

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 291 - 295

As for Kris, she was following them from behind.

When she went to the airport to pick this group of people up, she noticed that the elders of the Walton Family were displeased with her. However, they were not mean to her, but that was probably due to Gemma's presence.

It was at that moment that she knew that she had to keep a low profile to prevent the Waltons from picking on her faults.

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Tony, who remembered that Myra had not eaten much that night, ordered a waiter to send them a piece of cake. It was a matcha-flavored cake, which was something that she fancied. However, much to his surprise, the taste made her feel nauseous as soon as she took a bite.

When he noticed that she did not look good, Tony furrowed his brows and asked softly, "What's wrong? Is it not to your liking? I will ask the waiter to get you something else."

"It's fine. Maybe I took too much alcohol earlier, so it's making my stomach uncomfortable. I'll be fine after drinking some plain water, though."

There was a glass of warm water right beside her. She then took two sips of water and finally suppressed the nausea, and the uncomfortable feeling subsided considerably.

"Let me get Philip to give you a checkup." Upon seeing her pale face, Tony attempted to rise up to get Philip but Myra tugged at his hand. "I'm fine. I feel better after drinking some water. Don't make a fuss about it; everyone is busy today."

"Promise me you'll tell me if you feel uncomfortable." Tony took the glass from her hands and placed it aside before holding her hands in his.

Although the two of them were in an inconspicuous corner, they still attracted some gazes from the buzzy crowd in front. When Tony embraced her at that moment, Myra was a little bashful but she did not push him away.

She somehow felt a little uncomfortable—perhaps it was because she had drunk too much alcohol or she had been standing for too long.

Just as the two of them were cuddling in a corner of the hall, a group of people suddenly approached them.

Among the group of people, Myra knew three of them—Gemma, Gideon, and his current girlfriend, Kris.

“It’s been a while, Tony.” Samuel took the initiative to greet Tony with a smile.

Upon seeing this group of people, Tony’s expression remained unchanged as he rose to his full height. However, upon seeing that Myra attempted to stand up as well, he stopped her with a gentle move and murmured quietly, “You should remain seated and rest for a moment since you are not feeling well. Old Master Walton, Director Walton, and Mrs. Walton won’t mind it.”

His words revealed to Myra the identities of the group of people who approached them.

His attitude was neither arrogant nor humble, but it was not particularly warm either when he nodded at the few of them. “Welcome Old Master Walton, Director Walton, and Mrs. Walton. Pardon my inhospitality.”

It was obvious that Old Master Walton was dissatisfied with Tony’s attitude. His gaze flicked across him before landing on Myra, who was beside Tony, and he frowned as he calmly said, “It has been a while since we last met. Tony, you sure do things fast—you even have a fiancée now. I heard that we will be able to attend your wedding in two months’ time?” Although he seemed calm, his tone reflected his displeasure.

“That’s right; Tony is getting married in two months. We are very happy with Miss Stark here. Old Master Walton, do attend the wedding when the time comes.”

Before Tony managed to reply, Sebastian’s voice was heard from behind. Soon, Sebastian and Lisa, as well as all the members of the Hart Family, walked up to them.

The young people of both families greeted the elders of the other family. Upon seeing this, Henry, who had just come downstairs after completing his homework, immediately dashed up to Myra and appraised her from head to toe. "Myra, you look gorgeous today," he praised with a smile.

His childish words manage to slice through the serious air between the two families.

When Gemma noticed the plain outfit on Myra, who was standing opposite her, she proudly puffed out her chest. In fact, the evening gown she was wearing today was very luxurious. Her brother had it personally flown in from Paris with the intention to have her to outshine Myra's beauty with the glamorous outfit during the banquet today. Nonetheless, it was obvious to everyone that Tony did not even bother to spare Gemma a glance.

"What do you know about beauty?" Myra ruffled Henry's hair. Just as she was about to tell him not to interrupt the adults when they were speaking, Sebastian chimed in with an inexplicably proud tone, "She is my future granddaughter-in-law, so of course she is gorgeous."

Upon hearing that, everyone was rendered speechless.

Even Myra tugged at Tony's hand out of embarrassment as well.

Tony had a slight smile in his eyes but he did not say anything. Just then, Shawn turned to the Waltons and spoke in a polite yet distant tone. "Please make yourselves comfortable tonight. Old Master Walton, Director Walton, and Mrs. Walton, you all must be exhausted after a long day's flight. We have prepared a few rooms for you upstairs, so feel free to use them if you wish to rest."

After having this unforeseen conversation, the Waltons lost the courage to recite the script that they had prepared to angrily question Tony for betraying Gemma's feelings, as well as to talk about the failure of their plan to promote the Walton Group's product into Bradford City.

Old Master Walton snorted quietly. "We are not done yet, so we don't have the mood to rest now."

Then, he glanced at the two elders of the Hart Family but in the end, he still did not ask those questions. Instead, he glared at his granddaughter with his large eyes and scolded, "Aren't you going to apologize?"

Gemma's expression instantly fell. When we were alighting from the plane earlier, Grandpa, Dad, and Mom said that they will stand up for me, but why is Grandpa asking me to apologize in front of Myra now?

"Grandpa!" She stomped her feet in anger.

"Gemma, this isn't how I've raised you! Hurry up and apologize to Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart for your stupid actions!" Old Master Walton thundered as he glared at his granddaughter with fiery eyes.

In all honesty, Gemma had never been afraid of her parents, yet she had always been terrified of her stern grandfather. Upon hearing his words, she bit her lip but she felt a lot better. I don't need to apologize to Myra, just to Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart. I knew that Grandpa would always side with me!

As soon as Gemma walked up to Sebastian and Lisa and was about to say something, Sebastian suddenly stepped to the side while pulling Lisa along with him. He then raised his brows and pretended to ask in puzzlement, "Gemma did not offend us, so why is she apologizing to us? If memory serves, the person Gemma should be apologizing to is my future granddaughter-in-law, no?"

Sebastian spoke in a rather calm tone, but the fact that he addressed Myra as his future daughter-in-law had shown his intention to help Myra to get an apology from Gemma.

Upon hearing that, Gemma's expression changed.

Old Master Walton narrowed his eyes. Although there was a strong turbulence surging deep within him, he pretended to be calm and said to his granddaughter, "Gemma, you know what to do."

Gemma's face paled and unconcealable fury appeared in her eyes. She looked at Myra, who was also looking at her while raising her head.

When she noticed the impassive expression on Myra's face, Gemma inwardly accused her of being hypocritical. She is now probably mocking me in her heart!

With her fists tightly clenched by her sides, Gemma apologized to her unwillingly. "I'm sorry."

After that, she immediately returned to her spot behind her grandfather.

Her actions made Old Master Walton drop his dark expression and replace it with a smile. He then commented, "Old Master Hart, my immature granddaughter did something wrong some time ago and I have already taught her a lesson. Therefore, we shouldn't let this insignificant affair destroy the collaboration between our families. The Waltons have always been the Hart Family's most loyal partner, so we shouldn't let outsiders take us as a joke, don't you think so?"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 292

Gemma's action of apologizing to Myra in front of everyone eased Sebastian's gloomy expression. Nobody can mess with the future daughter-in-law of the Hart Family!

As it was not the Hart Family's intention to drive the Walton Family into a corner, Sebastian darted a calm look at his grandson, Tony, when he heard Old Master Walton's words. Tony raised an eyebrow and did not say anything, so Sebastian smiled and nodded. "It was merely a small conflict between the young ones. Everything will be fine once they talk things out."

When the Waltons heard that, their expressions eased a little.

After the two families chatted for a while, the Hart Family left and returned to the crowd with the excuse that they had other things to attend to, leaving the Walton Family standing on the spot awkwardly.

It was only when the Hart Family had left that Old Master Walton's expression instantly fell and gloom spread across his face. To him, the Hart Family's attitude toward them was akin to humiliating him in public. The legitimate granddaughter of the Walton Family was forced to apologize to an outsider—a woman with an insignificant family background that they had never even heard of before.

"It was all your fault, you b*tch!" He suddenly raised his hand and gave Gemma a tight slap.

Although they were at the rest area in a corner, there were quite a number of people around them and the commotion immediately attracted the gaze of many people nearby.

Gemma was stunned by the sudden and harsh slap. When she finally returned to her senses, her eyes reddened and she mumbled, "Grandpa..."

She looked at her grandfather in disbelief, a clearly visible handprint on her face. She was already frustrated and mortified for having been forced to apologize to Myra in front of everyone earlier and now, not only did her grandfather not comfort her, he even gave her a slap instead. However, for some inexplicable reason, this made her hold a grudge against Myra. If it weren't because of Myra, I wouldn't have been in this position now! She not only snatched Tony from me, but she even flaunted their relationship in front of me!

"Dad, why did you hit Gemma? It wasn't her fault to begin with; it was that b*tch's fault! Who could have guessed that she would come between Gemma's relationship with Tony? Tony was together with Gemma at first, but the b*tch actually snatched him from her!" When Shelly saw her beloved daughter being hit, she immediately stepped forward and pulled Gemma to her side while looking at Old Master Walton.

"Do you want to go looking for trouble? Perhaps you are hoping to announce it to the public and let everyone know about it?" He glared at his daughter-in-law with his eyes filled with wrath.

Shelly then glanced around and instantly fell silent. However, Gemma, who was behind her, started to weep in aggrievement. "Grandpa, it was that woman's fault to begin with so why did you hit me? I did that for the sake of the Walton Family. I thought that exposing what that woman did in the past would result in her being kicked out of the Hart Family. How would I know that not only did they not drive her away, they even helped her..."

If the Walton Family was not in a plight now, Gemma wouldn't have swallowed her pride. To her, apologizing to Myra was even more agonizing than death itself.

Old Master Walton's eyes were so dark that they seemed to contain a raging storm in them. "For the sake of the Walton Family?" He chuckled coldly. "You should consider yourself lucky for not completely destroying the Walton Family! Gemma, you are my granddaughter, so don't speak or act so stupidly! Don't let anyone take advantage of you without you being aware of it!"

After he said that, his gaze calmly flicked across Kris, who had been standing off to one side without saying a word ever since they had arrived. Upon noticing Old Master Walton's gaze, Kris froze and she bowed her head even lower.

Gemma gritted her teeth. "What should we do now? Grandpa, are we really going to just let that woman marry into the Hart Family?"

Her gaze was fixated on Myra, who was intimately standing together with Tony among the crowd, from afar. That spot should belong to me but it has been snatched away by that woman! Whenever Gemma thought of the fact that Myra would soon acquire the identity that the former had been longing to attain, she would be consumed by jealousy to the point where she nearly lost her mind.

"Of course not." Old Master Walton narrowed his eyes and something sinister flashed across his gaze. "It's against the principle of the Walton Family to back down when we are bullied."

He then turned to Shelly and muttered, "Go ahead, Shelly." He looked at her meaningfully, which she instantly understood, and she scoffed before saying to Gideon, "Gideon, don't get too absorbed in your relationship that you neglect your sister. Take good care of her these days."

Upon hearing his name, Gideon raised his brows and glanced at the woman beside him before nodding at Shelly. "Okay."

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After Myra and Tony made small talk with a director, they continued forward. Upon seeing Myra's pale face, Tony frowned and advised, "You go upstairs and take a rest."

Myra seemed unwell ever since she arrived at the banquet today, and he was afraid that she would push herself too hard. Therefore, after saying that, he fished out his phone from his pocket and searched for Philip's contact.

Just then, a phone rang; however, it was not Tony's phone, as the sound came from Myra's handbag. She froze before she took out her phone; what appeared on the screen was another unknown number.

Upon seeing the number, she subconsciously furrowed her brows, whereas Tony's gaze darkened slightly. She promptly hung up the call. However, right after that, the person on the other end of the line called her again. It was as if the person would continue calling her if she refused to pick up his call.

Just as she was about to block the number, Tony narrowed his eyes and took out his phone, then dialed the same number that he saw on her phone. Apparently, the person on the other end of the line knew his number. The moment the call went through, Sean's angry voice was heard from the other side. "Tony Hart, don't you dare touch Myra! It was you who framed her back then and made us believe that she stole the confidential business intel of the Chase Group's Hilliville project, not to mention the Hilliville project itself—it was also you who colluded with Lyla to acquire the project, right? What are you planning to do with Myra?"

Lately, Sean had been investigating the gold Aston Martin Taraf and he managed to recover a section of the video that was taken at the underground car park after it had been accidentally deleted. Although he did not know who the person in that sports car was at that time, he knew that the car belonged to Elliot, who was as thick as thieves with Tony. In the video, Lyla was seen passing a document to the person in the car. Sean did not need to be a rocket scientist to be able to guess that the document was the confidential intel of the Chase Group's Hilliville Project. He had long been unable to see through Lyla!

She was no longer the kind and beautiful woman she used to be; now, she was cruel and manipulative. In order to drive Myra away from him, she probably had taken countless actions against Myra in secret. To top it all off, he kept thinking that it was all Myra's fault. It was only when the entire incident was slowly revealed and the truth was slowly presenting itself in front of him that he finally had no choice but to believe it. The woman lied to me! She schemed everything together with the man on the other end of the line, and she succeeded in pushing Myra away from me!

Before Tony managed to say even a word, the man on the other side beat him to it and gave him a lecture. When Tony heard his words, his expression instantly became dark.

Upon seeing his expression, Myra, who was standing beside him, frowned slightly. "You don't need to say anything to him; let's not pick up his call ever again."

When Sean heard Myra's voice, the anger in his voice escalated. "Tony, do you think that Myra won't find out about all this if you hide it from her? I will definitely place every single piece of evidence in front of her to prove all the despicable things that you have done to her!"

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 293

Sean's voice was filled with anger. Myra was initially mine! She was mine! Then, she was snatched by the man on the other end of the line with dirty tricks! No, that man can't possibly be sincere to her. He must be scheming something!

His eyes were red. For the past few days, he had been searching for evidence day and night, but all he found were basically his presumptions.

Suddenly, someone knocked on his office door.

He hung up the call and massaged his temple in exhaustion.

When the matter that he had been investigating slowly surfaced, Tony and Myra's intimate relationship was also gradually revealed to him.

Sean was baffled by the news. Myra was still deeply in love with him a few months ago, and in the blink of an eye, she fell in love with another man. How was that possible?

He closed his eyes and said in a low voice, "Come in."

The door to his office was pushed open and Lyla slowly walked in.

She seemed healthier than before; it was probably because she felt that the crisis was over now that she had gotten rid of the baby in Elsie's belly.

"Sean, is there anything I can help with?" Lyla paced toward the man behind the office desk.

Although they had a disagreement some time ago, she still forced herself to wear a slight smile. After all, Sean was the man she had decided to spend the rest of her life with and her feelings for him were genuine as well. As she was pregnant, she wore a soft cotton dress and a pair of flat shoes, which made her look like she was emitting a soft maternal glow.

However, Sean was unable to notice it at that moment.

When he heard Lyla's voice, his expression instantly fell. He grabbed the stack of documents in front of him and he suddenly tossed them at her when she approached him.

The documents landed on her before it scattered all over the floor.

She was stunned as it was totally out of her expectation that Sean would throw the documents at her as soon as she arrived. He raised his head and looked with cold eyes. "Lyla, let me ask you this—why did you suddenly decide to return to Bradford City?"

Lyla did not expect him to suddenly ask her that. His rude action had made her pale, but she still forced herself to ask in return, "Sean, what's wrong?"

"I'm asking you—why did you suddenly decide to return to Bradford City some time ago?!" Sean repeated his question, but in a harsher tone.

Lyla furrowed her brows while she lowered her head to look at the documents scattered on the floor.

However, the moment her gaze rested on the documents, her pupils contracted at once. The papers had overlapped one another—on the top one was a black and white photo printed on it. It was taken in a car park and a woman was seen standing next to an Aston Martin while handing a stack of documents to the person inside the vehicle.

Her heart had suddenly raced when she saw the picture.

It was without a doubt that she was extremely familiar with the photo since the woman was none other than herself!

Why is this photo in Sean's hands? He suddenly asked me to come over and he threw the stack of documents at me before he questioned me in this tone... Her face instantly drained of color.

"What's wrong? Cat got your tongue?" The tiny hope that Sean had been holding on immediately vanished. His fists were tightly clenched with vague, green veins protruding on the back of his hands.

Before Lyla arrived, he was able to hold to the tiny expectation that he could be wrong about all these. However, her expression as well as her conversation with his mother that day, which suddenly crossed his mind now, made him feel like he had been thrown into an ice cellar—he was frozen to his bones.

"Is that so difficult for you to answer?" He suddenly curled up his thin lips, but his eyes were cold. "It is fine if you can't answer me. How about I tell you the answer instead?"

Sean suddenly rose to his full height, striding toward the stunned woman and stepping on the photo. Then, he bent over and picked up the photo before throwing it hard at Lyla's face. "It was Tony who asked you to come back! You even played the piano during the Hart Family's banquet. Am I right?"

At that moment, he seemed calm—so calm that it seemed like nothing had happened. However, within his eyes was a complete darkness with unfathomable emotions.

Lyla suddenly felt flustered.

"Sean, what are you saying... Why did I return at that time? It was because I couldn't stop thinking about you. Although I knew that you were married to Myra, I knew that you weren't close with her as well. I came back to find you, so that we can start all over again..." Her hands tightly formed fists by her sides and there was a hint of aggrievement in her voice. "Why are you suddenly behaving so strangely today..."

It appears that this man before me must have found out something. Is it the Chase Group's Hilliville project? Does he know that it was me? Her hands started to slightly tremble, but she told herself to stay calm. I'm now his wife and I'm pregnant with his child. Even if he really finds out anything, he won't abandon me and the child for this matter.

"Sean..." Lyla gradually calmed down and looked at Sean while quietly asking, "Did Myra tell you anything?" Only Myra would investigate that matter; nobody else would care about it. "Have you forgotten what she did to me? If it was her who told you anything, how could you still believe her? Sean—"

"Shut up!"

Looking at the kind and beautiful woman before him, the conversation between her and his mother, which he eavesdropped on the other day, surfaced in his mind. This woman can't be trusted at all and she is still trying to lie her way out of this until now!

"Lyla, you were one who leaked the confidential intel of the Chase Group's Hilliville project, right?!" He grabbed the edge of the table with force and his expression was thunderous. "You colluded with Tony to acquire the Chase Group's Hilliville project! You had a deal with him and sold the Hilliville project to him! On one minute, you said that it was a client referred by the Walton Family, but you claimed that it was a referral from the Hart Family the next minute! Let me ask you another question. When we were at the café, you had many photos proving that Myra was cheating on me. Tell me—where did you get those photos from?"

The truth of many of the incidents would reveal themselves as long as Sean gave it some thought and the time when he was completely disappointed with Myra was one of them. At that time, he saw the photos that Lyla gave him, which were evidence that Myra had cheated on him. In the photos, Myra seemed intimate with another man. He was unable to see the face of that man in the photos back then, but he now knew that the man was Tony. At that time, Lyla, who had just returned to Bradford City, would have been unfamiliar with everything in the city, so it was quite possible that the photos were all given to her by Tony!

“Sean, listen to me—” Lyla’s heart quickened. Now, she realized that Sean had been recently investigating her and the documents that he threw at her was probably the evidence of it. He knew that I stole the confidential intel of Chase Group’s Hillville project and sold the project to Hart Group as well as received the photos from Tony... What else does he know?

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 294

Lyla’s back was drenched with cold sweat as an unprecedented panic and fear filled her chest.

“Sean, I am not sure what you heard and from whom... But, you have seen the trade secrets of the Hillville project from Chase Group. The video recording is concrete proof that Myra stole it. Besides, I do not understand what is happening with Chase Group’s Hillville. I merely provided a client for Chase Group to solve their emergency matters. Why are you making it sound like I have done something horrible to the Chase Group?!” The more she talked about it, the more convincing she sounded.

This is especially true for the Chase Group’s Hillville project. During that time, there happened to be an issue with the Chase Group’s funding chain. If I hadn’t provided them with clients at that time, Chase Group wouldn’t have been out of crisis! I know the reason why Sean is investigating me. It is all thanks to Myra! He rarely comes home nowadays and it is usually in the middle of the night even if he returns home. He never comes into our bedroom; instead, he sleeps in the study. Besides, he leaves early in the morning the next day. I am not on good terms with Eve, so we act as if the other doesn’t exist even when we run into each other at home. The Chase Residence is so empty that I feel like a dead person!

“Sean, you haven’t gotten over Myra, am I right?! Right now, you are blaming me for snatching Myra’s position. You are blaming me for the fact that Myra left you! However,

please bear in mind that you told me that you hate Myra. For the past two years, judging by the way you have treated her, weren't you telling me to return to your side? The moment I returned, you acted as if you had never forgotten our love and made the decision! However, you are looking for an excuse to make me leave you! Are you doing all this so that Myra would return to you?!" The more she yelled, the redder Lyla's eyes became. Soon, tears started to ooze out from her eyes.

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Upon hanging up on the phone call, Tony's expression soured.

Myra bit her lower lip and she asked him quietly, "What happened?" I do not know what's wrong with Sean. We are divorced and our relationship is already beyond the point of no return. I don't understand why he is still pestering me!

He recalled what Sean had said and he squinted menacingly. "Nothing."

Just as she sighed in relief, Tony, who was standing in front of her, embraced her.

He held her so tightly that Myra was almost out of breath. She frowned slightly because she seemed to have sensed that something was amiss with Tony. Hence, she asked softly, "What happened?" Since he did not reply, she asked again. "Did he say something horrible? You shouldn't take him seriously. What happened between him and me is in the past and I do not love him anymore. Currently... I am only in love with you..."

Maybe it was Tony's aura and scent that softened his heart because she had easily confessed her feelings for him.

Upon hearing what she had to say, he pursed his lips while he released his arms around her. Then, he looked into her exquisite eyes. "Nothing, I am just... slightly tired."

With that, he raised his hand to massage his temples. However, before he could do that, a pair of petite and soft hands went a step ahead to help him with the massage.

"Are you feeling tired?" Myra asked.

Tony covered his hands over hers. Disregarding the venue, he bent down to peck her on her lips and asked her in a husky voice, "Are you only in love with me right now?"

Myra was slightly surprised when he asked that, but she nodded shyly with a faint smile. "Yeah."

"If..." Tony thought, I want to ask her what she would do if she finds out one day that I have lied to her about something. However, I have asked the question before and I am not in the mood to ask again. In the end, he lifted Myra's hand for a kiss. "I only love you too."

"Oh, oh, oh! That is a blatant confession from Director Hart. Everybody here has heard that! Oh, my goodness! I am so jealous! No way, Director Hart, you have to drink with me; let's hope some of your happiness will rub off on me!"

The group of people seized the chance and cheered, which caused the atmosphere to suddenly feel lively. Myra noticed that Tony's expression had returned to normal and she instantly felt relieved too.

Later, she felt slightly tired after entertaining the guests for a bit. Hence, she excused herself and headed to a corner for some rest.

She shooed him away when he wanted to keep her company. "You do not have to sit here to keep me company. There are many guests today, so you should greet them. Ritz Carlton is my territory, after all. I won't be disadvantaged here." Almost all the servers here recognize me, so I will be fine.

Tony nodded in response and he kissed her cheek. "Well, in that case, wait here for me. I will take you home when it is almost time."

"Sure." Myra nodded with a smile.

After he left, her expression fell significantly. Earlier in the banquet, my cell phone vibrated upon receiving a MMS from an unknown number. A black-and-white photograph was attached in the MMS. There is a familiar woman in the picture—Lyla. Besides, there was a car, which I am exceptionally acquainted with and it is none other than Elliot's gold Aston Martin.

There was only a line of sentence underneath the photo—'Lyla was the one who leaked the trade secrets of Chase Group's Hillville project'.

Under usual circumstances, I wouldn't have given it much thought, no matter who was the one to tell me because I know that Lyla must have leaked the trade secrets to frame me.

However, after analyzing the photo, I assume the sender must have treated the picture as proof when they sent it to me. I am feeling anxious about the person receiving the said information from Lyla. Besides, I have confirmed with Elliot that it is the one and only car in the world. I recall Elliot being bewildered when I asked him about it. It doesn't sound like Lyla would have given him this information. This means that somebody else must have worked together with her to frame me. And this person...

Myra felt a chill running down her spine and she couldn't think further in that instant.

From a distance, she saw Tony being surrounded by a crowd.

From the beginning until now, the man has given me the best. He has comforted me, helped me, and even pursued me. He has presented me with the wonderful things in life as well. However, I suddenly recall what Sasha said in the hotel. She mentioned that Tony gave her the video in acquiesce. It showed her running out of his hotel room and her clothes were in disarray...

While she stared at him, a shadow suddenly blocked her view.

Myra closed her eyes for a while before looking up—it was Mrs. Walton standing in front of her.

She didn't seem pleased, but she forced a smile at Myra anyway. "Miss Stark, do you mind if I sit beside you for a while?"

Myra recovered her composure almost immediately as she shook her head. "Of course not, Mrs. Walton. Have a seat."

Mrs. Walton shot a haughty, but approving look at Myra. Nevertheless, when she was about to sit down, Myra stood up to leave for somewhere else.

Mrs. Walton's expression fell instantly. "Stop right there!"

Myra ignored her, causing Mrs. Walton to appear even more upset. She rushed toward Myra's front and her gaze reflected her disgust toward Myra. "Miss Stark, didn't your family educate you that you should display basic manners toward your elders?"

"I wasn't aware that I had been rude. Mrs. Walton, you mentioned that you'd like to have a seat and I did not object to that." Myra maintained a calm expression.

"I told you to stop right there. Didn't you hear me?!" Mrs. Walton's tone was sharp.

Nothing Matters, except YOU & Me Chapter 295

"Mrs. Walton, you did yell for somebody to stop, but you did not mention anybody's name. Besides, it didn't sound like how an elder would behave toward the younger generation. Well, excuse me, I wasn't aware that you were asking me to hold up, Mrs. Walton," Myra retorted calmly without backing down.

Shelly was rendered speechless by Maya's response and her chest started to heave in anger.

"Well, don't you have a smart mouth? However, I heard that your mother passed away early in life, so I suppose this is expected since she couldn't educate you well. In any case, as this is a banquet by the Hart Family, you should take note of your behavior, Miss Stark. Please know your place because things will turn ugly if you were to stir up trouble."

Myra hated it whenever others mentioned her mother in such a condescending tone. Hence, her expression darkened immediately. She had been in a foul mood from the beginning and her mind was now in a mess, so she answered harshly, "My mother passed away when I was young, but you are still alive, Mrs. Walton. Therefore, you should keep an eye on your own daughter. Even if I were to cause trouble, what does it have anything to do with you, Mrs. Walton?"

"How dare you!" Shelly held a significantly superior position among the wealthy ladies. Hence, she was used to others surrendering to her; nobody ever had the guts to openly challenge her, forget about a young woman in her twenties. Her expression twisted in anger. "Miss Stark, I am merely reminding you out of the kindness of my heart. Is this how you speak with me in return? The Walton Family is connected with the Hart Family. Miss Stark, you should not embarrass yourself!"

Myra lost the last shred of patience she had to talk with Shelly, so she answered indifferently, "Whatever." Then, she walked past Shelly to leave the place.

Shelly's expression fell and she viciously grabbed onto Myra's arm. "You better stand right there! I am not done speaking with you!"

"I don't think we have anything else to chat about, Mrs. Walton." Myra scowled at the spot where Shelly had grabbed her.

Myra had already sensed Shelly's animosity from the start. I am generous enough toward the Waltons by not digging up what Gemma did to me in the past. However, it is obvious that Mrs. Walton isn't here to speak nicely with me.

"Miss Stark, I know that you are a woman from an average family, so it is your utmost honor to have associated yourself with the Hart Family. Under these conditions, you will not let go of Tony, but you should think hard and long about it!" Shelly did not release Myra's arm; instead, she increased the force of her grip as she glared at Myra sharply. "You have to think hard and long about it! How could you possibly nail a man like Tony? Forget about the vast differences between your families; I bet you have no idea what a good family can bring to the table for the Hart Family! Tony might find you refreshing now, but what happens after the novelty wears off? There are numerous abandoned women among the wealthy families. Miss Stark, are you prepared to join the crowd of abandoned women?! Well, if you know what's best for you, Miss Stark, I can agree to one of our terms. Be it money or career—take your pick. Your younger sister is with my son now, so I will support the Stark Family with all that I have." Shelly sounded full of herself.

Myra was at a loss for words when she heard that. First Gemma, and now Mrs. Walton. I finally understand where Gemma's personality comes from. Hence, she gazed mockingly at the wealthy lady in front of her. "Mrs. Walton, do you have anything else to say?"

Shelly was stunned into silence and she frowned slightly. "Miss Stark, what do you mean by that?"

"Mrs. Walton, if that is all, please release my hand. I am not related to you, Mrs. Walton, and we can't even call ourselves friends. I suggest you spend your kindness on others." Myra coldly stared.

"Myra, I am advising you out of the goodness of my heart, but you do not appreciate it. I am more well-versed with issues within this social circle than you are. You will have nowhere else to vent your despair when the time comes!" Shelly's tone took a sharp turn and her already shrill voice sounded awful, causing Myra to scowl in response.

"I'll look into it when the time comes." Myra brushed Shelly off while trying her best to pry away Shelly's fingers off her hand.

A nearby Gideon led Kris toward them. He had an unreadable facial expression whereas she noticed that Shelly seemed to be in an argument with Myra. Hence, she spoke to him, "Gideon, it seems like Myra is bullying Mrs. Walton."

He mumbled in acknowledgement and something flashed through his eyes when he caught Myra's eyes. After that, the two made their way there, but it happened that a woman holding a flute of champagne was walking toward the rest area too. She most probably wanted to take a short break along the way.

Kris maintained a blank expression when she suddenly stepped on the hem of the woman's skirt. There was a tearing sound and the woman screamed in shock before she fell forward.

The woman coincidentally fell in Shelly's direction.

Shelly shrieked loudly after the woman had spilled champagne on her. The next thing she knew, an unknown person knocked against her and she felt her body sway unsteadily.

Shelly was wearing a cheongsam with a high slit on her thigh today. Hence, she would be embarrassed if she were to fall down and suffer from a wardrobe malfunction. As she started to panic, she saw Myra, who was about to leave. A blaze of anger flashed through her eyes and she immediately held onto Myra's arm.

Myra already had her back facing Shelly, so she wasn't aware of what was happening. She merely heard a surprised shriek followed by a scream. Initially, she wanted to turn to have a look, but before she could do that, she felt a huge force dragging her body downward.

There was a huge crash and the beverages on the table spilled on the floor, which led to a chaotic disaster.

After Myra was yanked to the ground, she felt an excruciating shooting pain radiating from her stomach. It was so painful that the color drained from her face. She couldn't make a sound while she clutched her hands over her stomach.

At the sudden ruckus, those who were chatting nearby turned to look at them. They would have noticed who had fallen onto the ground because there were shouts of surprise all of a sudden.

Shawn, who wasn't too far away, was the first to notice this incident. He frowned when he realized that Myra had fallen down, so he beckoned Tony hastily. Tony was initially chatting

happily with someone at that time. However, when he turned to look in the direction that Shawn pointed at, he apologized and hastily excused himself. Then, he ran toward Myra,

Tony's expression darkened along the way as he approached closer toward her. If it is just a usual fall, Myra wouldn't be struggling to stand up. She is covering her belly now and her face is pale...

His expression slightly changed and he carried Myra in his arms. "What is it? Where have you hurt yourself?" he asked urgently.

Before Myra could answer him, Shelly, who was just by the side, started to howl loudly. "It hurts! Tony, quickly help me up too."

Since Shelly had her back facing Gideon, she didn't notice that he was approaching her. In fact, she was upset because Myra had Tony's full attention. The man did not even notice Shelly's existence.

Tony didn't even glance at her; instead, he glared at the other woman who had fallen onto the ground.

The woman from earlier felt the skin behind her neck stand as he was glaring at her frostily. Hence, she tried her best to explain in a stutter, "I-I am s-so sorry... I am not sure who stepped on the hem of my skirt earlier, which caused me to knock into Mrs. Walton. Then, she held onto Miss Stark..."

"Mom, are you alright?" Gideon finally broke the silence whereas Kris crouched down in concern to slowly help Shelly to her feet.