! You even seduce married women!"

"So what?"

Seemingly unbothered by what Sebastian said, Tony picked up the cutlery Myra had used to help pick fish bones for the old man just now, then placed the deboned fish from the plate into his mouth. His movements were elegant and smooth.

When the old man saw how pale Myra suddenly was, he was a little regretful and felt that he had spoken too harshly. Nevertheless, in front of his grandson, he always refused to admit defeat. Hence, he straightened up and sneered, "Don't think I don't know what you're doing. Tony, I'm telling you; I still have the final say in anything related to the Hart family. You want her to be a part of the Hart Family, but this is your attitude? Mark my words; she won't even be able to step through the door!"

Tony's face sank in an instant, while Myra bowed her head immediately after Sebastian said that. Her two arms were hanging by her sides, and her fists were clenched tightly at the moment. Although she could sense that Sebastian didn't like her very much, and she didn't want to be with Tony because of it, it was still very uncomfortable to be told off by him in person.

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When someone cared about a person, they would always worry about what the person's family thought of them.

Suddenly, a large, warm hand grabbed Myra's left hand. She looked up in surprise and was met with Tony's gaze, which seemed to be gleaming with the coldness of the stars.

Seeing that Myra's eyes were a little red, Tony pressed his thin lips into a hard line. "She can't get in through the door? Well, she can come in through the window, can't she? I'm just taking a wife; why are you getting so emotional?"

"You a**hole! I'm your grandfather!"

"Are grandfathers supposed to hinder their grandsons from being happy?" Tony's reply came in an instant. Sebastian was rendered speechless, and he was so angry that he found it hard to breathe. He promptly lifted the cup next to him and took huge gulps of water. Almost immediately, he started to choke, and he was coughing so hard that his thick neck turned red.

Myra wanted to go to him when she saw this, but Tony held her back and said coldly, "Didn't you hear what he said about us just now? What are you still helping him?"

"You... You..."

Upon hearing this, Sebastian grew even more furious, and he coughed so viciously that it was as if he was going to pass out.

"Tony..." Myra bit on her lips as she fixed him with a disapproving stare.

She was well aware that Sebastian couldn't be blamed for this matter.

After all, she had gotten together with his grandson right after she divorced Sean. If she was Tony's relative, she wouldn't like a woman like herself who was just constantly clinging on to him either.

The look on Tony's face was unpleasant, but after seeing the plea in Myra's eyes, he couldn't bear to brush off her good intentions, so he slowly loosened his grip on her hand.

Myra ran over, wanting to pat Sebastian's back, but the old man glared threateningly at her raised hand.

"Don't pretend to be kind!" Having said that, he began to cough violently again.

Gritting her teeth, Myra paid no heed to his protests and gently patted him on the back. When she noticed that he was gasping for air, she tried to calm his breathing.

The whole time, Sebastian wanted to move away from her, but it was as if Myra had turned into a sticky candy. He didn't want her to touch him, but she insisted on helping him.

In fact, Sebastian didn't actually want to avoid her, but he was simply too infuriated. At this moment, all he could do was bite his tongue and let Myra help him.

When his breathing became smooth again, his face immediately turned stiff as he snapped, "Don't think I'm that easy to please. If I don't like you, that means I don't like you! Hmph!"

"If you don't like me, then you don't have to like me," said Myra unexpectedly.

"What did you just say?!" Sebastian couldn't believe what Myra just said to him.

Taking a deep breath, Myra didn't shy away from Sebastian's stare. She began softly, "Old Master Hart, I know you don't like me, and I understand how you feel. But, no matter how much you hate me, it's impossible for me to leave Tony. Even if you don't like me, you're still an elder, so I'll still respect you."

When she said 'no matter how much you hate me, it's impossible for me to leave Tony', the man beside squeezed her hand so tightly that it hurt a little, but Myra wanted nothing more than for him to continue holding her hand like this.

The thought had crossed Myra's mind that she definitely wouldn't be able to be with Tony after the divorce.

She knew very well that her status and identity would hinder her from being a part of the Hart Family. Not to mention, a girl like her couldn't possibly entice a man like him.

However, in the end, she relented.

How could she keep herself away from a man like him?

Love wasn't just about two people, but the most important factor was still the two people at the center of it.

Tony had been dedicating himself to her, so how could she selfishly ignore his feelings and act recklessly?

He was always saying that he would be there for her no matter what, but she didn't want him to be the only one overcoming difficulties for both of them.

Sebastian's eyes narrowed when he heard Myra's statement.

He sneered, "Well said. You respect me? Then, if I tell you to leave him, can you do it?"

He pointed a finger at Tony, whose expression changed abruptly.

Myra was a little pale, but she kept her back straight. She held Tony's hand firmly, not allowing him to speak up. "I can't do it."

"You can't do it, yet you're talking about respecting me?" Sebastian snorted sharply, then exclaimed in an exaggerated manner, "Young people just love to brag!"

"But, I can pursue Tony again," Myra piped up suddenly, causing the two men in the dining hall to be stunned.

Myra took a deep breath, then glanced at the dumbfounded man beside her and gave him a soft smile.

The next moment, her waist was being held tightly. Then, Tony stood up and held her in his embrace. His face was stony, but a small smile was playing on his lips. He was about to speak, but Myra was one step faster. She intercepted and said to Sebastian, "Old Master Hart, I know you're wary of my status as a divorced woman, and you mind that I got together with Tony immediately after the divorce. However, I'm just afraid that you've misunderstood because I didn't clarify the situation. We've always kept a distance before I got divorced. My ex-husband and I didn't separate because of Tony; we already had problems with our marriage prior to that. But, if you mind, then I can pursue Tony again. I'll let the Hart Family reevaluate me. I just hope... Old Master Hart, I hope that you can give me a chance."

Upon hearing that they had been keeping a distance before her divorce, Sebastian couldn't help but breathe a sigh of relief.

After feeling a moment's relief, his face became taut again. Is this something to be happy about?!

He chided in a nasty tone, "You're just a young lady. You should be ashamed for declaring out loud that you'll pursue a man, and in front of an old man like me too!"

Myra turned beet red. The old her wouldn't have said such a thing, but she just didn't want to see Sebastian and Tony being so hostile toward each other.

She opened her mouth and murmured a little sadly, "If you don't like me to be like this, I won't say such things in the future."

As soon as she said that, Sebastian felt his grandson's icy gaze on him.

Oh my, look at this. I just asked her not to say such bold things to a man, yet he's already so dissatisfied.

When he saw how respectful Myra appeared, Sebastian felt maliciously delightful inside.

Tony, oh, Tony. You'd better not mess with me again. Otherwise, I won't allow her to meet with you in the next few days. Wouldn't you be even angrier then?

Sebastian didn't hate Myra; there was just a hurdle in his heart he couldn't overcome. He felt uncomfortable, but he couldn't just let her off the hook. Myra's attitude was like a thorn in his heart that he couldn't pluck out, but he couldn't be the bad guy forever. He said roughly, "Let's eat!"

After that, he didn't bring up the topic anymore.

Myra didn't know if Sebastian's attitude meant that he had approved of her or not. She was a little hesitant, but Tony was already pulling her down into her seat.

The person who was the most pleased about the situation was undoubtedly Tony.

It was just that his face remained blank in front of Sebastian—so that Sebastian couldn't decipher his emotions.

After Myra sat down, Tony's hands trailed down her knee and slowly crept onto her thigh where he rested his hand.

His hand was warm and dry, and at this moment, his palm was scorching hot. It even seemed as if it was going to heat up even more. It was getting so warm that Myra's face became flushed.