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Myra asked three questions in succession. "Didn't Elliot say that something might happen tonight? Weren't you guys going to expose the Walton Family's crimes? Won't they become angry and attack the few of you?"

Tony narrowed his eyes at once, and his gaze darkened somewhat. Well done, Elliot; I just asked him to bring Myra a message, but I didn't expect him to shoot his mouth off, he thought to himself. After letting out a sigh, he took her back into his arms. "I'm fine. They're still unaware of what we've done tonight, so everything is going smoothly. You don't have to be worried," he reassured her. Then, as his gaze fell on her bare feet, he knitted his brows instantly. Tony scooped Myra up in his arms at once, and he walked upstairs with his heart aching for her. "Why did you come out without wearing a pair of slippers? The weather is cool now, so you can't risk falling ill."

"That's right. She dashed out of the house as soon as she heard your car driving in; I couldn't stop her at all," Sebastian remarked in resignation in front of them.

When she heard what Sebastian said, Myra felt somewhat embarrassed; she buried her face in the chest of the man before her. "I'm just worried—"

"All right, that's enough. Now that you're back, hurry up and comfort your wife, Tony. She was on tenterhooks all night for fear that something might happen to you, and no one could soothe her," Sebastian urged before becoming the first person to walk upstairs.

Tony then carried her back into their room and sat her down on the bed. Then, he crouched down and took a towel to wipe her feet.

Meanwhile, Myra retracted her feet and said, "Don't do that. I can do it myself."

"Don't move!" Tony grabbed her foot without allowing her to retract it.

Myra watched as Tony painstakingly helped her wipe the sole of her feet clean; she could even see his long and thick eyelashes from her angle. He was always imposing in appearance, but there were times when he was so tender and affectionate. When he

finished wiping the soles of her feet clean, she immediately retracted her feet under her quilt. "Don't do this for me anymore. It feels weird."

"What are you feeling weird about? Is there a part of your body that I haven't touched?" Tony raised his brows. Then, he tossed the towel away and went to the bathroom immediately to take a shower.

It wasn't until she heard the sound of running water in the bathroom that Myra actually heaved a sigh of relief. Nothing happened to him, so it seems that I over-imagined things.

When the man came out of the bathroom, she couldn't stop herself from pestering Tony with questions about what had happened that night. "What's going on? Why would you want to inflict heavy losses on the Walton Family all of a sudden?"

"I'm not doing that all of a sudden." Tony's heart ached somewhat, but he was inwardly pleased when he saw Myra being so anxious about him. After lying down, he took the woman into his arms; the two of them enjoyed a cozy moment of their own. "I have been aware of the Walton Family's movements long ago; I had no evidence back then, so I could only let the Hartwell Group withdraw first. It was fine when they weren't in Bradford City, but now that they have arrived here, it's better to have a peace of mind by wiping them out as quickly as possible to prevent more trouble in the future. Besides, Shawn has a mission to carry out, and I just cooperated with him."

"What crimes did the Walton Family commit?" Myra asked curiously. Since she was pregnant, she couldn't lie face down on top of Tony, so she burrowed into his chest as he held her in his arms.

"They engage in smuggling and drug-trafficking." Tony's face grew grave as he spoke of this. "They went back to Springdale City to dispose of stolen goods and launder money, and they've also done it numerous times."

"Oh my God!" Myra exclaimed. She disliked the Waltons very much, but she never expected them to be so bold! She asked, "Does everyone in the Walton Family have a part in it?"

"This isn't clear for now, but the three men in the Walton Family are all involved; whether or not Mrs. Walton and Gemma are involved depends on future investigations."

Myra felt somewhat uneasy; the smuggling and drug-trafficking rings she saw on TV were wicked, merciless, and brutal in their means, and they were especially so to those who stood

in their way. As she held Tony's hand, she asked worriedly, "Nothing will happen to you, right? Will they do anything to you because they bear grudges against you? Or is what you've done really unknown to everyone? Would they have a source of information telling them that you guys know what they've done?"

Tony pinched her hand and signaled her not to worry. "Judging from our current understanding of the situation, they shouldn't be aware of it. If things develop smoothly, an arrest warrant will probably be issued tomorrow afternoon."

Myra looked up and kissed him on the chin. "In that case, don't make me worried by letting anything happen to you, okay?"

Tony couldn't help but laugh; as he held Myra in his arms, he kissed her on the lips. "Don't worry, nothing will happen to me."

Myra took a deep breath. "Okay."

The two of them then fell asleep in each other's arms since a fierce battle would be waiting for them the next day.

Myra insisted on going to the Hart Group with Tony the next morning since she was unwilling to stay in the Hart Residence and wait for news about him. Since Tony couldn't talk her out of doing so, he could only nod his assent.

Fearing that the outlaws would risk their lives and do anything terrifying, she was highly vigilant along the way—it annoyed and amused Tony at the same time.

It wasn't until they arrived safely at the Hart Group that she heaved a sigh of relief. Moreover, when she specifically turned on the radio in the car, she didn't hear any breaking news about Bradford City, so she thought the Walton Group might not hear any news yet.

As they were on their way up in the elevator, she kept standing in front of Tony intentionally or unintentionally. Not knowing whether to laugh or to frown, Tony pulled her over and took her into his arms. "Even though I'm deeply moved when my wife protects me in such a way, my wife is a woman. As a man, how can I let a woman stand in front of me?"

Myra was somewhat embarrassed by what he said, but she straightened up her neck and retorted, "I'm not protecting you; I'm just walking a little fast today."

“Slow down your pace. We don’t have to clock in and out on time.” Tony held her in his arms with a smile while exiting the elevator.

Elliot and the others had arrived, and they were doing their own stuff. When he saw that Myra was here with Tony, he shouted in surprise, “Hi, Mrs. Hart!” However, he nearly lost his balance when he got a stern gaze from the man next to her. Only when they left did he whisper, “How did I provoke Tony again? Didn’t I merely call Myra ‘Mrs. Hart’? He used to like us calling her ‘Mrs. Hart’ the most.”

Lucas shot a sidelong glance at him. “How could you be in the mood to think about those things? Hurry up and analyze the data; Shawn wants to use them.”

“All right.” Elliot took the statistical report and began to analyze it carefully.

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No one came up to the floor Tony was on that morning except Leo, and the atmosphere was somewhat tense throughout the morning. Myra tried her best to relax by watching variety shows, but she couldn’t stop herself from worrying. Hence, she would look downstairs every once in a while. Even though she couldn’t see anything downstairs from the height of the floor she was currently on, she felt as though doing so could ease her nervousness.

It was soon past 11.00AM, and a few people on the floor had their cell phones ringing like crazy. Their cell phones rang urgently one after another as if something serious had happened, but they simply turned a deaf ear to it.

Finally, Myra’s cell phone rang as well. When she glanced at her phone’s screen, she saw that it was a call from an unfamiliar number, so she ignored it without a second thought.

Myra didn’t want to answer the call from an unfamiliar number no matter whether she would mistake the caller’s identity or not. However, soon after her cell phone stopped ringing, it registered another incoming phone call. Myra glanced at the screen once again and realized that it was a call from Cameron this time.

When she saw Cameron’s phone number, Myra suddenly recalled that the Walton Group had injected funds into several big projects that the Stark Group formalized since they were in a collaboration; the Stark Group even invested a lot of money into a few projects under the Walton Group’s name.

As soon as she saw the phone call from Cameron, Myra thought she might have figured out why he was calling her.

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Tony told her that the Walton Family was suspected of engaging in smuggling and drug-trafficking activities. Even though they might not have done those things after arriving in Bradford City, they had undoubtedly laundered money. Cameron was on friendly terms with the Waltons whilst they were in the process of laundering money; even if their relationship probably fell apart because of what happened to Kris, their interest-based partnership still existed. Once charges were brought against the Walton Family, Cameron would never escape being investigated. Furthermore, the Stark Group could have continued on at first, but it could possibly collapse at once when the Walton Family's crimes were exposed.

Cameron panicked, so he probably called her to ask Myra for help.

However, Myra answered the phone at this moment. She knew that this matter was very serious, so much so that the Stark Group might be convicted of colluding with the Walton Family. If that happened, the Stark Group would be in disgrace as long as it existed.

"You've answered my phone call at last, Myra! Hurry up—is Tony next to you? I'd like to talk to him." Cameron called for Tony as soon as he spoke.

Myra frowned slightly. "You have Tony's phone number, don't you, President Stark? You may call him directly. His cell phone hasn't run out of juice, nor is he on the phone with anyone."

"It's too late!" Cameron's voice was full of fear and panic. "Be a good girl, Myra. Hurry up and hand your cell phone to Tony. Don't you want ten percent of the Stark Group's shares? I can even give you 20 percent of the shares—just hurry and give Tony your cell phone."

Myra narrowed her eyes. "I won't give my cell phone to Tony unless you tell me what has happened."

"You!" Cameron seemed infuriated, but he couldn't do anything else since the matter was urgent. He had gotten word that he might have to go to prison with Gideon—the swindler—a

while later! However, how could he resign himself to this when he had just reached the pinnacle of his career? It's all the Walton Family's fault! I wouldn't have collaborated with them had I known they were such people! Cameron nearly spat blood in anger when he thought of the money he had just received from the Walton Family. "Myra, the Stark Group will be doomed if you keep wasting time! I won't beat around the bush with you this time. Something bad has happened to the Stark Group, and Tony's the only one who can help me right now. If Tony doesn't lend a hand, the Stark Group—which your mother spent her entire life working hard for—will be finished completely! Myra, please show mercy and help your father and your mother's company. Hurry up and persuade him to help me, okay? He knows what will happen to the Stark Group!" He tried to sound as sincere as he could.

Myra let out a sneer, though. "You've finally come to realize that you can only ask for his help, right? Why didn't you do it sooner? Just you wait to be investigated by the police this time, Cameron!"

Cameron raised his voice. "Do you know what has happened?"

"I'm guessing that everyone in Bradford City has probably learned of it at this point." Myra let out a sarcastic sneer and continued, "I won't let Tony help you, Cameron. Just pray for yourself!"

With that, she hung up right away without waiting for Cameron to say anything else, as if only by doing so could she give vent to her inner grievance.

Even though she treated Cameron in such a way, she knew that she wouldn't abandon the Stark Group. However, she also knew that she could only let the police do a complete and thorough investigation on the Stark Group at this moment. The cancers must be removed, and she believed that it wouldn't be too hard to restore the Stark Group with her current capabilities even if she didn't rely on Tony. Besides, Tony was already involved in this; even though she knew that Tony wouldn't let anything happen to her as well, she wouldn't let him or herself fall under suspicion by asking him to help whoever was involved in the crimes.

The few men were taking a rest on the sofa when Myra came out of the lounge. When they saw her come out, Philip and the two others smiled at her. "Myra, let's go to Zion Club this noon to celebrate, shall we?"

Myra nodded hesitatingly.

At this moment, this floor had been restored to its original state. The ones who were supposed to be working on this floor had returned, and those who were here to report their work had arrived as well.

Philip's proposal wasn't made implicitly, so quite a few people heard it. Elliot even called Zion Club and mentioned the number of the room they had always reserved as he walked outside, telling the club to have the room ready as they would be there in a minute.

Myra felt that this was somewhat inappropriate, but she didn't say so at this moment. She thought they must have a plan in their minds, for they weren't the kind of men who would get carried away by their success.

With that, the five of them went to the underground parking lot before heading toward Zion Club in two cars. After getting out of the car, they swaggered into the private room they had reserved in advance.

Soon, the waiter brought in some food that had been prepared beforehand. When she saw that everyone else was busy eating, she picked a few dishes and put them into Tony's bowl.

Just then, Elliot cut in and teased Myra by saying, "Wow, Myra—are you feeling sorry for Tony?"

Myra blushed slightly, but she felt much less nervous upon hearing Elliot's remark. She then muttered, "Judging from how busy you guys were today, all of you must be hungry."

"We're hungry, but we can't eat much for this meal." Elliot touched his belly while looking at the delicious food on the table with regret. Then, he stood up from his chair. "We'd better save them for tomorrow."

Myra looked at him in surprise. "What's wrong?"

Elliot pointed outside and mouthed, "Someone's outside."

Myra nodded, for she had a rough idea of what Elliot meant. They must have become someone else's target after swaggering all the way here. Now that the Walton Family had suffered a setback this time, how could they not retaliate brutally against them?!

Just then, Myra's hand was held by the man next to her; he dragged her toward the small living room next to the dining table.

The small living room and the dining room were connected to each other, so it took only two steps for them to arrive. Then, the few men behind them caught up and worked together to drag the sofa away, revealing a trap door underneath!

Myra was already too surprised to speak. The few of them already knew what was going to happen; is that why they're deliberately trying to lure whoever wants to harm them out here?

This tunnel was probably designed a long time ago for alternative escapes, but it wasn't expected to come in handy at this moment.

After the few of them emerged from the tunnel, they walked downstairs before going up again. Soon after that, they reached another room.

They didn't forget to lock the door to the tunnel when they emerged from it. Not long after staying in the room, a waiter came over and knocked on the door, telling Elliot that everyone in the previous room had been arrested.

Elliot looked somewhat glum. "Don't hand them over to Shawn first. Hand them to my men and tell them to interrogate them slowly; make sure to pump something out of these people."

The waiter took the order and left.

Myra suddenly realized that this club of Elliot's might not be simple at all. She used to have discussions with her clients here, yet she didn't know what the Zion Club's behind-the-scenes backer was like. Perhaps none of the four men standing in this private room were simple individuals at all.

When Myra suddenly looked up at him, Tony seemed to know what she was thinking. Lowering his head, he kissed her on the forehead and asked her in a whisper, "Are you afraid?"

Myra asked in reply, "Will you let anything happen to me?"

Tony couldn't help but laugh, and he held her in his arms directly regardless of the fact that there were other people here. "Nothing will happen to you even if something happens to me."

"In that case, I'm not afraid." Myra raised her face, her faith in Tony written all over it.

She then heard Elliot's mischievous voice yet again. "Oh, dear! You're so good at saying sweet nothings, Tony. Just look at how good you're with her... Shall the three of us stop playing gooseberry here?"

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Everyone relaxed a little now that the matter was solved for the most part. Myra darted Elliot an angry look, prompting Tony to hold her tighter.

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Myra didn't know how things were going, but the news was soon updated on her cell phone. The money-laundering activities carried out by the Walton Family of the Bradford City had been exposed. Moreover, it was reported that the Walton Family was suspected of smuggling, drug trafficking, and even murder, so the police had launched an investigation.

It took less than two months from the moment the Walton Family made the preparations until the moment they executed their plans, yet they recklessly created a lot of disturbance in Bradford City, this caused everyone in the city to feel insecure for a moment. Many of those who had contact with the Walton Family started to dissociate themselves from the family, and it was even reported that the three men of the Walton Family had been taken to the police station for questioning. The big family that had been expanding rapidly in Bradford City collapsed in a short time, and all its funds were frozen.

Upon reading these news reports, Myra learned why Cameron would be so panic-stricken. This was because it was later reported in the news that Cameron had been detained for questioning as well. Not only that, Kris and Myra—his daughters—were dragged into this because of him. Even though Myra was only mentioned as Cameron's eldest daughter and the current fiancée of Tony Stark, the director of the Hart Group, such a brief description was sufficient enough to cause a lot of trouble. If Tony and his friends hadn't been secretly helping Shawn with this case, both Myra and Tony would've probably been taken to the police station for questioning too.

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At this moment, Edward, Samuel, and Gideon were taken to the police station.

Gemma, who had just learned of the news, was totally clueless about what had happened. She only knew that the three of them had been planning something, but she thought that they were working hard to expand their company's business. She didn't know that they were involved in something like this!

"Mom, Mom... What should we do?!" The gauze on her face had been removed, but her wounds looked extremely terrifying since they hadn't healed completely. However, she couldn't care less about whether her face was good-looking or not at this moment.

Shelly's face was full of panic and fear as well. Her daughter didn't know these things because they had concealed this from her; after all, they feared that she couldn't keep anything to herself with her temper. However, Shelly was aware of these things. Even so, they had always been steady and left nothing to chance, so what exactly had gone wrong?

Either way, I'll have to seek help right away no matter what. As she tried hard to maintain her composure, she held her daughter's hand. "Don't get into a panic. Hurry up and call Ernie, your boyfriend, and see if he can do anything!"

Truth be told, Ernie and Gemma had only known each other for a few days; Gemma knew that her relationship with him had not progressed to the point where he would help them at such a time. However, she could only turn to him first at this moment.

She immediately called Ernie. Since they had a bit of an argument last time, she assumed an extremely mild manner this time. "Are you free right now, Ernie? Something has happened to me over here, so I'd like to ask you... Hello? Hello? Hello?" Before she could finish her sentence, the other end immediately disconnected the call—she could no longer get through to him when she called him again. She looked at her cell phone in disbelief and said, "Mom, Ernie hung up on me and is refusing to answer my phone calls!"

Upon hearing Gemma's words, Shelly slumped to the ground at once. "Oh, no! We're finished! Gemma... we're really doomed this time..."

Since marrying into the Walton Family, Shelly slowly learned a lot about the history of how the Walton Family built up its wealth, of which smuggling and drug trafficking were naturally inevitable aspects of it. However, the Walton Family had been concealing it very well. On the outside, the family's company looked just like a typical large company, so no one could get anything on the family at all.

Shelly was a woman with insatiable greed and a false sense of pride. Even though she was aware of the Walton Family's criminal activities, she kept them a secret as well for the sake of her own future. This time, they came to Bradford City to rid themselves of the suspicion they had fallen under back in the United States and make a fresh start. However, making a fresh start required capital, so they used a lot of dirty money. There had never been an accident before, but they didn't expect that something wrong would happen in such a short time when they were in Bradford City!

"Don't scare me, Mom!" Gemma's hands trembled as well. "Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon won't do that kind of stuff. I don't believe it; perhaps there's a mistake!"

"No... There isn't a mistake... It's true," Shelly replied. Then, she got up from the ground and dragged Gemma upstairs. "Come on; let's pack our stuff together. Hurry up and get out of here!"

Gemma shook Shelly off, though. "Are you crazy, Mom?!" She looked at Shelly in disbelief. "Where can we go now that Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon are still in the police station?! Nothing has happened to them yet! Besides, where can we go now that all our funds are frozen?!"

"I have some legally earned money of my own. Listen to me, Gemma—we must go abroad and lie low for a while at this moment! Your Grandpa, your Dad, and Gideon are finished this time, but you're still all right! Come with me; we can't let them drag us into this!"

"Are we still all right? Just look at me, Mom—which part of me is all right?!" Gemma pointed at her face. "I know that you have some money, but it's not enough to cover the costs of my treatment! Mom, I don't want to spend my entire life being so useless! I want to wait for Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon to be released; I believe that they'll be released!"

"Come with me, Gemma!" Shelly pulled Gemma harder. Only she knew what money laundering meant. Moreover, the Walton Family wasn't clean at all. Once the dirty money was discovered, other clues would be found soon after that. Eventually, the two of them would only be brought into trouble. Besides, I have taken part in this... At the thought of this, Shelly dragged Gemma upstairs even harder no matter whether she tried to resist or not.

Gemma's arm was injured in the first place, so she couldn't stand being pulled so hard by Shelly as the latter dragged her upstairs. While she shoved everything into suitcases, Shelly quickly packed their luggages; then, she found her and Gemma's passports. However, just as she was about to grab Gemma, the latter—who couldn't accept the fact that her mother was a person who wanted to abandon her family and run away on her own—ran away from home by herself. Shelly ran after her, but she failed to catch up with her after a few steps.

Then, as she heard the car engine being started up outside, she bitterly threw her suitcases away with a slight change in her countenance. "You'll get me killed sooner or later, Gemma!"

Gemma drove one of the family's cars and went outside. She didn't know where to go, but she knew that she couldn't leave. She would still be the Young Lady of the Walton Family if she stayed, but she would be a nobody if she left. Besides, how was she going to live her life in the future with her face looking like that?

She didn't believe that her grandfather, father, and brother would engage in smuggling and drug trafficking activities; she thought that there must be a mistake about all of this. Right now, the Hart Family was the only family who could stop everything. Shawn, who was Tony's brother, had some influence in the city council. Meanwhile, Tony was capable of ensuring her family's safety. If he was willing to help at this moment, she wouldn't have to face the misery of having her entire family ruined!

With this thought in mind, she made a U-turn and drove to the Hart Group.

Meanwhile, Myra and Tony went back together to the Hart Group first. He had wanted to send her home first, but she insisted on following him around and promised that she would behave herself and avoid disturbing him. Feeling helpless, he could only take her to the Hart Group with him.

As soon as they entered his office, Leo delivered him a message. "Miss Walton is now making a scene downstairs as she was stopped there. She said that she must see you; otherwise, she'll kill herself at the Hart Group's entrance."

"Just give her a knife," Tony replied expressionlessly.

Leo couldn't help but snort with laughter, for his boss's answer was not far from what he had predicted. Gemma was incredibly stupid; even if the Hart Group didn't help wipe out the Walton Family, it wouldn't let itself come under suspicion by getting involved with the family at this very moment, let alone helping her.

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"I'll deal with her right away." Leo immediately headed outside. The receptionists probably wouldn't be able to handle Gemma if she caused a scene, so the only way was for him to deal with her personally.

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Meanwhile, Myra's phone was spammed with incoming calls as soon as she resumed her work at the Hart Group. This time, a handful of the Stark Group's shareholders were calling her at the same time; after one issue was resolved, another was waiting on the line. They were all begging for her to find a way to save the Stark Group. At the same time, they were also hinting at her to get Tony to help with the Stark Group's current predicament.

When Tony came in, she was still on the phone; her phone was already heating up and running out of battery as well. When he saw the situation that she was in, he hastily grabbed her phone from her hand and snapped into the receiver, "Myra is pregnant—she's been advised by the doctor to stay away from harmful radiation."

Then, he bluntly ended the call with Hansen.

Myra looked up at him in resignation. "The Stark Group isn't holding up anymore; Mr. Baker only called because he's worried."

"Something like this can easily be settled in a few words, but he's been babbling on for almost an hour... Do you even spend this long on the phone with me?" Tony gave her a sideways glance before he handed her a file of documents.

"What's this?" Myra accepted the file and flipped it open to have a look—it was another one of the Stark Group's company equity transfer agreements.

Her eyes were filled with helplessness as she said, "I haven't used my share of money from the Chase Group; I was planning to use it and acquire some of these stocks, but as usual, you're already one step ahead of me."

"Is there really a need to compete between us?"

Tony squeezed her hand out of slight dissatisfaction before guiding her toward the bed. "I told Leo to bring back some refreshments; you didn't eat well today, so tell me if you're craving anything and I'll give Leo a call right now."

"I am, actually." Myra gave it a thought as she licked her lips. "I don't know why, but I'm suddenly craving for something sour. Can you get me some sour plums?"

Tony smiled at her with a pampering look in his eyes. "Of course, I'll have him bring home some sour plums; fruits are good for your health, after all."

As he said that, he stared fixedly at the woman before him; Myra was three months pregnant, but she didn't look too out of shape since she was being taken care of very well at home. Nevertheless, her figure couldn't be further from her slim and petite build from before; she'd gained quite a few layers on her waist, her face, and her legs. She was a little plumper, but she looked nowhere near ugly. Instead, she emanated a faint motherly charm—her eyes glowed with a certain tenderness, and her facial features had softened considerably. It made her look soothing to the eye.

Myra was a little embarrassed from the way that Tony was staring at her. She turned away slightly and muttered, "What are you looking at?"

"You've gotten a lot more beautiful these days." Tony wrapped her in his arms and let out a low chuckle in her ear.

There wasn't a woman in the world who didn't like to be complimented, especially when it came from the man she loved. Myra's ears reddened in embarrassment and she glared playfully at him. "You're saying that I've gotten a lot fatter, huh?!"

"You're not fat; you're just a little plump. You're a lot prettier like this—you used to be too skinny." Tony was telling the truth, for he felt that Myra couldn't be considered fat at all. Instead, she was much healthier with a little more meat on her; her complexion had improved as well, and she truly looked like she was glowing from within.

"I just think you look better like this," he said. With that, Myra looked down at her own body helplessly. Since she was indeed pregnant, she could only eat regardless of how she felt.

The couple hugged for some time before Myra suddenly looked up and asked, "The amount of shares I own are catching up to Cameron's, but when he gets released from the police station, he'd still be able to fight against me for the position of the Stark Group's general manager. I was talking with Mr. Baker about this on the phone earlier, but you interrupted the call."

“Are you putting the blame on me right now?” Tony raised a brow, and he squinted at Myra with a playful warning in his eyes.

Myra tiptoed and planted a kiss on his cheek. “As if I’d blame you, bigshot Director Hart! When I was talking to Mr. Baker, he told me that Cameron doesn’t seem to own all of the shares in his hand; he speculated that Cameron only has the power to manage it, and it might be because he’s given a portion of it to someone else.”

Tony’s eyes flashed momentarily at her words. Then, he pecked on her forehead with a smile and said, “If that’s the case, you don’t have to worry about Cameron anymore.”

Myra nodded. “I’ll get someone to investigate it soon.”

“Have you thought about how you’re going to manage the Stark Group when you finally take it back?” asked Tony all of a sudden.

Myra shook her head without a second thought. “I haven’t thought about it—actually, it’s more accurate to say that I’ve never wanted to manage the Stark Group.”

She smiled when Tony responded to her reply with a raised brow; she then wrapped her arms around his neck and said, “This is where you come in! I plan to merge the Stark Group with the Hart Group. What do you think about that? You’re already managing so many companies—one more wouldn’t be a problem, right? I’ll provide the funds while you do the managing; teamwork makes the dream work, they say!”

Tony pinched her nose playfully and he couldn’t help but laugh. “Big words indeed, Miss Billionaire. Do you know how much the Stark Group needs?”

“Yeah, I do; Mr. Engelhard told me.” Myra paused as she stared fixedly into Tony’s eyes. “I’m planning to sell the Ritz Carlton’s company shares that Grandpa left for me. In addition to the funds from the Chase Group, it’ll be enough to sustain the Stark Group.”

Seeing that Tony had something to add, Myra quickly stopped him with a kiss.

Naturally, Tony didn’t resist her sudden attempt to shut him up; he even took control of the moment and deepened the kiss between them. It wasn’t until the woman was huffing and panting for air did he let her go.

Before Tony could say anything else, Myra beat him to it as she tightened her arms around his neck. "I know what you're going to say, but you've already helped me a lot, Tony. I'd like to make things right on my own—after all, I'm partially responsible for the Stark Group. Besides, didn't you say that there's nothing to divide between us? What's mine is yours anyway, so what's the difference between using my funds and yours?"

Tony pulled her closer by the waist. "Have you made up your mind?" The Ritz Carlton stocks had been a remembrance left behind for Myra by her grandfather, and she wouldn't have decided to use it if she didn't have any other choice.

"I've made up my mind." Myra nodded sincerely. "Grandpa wouldn't want to see the Stark Group on the verge of bankruptcy, and you shouldn't be the one to clean up the mess that Cameron made. Besides, I'm sure that Grandpa would understand my decision."

"I'll support you as long as it makes you happy." Tony kissed her forehead tenderly.

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That afternoon, they were all quite busy in the office.

Because of the Walton Family, a lot of following-up had to be done. Tony, Elliot and the others were buried in work, not to mention Shawn as well. Shawn was commended for his performance in the company, but he naturally didn't involve Tony and the other three. Even though the news was meant to be kept private, it somehow managed to make its way to the public.

Before long, the public reputation of the Hart Group received yet another boost.

When Myra was heading home with Tony at night, a dark figure suddenly dashed out from a roadside bush and stopped right in front of their car. Although Tony immediately activated the emergency brakes, it was too late; there wasn't enough distance between the intruder and the car. Seconds later, a loud thud sounded as the car slammed into the mysterious figure. From her seat, Myra watched as the person collapsed from the momentum before they tumbled toward the front and passed out on the ground.

In an instant, her face turned as white as a sheet; she clutched the man next to her by his arm. "Tony!"

Tony's expression darkened unbelievably as well. He looked around from his seat to check if there were any CCTVs in the area. Then, he turned his head and reminded Myra, "No matter what happens, just stay in the car, all right?"

Myra bit on her lip and nodded hastily—she didn't want to add on to the trouble.

After that, Tony opened the door and got down from the car; he diligently locked the doors as well.

When he took a few steps forward and stopped beside the person on the ground, the look on his face darkened even more.

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As it turned out, the person he had crashed into was a woman; her face was covered in cuts which made her look absolutely terrifying. Meanwhile, Tony couldn't be more familiar with the woman lying on the ground—Gemma.

She looked miserable from head to toe; there were open wounds on her arms and legs, and fresh blood was seeping out of her wounds through her clothes. Not only that, the corner of her lips were also oozing with blood.

She seemed to be in agonizing pain. Even though she was borderline unconscious, she was groaning softly while her brows were locked together in a tight line.

Tony immediately called the ambulance on the spot before he dialed Leo's number next; he then informed Leo of his current location and updated him on the situation. Then, he told Leo to bring some people over to take care of the matter.

"T-Tony..." Gemma, who had passed out earlier, seemed to be regaining her consciousness. Due to the immense pain that she was in, she turned her head with great difficulty to the man standing next to her, grimacing as she did so. "You're... so heartless..."

Tony stared coldly at the woman before him. "Stop talking if you don't want to die; you don't want to waste your energy."

“Aren’t I... as good as dead... right now?” Gemma recalled the things she found out about her family—the man in front of her had pushed the Waltons down a bottomless pit of hell! She wanted nothing more than to kill him right then and there!

“Tony... y-you’ll regret it!” Just then, a splatter of blood escaped her mouth as she coughed, and she squirmed in pain. “Since you’ve hit me with your car; I w-want to... sue you!”

“I’m afraid I can’t agree to that, Miss Walton.” Sarcasm filled his heart as he stared at the woman whose life was hanging by a thread. Gemma had probably been overprotected or pampered all her life, so she always had a skewed perception of the world around her. Even so, did she really think that the police were stupid?

“I’ve installed a dashcam in my car, so there’s evidence that you ran over and collided with my vehicle on your own initiative. I understand that you’re eager to save your family, Miss Walton, but I won’t wrongly accuse someone of knocking me over and intimidate them into bailing out your family like what you’re doing now. Now that everyone knows the Walton Family is suspected of being involved in money laundering and many other crimes, aren’t you going too far by doing so, Miss Walton? Have you thought of the families that were brought to ruins and destroyed by the Walton Family?”

At that moment, Tony deliberately turned around slightly to make sure that the dashcam was recording every second of their conversation.

Gemma’s chest rose and fell furiously at the sound of Tony’s words. “My grandfather... my father... a-and my elder brother... they’ve never done any of those things!”

“It’s the police’s job to find out whether they’ve done it or not.” Tony simply stared at her with a hostile look in his eyes; this made it seem like Gemma was nothing more than garbage.

Meanwhile, Gemma was overcome with pain at the moment; she felt like death could gobble her up at any time.

At this point, she didn’t have a choice but to mould the public’s opinion and convince them to be on her side—it was all in effort to paint Tony as the villain and drag him down in the process. However, she had failed to anticipate the possibility of him possessing the dashcam footage!

She struggled to pick herself off the ground, but her arms and legs were limp like jelly. It was as if she was slowly losing her senses, including her perception of pain.

“Save me...” This wasn’t the first time that Gemma had been in an accident; she clearly knew what it meant when she was losing control of her arms and legs. After all, she had just suffered a serious injury on her arm; if she were to thoroughly lose her arm from another heavy blow this time... At that moment, regret flashed across her mind—if she had rushed out from the bush just a fraction earlier, Tony would have had enough time to stop his car. That way, even if he crashed into her, she wouldn’t have suffered an injury as serious as this. However, she hesitated for a short moment—when she finally made up her mind, his car was already in front of her. If she had rushed out just a millisecond later, she would’ve flown quite a distance from the momentum.

“Save me... I-It hurts...” At that moment, Gemma’s eyes were clouded with fear. If she couldn’t frame Tony and had to suffer a huge repercussion in return, it wouldn’t be worth it at all. However, when she noticed the cold and merciless look in Tony’s glare, she couldn’t be more sorry for her actions. She wanted nothing more than to turn back time—how she wished that she had gone overseas with her mother! Instead, she was stuck in such a devastating state...

She could only watch as fresh blood flowed steadily from the wounds on her arms and legs. Right now, fear was eating her up rapidly—it filled her brain with panic.

“I’ve already called for an ambulance,” Tony replied coldly before he turned around and walked toward his car.

They were on an uphill road leading toward their villa, so there weren’t many passing vehicles.

All of a sudden, a red sedan came to a stop right next to Tony’s car and Sasha came down from it. She took a look at what happened and her expression hardened a little as she turned to ask Tony, “What happened?”

Tony’s voice was casual when he answered, “Someone’s in a hurry to die.”

Even though he said it leisurely, his words carried a pressuring weight that could send a chill down one’s spine.

Sasha stiffened up momentarily, and her gaze shifted to the passenger seat of Tony’s car where a woman was seated. As she pieced the story together herself, she managed to have a rough idea of what went down here. Nonetheless, she didn’t want to comment much on Gemma’s foolishness either.

Do you need me to send Miss Stark home?" asked Sasha. After all, the area would be swarmed with people in a while and it'd become noisy and chaotic. Sasha knew that Myra was pregnant, and she didn't want the latter to be affected due to such circumstances. Besides, ever since Myra had helped her out some time ago regardless of the way Sasha treated her in the past, the latter had always been grateful to the couple.

Tony glanced at the time; considering the fact that the ambulance and Leo needed more than 10 minutes to arrive, he nodded and knocked on the passenger seat's window.

Myra wound down the window and stared at him with a look of cautiousness and doubt. "The person from earlier who got hit—was it Gemma?"

Tony nodded; the look in his eyes was now a lot softer than his cold demeanor when he faced Gemma. "Don't worry; the dashcam has everything recorded, so I'll be fine. I've called for help and they'll be arriving soon; you should leave ahead with Miss Hay. I'll handle the situation here, all right?"

Myra hesitated for a moment before she replied, "All right." Then, she opened the door and said to Sasha, "Thank you."

"Oh, it's nothing to worry about." When Sasha noticed that Myra wasn't looking too good, she softened her voice comfortingly and said to her, "Don't worry about it; Director Hart will deal with it smoothly. The Waltons are already in a difficult spot right now, so Gemma is only asking for more trouble for what she did. He'll be fine, and nothing bad will happen."

Myra nodded and turned around to face Tony. Then, she gave his hand a squeeze and said, "Okay then. Come home earlier tonight."

Myra felt a lot more relieved after learning that Tony had evidence backed up. However, what remained was the hate for Gemma's bitter resentment; the woman actually devised a plan as despicable as this to set Tony up!

"Okay." Tony gave her a quick hug before letting her go. He then nodded at Sasha and said, "Thanks."

"You're welcome."

Sasha felt both envious and relieved as she watched the couple's interaction. In the past, she had also pursued this man with all her heart; sadly, her feelings weren't returned at all.

Since then, she tried countless times to gain his attention with various low and dishonest methods, but fortunately, the couple was still willing to help her after all of that.

Soon after, Sasha drove Myra back to the Hart Residence.

Just as they got down from the car, Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart came rushing out from the house. They held Myra worriedly and looked her up and down frantically. "How are you feeling? Did something happen? Are you hurt?"

Myra knew at once that the two had found out about the car accident when she saw their panic-stricken faces. A warm feeling filled her heart and she replied gently, "Tony and I are both fine; he has to stay back and deal with the aftermath, so he told me to come home without him."

"It's good that you're fine. You can't help much if you stay there anyway, so as long as nothing bad happens, it should be all right. Reporters will be rushing to the scene soon, so it's better for you to come home early." Then, Old Master Hart let out a sigh of relief before he snapped angrily, "That Gemma is utterly barbarous! She's not getting away this time—the Harts won't let her off!"

Back then, he felt that it was too much for a woman like her to be sent to prison on her own; after all, Tony didn't suffer much injuries from the incident. Instead, her face was permanently scarred for life.