

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 31

Sean had moved his arm away while he coldly glanced at Elsie. She found his icy stare eerie and intimidating to the point where her hands froze halfway while she reached out.

“Director Chase...”

“Miss Foster—” Sean stared calmly at the elevator further ahead from them. At that moment, the elevator doors had just closed and a complex emotion flashed through his eyes. However, it happened in the blink of an eye; it was so quick that even Elsie did not notice it. He swiftly returned to his cold and distant self. “Remember what I told you.”

When Myra left the Chase Group, she was unsteady on her feet. The faster she walked, the more in a rush she became. It almost felt that a predator was chasing her from behind, causing her to break into a wild run ahead in the end.

She had already crossed two streets when she felt a shooting pain from her heels. Finally, she sat on one of the benches on the roadside as she started to sob.

The weather at the end of summer had brought along a heatwave, but Myra’s heart was as cold as ice.

Passers-by kept throwing her odd looks. They most probably assume that my boyfriend has dumped me. Well, they are close enough.

Something seemed to have struck her because Myra suddenly took out her phone. She then selected the number, which Logan had saved into her contact list a couple of days ago for work-related matters.

The phone rang for a long time. Just when she assumed that nobody would answer her call, the line connected. Tony’s deep and steady voice greeted her over the phone, “Who is this?”

“Didn’t you mention that my design draft is good? What did you mean earlier today when you said that my design is crude?!” Myra’s voice was hoarse. Due to her anger toward Tony, she had dropped her courtesy for him.

Tony was initially perusing some files and his eyes widened slightly when he saw that it was Myra on the line. He did not immediately answer the call, but he stopped looking at his documents. He deliberately toyed with his cell phone and lazily picked up the phone when he felt that it was long enough to exhaust her patience.

His expression changed slightly when he heard that and he laughed mirthlessly. "I assumed the meaning was literal. Miss Stark, I am sure you understand that."

"The meaning is literal..." Myra felt like laughing and crying at the same time. "Director Hart, you seem to be entertaining yourself because your meaning changes from time to time. I have clearly edited the design draft as per your request, Director Hart. However, you have completely overlooked my hard work today. Are you having fun by making a fool of me?"

"What do you mean by that?" Tony frowned slightly because he noticed that she sounded emotional.

"What do I mean by that? The meaning is literal." She used his phrase in her retort. "Director Hart, you are an influential person. Why would you be calculative with insignificant people like us? The Chase Group will throw me under the bus if we were to lose the project. Isn't that what you want, Director Hart?"

Myra recalled the scene where Sean demanded her to apologize to Elsie. The moment she remembered Elsie looking pleased with herself, a wave of anger and sorrow surged in her chest. A bus drove past at that moment, and Myra closed her eyes. She could not even be bothered by what Tony was saying; instead, she hung up on the phone call immediately. She refused to answer her phone, no matter who was calling.

I know that I should not have lost my temper at Tony. I made an impossible promise to Sean and Elsie by claiming that I'd secure the project. However, how do I do that? Based on what Tony said, even if Elsie had exaggerated some points, she must have spoken the truth. What else can I do if Tony is trying to make a fool out of me?

On the other end of the line, Tony scowled deeply after Myra hung up on him. If I heard correctly, Myra is... crying.

That woman is so stubborn that I have never seen her crying in front of me. That's right; I deliberately asked Leo to convey the message to Elsie. Firstly, I did that because I was angry at Myra for professing her love for Sean. I am exasperated that she gave up on the development project to avoid me; next, I wanted her to beg me in person. Wanting her to beg

me is just an excuse because I simply wanted to see her. Nevertheless, the issue must have escalated in an unexpected direction now.

Somebody knocked on his office door—and it was Leo entering the office. He had a grave expression when he spoke, “Director Hart, I just received news from the Chase Group. It turns out that Miss Stark has been demoted a few days ago, so she is just Miss Foster’s assistant now. Today, Miss Stark wanted to attend the meeting at the Hart Group with Miss Foster, but the latter had sent her away at the last minute. That is why she could not attend the meeting. It was not that Miss Stark had other projects on hand as Miss Foster claimed. Besides...”

Leo seemed to hesitate at that point. However, he did not have the courage to hide the truth when he saw Tony’s dark expression. “Furthermore, after you reprimanded Miss Stark, Director Hart fined Miss Stark three months’ worth of salary in front of other employees of the Chase Group. Anyway, those are small issues because I heard that Director Chase from the Chase Group lost his temper at her. Not only did he demand that she apologize to Miss Foster, he even scolded Miss Stark severely...” he reported quietly.

Smack! Tony slammed the fountain pen, which he was holding in his right hand, against the table.

Leo was scared witless and he laughed dryly. “Director Hart, you see...”

“Get the car.” Tony maintained a blank expression, but his cold gaze revealed his true emotions. No wonder Myra was so angry earlier. I guess the kitten must have been bullied earlier, which is why she phoned me. Isn’t Sean Chase Director Chase from the Chase Group... His lips curled into an eerie smile.

“Yes.” Leo left the office hastily. After a few encounters, I have noticed that Director Hart treats Miss Stark differently. However, her status... His expression stiffened when he recalled the incidents from the past.

Tony tried to call Myra’s phone number again, but it was unfortunately to no avail.

He squinted while recalling a voice reporting the bus stop station earlier during her phone call.

He picked up his suit jacket and he marched out of his office.

Bus stops were easy locations to look for Myra.

In less than half an hour, a silver Bentley Mulsanne stopped not too far away from a bus stop.

Myra did not know what else to do earlier, so she bent her head down between her knees. She sat in silence for the longest time. Finally, when she started to feel pins and needles in her limbs, she stood up from the bench. However, she almost fell onto the ground due to the prolonged period of poor circulation. She immediately reached out to support herself against the bench.

A shadow suddenly loomed over her and Myra raised her head to see Tony standing in front of her.

He was standing tall and straight while his black western suit, which was custom made by a famous Italian fashion designer, accentuated his height. He had handsome facial features, but he had an air of coldness to him. He merely stood quietly on the spot while maintaining a calm and steady aura as his forcefulness attracted the attention of countless passersby.

Myra felt a surge of anger and hurt when she saw him. She smirked at him before turning decisively to walk in the opposite direction.

“Are you sure that you do not want to explain yourself clearly to me? I might agree to give the Chase Group another chance after your explanation.” Tony’s voice was deep and husky. His tone was cold, but it sounded almost melodious.

She slowed down for less than a second, but she swiftly continued moving forward. Soon, she covered another 5 to 6 meters from Tony without turning back. It was obvious that she was rather angry with him.

Tony cocked a brow in bewilderment. I would never have expected the kitten to have such a temper.

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He continued in a calm manner, "I believe you are aware that it is extremely irresponsible for a designer not to personally attend a meeting regarding the project. The Hart Group is being lenient by merely bringing up this issue verbally."

The figure, who was quickly marching away, suddenly came to a halt.

Myra's back still faced Tony as she bit on her lip. That is true. A designer would not be able to express the data in the design draft without attending the meeting in person. He or she would not be able to provide opinions or advice in the editing if needed. However...

"I did not intend to miss the meeting." She gritted her teeth while she turned to look at the man who had somehow stopped right behind her. Tony was taller than her by more than a foot, so she had to look up to gaze into his eyes. His eyes always have a sense of crisp to them, no matter when it is, just like Sean. He is an unfaithful man. Myra closed her eyes while speaking to him. "If I said that I did not attend the meeting because Miss Foster wouldn't let me, would you believe me?" Her burning throat was hoarse and painful. However, it was nothing compared to the long wait that she had to endure.

Sean wants to punish me because he did not trust me. Well, that is understandable. With Elsie around, whatever I say will sound like an excuse for myself, no matter how hard I try to explain. Myra's lips curled into a self-deprecating smile when she arrived at that conclusion.

Tony stared at the fair, small face in front of him. Her eyes were tightly closed due to her anxiety and defiance. She looked like she was bracing herself to receive an unsavory answer from him. He gazed at her face and he noticed that her eyelashes were quivering like a pair of butterflies that were about to take off, causing his heart to painfully clench. "I believe you," he answered her with a quiet voice.

"D-Do you... believe me?" Myra suddenly opened her eyes, which were wide open in disbelief.

Tony nodded while maintaining a cold and distant expression. "Why shouldn't I believe you?"

"B-Because..." Her voice was screechy. She felt tears stinging her eyes and she did not know how to answer his question.

Sean doesn't trust me, which is why he wouldn't believe me, no matter what I say. On the other hand, I initially assumed that Tony would behave in a similar way to Sean's attitude... But they are not... Myra felt a surge of guilt in her heart when she recalled her rude remarks to Tony over the phone. "I am sorry, Director Hart, I was too... reckless earlier..."

In any case, it is true that I did not attend the meeting. It's not the Hart Group's fault even if they were to criticize me. However, my behavior earlier was like I deliberately caused trouble for no reason. She took a step forward, but she felt a shooting pain from her heels all of a sudden; she was not sure if it was most probably because she had just relaxed significantly. The color instantly drained from her face and she lost her balance.

The man standing in front of her looked slightly surprised. However, he did not hesitate to reach out to hold her in his arms. Then, he looked down at her leg. I did not notice this earlier, but I have just realized that Myra's heels are bleeding profusely. The bright, red blood has dyed her white-colored high heels and it is especially eye-catching. She must have ran earnestly earlier and it caused blisters over her heels, thanks to the friction. Tony stared at her heels unblinkingly and his expression turned grave.

Myra pretended as though it did not bother her while pushing him away. She tried to discreetly create some distance between the two of them. After that, she waved her arm dismissively. "No worries; these are new shoes and not in my size."

She acted as though everything was fine by taking a step forward. Only she knew how embarrassing she was earlier. I do not want to be involved when it concerns Tony Hart. However, everything seems to be going against my wish. Suddenly, she felt a force sweeping her up from the floor—the man, who was standing behind her, carried her in his arms.

Myra looked shocked and she was just about to ask Tony to put her down, but he explained before she could say anything, "Miss Stark, there's no need to be so polite with me. I will not leave a woman in this state even if she is a stranger. Besides, we might end up as working partners in the future, Miss Stark."

She was embarrassed since he saw what she thought. Tony has openly voiced his thoughts in a poised manner. On the contrary, I would appear shy and coy if I were to continue struggling. It would seem like I have something else in mind. Furthermore, my heels are aching, she thought and stopped struggling. "Where are we going?"

Tony stopped for a while as he seemed pleased that she was no longer struggling. "Where would you like to go?" He was smiling faintly.

He had deep eyes with a gaze that seemed like pools of endless starry night. For some reason, Myra felt that she did not have the courage to meet Tony's eyes each time. She looked away while lightly clearing her throat. "It is working hours now..." she answered softly. I dashed out of the Chase Group due to my willfulness. However, I don't feel like returning to the place for now.

Tony seemed to have guessed what she was thinking. He cocked a brow at her before suggesting, "Let's head to the Hart Group."

Myra was stunned into silence.

He carried her to the front of the car door. She opened the door to the front passenger seat while he said, "Since there is a misunderstanding today, let's clarify the matter at Hart Group. Besides, Miss Foster from Chase Group left without attending the meeting today. She doesn't know what we discussed today and you should return to the Hart Group to listen to the contents of the meeting, Miss Stark."

Myra was astounded at that point. Tony is... Her voice was almost inaudible. "Thank you, Director Hart..."

Tony clearly heard her soft voice. In fact, he could almost feel her hot breath against his skin. He suddenly squinted because he was extremely reluctant to put her down.

He wore an indifferent expression again when he noticed the change in Myra's expression. He placed her carefully on the front passenger seat before closing the door behind him. Then, he slid into the driver's seat beside her.

The silver Bentley Mulsanne swiftly sped away.

After the Bentley drove off, a black Lamborghini parked at where Tony's car was moments ago.

Sean had been feeling agitated since Myra ran out of Chase Group. He was not sure what he was thinking, but by the time he realized what he was doing, he had already taken his car keys and suit jacket. He drove around aimlessly on the main streets in the city.

He phoned Myra multiple times, but she did not answer his call, which made him even more annoyed. I am not even sure what's wrong with me. I demoted her to punish her deliberately, but my heart softened for some reason when I saw her teary eyes earlier. She was staring at me stubbornly with her bloodshot eyes and I just couldn't voice out those cruel thoughts. I merely punished her with three months' worth of salary. I even had the cruel idea of chasing Elsie out of Bradford City at that moment!

After making another phone call, he was informed that she had switched off her phone. He slammed his hands on the steering wheel as his expression turned gloomy and eerie.

The Bentley Mulsanne stopped once in the middle of its drive for Tony to purchase some antiseptic solution and Band-Aids from the pharmacy. When he returned, he noticed that Myra was fidgeting with her phone while she looked weary.

"Did somebody phone you?" Tony discreetly glanced at her phone screen and he saw the word 'Sean'. His expression immediately darkened.

Nevertheless, Myra did not notice the change in his expression. Instead, her hand felt slightly stiff from holding her cell phone. She seemed to have hesitated for a long time, but she switched off her phone in determination while shaking her head at him.

She did not notice it, but his expression improved right away.

Tony had a spare pair of women's sandals in his car. It was a pair of exquisite covered slippers, so the heels were not covered. It was in Myra's size and due to its exquisite design, the sandals did not look like casual wear at all.

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Myra was slightly surprised when she accepted the sandals from Tony. However, she recalled watching a video of his interview and she suddenly remembered that the young and talented Tony had a woman whom he was in love with. Hence, she felt relieved instantly. A man like him doesn't seem like a casual and fickle-minded man. In the end, she lowered her guard and rode the elevator with him.

"Meow, down! Good girl. Let me reward you with a grape." They heard a lazy voice speaking the moment the elevator arrived at Tony's floor.

The elevator doors gradually opened and they caught sight of a man and a dog.

A man, who was dressed in a floral shirt, was not too far away from the elevator. He was fooling around with a large white Samoyed. The man's eyes glinted in delight when he saw the two of them in the elevator before he instructed his dog to run toward the elevator.

"Meow, your master is finally back. Quick, come over here. I'll take you to him."

In the blink of an eye, both the man and dog came to a halt in front of Myra and Tony.

Similarly, the man looked handsome, but compared to Tony, he had an air of unruliness toward him. He obviously looked like a hippy from a rich family living in defiance of conventions. However, Myra was not paying attention to the man; instead, she was focused... on the dog.

The Samoyed was large and fat with clean fur. The man led it in front of Tony and it lifted its front paws to lean against its owner. Its tongue was wagging in excitement and it seemed as though it would lick Tony's face in a friendly way!

However, Tony swiftly glanced at it with an icy stare, causing the dog's expression to freeze. It lowered its head immediately and its front paws landed on the ground with a swoosh too.

It appeared as if it was afraid of the man standing in front of it.

Myra could not help but burst into a fit of giggles as she stared at the intelligent dog.

The man, who was originally preoccupied in consoling the dog, turned abruptly to glare at Myra. "Which floor's secretary are you? How dare you laugh at the Harts' princess! Just you wait. Director Hart will ask you to pack up and leave!"

She felt embarrassed and she stopped laughing after he reprimanded her. Before she could answer the man, Tony squinted at him coldly. "Didn't Old Madam Samson mention that she likes the dog and that she wants to have it for a longer time?"

Elliot felt his skin crawl at the mention of 'Old Madam Samson' and he no longer had the courage to say anything to Myra. But... He turned with a loud whoosh suddenly while staring at Myra, who still appeared embarrassed, and his eyes widened!

“She... Tony... She... She...” Elliot acted as though he had seen a ghost, but his expression turned swiftly into one of excitement! He slapped his thigh animatedly while looking at Tony. “Tony, isn’t she—”

“Her name is Myra Stark and she is the designer from the Design Department in Chase Group.” Tony calmly interrupted while shooting Elliot with a warning look. “She might also be the representative who’ll be working together with the Hart Group.”

Myra Stark?! Elliot turned his head like a robot while he looked at the Samoyed dog beside him. Meow... Meow; Myra... Myra Stark...

Countless words flashed through his mind at that point. I can’t even use words to describe how excited I feel! I can’t believe I am staring at the woman Tony is in love with! No wonder he used a name for a cat when he adopted Meow despite the fact that it was a dog. I see this is the reason!

Myra was feeling even more embarrassed while she observed Elliot’s distorted expression. She reached out to politely greet him. “Nice to meet you.”

“Nice to meet you! Nice to meet you, indeed!” Elliot responded in kind. He quickly released the Samoyed and he wiped his hands on his yellow sportswear a few times before extending a fair hand to shake Myra’s. “My name is Elliot Samson. Elliot with a ‘T’ and Samson, just like the saint. Sis... I mean, Miss Stark, feel free to address me by my name.”

He almost blurted out the term ‘sister-in-law’, but he saw Tony staring daggers at him from the corner of his eyes. In the end, Elliot corrected himself just in time while grinning from ear-to-ear.

Myra nodded in response.

Tony frowned when he saw them shake hands, but he asked lightly, “What is it?”

Naturally, Elliot knew what Tony meant, so he withdrew his hand, as though he was stung by a bee. He regarded Tony with a flattering look before pointing at the Samoyed dog. “Well, Meow is missing you and I have brought him over to visit you.”

At that moment, the large dog, which looked as if it missed Tony even more by the second, started to run around Myra in excitement. She could not stand the temptation of adorable pets, such as dogs, and she squatted down to play with it.

Both Myra and the dog seemed to be enjoying themselves.

The corner of Elliot's lips twitched involuntarily. It is such a disloyal, big, fat dog when it sees a woman! It doesn't even reserve any dignity for me.

On the other hand, some kind of emotion seemed to be flashing through Tony's eyes when he observed Myra and the dog.

Myra turned to look at Tony and Elliot with a smile. "Is it called Meow?" I think I heard Elliot calling the dog Meow.

Elliot nodded meaningfully at her. "Tony named it himself."

Myra did not understand the hidden meaning in his words, but she smiled at him anyway. "The name is just like the dog—they are both so cute."

He burst into a loud and exaggerated fit of laughter. She glanced at the two men in confusion. Although she did not ask anything, her gaze reflected her awkwardness.

Even Tony's lips seemed to curl slightly into a faint smile. He walked past the two of them and the dog to march forward. "Let's go. We still have business to discuss."

The part where Myra did not participate in the meeting was easily resolved—Tony merely summoned a few employees from the front desk at Hart Group to prove that Myra had indeed shown up at the Hart Group. However, Elsie sent her away after that.

It was not until then when reality struck Myra. When we were outside just now, Tony seemed almost hasty in believing what I said. I was just asking him casually, but he answered me honestly... What if I had been lying to him earlier?

Nevertheless, she felt relieved after Tony claimed that he would reconsider the collaboration with Chase Group. She even thanked him politely before leaving.

Elliot saw Tony with his eyes closed when he led Meow into the office. Tony was resting his forehead on a hand and he was drumming his fingers against the table. He seemed to be deep in thought.

Elliot chuckled mischievously while approaching Tony. He commented slyly, "It turns out she is the woman whom you have a crush on, Tony... Myra, Myra. Her name is beautiful.. I have asked Lucas to find out more about her!"

The last part was the main point.

Tony abruptly opened his eyes and Elliot was shocked when he saw that. However, Tony stared at the dog whom Elliot brought over while countless options weighed on his mind.

Myra was polite to me earlier. Based on what happened this time, if I had been ruthless enough, she would have been kicked far away from Sean's side. However, if I had done that, she would most probably never see me again. In the end, my heart got the better of me.

Meow wagged its tongue while rushing to Tony's front after realizing its master was finally paying attention to it. Its front paws rested on Tony's knees. This time, Tony did not treat Meow coldly, which was a rare sight. On the contrary, he patted its head gently and Elliot stared at him in disbelief.

"Tony, are you... taking Meow back to look after it yourself?" I wouldn't have asked that no matter what happened, if I knew the associated consequences. Meow might be Tony's, but since he doesn't like pets, nobody in the Hart Family had the courage to take Meow in. On the other hand, my grandma loves this dog. That is why she took it in and looked after it on his behalf. Over time, Grandma slowly developed a deep bond with Meow. Besides, I secretly sneaked the dog out today. If I were to return home empty-handed today...

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Elliot swallowed because he could already imagine his tragic end.

Everybody in the Hart Group all heard a heart-wrenching and desperate wail from the director's office today.

When Myra returned to the Chase Group, the atmosphere felt odd.

She could sense that people were discussing something, but they pretended that they were attending to their own matters when she turned to look at them.

The strange atmosphere was even more intense when she returned to the Design Department.

Tilly approached Myra to give her the thumbs-up. "Miss Stark, you are awesome!"

Myra had an idea what Tilly was referring to, but she shook her head. "Fortunately, the Hart Group is fair in these matters. Otherwise, I might not even get the project back no matter how I explain myself."

Tilly scanned the office before whispering to Myra, "Miss Stark, you not only secured the Sunny Bay Project. Did you know that Mr. Logan from the Hart Group phoned us earlier? He pointed out blatantly while heavily hinting that the Chase Group has been irresponsible by sending a blockhead to work with the Hart Group. After the business deal fell through, the blockhead had the audacity to blame somebody else. Mr. Logan said that the Hart Group is willing to give Chase Group another chance. However, the premise is that the producer of Chase Group's design draft has to be the one in charge of the project!"

Myra was astonished because she did not intend to spare Elsie's dignity when she explained the whole situation to Tony. However, it was her first time witnessing Tony's forceful and vigorous actions. It was like what the rumors said—he was merciless.

"The Hart Group has labeled Elsie as a 'blockhead'! You should have seen her face... Oh, my God! It was so entertaining!" Tilly added animatedly. "This is great! Miss Stark, you are in charge of this project now. Elsie went into the Design Department Director's office earlier and she was severely reprimanded. I heard that the higher-ups are saying that the Design Department Director would be responsible to resolve this issue. From where I stand, I think Elsie wouldn't stay long as the Leader of Team B!"

At the mention of the Design Director, it happened that his assistant showed up. The assistant announced that the Design Director had something to discuss with Myra.

Tilly urged Myra forward. "Quickly go! State your conditions in one go right now. It's just in time to vent your frustrations!" She even gestured at Myra to pump her up.

Myra did not expect to take advantage of the situation at all. However, I can't endure certain things anymore and I do not plan to suffer alone in silence!

When Myra entered the Design Director's office, Elsie, who was still inside, turned abruptly. She stared at Myra with resentment. She looked as if her eyes would burn holes in Myra's body.

On the other hand, Myra calmly walked into the office and she stood in front of the office desk. "Design Director, were you looking for me?"

Her confident and triumphant stance irritated Elsie to the point where her eyes turned bloodshot. "Myra, do you think that we don't know how you managed to get the project back? I can't even imagine how many men you had to sleep with to master your skills in bed. You took only one afternoon to change Mr. Logan's mind by bedding him! You even stooped so low that you used me as a scapegoat!"

She suddenly charged at Myra, but the middle-aged man seated behind the desk shouted, "Elsie! Watch your mouth! This is a company; please don't spout nonsense!"

"Did you say that I'm spouting nonsense?" Elsie's make-up was already smeared, making her look like a mess. Nevertheless, that did not hide her distorted facial expression. "She kept flirting with Mr. Logan the last time she went to the Hart Group. Mr. Logan took the liberty to cater to her needs and the staff from the Hay Group witnessed that too! Design Director, I have nothing to say if you demote me! However, I will never agree if you remove my responsibilities toward the Sunny Bay Project!"

The Design Director felt like he was caught in a difficult position at that point. Everybody in the company knows that Elsie is having an affair with Director Chase. Director Chase most probably feels that this is a troublesome issue, which is why he pushed the matter for me to handle. Nevertheless, Hart Group was clear with their position, so I can't afford to offend Myra.

After weighing his options, he smiled at Myra. "Myra, the company has undoubtedly let you down this time. We have decided to restore your position and let you take full charge of the Sunny Bay Project. However..." He smiled broadly. "Elsie had contributed immensely to this project too. It doesn't seem reasonable to ask her to suddenly let go of this project. Let me suggest this—why don't I arrange for Elsie to be your subordinate?" With that, Myra would have vented her frustration and I wouldn't have dismissed Elsie's last request.

“Design Director, I don’t mind whether or not I am in charge of this project,” she answered steadily.

He let out a sigh of relief when he heard that. If she doesn’t mind, it means that she wouldn’t mind whether or not Elsie ends up as her assistant...

“However, I do have a request—I do not want to see Miss Foster in my project team!” Myra’s voice was not sharp; in fact, her voice was calm and soothing. However, her tone was stern at that moment and the Design Director was rendered speechless by her request.

“What gives you the right to force me to bow out of the project?! Who do you think you are?! You are only capable of dirty tricks! Do you think that without you, the Chase Group couldn’t have secured the Sunny Bay Project?!” Elsie screamed in anger.

Myra met Elsie’s gaze indifferently, but she turned to the Design Director to state calmly, “I have never felt that the Chase Group would not be able to secure the Sunny Bay Project without me. Hence, as I said earlier—I don’t mind whether or not I am in charge of this project.”

The Design Director’s expression soured. “Myra, theoretically speaking, the company’s decision does not require your approval—”

“I think my decision to resign does not require the company’s approval as well, am I right?” Myra gently interrupted before he could complete his sentence.

The Design Director’s expression changed drastically and his face was shrouded with a gloomy expression.

Myra made a move, as though she was about to leave. He inhaled sharply and he stopped her helplessly. “Fine. We will proceed as you have requested. Elsie will back out of the project this time since she’s made a mistake.”

Right after he said that, Elsie screamed in a sharp voice to defend herself, “Why should I back out?!”

“Elsie Foster, you need to calm down!” The Design Director interrupted before she could continue. His expression reflected his foul mood. “You have only yourself to blame for this matter by not allowing Myra to join the meeting. Enough. This matter ends here. No one is to bring this up again!”

Elsie was fuming at that point and she was feeling frustrated and livid, but she did not have the courage to say anything more. Hence, she could only angrily glare at Myra before leaving the office in anger.

The atmosphere suddenly felt awkward, but Myra seemed especially relaxed. "Design Director, I will head back to work if there's nothing else."

With that, she left his office without even waiting for a reply.

The Design Director, who was behind her had a complicated gaze. He phoned Sean in a rush once she left.

"Miss Stark, I heard that Elsie was unhappy with the outcome, so she went to the Hart Group to look for Director Hart. In the end, she was chased out of the building without even making it past the front desk. Later, she sneaked into the carpark and she actually tried to strip to seduce Director Hart. Director Hart was furious and the security guards threw her out of the Hart Group!" Tilly shared the gossip with Myra early the next morning after gathering fragments of news from multiple people.

Myra's lips curled into a smirk when she heard that Elsie attempted to seduce Tony. Previously, Tony has already expressed zero interest in her. I can't believe she did such a tasteless thing just to compete with me.

Nevertheless, Myra smiled involuntarily when she heard his reaction to Elsie's seduction.

"He is worthy of being my Dreamboat Tony. He always exercises self-control and maintains his integrity!" Tilly's eyes were shining brightly when she said that. Then, she proceeded to list down Tony's wonderful traits.

Myra felt helpless when she interrupted Tilly. "Tilly, have you truly never considered changing jobs by joining the Hart Group?" Tilly specializes in praising Tony, so if she doesn't work at the Hart Group, it is a loss for Tony, indeed.

Tilly rolled her eyes at Myra. "Do you think I would still be in the Chase Group if I could join the Hart Group?"

Myra was dumbfounded by her answer.

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“Myra, don’t you think it’s weird? When Elsie had an affair with Director Chase, she could have everything that she wanted in the Chase Group. Now, not only is she demoted to an assistant, I’ve even seen the director scolding and punishing her because of some tiny mistakes. Could it be that... Director Chase has found out that she tried to seduce Director Hart, so he is now punishing her out of anger and shame?”

After all, most men could not accept being cuckolded.

The moment Myra heard the name ‘Director Chase’ in her ears, she could not help but remember those cruel words that Sean said that day. Since she felt a pain in her heart, she said faintly, “Who knows?”

She also noticed that Elsie had been recently silenced in the company, but it had nothing to do with her. I have no sympathy for this woman at all.

Soon after, the Hart Group informed them that they wanted to hold a final meeting for the revision of the design drafts.

This time, the meeting would be held in a hotel near the Sunny Bay Project because they probably wanted to adapt the measures to local conditions so that everyone could come up with the most reasonable plan.

Everyone was checking into the hotel the next day, so Myra returned home tonight to pack all her stuff.

Beside her, Eve remained silent even though she looked as though she wanted to tell her something. In the end, she seemed to come to a decision as she tugged her daughter-in-law’s sleeves. “Myra, I know that you had an argument with Sean, but a husband and wife should compromise with each other. You know Sean’s temper well. Even though he can be a little rash at times, he’ll regret it soon afterward. Can you please stop being mad at him? If you decide to move out, I’ll be very worried.”

For a moment, Myra was startled before realizing that it was just a misunderstanding, so she explained, “Mom, I’m just going on a business trip for a few days.”

A business trip? Eve still could not believe her. “Where are you going?” I don’t remember Sean telling me that Myra is having any business trips with the company lately.

“I’ll still be staying in the city, but because the meeting might take three or four days to complete, I’ve decided to move out for convenience sake,” Myra answered.

Sunny Bay was more than 3 hours away from the house by car and there would also be huge changes to the design draft, so she could not spend any more time traveling all the way there.

At that point, Eve still did not believe Myra, but she could only allow the latter to continue packing her stuff.

However, as soon as Eve entered the kitchen, she immediately called Sean on the phone.

Myra did not need to bring much of her stuff for her three day stay, so she only packed some daily necessities and three sets of clean clothes. After taking a bath, she saw a notification for an unread message on her phone screen when she came out of the bathroom.

After unlocking her phone, the context of the message instantly came into view—‘Myra, we’ll talk about it when I return.’

It was Sean who texted her as he was on a business trip in the United States. However, he seemed to notice that his message did not fully convey his intention, so a minute later, her phone rang again as another text with only three words was sent to her—‘Wait for me.’

Throughout Myra’s life, what tormented her the most was waiting for someone. In the past, she had experienced what it was like to wait for someone with hope before it gradually turned into despair, as if her heart was being repeatedly tormented without even having a minute to rest.

Maybe Sean himself did not even understand that his three words were so ambiguous that it gave her hope, but at the same time, it cruelly dared her to hope for more.

After staring at the three words in a daze, she had already typed the word 'alright' before returning to her senses.

For a moment, Myra was dumbfounded. Am I telling him that I want to talk to him or... wait for him?

A moment later, she deleted the word in frustration and threw her phone aside before turning off the lights to sleep.

As she tossed and turned on her bed until 2:00AM with her eyes wide open, she felt a sense of pain slicing her heart. Then, she picked her phone up again and unlocked it while her lips trembled. The two consecutive texts still remained on the screen.

With her stiff fingers, she slowly retyped the word 'alright' and sent it without knowing what she was feeling inside.

After waiting for half an hour, her lips revealed a self-mocking smile since she did not receive any reply from the other end. Without any hesitation, she switched off her phone right away and lay down with her eyes closed.

The next day, she arrived at the lobby of the Hart Group just in time.

There were already a thousand people waiting with their luggage.

The moment Sasha saw her, she came over excitedly with a gentle smile on her face. "Myra, it's great that you're back! I thought that you would be bullied by that woman. By the looks of it, it seems like Sean still loves you."

As Myra remembered about the text last night, her eyes were suddenly filled with complicated emotions while she nodded her head faintly. "Sorry to have worried you."

Besides, there was nothing else she could say.

Since the cars were already arranged for everyone, she immediately entered the car that was planned for her.

Upon seeing her entering the car, Sasha furrowed her brows slightly.

Beside her, a designer pursed her lips and said, "The Chase Group was almost out of the picture at first, but I didn't expect her to bring the deal back for us. It's hard for me to believe that she doesn't have a connection with the Hart Group at all."

As Sasha's eyes grew colder, she remembered about the recent rumors about Myra, Logan and Tony. Suddenly, her face took on a ghastly expression.

The moment Myra entered the car, a colossal giant suddenly pounced on her and startled her at the same time. She immediately returned to her senses and looked at the massive dog in front of her with joy.

"Meow!" she called.

Woof! Woof!

Instantly, the white dog obediently sat next to her while wagging its tail and shaking its head to welcome her.

The driver took the opportunity to explain, "Miss Stark, Mr. Hart's maid is currently on vacation and there is no one at home to help out, so he could only bring Meow along with him. However, he doesn't know how to take care of it, so would you kindly look after it along the way?"

Myra waved her hand as the white furry dog had captured her entire heart. "Don't worry, it's a piece of cake for me."

In the past, she had also reared a small Samoyed, but because Sean did not like dogs, she gave it away to a friend after her marriage. However, she still liked dogs a lot, so she started playing with the big dog in the car.

Not only was Meow gentle and obedient, but it also knew how to play dumb and make her happy. Seeing it tilting its neck and sticking its tongue out from time to time amused Myra. It's intelligent!

On the other hand, the driver was in a good mood as well as he silently turned on his phone while being engaged in a call, transmitting all the sounds in the car straight to Tony's phone. Of course, the driver would receive a hefty payment from his employer.

In the meantime, Leo continued to glance at his boss secretly through the rear view mirror while feeling a little weird since he did not know who Tony was calling. He has been maintaining that posture with a smile on his face the whole time without saying a word. It's so weird!

Soon, they arrived at the hotel. When Leo was booking the rooms, he had spent some effort to arrange Myra's one to be right next to Tony's.

"Mr. Hart's pet would be taken care of by someone else most of the time. You only need to come and play with it from time to time. Are you fine with that, Miss Stark?" Leo's excuse was extremely believable since everyone just saw how much the dog loved her.

Myra, on the other hand, had no objections since she thought that everyone's room was next to each other, so she did not feel that there was something strange about it.

When Sasha received the keys for her room, her eyes were instantly filled with mixed emotions. The rooms for the representatives from Hay Group are all on the floor above Myra and Tony.

She unintentionally looked around and realized that all the other employees from the Hart Group were also on the same floor as her. The only person on the same floor as Tony is Myra!

The designer beside her also noticed the same thing, but when she was about to point it out, she was immediately halted by Sasha, who said, "Myra, we'll head upstairs to place our luggage. See you later."