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Kris was bewildered, and a hint of surprise surfaced in her heart. She looked at the unsmiling but extremely captivating man in front of her. The thought of him coming alone to find her struck her mind. Now, he was agreeing to her invitation. Could it be that he's... actually into me?

Without waiting for her, Tony had already stepped forward with his pair of long legs and was walking out.

Kris hurried to catch up. When passing by Myra, she didn't forget to slam hard into her shoulder while saying delightedly, "Tsk. Don't waste your time. I'm telling you; this man is mine! Myra, I know you're also interested in him, but you should take a look at your current identity. I advise you not to waste your effort anymore!"

After speaking, she caught up with the man in front, and the two of them walked toward the elevator together.

Myra slowly turned around. At the elevator, the two of them seemed to be talking about something, and their expressions became more easy-going. Myra could see that the taut lines of Tony's cheeks had softened.

She felt a sting in her eyes. Just now, she called Tony another two times, but he didn't answer any of the calls. Her expression turned hard.

When Myra came out of the pantry, Tilly was back from her physical check-up. As soon as she returned, she ran to Myra's office excitedly and happily asked, "I heard that Director Hart came in the morning. Surely you're going to have lunch together, right?"

Myra paused, then said dully, "He already has an appointment."

"He has an appointment?" Tilly wasn't surprised, as Tony was indeed a busy man. But... She leaned toward Myra. "Miss Stark, are you upset?"

After thinking for a while, she continued, "Who upset you? Miss Stark, tell me and I'll report to Dreamboat Tony immediately. I'll get him to deal with them!"

Myra took a deep breath, then suddenly said, "Tilly, I need to ask you something... Imagine you have a boyfriend, and your boyfriend has an ex-girlfriend. Although he has broken all ties with his ex-girlfriend, he still may occasionally dream about her. If you knew about it, would you be angry?"

Being the clever person that she was, Tilly instantly realized what Myra had encountered.

She pondered for a while before asking cautiously, "Myra, you dreamed about your ex, and Dreamboat Tony found out about it... So, now you're at odds with each other?"

"I guess so..." Myra nodded reluctantly. "I know I don't love Sean anymore, but I don't know why I would dream about him. I must've said something while I was dreaming, so today, he..."

"I was just thinking that the people outside were spouting nonsense about Dreamboat Tony talking with the woman on the other side for the whole morning! They even said that the two of them went to have lunch together. I didn't believe it at first, but it seems like it's true!"

Tilly rolled her eyes and said helplessly, "Myra, I don't know about anyone else, but if it was me, even if I don't show it, I'd still be a little hurt. Although I believe you from the perspective of a bystander, Director Hart's way of thinking is too complicated. I can't predict it. He probably just feels awkward. Myra, just coax him well and try to explain it to him! I believe he's not an unreasonable man! Moreover, Director Hart has been pursuing you for so long, so how could he have the heart to really be angry with you?"

At Tilly's reassurance, Myra felt a little relieved, but she was still skeptical. "You really think so?"

"Trust me. No matter how powerful a man is, he needs a woman to coax him." Tilly leaned toward Myra's ear and whispered, "And I promise, Director Hart is just waiting for you to give in."

Sometimes, the larger a man's ego, the harder he was to subdue.

Myra packed up her things and nodded at her. "I won't eat with you at noon then."

"I understand, Myra!" Tilly gave her an ambiguous smile. "Coax Director Hart well!"

At noon, Myra drove to Only One.

The manager quickly came to welcome her. "Miss Stark, regarding the diamond you left here some time ago, we've cut it carefully according to your instructions, and it has been perfectly set. It's ready now, waiting for you to collect it."

Myra gave him a nod. Not long after, she caught sight of the diamond that she had sent here last time. It had been cut and placed into two rings, and the dark blue crystals shone with a mysterious and elegant sparkle.

Slowly, she put one of the rings on her left middle finger. It fit just right.

Thinking of what she was going to do later, a faint blush appeared on Myra's face.

Nodding to the manager, she said, "Please help me wrap it up."

After leaving the jewelry store, Myra drove to the Ritz Carlton.

As soon as she got out of the car, Aaron ran to her and whispered, "I saw him enter the VVIP room with Kris. Originally, I didn't want to let them use that room, but Mr. Engelhard allowed it, so I didn't have a choice."

Hearing Aaron defend himself, Myra's heart softened and she said gently to him, "It's okay. They're just here to talk about business."

"Hah! I sure hope so! Kris seemed more than eager to get entangled with that Hart kid! Myra, you have to keep an eye on your man."

Myra thought of the item that was currently in the bag, then told Aaron, "I want the private room next to them."

The manager finally smiled. "Mr. Engelhard has already prepared it. I was still wondering if you were coming... Myra, are you serious about that Hart kid?"

"Yes." Myra nodded solemnly.

She was a little uncertain at the beginning, but now, she was absolutely sure that she wanted to be with him, and she was willing to dedicate herself to him, just as he had done with her.

Soon, she reached the private room next to theirs.

However, the Ritz Carlton had good privacy, so Myra couldn't hear anything from next door at all.

She gave it some thought, then sent a text message to Tony.

"Tony, I'm in the private room next to you. I want to give you a gift. Can you please come over?"

The text message was sent, but was ignored.

Myra had expected this, so she simply got out of the private room and casually beckoned a waiter over before handing him an object. "I need to trouble you with something. Later..."

Earlier, when Kris came out from the Stark Tower, she saw the silver Bentley that was parked outside the entrance.

Obviously, it was Tony's car.

Her face lit up with glee. She was about to follow Tony's footsteps and get into the car, but to her surprise, after Tony got into the car, he closed the back seat door without asking her, and the car quickly drove off.

Her face turned a little stiff. She didn't expect Tony to be so ill-mannered, so she could only swallow her anger and ask her assistant to bring her car to the front. She then chased after Tony's car and drove toward the Ritz Carlton.

Tony was an incomparable man in Bradford City, and none of the men she had met before could compare to him.

It was inevitable for him to be so arrogant.

Kris knew that such a man had his own unique charm and taste.

If I could marry into the Hart Family... Myra wouldn't dare to make fun of me anymore! The corners of Kris' lips were curled slightly, and after getting into the car, she took out her cosmetic bag and reapplied her makeup.

After getting out of the car, fortunately, Tony didn't go directly into the private room.

When Kris stepped out, the perfect smile on her face had been restored as she walked toward the man. "Director Hart, let's go in."

She smiled at him.

She knew how beautiful she was when she smiled.

Seeing the look on her face, Tony narrowed his eyes slightly. Then, he walked inside expressionlessly.

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This meal was probably one that Kris had spent the most thought on.

Yet, somehow, Tony's expression was sour from the very beginning. Ever since they entered the private room, Kris' advances had been repeatedly turned down.

"Director Hart, I heard that you love playing golf. I quite like it too. My father was the one who taught me. I wonder if we can play together soon."

Kris tried to remain calm as she expressed her status in the Stark Family in hopes of giving herself extra credit.

When she ate, she acted even more elegant than usual.

Tony took out a cigarette and lit it before casting her a glance. "I've been busy lately."

Kris' body went slightly stiff, but she quickly recovered with a laugh. "That's normal. Since you're busy, we'll talk about it again in the future when you're free. By the way, Director Hart,

how high of a chance does the Stark Group have of cooperating with the Hart Group on the Elsinore Garden Project?"

The fact that Tony came to the Stark Group to personally meet with her today showed that he intended to let them take charge of this project. Besides, he came to the office but didn't look for anyone else—not even her father. As for his purpose... Kris was well aware that some men liked to maintain their image. If they expressed their feelings at once, it would be meaningless.

Tony inhaled deeply, then slowly exhaled white mist through his thin lips. His posture was laid-back, yet he gave off a domineering and reserved aura that filled Kris with fascination.

For a man like him, even if he didn't have any bonus traits, his presence alone was enough to drive a number of women crazy!

Kris was about to continue talking about the Elsinore Garden Project when suddenly, Tony's phone vibrated and he quickly retrieved it. Even though he just glanced casually at his phone, Kris sensed that his expression changed for the better. But, when he faced her again, he was still a little indifferent.

"Director Hart, actually, I really admire you." Kris felt an inexplicable sense of alarm in her heart. Perhaps it was the womanly sixth sense in her telling her that she had to speed up her pace and not let him escape when he was just within her grasp. She let out a light cough, then displayed her most beautiful look for Tony. Lifting her fingers, she tucked her hair behind her ears. "I—"

"Miss Stark, you look quite like your sister." Just as Kris was about to speak, Tony interrupted her.

He stubbed out the cigarette but showed no intention of picking up his cutlery.

Kris laughed dryly. "Everyone says that we look alike."

After speaking, Kris suddenly remembered that Myra and Tony lived next to each other. The two... must have known each other for some time. However, when they were in the elevator that day, she didn't see them greet each other. It was as if they didn't know each other.

Her heart wavered and she said nonchalantly, "My sister is two years older than me. She married Sean from the Chase Family two years ago. But, I heard that she didn't behave well

and was forced by the Chase Family to get a divorce. I've just recently returned to the Stark Group, but I won't believe those things that people are saying. Although my sister has always had some opinions of me, I still believe her. She wouldn't go fooling around outside."

Her statement had a certain quality to it. Not only did she mention Myra's marriage issues, she even brought up that Myra was a divorcee, and that she had a bad personality—all while managing to praise herself.

Even so, she saw that there was no change in expression on the man opposite her. Instead, his eyes seemed to have hardened.

Biting her lip, Kris asked cautiously, "I don't know if I'm just thinking too much, but I feel like you've encountered something or someone that's unsatisfactory. Today, you seem... a little upset?"

"You think so?" Tony glanced back at her with a blank look. The emotions in his eyes were unreadable, and it made Kris somewhat frustrated.

She seemed to have asked him out at an untimely moment, as Tony was obviously in a bad mood at present.

"Hehe, there's no such thing as a smooth-sailing life. Every undesirable thing will eventually pass. Director Hart, if you treat me as a friend, why don't you tell me what you're upset about? Perhaps having a listening ear will make you feel better."

Kris spared no effort to continue acting like an intellectual woman.

At this moment, there was a sudden knock on the door of the private room. Kris frowned slightly, then she controlled herself and called out impatiently, "Come in."

A waiter walked in with a tray.

Kris' eyebrows furrowed even more when she saw what was on the tray. "What's this?"

Giving her an apologetic smile, the waiter walked toward Tony. "Mr. Hart, a young lady gave this to you, saying that she had just sent you a text message. The lady also said that she's just returning this to its original owner."

Kris' eyebrows twitched. Without a doubt, she knew what was inside a red velvet box like that.

As a trace of anger grew in her heart, she looked nervously at Tony.

Since the man had come to meet her in person, it indicated that he had some interest in her, so he wouldn't possibly accept another woman's gift right now.

But, Kris was wrong. Although Tony's expression was complicated and incomprehensible, he still accepted the red velvet box.

When the waiter saw Tony taking the box, he breathed a sigh of relief and said, "The lady said that she'll wait for you, Mr. Hart."

With that, the waiter left.

An overwhelming wave of rage surged inside Kris.

She wondered which woman saw her meeting with Tony and decided to ruin things! One hand was placed on her knee, and her nails were nearly digging into the palm of her hand.

On the surface, she tried to pretend to be composed as she asked Tony, "Director Hart, I wonder which lady knew that you were dining at the Ritz Carlton and came here to send you a gift?"

"My lover," Tony answered casually, playing with the velvet box.

"Lover!" Kris' voice rang out suddenly.

Realizing that she had lost herself, Kris eased her distorted face.

Didn't he come to express his goodwill? Why does he suddenly have a lover? And, how come I've never heard of this before? Hasn't he been single all this while?

For an instant, too many questions popped up in Kris' mind, and she could no longer maintain the perfect smile that had been on her face just now.

She forced out the words. "Director Hart, you're kidding, right?"

Tony looked up abruptly, then his dark eyes fixed the woman in front of him with a blank gaze. "Do you think I'm kidding?"

Kris' expression hardened.

"Miss Stark, have you eaten your fill?" Tony was already standing up.

When he walked into the private room earlier, not only did he not take off his jacket, but he also didn't pick up the cutlery on the table. He just looked like he was ready to leave.

He had no plans to eat with me at all!

Kris steadied herself again, but she couldn't hold it in anymore. Standing up, her expression turned cold as well. "Director Hart, what's the meaning of this?"

"Miss Stark, you gave me a warm invite, so it wouldn't be nice of me to decline," Tony responded bleakly.

"Wouldn't be nice to decline? I think you did it on purpose! Director Hart, since you didn't plan on eating with me at all, why did you bother coming to the Ritz Carlton?"

Kris was angry from embarrassment.

When she looked at the red velvet box in Tony's hand, something clicked in her mind, and she looked straight at him. "Director Hart, you came today to have lunch with someone else, right?!"

Tony lit another cigarette, refusing to comment. His voice was impassive and indifferent as he said, "I'll hand the Elsinore Garden Project to the Stark Group."

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Kris was dumbfounded, unable to keep up with Tony's train of thought at all. A mix of emotions flooded her eyes and her face relaxed a little. "All right. Then—"

“But, I’m sorry, Miss Stark. I can’t let you be in charge of this project.”

What he just said diminished Kris’ ability to maintain her ladylike demeanor. Her face twisted horribly. “Director Hart, I didn’t do anything to upset you. Aren’t you going a bit too far?”

“Upset me?” Tony’s eyes turned frosty in an instant. His gaze swept over her plainly before he walked out. “Miss Stark, perhaps you don’t know, but I cover my shortcomings.”

After that, his figure disappeared from the door of the private room.

Inside the room, there was a ‘crash’ as plates were hurled onto the ground.

Kris was trembling with anger.

She didn’t expect that the beautiful moment she anticipated would turn out to be like this.

Obviously, she almost had Tony in the palm of her hands. Who would suddenly intervene and disrupt her plans? Damn it! His lover, huh?

Thinking of how he said ‘I cover my shortcomings’ before he left, Kris pushed down her anger and thought of all the things she had done since the beginning that was related to Tony. She simply couldn’t remember who she had offended to let Tony humiliate her this way!

Tony Hart...

Kris silently muttered these two words.

To date, not a single man that Kris wanted had escaped her grasp!

Since his lover’s existence hadn’t been announced yet, she must not have an important position in Tony’s heart.

Kris figured that he was just fooling around. After he got bored with her, he would get rid of her.

Kris suddenly thought of what the waiter said to Tony.

“The lady said that she’ll wait for you, Mr. Tony.”

A cold gleam flashed across Kris’ eyes.

After leaving the private room, Tony stopped at the door, then leaned against the wall and opened the red velvet box that the waiter had just given him. To his surprise, there was a ring inside the box. What was even more surprising was the diamond on the ring.

He suddenly thought of the waiter’s words.

“The lady also said that she’s just returning this to its original owner.”

Tony squinted his eyes and carefully studied the diamond again.

The corners of his mouth froze, and a touch of warmth rose up inside him.

Was Myra telling him that back when she cried in his arms, she already felt something for him? So, after pulling off his diamond cufflinks, she didn’t return it to him, but had kept it for herself instead?

There was no doubt that when Myra was asleep in his arms last night, she muttered the name of the other man in her sleep. It truly made him feel uncomfortable.

But, when Kris slandered Myra just now, intentionally or otherwise, Tony knew deep down that he didn’t like it when people said such things about her.

Which was why he said those things so mercilessly to Kris earlier. It was also why he had done such a childish act today.

Tony gave the exquisite ring a firm squeeze, then consciously placed it back into the box before pushing open the door of the next private room.

Inside, a woman had her back facing him, and she was eating at a table full of food.

She has quite the appetite.

Tony’s eyes narrowed slightly as he walked straight over, pulled out the chair next to her, and sat down. He was about to smoke a cigarette when a fair hand suddenly reached out from beside him to snatch the cigarette away and throw it aside.

Meeting his mischievous eyes, Myra's gaze was extremely soft as she waved her hand at him. "Did you see the gift I gave you? Look; I have one too. I had a couple's set custom-made. Next time, when I wear it, everyone will know that I belong to someone."

Perhaps it was the words 'couple's set' that relieved Tony's sulking. Despite that, he was still scowling when he grunted faintly.

Myra, however, was not discouraged. She took the red velvet box from his hands and grabbed his left hand.

In the beginning, Tony's hand was very stiff, but Myra simply looked at him with a pair of huge, bright eyes that were full of pleadings. In the end, he couldn't bear to be ruthless and let her take his hand.

Breathing a sigh of relief, Myra took out the ring from the box before carefully putting it on the middle finger of Tony's left hand.

His fingers were beautiful; they were all slender and with distinct joints. Myra slid the ring little by little onto his finger, but she was rather nervous.

Tony lowered his head and saw Myra's long eyelashes. Her forehead was fair while her long curly hair draped softly over her shoulders; her face was scrunched up in concentration.

After Myra put on the ring, she promptly looked up.

Tony couldn't shift his gaze in time, so the woman caught sight of the gentleness in his eyes at this moment.

She was surprised, and she felt as if something had crashed into her heart. She could take it no longer, so she hugged the man in front of her and said gloomily, "Tony... I had a dream about Sean last night. You're unhappy today because of that, right?"

Tony's body became rigid immediately, and his face sank. He wanted to push Myra away, but she only held him even tighter.

"I don't know if I said something wrong last night, but in the dream, you appeared and asked me if I still have feelings for Sean. You asked me why I still dreamed about him. In fact, I don't know why I dreamed about him." Myra spoke rapidly, fearing that the man in front of

her would interrupt her. She continued in a low voice, "But, I told you that I don't like Sean anymore. I really don't."

They had argued because of Sean for way too long and for too many times. If this problem wasn't solved, it would always be like a fishbone that was lodged in both of their throats.

Myra's grip tightened involuntarily. "I have no way of changing the past six years. If God will let me do it all over again, I'll definitely wait for you to show up. But..." She took a deep breath and looked up. As she fixed her gaze on the man with mixed emotions in his eyes, she felt a little helpless. "I can't change what happened in the past six years. If you're still concerned about this issue, then I can leave you for a while. Maybe when the both of us calm down—"

When she said the last sentence, she slowly let go of her arms that were around Tony's waist.

When Tony heard her say 'I can leave you for a while', his expression changed slightly, and his eyes turned as gloomy as the sky before a storm. Slightly narrowing his eyes, he stared at her. "You want to leave me?"

Myra shook her head roughly. "I didn't say that I want to leave you. I just wanted to give both of us space to calm down. We'll wait until—"

"Myra, you're heartless!" Tony suddenly interrupted her before she said something that would anger him even more.

Myra's body went stiff. Lifting her head, she met Tony's rage-filled eyes. "Then, do you want me to leave? Tony, do you believe me? I don't love Sean. Even though I dreamed about him, I've long since stopped loving him."

Peering at her calm face, Tony realized that she had said those things just now to agitate him.

She had deliberately said such things knowing that he wouldn't be willing to let her leave.

There was a huge wave in Tony's eyes, and the dark clouds inside rolled over layer by layer. He reckoned if other women dared to act so recklessly with him, he would've made them suffer to no end.

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Myra stared straight into Tony's eyes. Her eyes were as tranquil and lovely as the moon on an autumn night. There was no sign of impatience, and Tony couldn't explain why they were able to soothe his aggravation, leading him to trust her words subconsciously. He quickly retracted his gaze.

Noticing his behavior, Myra felt a sourness and numbness at the back of her throat. She took him into her arms again and whispered, "To be honest, I don't want to leave you too. All I want is for you to keep me. Tony... I'm in love with you. So, it hurts me when you think that I still love Sean."

Then, the man in her arms stiffened. Myra felt her eyes burning. She leaned in before she suddenly gave him a peck at the corner of his mouth. "Tilly told me that men need coaxing too. Here I am, coaxing you like this, so aren't you going to forgive me?" She looked into his eyes. As usual, his eyes were deep and cold. Yet, at this moment, there was an incomprehensible emotion inside them.

Back when Myra was in love with Sean, she committed herself to the relationship and did all sorts of things for him. Nonetheless, to coax and comfort someone like that was something she had never done before because she knew Sean didn't love her and was sure that Tony did. Her gaze dimmed gradually at Tony's constant silence. Slowly, she let go of him and got up on her feet.

A split second later, Myra was pulled downward by the man in front of her again, and she ended up sitting on his lap. One of his hands was wrapped around her waist while the other was grabbing her shoulder. His grip on her was so strong that she felt like he could crush her bones.

Myra sat down at once. By the time she looked up, her eyes met a pair of bottomless, gloomy eyes. "Myra, sometimes I wish I had never met you!" Tony's thin lips parted and closed. His expression sank as though a thunderstorm was approaching.

If he had never met her, Elliot and the others' jokes about his love life might have come true. He might have simply found a woman, who could aid him in his career, and married her.

There might be no love between them, and they would spend the rest of their lives dully. Yet, he ended up bumping into her!

Tony remembered their first encounter; he was still trapped in that feeling and unable to free himself from it... Looking at the pair of innocent eyes in front of him, he wished he could strangle the owner to death. He reckoned that might be the best way for him to escape from her constant aggravating behaviors.

"You're a sweet-talking liar!" Savagely, he spat out those words. Then, he ducked down his head and pressed his lips against hers fiercely. His eyes narrowed before he bit her lip hard.

Myra moaned in pain. This time, she wrapped her arms around his neck obediently. Tony's gaze deepened at her response. He tightened his grip on her waist and pressed her closer to him as if he wanted to melt her into his body.

They didn't know how long they kissed. Nevertheless, Myra knew Tony finally released her from the kiss when she was in need of oxygen and her vision went black. Her face was blushed to the extreme. As she gasped for air desperately, she buried her face into his arms. His chest was toned, and it always gave her a great sense of security. She snuggled into his embrace and said softly, "Have you forgiven me?"

Tony's eyes darkened when he heard her question. He then hugged the woman in his arms tightly. After a long moment of silence, he said with his hoarse voice, "Next time, stay away from that b*stard. Don't talk to him, and don't let him bother you again."

Although Myra knew there were things that she couldn't control, she didn't want to irritate the man in front of her again. Thus, she nodded obediently. "Okay."

"And don't think about him! Stop letting him into your dreams!" He was getting unreasonable, but Myra proceeded to nod in agreement gently. "I won't think about him anymore. In fact, I've never thought about him. If he shows up in my dreams again, I'll kick him out. Does that sound good to you?"

Tony's expression finally got better, although his face remained stoic. Nevertheless, Myra was finally relieved. She pressed her face against his chest and thought, As expected, men need coaxing too. Although Tony is a macho man, he's quite childish at times as well!

The pair snuggled together, and the tense atmosphere slowly loosened up and became warm. Myra no longer wanted to eat. Every now and then, she would play with the buttons on Tony's shirt. Seeing the ring on her left hand, she felt her heart soften.

"Tony, you're so much better than Sean. You're better than him in everything. Why are you still afraid that I'd like him instead of you?" she muttered.

Tony ducked his head at her remarks. His face was still blank, but his gaze was deep and dark. Those eyes that were staring at Myra were so deep that she could see no end in them. Myra had no idea why she felt like someone was grabbing her heart. She shuddered at the sight of him and wanted to look away. However, before she could turn away, a big hand quickly took hold of her head.

"Myra," he called her with a deep, hoarse voice.

Myra didn't make a sound. Instead, she bit her lip hard. Tony's gaze became darker. Suddenly, he kissed her again. Myra knew she was comforting him, so she didn't mind taking the initiative once in a while! As she felt her heart racing and about to jump out of her throat, she went all out...

When they were leaving the room, Myra took a glance at the man beside her, whose brows were relaxed although his side profile remained cold. She couldn't help but shoot him a vicious glare.

"What's wrong? Do you still want it?" Tony turned around all of a sudden and whispered in her ear.

Tony's voice was beautiful, and it reminded Myra of a female employee back in her previous company. After she fell head over heels for a voice actor, she exaggerated, "Just listening to him can get you pregnant!"

Even though Myra thought she had oversold his voice, when Tony was whispering in her ear, she really thought she could melt.

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"We're outside!"

Myra quickly turned her head away. Her ears were flushing as if blood was about to drip out from them. Tony could see the fine hair around her ears. The softness hit something in his heart. Suddenly, he pulled her into his arms.

Myra struggled to break free. Nonetheless, realizing that she couldn't break free from him, she gave up and let him be, walking out of the Ritz Carlton half-hugged and half-dragged by him. When they came to the entrance, she saw Aaron blinking at her as he laughed at her mischievously. She couldn't help but glare at him.

However, Aaron soon felt a cold gaze glancing at him. In the next instant, his face stiffened. Letting out a dry cough, he looked away and thought, This kid from the Hart Family is too mean.

By the time they got to the entrance, the valet quickly got Tony his silver sports car.

Tony opened the door to the passenger seat. After Myra got in, he went around the car and got into the driver's seat. Yet, the car did not leave immediately. Closing the door, Tony proceeded to stare at Myra with his calm gaze. He didn't speak as he pulled his lips into a tight line.

For a second, Myra didn't know what was happening. Nevertheless, she quickly took in his intention and couldn't help but curse him in secret for his stinginess. Without a choice, she leaned closer to him and went on to tug at his safety belt and fastened it carefully. After that, she glanced at his stunning face. Leaning in on a whim, she gave him a peck on his pursed lips. Then, she returned to her seat and sat properly, learning the way he always acted after doing something indecent. When she noticed his mischievous glance, she tried to keep her composure and asked, "Aren't we leaving?"

Her expression managed to elicit a chuckle from Tony. There was finally a touch of softness in his eyes. He didn't say anything to her question. Instead, he started the engine and drove the car into the flowing traffic.

Unbeknownst to them, after their departure, a woman came out from behind an enormous pot of a pine tree that was taller than an average man outside the entrance of the Ritz Carlton. She was beautiful and delicate. Yet, her gorgeous face was rather twisted at the moment.

Kris' nails had already dug into her flesh, but she couldn't feel the pain in her palm. She finally understood what Tony meant when he said he covered his shortcomings! She didn't expect Myra to be the one that had hooked up with him! Myra was the one who made him leave when they were in the middle of a meal!

Myra... Myra... You're a master! How did you manage to hide it so well?

No wonder Myra still looked so indifferent after she got a divorce from her beloved Sean. She even so quickly committed herself to another relationship, looking oh-so-sweet! Turns out she hooked up with Tony!

Myra gave him a ring and fastened his seatbelt for him. She even flirted with him and kissed him in public! How can she be so shameless! No wonder she looked so fearless when she came back to the Stark Group!

Kris' hands were trembling out of anger. Quickly, she pulled out her phone and called a number. When the call was connected, she exclaimed angrily and desperately, "Didn't you want me to stop her from getting her hands on the Stark Group when you told me her actual capabilities? Then, why didn't you tell me—" She came to a stop abruptly.

As a man, Tony was a great temptation for most women. At least that was the case for Kris. She was strongly attracted to him, and she wanted to be with him no matter what! She knew very well that a man like Tony wouldn't lay his eyes on a woman so easily, let alone a divorced woman like Myra! From the fact that he didn't announce their relationship to the public, she knew he was only fooling around with Myra! Therefore, how could she lose her head!

In the blink of an eye, many thoughts had crossed Kris' mind. She couldn't expose something like that on her own! She would never allow herself to appear as if she had been defeated by Myra to the outsiders! She wanted to kick Myra away from Tony's side and replace her!

When the one on the other side heard her pause, they asked, "Didn't tell you what?"

For a moment, Kris was overwhelmed by a mixture of wrath and hatred. Coldly, she replied, "Nothing. Lyla Fisher, we're on the same side. I hope you'll never keep anything away from me. Remember; Myra is our common enemy. If you want to remain as the young mistress of the Chase Family without worries, you better help me take over the Stark Group! This is also for your own good!"

On the other side of the phone, when Lyla, who had been annoyed by the small quarrel with Eve, heard Kris' tone, she was slightly discontented. "I have nothing to hide from you, Miss Stark. As for you... Huh. I don't mind if you're hiding something from me. We are, of course, allies. So, you should quickly handle Myra. Don't go out for wool and come home shorn. You won't look good by then."

At her remarks, Kris' expression sank. She wanted to say something more, but Lyla had already hung up.

Lyla was the Chase Family's young mistress. However, her life didn't go according to her plan. Back then, Eve allowed her to get married to Sean in order to save the Chase Group. Nevertheless, Eve had been making Lyla's life difficult after she got married into the family. Every time she came back from a day of shopping, Eve was either complaining that she spent lavishly, or that she never stayed home after the marriage and never helped out with the chores.

She found Eve's complaints ridiculous because she only spent the money she saved before the marriage. Sean worked daily, so he had no time for her. If she didn't go out shopping and stayed home all the time, she would have died of boredom. Besides, didn't they hire housemaids to do the chores?

Knowing that Eve merely found her dissatisfying, Lyla decided to put up with her initially, thinking that they would get along after they spent some time together. Yet, Eve was only getting worse. When Lyla came back this afternoon, Eve didn't even ask the housemaid to cook her lunch for her. Instead, she simply left her a 'cook yourself if you want to eat' before going upstairs indifferently.

Lyla's face darkened as she tossed her phone on the sofa. Just when the phone landed on the sofa, it went off with a buzz. Annoyed, she didn't want to answer the call.

However, her ringtone had always been loud. Soon, Eve came out of her room with a gloomy expression. With her face cold, Eve looked down at her arrogantly. "Can't you turn down the volume? Don't you know that I'm used to taking a nap in the afternoon?"

Lyla's body stiffened. Then, she tightened her lips slightly. "I'm sorry, Mom. I'll turn the volume down now."

When Eve heard her calling her 'Mom', she wanted to say something subconsciously. Nevertheless, before she could say it out loud, her rationale held her back. Turning around, she slammed the door behind her with a 'bang'.

Lyla's expression became uglier. Eve treated her as if she was her God when she needed her to do something. Now that the Chase Group's crisis was over, she loathed her in every way. She always acted as though she was mightier than her; as if Lyla was only married into the Chase Family after groveling by her feet!

Picking up her phone, Lyla glanced at the caller ID in discontent. The moment she saw the number, she froze. With her phone in her hand, she hurried outside.

Right at that moment, Eve suddenly came out of her room. Lyla's nervous expression didn't go unnoticed by her. Her eyes narrowed in suspicion. It's just a phone call. Is it necessary to answer it outside?

It was a phone call that Lyla thought necessary to answer outside. And she even had to answer it without anybody noticing.

After she left the house, the call that had been disconnected came again.