

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 21

Seeing the vegetables in her plate, Myra was speechless and she felt stumped. He was the one who asked me to stay because he has some comments on the design draft. Nevertheless, she knew very well that she could not afford to offend the important customer in front of her.

It was a rather quiet breakfast but she felt that something was off. Sitting right opposite to her was Tony, who ate his food as if he was at a fine dining restaurant even though it was a perfectly average breakfast at home.

Myra could not help recalling the interview last morning. A man like him is the best among those who are already top of the class.

After the breakfast, when Myra saw that Tony was wiping his mouth elegantly, she planned to continue their conversation on the Sunny Bay Project. However, he got up and walked upstairs after leaving a sentence. "I'll send you home later and we can discuss it on the road."

Myra was stunned upon hearing that. She planned to reject his offer and told him that she would just hail a cab instead, but he had already entered his room. A peculiar feeling rose within her once more.

After Tony changed into a suit, both of them met a middle-age man when they were taking the elevator to the basement parking lot.

The middle-age man, who was also in a suit, secretly eyed Myra a few times. Finally, he could not help but ask Tony, "Young man, this is your current girlfriend?"

Obviously, he had also seen the video and misunderstood Myra, who was already feeling rather awkward when he appraised her. Upon hearing his question, she blushed immediately.

However, just as she was about to explain, Tony lifted his head to look at the man indifferently. "Mr. Renaud, you're going to the office so early in the morning?"

The middle-age man chuckled and replied after shooting another glance at Myra, "I'm sure you know that Philip went away to study medicine, so there's no one in the family to take over the business. I'm not as lucky as your father, who could retire early and travel the world." Both men smiled knowingly at each other, but Myra felt slightly frustrated.

After they got into the car, they were soon caught up in the traffic. The traffic was quite heavy in Bradford City. Sitting right next to Tony, Myra felt that something was off this whole time. Seeing that he did not speak, she could not help turning her head around to look at the man with a perfect side profile next to her. "Just now, you should have explained that I'm not your..." She looked slightly embarrassed when she reached this point. The way he spoke just now could easily misguide others to think that she was his girlfriend.

Through the corner of Tony's eyes, he saw her anxious look and smiled. Then, he asked flatly, "Have you looked into my preferences?"

Obviously, he's trying to change the topic. Myra felt slightly torn. Seeing that he was about to talk about the topic she was interested in, she nodded exasperatedly. "I've already looked into it but mostly it's based on some official information and some personal observations. For example, some official sites claim that you like modern classicism, but your house is decorated in a modernist style with a minimalistic and elegant touch." After a pause, she turned to look at Tony, who was driving. "I wonder what your opinions are about the building style of the Sunny Bay Project."

It's not just the interior design, but the building style is the main highlight of the Sunny Bay Project!

Only half of Tony's face was visible to Myra. Sunshine shone through the window on the other half of his face, bathing him in a layer of pale golden rays. It made him look less cold and more gentle-looking.

"Even though Sunny Bay is a high-end region, it's just an apartment site." He spoke in a low voice that sounded melodious in the morning. "Modern classicism is suitable for the design of the entire apartment outline but it's not suitable for the interior."

Myra froze as a glint shone in her eyes. "Director Hart, I'll definitely try my best to produce a good design plan!" As Myra was overcome by her sudden excitement, she could not help herself from giving Tony a promise. Her eyes narrowed slightly because of her smile, with an evident excitement in them. Gone was her silent and dour look from moments ago. Because of this smile on her face, she looked much more cheerful.

Tony looked directly at her small face that was lit up with a smile. Such a small thing is enough to make her so happy? He leaned his body into the seat as he suddenly shot a meaningful look at her. "Did you find out about my preferences just for the sake of the design plan?"

The lines in his side-profile were so exquisite that he looked almost perfect. His long, narrow eyes that usually looked cold were arched slightly, making him look warm and gentle. Truth was, the arc of his slight smile made him look very gentle.

At that moment, Myra froze slightly and her heart skipped a beat. She quickly avoided his gaze as she replied, "Everything is to produce an apartment design that satisfies you, Director Hart. This is a very important matter to the Chase Group and I."

From the corner of his eyes, Tony saw Myra gazing outside the window uncomfortably, which in return made him smile slightly. As if he had not heard her serious reply, he asked, "Have you seen my interview video yesterday morning?"

Myra's excitement slowly turned into anxiety and nervousness as she did not understand what he meant by this. Is he talking about his business in the first half or is he talking about the later parts?

"What do you think about my replies yesterday?"

As if his words were not enough, he pressed the brakes in front of the red lights. Then, he turned around and casually added another question. The man in front of her was already quite handsome but his suit that fitted him perfectly reduced his edge slightly. Time and experience had built up his attractiveness, making him seem knowledgeable amidst his lazy demeanour.

When Myra saw his profound and dark gaze looking at her, sweat broke out in her palms. Everything that happened up to this point had already made her feel that something was off. Please don't let it be what I suspected. She clenched her fists but she only revealed a blank look even though she had thought through everything a few times. "Uh... What interview?"

Tony's eyes became sharper as he seemed to appraise her. However, he smiled slightly after a while. "Forget that I asked this." As the light turned green, he released the brakes.

Meanwhile, Myra heaved a quiet sigh at an angle that Tony could not see.

As the car started moving, upon seeing that Tony seemed to be in a good mood this morning, Myra grabbed her bag and asked tentatively after some hesitation, "Director Hart, would you be able to provide me Young Master Shawn's phone number?"

The car suddenly came to a stop. Myra was brought forward by inertia before she slammed back into the seat again, the slight bump making her head dizzy. When she lifted her head, she saw another red light in front of her.

Upon hearing her question, Tony narrowed his eyes dangerously and turned around to ask her indifferently, "What for?"

Seeing that he changed into his usual indifferent self, Myra cursed Estelle inwardly before shaking her head. "It's fine. If it's not convenient, forget it." Well, I've at least tried.

"13xxxxxxx." Tony turned his head around and rattled off her a series of numbers.

Fortunately, Myra had a good memory. After hearing his reply, she froze before quickly entering the number into her phone. Seeing her anxious look, Tony felt that his mood took a turn for the worse.

Sitting next to him, Myra felt pressure from him again. When they reached the destination, she quickly got out of the car. When Tony saw her leaving as though she was trying to escape from him, and after remembering the name that she murmured in his embrace last night, he pressed his lips into a tight line.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 22

As soon as she opened the door of the mansion, Greta's voice rang out.

"You are finally back, Young Mistress Myra! When Madam called you last night, your phone was switched off. Mr. Chase looked for you for the entire night and he just returned to his study not long ago. They were so worried for you! Madam only went upstairs to sleep at three in the morning."

Myra felt slightly guilty upon hearing that. "Last night, I... stayed at my friend's place and my phone ran out of battery, so I didn't get their calls."

Of course, I can't let them know that I stayed the night at Tony's place.

Greta nodded as she handed a thin blanket to Myra and winked at her as she hinted, "I saw Mr. Chase asleep in the study just now. I found a blanket for him so that he won't catch a cold. Now that you are back, you can hand it to him, Young Mistress Myra."

Holding the blanket in her hands, Myra stood frozen to the spot.

She knew that Greta meant well. In this house, both Greta and Eve always tried to make Sean and her have a more intimate relationship. Unfortunately, for the past two years, she had been letting them down.

Greta gave her an encouraging smile before she turned around to go to the kitchen.

Looking at the blanket in her hands, a slight smile formed on Myra's face.

If a mere blanket can make him come back to me, why would I be in so much pain over the past two years?

After she remembered Greta's words that Sean had been looking for her for the entire night, Myra felt a warm yet painful feeling spreading in her heart. In the end, she did not harden her heart.

She grabbed the blanket in her hands tightly and walked to the study upstairs.

The door was ajar so she opened it with a gentle push.

As soon as she turned around, she saw the man on the couch in the reception area.

It was highly likely that Sean had fallen asleep out of exhaustion. He was still holding his suit with his left hand on the couch, and only the first button of his shirt was undone. Perhaps it was too troublesome to undo it, so he fell asleep just like that. His right hand was pressed on his eyes, covering his usual ruthlessness.

Only when he's asleep, I'm not afraid of him hurting me using his words.

I didn't expect to meet him in university either.

Myra loved to go to the library, so she often dragged Estelle along with her. During the finals, as the library was packed with people, she finally found a huge table at the corner and sat down with Estelle.

Back then, a young man was sound asleep on the table. His nonchalant pose was completely contrary to the tense atmosphere in the library.

Perhaps he was having a nice dream, so he switched sides lazily.

Right after he turned his face the other way, Myra's breathing stopped.

After that, she knew his name—Sean Chase.

He was the captain of the basketball team in the university and he started taking over his family business right after he entered university. He treated everyone coldly except his girlfriend back then.

She could remember everything about Sean, yet those memories were the source of her pain at the moment.

Myra knelt on the rug and shifted her position so that she was sitting down. As she recalled the past memories, she had a gentle expression on her face. She spread the blanket to place it over his body. However, when she was about to put it on him, something caught her eye. In an instant, she opened his shirt and saw clear evidence of amorous activity at his left chest that was quite close to his heart—it stood out like a sore thumb.

When her gaze traveled upward, she saw a row of words around the collar of his shirt, 'I know you will see this!'

Myra's expression changed slightly as she staggered backward and fell to the ground.

The slight expectation that rose within her had completely disappeared once again.

Over the past two years, he hasn't even looked me in the eye once. Why do I still think that he has feelings for me?

The blanket had already fallen on Sean's body. The slight pressure made him flutter his eyelids and frown slightly. Then, he opened his dark eyes unhappily.

Myra wanted to turn around to leave, yet her limbs seemed to fill with lead as they disobeyed her command.

"Greta asked me to send the blanket to you." Seeing that she could not avoid him anymore, she looked at the man with a dark expression in front of her as she spoke in a hoarse voice.

Sean's eyebrows were knitted tightly as he threw the blanket aside indifferently. Then, he stood up to look down at Myra, who was on the ground. When he saw her tidy clothes, his eyes narrowed as he glared straight into her eyes. "Where were you last night?"

Myra closed her eyes before opening them again. She clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails hurt her palms. After feeling the energy returning to her body, she slowly stood up from the ground.

Looking at the handsome yet tired man in front of her, her heart gradually turned colder.

"I don't think I need to report my whereabouts to you."

Sean, however, felt inexplicably annoyed. The irritated feeling he felt when he was with Elsie rose within him once again. "I've already broken up with Eris and Elsie."

Myra froze but she soon smiled self-mockingly. "So what?"

Without Elsie and Eris, there will still be other women.

I'm tired of him trampling on my love and dignity over and over again without any limits.

Myra's long and thick eyelashes drooped, casting a light shadow below her eyes.

Her fair and clear skin revealed a tinge of rosiness from within, and her facial features were delicate and gentle. Sean inched closer to her with his tall and firm figure, soon shrouding her with his shadow. After the distance between them was shortened, he could smell a light fragrance coming from her.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he could not help himself from taking a step forward and pulling Myra into his embrace. Then, he pressed his lips on her soft ones without any hesitation.

Just as he kissed her, Sean's breathing quickened and he could not stop himself from sucking on her lips as if he was addicted. The woman in his arms actually made him feel as though he wanted this to continue forever.

On the other hand, Myra was shocked by his sudden kiss.

He circled his hands around her body gently, but his lips dominated her anxiously.

However, his opened shirt revealed the red stains that were the results of his fun time with another woman the night before—it was as if the stains were smiling mockingly at both of them.

As soon as Myra remembered that he spent the night with another woman, she felt a surge of disgust in her stomach.

"You... Ugh! Let go of me!"

She struggled vehemently against him and turned her head sideways to avoid his passionate kiss.

In the reception area, there was a huge cabinet of books with a glass panel that reflected her helplessness at this moment.

He pushed her jacket off until her arms, revealing her smooth shoulders. Her hair was messy while his still looked tidy.

When she turned around to face Sean again, agony filled her face. "Sean Chase, don't you find this disgusting? Don't kiss me with the mouth you kiss other women!"

At that moment, the air in the room froze.

Myra's words seemed to hurt him like thorns stabbing into his heart. In an instant, Sean's face darkened instantly.



“Disgusting?” He chuckled in a low voice. However, his gaze was so cold that there was no trace of his affection just now. “Myra, you say that I’m disgusting but do you dare to say that you’ve never looked forward to my kiss?”

His cold words stabbed Myra’s heart like a sharp knife, causing embarrassment and shame to fill her face.

Of course I have looked forward to it! How could I not?

It’s just like what a normal couple would do but now, I don’t even dare to think about it.

I finally understand that no matter how hard I try, Sean will never appreciate the effort I put in.

He hates me. Even if I dig out my heart and give it to him, he won’t even look at it.

“You think I really want to sleep with you?”

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 23

The color drained from Myra’s face.

“Myra, I have never been interested in you. Do you want to know why?” Sean cackled cruelly, as though he was relishing the moment. “You are a contentious woman and it turns men off. Even if I am burning with desire, just looking at you would dampen my mood!” Then, he picked up his suit jacket and phone, leaving her without another backward glance.

In the study, Myra stared at the abandoned thin blanket on the couch unblinkingly, her gaze eerily empty.

“Miss Stark, Miss Hay from the Hay Group is here to see you.” Myra received a phone call from the receptionist the moment she arrived at the company in the afternoon.

She was feeling slightly tired at that point. "Pass her the phone."

There was a rustling noise and a sweet and crisp voice spoke over the line. "Myra, it's Sasha. I'm at the ground floor of your company."

"How can I help you?" Myra wasn't too friendly because she wasn't close with anybody from the Hays, apart from her mother-in-law.

Sasha laughed warmly. "I passed by Sean's company because I was running some errands today, so I figured I should invite you to lunch, Myra. I'll wait for you at the Italian restaurant just beside your company."

Myra wanted to reject her invitation but she thought of something suddenly. In the end, she changed her mind. "In that case, hang on for a bit. I'm coming down now."

After hanging up on the call, Myra checked her reflection in the mirror. However, the woman staring back at her didn't look great.

And so, she tried to pump herself up.

When she arrived at the restaurant, Sasha was stirring the cup of coffee in front of her out of boredom.

Her eyes lit up when she saw Myra. Standing up eagerly, she pulled Myra over to the round table in a friendly manner.

"Myra, why don't you ever ask me to hang out with you? I phoned Aunt this morning and she said that you usually keep to yourself—it must be boring for you. I'll hang out more often with you in the future, alright?"

Myra pulled her hand away from Sasha's grasp while regarding the latter's naïve and lively expression in silence. She sat across from Sasha while replying to her flatly, "I'm usually quite busy."

Nevertheless, Sasha didn't seem to register Myra's distant behavior because she was still laughing happily. "Myra, you are giving Chase Group your all. My cousin is truly blessed to be married to a woman like you."

Myra laughed mirthlessly deep down. Almost everybody from Bradford City knows that Sean is a playboy. Every night, he is out gallivanting with other women; how is that a blessing?

Sasha noticed Myra's silence and she knew that she had misspoken. Hence, she rubbed her nose in embarrassment.

"How can I help you, since you asked me out?" Myra asked directly while picking up the cup of coffee which Sasha ordered for her prior to her arrival. However, she only took a sip before putting the cup down on the table because she didn't like cocoa-based beverages.

Sasha broke into a grin again when she asked Myra tentatively, "Myra, I heard that the Hart Group is interested in the design of the Sunny Bay Project by the Chase Group."

Since Myra remained silent, Sasha cleared her throat as her large eyes blinked several times. "Myra, do you know who is in charge of the project in Sean's company?"

After asking that, Sasha paused and she took out a pink gift box from her handbag. There was a light gray ribbon tied around the box, and it appeared especially intricate and elegant.

When Myra turned to look at the box, Sasha pushed it in front of her. "I bought this present specifically for you during my trip to Paris, Myra. I figured you would not have tried this limited-edition perfume before. Why don't you try it out?" she asked, a smile on her face.

Sasha hid the enthusiasm in her gaze very well.

All of a sudden, Myra burst into a fit of soft giggles and she pushed the gift box back toward Sasha. "I'm sorry Miss Hay, but I do not fancy perfumes. It so happens that I am the person-in-charge of the Chase Group for the Sunny Bay Project. I wonder if there's anything else you'd like to know?"

Sasha's initially smiling face froze instantaneously and she stared at Myra in disbelief.

Then, her gaze shifted toward a work badge Myra had on—"Leader of Team A in the Design Department, Myra Stark".

I heard that a woman named Stark showed up for the discussion between the Chase and the Hart Groups.

Sasha was stunned into silence. She was about to say something but Myra took out a hundred from her handbag and placed the cash on the table.

“My treat today, Miss Hay. If there’s nothing else, I’ll be heading back to the company.” With that, Myra walked toward the entrance of the restaurant without even waiting for a reply from Sasha.

Sure enough, Sasha is here to ask about the Sunny Bay Project. Looks like it’s no longer a secret that the Hart Group has selected the Hay, Reid and Chase Groups.

Myra received a phone call from Eva as she made her way back to the company. “Myra, you did good. Sasha may be my niece but Sean is my son, after all. I know that you’ve contributed immensely to the Sunny Bay Project this time. Go ahead with what you think is right and I will back you up.”

Myra’s tone softened immediately. “Alright, Mom.” She paused before adding, “I heard from Greta that your backache has returned. I’ll schedule an appointment and accompany you for a checkup at the hospital soon.”

Eve was pleasantly surprised and she could not hide how pleased she was with Myra. “How could I expect you to disrupt your schedule for me? I’ll ask Greta to accompany me. You should develop your relationship with Sean if you have the time. I know that you are still in love with him. Don’t you worry, Myra. I will never allow random women to join the Chase Family.”

Myra kept quiet for a very long time before replying calmly, “Mom, I’ve arrived at the company; I’ve got to go.”

After hanging up, Myra saw Sean, who was walking into the company, not far away.

A group of department managers were following him from behind while updating him with current reports along the way. He was wearing a grave expression. He looked down at one of the report folders as he marched forward while voicing questions for those who were following him from behind.

The corner of his suit flapped up as the wind blew against it. He looked especially clean-cut and handsome. The female staff, who were walking past him, blushed discreetly.

Suddenly, he frowned, as though sensing Myra's gaze. Sean looked up casually and his intense gaze met Myra's absent-minded one. His eyes remained still and he turned away coldly, almost as if she was just another stranger walking by.

Myra recalled the incident in the morning and her heart clenched in pain. And so, she shifted her focus while making her way into the elevator quietly.

Once she returned to the Design Department, everybody congratulated her heartily when they saw her.

Myra was slightly confused so she asked Tilly about it. It turned out that the Hart Group had eliminated the Reid Group from the Sunny Bay Project due to plagiarism of design. The Hart Group also announced to the public that they would no longer be involved in any proposals related to the Reid Group. In short, it meant that the Hay Group was the only competitor against the Chase Group.

"Miss Stark, the project manager from the Hart Group personally gave us a call just now. Initially, the phone call was for you but you weren't around at the time. That is why Miss Foster answered the call instead, but we could hear their conversation clearly. Mr. Logan spoke highly of your design draft. You didn't have the chance to see Miss Foster's face but I can tell you that she was bubbling with jealousy."

Tilly was giggling softly—she obviously did not like Elsie.

Myra's lips curled into a smirk when she saw that. Just as she was about to say something, a loud woman's voice interrupted them. "Why are you gloating? You mentioned that you did not discuss the project with Mr. Logan; instead, you claimed that you spoke with Director Hart. If you discussed it with Director Hart, why would Mr. Logan praise you for your elegance and proficiency in presenting and your outstanding performance? I wonder how many times you had to entertain Mr. Logan in exchange for that compliment. You're shameless!"

"How dare you?" Tilly hissed as she turned and was about to argue. However Myra stopped her while staring calmly at Elsie. "Why do you care about how I did it? You should secure a project too if you can," she mocked.

# Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 24

"How dare you?" Elsie was livid.

It was a huge blow to me when Sean brought up the news of breaking up with me that night. Initially, I wanted to salvage the relationship in the morning, but he warned me that I would have to leave the Chase Group if I do not behave myself. I do not want to leave the Chase Group at all. I still have a chance if I stay here but everything will be ruined if I leave. Furthermore, the woman who is standing in front of me is the culprit! If it weren't for her, why would Sean accuse me of not making a clear distinction between work and my personal matters before breaking up with me? Elsie gritted her teeth in anger.

Myra's phone rang at that moment, so she looked away from Elsie to answer the call. It so happened that the phone call was from Logan. He sounded very polite and he spoke with Myra respectfully. "Miss Stark, may I know if you are free after three today?"

Elsie commented sarcastically, "He is even phoning you now, but you have the audacity to claim that there's nothing going on between you two."

Myra ignored her while speaking courteously into the phone, "Yes; I am. Is it about the design draft?"

"It is. Director Hart mentioned that since there's some issues with the Reid Group, he wants to discuss with the people in charge of the design drafts from the Chase and Hay Groups."

Tony is the one showing up for the discussion... Myra thought and she paused before answering, "Sure. I'll be at the Hart Group at three."

"Don't worry." Logan must have sensed Myra's stiffness because he chuckled good-naturedly. "It is a mere formality from Director Hart's end to say a few words. Miss Stark, please don't feel pressured."

Myra could tell that Logan was being reassuring, so she breathed out a sigh of relief. "Alright."

"Are you going to the Hart Group later?" Elsie asked hastily once Myra hung up.

Without waiting for a response, Elsie snorted in disdain. "I heard it this time and I do not need you to inform me. I'll go to the Hart Group with you at three!"

Myra scowled in response. I've invested a lot of effort in the Sunny Bay Project and I don't want to jeopardize it due to the sudden mistakes of a certain someone. However, Elsie is also one of the people in charge of the project this time, so I do not have the right to exclude her.

And so, Myra and Elsie arrived outside of the Hart Group at two forty in the afternoon.

Staff members from the Hart Group's Project Department led them directly to the 48th floor that housed the Hart Group Director's Office.

The front area of this floor was the secretaries' workplace, where more than ten secretaries could be seen attending to their affairs in an orderly manner.

A trace of greed flashed through Elsie's eyes. "Well, I told you that the Hart Group is the largest company in Bradford City. In fact, you can tell by just looking at this floor. The Chase Group might be large but we are not on par with them. I heard that Director Hart is handsome, rich and capable; the most important thing is that he is loyal. If one were to succeed in becoming his woman, I'm sure that she would be the happiest woman in Bradford City."

Myra couldn't help but smirk when she heard what Elsie was hinting at. She has just broken up with Sean but she's already thinking of ways to get together with another man. Does she actually like them or is she only interested in their money?

Soon, the person in charge from the Hay Group arrived too.

As Myra expected, Sasha was in the lead and the person behind her was most probably the Hay Group's designer.

Sasha was slightly embarrassed when she saw Myra but she composed herself swiftly. She approached Myra to tug on her arm in a friendly way. "Myra, this is such a coincidence. We just had lunch today. Who would have expected us to meet again in the afternoon?"

Myra smiled while discreetly pulling her hand away. "Yeah." Her response made them look like strangers.

Nevertheless, Sasha did not take her distant behavior to heart. “Myra, Mr. Logan sang your praises just now; he thinks highly of your design. He is the manager of the Hart Group’s Project Department and it seems that your design is great. The Hay Group would like to learn from you if there’s a chance.”

Logan was standing off to one side while instructing his assistant to serve coffee for the four guests. Upon hearing Sasha’s comment, he smiled faintly. “Miss Hay, you must be pulling my leg. I am merely Director Hart’s subordinate. It all depends on him—something is only considered good if Director Hart says that it’s good.”

On the surface, Logan seemed to be avoiding the limelight but in reality, everybody could tell that he was implying that Director Hart thought Myra’s design was good.

Sasha’s smile froze and it so happened that Logan took a glass from his assistant to serve it to Myra. “Miss Stark, a glass of lemon water.”

Apart from Myra’s glass of lemon water, the other three had identical coffees.

Myra was bewildered but she did not overthink the situation; instead, she had a sip straight away.

Nevertheless, Elsie’s expression darkened and she commented sarcastically in a quiet voice, “I’d like to see you weasel your way out of this!”

Meanwhile, Sasha glanced at her cup of coffee but she did not say anything.

Soon, Tony came out of the conference room.

He was tall and well-built, his handsome face void of emotion. There were dozens of men wearing suits and leather shoes following him from behind. The atmosphere wasn’t grave but it wasn’t a relaxed one either. Everyone seemed to be discussing something in hushed tones.

The lot of them left for the elevator since they saw that Tony still had matters to attend to.

Tony seemed calm when he glanced at Myra and the group of people. He signaled at Leo before walking toward another conference room.



He had taken off his suit jacket, and his necktie was probably too tight for comfort because he had loosened that too. His white shirt accentuated his perfect figure and proportion. Tony did not have an overpowering aura, but he had an air of cold and detached indifference to ward off strangers.

Myra was about to stand up when Elsie snatched the folder away from her hands. "You were the one who presented the last few times, so I should be the one doing it this time," she stated arrogantly.

Then, without waiting for Myra's reply, Elsie carried the folder and followed Tony into the conference room.

Myra's gaze reflected her complicated feeling in that instant.

The matter of discussion this time was mainly on the Reid Group's plagiarism and the Hart Group's punishment for said plagiarism. They also wanted to re-check the design drafts from the Chase and Hay Groups.

Without waiting for the Hay Group, Elsie stood up hurriedly.

Her hip-hugging workwear flaunted her perfect figure and she was smiling charmingly.

"Director Hart, I am Elsie Foster, the Leader of Team B from Chase Group's Design Department. This is the Chase Group's design draft." Her voice was especially melodious. She was holding onto the design—which she snatched away from Myra earlier—while swaying her hips as she made her way to the head of the table where Tony sat.

"Director Hart, you can rest assured because the Chase Group will never commit plagiarism. Miss Stark and I worked hard to produce this design, and I can guarantee that with my honor." Elsie stared at the man in front of her directly and her voice sounded sweet. When she placed the design in front of Tony, she brushed against his arm consciously, as though afraid that she wasn't being obvious enough.

Myra immediately scowled deeply; she could feel the disgusted gaze from the Hay Group's designer boring down on her. Myra was starting to regret allowing Elsie tag along to the Hart Group.

Tony was still wearing a blank expression. However, when he saw Myra's scowl, he immediately suppressed the bubbling disgust and annoyance within his chest.

Instead, he accepted the draft while discreetly avoiding contact with Elsie.

Seeing as Tony did not push her away, Elsie's eyes flashed with triumph. Then, she glanced at Myra defiantly.

Myra glanced at Tony in silence. I wonder if he hasn't noticed Elsie's intentions or he is pretending to be oblivious despite being aware of it. Myra could not help but feel irritated, so she turned away to look at the Hay Group.

Meanwhile, Sasha had stood up already and she handed her draft to Tony.

Contrary to Elsie's bold and unconstrained moves, Sasha handed the draft over respectfully.

However, Myra also noticed Sasha's love and admiration toward Tony was reflected in her eyes.

## Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 25

Myra pressed her lips together and she finally looked at the man who was sitting at the head of the table.

The sunlight that shone through the full-length windows set off his facial features and made them appear even more prominent. There was a cigarette dangling in his left hand and his necktie was loosened slightly against his stark white shirt. His long legs were crossed as he looked at the two design drafts in front of him lazily. Contrary to his usual stern expression or the illusion of his gentleness in the morning, he currently looked like a young professional, shining brightly all over.

It's no wonder women are always throwing themselves at him like hungry wolves. The man in front of me has the potential for causing trouble.

"Miss Stark, do you have an opinion about me since you are staring openly at me?"

Myra was distracted but Tony's cold and distant voice jerked her back to reality.

Tony tapped away the ashes from his cigarette butt as his black eyes looked directly at her. His eyes were like whirlpools, sucking people into them.

His lips curled into a faint smile and his elegant face had a touch of gentleness to it. Myra's heart skipped a beat and she looked around hastily.

Elsie was staring at her in disdain, as though she was deliberately seducing Tony earlier. On the other hand, Sasha had a complicated expression.

Myra collected herself and she stopped looking at Tony's expression. She cleared her throat before explaining, "I am just waiting for you to have a final say on the Chase Group's design draft, Director Hart. After all, I can only be at ease after you to confirm that the Chase Group's design is not a plagiarized product."

"Is that so?" His quiet voice was husky and seductive. The last part of the sentence ended on a slightly higher tone and he seemed to be hinting at something else. Without even looking at him, Myra knew that Tony's lips must be curled into a smirk.

She suddenly recalled the accidental kiss from last night and she blushed slightly. She then recalled his ambiguous question in the morning and had to force herself to calm down.

"Yes; I need to know if the draft from the Chase Group is fine." She straightened her back and her gaze was a still façade when she looked at Tony once again.

He glanced at her clear eyes calmly but he did not miss her flushed ears. Tony's lips curled into the faintest smile as he commented indifferently, "I have confirmed that the design drafts from the Chase and Hay Groups are not plagiarized work."

Elsie burst into laughter; it was almost as if she was trying to attract Tony's attention again. She pretended as though she couldn't help it when she grabbed onto his arm. "That's wonderful!"

Elsie's heart raced when she grabbed Tony's firm and strong arm. After checking the drafts, I will have to return to the Chase Group straight away, but...

She looked at Tony lingeringly and she suddenly blurted out, "Since it's almost past office hours, the Chase Group would love to treat Director Hart and Miss Hay to dinner at the Ritz Carlton; what do you say?"

Tony's expression darkened the moment Elsie held his arm, and he had to stop his urge to push her away.

Myra could not stop Elsie in time.

On the other hand, Sasha immediately looked at Tony—it was obvious that they would go as long as he agreed.

Myra was staring at Tony too but she noticed that he did not seem too pleased.

If he rejects our invitation, it will seem as though the Chase Group is lacking behind the Hay Group, which gives a feeling of being rejected despite trying to please someone.

The color drained from Myra's originally flushed cheeks. Nevertheless, Tony unexpectedly avoided Elsie's hand discreetly. He stubbed his cigarette elegantly against the ashtray before he glanced at Elsie while nodding calmly. "Sure."

Elsie looked as though she had just won the lottery and she acted as if she owned the entire world. When she returned to her seat beside Myra, she gave the latter a long sideways glance.

Sasha smiled at Myra from across the table. "Myra, it seems like Director Hart is very happy with the design draft from the Chase Group. The Hay Group needs to buck up."

Myra knew that Sasha was hinting at something but she could not be bothered; instead, she nodded in response. Meanwhile, she regarded Tony's back view as he made his way out of the conference room.

I am not convinced that he did not notice that Elsie was making advances at him.

Myra pursed her lips but she walked out of the conference room anyway.

Three Bentley's were parked outside of the building with their respective chauffeurs. It seemed like the Hart Group was planning to send them straight to the Ritz Carlton.

They waited for a while before Tony arrived. Through her careful observation, Myra noticed that he must have changed into a new suit. He paused when he walked past her before making his way into the Bentley Mulsanne in front.

Upon seeing that, Elsie secured her handbag and made her way to Tony's car. However, just as she was about to reach the car, Leo stopped her and he smiled at her apologetically. "Miss Foster, our director does not like to share his car with others. It's best for you to take the car behind."

Elsie wasn't happy with that but she knew her place. In the end, she had no choice but to enter the car behind Tony's.

Myra was still standing on the steps of the company building, so she managed to observe the situation unfold before her. She then made her way to the car with Elsie in it but Leo stopped her on her way too. Smiling at her, he murmured, "Miss Stark, our director mentioned that he wants to discuss some points with you regarding the design draft from the Chase Group. Please enter the car right in front directly."

Myra frowned at the obvious difference in treatment.

Not too far away, Sasha and her designer were looking at them with complex expressions.

Myra tightened her fists at her sides and she answered Leo steadily, "Whatever the issue is, it's best to discuss it at dinner later. Everybody should be included in the discussion so we can all come up with a solution."

Without sparing a glance at Leo's surprised expression, Myra walked around him to enter the car with Elsie in it.

Exasperated, Leo regarded her back view and he made his way to the Bentley Mulsanne. He said something to Tony, who was inside the car, and the window rolled up before the car drove away swiftly.

The designer, who was beside Sasha, looked livid. "I was just wondering how great the Chase Group's design is. It turns out something fishy going on here. It looks like the Chase Group doesn't have any true capabilities, which is why they sent two blockhead women for the positions!"

Sasha was still focused on Myra when she pursed her lips. "Lower your voice! Do you want the Hart Group to hear you?" she hissed in warning.

The designer looked hurt. "Miss Hay, if this goes on, how can the Hay Group defeat the Chase Group?"

Sasha looked at the two cars driving away slowly. She recalled Logan specifically handing Myra a glass of lemon water, whereas everybody else received the same treatment. A dark thought flashed through her gaze and she suddenly looked determined. "Don't worry. The Hay Group will seize the opportunity to work together with the Hart Group this time!"

Soon enough, the cars arrived at the Ritz Carlton and the passengers got out of the car one after another.

After entering the car, Elsie did not notice the exchange between Myra and Leo. Hence, she behaved herself during the entire car ride. Nevertheless, she jogged to Tony's side impatiently once she got out of the car.

Meanwhile, Tony was wearing an inexplicably cold expression at that moment.

And so, Leo would act as a barrier discreetly each time Elsie tried approaching Tony. She was starting to feel annoyed after this went on a few times so she glared at Leo furiously, but he pretended not to notice.

After entering a private room, either by coincidence or a deliberate planning, they were assigned into their respective seats. Myra was the last one to enter the room and the only seat left was the one beside Tony.

She pretended as though she hadn't picked up the atmosphere in the room when she took the seat calmly. She also ignored the burning jealousy coming from Elsie's gaze.

Leo represents Tony, and for him to treat Elsie in such a way, I can easily imagine what Tony thinks of her. Upon coming to that conclusion, Myra couldn't help but feel delighted. However, the very next second, her phone started ringing loudly in the room.