

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 26

When everyone turned to look at her, Myra apologized and she silenced her phone. She checked her phone screen and her hand shook automatically—it was a phone call from Sean.

Hence, she canceled the call without giving anything away.

However, her phone started vibrating right after she canceled the call. The urgency of the phone call made it seem as if the calls would continue coming in if she refused to answer it.

When Myra looked up, she happened to lock eyes with Sasha's meaningful gaze. Sasha reassured her in a gentle voice, "Don't worry, Myra. Head out to answer the call; we will wait for you and start the meal after you are back."

Myra saw Tony looking over at her from the corner of her eyes. She then stood up and excused herself apologetically, "Please excuse me; I have to go and answer this phone call but I'll be back in a bit."

She answered the call once she left the private room. Sean's deep and gloomy voice spoke to her from the other end of the line. "Where are you?"

Myra frowned slightly but her tone was light. "I am at the Ritz Carlton to discuss some issues with a client."

"Myra, do bear in mind that you are still my wife! You had better behave yourself!"

Her breath caught in her chest with Sean's sudden outburst. She tightened her grip around her cell phone as she mumbled, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do you think I do not know what's going on just because you are far away? Myra, I do not appreciate being cuckolded." Sean hung up the phone in anger after venting his frustration.

Myra's heart raced involuntarily when she heard the beeping tone over the phone. Estelle mentioned that I gave up the chance of pursuing my studies abroad for Sean's sake. However, she isn't aware of the whole story... I sacrificed so much for the sake of Sean's career but in the end, he doesn't even bother speaking gently to me.

Myra teared up and her fingers dug deep into her palm on her empty hand.

Her body started trembling uncontrollably. She wasn't sure if it was due to sadness or anger, but she started shaking violently. A sense of despair overwhelmed her and it felt as though it was about to swallow her whole.

Suddenly, she heard steady footsteps of a pair of leather shoes approaching her from behind, which stopped right behind her. Myra assumed that it was a server to usher her back into the private room, so she wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes hastily before turning around. "Sorry; please tell them that I'll be in soon..."

A shadow casted over her head, accompanied with an overwhelming pressure. It was already too late when she realized what was going on.

As her body swiveled, so did her head; she felt a cooling breeze against her face.

Myra's eyes widened in surprise and her words that were at the tip of her tongue disappeared.

There was a magnified face in front of her with an angled jaw and handsome features. At that moment, her lips happened to touch Tony's thin ones, their breaths mingling together.

Myra's eyes widened and her blood came surging upward into her face. She blushed deeply and her face turned scarlet.

I can't believe that I just kissed Tony again!

Myra reacted as though she was electrocuted or stung by a bee. She retreated backward continuously but she tripped against her own feet, so she started falling sideways.

"Careful." A deep and sensual voice echoed in her ears. The next thing she knew, he pulled her into an embrace that was filled with an aroma of a mixture of mint and tobacco.

They were close enough that Myra could see Tony's long lashes that were even prettier than that of a woman's.

"D-Director H-Hart..." Myra realized that she was still in his arms, so she struggled out of his grasp hastily. She tucked her hair behind her ears awkwardly and she did not have the courage to look at the man in front of her. "Sorry about... that. I did not notice that you were standing behind me, Director Hart..."

I'm not sure what is going on recently but I seem to be getting myself into these embarrassing situations. It was fine previously since he was drunk. I was embarrassed but at least not as embarrassed as the current situation. Furthermore, we were both wide awake just now...

Since she did not receive a reply from him, Myra looked up in a hurry. She caught sight of Tony's prominent fingers brushing across his thin lips suggestively.

Myra felt her heart skip a beat and her cheeks turned even redder—she felt as if they might burst into flames.

"Director Hart..." She bit her lip and she seemed annoyed with herself suddenly. "Is there anything I can help you with?"

Tony could still feel her soft lips against his, and his mood instantly improved when he saw the surprised and embarrassed woman standing in front of him. He put down his hand calmly and cocked a brow at her. "I'm just here to check on you since you are taking such a long time."

"I'll be in soon." Myra regretted not answering the phone call farther away because she was now caught in the middle.

Tony hummed and turned around to head back to where he came from, acting as if nothing happened between them earlier.

Myra stared at his long legs while he walked away and she pressed her lips together. I am not sure if I am imagining things... but somehow, I feel as if Tony's intentions toward me aren't as simple as one might assume...

Meanwhile, the man with the ulterior motive—who was making his way back to the private room—smirked in silence.

Not far away, the corner of somebody's clothes fluttered and vanished.

The atmosphere was slightly odd when she returned to the private room again.

Sasha exclaimed in exaggeration the moment Myra entered the room, "Myra, what happened to your eyes? Were you crying?"

Myra took her original seat calmly. "Some sand was caught in my eyes just now."

"Oh—I thought..." Sasha hesitated for a moment before she continued, "Myra, have you been doing well recently? Lately, I've read lots of entertainment news and I saw—"

Sasha!" Myra warned softly while frowning at her.

Sasha's body stiffened but she laughed dryly. "I'm sorry. I should not ask about affairs involving you and your husband."

She and her husband?" Elsie asked sarcastically. "Myra, are you married?" She was obviously delighted at her misfortune.

Sasha glanced at Myra guiltily.

"That's right. I have been married for two years now." Initially, Myra wanted to end the topic as soon as possible, but she swallowed her initial speech when she noticed Tony's pointed gaze. She recalled the accidental kiss they shared earlier and she added calmly, "We have a harmonious relationship as husband and wife, and we are quite happy together."

She nodded, as though emphasizing her point.

"A harmonious relationship?" Tony's gaze was focused on Myra ever since she entered the private room. Initially, he was twiddling with his goblet but he stopped at that point to stare at Myra directly.

His gaze was deep and calm, but it was as though he had magical powers and was able to see through a person's heart.

Myra dodged his gaze discreetly and she nodded. Smiling faintly, she murmured, "That's right."

The group couldn't be sure, but they felt the temperature in the private room dropped significantly.

Tony looked away and he continued toying with the goblet in front of him. "In that case, I'll have to congratulate you, Miss Stark," he stated coldly.

Myra nodded nonchalantly but she felt unreasonably annoyed.

Leo noticed that things were going south, so he cleared his throat. "I'll go out and check with the server; I think the dishes will be served soon."

With that, he turned to leave the private room.

Just before Leo left, Myra could sense that he glanced at her. However, he was very quick; so quick, in fact, that nobody else noticed it.

Everybody had their own agenda during the meal.

Elsie did all she could to flirt with Tony by taking advantage of the excuse of working together. Even the usually reserved Sasha couldn't help but join in occasionally. Myra, however, was the only one keeping quiet.

Dinner finally came to an end and the group walked out of the Ritz Carlton.

When they walked past the large hall, they saw the hotel staff carrying bouquets of roses into the hotel.

There were blue, red, pink and even multi-colored roses. It was colorful and there were silver stickers on the petals that made them sparkle under the lights. The aroma of the roses permeated the whole place—it was obvious that the roses were of a precious variety.

"Looks like we have something fun to watch tonight!"

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Two servers were chatting quietly while carrying the flowers into the hotel.

The group of people walked out of the hotel without paying much attention to their surroundings. After all, they were used to seeing wealthy men from the younger generation spending frivolously for the sake of pursuing a woman.

Nevertheless, Tony, who was leading the group, came to a sudden stop and he asked the two of the servers, "Who is spending so lavishly today?"

These two servers had worked in the Ritz Carlton for quite some time, so naturally they recognized a man of Tony's stature. Nevertheless, they were anxious due to his abrupt question, coupled with his frosty expression. One of them answered tentatively, "It's Director Chase, who is the director of the Chase Group. He booked the entire first floor of the Ritz Carlton and I heard that it is to celebrate the birthday of a female model!"

"What?" Elsie shrieked loudly all of a sudden.

Myra felt fortunate that Elsie was present at that moment—at least she wasn't the one embarrassing herself in front of everybody. He phoned me earlier while venting his frustrations on me but now, he is celebrating another woman's birthday. I can't believe I harbored hope for him earlier because I thought that he was jealous and that he had feelings for me. In any case, I just realized that I am a fool right now!

She sensed Sasha turning to look at her, so Myra turned her head away in embarrassment.

"Director Hart, c-can I help you with anything else?" the server asked carefully.

Elsie realized that she had just embarrassed herself earlier, so her expression soured slightly.

Tony casually glanced at Myra, who had turned away, and he narrowed his eyes slightly. After that, he turned to look at the roses in the server's hands while commenting indifferently, "The flowers are pretty." With that, he continued moving forward.

Elsie stomped her feet but she followed him in a hurry.

Meanwhile, Myra and Sasha fell behind. Sasha hesitated for a while but she approached Myra while reassuring her worriedly, "Myra, don't be sad. I'm sure that the model is pestering Sean. Surely there's a misunderstanding here."

"There is no misunderstanding." Myra wore a blank expression.

Sasha was about to say something but Myra had already walked ahead and left her behind.

Why would there be any misunderstanding? Sean has always flaunted his passionate relationships with other women. You can easily spot him by flipping through any tabloids; he is always with different women.

Sasha, who was standing behind, smirked when she regarded Myra's desolate figure.

Myra wasn't even sure how she arrived home because she felt like the walking dead.

After a shower, she curled up in bed under the blanket without even drying her hair.

She felt exhausted. I saw myself in the mirror just now and the person staring back is almost like a stranger. They say that 24-year-old women are in their glory days, but my life is a disaster at this point.

Amidst her muddled mind, she recalled the period when she first started dating Sean.

He once held me under the bridge in front of Marina Bay Sands. He kissed my forehead tenderly and lovingly under the stars while promising me that he'd love me with all his heart. In the blink of an eye, we had our romantic wedding but he became a monster and destroyed the future I dreamed of.

Myra cried and laughed simultaneously; she wasn't sure when, but she fell asleep somehow. She woke up again due to the bright lights in the room. Ever since two years ago, she had been a light sleeper.

"Is that you, Sean?" Myra's voice was hoarse. She sat up on the bed gradually, feeling the sting from her puffy eyes.

"Yeah." Sean tossed his suit jacket while maintaining a blank expression. Nevertheless, he seemed to have noticed Myra's expression was off, because he frowned slightly. Then, he caught sight of her red and swollen eyes. "What happened?"

Myra noticed his frosty expression, and she recalled herself deliberately telling Tony that they had a loving husband and wife relationship. It turns out I wasn't lying to others but to myself! She closed her eyes and felt hot tears sting the back of her eyelids. She then lifted her left hand and asked him, "Sean, do you still remember giving me this ring?" She raised her left hand slowly. On it was a simple silver ring and it shone brightly under the lights.

Sean gave her the ring as a small gift before getting married.

We were not like this when he gave me that ring. That night, we had a date but he got delayed due to work, so we missed the scheduled time of the romance film. I said it was fine. In the end, we abandoned our plans for the movie and instead, we strolled along Bradford City's moat. At the time, there were many stalls unregulated by the Urban Management along the city moat. Every night, there would be many vendors selling all kinds of gadgets there. I think that was an especially happy time for me. I used to cling onto Sean's arm along the way while pointing at interesting gadgets, and we would comment on what stood out from the crowd.

Sean even teased that no one else apart from me would be interested in such cheap items. During that time, I was attracted to the ring. It's funny in hindsight, because the ring cost about 20. Any random project of Sean's is worth millions. Initially, he didn't care for it but since I liked it, he bought it for me. He even teased me, "In future when in front of others, it's best to put away the ring. Otherwise, outsiders might think that I'm stingy when it comes to you!" He even seemed unsatisfied after saying that because he pulled my hand while adding, "This won't do. Tomorrow, I will buy a new large and shiny diamond ring. I want people to know that you will be the happiest bride!"

I burst into fits of giggles at the time while raising the ring on my finger. "I don't mind how large or shiny the ring is as long as you love me." Sean held me tightly immediately and he swore that he would treat me right for the rest of our lives. He said that he'd treat me right for the rest of our lives...

Myra noticed Sean was spacing out as he stared at the ring, and she figured that he must be recalling the scene from the past. She suddenly felt eerily calm and she turned around to look at the dark night through the window. "Sean Chase, let's get a divorce."

Let's get a divorce now when we still have some sort of friendship between us. I can still treasure our wonderful memories from the past deep in my heart. Maybe when I recall it in the future, the memories won't be too terrible and my life won't seem too horrible too.

The blazing light of the ceiling lamp shone brightly on the two of them and they almost had to squint at each other.

There was a stiff and awkward atmosphere in the still air.

Sean's expression darkened immediately when he heard her. Narrowing his eyes, he countered, "Myra, are you angry that I did not give you a proper diamond ring?"

She had the urge to laugh and she burst out laughing in reality too, but her hollowed eyes—which seemed like the quiet night sky—were filled with sorrow. "I recall telling you this—'Sean, I don't mind how large or shiny the ring is.'"

Sean scowled without replying to her.

Myra smiled while turning to look at the decorative hourglass next to her. The sand dropped down gradually, just like her heart right then. "I know that you have never loved me all this while and you are suffering more than I am by marrying me. I could never bring myself to give up on this marriage but I realize now that it doesn't matter whether I let go or not, because there seems to be only one outcome."

Time seemed to rewind and Myra could almost recall what happened two years ago. She appeared to be in a trance when she said, "I know that you are still in love with Lyla and you can't forget about her. If that's the case, why should I take up the space by your side by force—"

"Who says that I'm still in love with that woman?" Sean interrupted her. Then, there was a loud thud as he punched the photo frame on the bedside table.

It was their wedding picture, in which Myra was smiling happily, whereas Sean's gaze was icy cold.

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At that moment, Sean's eyes were as cold as that of his in the photograph.

Myra was stunned to silence by his violent outburst. By the time she glanced at Sean's fist, it was already trickling with blood due to the broken glass from the photo frame.

She forced herself to look away while laughing bitterly. "It is enough that I'm lying to myself and everyone else. Why would you lie to yourself? For the past two years, you have been looking for her shadow from all the women you have been with. I am sure that you have noticed that too—Eris' lips, Elsie's eyes... Sean, you can tell me if you do not love me. As long as you are still in love with Lyla, I can even help you find her. I—"

"I told you that I no longer have feelings for that woman!" Sean cut Myra off while hissing in frustration. I wonder if he is speaking to me or to himself.

His eyes were cold and distant while he regarded her, as though he would skin her alive if she were to comment further.

Myra trembled involuntarily while gripping the blanket underneath her.

For the past two years, he has never looked at me properly. His gaze, which pushes me to despair, has me drowning like a surging wave...

"You and that woman... It does not matter what is going on between you two. Right now, I just want a divorce." Myra repeated.

She was as pale as a sheet but she appeared to be determined. This, in return, caused the already agitated Sean to become even angrier.

The humiliation and mockery I once had to endure, and the devil hiding underneath that angel mask of hers...

Staring at Myra's pure and petite face, Sean felt as if his veins might burst out of his head. The woman in front of me and that woman from before... I will never forgive them!

He suddenly grabbed Myra's wrist and he moved his face inches away from her. His eyes were ablaze suddenly when he asked her, "Do you want to divorce me?" Sean's face was contorted by his anger while fear flashed across Myra's eyes. She gritted her teeth while nodding at him. "You don't love me and I do not want myself to be trapped in this marriage. Isn't it better to grant ourselves freedom?"

"Grant ourselves freedom?" Sean chuckled in a gravelly voice but his gaze was frosty. "Myra, freedom is a special right reserved for kind and innocent folks. What gives you the right for me to grant you freedom?"

Myra's expression changed drastically. "What do you mean by that?"

"Aren't I being obvious enough?" Sean laughed mockingly. "You have no right to claim your freedom ever since you got blood on your hands! Lyla leaving me is out of my hands, but you... How dare you make a move on my child? Why didn't you let my child go all those years ago? You are asking me to grant you your freedom now; do you think that I'd agree to that?"

"Are you saying that I... harmed your child?" The color drained from Myra's face and she stared at him in disbelief.

Sean thought of his unborn child, whose life was snatched away by the cruel Myra. He felt anger tearing up his body from within, the pain so intense that he wanted to strangle the woman standing in front of him.

"I have always thought that you were a kind woman and I even wanted to look after you for the rest of your life. I did not expect you to be such a cruel and toxic person!"

Myra's face turned as white as a ghost.

Cruel and toxic person... That's right, Sean has labelled me as such all along. It is obvious from his gaze ever since I married him. It turns out that his cold and detached behavior for the past two years is because of this child... However...

Myra stared at Sean in disbelief.

I knew about Lyla being pregnant with his child and having a miscarriage, but what does that child have to do with me?

"I think you are mistaken... You must have misunderstood something somewhere..." Myra mumbled. She thought of something suddenly and hastily tugged at Sean's shirt. "Listen to me, Sean. It's not what you think. I went looking for Lyla to tell her that I will not break you two up—"

"Enough!" Sean roared, his gaze filled with disgust.

Myra's heart clenched painfully. She wanted to say something but she just could not.

The last glimmer of light went out in Sean's eyes when he saw her shut her eyes. "Myra, do you know what I hate about you? Stop acting like a saint, as if you are the only one who truly loves me in the world. I can't afford your love!" he spat coldly.

It seemed as if he was unwilling to stay with her for a moment longer because Sean picked his suit jacket up. He then turned around and strode to the door.

The room door slammed shut and Myra couldn't hold on any longer. She slumped onto the bed.

Previously, I went looking for Lyla. At that time, Eve sought me out and she claimed that she was fond of me, so she would like me to be with her son. Lyla misunderstood me, so I had no choice but to arrange for a meetup to inform her that I would not break them apart. I wanted to tell her that I would not promise Eve too... However...

Myra's heart quivered in pain and she shut her eyes tightly, her lips trembling uncontrollably. Was there a child involved apart from my failure of not being able to keep my promise to Lyla?

Meanwhile, Eve was hiding in the adjacent room just outside of the door for some time. She snuck out stealthily while staring at the door that was slightly ajar. Narrowing her eyes as she recalled fragments from the past, she clenched her fists automatically and in the end, she sighed heavily.

The moment Myra woke up the next morning, she received a phone call from Estelle. "Myra, are you sure you gave me Shawn's phone number? Why does the person claim that I've got the wrong number when I called?" Estelle was energetic early in the morning. "I am sure that he doesn't know who I am. How dare he speak to me in such an icy tone? He even hung up on me!" she muttered gloomily.

Myra felt a throbbing headache forming behind her temples after receiving a phone call with such a high decibel level. Her voice was hoarse as she murmured, "I asked Director Hart for Shawn's phone number. It is true that he gave me the number. If it isn't Shawn, I guess Director Hart was brushing me off." After all, it's someone else's personal number, so why would he give it to an outsider without a reason? I suppose he just did not want me to feel embarrassed at that time.

"This is so depressing!" Estelle almost broke down on the other end of the line. "I've exhausted all my options. The men in the past would not have lasted more than two days. However, Shawn was able to push me away when I was stark naked in his embrace! He even told me that he was not interested in me! D*mn it!"

She cursed continuously at the end of her sentence.

Myra was not interested in her vulgarity but she scowled suddenly. "What did you say? Were you... stark naked in his embrace?"

Estelle's body stiffened. I think I blurted something out by accident due to my anger...

She pulled away her phone immediately. "Sofia, are you calling me? What? Is it time to shoot the next scene? All right; I'm coming!" Then, she spoke into the phone. "Hugs and kisses, Myra. I'm busy and I can't chat with you now; I'll catch up with you another time. Bye!" She hung up swiftly after saying that.

Myra stared at her phone helplessly. Nobody would go overboard with such a bold act apart from Estelle; she always seems to have endless energy.

Myra was slightly worried but since Estelle mentioned that Shawn took the initiative to push her away, he must be a righteous gentleman.

Hence, Myra felt slightly reassured.

On the other hand, Myra was demoted quickly in the Chase Group. Her demotion was so abrupt and without any explanation that it left many people confused. Some of them were worried, whereas others were delighted at her misfortune.

The happiest of them all was Elsie, who had been doing quite well in the company lately.

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After visiting the Hart Group, Elsie became especially serious about the Sunny Bay Project. She often worked overtime and late into the night, garnering countless praises.

On the other hand, after Myra's demotion, she became Elsie's assistant.

Myra knew that this was Sean's way of making her life difficult while punishing her along the way. Eve was furious but Myra accepted it calmly.

"Photocopy these documents for me. Rearrange the data and hand them to me when you're done. And Myra, do you even know how to prepare a cup of coffee? Don't you know that you should add some sugar? Please bear in mind that you are just an assistant now; stop acting like a team leader! Be quick on your feet and carry out tasks efficiently. You are always so slow. Are you planning on accepting your salary for doing nothing?"

Myra accepted the folders from Elsie while tightening her grip, keeping quiet as she made her way to the photocopying machine.

Tilly approached her and commented indignantly, "Miss Stark, you were the designer who designed the Sunny Bay Project. Why is Elsie the one reaping the benefits now?"

Myra looked down as she muttered, "Tilly, don't make such comments in the future anymore."

"But Miss Stark..." Tilly pouted. "You are truly talented. Even if you aren't in the Chase Group, you would flourish anyway else. Why do you want to stay as her subordinate and let her bully you? Could it be just for the sake of the Sunny Bay Project?"

"Something like that," Myra answered vaguely.

Right now, the Sunny Bay Project is the only thing driving my empty life forward. Eve told me that this project is extremely important for the Chase Group, which has just started in the real estate business. I am just trying to make up for the guilt I feel in my heart.

The photocopy machine spitted out A4 papers with the pungent scent of ink, while Myra let her mind wander as she stared at the documents.

There was a meeting with the Hart Group in the afternoon. By noon, Elsie changed into a set of alluring Chanel workwear and applied seductive and thick makeup. In the end, Myra drove her to the Hart Group when it was time for the meeting.

Elsie knew from the beginning that Myra drove a white BMW Z4. Nevertheless, she snorted in disdain when she entered the car. "I wonder which man you slept with in exchange for the car," she commented quietly.

From her point of view, Myra was just a working class person who had just graduated two years ago, so she could not possibly afford the car.

Myra pretended as though she hadn't heard her.

Elsie came to a sudden halt when they arrived at the elevator entrance of the Hart Group's tower. "Myra, you do not have to attend the meeting today with the Hart Group. Just wait for me at a random café outside. I will give you a call once I have discussed the matter with the Hart Group."

Myra was stumped when she heard that. "M-Miss Foster, I am also involved in the Sunny Bay Project—"

"That is in the past and you are not needed in the future." Elsie said distractedly as she checked her makeup in the reflection of the shut elevator doors. She smiled in satisfaction before she murmured, "Myra, you are just an assistant now. It is best that you do not embarrass yourself in front of the Hart Group with your status. We do not want the Hart Group assuming that the Chase Group is not taking the project seriously."

Myra clenched her fists tightly at her sides but she maintained a blank expression. "However, if the design draft requires editing—"

"As your superior, do you think that I can't even handle that?" Elsie cut Myra off while staring at her contemptuously.

The elevator arrived at the first floor and Elsie entered, her hips swaying sensually. She then shut the elevator doors without hesitating.

Myra looked at the elevator doors shutting gradually, her heart sinking.

Sean really knows how to torture me. He clearly knows that Elsie is treating me like an enemy, but he has arranged for me to work under her as her assistant.

Myra smiled bitterly and she turned around to leave.

Somewhere upstairs, Elsie checked her makeup before walking out of the elevator wantonly.

The person in charge and designer from the Hay Group had arrived. After hearing what Logan had to say, Elsie did not take those two from the Hay Group seriously at all.

“Mr. Clark, when will Director Hart’s meeting end?”

Elsie came to a stop in front of Leo. She did not even hide her gloating smile, and she acted as if the Sunny Bay Project was a done deal and that it belonged to her.

Leo was Tony’s trusted right-hand man, so she wanted to get closer with him.

Leo was just about to answer but he realized that Elsie arrived alone from the Chase Group. He instantly forgot about her question; instead, he asked her in surprise, “Miss Foster, why isn’t Miss Stark here today?”

Elsie answered nonchalantly, “Oh—her? She has other projects now, so she couldn’t make it. In the future, she will not be able to participate in the Sunny Bay Project anymore.”

Leo looked especially shocked and he murmured, “Please give me a moment. I’ll head in to ask Director Hart when the meeting can start.”

As soon as he said that, Leo rushed into the large conference room in a hurry, not bothering to wait for Elsie’s reply.

The meeting just ended in the conference room and the group of elites made their way out.

Tony was still sitting at the head of the table. He had lit up a cigarette but he wasn’t smoking; instead, he let the cigarette burn gradually. The swirling smoke blurred his handsome face and it was even more difficult to guess his mysterious and unpredictable facial expression.

That night, I received a stranger's phone call because I deliberately gave Myra my own phone number that morning. I couldn't help but answer the call because I thought that it was her. Who would have expected a strange woman over the line when I picked up?

When he heard the woman calling for 'Shawn' and he recalled Myra asking for the latter's number, Tony pieced everything together straight away. She had asked for Shawn's phone number on her friend's behalf.

My jealousy vanished instantaneously but I hate the feeling where she can easily control my emotions. Besides, she mentioned that she and Sean shared a harmonious relationship as husband and wife, and that they are quite happy together...

He scowled while stubbing his cigarette in the ashtray. Tony stood up and the sunlight shone on his tall figure. It was clearly a warm and bright color, but he was emitting an unmistakably cold and distant aura. Leo, who had just entered the conference room, had to act even more cautiously. "Director Hart, Miss Foster from the Chase Group mentioned that Miss Stark will not be participating in the Sunny Bay Project in the future."

Tony's brows knitted tightly together when he heard that and he pressed his lips together unhappily. "Why?"

"Uh... it seems that Miss Stark has other projects to handle now, so she can't make it."

"She can't make it?" Tony recalled her blatant resistance against himself and his expression darkened further. He suddenly let out a low chuckle. "Do they think that without her presence, they'd be able to procure the Sunny Bay Project based on her design while sending a blockhead to replace her?"

Leo's heart skipped a beat because he knew that these were signs of Tony losing his cool. True enough, Tony then barked frostily, "Tell the Chase Group that their design draft did not improve at all, and it's nothing compared to the Hay Group. The Chase Group's designer, Miss Stark, is also extremely irresponsible and the Hart Group does not need to work with this type of company."

Leo acknowledged quietly before leaving the conference room.

Tony's facial features were backlit, making his expression seem especially guarded as his face was shrouded in shadow.

Smack! Elsie slammed the design draft hard against the office desk.

Her actions attracted a large group of colleagues immediately.

“Myra, the company has nurtured you but is this the way you repay the company? You should vent your frustrations toward me if you are unhappy with me! You know how important the Sunny Bay Project is to our company. Aren't you harming the company by doing this?” Elsie's voice was sharp and it was laced with fury. Initially, I thought that I'd finally be able to meet Director Hart, whom I have not met for the past few days, and I was planning to perform well today. Who would have expected that not only did I not meet Director Hart, I was even ridiculed by his assistant.

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“Miss Foster, kindly bear in mind that the Hart Group is not a wet market where you can secure a deal by haggling. Director Hart has already mentioned that the draft from Chase Group is rather crude. The Hart Group has doubts about Miss Stark's attitude in seriously treating the design. If this continues, the collaboration between the Hart and Chase Groups will end at this stage.” Leo did not hold back when he made the announcement in front of the two staff members from the Hay Group. I was utterly humiliated in front of Sasha and her designer! Furthermore, I did not get to meet Director Hart at all today!

Elsie had been venting her frustration at Myra throughout their return journey to the company. Watching her lose her temper, Myra could no longer endure it no matter how good-natured she was. “I do not know what I have done to have hurt the company,” she stated coldly.

“How dare you fight back! Do you know what the Hart Group commented about you? They said that you are irresponsible because you don't even know how to edit the design draft and that it looks too crude! Myra, you are a piece of work. How dare you fool me with a subpar draft? Are you trying to land me into trouble because you aren't happy that I am your superior now?! Will you gain any benefit if the Chase Group loses the Sunny Bay Project?! You seem to be close with the person in charge from the Hay Group; you can't be—”

“Miss Foster!” Myra raised her voice to interrupt Elsie. I think I finally have an idea of what’s happening now—the quality of the design draft from the Chase Group is not satisfactory. Hence, the Hart Group is unhappy about it. How could she use that as an excuse to blame everything on me?

Myra was shaking with fury at this point. “Miss Foster, we are both designers. How could you not be able to tell that something is wrong if I were to hand you a design draft of subpar quality? Why would I dig my own grave?”

“Who knows? You could have switched the design draft in the process! Besides, the Hart Group specifically mentioned that you have provoked them, which is why they are finding fault with the Chase Group!”

Nobody knew how it happened, but it seemed that the Design Department Director learned about their fight when both of them were at each other’s throats. It happened that he was chatting with Sean at the time, so they both came over to the Design Department.

Initially, Elsie was afraid of Sean when she saw him due to what transpired between them two days ago. Well, I am right this time, though. Besides, he demoted Myra to be my assistant. Isn’t that his way of caving in first? Hence, she ran to him, but she did not have the courage to reach out to him.

Instead, she complained, as though she had been wronged, “Director Chase, you transferred Myra over as my subordinate, so I was kind enough to nurture her. However, she has embarrassed me in front of the Hart Group and they now have a bad impression of the Chase Group. For the Sunny Bay Project this time, the Hart Group has specifically singled her out as being irresponsible. They claimed that her design draft is crude and they even threatened to end their collaboration with the Chase Group!” She blurted everything in one go while shoving the blame onto Myra. She acted as if she had long forgotten the identity of the person who idly loafed around while refusing to participate in the beginning.

Myra smiled bitterly because she knew that she should not harbor any hope for justice. Nevertheless, she was filled with anticipation anyway. She looked up at Sean, whom she had not seen for some time, before she explained with a hoarse and gravelly voice, “I drew the design draft with seriousness, so I do not have any idea how it progressed to this stage. However—”

“Apologize to Miss Foster.” Sean interrupted her before she could complete her sentence.

A stunned Myra looked at the handsome but cold man standing in front of her. “D-Director C-Chase, this matter—”

“Miss Stark, you have been working in the company for two years now. Aren’t you familiar with the rules?” Sean glanced at Myra and his icy gaze sent shivers down her spine. “You have to apologize first since you’ve made a mistake. On the other hand, since your mistake has affected our company’s project progress, the company has no choice but to consider the options of either firing you or sending you an attorney’s letter, Miss Stark. We might have to involve the solicitors to handle this matter.”

Involving the solicitors to handle this matter, he says? I have never been so humiliated before in my life! There is just a small issue with the project, but Sean is using this as an excuse to punish me without taking into account our relationship as husband and wife! Furthermore, even if the blueprint is crude, the only possible issue is that I lack certain abilities. He can’t possibly expect me to bear the responsibility alone!

“Why should I apologize to her?” Myra suddenly burst out in laughter, but her facial features were contorted into an ugly grimace. “If Miss Foster hadn’t sent me away when we went to the Hart Group for the meeting today, the Hart Group would have reprimanded me even if that was their intention. In that case, she would not have felt embarrassed. As for the crude quality of the design draft... If Miss Foster had helped out with the design draft, do you think that the Chase Group would have been ridiculed based on her capabilities?”

She was clearly mocking Elsie with her sarcasm, causing the latter’s expression to drastically change. “Myra, how dare you accuse me! You are at fault now. How dare you blame others! I am disgusted by such a cruel and vindictive woman such as yourself!”

“Did you call me cruel and vindictive?” Myra started trembling in anger. I have never competed with anyone in the company, nor have I tried fighting for anything. However, this woman, who has snatched my husband away, is playing the victim while accusing me of being cruel and vindictive.

She lifted her hand to massage her temples and her expression instantly turned cold. “Miss Foster, may I know who drew the design draft? When we went to the Hart Group for the meeting earlier, you stopped me from joining. You said that I would embarrass the Chase Group with my status in the company. Do you have the audacity to claim that you didn’t say that?”

"I..." Elsie's pupils constricted in shock when she heard that, but she stubbornly straightened her back. "Do you think people here would believe you, especially since you are making no sense?!"

"I am making no sense, did you say? In that case, should I assume that whatever you've just told Director Chase, was purely nonsense, Miss Foster?!" Myra glared at Elsie. Myra's anger had stopped her from being bullied further. "Why don't we compare the data of the design drafts? Nothing is more convincing than the truth—"

"Enough!" An angry voice boomed loudly and it interrupted her speech.

An impatient Sean icily gazed at her. Myra felt herself shudder and her heart instantly sank.

"Miss Stark, since you are the one who made a mistake first, you will be deducted three months' worth of salary. Furthermore, since your negligence has cost the Chase Group our collaboration project with the Hart Group, the Chase Group will—"

"Who says that I have cost us the collaboration project with the Hart Group?" Myra clenched her fists tightly when she saw Elsie gloating. Her palms were clammy, but that was nothing compared to the heartache she felt. She looked at Sean and her heart started to fall apart in despair. After that night, he doesn't even bother to treat me courteously in public. He does not want to divorce me, but he wouldn't give me the chance to explain myself...

"Earlier, Miss Foster merely claimed that if this were to continue, the Chase Group would not be able to work with the Hart Group. It means that there is still hope of the two companies working together." Myra endured the excruciating pain in her chest while holding her tears back. She gazed directly into Sean's eyes while trying her best to maintain her last shred of dignity. "Since it's my fault, I will secure the project!"

"Miss Foster, it is easier said than done. Why should we trust you in securing the collaboration with the Hart Group?" Myra was about to leave, but Elsie stopped her.

Myra turned and her eyes were bloodshot by that point. She stared at Elsie unblinkingly. "Since I secured the collaboration in the beginning, it has nothing to do with you even if I were to lose it in the end, Elsie!"

"How dare you!" Elsie's face flushed with anger, but Myra had already turned to leave the place without another backward glance. This is how I feel each time I leave Sean. I always

leave while feeling the hurt that he has inflicted upon my whole body, but he has never tried to stop me. I always leave alone...

Elsie, who was behind Myra, stomped her feet in anger. "Director Chase, you saw it yourself! Myra is just too arrogant!"

Well, Sean has reprimanded Myra severely in front of me this time. This is such a sweet and happy feeling. Elsie assumed that she had now reconciled with Sean, but she missed her mark when she reached out to tug at his sleeve.