

Standing before Love Chapter 1

“Imagine if both your wife and your lover fell into the water at the same time—who would you save first?”

Upon remembering what her friend had said a few days ago, Myra felt her heart ache; it was so acute that it threatened to suffocate her. She stood stiffly in the banquet hall while the exquisite knee-length blue dress she wore was glued to her wet body, making her like a drowned rat.

When the company employees in the hall saw her, they began to whisper and snicker among themselves. She did not have to eavesdrop to know what they said about her.

“She’s trying to climb the corporate ladder by sleeping with the director...”

“I heard she wanted to push the director’s girlfriend into the pool!”

“How could someone who acts high and mighty all the time be so shameless?”

A few moments ago, Myra had been taking a stroll in the back gardens of The Alegria when Eris, a rising star and Sean’s latest conquest, approached her and blocked her way.

“Myra, you may be Sean’s legal wife, but if I were you, I would have filed for divorce out of embarrassment. After all, there isn’t much point in staying married if you have to watch him fawn over other women, is there?”

Following Myra’s marriage to Sean, scenarios like those were a common occurrence. She felt a sharp stab of pain in her heart and was about to retort when she saw the other girl’s expression change—her arrogance was replaced by a doe-eyed vulnerability.

“Myra, I know you also like Sean. I never would have come between the both of you if he reciprocated your feelings, but he doesn’t. You—aaah! Help—” Before Eris could finish her sentence, she had dragged Myra down into the pond with her.

The scene that played out afterward was one where the valiant hero came to rescue the damsel in distress. Unfortunately, Myra was not the one who was

saved. She wiped the beads of water away from her eyes before she cast her gaze toward the banquet doors not too far away.

She could not see their faces, but she could make out Sean's long and lean frame. She watched as he carefully held Eris' petite figure against himself and placed a gentle kiss on her forehead. Myra could already imagine the pain floating in his eyes as he regarded the other girl. Does he also think I pushed her into the pond?

Myra felt as though she had swallowed acid. She pressed her hand against her chest; her fist tightly clenched to the point where her knuckles turned white.

The nanny greeted her in the foyer when she returned home that night. "Welcome home, Young Mistress Myra."

Myra nodded and hummed in response. Her eyes fell on the pair of black leather shoes that was in the hallway.

Upon noticing that, Greta gave a warm smile and said, "Madam is at a poker game now, and Master has just returned home. He has asked to see you in his study the moment you return."

It's my birthday today, Myra thought. Her throat was dry as she stared at the unassuming smile on Greta's face.

"Oh, my! Young Mistress Myra, why are you soaked?" You need a hot shower immediately!"

Myra nodded and went upstairs. Her footsteps slowed when she walked past the door to Sean's study, but she closed her eyes and hurried past it.

When Greta brought up the towels earlier, she had mentioned that he had a bouquet of blue roses in his study. With that in mind, Myra hastily showered and proceeded to her wardrobe. She deliberately chose a pale blue knee-length dress with jasmines embroidered at the waist.

She grew nervous as she stood outside his study. However, the door swung open before she could knock. Sean was standing behind the threshold, his face devoid of any expression.

In the absence of a smile, he looked stern and unforgiving. There was always a coldness in his gaze, although his almond-shaped eyes were more than capable vessels for warm sentiments. Myra appraised him and saw that he did not change his clothes. He looked imposing in his black suit and there was a regality about him that seemed second to nature.

“Why didn’t you come the moment you returned home?”

Upon hearing that, she blinked and felt the tips of her ears growing hot. “My dress was wet during the party, so I took a shower before I—”

However, he turned and impatiently retreated into the study before he heard the rest of her sentence, leaving her forlorn out in the hallway. She parted her lips as though to say something, but decided to keep silent as she trailed after him.

The study was decorated to reflect its master’s preferences—it was tasteful and elegant while the furnishings and accents were all in the same dark brown palette. On the ottoman was a bouquet of vibrant blue roses, which provided the only pop of color in the room.

Myra paused when she saw the bouquet and crossed over to Sean while he was adjusting his tie. “I thought you had forgotten about my birthday, Sean,” she said gently.

The resentment she felt since the banquet slowly ebbed away, but just as she was about to help him with his tie, he pushed her hand away.

“Your birthday?” Sean looked as if he had only just noticed her dress. He cast a glance toward the bouquet of roses before turning to sneer at her. “You don’t think those flowers are for you, do you?”