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As if feeling Myra's gaze on him, he flinched ever so slightly as he was holding the golf club. Turning to hand it over to an employee, he nodded at the middle-aged man next to him and headed toward Myra's direction.

Myra could see that he was coming over, but her eyes fell upon a woman standing beside him who was holding a warm towel in her hands.

The woman was no stranger to her; she was Belle Bridgers, the daughter of the middle-aged man standing next to Tony, Director Bridgers. She had just returned from studying abroad in the United States. Myra knew exactly what was going on from the way the woman's eyes twinkled as she looked up at Tony when he had holed the ball earlier. It was even a little uncomfortable to watch.

It wasn't until Tony arrived before her that she recovered from her thoughts. Looking at him, she asked hesitantly, "Am I... interrupting something?"

Tony stared back at her, his eyes steady.

He knew all too well about what had happened after she left his office in the morning. Her eyes were filled to the brim with hurt and misery, and he knew that she was here because she needed a favor.

He said, "Since you're already here, it's pointless to say all that, Miss Stark."

She couldn't make out his state of mind from his tone. Earlier on her ride to the golf club, she was contemplating whether to discreetly ask for his help if he was in a good mood, but...

"Director Hart, I need your help for something. I received a call earlier at Hart Group—"

"Myra—" Tony interrupted before she could finish.

She froze. Tony's eyes narrowed, staring at her with an unreadable look in his eyes. Noticing the way she looked back at himself in shock, he explained, "I don't know if you've heard about this, but you can be quite boring sometimes."

Myra's expression stiffened a little as she chewed on her bottom lip, realizing that she was being watched by a beautiful, graceful woman from a distance.

She forced a small smile. "I guess... I really am interrupting something here. If that's the case... I'll talk to you some other day," she said and turned to leave, but the look of unwavering stubbornness was still written on her face.

"Can you play golf?" Tony's sudden query stopped her in her tracks.

Myra turned back, startled. Looking into his eyes, there was a hint of incomprehensible darkness which quickly disappeared. He reverted back to his usual, nonchalant demeanor. Seeing that she was unresponsive, he asked again, "Can you play golf?"

Myra shook her head.

Due to the longstanding resentment she had toward Cameron since childhood, she strongly hated every hobby that he had; naturally, she didn't want to learn any of them.

Tony shoved his hands in his pockets. Standing on the neatly trimmed grass, the gentle caress of the sunlight greatly complimented his charming appearance. He said softly, "Join me for some golf briefly, and we can talk about it later."

"But..." Myra tugged at her lips, glancing again at the woman who was now looking rather impatient. "I can't play..."

"In that case, you'll have to learn." Tony started walking back to the golf course. "Isn't it fair for me to boost my mood before hearing what you have to say?"

Myra watched as he went further and further away. She gritted her teeth. Then again, no one was as blunt and forthright as her when it came to asking for help!

Before long, an employee came over and guided her to the changing rooms.

By the time she finished changing, Tony had already finished another round of golf. He was standing by the side, talking to Director Bridgers about something in hushed tones.

Belle, who was not far away, was staring at Tony admiringly with her perfect, round eyes. She handed him something to which he politely rejected, and she put on an annoyed pout.

Myra's arrival instantly invited stares from the group of people.

Changing into a set of youthful sports attire, she suddenly went from a professional office lady to looking like a college student. Strands of hair which fell out of her high ponytail rested atop the visor on her forehead, highlighting the beauty of her eyes. Her glossy skin—clean from any residue of makeup—was fresh, dainty, and even a little flushed. As she walked past the people around, her face glowed a light shade of pink.

A trace of warmth surfaced in Tony's eyes as he took a glance at her petite little face. Then, he nodded at Director Bridgers. "Director Bridgers, I hope you don't mind my friend joining us."

Director Bridger's eyes curved cordially, fully aware of who Tony was referring to. His eyes cautiously darted to his daughter and back before he nodded with a smile. "Of course. Any friend of yours is a friend of mine."

Hearing her cue, Myra approached the group. She greeted the Director politely, "Director Bridgers."

The woman standing before the Director seemed familiar, but he couldn't recall her identity. Turning to Tony, he asked courteously, "May I know who..."

"She is Miss Stark, Senior Designer of Chase Group. She's also in charge of the design for Hart Group's Sunny Bay Project this time round."

"Ah, so that's why she looked familiar—it's Miss Stark, the great designer herself. I've heard that Miss Stark is unbelievably talented, unlike my daughter Belle who knows nothing." Director Bridgers tactfully mentioned his daughter and pulled her closer by her arm. The gesture which sounded like a grumble was contradicting the pampering look in his eyes. "Belle, Miss Stark is an excellent example for you."

Belle, who was abruptly shoved in front of Tony, stole bashful looks at him. On the other hand, she was careful when it came to Myra as she eyed the latter warily.

Myra knew that she wasn't wanted there by the two. Despite feeling slightly uneasy, she answered, "You're too kind, Director Bridgers."

Probably sensing her awkwardness, Tony patted lightly on her shoulder. "You should go and get some help from the instructor. I have something to discuss with the Director here, then I'll come over soon."

Myra quickly nodded and went to a quieter area after bidding farewell to Director Bridgers.

On the other hand, Tony watched as she left, wearing the faintest smile on his face.

Even though Tony had purposefully tried to maintain his distance with Myra, Director Bridgers could tell right away that there was something unusual going on between the two. This man was the director of Hart Group, after all! Remembering the reason he had invited Tony today, Director Bridgers was a little unhappy about where this was going. Nevertheless, he could only keep his thoughts inside and maintained all smiles as he continued the conversation with Tony. Masking his hidden intentions beneath a seemingly ambiguous question, he asked, "You seem to get along with that lady quite well, Tony. Are you two..."

The rest of the question was understood.

Tony didn't seem to notice Belle's expression, which had taken a dark turn after hearing her father. His eyebrows rose and a surprised look filled his face. "Was she being that obvious?"

Director Bridgers tensed at his response; he knew that Tony was messing around with him. Nonetheless, he couldn't admit out loud that the woman was being too obvious—if he did so, wouldn't he be digging his own grave for intentionally taking his own daughter out to meet this man?

Belle noticed that her father wasn't pleased with the situation. However, she was already smitten by the man before her. Back when she had heard about Tony from others, she'd assumed that he was just another rich man who lived on inherited wealth. Upon seeing him in person today, she came to realize that none of those young masters from well-off families in Bradford City could ever come close to this man.

Moreover, seeing that Tony was well-respected even amongst the older generation of corporate bigshots was enough for her to fall in love with him. She quickly chimed in and said, "Dad, Miss Stark is a designer for Hart Group now; naturally, she has to respect her boss. Isn't it the same for you in our family business?"

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She thought that she had just done a great job of saving Tony from an awkward situation. Little did she know that for a split second, irritation flashed across his eyes when she referred to Myra as his groveling employee.

Director Bridger's expression brightened up after his daughter's comforting comment. "Tony, let's not beat around the bush anymore. Our families are quite a matching pair, and my daughter here is a woman unlike any other, if I may say so myself. Should we sit down somewhere and talk about this?"

He was straight to the point this time; he didn't feel the need to be indirect about it anymore.

Belle blushed bright red on the spot, sheepishly taking a brief glance at Tony. She stamped her feet in embarrassment and said, "What are you talking about, Dad?! How can you say something like that straight to his face..."

She stamped her feet again and bit her lip nervously, apparently overwhelmed with awkwardness. With that, she quickly ran off to the lounging area nearby.

Director Bridgers finally took his pampering eyes away from his daughter and smiled at Tony. "My daughter is a little sensitive when it comes to stuff like this. Even after living in the United States for several years, she gets embarrassed really easily. What a kind and gentle girl she is... I wonder who would have the honor of marrying her in the future."

He looked at Tony with an expectant grin as he finished his sentence, eagerly waiting for his response.

Tony gave a faint smile, but it wasn't because of what he said.

Rather, Tony's gaze had unexpectedly fallen upon Myra who was not too far at a distance.

Decked out in an all-white sports attire, the woman was learning golfing techniques from the instructor clumsily. He had just taught her the basics and was getting her to try it out

herself. As instructed, Myra held the golf club firmly and swung at the ball, but she didn't hit it at all. In fact, she even sent the entire club flying in the air for more than a good five feet.

She ran through the field awkwardly and tried to retrieve the golf club in the grass. Looking left and right, she desperately hoped that no one had seen her embarrassing failure. Myra sighed in relief after making sure that nobody was staring, but when she abruptly raised her head, she made eye contact with Tony; he seemed to be teasing her with the look in his eyes. Her face instantly turned scarlet and she whirled around, avoiding his gaze.

Afterward, her following attempts all ended in a similar fashion. She had either accidentally stuck the club deep into the ground, or she had flung the ball out into the abyss. The instructor was both dumbfounded and amused by her various forms of failure and corrected her technique again and again, each time more thorough than before.

This whole time, Myra felt a persistent gaze on her back as if someone was watching her intently. Without a peace of mind, she felt so distracted that she couldn't concentrate on the instructor's lesson at all.

"... And that's how you do it. Do you get it now, Miss Stark?" The instructor had just finished explaining when he realized that she wasn't paying attention. He raised a hand and waved it before her eyes. "Miss Stark? Are you there?"

"Huh?" Myra finally came back to reality and stuttered in confusion.

The instructor was devastated; he was at wit's end trying to teach a student like her. Just then, a deep voice rang out from the side. "I'll do it."

The instructor was taken aback at first, but as the respectable man before him reached out and took the golf club from his hands, he quickly let out a breath of relief. Bowing politely at the man, he went to help out another student.

Similarly, Myra was shocked to see Tony. She immediately looked back at where he was earlier with Director Bridgers and his daughter, but the area was now empty.

"So... Are you done talking with Director Bridgers?" Myra asked cautiously. She assumed that they would have needed quite some time to talk, but it took way quicker than she expected.

"It wasn't business affairs, so it didn't take much time," Tony simply replied. Myra wasn't sure if she was hallucinating or if she really saw a small smile peeking out beneath the man's stoic expression.

Reminding herself that he had seen all of her feats of humiliation earlier, Myra's face heated up again after she had finally calmed down. She said stiffly, "It wasn't business affairs, huh..."

Tony squinted playfully as he teased, "Do you want to know what we talked about?"

"Uh..." Myra was at a loss for words. She shook her head hastily. "No, I... I don't want to know."

Tony's smile faded a little. Ignoring her refusal, he looked down at the golf club in his hand and said dryly, "Old Bridgers wants me to date his daughter, so he arranged for us to meet today."

He spoke slowly. However, he didn't say it with a tone that revealed his opinion about the remark, and Myra couldn't tell if he was happy or unhappy about the matter.

Based on Belle's behavior from earlier, Myra could tell that the woman would have thrown herself onto Tony as soon as she could if it weren't for the fact that they were in public.

Somehow, Myra felt uncomfortable at the thought of that and she instinctively frowned.

Tony's nonchalance took a pleasant turn as he noticed Myra's troubled look on her face. Not wanting to put too much burden on her, he decided to change the conversation. As he held up the golf club in his hand, he smiled at her. "Since no instructor wants you as their student, it looks like I'll have to teach you how to play."

Upon looking around, she realized that all the instructors were indeed steering clear of her. She rubbed her nose in self-consciousness and muttered, "I really tried, but I don't know why I can't get the hang of it. It's as if the ball is going against me."

Tony found her behavior of using unreasonable excuses quite adorable, and a slight smile played at the corner of his lips. Handing her back the golf club, he went and stood behind her. "Let me see your swing."

"Okay." Myra received the club and stood in position with her feet apart for better balance.

But just as she was done adjusting her position, Tony shook her head. “Nope. Your feet have to be wider apart.”

Myra moved her feet slightly more apart and asked, “Like this?”

She turned her head to face Tony who was standing behind her. A strand of her hair fell loose, hanging by her cheek which made her skin look even more flawless and divine. In addition to her sporty attire, it was truly difficult to guess her age.

Tony’s heart fluttered at the sight as he stuck out his right foot and lightly nudged her ankle. “More.”

Myra readjusted her position and prepared to swing the club. All of a sudden, a pair of hands reached forward from behind, followed by Tony’s deep voice which came from the top of her head. “Don’t hold the club like this, or you won’t be able to maintain your balance when you swing it.”

His long, slender hands wrapped around hers on the club, repositioning her grip. His hands were warm and his grip was firm, but it didn’t hurt her.

Tony’s gesture felt casual, but within a moment, Myra was effortlessly and fully enveloped in his arms.

She could pick up a subtle hint of his scent and Myra felt her heart race all of a sudden; his words from the other day rushing back to her in her mind.

“Also, your legs. Stop being so stiff—just stand naturally.”

Tony took a glance at Myra, whose face had turned as bright as a tomato.

Myra, who was in a daze, immediately lowered her head to avoid his eyes.

At this point, Myra had already successfully swung the club with the help of Tony.

From a short distance, an employee signaled that the ball had entered the hole.

“See—it’s not that hard,” Tony said calmly, his arms still tightly wrapped around hers from behind.

Myra was feeling extremely uneasy; she couldn't tell if Tony did it on purpose to get close to her, or if he did it for the sake of teaching her golf. Just as she was about to come up with an excuse for him to give her some space, Tony spoke first. "Practice the moves I just taught you. I'm heading over there for a minute."

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Tony let go of her soon after.

Following his line of sight, she saw Belle standing alone nearby.

She seemed to be hurt and upset, glancing in their direction every now and then.

Myra suddenly felt a surge of disappointment as Tony made his way toward Belle's direction. She breathed in deeply and continued to practice her posture and swing, just like how he had taught her.

Seeing that Tony was approaching, Belle couldn't help but chew on her lip like a sad puppy. She looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes and asked, "Tony, is that woman... your girlfriend?"

She'd initially expected herself and Tony to get along romantically, but before anything could happen between them, her father had stormed off in frustration; he even told her to give up on getting together with that man.

Racking her brain for a reason, she figured it could only be that woman who was trying hard to learn golf at a distance.

It was no secret that Tony wasn't one to mingle and had never been involved with another woman; even his secretaries had always been men. However, she clearly saw him getting awfully close to that woman as he taught her how to play golf moments ago. How could she believe that there was nothing going on between them?

Tony was craving for a smoke. He was holding it in earlier because Myra was there, but now, he could finally take out his packet of cigarettes in peace and lit one up between his lips.

"She's not." His movements were casual yet crude, but it looked elegant on him. Belle was a little fascinated as she watched him.

His words were surprising to her, but what he said next was even more so. Upon hearing them, her hands squeezed into tight fists—

"But she will be."

Belle studied the woman nearby who was trying to get the hang of golf clumsily, thinking to herself that the woman was just an ordinary office lady living off the bottommost of the corporate hierarchy; she probably got by her everyday life at the beck and call of the people higher up. How could a woman like this...

Tears coursed down her cheeks. "Why?"

She wiped her tears. "What does she have that I don't? Old Master Hart likes me, I have a much stronger family background, and I'm not lacking in appearance compared to her. Moreover, I just returned from studying abroad; I'm clearly better than her in every way possible..."

Tony turned as well, following her gaze. The woman was still focused on mastering the basic techniques. When he leaned in close to her on purpose just now, she didn't jerk away like she used to. Could it be considered an improvement?

The clouds of smoke from his cigarette cast a blur around his mesmerizing, deep-set eyes. He replied, "She doesn't have to be perfect; she already is as long as I'm with her."

He wasn't a man who liked to sweet-talk, but the tender affection he had for the woman could easily be heard from those words. Is he saying that she doesn't need her to be perfect because he likes her the way that she is?

Belle was terrified at her own thoughts and took a step back, hot tears spilling down her cheeks once again like a stream of loose beads. Gritting her teeth, she cried, "You'll regret choosing her over me one day, Tony!"

She wanted nothing to do with that stone cold statue of a man anymore. After screaming those words at him, she turned and made a run for the restroom.

Behind her, Tony took the cigarette from between his lips in his fingers and tossed it into a nearby bin, bearing a straight face the entire time. Turning to look at the woman in white, his eyes were instantly filled with a gentleness that could be described as love.

In his eyes, Myra was Myra. She had no need to become any more perfect, and she had no need to be compared to other women—she just had to be her, and it would be enough for him.

His phone suddenly rang. Picking up the call, a loud voice filled his ear. “Tony, have you really confirmed your relationship with Myra at Wilson Golf Club?!”

Tony’s brows furrowed as he looked around him on the spot.

“You don’t have to look around, Tony—there’s so many people around you. You don’t know how many of them have already captured the scene earlier!”

Elliot seemed to be able to see what he was doing. He added nervously and said, “Tony, Myra still hasn’t divorced yet. I heard that she’s been labeled as ‘your woman’ after that incident regarding the Hillville Project. Are you sure you should be doing this now?”

Tony raised a brow and asked flatly, “Why not?”

Elliot choked at the rebuttal. Even though he was very much familiar with Tony’s bold behavior, it had reached a point where it was impressive even to him right now. He replied dully, “What if those two find trouble with her again...”

“Isn’t this why you’re here?” Tony asked before he could finish.

Elliot went silent; after processing what Tony actually meant by that, he was suddenly overcome with tears.

Taking a bullet for one another—this is what brothers are for!

Sean had clearly labeled Elliot as one of the men who had an affair with Myra. When Elliot bumped into that man at the airport earlier, that man had given him a death glare; it was as though he had really seen his unfaithful wife’s paramour in the flesh and was about to slice him into pieces.

Elliot wanted to express his dissatisfaction a bit more, but Tony had already ended the call. What was left in his ear was the beeping tone which signaled that he had been hung up on. Elliot continued sobbing.

After putting down his phone, Tony went to the nearby lounge area to get a fresh towel for Myra.

It was almost noon and the weather was getting warmer; beads of sweat gathered on her forehead.

Out of nowhere, a breezy feeling struck her face and Myra tensed up. Tony didn't stop and continued wiping away the sweat on her face.

She tried to grab the towel from him to wipe her own sweat, but Tony swiftly passed the towel to an employee. "Elliot said that he needs to meet you for something, and he wants to have lunch with you."

Myra was surprised. She suddenly remembered that she had come to look for Tony for a favor herself. However, why did Elliot want to meet her?

Tony seemed to have read her thoughts and said, "We can talk about your matter at lunch as well."

Myra gave it a thought and nodded. After all, she didn't have to go to Chase Group anymore; she had a lot of free time on her hands.

With that, the two of them went to the changing rooms to change out of their sports attire.

Just as Myra was about to leave, Belle blocked the exit and was waiting for her.

Her complexion didn't look good at all. Her makeup was smudged, and she didn't even bother cleaning it up. Her gentle, round eyes sharpened into daggers as soon as she saw Myra. "You're Myra Stark?"

Myra had her back facing Tony and Belle during their exchange, so she was unaware of what had happened between the two. The hateful way that Belle was looking at her made her subconsciously want to avoid talking to her. She only nodded flatly and replied, "Yes, that's me."

“Huh...” The woman before her scoffed coldly. “I’ve looked into your background. You’re the daughter of the Stark Family, but you got married to Sean Chase of the Chase Family. As of today, the Chase Family announced that you stole some private documents from Chase Group and leaked it to Hart Group.”

Myra had just experienced the crisis of Chase Group’s confidential information leak firsthand, and she was still very sensitive to the topic. Seeing that Belle was deliberately trying to provoke her, her brows knitted in irritation. “Miss Bridgers, go straight to the point, please.”

“Leave Tony!” Belle blurted as she glared at her menacingly. “With your current status, you don’t deserve him—not after what you’ve done. Leave him! He’s not someone you can easily take advantage of.”

Her tone was unbelievably arrogant. Not only was she stating the fact that Myra was unworthy of Tony, but she was also reminding Myra that she alone would be the rightful daughter of the Hart Family, for she was on par with them in terms of wealth and status. Every ounce of expression was wiped from Myra’s face the moment she heard her.

“I believe you’ve misunderstood us, Miss Bridgers.” Myra willed herself to ignore the discomfort she felt as Belle was threatening and degrading her. “I have no intention of taking advantage of Director Hart, and I never wanted anything more with him. As for the Chase Group’s confidential information, I implore you to stay quiet if you don’t know the whole story. One more thing about Director Hart—”

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Myra took a deep breath. For some reason, the thought of the noble and handsome man panicked her deep down inside, but she collected herself and replied, “Miss Bridgers, you should try to win Director Hart’s heart with your own capability if you love him. If he loves you, no one else can win his favor but you.”

Belle’s expression changed at Myra’s words; upon recalling what Tony had said to her, she apparently took the last sentence Myra said to her as an act of provocation. We both know that Tony loves the woman in front of me; isn’t she just telling me that Tony loves her, and no one else can win his favor?!

“Myra...” This was the first time Belle hated someone so much deep down inside. I have finally met the man I love, yet he doesn’t even bother giving me a glance because of the woman in front of me... For the very first time, she looked at the dignified woman before her as if humbling herself. Softening her voice, she then asked, “Tell me—what do you want so that you’ll leave him?”

However, Myra had a complicated look in her eyes. Going past Belle, she walked ahead and replied, “I’ve already told you—I never wanted to win Director Hart’s favor in the first place.”

How could that man be someone I can play up to? Myra curled her lips in self-deprecation, but Belle didn’t see that; all she saw was Myra’s figure gradually disappearing into the dressing room. As she stamped her foot, her tears fell again.

When Myra walked out of Wilson Golf Club, Tony had driven over in a black Maybach; he stopped the car at the entrance and gestured for her to get in. Myra’s feelings were mixed as she thought of what Belle had said just now, but she still stepped forward, pulled the car door open, and got into the vehicle.

The figure next to her had leaned over before she could fasten her seat belt, but she clutched her seat belt tightly and gave him a polite smile. “I’ll do it myself, Director Hart.”

Narrowing his eyes, Tony glanced at her before returning to the driver’s seat. Then, he started the engine with a raised brow.

Both of them were strangely quiet along the way. The cell phone in Tony’s pocket rang like crazy several times, but he hung up the calls expressionlessly.

When they finally reached the restaurant, Myra immediately stepped out of his car.

As soon as she got out, Elliot, who had been waiting outside, took her hand and walked a few steps away. He asked her in a whisper, “Miss Stark, did Tony go on a blind date just now?”

Myra sighed in relief at the sight of Elliot, but she wasn’t used to having her hand grabbed by a man. After struggling free of his grasp, she nodded and replied, “Yeah.”

That should be the case according to Tony’s words, but judging from Belle’s looks, their blind date didn’t seem to have worked out.

At the thought of this, Myra couldn't conceal the faint smile on her lips no matter how calm she was.

Elliot, however, had a bad feeling at the sight of her expression. Oh no! Myra knows that Tony went on a blind date with another woman, yet why does she look so happy about it? Could it be that she has zero feelings for him?

Meanwhile, Tony parked his car and came up to meet them soon afterward.

The three of them then entered the hotel and went into a VIP room. Myra wondered if she was thinking too much, but despite Tony telling her that Elliot had something to talk to her about, the latter took the seat next to the chair adjacent to hers and pretended to be invisible after entering the private room.

After the two of them had seated themselves, Tony entered the private room from the outside; he then casually pulled out the chair next to Myra's and sat down. "Weren't you going to discuss something with me just now?" He looked impassive, but what he said snapped her out of her thoughts.

Upon hearing his words, Myra no longer cared about Elliot; she immediately turned to look at the man next to her. However, when she met Tony's eyes—which seemed to be able to see through everything—it occurred to her that he couldn't possibly be unaware of what had happened to Chase Group. After all, even Belle was aware of it. She then said with a forced smile, "Director Hart, you must have learned that Chase Group's trade secret has been stolen. Currently, all the evidence points to me; Sean has been accusing me of divulging the trade secret to the Hart Group. I think that only the Hart Group can prove my innocence..."

However, silence fell over the private room when she finished her sentence.

Tony was about to take out a cigarette, but he paused upon meeting Myra's hopeful gaze. Putting back his cigarette, he curled the four fingers of his right hand and tapped lightly on the table. "Indeed, I've learned of that."

"Well then..." Myra's voice instantly became husky. Naturally, she hoped this time that the Hart Group would help her.

Tony wasn't in a hurry, though. He explained slowly, "Indeed, someone from Chase Group had disclosed the information to us this time, which was why we managed to sell off all the property in Hillville."

Upon hearing his words, Elliot instantly pricked up his ears. On the other hand, Myra's heart nearly jumped out of her chest. She thought to herself, It's Lyla! She must be the one behind all of this!

However, what Tony said next chilled Myra to the bone; it felt like a bucket of iced water had been poured on her. "Nonetheless, I'm sure you know very well that Hart Group won't help you with this, Miss Stark."

Stunned, she looked up at the expressionless man before her. When she had arrived earlier that day, she already knew that it was almost impossible for Hart Group to help her with this. After all, doing so would plunge them into a messier situation. However, he asked her to stay and play golf just now, which made her think that he had another way at the very least. In her opinion, the most enigmatic part about Tony was that he could make anything impossible possible.

However, Tony didn't continue to speak after finishing that sentence, causing Myra's heart to sink little by little. Gritting her teeth, she asked him again, "Is there no other way?"

Tony shook his head. "I can't do anything this time—not for now, at the very least."

Myra took a deep breath as her expression seemed a bit forced. "In that case, I shan't force you to do something you can't. Besides, you've helped me a lot, Director Hart."

She had no right to ask the man in front of her to help her, so why did he have to do so?

Upon hearing Myra's words, Elliot—who was sitting next to them—almost couldn't refrain himself from shouting. I guarantee that Tony will immediately promise to help you if you agree to be together with him! However, he didn't dare to say that out loud; at the very least, he couldn't say that in Tony's presence.

With that, the atmosphere between the three of them became even stranger.

Myra found little taste in the meal, so she quickly finished eating and left right away on the excuse that she had something else to attend to.

Looking at her skinny figure, Elliot gently bumped his shoulder against the man next to him, whose eyes apparently fell on the woman as well. "You were so indifferent and heartless just now, Tony. Don't you worry that Mrs. Hart will be upset?"

Even he couldn't help sympathizing with Myra at the sight of her expression just now.

Upon hearing Elliot's words, Tony shot him a glance and stopped eating the dish before him. He pulled out his chair and stood up before asking, "Do you think that I want to see her being upset?"

"Of course I don't!" Elliot promptly corrected himself. After thinking for a moment, he continued, "Should we proceed with the next step, Tony? The way I see it, Chase Group's shares have plummeted so badly that some people would probably want to kill themselves by jumping into the sea."

He sniggered while thinking to himself, It can be said that I've avenged Mrs. Hart from another aspect, can't I?

Tony's thin lips compressed into a strained smile, but he didn't answer Elliot for a long time. When Elliot looked at him, he saw him knitting his brows; it looked as though Tony was thinking about something at this moment. After a long time, he suddenly asked, "Will all of this end step by step according to plan?"

Of course it will!" Elliot answered unthinkingly. Their plans were usually foolproof, not to mention that they were especially careful this time.

However, Elliot didn't know that Tony wasn't thinking about their plan. Instead, he was thinking about Myra's heart. Perhaps because he had been refused too many times, he had a feeling that he might lose her.

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Will Myra still melt into my embrace if she learns all about this?

Elliot waited for a long time; just when he thought that Tony wouldn't say another word, the latter spoke flatly. "Spread the word."

"Okay!" Elliot immediately responded. He and the other two had been rubbing their hands in anticipation and could hardly wait to go all out!

The cell phone in Tony's pocket vibrated again. This time, however, Tony didn't hang up the phone.

Meanwhile, Myra took a taxi home.

She would be lying if she said she wasn't upset, for this was the first time the man had turned down her request so bluntly. Before she realized it, she had grown used to turning to Tony for help—doing so had become a matter of course. However, such a thought made Myra's heart shudder. Only then did she realize what made her upset wasn't that she was hurt by both Sean and Lyla, but that Tony had refused to help her!

Such a realization caused her heart to race inexplicably. An unknown feeling lingered in her heart, but she forcibly repressed such emotions.

Suddenly, her cell phone vibrated for a moment. She took it out to see a pop-up notification saying that Elliot had added her into a chat group on Messenger.

Not caring too much about it, she opened the group's information without much thought, only to find that this group's members included several influential members of the upper-class families in Bradford City and some other people who were closely related to these families. When she switched back to the group chat's interface, she found that a few messages had popped up in there.

Elliot wrote, 'Let's welcome Mimi to our group! Everyone, please give her a round of warm applause!'

This message was tagged with a series of emojis. Following this message, Philip, Lucas, and the others also expressed their welcome to her.

Knowing that the members of this chat group were probably Tony's friends, Myra thought for a moment before replying politely, 'Thank you, everyone.'

She had just sent out this text message when another message popped up in the group chat. Surprisingly, it was a voice message from Tony.

Everyone seemed to be stunned, for Tony never spoke in the group despite being added to the group by Elliot a long time ago. Right now, he had suddenly surfaced in the group...

Elliot wrote, 'Hey, Tony! It seems like you've really put love before friendship! You never showed up a few days ago no matter how we called for you in the group, but you immediately sent a voice message right after Myra popped up and sent a text message! Let's see what you've sent!'

Everyone in the group probably went to listen to Tony's voice message; even Myra held her breath as she played the voice message. However, the message, which was only three seconds long, consisted only of the sound of a car driving on the road, and Tony didn't say a word at all. Just when Myra was a bit disappointed, he suddenly sent a text message containing a word and a question mark. It read, 'Mimi?'

Everyone fell silent for a while before Philip quickly texted, 'You're finished, Elliot.'

Lucas texted, 'You idiot!'

Philip then texted, 'You fool!'

Michael Moss, another member of the group, texted, 'We're about to watch something interesting now!'

These text messages were followed by gloating text messages from other members of the group.

Everyone in the group knew that Tony was jealous. Even Tony himself called Myra Miss Stark for now, yet Elliot dared to address her so intimately as 'Mimi!'

Sitting in the back seat, Elliot was overwhelmed with regret when he saw through the rearview mirror that Tony was raising his brow in the front seat. He called Myra 'Mimi' to appear more cordial toward her, but who would have known that he would ruffle Tony's feathers instead?!

He immediately sent three text messages in a row. The first read, 'I'm wrong, Tony. Please forgive me this time; after all, I deserve some credit for my effort at the very least.' The second read, 'We're buddies, Tony. Keep calm if you have something to say, and don't resort to violence!' The third read, 'Miss Stark, hurry up and advise Tony for me. I don't want to have him beat the sh*t out of me! I don't want to lose my handsome face!'

Elliot was still acting humble and cute in the group, but Myra was already too busy to read his messages, for her private chat interface showed a message from a man with no profile picture.

Upon recalling what Elliot had texted just now, Myra blushed slightly and hesitated for a moment. Still, she played Tony's voice message, and a man's deep and attractive voice soon came from the other end of the conversation. "Don't think too much. They won't do anything to you over this."

Tony's voice seemed to be endowed with a kind of magic that could calm people down involuntarily. Upon hearing his voice, Myra couldn't help tightening her grip on her cell phone. Sending him a voice message, she replied softly, "Okay."

Meanwhile, Elliot suddenly sent a text message to the group. It read, 'I heard Tony sending a voice message to Myra in private. Unfortunately, he deliberately sounded the horn just now, so I couldn't hear anything clearly.'

Myra saw this text message right after switching back to the group chat's interface, and her face turned redder at once. She closed her Messenger at once, but the initial feelings of upset within her had strangely diminished.

Lyla was still anxious and uncertain when Tony answered her phone call. "Director Hart, regarding the incident yesterday where you went to the construction site—"

Actually, she had wanted those at the construction site to hold Myra up. It would be best if Myra hadn't been able to show up at Chase Group on this day to refute the accusations against her no matter what, but as luck would have it, Myra ended up being saved by Tony. Even though Lyla planned to have Eve personally discover Myra stealing Chase Group's confidential documents afterward, she ultimately never expected her scheme to be flawed. As a result, Eve hated Lyla's guts right now, thinking that the latter was setting Myra up. It wasn't until Sean showed Eve the CCTV footage that the latter softened her attitude toward Lyla.

However, the key problem was why Tony would save Myra. According to the bargain between them, she thought that he hated Myra. Perhaps Myra could only be made a victim for the sake of interests, but Eve said that Myra was seducing him. Could Myra have succeeded at seducing Tony?!

This idea had been lingering in her mind just now, yet she couldn't express it. It wasn't until Sean had gone looking after Eve right now that she had the spare time to call Tony.

Tony's face turned frosty the instant he heard Lyla's voice. He said flatly, "I happened to be there, so it was inexcusable not to save her."

"Oh!" Lyla was quite relieved despite Tony's slightly unconvincing explanation. After gritting her teeth, she continued to ask, "Director Hart, you've promised to help me buy up all the land in Chase Group's Hillville, right?! You won't go back on your word, right?"

"That's for sure." Tony's voice was icy, but his mouth curved into a meaningful smile. "Now that I've given you the opportunity, I won't provide any help for no return again in the future if you still can't secure the position of Mrs. Chase this time, Miss Fisher."

"Please be rest assured!" Lyla clenched her teeth. Only she could save Chase Group this time, so Eve would have to obey her no matter how much she liked Myra!

After Tony hung up, Elliot moved close to him again with a wicked smile. "I've spread the word, Tony. Now, we just have to wait for the big fish to take the bait."

The car window opened a crack before Tony took out a cigarette and lit it up. As the curling smoke blurred his eyes, he ordered, "Tell them to keep a close eye on Myra over the next few days. Tell me at once if something happens!"

There was a note of seemingly conflicted grimness in his voice as he spoke. Elliot narrowed his eyes at Tony's words before raising his brow. "You can count on me, Tony," he replied. He added, "Myra won't learn about anything. You just have to be doubly nice to her, Tony—doing so can also relieve the feelings of guilt within me."

Tony's face was sullen at Elliot's words. Just then, Elliot reminded him and said, "By the way, Tony—Old Master Hart called me on my cell phone just now. He told me to pass you a message by telling you to call him back as soon as possible."