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“Will the fall of Stark Group bring any loss to Myra?” Tony arched his brow while questioning Cameron.

“Of course! Have you already forgotten that she has twenty-five percent of the shares of the company? If the company goes bankrupt, she won’t be able to get anything.”

Cameron gritted his teeth. In fact, it wasn’t just twenty-five percent. He was aware that there was someone else who had been buying off the company’s stocks that were on the market. Other than Tony, Cameron couldn’t imagine anybody else doing that.

However, he could only feign ignorance. “Of course, I wouldn’t make you help us for free. If Stark Group manages to fare through this, I’m willing to offer you Green Palms Project’s full profit. How does that sound?”

“Green Palms Project’s full profit...” There was a hint of ridicule in Tony’s voice while he sandwiched his phone between his shoulder and his cheek. He took out a cigarette, only to quickly throw the cigarette into the bin beside him as soon as he glanced at the belly of the woman who was sitting beside him.

After that, he picked up his phone again to continue the conversation casually. “President Stark, you must be joking. How could there be any more profit to the project after everything that happened? It would be a miracle to not suffer a loss.”

Upon hearing what Tony said, Cameron’s countenance shifted drastically as he gripped onto his phone tightly. “Won’t you be able to create miracles if you are the one who strikes? Green Palms Project isn’t that big of a project anyway. You might be able to earn more through the project compared to when Stark Group is managing it.”

Cameron absolutely believed that given its power and influence, Hart Group would be able to sell off the entire project within mere minutes, which would guarantee full profit. On the contrary, Stark Group wouldn’t be able to do much else with the project. Moreover, they might suffer a loss because of that.

It was all because of what Kris did last night, which turned out to be a liability for him. That was why he had to come to Tony in the first place. Since Stark Group wouldn't be able to earn much anyway, he figured he should offer everything up to Tony so that he wouldn't turn down the offer because of the potential loss that he might suffer.

"I never liked putting in the effort just so I could pick up other people's pieces." Tony put on a half smirk as he spoke. "However, I'll consider helping you out if I think there's something to gain out of it." He seemed to be indicating something.

Upon hearing that, Myra lifted her head to check on him. She didn't miss out on what he meant, so she reached out to hold his hand that was still covered in a splint before smiling at him appreciatively.

Arching his brow, Tony whispered into her ear abruptly, "You need to come up with another method if you want to thank me."

Although he's still on the phone with Cameron, he's acting so cheekily! Of course Myra knew what he meant, so she blushed profusely while glaring at him. After that, she walked away from him toward the sofa. Perhaps because she was pregnant, her legs felt tired after standing for some time.

Letting go of Myra, he watched her retreating figure with a smile on his face. Yet, he was merciless while talking to Cameron. "It'll depend on if you're willing to prove your sincerity."

Cameron's face fell as soon as he heard that, for he knew full well what Tony was after. He was aiming for none other than even more of Stark Group's shares. Roughly estimating, Myra now possessed over thirty percent of Stark Group's shares. If he were to hand over more, the company would have to elect a new board of directors, which would even lead to someone else becoming the chairman of the board.

Throughout his life, Cameron valued power more than his own life, so he would never allow something like that to happen. Yet, Tony wouldn't help Stark Group if he didn't defer to him, spelling doom for the company.

A sense of irritability crept throughout him as he pulled his lips into a thin line and clenched his fists. Tony Hart, you b*stard! He sure knows how to target my weak spot! As my daughter, how dare Myra repay me like this after I spent all those years raising her?

Cameron was sweating profusely, tormented to make a decision. Seemingly aware of his situation, Tony waited patiently for his decision without rushing him. Begrudgingly, Cameron offered, "How about I give you another five percent of our shares?" An added five percent meant Cameron would still have more shares than Myra, so he was still in control of the board.

Narrowing his eyes, Tony said, "Ten percent."

Cameron's countenance shifted when he heard that. "Mr. Hart, you should be aware how much ten percent of my company's shares are worth. It's way more than the profit you would be able to earn through Green Palms Project! Mr. Hart, you're being a bit too greedy."

"I suppose I should remind you that it is only in the case your company isn't bankrupt that I'll be able to earn more than the project's profit through holding onto ten percent of your shares," Tony refuted calmly.

Hearing that, Cameron's eyes were set ablaze. Ten percent of the company's shares... He was well aware of Tony's intentions. If Myra were to take over the company prior to that, he wouldn't even be half as nervous about it. After all, a girl in her late teens wouldn't be able to handle the company that he had managed for so many years. Therefore, he could easily chase her out of the company.

However, things were different as it were. Myra had enlisted the help of Tony Hart, the man who could subvert everything. While Cameron might still have some confidence in the beginning, it was mostly diminished after his recent business venture. His chest was heaving due to anger as he spoke, and he had cut all pleasantries. "If this is what you wish for..."

Suddenly, his phone began ringing. With a frown, he checked on the screen to see that someone was calling him. As soon as he saw the caller ID, his eyes lit up. Narrowing his eyes, he said to Tony, "I'm sorry, but I have another call to answer. Let us talk about this at another time."

With that, he hung up, while Tony narrowed his eyes upon hearing that. When Myra noticed the dangerous glint in his eyes, she asked while sitting on the sofa, "What's the matter?"

Tony arched a brow at her. "Cameron might have found help."

“Help? Who?” Myra frowned slightly. Who would want to help him at such a time? Haven’t the Waltons decided to stay out of this? Who could he possibly have gotten help from? At that moment, a thought crossed her mind, which caused her to frown even deeper. “Could it be... Sean?”

After that, she stood up nervously to walk up to Tony. “Sean told me he has proof of you tinkering with Green Palm Project. If he handed the proof to Cameron, Cameron would never let things slide.”

She knew Tony had tinkered with the project, but she believed he would not force Stark Group into bankruptcy. While Cameron might come out of it tattered, she knew Tony wouldn’t let things spiral out of control. But if Sean and Cameron decide to work together at this point in time...

Noticing her worry, Tony gave her a faint smile before looping an arm around her waist to lead her out of the office. “Why would I have left all evidence intact when Sean mentioned he has proof?”

“But how could you have possibly removed all evidence?” Myra was getting worried, as Tony only got involved in the mess because of her. If he was implicated and sued for committing commercial crimes... The thought of it caused her to tighten her grip on his hand.

“You don’t have to worry about me.” He gave her a pat on the back when they entered the elevator. “Don’t meddle in this. I have my own plans.”

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Although Myra still had something to say, Tony lowered his head to plant a kiss on her soft, pink lips. “I’ll be alright; I’m just trying to reassure you. After all, you’re now...” He rested his hand on her belly while smiling languidly. “All you have to do is take care of the baby you’re carrying. Just leave the rest up to me.”

Upon noticing his confidence, Myra was feeling more relieved. Nonetheless, she turned to look at him. “No matter what happens, you’re not to hide anything from me or let me worry, okay?”

“Okay.” Tony wrapped his left hand around her right hand, his eyes tender and jovial.

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Meanwhile, Cameron picked up Sean’s call immediately after hanging up Tony’s call. “Sean...” He addressed Sean over the phone cordially as soon as he picked up. “Is something the matter that you’re calling me now?”

Ever since being turned down by Myra, Sean had been feeling gloomy. When he heard Cameron’s voice, he frowned in displeasure, but gave a casual reply nonetheless. “Mr. Stark, let’s meet right now.”

“Is something the matter?” Upon noticing the hint of eagerness in Sean’s tone, Cameron narrowed his eyes. “You know that Stark Group is currently facing a crisis, right? Because of that, I’ve been quite busy, so I might not be able to make time...”

Cameron trailed off by that point in order to gauge Sean’s reaction, to which Sean replied aloofly, “Is that so? You might want to meet up with me since it has to do with Green Palms Project. Let’s meet at Wilson Golf Club in an hour.” With that, Sean hung up.

Despite Myra’s attitude toward Sean, he remembered just how much she hated her father. Even though Cameron seemed to side with his decision to want to get back together with Myra, he knew Cameron’s support meant nothing. Considering Cameron’s relationship with Myra, she would only reject him even more if he banded with Cameron.

At that moment, his phone rang with a call from Eve. When he noticed the call, his mood soured once again, thus turned down the call without hesitation. Subsequently, he took his jacket and car keys before leaving.

The door to the lounge in his office was opened from within after his departure. Standing at the entrance, Lyla bit on her lip while listening to his fading footsteps. She was clutching onto a USB drive in her hand. Securing her grasp on it, she turned to enter the lounge once again.

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After Sean cut the call with Cameron, the latter wore a sullen look on his face. However, he did recall that Sean mentioned something about Green Palms Project. What does he mean by saying that? Does he want to discuss something about the project with me? More than

ever, Stark Group needs capital. The rest are inconsequential compared to that. Is he really going to invest in Stark Group for Myra's sake?

No matter the case, Cameron figured the worst case scenario would be handing ten percent of the company's shares to Tony. Furrowing his brows, he turned to leave Hart Group to enter his car before driving off to Wilson Golf Club.

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The clubhouse was more crowded during the day compared to the night. Although the interior of the clubhouse was spacious and equipped with a separate entertainment area, it couldn't compare to its outdoor land resources.

When Cameron arrived at the clubhouse, Sean had already arrived. Sitting in a corner, there was a glass of red wine in front of Sean. Cameron wasn't sure what he had on his mind, as he was wearing a glum look on his face. When Cameron approached him, Sean merely lifted his gaze before greeting him aloofly, "You're here."

"What is it that you want to tell me?" Although Cameron deliberately displayed a certain degree of anxiety, he made sure to not portray himself as panicking. "Is it about Green Palms Project? Are you willing to help Stark Group?"

"Let's leave the topic regarding the project's financial deficit for another time." Sean held a calm gaze as he glanced at Cameron. "I asked to meet you tonight to speak about something else."

Upon hearing that, Cameron frowned. At that moment, he was eager to solve the financial crisis of the project, so his countenance shifted ever so slightly when he was told that it wasn't the purpose of the meeting. "Sean, I don't suppose you requested to meet me at this time just so you could talk to me about Myra?"

There was a grim look in Cameron's eyes. Upon closer inspection, one could detect a hint of dismay, which Sean noticed despite how faint it was. He then narrowed his eyes while wearing a half smirk. "What else do you think I would want to talk to you about, Mr. Stark?"

Cameron froze for a moment before standing up from his seat. "I'll be taking my leave since I don't think we're on the same page."

"You don't have to be so impulsive, Mr. Stark. Compared to the money, you might be more interested in what I'll be showing you." Sean maintained a smug attitude, as if he was certain that Cameron wouldn't leave just like that.

"What do you mean?" With a frown, Cameron stopped in his tracks.

Sean tossed a USB drive at him, which slid across the table with a scratching noise. His action was humiliating and provocative, which caused Cameron's countenance to undergo multiple shifts. "What's the meaning of this, Mr. Chase?"

"In it is everything that you wish to know. Of course, if you utilize it correctly, not only will you be able to avert the financial crisis of the project, but you might be able to seek revenge against someone in order to gain a huge amount of compensation." A smile tugged at the corner of Sean's lips.

Cameron's countenance shifted a tad as he seemed to have gleaned something important from what Sean said. Narrowing his eyes, he turned to pick up the USB drive that Sean tossed on the table. While staring at it, his mind was racing.

According to what Sean said, the enormous secret the drive contained could not only solve the crisis that the project was facing, but could also help him seek revenge. Seek revenge? What revenge? Hold on, could it be that... Green Palms Project's crisis wasn't caused by a financial deficit within Stark Group? Then, the construction unit... And the people we outsourced...

His expression shifted countless times within a split second as he gripped onto the drive. Smiling at Sean, he said, "In the end, you're the one who helped me. I owe you one, Sean. I'll return the favor some other time."

With a solemn look, Sean replied, "Let's consider us even. I gave you the drive as I have my own agenda."

"Alright." Cameron didn't hesitate to agree to it. After all, it would be great if he could solve the crisis without owing anybody anything. "I'll cut the pleasantries. This is urgent, so I need to go back to my company immediately."

Upon hearing that, Sean gave him a faint nod, after which Cameron left the place with the drive in his hand. After Cameron's figure disappeared into the distance, a waiter approached Sean with a laptop, on which a video clip was paused on screen. The image that it was

paused on depicted a couple snuggling close together, while one person was teaching the other person golf.

“Mr. Chase, here is the clip you requested for.” The waiter was cautious. On the contrary, Sean was seated in a relatively secluded spot, so he wasn’t worried that other people would notice what was playing on the laptop. Right away, he hit the play button. The laptop contained not just one but multiple clips of Tony and Myra.

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Some of the clips depicted Tony teaching Myra to play golf, the two of them sharing an intimate moment as they interacted. Other clips included a conversation between Tony and the old man from Bridgers Corporation, during which Tony expressed the fact that Myra had a unique place in his heart.

Other than that, there were also clips that showed Tony turning Belle down in order to show his determination to get Myra. There was also a conversation between Myra and Belle after the latter caught on to Tony’s abnormal behavior toward Myra. When Belle tried to intimidate Myra, she denied having been associated with Tony at all.

Indeed. Back then, Myra still had nothing to do with Tony, as she was still Sean’s wife. Therefore, she was still turning down Tony’s advances. What have I done to her back then? I blamed her for stealing trade secrets from Chase Group’s Hilliville project, and then hurt her because of Lyla. In the end, I even sent her to a detention center in order to sell off the Hilliville project. In effect, I was the one who gradually crushed her love. Now, all that’s left behind is her indignation for me.

“Mr. Chase...” The waiter called out to him upon noticing his awkward expression.

Sean waved his hand at the waiter. “Please leave. I would like some time alone.”

The waiter nodded before leaving. After that, Sean went through Myra and Belle’s conversation again with a bitter smile on his face. I wonder if I really still have a chance.

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After Rachel left Kris' ward, she headed to Stark Residence once again. Cameron wasn't there, so the housekeeper let her in behind his back, albeit feeling uneasy about it. "Mrs. Stark, you'd better be quick when you pack up your remaining stuff. Mr. Stark will be back soon. If he finds out I let you in behind his back, I won't be able to keep my job."

Rachel wore a nonchalant look as she replied, "Don't worry. I won't make you lose your job. Throughout the years, I knew you were having a hard time, so I took extra care of you, didn't I?"

The housekeeper forced a smile. "I will forever remember how you helped me. But now..." When she noticed Rachel went into Cameron's study, the housekeeper was feeling even more uneasy. "Mrs. Stark, do you have something in Mr. Stark's study?"

Apparently, she was afraid that Rachel returned to steal something when Cameron wasn't there. She used to rely on Rachel, but now that Rachel could hardly take care of herself, she was determined to not lose her job in Stark Residence.

"Don't worry. Just follow behind me. I'm only going to walk around for a bit. I won't be taking anything." At that moment, Rachel put on a look of grief. "After all, I don't know if I'll be able to lay eyes on the house again in the future."

The housekeeper was moved by her expression. Throughout the years, Rachel had been nothing but nice to her. After what happened, the housekeeper knew Rachel was being implicated by her b*stard of a daughter. Otherwise, she would still be the matriarch of the house. Heaving a sigh, the housekeeper relented. "Mrs. Stark, please make it quick."

With a nod, Rachel went to Cameron's desk. There was a photo frame on his table; it used to have a photo of himself. Later, she replaced it with their family photo—without Myra of course. The photo was taken when Kris was young. Back then, Jenny was still Cameron's legal spouse, so they could only sneak around whenever they wanted to meet.

After Jenny was chased away and Rachel took over her position as the matriarch, she framed that photo just so she could mock Jenny using the fact that Cameron and her had been together since way back.

Rachel spent a long time staring at the photo. When the housekeeper was also starting to glance at the photo frame in confusion, Rachel suddenly smashed it onto the floor. Crash! Although the noise frightened the housekeeper, Rachel picked the frame back up calmly.

The glass on it was shattered, so Rachel was able to retrieve the photo easily. When she did so, she managed to catch a glimpse of what was inside. At some point, Cameron had added another photo into the frame. When Rachel saw the photo, her heart spasmed, and her finger accidentally pressed itself against the edge of the glass. It cut her finger and drew blood.

“Mrs. Stark, your finger...” The housekeeper let out a cry, but Rachel stared at the photo as if she was numb to the pain. Soon enough, the housekeeper also saw the photo, which elicited from her another cry of surprise. Pointing at it, she stuttered while looking at Rachel. “Mrs. Stark, t-this is...” The turn of events was so shocking that she didn’t even know what to say.

Rachel, at this moment, felt like someone stabbed her heart. She could almost hear Jenny mocking her. Clenching her fists, she retrieved the second photo as well. Then, she said to the housekeeper, “Clean this place up. I’m leaving now.” After a brief pause, she added, “Thank you.”

The housekeeper was still afraid of what might happen. Because Rachel didn’t take the first photo away, she could just slip it back into another similar frame. But if Mr. Stark found out...

“Don’t worry. I bet it has been a while since he last checked on the photo. He’ll only be suspicious of me since I just left the house.” With that, she didn’t want to waste her breath with the housekeeper anymore, so she left the house with the photo.

She came by car just now. After getting into the car, she took out the photo again. It was apparent that the photo depicted a mother and daughter that resembled Jenny and Myra a lot. However, they only bore semblance to them. It was evident that the two females in the photo weren’t Jenny and Myra.

While clutching onto the photo, she snapped a photo of the photo using her phone before calling another number. When the recipient picked up, she ordered calmly, “I’ll be sending you a photo. Start an investigation on the two people in the photo.” After she hung up, a fierce look fled across her gaze.

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Meanwhile, Cameron returned to Stark Group in possession of the USB drive. He closed the door of his office as soon as he entered it, and then settled down in the lounge. He plugged the drive into the TV before pressing on the remote to open the only video clip in it.

Assuming that Sean had a secret to tell him, he was eager to check on the clip. Yet, his countenance shifted as soon as he saw the two figures in the clip. One of the figures belonged to an older person, whereas the other one was younger. "T-This is..." Immediately, he retrieved the remote to fast-forward the clip.

The clip spanned for half an hour, which recorded the whereabouts of the two people. They went grocery shopping together, ate ice cream together, and went to the mall. The older person also sent the younger person to school.

It wasn't a continuous clip, so it was evident that whoever recorded it had been monitoring the two people for some time. Cameron shot up from the sofa with a glum look. Then, he began pacing around in his lounge before fishing for his phone to give Sean a call. However, Sean didn't pick up.

Just when he was feeling extremely irritated and wanted nothing but to question Sean about how he gained knowledge of everything, or rather, about the intention behind giving him the clip, someone opened the door of the lounge heavily. The door swung open before banging into the wall behind it, making a loud thud.

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Rachel marched in from outside, and the door slammed against the doorframe as she shut it behind her. Cameron's face darkened as he gave her a cold glare. "Rachel... What's going on? I don't recall you making an appointment with me."

"Hah!" She gave him a sarcastic laugh as she headed directly toward the lounge in his office. It only took her one look to notice the video that had been playing on the TV. A rather dejected expression flickered across her face when she saw the figures on the screen, but she hastily curled her lips into a smirk. "We haven't gotten a divorce, President Stark. I'm still your wife, so do I need to make an appointment just to see you?!"

His face only turned darker when he saw her looking at the TV screen. "Well, you're looking at me now. What do you want?" In the past two days, they had both gotten rid of their facades and exposed their ugliest sides to each other. From then on, Cameron no longer saw the need to put on a show in front of Rachel, and Rachel no longer bothered to act gentle and feminine in front of him. She was too old for that, but the woman she saw in the

videos and photos looked like she was in her thirties. Women are usually the prettiest at that age. I was just like her when I was in my thirties!

Rachel could feel her heart accelerating with fury whenever she saw the young girl standing beside that woman. All along, Rachel had been living under the misconception that she had managed to satisfy all of Cameron's needs. She thought he was loyal to her, but she hadn't realized that she had just gone down the same path that Jenny did. On the surface, the couple appeared as though they were a respectful, well-matched pair, but all of that was merely an illusion that she made up on her own.

The truth was that Cameron had already found himself a new woman outside; he had already been with that woman even when Jenny was still around. Furthermore, that woman's face looked nearly identical to Jenny's... Even an idiot can tell what Cameron's thinking about! The person he loves is Jenny. However, he was too afraid to be with Jenny, so he decided to find another girl who looked just like her so that he would be able to fulfill his desires...

"Hahaha..." Rachel abruptly broke into laughter then. I've been with this man for my whole life. I can't believe it took me so long to realize how stupid I've been! "I bet you've been planning our divorce for a while now, huh? You're going to marry that woman after that, right? You don't need to worry..." She shifted her gaze to the TV. The video had finished playing, but the image on the screen had stopped on the final scene, which was just an image of the woman and her daughter. The mother and daughter had their heads resting against each other's, and they both had faint smiles on their faces. They look so happy. They are going to be really happy soon, but what about me?! My daughter isn't close to me, and my husband is cheating on me!

"I'm not here to chit-chat, Cameron. I just want you to know that I have proof of your infidelity. But of course, I'd rather we end things in a civilized manner," she uttered emotionlessly. "I don't want any of the Stark Group shares anymore; I just want 50 million. Give me the money, and I'll make sure that Kris and I will never appear in front of you again." Rachel knew that the Stark Group was in a tricky situation, and she didn't want any of their shares as she wasn't certain if the company would be able to survive. Her shares would be meaningless if the business fell apart, and she knew that it would only create more trouble for her. She might not even get anything by the time Cameron actually handled the shares she held.

Moreover, Rachel knew that he had a secret stash of money, and she now knew what he wanted to use that money for! Therefore, she decided that she would take that money and

leave him once and for all! She had sacrificed all of her youth for him after all, so she thought she deserved that amount of money as compensation!

“You must be out of your mind!” Cameron widened his eyes as blood rushed to his face. “50 million? Don’t you think I would have already thrown that money into the Green Palms Project if I actually had 50 million? You’re too money-minded! We can get a divorce, but the most I can give you is a piece of property. Nothing else!”

“A piece of property?” Rachel sneered. “Do you think I’m a beggar? I’ve wasted more than 20 years of my life with you. Do you think you can get rid of me by just giving me a house? You may have been a powerful and influential man, Cameron, but you’re nothing more than a has-been now! What do you think will happen to the Stark Group if I decide to publicize our divorce and expose your infidelity in court?! What do you think the court’s ruling will be?”

“Rachel!” Cameron’s face had turned into a sickly pale shade. I already have enough to worry about after seeing the footage in the USB that Sean gave me. I don’t even know what Sean’s intentions are yet, but I can’t believe Rachel—this greedy witch—is giving me more trouble on top of that by asking me for such a huge sum now! “You’ve eaten my food, spent my money, and treated yourself with all these branded items for the past years. You sleep in a mansion, and you drive a luxurious car! But what have you ever done for this household?! You should know where you stand! You’re not going to get everything you want in life just because you’re married to me!” He felt a burning rage in his chest as he yelled those words out loud.

“You’re right. I’ve never managed to get everything that I wanted. I always just thought that you were too desperate to be in power, but the truth is that you’ve never thought of giving Stark Group’s shares to us, right?! You hid a woman outside all along, and you were planning to leave all your belongings to her after you die! Am I right?” Rachel tugged her lips into a sly smirk. “It’s a shame that a liar will always stay a liar! Jenny is long dead, and Myra will never acknowledge you as her father! You can continue to lie to yourself for the rest of your life, but the truth is that you’re nothing but a failure! You were afraid to give Jenny any power, so you came up with a plot to force her into a dead-end! Then, you found a woman who looked like her. But how could a look-alike share the same aura as Jenny? All you’ve gotten yourself was a shell that’s hollow on the inside! You’ll never win the heart of the one person you long for, and it’s all your own fault!” After releasing all her agony, what followed her sense of liberation was a mellow sadness.

“That’s enough!” Cameron’s face was twisted into a frown. “I’m warning you right now, Rachel—don’t push your luck. You know how ugly things can get if you continue to test my patience!”

"Oh yeah? What's going to happen?" Rachel continued to smirk as she no longer cared about anything by now. "Are you just going to kick me out of the Stark Family without giving me anything? Ooh, I'm so scared... Are you going to lock me up in jail? Don't you forget about the 'mental illness' Jenny had in the past. I only got involved in that because of your orders!"

Cameron's expression changed into one of shock. "Rachel! I don't know what nonsense you're talking about. Nothing happened back then. You are the one who sounds like you're losing your mind right now!"

"What's this? Are you trying to label me as some crazy person as you did with Jenny? Are you going to throw me into an asylum and lock me in there forever?!" The muscle on Rachel's face twitched as she seemed to recall something. "I'm not Jenny. I have a plan set up for myself. You're going to spend the rest of your life in prison if you dare lay a finger on me!"

"What do you mean?!" He shot her a stern glare.

"Does the drug Thioridazine ring a bell?" She wore a cunning smile as she spoke.

An alarmed look flashed across his face the moment he heard what she said. "What are you trying to tell me?"

"Do you think an antipsychotic drug as powerful as Thioridazine should be administered so carelessly?" Rachel didn't explicitly expose him for anything, but she knew that he understood what she meant when she saw the look on his face.

"Get out!" He pointed a shaky finger at the door of the lounge.

"Cameron..." Her voice turned gentle and warm all of a sudden as she turned to look at him. The act she put on right then only reminded Cameron of how great she was at acting. It even reminded him of the time she tried to harm Jenny...

Rachel curled her lips into a faint smirk when she saw how dazed he looked, but she quickly returned to her gentle tone. "How did we get to this point, Cameron? We could just go our own separate ways if you gave me the money I asked for. You won't have to worry about your deeds being exposed..."

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“You can continue living the life you wish for. You can get married to that woman and move in with your beloved daughter. You all will be a warm and loving family...” Rachel used to work as a host, so she had her way with words. Her speech was constructed in a manner that targeted Cameron’s emotions. Indeed, he felt tempted for a moment, but any hint of weakness or struggle had left his gaze once he blinked and opened his eyes again.

Instead, he narrowed his eyes and gave her a threatening glare. “It’d be bad for someone to eat an excessive amount of antipsychotics, but what has that got to do with me? Rachel, you should know that there’s no way out of your wrongs once you’ve committed an unforgivable sin. How are you going to benefit from sending me to jail?” His words had a hidden meaning to them, and he couldn’t stop himself from cackling after he was done with his sentence. Without taking another glance at Rachel, he simply walked out of the lounge. Did she think she’s the only one who can hold something over me? She did plenty of things to Jenny too, didn’t she? I simply didn’t bother to intervene back then. She had always been vigilant with me, so did she think I was any less careful when I was with her?!

While he was walking away, other thoughts flashed across his mind. Jenny did the same thing in the past. Even Jenny, who was once willing to sacrifice everything for me, had ended up contacting a few of the company’s major shareholders just to get some of Stark Group’s shares. How could Rachel possibly love me more than Jenny did? I naturally had to come up with a plan from the start just to avoid any undesired outcomes!

Rachel’s face darkened as she charged forward in an attempt to block Cameron from leaving. However, since they had revealed their true colors with one another, he no longer bothered to act gentlemanly in front of her, for he simply shoved her away. She gasped in pain when her arm struck against the corner of a cabinet. Her jaw was so tightly clenched as she watched Cameron leaving that she felt like her teeth were about to shatter in her mouth!

“I’m going to make you regret everything you’ve done to me, Cameron!” Her hands were balled into fists, and her nails dug deep into the skin of her palms.

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On the other hand, Myra and Tony were greeted by Sebastian's wide grin the moment they returned to the Hart Residence. Sebastian had been in a good mood then, and he excitedly brought Myra a bowl of pumpkin soup once he saw her. "You're finally back, Myra! Come here; I got the housekeeper to prepare some pumpkin soup for you. This soup's really great for your skin and your overall health!"

Myra was used to Sebastian's acts, and she took the bowl from him before she gulped it down. Often, she wondered if the baby in her belly had taken pity on her. The baby was a strong survivor, yet it didn't seem to give her any trouble throughout her pregnancy. She even felt rather frustrated when she saw how the other pregnant ladies seemed to suffer from a bunch of side effects.

After dinner, Tony wrapped an arm around Myra's waist as they went out for a stroll in the garden. Sebastian and Lisa stayed indoors, and Sebastian sighed as he watched the couple taking a walk outside. "I've never expected this day to come for Tony. I used to be so worried that he would neglect his love life because of his career, and I was afraid he would just pick a random woman off the streets to get married to her. I feel relieved now that I see how in love they are."

"I know my grandson well. All along, I knew that he hadn't dated anyone not because he wasn't interested in women, but simply because he hadn't found the one that he loved." Lisa gave him an eye-roll.

"I guess so. I was just the same as him, wasn't I? I had been putting relationships off until I met you, Lisa. I would have ended up as a single old man otherwise!" He chuckled. Lisa's lips curled into a faint smile when she saw the sweet look on his face.

...

While they walked around in the garden, Myra rested a palm on her belly. She was full after having eaten such a huge meal earlier. When Tony saw what she did, he reached a hand out and mimicked her actions by placing his hand on her belly. He then gently massaged her stomach. The rough calluses on his palms made her itch a little as he stroked the surface of her belly.

For a moment, Myra attempted to suck her belly in a little. However, she couldn't hold it in for long, and she eventually gave up and allowed her belly to relax. Tony broke into laughter immediately. His footsteps came to a halt when he saw her blushing shyly, and he then lowered himself to place his lips against the surface of her belly. From there, he looked

upward to gaze into Myra's large, dark pupils. "Why do you still get shy with me even though we've been together for so long now?"

Two clouds of red had formed around Myra's cheeks as she watched Tony lowering himself to her belly. Right then, she looked into his eyes with a mixture of bashfulness, fondness, and a hint of flirtatiousness that she herself wasn't aware of. "My face is only red because we walked so much just now!"

In response, he let out a deep chuckle. "But I'd also like it if you would continue to be shy in front of me..." His voice had turned unusually hoarse as he leaned his body closer to hers before reaching over to her ear. Then, he gently nibbled on her earlobe.

"Don't do that, Tony..." Her eyes were glistening under the moonlight, and the sight of it only made his expression darken more than before. "I truly feel like I'm being tortured by that little one in your belly nowadays." He nibbled her ear again before he feigned a stern demeanor. "Promise me that three months from now, you'll come here with me, and we'll engage in some activities that are good for the mind and the soul, okay?"

Activities that are good for the mind and the soul... Myra's face grew even redder once she heard his shameless words. "Tony! This is the Hart Residence! If your grandfather catches us—"

"They would never come to the garden in the middle of the night." Mischievous sparks danced in the man's eyes, and the night sky around them seemed to enhance the charm in his gaze.

"Okay." Myra felt like her brain had shut down for a moment when she agreed to him. By the time she returned to her senses, it was too late, for Tony had already wrapped her into his arms. "I feel like all the barriers you've once put up are now disappearing when you're with me. Should I be happy about this?" He chuckled.

"Tony! You seduced me with your looks!" She was furious. This man has been using his good looks to charm me into obedience recently, and he keeps pushing his limits nowadays! I make it easier for him because I actually feel enchanted by his looks. I can't believe I've always let him win me over! "You men are all creatures that think with the bottom half of your bodies! Men are always fooling around when there isn't anyone else around him and a girl!" She was speechless over what had just happened.

When he heard that, he let out another soft chuckle. "I only fool around when I'm with you," he uttered with a hint of joy in his voice. The two of them continued to bicker playfully as they made their way back into the villa.

Right then, Sebastian walked over with Myra's phone in his hand. "Myra, there was an unknown number who gave you a call earlier." She frowned when she heard that it was a number she hadn't saved. It must be Sean calling me again. "You don't have to pick up such calls in the future, Old Master Hart," she uttered.

Sebastian was surprised to hear this. "Why? There was a young girl on the other end of the phone earlier, and she sounded like she was only 12 or 13 years old. She said she wanted to speak to you, and she said she'd call you back after I told her that you went for a walk. I'm worried that something might have happened since she sounded like she was tearing up earlier."

Myra was stunned to hear this. The voice of a young child? I don't think I know anyone who's 12 or 13... Why would a child ask for me? Right as she took the phone from Sebastian, it began to ring again, and Sebastian hastily glanced at the caller ID. "This is the number. This is the young girl who called you earlier."