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Myra was standing outside the cake shop, and she was about to extend her hand to hail a cab when somebody called out to her from behind, "Myra!"

Myra paused before she turned around to look calmly at the rich-looking woman in front of her. "Mrs. Chase."

Eve was sure that Myra must have heard most of her conversation with Elsie. She felt extremely embarrassed for Myra to have heard their conversation, but she was mostly afraid. After a moment of hesitation, she forced herself to speak with Myra anyway. "Myra... I hope that you would pretend as if you haven't heard what I discussed with Miss Foster earlier." Currently, Myra is disgusted with the Chase Family. I am also afraid that she might expose my relationship with Elsie to Lyla and things will turn ugly if the latter causes a scene.

Myra regarded Eve's anxious expression and she suddenly felt as though she was very stupid in the past. How did I ever trust what Eve said when she's clearly brushing me off by placating me verbally?

Myra's lips curled slightly but it was barely a smile. "Mrs. Chase, you have nothing to worry about because I am not interested in matters involving the Chase Family." With that, she spun around to leave but Eve grabbed her arm suddenly.

Myra looked back at Eve with a scowl, and the latter released her straight away with a complicated expression. Truth was, Eve herself had no idea why she grabbed Myra all of a sudden. Eve's lips parted a few times and she finally asked quietly, "Myra, how have you been lately?"

"Mrs. Chase, I believe whether or not I'm doing well is none of your business." Myra wouldn't fall for that anymore. She pulled her arm away from Eve's grasp and marched forward. "Don't worry; it's none of my business how many lovers or illegitimate children your son has. Rather than blocking my path for being worried that I might expose the truth, it might be better for you to console the woman inside. She seems to be planning to abort her unborn child."

Honestly, both Eve and I know very well that Elsie is merely kicking up a fuss by claiming that she wants an abortion. However, she would have done so straight away if that were truly what she wanted. Why would she take the trouble to inform Eve? She is clearly trying to reap some benefits for herself by relying on her unborn child. However, this is no longer my business. Elsie is at least four months pregnant and it truly disgusts me. Based on the timeline, the child must have been conceived three months ago, even before my divorce with Sean. At that time, I was still trying to salvage our marriage. Nevertheless, does Eve truly believe that nobody will know that Elsie is pregnant with Sean's child if I don't say anything to the public? Lyla will learn the truth as long as Elsie gives birth to the child and based on what I know about Lyla, she will not let it go easily. My guess is that the situation will eventually become a huge headache for Eve. With that thought, Myra smirked faintly.

Upon arriving at the Stark Group, Myra was just about to enter the elevator when she saw Kris walking out of it with another man. The two of them appeared intimate but Kris' expression darkened the moment she saw Myra. She even snorted in disdain when she walked past. In the end, Kris finally left unwillingly after the man tugged at her hand.

Once Myra arrived upstairs, Tilly approached her and whispered, "Miss Stark, a man stayed in that woman's office for ages today. She even locked her office door and drew the curtains. It went on for three hours and by the time she walked out of the office, she seemed refreshed and glowing. The most disgusting thing is that she acted as though she will never marry anybody else apart from Director Hart yet here she is, sleeping with another man. She is truly shameless!" Naturally, Tilly was referring to Kris as 'that woman'.

Myra recalled the man she saw beside Kris at the elevator. He was tall and had a warm smile, and he was relatively good looking too. Well, Kris would never marry a man who isn't on par with Tony. Myra patted Tilly's shoulder but her emotions weren't as affected as her assistant's. I know Kris' personality well. One day, she will destroy herself by always thinking that she's too smart.

In the afternoon, Myra packed her things after work before she went down stairs to hail a cab, planning to head to the Stark Residence. The moment she exited the building, however, she saw an Audi parked outside. The car door opened and a chauffeur emerged from the car. He gave Myra an once-over and he greeted her lightly, "Miss Stark, I presume? Mrs. Stark instructed me to drive you home."

He isn't the previous chauffeur from Stark Residence. I suppose Rachel revamped the entire staff for the Stark household. Myra laughed mirthlessly when she caught sight of the contemptuous look on the chauffeur's face. She then walked past him to hail a cab.

The chauffeur frowned unhappily as he called out, "Miss Stark, Mrs. Stark personally instructed me to drive you home. You can't possibly be so rude to Mrs. Stark, can you?"

Myra couldn't even be bothered to answer him. The chauffeur's expression soured immediately and he was about to say something when they both heard the screeching of car brakes, followed by a loud bang. Suddenly, a gold Aston Martin Taraf banged into Audi hard from behind. Then, a man, who was wearing a bright yellow trench coat and a pair of shades, walked out of the front passenger seat.

"Myra, what a coincidence! How did you know that I'm here to pick you up? You even came out to wait for me!" Elliot whistled as he approached Myra.

The chauffeur, who was standing behind Myra, appeared horrified. The Audi is a new purchase of the Stark Family and it costs more than three million! "Hey, you—are you blind? Didn't you see the car parked in front of you? What are you trying to do? Do you think that you own the Stark Group? How dare you—"

Elliot tossed a name card in the chauffeur's direction casually. He seemed rather calm as he commented, "That's my lawyer's business card. Discuss the compensation with him. Remember to keep the card well; if you lose it, I'm afraid you'll have to personally come up with the compensation."

The chauffeur's expression stiffened. He looked as though he wanted to continue cursing, but he knew he had to prioritize. Hence, he grabbed at the business card hastily and kept it securely. Are you kidding me? I will never be able to pay for the car even if I try to for the rest of my life.

Elliot then politely gestured for Myra to get into the car. "Myra, it is my honor to be your chauffeur for the day as per Tony's request."

Myra finally smiled at him. She did not even spare the chauffeur another look; instead, she entered Elliot's sports car straight away. Meanwhile, the chauffeur, who was left behind, looked murderous as he took his cell phone out to make a call.

"Thank you for your help today." Myra smiled at Elliot, who was seated in front, once she got into the car.

Elliot waved his hand dismissively. "Don't mention it, Myra. Just remember to take my side and say something nice in front of Tony if I were to anger him in the future."

“As long as he listens to me.”

Myra felt content and satisfied when she thought of the close relationship Tony had with his childhood friends. By including me into his social circle, I know that he values me. Elliot and the gang would appear like bullies to those who do not know them. However, after getting close with them, it's obvious that they're just concealing their shortcomings.

Myra and Elliot chatted along the way. When they were about to arrive at the Stark Residence, Elliot drawled, “Myra, I heard that you have a very efficient assistant by your side. Previously, she worked with you at the Chase Group. She followed you to the Stark Group when you returned, I believe? How well do you know her, Myra?”

Myra assumed that he was concerned with the people she had around her, so she nodded at him. “Her name is Tilly Quinn. Don't worry; she is on my side. She knows Tony too and she is truly a good person. In fact, she is a rather cheerful and friendly young girl.”

“Friendly and cheerful, you say?” Elliot repeated. He seemed to have recalled something because he raised his brow while chuckling quietly. “Someone set her up last night and I was the one who sent her to the hotel.”

Myra was astounded and it was only then that she remembered, Wasn't Elliot the one who helped Tilly up last night?

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“We were lucky you were there last night. I dragged Tilly into the mess; fortunately, she's fine.”

Elliot chuckled but he changed the topic swiftly and they started chatting about something else. Myra, however, did not notice the cunning and mischievous sparkle flash through his eyes.

During their journey, she phoned Tony to remind him to take care of his health. She advised him to have his dinner on time while instructing him to head back to the Hart Residence after work.

Well, Miss Ivy's speech has left an impact today. He is a career-oriented man in his thirties, and his stomach and lungs are not as healthy as they once were. I am sure that Old Madam Hart will take good care of him if he returns to the Hart Residence. There are more people there too, so he won't feel lonely.

"Are you really not coming back tonight?" Tony asked again from the other end of the line. His voice was husky—he was most probably smoking out of boredom.

Myra glanced at Elliot—who was pretending to focus on driving—from the corner of her eyes. She cleared her throat lightly while keeping her voice down, and she turned away slightly as she murmured, "I'll be back tomorrow and I'll do everything you say then, alright?"

Her cheeks felt hot after saying that.

Tony, who was seated in his office chair, took a huge puff from the cigarette. Then, he narrowed his eyes while taping the cigarette butt. The frost in his long and narrow eyes melted, and a trace of a smile flashed in them as he hummed in agreement. "Give me a call if anything crops up."

"I will."

After listening to Myra using such a gentle and tender tone to speak with Tony while instructing him softly, Elliot had the sudden urge to have a relationship with a woman too. As for the woman I want... The figure of the woman, who was as enthusiastic as a puppy last night, popped into his mind. His mood lightened suddenly when he thought of how cute and sweet she was.

Soon, they arrived at the Stark Residence. Myra was just about to get out of the car when she suddenly thought of something, so she turned around to look at Elliot. "Young Master Elliot, do you have business ties with the Chase Group?"

Elliot wasn't expecting such a question from her, so he froze for a beat. However, he shook his head immediately. "That's impossible; I'd rather take a detour with my eyes closed when it involves the Chase Group. How could I possibly have any business ties with them?"

Most importantly, I'd like to live a long life. Why would I have any business with that sc*mbag behind Tony's back?

Myra was confused. "In that case, have you lent this car to someone else?"

“Why?” Elliot immediately went on the alert but he maintained a casual façade.

“Well, it’s just that I saw a similar car in Bradford City,” Myra answered and she looked deep in thought.

“How is that possible? My car is the only one in the whole world! I would never lend my car to anyone else if they aren’t related to me!” Elliot explained hastily because it involved his love for his car and his dignity as well.

Without even thinking about it, Myra murmured, “Well, what if Tony is the one borrowing the car from you?”

After asking that, she felt that she was being foolish. In the end, she smiled at Elliot shyly. “Well, I was just checking. Don’t worry about it, though. I’ll get going now. Thank you! I’ll definitely treat you to a meal next time!”

Elliot kept his cool while waving at Myra and waited until she made her way into the Stark Residence’s courtyard.

Myra then thought to herself, In all honesty, it’s none of my concern who has driven that car. However, I keep noticing that car for some strange reason and I can’t help but feel that something is amiss. It’s probably due to the pressure I’ve felt in the company lately. Myra shook her head while staring at the familiar yet strange place in front of her, and she spaced out for a bit. This place used to have my best memories, but it also harbors my most painful memories too. She recalled the purpose of heading back today and she inhaled deeply; she rearranged her facial expression to maintain a blank façade when she marched forward.

Behind her, Elliot was feeling slightly anxious but he wasn’t sure why.

Myra was just asking about this car and to be honest, I’ve only lent it to Tony before. However, why did she ask about it? And so, Elliot phoned Tony since he couldn’t figure it out.

The phone connected but it was complete silence on the other end of the line. Elliot felt rather helpless at the vast difference in treatment. Myra was chatting and laughing when she called Tony just now, and she even looked shy! I am very sure that Tony did not give her the silent treatment earlier.

Elliot inhaled deeply. “Tony, I need to ask you something...”

“Spill.” Tony was crushing the cigarette butt in the ashtray and the last shred of warmth from chatting with Myra earlier had vanished completely from his tone.

Elliot wept in his heart. I can't believe that Tony is so cold and distant toward me. He licked his lips before asking, “Do you remember the time you borrowed my car?”

Elliot was speaking slower than usual as he continued, “Well, I'm talking about my gold Aston Martin. Remember the time you mentioned that you wanted to take it for a spin—”

Before Elliot could complete his sentence, Tony scowled slightly and he interrupted, his tone light, “What about that?”

“Well... Nothing much, actually. It's just that Myra asked me earlier if I was having any business ties with the Chase Group. Based on what she said, I think she saw my car parked in the Chase Group's parking area.” Elliot felt that the situation must be much more complicated than that. I think Tony must be keeping something from me. After pondering it for a while, Elliot asked, “Tony, you would never have any business relations with the Chase Group. Apart from the Hilliville project, are you hiding something else from Myra?”

Myra could not enter the main entrance of the Stark Residence because the locks had been changed long ago. Besides, she had thrown away the keys to Stark Residence too.

She stood outside the door to ring the doorbell but there was no response for a long time. Myra smiled self-deprecatingly as she stood at the door.

Since they have invited me over for a meal, it is impossible that there's no one in the Stark Residence. I am sure that someone must have heard the doorbell ring, which means they are deliberately making me wait outside. Is Rachel trying to tell me that she is the true mistress of the Stark Family?

Myra did not return to the Stark Residence to be bullied, so she dialed Cameron's number straight away. Once the call was connected, she spoke calmly without waiting for him to say anything. “Either send a locksmith to your house or come back right now and hand me the key.” Cameron must have had a role in it since Rachel wants to invite me to dinner. Hence, Myra did not mince her words.

The line went dead after Myra said her piece.

Soon, the main entrance of the villa opened. A housekeeper was supporting Rachel and they were both walking carefully toward the main entrance via the courtyard. Once they got closer, Rachel continued walking while smiling at Myra warmly. "Myra, I'm sorry that you had to wait for such a long time. Actually, I was about to open the door for you, but I was in such a rush that I almost slipped and fell. That is why Mrs. Fletcher is here to help me. Please don't be angry..."

Once upon a time, Myra thought that she would never return to the Stark Residence again—especially not to meet Rachel Parker.

I've forgotten how long I haven't had this feeling. It's a mixture of anger, fear, feeling sorry for myself, pain... The emotions were like sharp knives piercing through her heart. The final memory stopped at one with Rachel lying on the ground in a pool of blood, whereas Myra stood beside her while wearing a cold expression.

The woman in front of Myra was dressed in elegant clothing. Her well-maintained skin made her look barely 40 years of age, and she looked gentle and kind.

Who would ever imagine that she's hiding an evil heart underneath her gentle façade?

Now, she's pregnant again and she's inviting me back to the Stark Residence for dinner... Myra scoffed deep down but she maintained a faint smile on her face. "In that case, you should be careful, Rachel. You'll be devastated if you lose your child by accident from the fall."

Rachel's expression stiffened when she heard Myra's comment, but she forced a smile anyway. Then, she asked Mrs. Fletcher to open the door of the courtyard.

The housekeeper was no longer the same one from the past. This one looked as if she was afraid that Myra might harm Rachel because she was observing Myra like a hawk.

Once she opened the door, Myra marched straight into the villa, navigating her way in a familiar manner.

Behind Myra, the housekeeper spoke to Rachel in an unhappy tone. "Master Stark has chased her out of the Stark Residence but she acts as if she's still the young lady of the Stark Family. She's so shameless!"

Rachel felt better deep down but she continued to look furious on the surface, and she reprimanded Mrs. Fletcher straight away, "Mrs. Fletcher, you are not to talk about the young lady like this in the future; she's Master Stark's child too!"

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Mrs. Fletcher was unhappy but she nodded reluctantly under Rachel's scrutiny. "Mrs. Stark, you are too kind, which is why she bullies you. Please be careful later, Mrs. Stark. She seems to be aggressive, so don't let her harm the child in your womb..." Mrs. Fletcher muttered quietly.

Mrs. Fletcher, what nonsense are you spouting?" Rachel's expression changed slightly. "Why would Miss Myra harm her biological younger brother?"

"Who knows..." Mrs. Fletcher tried to hold back but she couldn't help but mutter, "Everybody's been saying that she is back for the family assets. Now that she knows that you are pregnant with a son, Mrs. Stark, I am sure that she would target you with all she has. Mrs. Stark, you have to be careful!"

"She won't." Rachel turned to Mrs. Fletcher and reassured, "I trust that Myra is a good person and that she would not do that."

Mrs. Fletcher was about to say something but Rachel had already made her way into the house.

Myra did not expect Rachel to maintain the style and decorations within the villa once she lived in it. True enough, when Myra's late mother was around, the whole villa had a pastoral style and there were fresh flowers and plants all over the place. However, right now, the villa was decorated in extravagant luxury.

Crystal chandeliers, dangling crystals and crystal ornaments could be seen everywhere. The wooden furniture was dark brown pear wood, whereas a light-colored carpet covered the entire villa. This was most probably because of Rachel's pregnancy. The walls were covered with all kinds of abstract oil paintings and there were many profound antiques in the living room, though Myra wasn't sure if they were fake or genuine.

Myra was rather upset as she looked around the unrecognizable place she once called home.

I had countless happy memories in this place. My happy, albeit limited, memories with my mother were all made here. However, right now the place has become the love nest belonging to another woman and the man whom I'm reluctant to acknowledge as my father.

Back when I left this house all those years ago, I was filled with resentment and despair. Now that I'm back here, I harbor a sense of reluctance and heartache, coupled with feeling sorry for myself.

Mom, I will never let Rachel snatch away things that belong to you! I'd rather donate everything from Stark Group to the welfare center than allow that mother-daughter duo to enjoy their happiness based on your tragedy!

I've made up my mind, especially since Kris did such a horrible thing to me. I will never forgive them easily! I have understood something after suffering throughout the years—when it comes to certain circumstances and people, the only way is to face the enemy head-on with a decisive blow. That's the only solution to stop them from continuing the bullying.

"Myra, I remember that you like drinking lemonade, right? Quickly, Mrs. Fletcher; pour a glass of lemonade for Myra." Rachel spoke to Mrs. Fletcher gently once she walked through the door, sounding as if she was delighted at Myra's arrival.

Mrs. Fletcher appeared reluctant but she went into the kitchen anyway. After a long time, she finally emerged with a glass of lemonade.

Myra did not spare a glance at the drink at all. She merely looked at Rachel's stomach and murmured, "I heard that you are pregnant with a son?"

Mrs. Fletcher immediately shot a vigilant look at Myra.

Rachel didn't seem to mind though; instead, she caressed her belly and she seemed to glow with maternal love. "To be honest, an experienced doctor mentioned the child's a boy, but nothing is confirmed thus far. However, it's the same regardless of the baby's gender because your dad and I will love the child all the same."

"Is that so..." Myra chuckled and she stood up abruptly. She did not want to chat with Rachel anymore, so she made her way up the stairs.

I've thought about it and I wondered if Rachel is faking her pregnancy, but Cameron is such a wise man; how could he be fooled in such matters? Besides, to have a son at such an old age, I'm sure that he'd be extra careful. In that case, does it mean that Rachel is truly pregnant? My instincts tell me that there's something fishy in this matter.

Myra walked past the room that used to be hers, and she smirked when she recalled her previous conversation with Kris.

Soon, Kris and Cameron arrived home.

Rachel instructed Mrs. Fletcher to serve the food, and the whole family made their way to the dining table.

Myra was bringing up the rear when she saw Kris was about to take her seat. "That's my seat," Myra stated quietly behind her.

Kris' expression changed slightly; she was about to say something but Rachel glared at her viciously in silence. It was only then that Kris changed her seat reluctantly, and she commented sarcastically once she sat down, "Did you truly think that we'd reserve the seat for you after you left two years ago? That's rather shameless of you!"

Nevertheless, Myra appeared unperturbed. "Kris, you told me previously that you're returning my room to me, so I thought that you approved of me returning to the Stark Residence. It turns out you weren't serious. In that case, why did you invite me back for a meal, Rachel? Is it just so the chauffeur and housekeeper can glare at me viciously?"

Cameron had just taken his seat at the head of the table. He turned his head and he immediately saw Mrs. Fletcher, who had just served the food, glaring at Myra unhappily. His expression darkened straight away and at Myra's mention of the chauffeur, he recalled about the incident of opening the door today...

Upon noticing Cameron's foul expression, Rachel reprimanded Mrs. Fletcher anxiously, and she instructed the latter to keep an eye on the soup in the kitchen. Then, Rachel turned to Myra with an apologetic expression. "Mrs. Fletcher might be having a bad day today. She's not targeting you at all, Myra. Please don't take it to heart."

"It's fine as long as she isn't targeting me." Myra took her seat and she turned to face Cameron. "I want to stay the night."

Cameron most probably wasn't expecting Myra to take the initiative to voice that out.

I know very well that I cannot afford to offend Myra right now; well, at least not during this stage when Myra and Tony are having a relationship. Besides, I can take this opportunity to gain some benefits for the Stark Group. Hence, Cameron laughed heartily as he commented, "Myra, feel free to stay here for as long as you wish. Haven't I told you before? We will always welcome you and you can return home whenever you want."

Cameron's expression and tone were warm and welcoming. If Myra had lost her memories, she would have mistaken him as a kind and warm father, but that was impossible.

In all honesty, I hate my sharp façade, but I've burned bridges with this group of people long ago. I do not want to fake it and put on an act with them. I will try my best to help those I care for, but I will no longer go easy on those who had once hurt me.

Myra hummed in response and her expression relaxed slightly. She then concentrated on her plate of food, enjoying her dinner in silence.

She wore a cold and distant expression throughout dinner, and it seemed as if the whole family was trying to fawn over her by inviting her home for dinner. Kris gritted her teeth in frustration but she had to hold herself back, thanks to Rachel's insistence.

Therefore, the dinner seemed peaceful superficially.

Halfway through dinner, Rachel wanted to get a bowl of soup, so Kris accompanied her to the kitchen.

Once they entered the kitchen, Kris shut the kitchen door and she met Rachel's steady gaze. "Mom, are you sure that nothing will go wrong?"

"It will be fine as long as you catch me in time. The doctor has mentioned that the child is showing signs of miscarriage. Later on, I will smear some blood on my underwear." Rachel was speaking very softly and her gaze was fierce. "Remember this—I cannot lose the child today, so you must catch me when the time comes."

"Got it." Kris inhaled deeply. She saw her red and swollen face from the reflection of the kitchen wall, and she was reminded of her hatred for Myra.

We find father's attitude worrying so this time, I need to make sure that their relationship deteriorates. That's the only way to make sure that things will go our way in the future! Furthermore, we haven't procured any shares at all and we are getting anxious now.

When the two of them walked out from the kitchen, Myra could clearly tell that Kris' attitude toward her improved a lot. She no longer glared at the former in resentment. On the contrary, she even served Myra a piece of sweet and sour pork fillet, all while smiling warmly. She's looking at me with her stupid face while asking me to enjoy my meal, Myra muttered deep down.

In addition to that, Kris kept addressing Myra as 'Sis', making Myra knit her brows slightly.

Apart from Kris, Rachel was also treating Myra kindly and gently too. Rachel mentioned that she knew Myra was returning for a stay, so she had Myra's room repainted and decorated it in a style Myra liked.

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Rachel even started wiping tears away when she mentioned that Cameron had been missing Myra ever since the latter left. She even claimed that Cameron would prefer for her to move back home since she had divorced Sean.

At the mention of Sean, the three of them seemed to hate him with a vengeance. They started scolding him a good deal by claiming that he is ungrateful and short-sighted. They even proclaimed that he would live a short life, and that he is an indecent and good-for-nothing man. The trio were acting as if they bore a grudge on Myra's behalf.

Myra merely listened to them without responding and her face was void of expression. In the end, the three of them quietened down, most probably because they felt awkward. Then, they started chatting about current company matters.

“Myra, Kris is still young so she is inexperienced in a lot of things. You should give her pointers in the company. You do not have to hold back if she makes a mistake at work—feel free to reprimand her.” Rachel served a bowl of soup to Myra’s right and she smiled at Myra sincerely. “If she has the audacity to talk back, just let me know and I will reprimand her immediately. Here—have some soup. I spent three hours preparing it because I was worried that it might not be flavorful enough. I think you’ll like it.”

Cameron observed from the side with a look of admiration. Rachel is not highly educated but she has always been gentle and virtuous, all the while knowing her place. I do not have to worry about matters at home at all. My eldest daughter, on the other hand, has been acting weird ever since her mother passed away. Right now, however, she has returned to the Stark Group to fight for the company...

Myra took note of Cameron’s expression and she glanced at Rachel’s gentle and warm expression.

How is it possible to just pretend to be gentle and warm?

Myra looked down to continue eating her food, ignoring the soup that Rachel served her.

Dinner was coming to an end when somebody rang the doorbell of the villa all of a sudden.

It was almost 8 PM and usually guests would inform beforehand if they were to show up at such a late hour.

Cameron and the three of them exchanged glances. In the end, Mrs. Fletcher went ahead to open the door.

They heard the noise of a car pulling up into the courtyard. Myra was familiar with the car’s engine sound and upon hearing that, her heart skipped a beat. She hadn’t smiled the moment she entered the Stark Residence but her lips finally curled slightly now, and there was a tinge of surprise in her expression too. She put down her utensils and walked toward the entryway.

Mrs. Fletcher was already running in and she anxiously announced to those at the dining room, “Master and Mrs. Stark, Miss Kris—there is a guest and he says that his surname is ‘Hart’.”

His surname is Hart?

Cameron's gaze sparkled when he heard that. There aren't many Harts who will pay a visit at this hour. Who else is there apart from Tony Hart from the Hart Group?

Cameron shifted his focus on Myra, who was now at the entryway. Looks like Myra has not failed me. I can't believe that she managed to land Tony after divorcing Sean.

One couldn't be sure if his gaze reflected his regrets or that he was mocking her. Soon, he followed after her to the entrance. After all, it didn't matter who it was; as long as it was a Hart paying a visit to the Stark Residence, it must be a VIP.

On the other hand, Rachel and Kris, who were in the dining room, looked utterly upset.

Kris' expression changed drastically so Rachel kicked her under the table. "We will act according to the circumstances. Hide your emotions well and stop letting the whole world know what you're thinking!" Rachel hissed at her.

Kris went overboard by being nice to Myra earlier. Anyone with common sense could tell that the former was just pretending. However, Cameron was present so Rachel couldn't remind Kris at that time.

Kris bit her lip. She wanted to say something but she thought of the man who had just arrived at the Stark Residence, and her heart skipped a beat. She suddenly thought of another idea so she kept her head bowed.

A black sports car stopped in the courtyard swiftly. After switching off the lights, a tall figure emerged from said car.

The man was tall and well-built, and he was wearing a black suit with his jacket unbuttoned. His face was void of expression and as the dim lights shone on his handsome face, it casted a shadow on the lower half of his face. Hence, it was almost impossible to read his expression.

He had a hand in his pocket when he walked toward the main entrance of the villa. It was obvious that he was moving casually but his aura was unmistakable. His cold and distant gaze, coupled with the assuredness due to his age and experience, reflected his calm and elegant nature.

Myra felt her heart fluttering in her chest when she saw Tony approaching with each step. Didn't I ask him to head over to the Hart Residence? Why did he come over to the Stark Residence?

Besides, he didn't even inform me beforehand.

However, it did not matter because Myra was delighted to see Tony after feeling gloomy throughout dinner. She picked a pair of room shoes from the shoe rack to place them on the floor.

Tony arrived at the entrance and he put on the shoes that Myra prepared for him, all the while at ease. He wrapped her in his arms straight away while whispering to her, "Are you surprised to see me here?"

Myra hummed and nodded. It is very surprising indeed.

Tony caressed her head; his voice was alluring and it sounded husky when he spoke beside her ear. "I was afraid that you would be bullied here, which is why I rushed over to make sure that you're fine. Do I get a reward?"

Myra's lips curled up even more when she heard that. "Why didn't you tell me? I was shocked to see you show up unannounced; how are you planning to compensate me for that?"

"I'll definitely compensate you well." Tony chuckled heartily.

The couple interacted intimately as if they did not have an audience and Cameron, who was standing just beside them, felt awkward. He cleared his throat loudly and he smiled at Tony, who finally turned his attention to him. "Director Hart, I wasn't expecting you and I apologize for that."

"I came here unannounced; I hope that's not too much trouble, President Stark." Tony's attitude toward Cameron was always indifferent but he wasn't offensive, nor was he as sharp as Myra. Even after obtaining 5% shares from Cameron, Tony still had an indifferent attitude but it was impossible to find fault with that.

"Director Hart, you are being courteous!" Cameron replied to Tony hastily.

Myra noticed the timing, though.

Tony must have driven straight to the Stark Residence from the company, so I'm sure he hasn't had his dinner.

"Come in and have something to eat; I'm sure you haven't had dinner." With that, Myra took the suit jacket from Tony naturally after he took it off. She hung it on the coat hanger while tugging at his arm to enter the villa.

Rachel and Kris both stood up too, welcoming them with smiles.

This was especially true for Kris. Her eyes sparkled enthusiastically when she caught sight of Tony and she just couldn't look away from him. It wasn't until Rachel cleared her throat that Kris snapped back to her senses.

Rachel gave the man, whom Kris was head-over-heels in love with, a once-over discreetly when he walked past her.

Not bad at all... Based on my perspective as an experienced woman and my understanding toward the upper class society in Bradford City, it's impossible to find another man as perfect as Tony Hart in Bradford City.

He is talented, capable, has a perfect family background and a flawless future.

If Kris is able to marry Tony, the Stark Group will be nothing.

At that moment, Rachel's lips parted slightly and something flashed through her gaze, but nobody took notice of that.

Tony entered the dining room and he sat beside Myra naturally. Initially, Kris pulled out the chair beside her since it was an empty seat, but Tony did not even glance at her. He walked past her to stand behind Myra.

He was wearing a white shirt and his sleeves were folded—it gave him a casual look while diminishing his severe and distant aura. Despite the appearance, he did not look approachable at all.

Since Kris wouldn't stand up from her seat, Myra let Tony take hers. In that instant, Myra noticed Kris' eyes lit up brightly because the latter must have assumed that she would be able to sit together with Tony. Myra's lips curled into a slight smirk and she spoke to Mrs. Fletcher. "Add a chair here."

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Mrs. Fletcher reluctantly fetched a chair, whereas Myra turned to Kris. "Can you please scoot over to make some space?" Myra murmured and smiled sweetly.

Rachel and Kris acted like loving family members in front of me for such a long time just now. If Kris were to refuse to make space, she would be humiliating both Rachel and herself.

Under Rachel's scrutiny, Kris had no choice but to shift her chair reluctantly.

Myra placed the chair properly. Just as she was seated, she conveniently pinched Tony's thigh hard while hissing at him quietly, "You're trouble!"

It was barely a whisper so others might not have heard her, but Tony heard her clearly.

His lips curled into a faint smile.

Myra fingers ached from pinching him and she was just about to shift her hand away when a large, warm and dry hand grabbed hers. She wasn't sure if Tony was doing it on purpose, but his calloused left fingers rubbed against Myra's. He continued the friction while pressing her hand against his warm thigh.

An electric shock radiated immediately throughout Myra's limbs.

Her face blushed slightly and she wanted to glare at him, but Tony did not turn to look at her. Instead, he was chatting with Cameron seriously. "It is my first time paying you a visit at the Stark Residence but I did not prepare any extravagant gifts. I bought a set of white porcelain from Kyoto previously and I hope that it'll be to your taste, President Stark," Tony sounded much more polite this time around compared to when they were at the entrance.

"Director Hart, it's great enough that you're here. You don't have to be so courteous as to prepare a gift for us."

Although Cameron was surprised by Tony's politeness, he was secretly happy because it maintained his self-esteem and dignity despite losing 5% of the Stark Group's shares

beforehand. However, when he recalled that his younger daughter was the cause for the loss of the shares, Cameron couldn't help but glance coldly at Kris.

Kris did not heed the frosty glare from Cameron because she was observing what was happening under the dining table from the corner of her eye. They are holding hands tightly just right beside me!

Myra is a b*tch! She's always seducing Tony whenever and wherever she is! It is no wonder that Tony has been entranced by her recently.

Kris was blinded by rage and she wanted nothing more than to rush forward to rip their hands apart.

"Kris, fetch a clean set of cutlery for Director Hart." Rachel noticed that her daughter looked off, so she immediately tried to ask her to leave.

At that moment, Kris seemingly snapped back to reality. She noticed the panic in Rachel's gaze, so she inhaled deeply to calm herself down. No; I can't continue acting rashly. I'm not even sure if we can go on with the plan tonight. If unexpected things crop up again, Cameron will never forgive us both.

Kris endured it at the critical moment and she obeyed Rachel, standing up obediently to make her way to the kitchen. It is an opportunity to personally prepare Tony's cutlery after all... Kris' lips turned into a smirk but before she could take the first step, Tony's voice stopped her. "There's no need; I can use this set."

He took over the cutlery in front of him, as if not bothered that Myra had used them before. He then scooped some food into the plate and started chewing his food elegantly.

Everybody's expression changed and they stared at Tony with a complicated gaze.

Myra was the only one who was moved after the initial shock wore off. Tony's actions always reassure me and make me feel good. However, I can't possibly make things difficult for him. She was about to stand up to fetch a new set of cutlery for him, but Tony seemed to read her mind because he grabbed her right hand with his left to pull her down. Then, he turned to look at her. "Are you still hungry?"

"Uh..." Myra was already full so she shook her head. "I'll go get a set of cutlery for you. You're using the ones I've used earlier," she answered him softly.

“Don’t bother.” Tony’s expression was calm as he took a mouthful of the food on the half-eaten plate.

Myra blushed deeply because he was doing something so intimate in front of the Stark Family. However, she immediately realized what he was trying to do. Is Tony making a point in front of the Stark Family? Is he trying to tell them that I am his woman? Myra felt a sweetness in the depth of her heart.

She squeezed Tony’s left hand tighter, all the while smiling faintly.

Kris had just stood up so she was able to see their interactions clearly. Her body stiffened and she felt embarrassed and annoyed; in the end, she had no choice but to return to her seat.

“Tony...” After weighing her options for ages, Kris finally smiled at Tony in a friendly manner. “Tony, are you leaving tonight since you’ve come all the way here? Why don’t you and Myra stay the night? I’ll ask Mom to prepare a guest room for you.”

“There’s no need.” Tony squeezed Myra’s hand and he added calmly, “I’ll stay in Myra’s room.”

Kris’ expression darkened straight away, while Rachel’s gaze turned gloomy and sinister.

Based on the current situation, Tony doesn’t just like Myra. Rumor has it that he is obsessed with cleanliness but he’s willing to use Myra’s used cutlery, and he’s even willing to eat her leftovers.

Then, Rachel turned to Kris, whose gaze was burning with passion for Tony, and she scowled slightly at her.

“Enough; all of you can stop worrying. Director Hart may be a guest but Myra is here to take care of him.” Cameron spoke from the head of the table. He then glanced at Myra and he spoke to her with a gentle tone, “Just inform the housekeeper if you need anything. If we don’t have something you need, instruct her and the chauffeur to head out to buy it.”

Although Myra wasn’t fond of Cameron, she would not go against him at this critical moment so she nodded in response.

Everybody had different thoughts throughout the meal.

After dinner, Cameron dismissed everyone but he summoned Tony into his study.

Tony appeared indifferent but he noticed Myra's frown. Hence, he kissed her forehead openly while speaking to her in a gentle tone, "Don't you want to know what act they're trying to pull here?"

Myra was astounded. The mother and daughter are afraid of us because Tony is by my side, so I'm sure they won't dare try anything. However, with Tony away...

In any case, it's obvious that Cameron has an ulterior motive since he summoned Tony into his study.

"You don't have to promise Cameron anything out of concern for me." Myra squeezed Tony's hand and she said to him in a low voice, "Reject him straight away if he lays out any conditions."

Tony looked at her protective stance and he smiled faintly. "Be careful. Don't fall into their trap."

"Yeah; I'm on the alert now. I will not let Rachel get what she wants. She has nothing to harm me with, apart from the unborn child in her womb."

Tony nodded and he released Myra before walking upstairs into the study.

Downstairs, Rachel dragged Kris into the kitchen straight away and asked her tentatively, "Are you sure that you must have Tony Hart? I heard that you are spending time with Hayden lately. Kris, what do you truly want?"

"Why are you asking me this now, Mom? I must have Tony Hart!" Kris hissed through gritted teeth. "I'm just fooling around with Hayden and I know what I'm doing, so just let me do what I want."

"In that case, you have to break things up with Hayden before Tony notices anything, because he's a very smart man. Besides, you should be more alert; do not go overboard."

Kris knew what Rachel meant. Hayden is just my temporary boyfriend, so how could I possibly allow myself to get pregnant with his child? However, I feel sorry when I think about how considerate he is to me... Kris smiled cunningly as she murmured, "Don't worry, Mom. I have Hayden wrapped around my finger and I know how to handle this."

