

Standing before Love Chapter 101

As they walked out of the hut, they were greeted with the sight of all of the rioting workers being restrained by the armed police. While the workers were all huddled up in a spot, the team leader of the police force frowned when he saw the girl in Tony's arms. "Director Hart, she's supposed to go to the station to give a statement..." he muttered carefully. But before he could finish his sentence, Tony threw him an icy glare that silenced him immediately.

"Officer Wayne, we have another witness here; she can follow you back to the station if you need a statement." Leo hastily spoke up. Wayne nodded. "All right, that's great."

Leo noticed how Myra seemed to be trembling in Tony's arms, so he took his own coat off to cover her with it. However, before he could do so, Tony took a step away from him to avoid Leo's coat. Leo scratched his nose awkwardly. Well, at least I feel relieved now that everything's over, he thought to himself. After he had gotten off the call with Myra earlier, Leo was panicking as he speedily contacted Tony to inform him about it. God knows what else would've happened if we had arrived slightly later. After all, Myra doesn't know about the Chase Group's internal affairs now, and she doesn't know... Leo frowned as he looked up to steal a glance at the foreman, Chris. A steely glint surfaced in his eyes before he turned and followed along behind Tony's tracks.

"Director Hart. These people..." Leo probed cautiously.

"Do what you have to do. Do you still need me to teach you what to do?" Tony spoke of the workers as if he was talking about dead men; Leo felt chills running down his spine as he heard Tony's deep voice. However, Leo only nodded his head solemnly. "I got it." His footsteps came to a halt as he no longer left along with Tony.

Meanwhile, Tony continued to stare at the woman in his arms. I should have just completely abandoned her after that night. Since she has made it clear that she doesn't like me, why do I still continue to show up by her side? It's almost as if I'm just asking for myself to be shamed. However, I simply couldn't control myself when I received Leo's call earlier. I was so tempted to just annihilate Lyla right there and then! Tony tightened his grip on Myra. Good job, Lyla...

Philip, a doctor who was now perfectly competent in both internal medicine and surgery, was no longer surprised when Tony called him over to give Myra a check-up. However, Philip couldn't stop himself from questioning the situation when he saw all the wounds on Myra. "What happened? How did she get so badly injured?" The cuts aren't deep, and she didn't fracture anything, but... "I think she might be left with a small scar on her forehead," Philip said with a frown.

Tony had maintained the same, emotionless expression on his face ever since Philip entered the room. Although Tony didn't seem to reveal any emotion after he heard what Philip had said, Philip could still sense the burning rage within the other man. "Could it be... Did Sean abuse her after he found out about things between the two of you?" Philip made a guess, but Tony simply scoffed without responding to his question. "Tell Elliot that things at Hillville have been sped up."

Philip lifted an eyebrow upon hearing this. He took off his gloves after he had cleaned all of Myra's wounds. "I heard that you asked Old Master Hart for some money, Tony. Is that true?"

Tony felt extremely frustrated after Philip posed him that question. He instinctively thought of pulling a cigarette out right then, but he suppressed his desire to smoke once he saw the unconscious woman lying on the bed. He simply pressed his thin lips together and replied, "Yeah."

Philip widened his eyes in shock before he turned to glance at the woman on the bed. He then shook his head. "Tony, you really have to tell the woman what you've done after all that you've done for her. How is she going to understand what you've sacrificed for her if you don't tell her about it?!"

Tell her about it? Tony recalled how he had listed all of the things he did for the woman that night, and how she completely dismissed his efforts. The temperature around him turned chilly. "I... have more important things to handle now." I guess some things have to come to an end now that other things are starting to happen. Tony's gaze darkened as he remained deep in thought.

It was the next morning when Myra finally woke up from her long slumber. Her entire body felt like it had been run over by a car, for all her bones and joints were aching terribly. She had no idea where she was when she first opened her eyes. The last thing she remembered was being in Tony's arms; she

remembered how he had saved her from the bunch of madmen and carried her into his car.

The light in her room wasn't bright as there were thick blackout curtains that blocked the sunlight from entering. Her head was still spinning as she slowly sat up, so she had to close her eyes for a long while before she felt slightly better. There was a sharp pain coming from her forehead, but when she reached a hand up, she realized that the wound had been dressed. I had a lot of other wounds all over my body; I guess they must've been cleaned and dressed as well. But this place I'm in... This room...

Just then, someone opened the door. Tony's large, muscular figure appeared as a dark silhouette that blocked out the rest of the light shining in from outside. As she looked at his figure, Myra was reminded of how it had been the same figure who had entered the hut and saved her just one day ago. She felt her eyes burning as she tried her best to hold back her tears. Right then, she felt oddly flustered as she stared at the emotionless man with her watery eyes. How am I supposed to face this man in front of me right now? All of the harsh words that I've once said to him now feel like a giant hand that's clenching onto my heart. I'm really the most ungrateful woman ever; I've ignored all his good intentions and pushed him away multiple times. Yet...

Tony took a few steps closer to her. Myra clenched her fists tightly as she felt at a complete loss for words then. She only managed to spit two words out as she parted her lips. "Thank you..." I don't know if I would've survived until I got help if Tony hadn't rushed over to me yesterday. I'll never forget that dark, terrifying experience for the rest of my life.

Tony was already in front of her right then. A series of complex emotions surfaced in his gaze as he looked down at her from where he stood. However, she simply couldn't understand what was going on in his mind. Tony was someone she couldn't decipher nor grasp as an individual...

Right as she was about to ask him what he was looking at, he spoke in a calm voice. "You have a lot of missed calls on your phone." She swiftly turned to look at the phone placed beside her pillow. The phone didn't belong to her, but her eyes widened when she saw all the missed calls on the screen.

"Your phone was crushed yesterday. Leo took your SIM card out and got you a new phone." Tony answered the question that she was just about to ask. Myra was stunned as she picked the new phone up—she hadn't expected a man as cold as Tony to perform such warm, thoughtful acts. She felt the need

to say something more, but all the words disappeared at the tip of her tongue when she finally spoke. “Thank you,” she uttered as if that was the only thing she had to say to him then.

“No worries. I just didn’t want anything to go wrong with the Hart Group’s project,” he said with a smirk.

She froze for a moment. There he goes again... He said the same thing to me the last time he saved me at the construction site... It’s almost as if he’s saying that he only cares about my safety because he doesn’t want anything to go wrong with the Hart Group’s project. Right then, Myra recalled the merciless tone in his voice when he had spoken to Leo about how the workers were to be dealt with yesterday. She then curled her lips into a bitter smile before she glanced at all the missed calls on her new phone.

Sean, Eve, Richard, the head of the engineering department... Even the director of the design department gave me a missed call. Myra scrolled through the list and counted nearly a hundred missed calls. It seems like they’re all looking for me because of something important. Could it be related to yesterday’s incident at the construction site? Have they all been notified about it?

Myra took a deep breath before she tapped on Eve’s number and gave her a call first. Eve picked her call up almost instantly. “Where are you now, Myra?” Eve shouted anxiously before Myra even had the chance to speak. Myra leaned the phone slightly away from her ear before she responded in a soft whisper. “I’m at the hospital now. Did something happen?”

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She uttered the word ‘hospital’ in a hushed and awkward tone, seeming as though she wasn’t hoping to be heard by the man in front of her.

“What happened? It’s an emergency! Myra, hurry over to Chase Group and tell Sean that I’m on my way back from Springdale City. I’m getting off the freeway soon and I’ll be stopping by Chase Group.”

Eve’s voice was filled with urgency, and Myra’s brows knitted in confusion.

Is it because of what happened at the construction site last night?

She regained her composure. “I’m okay, Mom. Those people yesterday... They weren’t able to hurt me much. The police are also investigating it, so it should be fine.”

“What are you talking about, Myra?!” Eve exclaimed, her tone laced with slight irritation. “What do you mean it’s fine? Sean told me about the incident where confidential information about the Hillville Project had been stolen. Now that the company’s funding chains have been cut and properties are left barren, business can’t go on as usual at all. Did you look at the stock market this morning? Chase Group’s financial stocks fell by 7 percent today, and it’s still dropping as of now...”

“What?” Myra was shocked. How did such a small matter escalate overnight to something as huge as this?!

“What on earth happened? How did the top secret information get stolen? What was inside of it, anyway?” Myra couldn’t help but ask.

She turned to the side in an attempt to get off the bed, but the sudden movement made her head spin and she almost fell head-first onto the ground.

A pair of hands came forward swiftly and steadied her arm, preventing the fall.

Myra lifted her head and her eyes met with Tony’s, which were cold and unbothered as usual. She looked away immediately.

Her ongoing phone call with Eve conveniently reminded her that she was still a married woman—for now. She wasn’t in the place to think about such distractions.

She nibbled on her bottom lip and eventually decided to stay quiet, walking past Tony toward the outside of the room.

Tony stared at her from behind as she slowly strolled out, his hostile eyes narrowing.

The line went silent after Myra’s three burning questions. After a long pause which lasted enough for Myra to be sure that Eve had ended the call, she finally replied softly with another question, “Myra... Are you sure you don’t know what happened?”

Myra could tell right away that her question had a suspicious undertone. With a heavy heart, she asked, “Am I supposed to know?”

“Uhh...” Eve seemed to be troubled. “I heard from Sean that the confidential information seemed to have gone missing because of you... You should head over to Chase Group as soon as possible and have a talk with him. I really don’t know how it happened, Myra...”

Eve continued, but Myra was already lost in her own mind.

Hillville’s top secret information... had been stolen by me?

How could I steal something like that and be completely unaware of it?

Suddenly, a flash of bright light sent a sharp pain up her eyes as Myra squinted. Looking around, nothing seemed out of the usual.

She wasn’t at the hospital; she was on the top floor of Hart Group’s 48-storey office building. In other words, it meant that Myra had spent the night at the lounge inside Tony’s office.

Just then, her phone came to life with another call—it was from Sean. Myra stared at his name on her phone screen, nervously biting her lip. She eventually switched her phone to silent mode and headed toward the elevator.

I don’t know what happened, but don’t you dare blame me for something that I didn’t do!

Myra’s car was left at the construction site, so she hailed a cab to Chase Group.

The cab driver slammed the gas mercilessly and sped toward their destination; the usual one-hour journey only took less than an hour this time.

Myra got off the cab and paid the driver before entering the building. As she headed inside, she could feel that the atmosphere was off.

Stepping foot through the entrance, employees started pointing judgmental fingers at her while whispering among themselves.

“Look—how dare she still show up at Chase Group? I heard that this woman is a corporate spy. That’s how she easily got her hands on Hart Group’s Sunny Bay Project!”

“Rumor has it that she’s having a fling with Director Hart! He was the one who saved her from the incident at the construction site last night! She used to have her eyes on Director Chase, but it turns out that she has been two-timing him. It’s my first time seeing a woman as shameless as her!”

“I can’t believe she betrayed him like that after the Director put so much trust in her! Thank goodness for the witnesses and proof. Otherwise, she’d be getting away again this time!”

Hearing the employees exchange gossip about her, Myra’s lips curved into a sarcastic smirk.

Chase Group was the company that she had put years of painstaking effort in and worked tirelessly for. It wasn’t an understatement to say that she had sacrificed her youth and passion for the company, but after many years of hard work, it was the same company that stabbed her in the back.

Myra shut her eyes and stepped inside an elevator. With the push of a button, the murmurs outside faded together with the view of the lobby as the doors closed slowly.

All that had happened recently flashed across her mind, but she still didn’t quite understand what was going on.

The elevator arrived at the floor of Sean’s office swiftly, and Myra got off it.

The outside of the elevator was quiet—in fact, it was so quiet that it was a little intimidating.

She only understood the reason behind the still atmosphere as she approached Sean’s office. Everyone was gathered inside—there were managers from every department and even all of Sean’s secretaries and assistants who worked on this floor. It looked like a serious and important occasion for all of them to be gathered there.

Myra entered the office calmly.

She had on a set of normal office wear, which somehow wasn’t the outfit she was wearing yesterday night; someone seemed to have changed her into a new set of clothes. Still, she was certain that she wasn’t looking very presentable at the moment.

Noticing her arrival, Richard's gaze sharpened, but his voice remained dull. "Greetings, Miss Stark."

Sean had also noticed Myra's arrival. She didn't look too good. For some reason, she was covered in cuts and her left cheek was badly swollen, not to mention that she was also bandaged on her forehead.

He clutched a document in his left hand tightly. As he looked at her face and remembered what she'd done, he couldn't help but fling the file straight in her direction. "Look at the mess you've made!"

Lyla's brows instinctively relaxed at the sight of his act of aggression. She knew that Eve didn't wish for Sean and Myra to divorce, but she couldn't drag on any longer.

Myra felt it when the file hit her head with a thud, but she didn't try to dodge or flinch.

It wasn't her first time being publicly humiliated by this man; what else did she expect?

"Since Miss Stark is here, we can discuss the matter regarding the leakage of private company information by Miss Stark, the leader of Team A in the Design Department—"

"Shouldn't we first discuss what happened to me last night?"

Myra looked around the room, expressionless.

When she was faced with danger at the construction site the night before, she had dialed every one of their numbers, but none of them answered at all.

Yet, as soon as there was a breach in private company information, her phone was bombarded with countless calls from the same people!

Myra studied the people present one by one—starting from the Project Department Manager, to the Design Department Director, to even Richard and Sean... Her face was calm with indifference the entire time. "There was a riot at the construction site last night. I'd really like to know... Why did none of you pick up my calls?"

Loud silence filled the office.

At long last, the Design Department Director uttered dryly, “Miss Stark, we’re discussing the fact that you leaked our company’s private information, not some insignificant construction site riot.”

“In other words, are you saying that it’s my fault for being beaten up because of the company, Mr. Xavier? Is it because nobody cares anyway?” Myra’s gaze fell on Mr. Xavier before it shifted lazily to Sean. “Or is this how Director Chase prefers his employees to act?”

Sean’s face darkened at her words.

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Initially, Sean was still in the United States when the incident happened; he had no choice but to return early after realizing how serious the matter was. He already suspected that there might have been some mistake and had wanted to talk it out with Myra, but seeing her hostile attitude toward himself angered him even more. Recalling the photo that he’d just seen in Lyla’s phone, rage thrummed through his veins.

Seeing Sean on his side was more than enough to give Mr. Xavier a confidence boost. “I know Miss Stark is just reluctant to admit it. Nonetheless, you should know that we’re not making blind accusations at you right now, Miss Stark. We have witnesses and proof. Come on, Felicia—tell her what happened.”

After she was signaled by Mr. Xavier, a woman timidly stepped forward from the group of secretaries. She took a quick glance at Myra before looking down right away, seemingly intimidated by her. She stuttered, “Miss Stark had come looking for Director Chase on the day he left for his business trip, but I tried to stop her from going in.”

The woman paused and took a breath before continuing in a steadier tone. She said, “I told her that the Director wasn’t in and mentioned that there were lots of confidential documents in his office, so she wasn’t allowed to enter. However, she was persistent and argued that she wasn’t just anyone. I couldn’t stop her and watched her enter the office; I could only wait outside because I was too scared to follow her in.”

“Miss Stark left the office only a moment after she went in. Her face was pale and she looked quite panicked, so I looked her up and down. I saw that her handbag seemed flat and empty when she went in, but it was bulky when she

came out. I even saw several A4 papers sticking out from the top corner of her bag. I didn't give it much thought at the time, but the incident last night made me remember about this. I didn't want to hide this any longer, so I reported it to Mr. Xavier."

The woman finished her story in one long breath.

Sean's expression grew darker after hearing that woman's anecdote. Looking Myra dead in the eye, he demanded, "Do you have anything else to say?"

Myra's eyes went round with disbelief as she broke into a half-hearted laugh. "Does it mean that I stole the documents just because I went inside your office?"

She had indeed entered his office that day, but she never saw the so-called private documents containing confidential information, let alone stealing them. More importantly, why would she even need to steal something like that?!

The timid secretary seemed to be terrified of Myra as she chewed on her bottom lip anxiously. She said, "No one else entered the Director's office after you left."

Mr. Xavier let out a loud scoff. "If you feel wronged, just ask everyone who was in the secretary office. Ask them if they've seen anyone else stepping into the Director's office."

"There's no need for that." Myra looked at Sean with piercing eyes and stone-cold malice. "I want to check the CCTV footage—not just the ones after I left, but footage of the office throughout the entire day!"

I'm clearly being set up!

However, why was she being blindly accused of stealing some documents? Above all that, she shouldn't be the only suspect—they only realized that it was missing three days after she visited the office. The people who entered before her should have been considered as suspects too!

Mr. Xavier's eyes flashed with a hint of panic, but it quickly dissipated after receiving a reassuring glance from Lyla.

"I, too, feel that we should check the footage." Lyla tugged on Sean's arm from his side as she purred and said, "Sean, let's make it fair."

Lyla's thoughtful and considerate facade made it seem like she was being gentle and kind to Myra in front of everyone, but none of those people knew that Myra was actually Sean's wife, who was currently being accused by the others.

Her mouth twitched at the thought. "I see—all of you simply decided that I was the culprit without even looking at the CCTV footage... Mr. Xavier, your level of intelligence is indeed befitting of Chase Group's Design Department Director."

Both Sean and Mr. Xavier tensed slightly. Sean stared at Myra with his lips pursed into a tight line. He seemed angry for a moment, but he reverted back to his icy cold demeanor almost immediately. He said to Mr. Xavier, "Tell the guys at the control room to send me CCTV footage from the past few days."

Before long, the files were transported to his computer.

In order to save time, the secretaries brought more laptops to observe the footage separately; each device had several people hovering over it as they watched the footage at a higher playback speed.

After a round of filtering, they concluded that Director Chase's office was empty except on two days where there were visitors.

The day that Sean had gone on his business trip, Richard had entered the office at around 7.00PM. He had placed a set of documents on the desk.

As Richard walked past the camera with the document facing upward, the CCTV captured the words atop the papers clearly—Hilliville Project Negotiation Results.

Holding the document in his hands, he went straight toward Sean's desk and placed it there.

"Miss Stark, this document contains confidential information belonging to the company; because it was leaked, Hart Group successfully sold the property in Hilliville to our potential clients from Hong Kong right under our nose with a price 1% lower than what we offered. We're experiencing a capital chain rupture because of this lost opportunity," Richard explained.

Sean's office desk was located not in the middle of the room; it was toward a corner of the office, and next to his desk were a variety of potted plants. In

one corner of the CCTV footage, another set of A4 papers could be vaguely seen as they stuck out.

Myra flinched internally at the mention of Hart Group, but her eyes followed closely on another figure in the CCTV footage as it entered the office on the same day as her.

To her surprise, it was Lyla!

In other words, Lyla and Myra were the only ones who had stepped foot into Sean's office besides Richard. Myra was sure that there was only a single set of Divorce Agreement papers on his desk, not the 'Hilliville Project Negotiation Plan' or whatever it was...

It's her! It's Lyla! She switched the documents... She did it and put the blame all on me!

Myra went in front of the laptop and replayed the footage which showed Lyla; she couldn't

Lyla was indeed in the office—in fact, she had gone in there twice. She only strolled around the room the first time as she looked around casually. After lounging on the sofa briefly, she got up and left. The second time, she was seen admiring the view by the window before she moved behind Sean's desk. Not even 10 seconds later, she left with nothing in her hands. Besides a few moments here and there where her movements had cast a shadow over the documents, the set of A4 papers were in place the entire time.

Nonetheless, Myra was sure of it! She knew that Lyla must have switched the two documents within a split second!

Up next, the CCTV footage showed Myra entering the office.

What happened next was exactly how it was explained by the secretary earlier—Myra barged into the office despite the woman's efforts to stop her. She went straight to the restroom before walking up to the desk. Seeing the set of documents, she picked it up without hesitation and shoved it into her handbag. Then, she rushed out of the office.

At the door, she even insisted on not taking anything from the office when being questioned by the secretary.

Mr. Xavier was overjoyed as the footage played. He turned to Myra with a look of wicked satisfaction, his eyes gleaming with triumph. “What do you have to say now, Miss Stark?”

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Myra knew exactly what was going on, but she also knew that no one was going to believe her no matter how she tried to explain herself. Instead, she put on a humorless smile and replied, “I’ve got nothing to say.”

Without haste, Mr. Xavier turned to the group of people behind him. “Tsk-tsk... Looks like Miss Stark has finally decided to confess. What are we waiting for? Someone call the police! Leaking company information is not a trivial matter, and we’d better leave it to the police.”

He was wearing a huge smile on his face, thinking that his words had easily planted fear in Myra. To his shock, she only smiled and nodded. “I think we should inform the police as well. I’ll be getting a lawyer to settle the case. Well then, can I leave now?”

Seeing her casual behavior and aloof way of accepting the decision, Sean was completely infuriated. He stood up and went up to Myra slowly. Over the past few days, his heart was filled with regret as he was feeling guilty toward Myra.

All these years, the woman he loved was Lyla. Even though he hated Myra, he always felt bad about it and had lied to himself out of regret. Despite frequently using his late child as an excuse to keep a distance from her, he was also aware of Myra’s feelings for him. He had even considered increasing her share for their divorce to make up for all those years. However, little did he know how the tables would have turned in a few days!

“Just admit it. If it’s not too serious, I won’t put you through too much trouble, Myra. We are husband and wife, after all.” Sean suddenly spoke, his voice flat and his eyes bearing a cold, sharp gaze. Just as always, this was how he acted whenever he had to talk to her.

His coldness pierced through her heart like a blade. We are husband and wife, after all...

Myra, who was trying hard to keep a calm mind, felt her composure crumble at the sound of his words. Her eyes went red-rimmed as tears welled up, not

wanting to look at the faces around her and how they changed after his shocking reveal of their relationship. She stared at him straight ahead. “Has there ever been a time where you’ve done something for me because we’re husband and wife, Sean? All these years, I’ve worked so hard for this company; I’ve given it my all! What makes you think you can just label me as your wife now after everything?!”

“All the evidence is pointing toward you. I just don’t want us to end badly.” Sean suddenly felt that the hatred that he had toward Myra because of the child was gradually fading away.

It was probably because he was finally able to be with Lyla now, or because he felt that the punishment that he had inflicted on her throughout their marriage was enough. Now that they were getting divorced soon, it wouldn’t matter anymore.

“Let me tell you this—I don’t care if we end badly or not, because I never did any of that!” Myra snapped at the man, for she couldn’t hold it in anymore.

Sean went quiet once again as his expression darkened, his already-defined features looking even more horrifying than ever in addition to his simmering rage. He stared at Myra; taking in the hurt in her eyes, he recalled the way that this woman went behind his back to fool around with another man just a while back. He wanted to show her some respect in public, but since she had bitten back first...

“In that case, what’s going on in this photo?!” Sean coldly placed his phone down in front of Myra. “What excuse will you use this time, Myra?!” His voice was ice cold as he demanded, “This photo was taken this morning by Lyla’s friend who works at Hart Group. You told Mom on the phone that you were in the hospital, right? Well, why were you seen outside of Director Hart’s office?! Not only that, why did you leave his office in the middle of the night?!”

Sean hadn’t planned on exposing something as personal as this with all his employees around. After all, it was a bad reflection on his own reputation. However, now that it had come to this, he decided enough was enough; Myra’s behavior had stoked his anger.

As Myra looked down at the photo, her eyelids flickered as her mind raced back to the moment she stepped out of Tony Hart’s office. She recalled seeing a flash of bright light which pierced her eyes, but she didn’t give it a second thought. Since it was Lyla’s friend who had taken her photo, she was

impressed that the woman even went through so much trouble to set her up to this point.

Noticing that Myra was looking away, Sean felt an inexplicable pang in his chest which manifested into a sea of fury. He hadn't believed it when Lyla showed him the photo earlier, but seeing the look on Myra's face...

"I was so wrong about you, Myra! To think that I was feeling guilty toward you—just for you to do this to me!" Sean's sullen expression darkened. The weather was scorching hot in the summer heat, but Myra was feeling chilled to the bone at that moment.

"What will you say now?!" His hands tightened into fists. "Don't think that I'll forgive a woman like you! I want nothing more than to end our marriage right now! I'd rather we never met!"

As the words came out of his mouth, Myra felt her heart sink. I'd rather we never met... She forced herself upright, her fists clenched at her sides. "That's why I took the Divorce Agreement as soon as I saw it on your desk. When I came into your office, there weren't any private documents on your desk at all. I only took away a set of the Divorce Agreement papers!"

"The Divorce Agreement?" Sean looked at the woman before her in disbelief. He let out a sudden scoff; his expectations for her had gone straight down to zero. "If you're going to lie, you should at least make it sound realistic. What are you talking about? The Divorce Agreement? I don't have anything like that on my desk! In fact, I haven't even drafted one! More importantly, what's going on in the photo?!"

"The photo..." Looking into Sean's stony glare, Myra answered hesitantly, "There was a riot at the construction site yesterday and I was held hostage as soon as I got there. Director Hart just happened to be nearby, so he helped me get out. I never left his office until this morning because I went unconscious the entire time."

"Ridiculous!" Mr. Xavier had just recovered after being consumed with shock from finding out that Myra was the Director's wife, but he was already standing in position and waiting to butt in whenever he found a chance. In a mocking manner, he said, "I can see that you were heavily injured last night, Miss Stark. Why didn't Director Hart send you to the hospital and took you to his own office instead? Is he a doctor who can treat your wounds?"

Tony was clearly not a doctor. Hence, Myra was unable to explain herself in front of everyone. She couldn't possibly tell everyone that Tony had feelings for her—it would be so embarrassing to admit it herself. Besides, admitting such a thing could drag her into even more problems in her personal life. She pursed her lips and decided to stay silent.

Mr. Xavier caught on to her uneasiness and continued, “Oh my, Mrs. Chase! Are you having an affair with Director Hart? Is that why you've betrayed Chase Group?! You stole our company's confidential information and gave it to Hart Group. You're even filing for divorce with Director Chase just because of him?”

“I only have one thing to say—I didn't steal the private documents. Since all of you already know that I'm married to the Director, why would I even leak information from my own company? To shoot myself in the foot?!”

Her nails were digging deep into her palms as she stood tall, and she maintained a straight face without revealing a hint of panic. However, this was much more painful to watch than anything else in the eyes of others...

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Sean had never seen this side of Myra. Suddenly, there was an odd feeling in his chest; it was as if he had taken pity on her. However, he quickly remembered that she was the same woman who had recently revealed her true intentions. He forced himself to stick to his decision. Myra was wicked and despicable! How could he ever take pity on her?!

“So you're not admitting what you've done?” Sean's expression remained still as a pond.

“Make a police report if you want. Whatever it is, I'll never admit to something I didn't do! Never!”

Myra didn't want to be around these people a second longer, proceeding to whirl and stomp outside.

As the elevator stopped on the floor and opened with a ding, Eve was seen rushing out hastily.

Meanwhile, Myra quickly stepped into the elevator and pressed a button before Eve could make out who she was.

By the time Eve finally realized and shouted after her, the elevator door had closed and was already rapidly descending.

The surrounding atmosphere was still and heavy; everyone in the room looked troubled and uneasy.

Eve had an awful look on her face. She had just spotted that woman standing right next to her son—Lyla!

Suddenly, everything seemed to make sense. Heading straight toward Lyla, she planted a slap right on her cheek without hesitation.

Lyla was quite shocked; she had initially planned to stall until Eve's arrival so that she could take a good look at everything that happened because of Myra. But before Eve could even find out about anything, Myra had taken her leave in a hurry.

“What are you doing, Mom?!” Sean's face fell.

Eve shot a death glare at her son. Bringing home a tramp like that—no wonder he was having problems with Myra! If this woman hadn't been stirring up trouble between those two, Sean wouldn't have been so stubborn! This breach of our company's private information must've been the work of this little tramp as well!

“Sean, what is she doing here?!”

Tilly, who was on the ground floor, ran over to Myra as soon as she saw her getting off the elevator.

She stopped at the sight of Myra's face and asked worriedly, “What's the matter, Miss Stark? Are you okay?”

Since she was kidnapped by the construction workers last night, Tilly had given a statement to the police and was supposed to be taking a rest at home. Upon hearing that Myra was involved in some issue at the company, she came running back to the Chase Headquarters. At the very least, she had to give an explanation of what happened on the construction site yesterday.

Much to her shock, she had only just found out that Miss Stark was married to the Director of their company...

However, there was actually a reason behind the photo that was being circulated like wildfire...

"I'm fine." Myra looked up. Seeing that it was Tilly, she forced a smile. "I didn't do any of those things, so I'm not afraid of what they're saying about me."

Am I really fine, though?

For the first time, she had totally given up on this place.

Besides Eve and Tilly, no one here really cared about her...

"About what happened yesterday at the construction site..." Noticing that Myra didn't look too good, Tilly waited for a bit before asking, "Did you tell them?"

"Would anyone believe me?" Myra shook her head. As she had witnessed, their evidence against her was strong and solid. Her motive of stealing the documents was even justified with only a photo.

"Tilly, I'm not feeling well right now; my mind is in a mess. I'd like to be alone." Myra took a deep breath.

Tilly took a worried glance at her before she finally nodded. "Alright then, Miss Stark. You should go. I'll update you if anything happens here."

She watched as Myra entered the elevator. As the doors closed, Tilly rushed to a corner and quickly dialed a number on her phone.

As soon as the recipient picked up, she spoke. "Director Hart..."

As Myra made her way to the exit, people were pointing fingers at her as she walked.

In contrast to how she felt when she first came in earlier, Myra found herself quite untroubled by them.

If she had to think about every comment and insult thrown at her, then her life wouldn't be hers anymore.

Leaving Chase Headquarters, she stopped and looked back at the very building that she had been walking in and out of for the past two years. Strangely enough, the building before her looked distant and unfamiliar for the first time.

Not only that, it was probably going to be her last time here.

She'd never thought that her last goodbye to this place would be as brutal as this!

Myra took it all in with a breath. Without thinking, she took out her phone.

The phone in her hands looked exactly like the one she had before, but it wasn't. Thinking back to the man's office which she had stepped out from this morning, she thoughtlessly dialed his number.

If the confidential document had really been leaked to Hart Group, wouldn't she be free from her accusations if they were able to testify? In that case, Lyla's flawlessly disguised success and Sean's resentment for her...

However, why would Tony even help her out of this mess? Doing that would be equivalent to putting Hart Group in serious jeopardy...

Myra's fingers paused at the thought and she decided not to call the man, but it was too late; the call had already gone through. As she waited for him to pick up the phone, she started feeling jittery—the impulse to hang up was gnawing at her. However, her fingers did not listen until the ringing stopped and was replaced by a man's deep and attractive voice. "Myra?"

Tony's voice was soothing and magnetic every single time; Myra felt sorry as soon as she heard it on the phone.

Earlier on, she wasn't afraid of backing down when a group of people were throwing accusations at her publicly. Instead of feeling frightened or nervous, she was calm and collected. However, her voice seemed to be stolen from her now that she heard him speak; her throat was dry as a desert. She eventually found the courage to say something, but what came out was a mere 'Thank you'.

The person on the other side seemed to be surprised.

On the other hand, Myra came back to her senses and realized what she had said. She immediately muttered in explanation, "For yesterday, I mean."

"Sure," the voice replied after a long moment, his tone a little cold.

Myra nibbled on her lip. She was breathing nervously, and her pale hand was clutching tightly onto her phone.

Noticing that something wasn't right with her, Tony asked dully, "Did something happen?"

Her other arm was locked tensely by her sides. She wanted so badly to hang up right there and then, but before she could, she blurted out and asked, "Do you have time, Director Hart? I want to see you."

Ultimately, she had to try.

A short silence filled the call while the man presumably looked down on his wrist watch before saying, "Meet me at Wilson Golf Club."

Before Myra could recover from her surprise, the man hung up.

She was still holding her phone when the beeping tone of an ended call in her ear. Hailing a taxi, she headed to the place.

Cameron used to frequent the gold club. Myra didn't like it there, so he would always bring Kris instead whenever he went.

Walking inside the golf club, Myra attracted stares from the people around right away.

After all, being covered in cuts and bruises while wearing a set of office attire was indeed out of the norm in such a leisure setting.

With the help of an employee, she quickly found where Tony was.

The area was swarming with members of the upper class society. The employee turned to her and gestured toward a man who was playing golf.

Standing straight and tall, the set of white golfing attire accentuated his lean build even more; his prominent facial features elegantly resembled the poise possessed by someone of high stature. His posture was relaxed, but his every move was filled with weight which commanded respect. With a light swing of the club, the ball hurled across the land from the tee. Within a few seconds, an employee could be seen raising his hand from afar, signaling that the ball had entered the hole.

Around him, people laughed and sang congratulations, but Tony's expression remained unbothered.

Standing before Love Chapter 106

As if feeling Myra's gaze on him, he flinched ever so slightly as he was holding the golf club. Turning to hand it over to an employee, he nodded at the middle-aged man next to him and headed toward Myra's direction.

Myra could see that he was coming over, but her eyes fell upon a woman standing beside him who was holding a warm towel in her hands.

The woman was no stranger to her; she was Belle Bridgers, the daughter of the middle-aged man standing next to Tony, Director Bridgers. She had just returned from studying abroad in the United States. Myra knew exactly what was going on from the way the woman's eyes twinkled as she looked up at Tony when he had holed the ball earlier. It was even a little uncomfortable to watch.

It wasn't until Tony arrived before her that she recovered from her thoughts. Looking at him, she asked hesitantly, "Am I... interrupting something?"

Tony stared back at her, his eyes steady.

He knew all too well about what had happened after she left his office in the morning. Her eyes were filled to the brim with hurt and misery, and he knew that she was here because she needed a favor.

He said, "Since you're already here, it's pointless to say all that, Miss Stark."

She couldn't make out his state of mind from his tone. Earlier on her ride to the golf club, she was contemplating whether to discreetly ask for his help if he was in a good mood, but...

"Director Hart, I need your help for something. I received a call earlier at Hart Group—"

"Myra—" Tony interrupted before she could finish.

She froze. Tony's eyes narrowed, staring at her with an unreadable look in his eyes. Noticing the way she looked back at himself in shock, he explained, "I don't know if you've heard about this, but you can be quite boring sometimes."

Myra's expression stiffened a little as she chewed on her bottom lip, realizing that she was being watched by a beautiful, graceful woman from a distance.

She forced a small smile. "I guess... I really am interrupting something here. If that's the case... I'll talk to you some other day," she said and turned to leave, but the look of unwavering stubbornness was still written on her face.

"Can you play golf?" Tony's sudden query stopped her in her tracks.

Myra turned back, startled. Looking into his eyes, there was a hint of incomprehensible darkness which quickly disappeared. He reverted back to his usual, nonchalant demeanor. Seeing that she was unresponsive, he asked again, "Can you play golf?"

Myra shook her head.

Due to the longstanding resentment she had toward Cameron since childhood, she strongly hated every hobby that he had; naturally, she didn't want to learn any of them.

Tony shoved his hands in his pockets. Standing on the neatly trimmed grass, the gentle caress of the sunlight greatly complimented his charming appearance. He said softly, "Join me for some golf briefly, and we can talk about it later."

"But..." Myra tugged at her lips, glancing again at the woman who was now looking rather impatient. "I can't play..."

"In that case, you'll have to learn." Tony started walking back to the golf course. "Isn't it fair for me to boost my mood before hearing what you have to say?"

Myra watched as he went further and further away. She gritted her teeth. Then again, no one was as blunt and forthright as her when it came to asking for help!

Before long, an employee came over and guided her to the changing rooms.

By the time she finished changing, Tony had already finished another round of golf. He was standing by the side, talking to Director Bridgers about something in hushed tones.

Belle, who was not far away, was staring at Tony admiringly with her perfect, round eyes. She handed him something to which he politely rejected, and she put on an annoyed pout.

Myra's arrival instantly invited stares from the group of people.

Changing into a set of youthful sports attire, she suddenly went from a professional office lady to looking like a college student. Strands of hair which fell out of her high ponytail rested atop the visor on her forehead, highlighting the beauty of her eyes. Her glossy skin—clean from any residue of makeup—was fresh, dainty, and even a little flushed. As she walked past the people around, her face glowed a light shade of pink.

A trace of warmth surfaced in Tony's eyes as he took a glance at her petite little face. Then, he nodded at Director Bridgers. "Director Bridgers, I hope you don't mind my friend joining us."

Director Bridger's eyes curved cordially, fully aware of who Tony was referring to. His eyes cautiously darted to his daughter and back before he nodded with a smile. "Of course. Any friend of yours is a friend of mine."

Hearing her cue, Myra approached the group. She greeted the Director politely, "Director Bridgers."

The woman standing before the Director seemed familiar, but he couldn't recall her identity. Turning to Tony, he asked courteously, "May I know who..."

"She is Miss Stark, Senior Designer of Chase Group. She's also in charge of the design for Hart Group's Sunny Bay Project this time round."

"Ah, so that's why she looked familiar—it's Miss Stark, the great designer herself. I've heard that Miss Stark is unbelievably talented, unlike my daughter Belle who knows nothing." Director Bridgers tactfully mentioned his daughter and pulled her closer by her arm. The gesture which sounded like a grumble was contradicting the pampering look in his eyes. "Belle, Miss Stark is an excellent example for you."

Belle, who was abruptly shoved in front of Tony, stole bashful looks at him. On the other hand, she was careful when it came to Myra as she eyed the latter warily.

Myra knew that she wasn't wanted there by the two. Despite feeling slightly uneasy, she answered, "You're too kind, Director Bridgers."

Probably sensing her awkwardness, Tony patted lightly on her shoulder. "You should go and get some help from the instructor. I have something to discuss with the Director here, then I'll come over soon."

Myra quickly nodded and went to a quieter area after bidding farewell to Director Bridgers.

On the other hand, Tony watched as she left, wearing the faintest smile on his face.

Even though Tony had purposefully tried to maintain his distance with Myra, Director Bridgers could tell right away that there was something unusual going on between the two. This man was the director of Hart Group, after all! Remembering the reason he had invited Tony today, Director Bridgers was a little unhappy about where this was going. Nevertheless, he could only keep his thoughts inside and maintained all smiles as he continued the conversation with Tony. Masking his hidden intentions beneath a seemingly ambiguous question, he asked, "You seem to get along with that lady quite well, Tony. Are you two..."

The rest of the question was understood.

Tony didn't seem to notice Belle's expression, which had taken a dark turn after hearing her father. His eyebrows rose and a surprised look filled his face. "Was she being that obvious?"

Director Bridgers tensed at his response; he knew that Tony was messing around with him. Nonetheless, he couldn't admit out loud that the woman was being too obvious—if he did so, wouldn't he be digging his own grave for intentionally taking his own daughter out to meet this man?

Belle noticed that her father wasn't pleased with the situation. However, she was already smitten by the man before her. Back when she had heard about Tony from others, she'd assumed that he was just another rich man who lived on inherited wealth. Upon seeing him in person today, she came to realize that none of those young masters from well-off families in Bradford City could ever come close to this man.

Moreover, seeing that Tony was well-respected even amongst the older generation of corporate bigshots was enough for her to fall in love with him. She quickly chimed in and said, “Dad, Miss Stark is a designer for Hart Group now; naturally, she has to respect her boss. Isn’t it the same for you in our family business?”

Standing before Love Chapter 107

She thought that she had just done a great job of saving Tony from an awkward situation. Little did she know that for a split second, irritation flashed across his eyes when she referred to Myra as his groveling employee.

Director Bridger’s expression brightened up after his daughter’s comforting comment. “Tony, let’s not beat around the bush anymore. Our families are quite a matching pair, and my daughter here is a woman unlike any other, if I may say so myself. Should we sit down somewhere and talk about this?”

He was straight to the point this time; he didn’t feel the need to be indirect about it anymore.

Belle blushed bright red on the spot, sheepishly taking a brief glance at Tony. She stamped her feet in embarrassment and said, “What are you talking about, Dad?! How can you say something like that straight to his face...”

She stamped her feet again and bit her lip nervously, apparently overwhelmed with awkwardness. With that, she quickly ran off to the lounging area nearby.

Director Bridgers finally took his pampering eyes away from his daughter and smiled at Tony. “My daughter is a little sensitive when it comes to stuff like this. Even after living in the United States for several years, she gets embarrassed really easily. What a kind and gentle girl she is... I wonder who would have the honor of marrying her in the future.”

He looked at Tony with an expectant grin as he finished his sentence, eagerly waiting for his response.

Tony gave a faint smile, but it wasn’t because of what he said.

Rather, Tony’s gaze had unexpectedly fallen upon Myra who was not too far at a distance.

Decked out in an all-white sports attire, the woman was learning golfing techniques from the instructor clumsily. He had just taught her the basics and was getting her to try it out herself. As instructed, Myra held the golf club firmly and swung at the ball, but she didn't hit it at all. In fact, she even sent the entire club flying in the air for more than a good five feet.

She ran through the field awkwardly and tried to retrieve the golf club in the grass. Looking left and right, she desperately hoped that no one had seen her embarrassing failure. Myra sighed in relief after making sure that nobody was staring, but when she abruptly raised her head, she made eye contact with Tony; he seemed to be teasing her with the look in his eyes. Her face instantly turned scarlet and she whirled around, avoiding his gaze.

Afterward, her following attempts all ended in a similar fashion. She had either accidentally stuck the club deep into the ground, or she had flung the ball out into the abyss. The instructor was both dumbfounded and amused by her various forms of failure and corrected her technique again and again, each time more thorough than before.

This whole time, Myra felt a persistent gaze on her back as if someone was watching her intently. Without a peace of mind, she felt so distracted that she couldn't concentrate on the instructor's lesson at all.

"... And that's how you do it. Do you get it now, Miss Stark?" The instructor had just finished explaining when he realized that she wasn't paying attention. He raised a hand and waved it before her eyes. "Miss Stark? Are you there?"

"Huh?" Myra finally came back to reality and stuttered in confusion.

The instructor was devastated; he was at wit's end trying to teach a student like her. Just then, a deep voice rang out from the side. "I'll do it."

The instructor was taken aback at first, but as the respectable man before him reached out and took the golf club from his hands, he quickly let out a breath of relief. Bowing politely at the man, he went to help out another student.

Similarly, Myra was shocked to see Tony. She immediately looked back at where he was earlier with Director Bridgers and his daughter, but the area was now empty.

“So... Are you done talking with Director Bridgers?” Myra asked cautiously. She assumed that they would have needed quite some time to talk, but it took way quicker than she expected.

“It wasn’t business affairs, so it didn’t take much time,” Tony simply replied. Myra wasn’t sure if she was hallucinating or if she really saw a small smile peeking out beneath the man’s stoic expression.

Reminding herself that he had seen all of her feats of humiliation earlier, Myra’s face heated up again after she had finally calmed down. She said stiffly, “It wasn’t business affairs, huh...”

Tony squinted playfully as he teased, “Do you want to know what we talked about?”

“Uh...” Myra was at a loss for words. She shook her head hastily. “No, I... I don’t want to know.”

Tony’s smile faded a little. Ignoring her refusal, he looked down at the golf club in his hand and said dryly, “Old Bridgers wants me to date his daughter, so he arranged for us to meet today.”

He spoke slowly. However, he didn’t say it with a tone that revealed his opinion about the remark, and Myra couldn’t tell if he was happy or unhappy about the matter.

Based on Belle’s behavior from earlier, Myra could tell that the woman would have thrown herself onto Tony as soon as she could if it weren’t for the fact that they were in public.

Somehow, Myra felt uncomfortable at the thought of that and she instinctively frowned.

Tony’s nonchalance took a pleasant turn as he noticed Myra’s troubled look on her face. Not wanting to put too much burden on her, he decided to change the conversation. As he held up the golf club in his hand, he smiled at her. “Since no instructor wants you as their student, it looks like I’ll have to teach you how to play.”

Upon looking around, she realized that all the instructors were indeed steering clear of her. She rubbed her nose in self-consciousness and muttered, “I

really tried, but I don't know why I can't get the hang of it. It's as if the ball is going against me."

Tony found her behavior of using unreasonable excuses quite adorable, and a slight smile played at the corner of his lips. Handing her back the golf club, he went and stood behind her. "Let me see your swing."

"Okay." Myra received the club and stood in position with her feet apart for better balance.

But just as she was done adjusting her position, Tony shook her head. "Nope. Your feet have to be wider apart."

Myra moved her feet slightly more apart and asked, "Like this?"

She turned her head to face Tony who was standing behind her. A strand of her hair fell loose, hanging by her cheek which made her skin look even more flawless and divine. In addition to her sporty attire, it was truly difficult to guess her age.

Tony's heart fluttered at the sight as he stuck out his right foot and lightly nudged her ankle. "More."

Myra readjusted her position and prepared to swing the club. All of a sudden, a pair of hands reached forward from behind, followed by Tony's deep voice which came from the top of her head. "Don't hold the club like this, or you won't be able to maintain your balance when you swing it."

His long, slender hands wrapped around hers on the club, repositioning her grip. His hands were warm and his grip was firm, but it didn't hurt her.

Tony's gesture felt casual, but within a moment, Myra was effortlessly and fully enveloped in his arms.

She could pick up a subtle hint of his scent and Myra felt her heart race all of a sudden; his words from the other day rushing back to her in her mind.

"Also, your legs. Stop being so stiff—just stand naturally."

Tony took a glance at Myra, whose face had turned as bright as a tomato.

Myra, who was in a daze, immediately lowered her head to avoid his eyes.

At this point, Myra had already successfully swung the club with the help of Tony.

From a short distance, an employee signaled that the ball had entered the hole.

“See—it’s not that hard,” Tony said calmly, his arms still tightly wrapped around hers from behind.

Myra was feeling extremely uneasy; she couldn’t tell if Tony did it on purpose to get close to her, or if he did it for the sake of teaching her golf. Just as she was about to come up with an excuse for him to give her some space, Tony spoke first. “Practice the moves I just taught you. I’m heading over there for a minute.”

Standing before Love Chapter 108

Tony let go of her soon after.

Following his line of sight, she saw Belle standing alone nearby.

She seemed to be hurt and upset, glancing in their direction every now and then.

Myra suddenly felt a surge of disappointment as Tony made his way toward Belle’s direction. She breathed in deeply and continued to practice her posture and swing, just like how he had taught her.

Seeing that Tony was approaching, Belle couldn’t help but chew on her lip like a sad puppy. She looked up at him with red-rimmed eyes and asked, “Tony, is that woman... your girlfriend?”

She’d initially expected herself and Tony to get along romantically, but before anything could happen between them, her father had stormed off in frustration; he even told her to give up on getting together with that man.

Racking her brain for a reason, she figured it could only be that woman who was trying hard to learn golf at a distance.

It was no secret that Tony wasn’t one to mingle and had never been involved with another woman; even his secretaries had always been men. However, she clearly saw him getting awfully close to that woman as he taught her how

to play golf moments ago. How could she believe that there was nothing going on between them?

Tony was craving for a smoke. He was holding it in earlier because Myra was there, but now, he could finally take out his packet of cigarettes in peace and lit one up between his lips.

“She’s not.” His movements were casual yet crude, but it looked elegant on him. Belle was a little fascinated as she watched him.

His words were surprising to her, but what he said next was even more so. Upon hearing them, her hands squeezed into tight fists—

“But she will be.”

Belle studied the woman nearby who was trying to get the hang of golf clumsily, thinking to herself that the woman was just an ordinary office lady living off the bottommost of the corporate hierarchy; she probably got by her everyday life at the beck and call of the people higher up. How could a woman like this...

Tears coursed down her cheeks. “Why?”

She wiped her tears. “What does she have that I don’t? Old Master Hart likes me, I have a much stronger family background, and I’m not lacking in appearance compared to her. Moreover, I just returned from studying abroad; I’m clearly better than her in every way possible...”

Tony turned as well, following her gaze. The woman was still focused on mastering the basic techniques. When he leaned in close to her on purpose just now, she didn’t jerk away like she used to. Could it be considered an improvement?

The clouds of smoke from his cigarette cast a blur around his mesmerizing, deep-set eyes. He replied, “She doesn’t have to be perfect; she already is as long as I’m with her.”

He wasn’t a man who liked to sweet-talk, but the tender affection he had for the woman could easily be heard from those words. Is he saying that she doesn’t need her to be perfect because he likes her the way that she is?

Belle was terrified at her own thoughts and took a step back, hot tears spilling down her cheeks once again like a stream of loose beads. Gritting her teeth, she cried, “You’ll regret choosing her over me one day, Tony!”

She wanted nothing to do with that stone cold statue of a man anymore. After screaming those words at him, she turned and made a run for the restroom.

Behind her, Tony took the cigarette from between his lips in his fingers and tossed it into a nearby bin, bearing a straight face the entire time. Turning to look at the woman in white, his eyes were instantly filled with a gentleness that could be described as love.

In his eyes, Myra was Myra. She had no need to become any more perfect, and she had no need to be compared to other women—she just had to be her, and it would be enough for him.

His phone suddenly rang. Picking up the call, a loud voice filled his ear. “Tony, have you really confirmed your relationship with Myra at Wilson Golf Club?!”

Tony’s brows furrowed as he looked around him on the spot.

“You don’t have to look around, Tony—there’s so many people around you. You don’t know how many of them have already captured the scene earlier!”

Elliot seemed to be able to see what he was doing. He added nervously and said, “Tony, Myra still hasn’t divorced yet. I heard that she’s been labeled as ‘your woman’ after that incident regarding the Hillville Project. Are you sure you should be doing this now?”

Tony raised a brow and asked flatly, “Why not?”

Elliot choked at the rebuttal. Even though he was very much familiar with Tony’s bold behavior, it had reached a point where it was impressive even to him right now. He replied dully, “What if those two find trouble with her again...”

“Isn’t this why you’re here?” Tony asked before he could finish.

Elliot went silent; after processing what Tony actually meant by that, he was suddenly overcome with tears.

Taking a bullet for one another—this is what brothers are for!

Sean had clearly labeled Elliot as one of the men who had an affair with Myra. When Elliot bumped into that man at the airport earlier, that man had given him a death glare; it was as though he had really seen his unfaithful wife's paramour in the flesh and was about to slice him into pieces.

Elliot wanted to express his dissatisfaction a bit more, but Tony had already ended the call. What was left in his ear was the beeping tone which signaled that he had been hung up on. Elliot continued sobbing.

After putting down his phone, Tony went to the nearby lounge area to get a fresh towel for Myra.

It was almost noon and the weather was getting warmer; beads of sweat gathered on her forehead.

Out of nowhere, a breezy feeling struck her face and Myra tensed up. Tony didn't stop and continued wiping away the sweat on her face.

She tried to grab the towel from him to wipe her own sweat, but Tony swiftly passed the towel to an employee. "Elliot said that he needs to meet you for something, and he wants to have lunch with you."

Myra was surprised. She suddenly remembered that she had come to look for Tony for a favor herself. However, why did Elliot want to meet her?

Tony seemed to have read her thoughts and said, "We can talk about your matter at lunch as well."

Myra gave it a thought and nodded. After all, she didn't have to go to Chase Group anymore; she had a lot of free time on her hands.

With that, the two of them went to the changing rooms to change out of their sports attire.

Just as Myra was about to leave, Belle blocked the exit and was waiting for her.

Her complexion didn't look good at all. Her makeup was smudged, and she didn't even bother cleaning it up. Her gentle, round eyes sharpened into daggers as soon as she saw Myra. "You're Myra Stark?"

Myra had her back facing Tony and Belle during their exchange, so she was unaware of what had happened between the two. The hateful way that Belle was looking at her made her subconsciously want to avoid talking to her. She only nodded flatly and replied, “Yes, that’s me.”

“Huh...” The woman before her scoffed coldly. “I’ve looked into your background. You’re the daughter of the Stark Family, but you got married to Sean Chase of the Chase Family. As of today, the Chase Family announced that you stole some private documents from Chase Group and leaked it to Hart Group.”

Myra had just experienced the crisis of Chase Group’s confidential information leak firsthand, and she was still very sensitive to the topic. Seeing that Belle was deliberately trying to provoke her, her brows knitted in irritation. “Miss Bridgers, go straight to the point, please.”

“Leave Tony!” Belle blurted as she glared at her menacingly. “With your current status, you don’t deserve him—not after what you’ve done. Leave him! He’s not someone you can easily take advantage of.”

Her tone was unbelievably arrogant. Not only was she stating the fact that Myra was unworthy of Tony, but she was also reminding Myra that she alone would be the rightful daughter of the Hart Family, for she was on par with them in terms of wealth and status. Every ounce of expression was wiped from Myra’s face the moment she heard her.

“I believe you’ve misunderstood us, Miss Bridgers.” Myra willed herself to ignore the discomfort she felt as Belle was threatening and degrading her. “I have no intention of taking advantage of Director Hart, and I never wanted anything more with him. As for the Chase Group’s confidential information, I implore you to stay quiet if you don’t know the whole story. One more thing about Director Hart—”

Standing before Love Chapter 109

Myra took a deep breath. For some reason, the thought of the noble and handsome man panicked her deep down inside, but she collected herself and replied, “Miss Bridgers, you should try to win Director Hart’s heart with your own capability if you love him. If he loves you, no one else can win his favor but you.”

Belle's expression changed at Myra's words; upon recalling what Tony had said to her, she apparently took the last sentence Myra said to her as an act of provocation. We both know that Tony loves the woman in front of me; isn't she just telling me that Tony loves her, and no one else can win his favor?!

"Myra..." This was the first time Belle hated someone so much deep down inside. I have finally met the man I love, yet he doesn't even bother giving me a glance because of the woman in front of me... For the very first time, she looked at the dignified woman before her as if humbling herself. Softening her voice, she then asked, "Tell me—what do you want so that you'll leave him?"

However, Myra had a complicated look in her eyes. Going past Belle, she walked ahead and replied, "I've already told you—I never wanted to win Director Hart's favor in the first place."

How could that man be someone I can play up to? Myra curled her lips in self-deprecation, but Belle didn't see that; all she saw was Myra's figure gradually disappearing into the dressing room. As she stamped her foot, her tears fell again.

When Myra walked out of Wilson Golf Club, Tony had driven over in a black Maybach; he stopped the car at the entrance and gestured for her to get in. Myra's feelings were mixed as she thought of what Belle had said just now, but she still stepped forward, pulled the car door open, and got into the vehicle.

The figure next to her had leaned over before she could fasten her seat belt, but she clutched her seat belt tightly and gave him a polite smile. "I'll do it myself, Director Hart."

Narrowing his eyes, Tony glanced at her before returning to the driver's seat. Then, he started the engine with a raised brow.

Both of them were strangely quiet along the way. The cell phone in Tony's pocket rang like crazy several times, but he hung up the calls expressionlessly.

When they finally reached the restaurant, Myra immediately stepped out of his car.

As soon as she got out, Elliot, who had been waiting outside, took her hand and walked a few steps away. He asked her in a whisper, “Miss Stark, did Tony go on a blind date just now?”

Myra sighed in relief at the sight of Elliot, but she wasn’t used to having her hand grabbed by a man. After struggling free of his grasp, she nodded and replied, “Yeah.”

That should be the case according to Tony’s words, but judging from Belle’s looks, their blind date didn’t seem to have worked out.

At the thought of this, Myra couldn’t conceal the faint smile on her lips no matter how calm she was.

Elliot, however, had a bad feeling at the sight of her expression. Oh no! Myra knows that Tony went on a blind date with another woman, yet why does she look so happy about it? Could it be that she has zero feelings for him?

Meanwhile, Tony parked his car and came up to meet them soon afterward.

The three of them then entered the hotel and went into a VIP room. Myra wondered if she was thinking too much, but despite Tony telling her that Elliot had something to talk to her about, the latter took the seat next to the chair adjacent to hers and pretended to be invisible after entering the private room.

After the two of them had seated themselves, Tony entered the private room from the outside; he then casually pulled out the chair next to Myra’s and sat down. “Weren’t you going to discuss something with me just now?” He looked impassive, but what he said snapped her out of her thoughts.

Upon hearing his words, Myra no longer cared about Elliot; she immediately turned to look at the man next to her. However, when she met Tony’s eyes—which seemed to be able to see through everything—it occurred to her that he couldn’t possibly be unaware of what had happened to Chase Group. After all, even Belle was aware of it. She then said with a forced smile, “Director Hart, you must have learned that Chase Group’s trade secret has been stolen. Currently, all the evidence points to me; Sean has been accusing me of divulging the trade secret to the Hart Group. I think that only the Hart Group can prove my innocence...”

However, silence fell over the private room when she finished her sentence.

Tony was about to take out a cigarette, but he paused upon meeting Myra's hopeful gaze. Putting back his cigarette, he curled the four fingers of his right hand and tapped lightly on the table. "Indeed, I've learned of that."

"Well then..." Myra's voice instantly became husky. Naturally, she hoped this time that the Hart Group would help her.

Tony wasn't in a hurry, though. He explained slowly, "Indeed, someone from Chase Group had disclosed the information to us this time, which was why we managed to sell off all the property in Hilliville."

Upon hearing his words, Elliot instantly pricked up his ears. On the other hand, Myra's heart nearly jumped out of her chest. She thought to herself, It's Lyla! She must be the one behind all of this!

However, what Tony said next chilled Myra to the bone; it felt like a bucket of iced water had been poured on her. "Nonetheless, I'm sure you know very well that Hart Group won't help you with this, Miss Stark."

Stunned, she looked up at the expressionless man before her. When she had arrived earlier that day, she already knew that it was almost impossible for Hart Group to help her with this. After all, doing so would plunge them into a messier situation. However, he asked her to stay and play golf just now, which made her think that he had another way at the very least. In her opinion, the most enigmatic part about Tony was that he could make anything impossible possible.

However, Tony didn't continue to speak after finishing that sentence, causing Myra's heart to sink little by little. Gritting her teeth, she asked him again, "Is there no other way?"

Tony shook his head. "I can't do anything this time—not for now, at the very least."

Myra took a deep breath as her expression seemed a bit forced. "In that case, I shan't force you to do something you can't. Besides, you've helped me a lot, Director Hart."

She had no right to ask the man in front of her to help her, so why did he have to do so?

Upon hearing Myra's words, Elliot—who was sitting next to them—almost couldn't refrain himself from shouting. I guarantee that Tony will immediately promise to help you if you agree to be together with him! However, he didn't dare to say that out loud; at the very least, he couldn't say that in Tony's presence.

With that, the atmosphere between the three of them became even stranger.

Myra found little taste in the meal, so she quickly finished eating and left right away on the excuse that she had something else to attend to.

Looking at her skinny figure, Elliot gently bumped his shoulder against the man next to him, whose eyes apparently fell on the woman as well. "You were so indifferent and heartless just now, Tony. Don't you worry that Mrs. Hart will be upset?"

Even he couldn't help sympathizing with Myra at the sight of her expression just now.

Upon hearing Elliot's words, Tony shot him a glance and stopped eating the dish before him. He pulled out his chair and stood up before asking, "Do you think that I want to see her being upset?"

"Of course I don't!" Elliot promptly corrected himself. After thinking for a moment, he continued, "Should we proceed with the next step, Tony? The way I see it, Chase Group's shares have plummeted so badly that some people would probably want to kill themselves by jumping into the sea."

He sniggered while thinking to himself, It can be said that I've avenged Mrs. Hart from another aspect, can't I?

Tony's thin lips compressed into a strained smile, but he didn't answer Elliot for a long time. When Elliot looked at him, he saw him knitting his brows; it looked as though Tony was thinking about something at this moment. After a long time, he suddenly asked, "Will all of this end step by step according to plan?"

Of course it will!" Elliot answered unthinkingly. Their plans were usually foolproof, not to mention that they were especially careful this time.

However, Elliot didn't know that Tony wasn't thinking about their plan. Instead, he was thinking about Myra's heart. Perhaps because he had been refused too many times, he had a feeling that he might lose her.

Standing before Love Chapter 110

Will Myra still melt into my embrace if she learns all about this?

Elliot waited for a long time; just when he thought that Tony wouldn't say another word, the latter spoke flatly. "Spread the word."

"Okay!" Elliot immediately responded. He and the other two had been rubbing their hands in anticipation and could hardly wait to go all out!

The cell phone in Tony's pocket vibrated again. This time, however, Tony didn't hang up the phone.

Meanwhile, Myra took a taxi home.

She would be lying if she said she wasn't upset, for this was the first time the man had turned down her request so bluntly. Before she realized it, she had grown used to turning to Tony for help—doing so had become a matter of course. However, such a thought made Myra's heart shudder. Only then did she realize what made her upset wasn't that she was hurt by both Sean and Lyla, but that Tony had refused to help her!

Such a realization caused her heart to race inexplicably. An unknown feeling lingered in her heart, but she forcibly repressed such emotions.

Suddenly, her cell phone vibrated for a moment. She took it out to see a pop-up notification saying that Elliot had added her into a chat group on Messenger.

Not caring too much about it, she opened the group's information without much thought, only to find that this group's members included several influential members of the upper-class families in Bradford City and some other people who were closely related to these families. When she switched back to the group chat's interface, she found that a few messages had popped up in there.

Elliot wrote, 'Let's welcome Mimi to our group! Everyone, please give her a round of warm applause!'

This message was tagged with a series of emojis. Following this message, Philip, Lucas, and the others also expressed their welcome to her.

Knowing that the members of this chat group were probably Tony's friends, Myra thought for a moment before replying politely, 'Thank you, everyone.'

She had just sent out this text message when another message popped up in the group chat. Surprisingly, it was a voice message from Tony.

Everyone seemed to be stunned, for Tony never spoke in the group despite being added to the group by Elliot a long time ago. Right now, he had suddenly surfaced in the group...

Elliot wrote, 'Hey, Tony! It seems like you've really put love before friendship! You never showed up a few days ago no matter how we called for you in the group, but you immediately sent a voice message right after Myra popped up and sent a text message! Let's see what you've sent!'

Everyone in the group probably went to listen to Tony's voice message; even Myra held her breath as she played the voice message. However, the message, which was only three seconds long, consisted only of the sound of a car driving on the road, and Tony didn't say a word at all. Just when Myra was a bit disappointed, he suddenly sent a text message containing a word and a question mark. It read, 'Mimi?'

Everyone fell silent for a while before Philip quickly texted, 'You're finished, Elliot.'

Lucas texted, 'You idiot!'

Philip then texted, 'You fool!'

Michael Moss, another member of the group, texted, 'We're about to watch something interesting now!'

These text messages were followed by gloating text messages from other members of the group.

Everyone in the group knew that Tony was jealous. Even Tony himself called Myra Miss Stark for now, yet Elliot dared to address her so intimately as 'Mimi!'

Sitting in the back seat, Elliot was overwhelmed with regret when he saw through the rearview mirror that Tony was raising his brow in the front seat. He called Myra 'Mimi' to appear more cordial toward her, but who would have known that he would ruffle Tony's feathers instead?!

He immediately sent three text messages in a row. The first read, 'I'm wrong, Tony. Please forgive me this time; after all, I deserve some credit for my effort at the very least.' The second read, 'We're buddies, Tony. Keep calm if you have something to say, and don't resort to violence!' The third read, 'Miss Stark, hurry up and advise Tony for me. I don't want to have him beat the sh*t out of me! I don't want to lose my handsome face!'

Elliot was still acting humble and cute in the group, but Myra was already too busy to read his messages, for her private chat interface showed a message from a man with no profile picture.

Upon recalling what Elliot had texted just now, Myra blushed slightly and hesitated for a moment. Still, she played Tony's voice message, and a man's deep and attractive voice soon came from the other end of the conversation. "Don't think too much. They won't do anything to you over this."

Tony's voice seemed to be endowed with a kind of magic that could calm people down involuntarily. Upon hearing his voice, Myra couldn't help tightening her grip on her cell phone. Sending him a voice message, she replied softly, "Okay."

Meanwhile, Elliot suddenly sent a text message to the group. It read, 'I heard Tony sending a voice message to Myra in private. Unfortunately, he deliberately sounded the horn just now, so I couldn't hear anything clearly.'

Myra saw this text message right after switching back to the group chat's interface, and her face turned redder at once. She closed her Messenger at once, but the initial feelings of upset within her had strangely diminished.

Lyla was still anxious and uncertain when Tony answered her phone call. "Director Hart, regarding the incident yesterday where you went to the construction site—"

Actually, she had wanted those at the construction site to hold Myra up. It would be best if Myra hadn't been able to show up at Chase Group on this day to refute the accusations against her no matter what, but as luck would have it, Myra ended up being saved by Tony. Even though Lyla planned to

have Eve personally discover Myra stealing Chase Group's confidential documents afterward, she ultimately never expected her scheme to be flawed. As a result, Eve hated Lyla's guts right now, thinking that the latter was setting Myra up. It wasn't until Sean showed Eve the CCTV footage that the latter softened her attitude toward Lyla.

However, the key problem was why Tony would save Myra. According to the bargain between them, she thought that he hated Myra. Perhaps Myra could only be made a victim for the sake of interests, but Eve said that Myra was seducing him. Could Myra have succeeded at seducing Tony?!

This idea had been lingering in her mind just now, yet she couldn't express it. It wasn't until Sean had gone looking after Eve right now that she had the spare time to call Tony.

Tony's face turned frosty the instant he heard Lyla's voice. He said flatly, "I happened to be there, so it was inexcusable not to save her."

"Oh!" Lyla was quite relieved despite Tony's slightly unconvincing explanation. After gritting her teeth, she continued to ask, "Director Hart, you've promised to help me buy up all the land in Chase Group's Hillville, right?! You won't go back on your word, right?"

"That's for sure." Tony's voice was icy, but his mouth curved into a meaningful smile. "Now that I've given you the opportunity, I won't provide any help for no return again in the future if you still can't secure the position of Mrs. Chase this time, Miss Fisher."

"Please be rest assured!" Lyla clenched her teeth. Only she could save Chase Group this time, so Eve would have to obey her no matter how much she liked Myra!

After Tony hung up, Elliot moved close to him again with a wicked smile. "I've spread the word, Tony. Now, we just have to wait for the big fish to take the bait."

The car window opened a crack before Tony took out a cigarette and lit it up. As the curling smoke blurred his eyes, he ordered, "Tell them to keep a close eye on Myra over the next few days. Tell me at once if something happens!"

There was a note of seemingly conflicted grimness in his voice as he spoke. Elliot narrowed his eyes at Tony's words before raising his brow. "You can

count on me, Tony,” he replied. He added, “Myra won’t learn about anything. You just have to be doubly nice to her, Tony—doing so can also relieve the feelings of guilt within me.”

Tony’s face was sullen at Elliot’s words. Just then, Elliot reminded him and said, “By the way, Tony—Old Master Hart called me on my cell phone just now. He told me to pass you a message by telling you to call him back as soon as possible.”