

Standing before Love Chapter 111

“What’s the matter?” Tony asked impassively.

Elliot gloated at once. “What else do you think? Old Master Hart nearly spat blood in anger after you and Myra’s public display of affection at Wilson Golf Club.”

“Well, he can pretend that he didn’t see me then.” Tony leisurely leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes. Won’t I be yelled at if I call him back? Since they’re so desperate for a granddaughter-in-law, I’ll bring one back.

Meanwhile, Sean took Lyla and Eve back to the Chase Residence after the incident at Chase Group. Eve didn’t agree to go home at first, but she had to keep her temper after watching the video Sean showed her.

Honestly, she didn’t quite believe that Myra would do something unfair to them, but what Myra did in the video forced her to be suspicious. Do I... really not understand Myra at all?

Sean had asked Lyla to go downstairs for the time being, leaving only him and Eve in the bedroom at this moment.

Looking as though she had grown ten years older in an instant, Eve felt quite bad upon seeing her son standing at one side in silence. “Sean, I know that you probably learned about what I’ve done to Lyla since she has come back to you. That’s right—I met Lyla back then and asked her to leave you. But I did this for a reason, son... Do you hate me for my actions? Do you hate me because I wanted you to marry Myra although you love Lyla and not her?”

Sean stood stubbornly in place without saying a word, but Eve could tell what he was thinking. She continued with a sigh, “You won’t understand it... You’re totally obsessed with Lyla right now, but you’ll regret it someday... You know what? Not only is Myra a kind-hearted lady,

Suddenly, she coughed heavily before she could finish her sentence. Seeing that her face had turned red from coughing, Sean found himself unable to bear the sight. “Stop talking, Mom. I know that you like Myra, but please don’t care about this matter anymore. Now that Lyla and I are finally back together after being separated for two years, I don’t want to break up with her again.”

“No, Sean... You mustn’t divorce Myra...” Eve took a deep breath. “At the very least, you can’t do that right now... Sean, had you been nicer to Myra, she wouldn’t have been too hard on you for being together with Lyla. You can keep that woman as a mistress, but you mustn’t make her your wife. A woman like her will only come to you at the most glorious moment of your life. Once you’re in dire straits, only a woman like Myra will never leave you!”

Sean didn’t utter a sound, for he knew that his mother liked Myra and hated Lyla. Lyla was inferior to Myra; she wasn’t from a family like the Starks, nor could she give him the Stark Group’s 20 percent of shares that Myra had given to him back then. However, now that the money Myra invested in the company back then had become worthless right now, why would his mother still want him to be together with Myra?! “Stop it, Mom—” Sean muttered. “It’s my own business, so I know what to do.”

“You don’t have the slightest idea!” Eve suddenly chastised with emphasis before coughing with emotion. “You’re completely unaware that the late Old Master Stark has left a will behind, and the vast fortune of Stark Group is willed not to his son, but to his granddaughter! You just have to be patient for a while longer so that Myra gives you everything! My effort all these years would’ve bore fruit, yet you hurt Myra for Lyla’s sake. Do you think that she’ll still hand Stark Group over to you now?!”

Eve coughed violently again after finishing her sentence, but Sean forgot to help her relieve her cough this time. Instead, he stared at his mother in shock.

The Stark Family had only two daughters, so its fortune would end up belonging to the families of the daughters’ respective husbands; this was part of the reason why his mother had settled on Myra back then. However, the late Old Master Stark actually bequeathed all of Stark Family’s wealth to his granddaughter instead of his son in his will!

Sean furrowed his brows upon hearing Eve’s words. “Is that true, Mom?!”

“It’s absolutely true!” Eve took a few deep breaths. “I accidentally overheard the late Old Master Stark saying so to another man while I was dining at Ritz Carlton one day. Otherwise, why would I have been so determined to let you marry Myra? Besides, Myra really is a nice lady, so I thought that the both of you would be happy together in the end, but I didn’t expect... Sean, even if you call the police for what happened with Hillville, nothing will be done against Myra. You know as well that the evidence isn’t sufficient; Myra doesn’t have the trade secrets in her hands, nor do you have proof of her dealing with

Hart Group. All of this is totally insufficient to convict her, so it's useless no matter whether she was the one who stole the trade secret or not. But now, you must depend on her for help with what happened with Hillville; you must work hard to appease her. At the very least, you must do it right now! Otherwise—”

Before she could finish her speech, she was interrupted by an urgent ringtone. Sean frowned and saw that his cell phone was ringing; it was a phone call from Richard.

Eve motioned him to pick up the phone, which he did after thinking for a moment. As soon as he answered the call, Richard's anxious voice could be heard over the phone. “Bad news, Director Chase. A few people died during the construction work of Marina Bay Bridge two years ago. Now the incident has been dug up, and the blame is being put on Chase Group!”

“What?!” Sean instantly raised his voice. As his cell phone had sound leakage issues, Eve heard Richard's words very clearly, and her face turned pale at once.

“What should we do, Director Chase?” This was the first time Richard had come across such a serious matter. This matter was different from the company's insolvency crisis, for someone would be taken into criminal custody! Moreover, the person to be taken into criminal custody would either be the person responsible for the incident, or the company's lawful representative. Moreover, Sean was also the person responsible for the incident back then...

Eve instantly fainted upon hearing Sean's words.

Sean could no longer pay attention to Richard; he hung up right away and tried to shake Eve awake. “Mom! Mom, are you okay?!”

The bedroom door quietly opened a crack first before Lyla quietly closed the door again. She didn't expect to overhear such a piece of shocking news by accident.

That explains it... Lyla had always felt that Eve spoiled and trusted Myra to a completely blind degree, but it turned out that Eve wasn't blind. She merely had her eye on the Stark Family's last bit of advantage...

It's regrettable, though... Lyla glanced at the news report she had just seen on her cell phone. The Stark Group's successor was expecting a child at his old age, and the hospital has determined that the child would be a boy.

Myra will be a nobody once the boy is born... At the thought of this, Myra's mouth curved into a sneer.

Sebastian swore that he didn't mean anything else; he was only here to take a look at the apartment that his grandson had recently bought.

However, he didn't have the keys to the apartment. He told Elliot to send his unfilial grandson a message by telling the latter to call him so that he could scare the latter, but that b*stard of a grandson didn't even give him a phone call!

He sneered inwardly. Hmph, just wait until I meet that woman myself.

There were three apartment units after he exited the elevator. One of them belonged to his grandson, so that woman must be living in one of the two remaining units.

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Sebastian had been squatting around since mid-afternoon as he was afraid that he would miss out on the opportunity to bump into Myra otherwise. Since he had even forced himself to skip dinner just to stay around, he felt his tummy rumbling. As he watched the hour hand of his watch turn toward 9.00PM, he started to feel rather displeased. Hmph, she's a woman who stays out late at night! Terrible! Right as he was mumbling to himself under his breath, he heard the ding of the elevator. His eyes immediately lit up without him realizing it himself.

Myra felt completely exhausted as she dragged her body out of the elevator. She was startled when she saw Sebastian standing right in front of her. The building she stayed in had extremely high security; the management wouldn't usually allow for strangers to enter as they pleased. But this man... Myra felt her entire body tensing up. Isn't he Tony's grandfather, Old Master Hart? I saw him once during his birthday feast on the luxurious yacht. What is he doing here? Does he know something about me? Or did he find out about the rumors of me leaking private information to Hart Group?

Sebastian quickly realized the wary gaze in Myra's eyes; this gave him a boost in confidence. "Aren't you going to invite me in?" he asked as he straightened his body. He perked up his lips as he gave Myra a look.

She froze for a moment as she was too stunned to react to him then. The old man continued to glare at her face before he knitted his brows together. "Who did you get into a fight with?" She obviously got those injuries on her face because she fought with someone. "You're a grown woman; how could you still get into fights with others?! How ridiculous!" I'm giving her a bad rating for this! Sebastian continued with his negative evaluation of the woman as he waited for her to open her door anxiously.

Myra seemed rather embarrassed upon hearing his comment. "There were some issues with the Sunny Bay Project yesterday. I was... hit by the workers there..."

"You were hit by the workers?" Sebastian studied all the injuries on her face again. How hard must they have hit her for her to end up like this?! Now, I'm starting to think that my own grandson might be the unreliable one here. Why didn't he protect his own woman?! "Why did you go to the construction site all by yourself? Have you applied some medication to your wounds? Did you make a police report? Were things cleared up with the workers?" Sebastian had some hidden potential when it came to nagging others.

For some reason, Myra only felt more embarrassed when she recognized the hint of concern in the old man's voice. She quickly nodded her head. "The report was made, and I got my wounds treated. The workers were just rioting at the construction site, so things will be settled soon."

After nodding for a moment, Sebastian then frowned as he realized something. "Did you say that this was for the Sunny Bay Project?" He felt like he had heard the name somewhere. Isn't that the name of the project that Mark was talking about when we last chatted? I even misunderstood the relationship between Tony and that girl from the Hay Family then; it seems like... "Ah, you're the one!" Sebastian uttered abruptly.

Myra felt more awkward than ever. For the entire duration of their meeting, Sebastian had been talking to her as if he had known her for a long time. Yet, all his words didn't seem to make any sense to her. Furthermore, she was certain that she had never spoken to the old man in the past.

“All right. Can you invite me in for a cup of tea now?” Sebastian addressed Myra once more; he had successfully obtained some details about his own grandson. Meanwhile, Myra had no choice but to open her door before inviting the old man in. All of the members of the Hart Family seemed pretty kind to her, so she didn’t feel the need to be especially vigilant toward them.

The moment Sebastian stepped into Myra’s apartment, he began to inspect the entire place. I’m a picky man, but I do agree that the design of this place is pretty decent. It also looks like someone must clean the place regularly as it seems tidy and spotless.

Myra hastily pulled out a pair of indoor slippers for the old man as he waited at the entrance corridor. However, he frowned when he saw that it was a pair of female slippers. “I’m sorry. I didn’t know you were coming over; I only have female slippers here,” she said sheepishly. Myra didn’t realize anything special about her words—she simply hadn’t had the time to prepare anything else since she had just left Chase Residence and moved into her new place a while ago. However, Sebastian perceived her words differently. This indirectly tells me that she has never brought any other men home. It seems like her personal life is a healthy and proper one. With that, the old man concealed the look of disdain on his face as he put his indoor slippers on and walked into the house.

Myra had only moved into the apartment for a short while, so there weren’t traces of any other people’s belongings in her unit. Sebastian quickly concluded that she wasn’t lying to him after he took a quick tour around the apartment. She couldn’t have known that I was going to show up here today, right? This inspection has really provided me with some important information. Sebastian nodded his head continuously.

After an entire afternoon of running around outdoors without taking any meals, Myra felt her tummy growling now that she was home. “Would you like to stay for dinner, Old Master Hart? I’m afraid pasta is all I can serve for dinner, though,” said Myra as she spoke to the old man beside her casually. Pasta was the only food she had in the fridge.

Sebastian was initially displeased by the idea, but he gave it a little more thought. My grandson is still chasing after this girl, so he probably hasn’t tried her cooking, right? The old man felt rather proud of being offered a meal then. However, he only knitted his brows as he turned toward Myra. “Don’t expect me to eat it if it doesn’t taste good,” he uttered with an arrogant look on his face.

For some reason, Myra felt a smile creeping onto her face after she heard the old man's words. He probably doesn't realize how childish he sounds right now, she thought as she simply nodded and walked into the kitchen. She didn't have a lot of ingredients, but she had the basics—beef, eggs, spinach, and so on. After some contemplation, Myra decided that she would prepare some minced beef along with the pasta.

She prepared the dish and poured the gravy on top of the pasta before bringing it out. Sebastian was looking around her study right then. "Dinner's ready," she said as she stuck her head into her study and called for the old man.

He had been going through her study with the hopes of digging some information out of it. But after going through the entire place, all he found were her work documents or project-related files. This girl is clearly a workaholic! I've also found her full name—I really like how it sounds. Myra Stark. Myra Stark... Myra's a name derived from olden days; it translates to 'sweet and gentle'... That's how women are supposed to be...

Once he heard Myra calling for him, he quickly straightened himself before he strode out and went to the dining area. He could already smell the mouth-watering scent before he even entered the area; it only made him more excited to dig in as he was already starving then. However, he was careful not to reveal his emotions. Instead, he put on a blank expression as he stared at the dish in front of him. "Why did you give me so much food? Do you think you're feeding a pig?"

Myra blushed. "No... I was afraid that it wouldn't be enough for you, so I..."

"All right, I was just kidding. Look at you—your face is all red. Someone who doesn't know better might even think that I'm bullying you." He interrupted her words and waved it off before he sat down. Before he started to eat, his gaze flickered all around the room as he pulled his phone out and snapped an image of the food. Then, he began to eat.

The old man felt embarrassed once he finished all the pasta on his plate. He had accidentally finished the entire meal after he referred to it as a portion meant for a pig earlier. Moreover... He looked as if he was about to drool when he addressed Myra after the meal. "Do you have more food, Myra?" She stared at him speechlessly.

Just before she sent him out after dinner, he turned around to ask her a question. “What’s your Messenger contact number?”

Myra had spent the entire night dealing with the old man’s eccentric personality—she immediately gave her number to him as she knew that there would be no point trying to avoid his question. He typed her number as he walked out of her unit. “I’ve added you on Messenger; don’t forget to accept my request later.” He gave Myra a final reminder as she sent him into the elevator.

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Myra didn’t know whether to laugh or cry right then. She couldn’t seem to figure out the reason Sebastian came over to visit—it made her nervous at the start, but she eventually calmed herself down. Perhaps he misunderstood the situation and came over to thank me. I really didn’t leak any confidential information to Hart Group, so Old Master Hart’s abrupt actions made me very helpless.

After she sent the old man off, she returned to her unit. Myra’s phone on the couch lit up with a new notification, informing her about the new friend request on her Messenger app. She had no choice but to tap on the ‘accept’ button, and her new friend quickly sent her a message.

‘I’ll consider you as having passed the test since you made pretty decent noodles.’ I’m considered to have passed the test... What is he talking about? His text only left Myra more frustrated than ever. She simply threw her phone aside before she headed into the shower.

When Eve woke up, she realized that Sean had already left to handle other matters at the company. Lyla was the one who stayed around to take care of her instead. However, Eve seemed extremely displeased to see Lyla beside her. “What are you doing here? We don’t welcome you here, Miss Fisher. You should have some self-respect; you should walk out yourself before I chase you out.”

Lyla didn’t seem angered by Eve’s words. Instead, she put on a big smile. “Eve, we both have Sean’s best interests at heart; whether it was two years ago or two years later. I left him two years ago and gave Myra the opportunity to revive Chase Group’s business then. However, things are a lot different

now, Eve. Myra can no longer save the Chase Group now, but I can do it. Don't you think you should be a little more polite with me?"

"You can save the Chase Group?" Eve uttered in a sarcastic tone as she mocked Lyla's words, which sounded no different to her than if Lyla were to admit that she was the daughter of the wealthiest men in Bradford City. "How could you save the company when even Myra can't do it? Don't get too arrogant, Miss Fisher; you'll only disappoint yourself more in the end."

"Whether or not I get disappointed is my own issue. Are you sure you don't want me to help, Eve?" Lyla swiftly sat herself down beside the other woman. She was naturally pretty; her looks served as an access card when she mingled around with the upper classes of Bradford City. "There's something else I want to tell you, Eve. Cameron is expecting a son in a few months' time. Soon, that child is going to fight to become the Stark Group's inheritor."

"What did you say?!" Eve exclaimed in a loud voice. After Richard had told her about the issues the company was facing and the traumatic memories of the Hillville project that troubled her, Eve felt like she couldn't handle another shock right then. Nonetheless, Lyla was clearly well-prepared to tell her all about this matter. "I'm just saying that Myra might not inherit the Stark Group. After Cameron's son is born, there wouldn't be enough time to save the Chase Group even if she does inherit the company, right? Furthermore, do you think Myra will still be willing to sacrifice her all just to save the Chase Group after all the hurt that she's been through?"

Eve's face fell immediately. "Stop making false assumptions! Myra isn't that sort of heartless, fickle-minded person!"

"Are you worried that she might be fickle-minded, or are you actually afraid that she wouldn't be able to inherit the Stark Group after her younger brother comes along? Aren't you just worried that she wouldn't be capable of saving the Chase Group?" Lyla's words gave Eve another blow. She then shoved her phone into Eve's hands. "You can read what this says if you don't believe me." Eve hastily took the phone over. Her face turned ghastly pale after she went through all of the reports and articles of Cameron announcing the good news about his son.

Lyla spoke in an icy voice beside her. "At this point, I'm sure you know that you can no longer depend on Myra, Eve. The most you can get from her now is some financial support. However, you know how much she invested in Chase Group in the past; she probably doesn't have too much money right

now. If all you wanted was her money, what's the difference in taking my money instead? I've been hustling for the past two years; I'm sure I'll be able to fork out more money than Myra can. Furthermore..." Lyla fixed her gaze directly upon Eve. "I have my ways and connections. I have a way to sell the Chase Group's entire piece of land on Hilliville. Although you won't get much of a profit, I can assure you that you wouldn't make a loss. The sales will be enough to fund the Chase Group's capital once more. As long as all the subsequent businesses run smoothly, all of the issues will be solved!"

There was a mixture of emotions surfacing on Eve's face as she listened to Lyla's words. Yeah, I know that I can no longer depend on Myra this time. It's no longer a given for her to inherit the Stark Group's business now that Cameron has a son, and the Chase Group can no longer wait for that to happen. The price of our stocks has been falling for too long; I get worried just looking at it. I'd definitely be willing to sacrifice some things if there's a good opportunity to get us out of this situation. Lyla is the one who came up with this opportunity, though... Will I be okay with that? Is this woman really here because she truly likes and cares for my son? Can she really help the Chase Group?!

"How do you plan to do that?" Eve asked through gritted teeth. I know that I don't like this woman, but I don't have the time to figure out why now—what matters most is that the Chase Group is saved!

"I have a big client who would like to buy all of the office buildings, commercial buildings and residential lots in Hilliville. If you agree for Sean to get married to me, I'll contact that client immediately!" Lyla replied.

"But Sean hasn't gotten a divorce with Myra yet..." Eve hesitated as she spoke.

"It's not hard to get an instant divorce. I can now tell you with great certainty that if Sean were to go to the Civil Affairs Bureau and call for Myra to head over now, she would be able to get the procedure done immediately!" Lyla uttered flatly.

"Why should I believe you? If you're just trying to lie and get yourself married to Sean..."

"The Chase Group is about to collapse. What do you have to be worried about, Eve? Do you think the Chase Group has anything that I'm greedy for at this point?" Lyla sighed and shook her head to exaggerate the frustration she

felt. "I've always loved Sean. Why else do you think I've tried so many ways just to come back and help him out? You may not believe me, Eve, but I think there isn't anyone else on Earth who loves Sean more than I do. I can sacrifice everything for him. I'm just here this time because I want to help him through this tough period..." she muttered with a bitter look in her eyes.

Eve changed her mind when she saw the mixture of sadness and determination in Lyla's face. For the past two years, Eve had often seen her son suffering. He never once fancied Myra even though she loved him. They were all young back then; how could he have developed so much hatred for Myra? He was probably just rejecting the idea of being with her! He probably just enlarged the issue with their relationship once he found an issue with it. He might've done this so that he could keep his heart for... If Lyla has a way to save the Chase Group and if she and Sean are both deeply in love with one another... That actually sounds like a perfect scenario, right? I still feel like there's something odd about this, but...

"All right. You have to stick to your words!" Eve took a deep breath. "I'll choose to believe that you're in love with Sean for now, Lyla. I just hope that your days with him in the future... Ah... I just hope the days get better..." I guess all the previous entanglements with Myra should come to an end. I do feel guilty for it, but this guilt isn't bigger than the threat of the Chase Group's bankruptcy. Myra and Sean simply aren't fated for one another. Perhaps in her next life... Eve thought.

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Once he returned to his own condominium, Tony took a shower before he lazed around and pulled his phone out. This was the first time he had ever fiddled with the Messenger application on his phone; he never had the time or interest to do such things in the past. However, after he heard the single, simple word in Myra's voice note to him, he felt as if his heart was immediately soothed by her presence around him.

It was almost a compulsion for him to lie on his bed and play the same voice note continuously. "Okay," said Myra's voice note. He pressed to play it again. "Okay." Again. "Okay." He was about to play it another time when his phone started to ring. Naturally, Tony answered the call immediately.

"Are you actually using your phone, Tony? How did you pick up your call so quickly?" Elliot sounded flattered on the other end of the line. Tony's response

wasn't pleasant as the voice that came from his phone wasn't the one that he longed to listen to. "Spit it out. What is it?"

"It's a success!" Elliot didn't seem concerned to hear Tony's icy tone on the other end of the call. "Lyla just replied to the message on your phone. She kept thanking you in her message; she sounded almost as though she would get in bed with you if you asked her to!" She doesn't know that she just turned herself into one of our chess pieces, though!

Upon hearing the news, Tony relaxed the muscles between his eyebrows for a short moment. Then, he frowned and gave a slight scoff. Elliot was curious to hear what was going through Tony's mind right then. "Sean's about to get a divorce with Myra. They're free to get married to whoever they want to after this. It's your chance to shine, Tony!"

When Tony recalled how Lyla had arranged for the workers at the construction site to go against Myra, he felt his chest burning with rage once more. "Once the divorce happens, I want you to release the news of Estelle being the new ambassador of the Hart Group's Sunny Bay Project. From then onward, the Hart Group will ban all of Miss Fisher's appearances on any of our advertisements."

Elliot froze for a second before he began to chuckle at the woman's bad luck. "Are you trying to take revenge after what happened with Myra, Tony? She'd be so happy if she found out about what you did for her!"

Would she be happy? All Tony could recall then was the glum, dejected look on her delicate face when she left the restaurant. It seems like I can't bear to see her going through even the slightest trouble, huh? Tony curled his lips into a smirk before he ended the call.

After that, he continued to scroll through his Messenger. He paused for a moment before he decided to type a text in the conversation that followed the short voice note he had been listening to. 'Are you asleep?'

The response popped up on his phone almost immediately. 'No... Is anything the matter?'

He felt an inexplicable sensation brewing in his chest right then. He relaxed his tensed facial muscles as he typed in his message before he could stop himself. 'It's nothing. You should get some rest.'

As he composed his message, Tony recalled what Elliot had told him once. He said that I'll have to be very gentlemanly when I'm trying to chase after a girl; I should include thoughtful and sweet words in my text. Things like 'get some rest', 'good morning', 'good night', 'sweet dreams', 'how have you been lately?' and so on... Tony thought about it for a while longer before he typed an additional 'Good night' at the end of his text with his tense fingers. He then stared at it for a while before he sighed and deleted the last sentence, sending out the rest of the text.

She no longer replied to him this time. He narrowed his eyes before throwing his phone over to his bedside table. 30 minutes later, he picked up his phone once more. It still had the Messenger application open, but he hadn't received the message that he was waiting for. His lips curled into a self-deprecating sneer.

Meanwhile, Myra was no longer certain about her feelings once she received Tony's last text. However, there seemed to be a voice that rang in her head as she lay in silence that night. You shouldn't fall for a man like him, the voice reminded her. You wouldn't be able to handle it if you have to go through what happened with Sean all over again. Her muscles were rigid for a long time before she finally lowered her phone and put it away.

Tony didn't manage to receive any further texts from Myra that night. Instead, he received a new request on his Messenger. He tapped on it to see a profile with a plate of food as its display picture. He thought that it was some silly account and wanted to ignore it at first, but for some reason, he felt the urge to accept the request that night. Soon enough, the other person texted him an image along with one single sentence.

'Have you ever tried pasta prepared by Myra, Tony?'

Tony didn't need to guess to know who the sender was. However, his face darkened as he stared at the image of the pasta bolognese in his phone. It's late now; it's been a few hours since I last had a meal... I had no idea that the old man actually went to visit Myra! But judging by how things went, they seemed to have got along well with one another, right? Why didn't Myra tell me anything while we were texting on Messenger earlier? Tony felt a surge of annoyance—it seemed to stem from the slight jealousy that he felt right then. He simply let out a cold scoff as he ignored his grandfather's message.

Meanwhile, Sebastian had only gotten Henry to teach him how to use the Messenger application recently. I went through all that trouble just to show

myself off in front of Myra. Why is my own grandson ignoring me right now?! The old man pouted before he sent another message over. 'You must be envious and jealous; you must hate me now! Aww! You have no idea how amazing Myra's cooking was—it was really the best. It tasted so good that I almost swallowed my own tongue after I finished her food. Oh, right—I forgot that you've never tasted it. You probably don't understand what I'm talking about. It was so good...'

Tony gave the message a death glare. He was irritated over the fact that one was even allowed to type so many words within a single text message. He ran his fingers all over the screen as he hastily typed out a reply. 'What do you have to be proud of? I've even tasted the soup she made. That pasta is no big deal.' He sent his text message.

According to the old man's understanding of his grandson's cranky personality, Sebastian hadn't expected Tony to respond to his message. To his surprise, he felt his phone vibrating against his pillow right after he climbed into bed with his wife. He immediately picked his phone up and took a look at the response.

His eyebrows trembled in anger when he saw what Tony had written. How dare that brat prepare soup for my grandson! She's not even his girlfriend yet. How could she do that?! He then stared at his phone furiously as he contemplated how he could respond to Tony. Right then, Lisa turned to look at her husband's phone before she mumbled under her breath. "How childish." He quickly threw his phone aside before he wrapped his arms around his own wife. "I don't want to talk to Tony anymore. You're so much better than him, Lisa..."

The next day, Sean looked completely exhausted when Eve called him over to pay her a visit. Her heart ached at the sight of him. "How are things going in the company, Sean?" Eve had assumed that all the company matters had been well-handled after hearing what Richard told her the day before. However, now that she saw the pale and grim expression on Sean's face...

Lyla's phone rang before Sean could say anything. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw the phone number. She had initially wanted to step outside to take the call, but she changed her mind. I don't have anything to hide. I should just pick it up here. "Hello?"

The voice on the other end of the call belonged to Leo. "Greetings, Miss Fisher. After hearing rumors about the Chase Group having some issues with

their business, Director Hart has decided that he will have to further consider his decision to purchase the Chase Group's property on sale for the Hillville project."

"What?" Lyla's face fell immediately. However, before she could say anything more, the man simply hung up on her.

Meanwhile, Eve—who was extremely alert and vigilant toward any potential mishaps—immediately recalled what Lyla had told her before when she noticed the look on Lyla's face. "Did that big client of ours just change his mind?"

The look on Lyla's face made her seem as if she had just encountered a ghost. Instead of replying to Eve's question, Lyla simply turned toward Sean. "What exactly happened with the company, Sean?"

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As he massaged his temples, Sean could feel a splitting headache coming on. Besides, the current situation in the company was a huge mess. "I might be remanded in custody for a few days because of the incident that happened two years ago during the restoration work on Marina Bay Bridge. There were a few deaths that happened then," he muttered.

"Seriously, what's going on?!" Eve yelled out as she felt her head spinning. At the sight of her losing her balance, Sean and Lyla clambered to her side immediately. They busied themselves putting pressure in between her eyebrows and slowly patting her on the back until she regained her composure. All through the process, Sean seemed troubled.

"Mom, there's no need to worry! I'll only be in custody for a couple of days, then Richard will get me out of there in no time. It's all just a mere formality, so you shouldn't fret," Sean uttered confidently.

However, there was a thunderous look on his face as he never expected this incident to resurface after such a long time. This was obviously an intentional move by one of their rivals to show him up. As such, he had no choice but to accept this and remain in custody for at least a few days.

"Why does it have to be you though?" Eve wailed as her tears dropped. "Can't you get someone else to take the fall for you? What if... What if you get implicated this time? Is this why? Is this the reason for—" Suddenly, Eve

grasped Lyla's hand and said, "Is this the reason for us losing that potential client? We nearly closed the deal to sell that parcel of land!"

Lyla was momentarily shocked and speechless. Earlier, Leo had just mentioned to her that there was an issue regarding the company that needed to be resolved. Therefore, this had to be the issue he was talking about.

"But Sean! What's going to happen to me and the company if you're not here to hold the fort?" Eve was inconsolable.

Sean could feel his blood pressure spiking as his veins pulsated. "Mom, I promise! It will be only for a couple of days and I'll be out in no time!"

"Sean..." Lyla bit on her lips nervously and asked, "What will happen to our potential client then? How can we maintain their trust? Wouldn't it make more sense to find someone else to take the fall? If it's just a matter of money, let's go ahead with this plan." The previous plan was assumed to be fool-proof. However, this unexpected situation came out of nowhere and ruined everything. Frankly, it was slightly nerve-wracking for Lyla.

Sean's gaze flickered as he murmured, "I'm the person in charge of Chase Group, but besides me..."

"Tell me! Is there anyone else that can replace you? Let me know and I'll go and plead for their help! Lyla is right! We can't afford to have you in custody right now. It may be just for a few days, but the consequences will be ongoing. I can't imagine what would happen to the company, and how are we supposed to deal with the aftermath?" Eve was frantic.

"Sean, I completely agree with Eve." Lyla gripped her hands tightly as she spoke. "The company's future is our utmost priority. Besides, you shouldn't cause undue concern for Eve." Lyla chose her words carefully.

"I know of someone else who can bear the responsibility..." Sean exhaled deeply and replied. He could feel a tight grip on his heart and it was uncomfortable for him to even take a deep breath. His thoughts ran wild as his mind went toward that woman. With an expressionless face, he took a deep breath and stated, "Myra can take the fall for me."

On the next day, Myra met up with Estelle at her filming location.

Estelle was coincidentally on her break when Myra arrived. There was an annoyed look on Estelle's face as Jack, her manager, tried his best to appease her. "My darling, Miss Langley, please don't be upset! This is just Shawn's way of showing his affections. Besides, you had trouble completing that previous scene too! The director looked quite annoyed with you with each outtake."

Estelle scowled heavily. "Whatever it is, I'm not related to Shawn Hart! He has no right to decide on the type of movie I choose to be in! Besides, this is a romantic movie! How am I supposed to act in a romantic scene if he forbids any kind of intimacy at all? And don't get me started on the director! Why did he go behind my back and agree to Shawn's requests? This is wrong!" Estelle yelled, her face flushed red with anger. At the same time, she saw Myra walking toward her from afar, so she waved frantically at her friend. "Myra! I'm here!"

"What's up? Why're you in such a foul mood?" Myra asked with an indulgent smile on her face.

Estelle pouted her daintily-painted lips, and before she could say a word, Jack had butted in, "It's Shawn. He just visited us and decided to put a halt to all the intimate scenes involving Estelle. She's quite upset about this!"

Myra was caught by surprise, but then she quickly regained her composure. Teasingly, she said, "Darling, you should be thankful for the attention from Shawn. You know, every actress in town would kill to be in your position; they'd die to have Shawn showing concern for them. That's why you should be satisfied with what you have."

"Well, then how about yourself?" Estelle retorted. Despite being in the public eye, Estelle rolled her eyes at Myra and went on to say, "Myra, don't even think of making things up! I saw the photos of you and Tony Hart on the golf course. You two were practically wrapped around each other!"

Myra gaped at Estelle. Just as she was about to explain herself, Estelle interrupted her and gave her a sharp look. "Don't tell me you two are just friends! It's obvious that there's more than meets the eye! I can tell from the tabloid pictures taken from the golf course that the two of you are definitely more than friends!"

Feeling rather speechless, Myra halted her sentence, a wry smile on her face. Undeniably, that was what she was going to say. Despite everything, Tony

behaved like a gentleman. Hence, she would continue regarding him as a friend. Other than that, she had no further wishful thoughts.

“Look at you! You’ve gone all silent again!” exclaimed Estelle as she reached over for a slice of apple. Giving Myra a sideways glance, she took a bite out of the apple and with her mouth bulging, she continued, “How frustrating! If it were up to me, I would suggest that you go after him!”

As soon as the words left her mouth, Estelle realized she was such a genius. She was quite impressed with her own suggestion. Leaning toward Myra, Estelle peered at her with sparkling eyes and said, “Did you pay attention to what I just said? You must find a way to attract Tony then hold onto him! You’ll never find another guy that’s as good as him! Besides...”

With a chuckle, Estelle winked at Myra and mentioned, “Besides, I’ve got great news! Shawn just confided in me that Tony has decided to replace Lyla’s position as the ambassador of the Sunny Bay Project, and I’ll be the next ambassador. On top of that, from now onward, Hart Group will cease all future collaboration with Lyla!”

Does this mean Lyla will no longer be the ambassador of Hart Group? As soon as she heard that, Myra could feel her heart skip a beat. “Tony...”

“That’s right!” Estelle gleefully interrupted Myra. She was on cloud nine and it was as if Tony had made all those decisions for her sake. “Tony’s trying to win your favor! Once all this is finalized, Lyla will be out of the limelight and there won’t be any more jobs left for her in this city. No one would dare to cross the path of Tony Hart! He’s obviously trying hard to prove his sincerity to you.”

Myra had a bewildered look on her face as she listened to Estelle’s chatter. Then, she replied, “It’s only one single endorsement. Besides, you’ve had multiple other ambassador job offers, so why are you so easily impressed by this? What kind of bribery is this? What’s more, this isn’t set in stone yet, so what Shawn mentioned might not come true.”

“That’s right! It is bribery!” Estelle’s eyes sparkled as she heard Myra’s words. Ignoring the apple handed to her, she held Myra’s hands and grinned widely. “Can I assume this is you admitting that he is trying to win your favor?”

Subsequently, Jack walked off to give the two girls some privacy. Myra bit on her lips with a frustrated expression on her face. Pursing her lips, she tilted

her head to the other direction and muttered, “It was just a game. That’s why I didn’t take it for real. Why are you taking this so seriously?”

“Why not?!” Estelle looked at Myra with an indignant look on her face. “It’s Tony Hart we’re talking about! Do you reckon he’s a player?”

Myra stiffened as she replied, “Well... No.”

“Exactly!” Estelle reached out and poked Myra on her forehead. “You’re such a blockhead! Promise me you’ll seize this opportunity! You must call him as soon as possible. It’s a good idea to be slightly reserved, but you shouldn’t be too aloof either. However, judging by your expression, you must be quite aloof when you’re around Tony! I’m actually quite impressed that he can tolerate this attitude of yours! Anyway, you have to call him right now. Ask him out on a dinner date! Go on!”

Standing before Love Chapter 116

“Estelle!” Myra spoke through clenched teeth. “I’m still married to Sean!”

“Well, it doesn’t matter! It’s just a matter of time before the divorce is finalized. Besides, I know that lately he’s been up to no good with Lyla recently. I’ve heard of how they wrongly accused you! Myra, don’t keep giving him second chances. In fact, you should have gotten a divorce ages ago! I daresay, your graciousness is just giving him a chance to take advantage of you. As we’re talking, he’s probably plotting something else behind your back! Please don’t fall prey to him once more.”

“No, I won’t allow this to happen again...” Myra’s voice trailed off.

“Anyway, it doesn’t matter! All I want is for you to promise that you’ll go after Tony and win his heart!” Estelle pursed her lips as she set eyes on Myra’s troubled face, and she continued, “Come on, let’s be frank here. Don’t tell me you’re not the least bit attracted to him?”

After all, Tony Hart was a legend in Bradford City; there was no need to find out information on him from anywhere else. This was because her recent encounters with him were proof enough that she was attracted to him.

However, this was all pointless.

Her expression became quite downcast as she murmured, “Estelle... Do you know what’s the biggest lesson I’ve learned from being in this marriage with Sean?”

“What do you mean?” Estelle instinctively furrowed her brows.

Myra took a deep breath, then she turned around to look Estelle squarely in the eyes. “I’ve learned not to yearn for something that doesn’t belong to me.”

Previously, she had always believed that as long as she tried hard enough, she would gain what she was after in return. However, she was proven wrong. The harsh reality was that despite putting in effort, anything that wasn’t hers would never belong to her; the end result would always be disappointing.

Estelle argued, “How can Sean be comparable to Tony?! Myra, you’re just slightly apprehensive after your failed marriage, but actually—”

Myra interjected, “That’s quite likely, but it doesn’t matter. Right now, all I want is to proceed with the divorce. As for Tony, well truthfully, he’s not part of any of my future plans.”

Right at this moment, Jack rushed over. He looked at the two girls apologetically before turning to Estelle and saying, “My dear, the director has been hounding me for the past 30 minutes! He wants you ready on set as soon as possible. Can you please continue this conversation later?”

Myra’s disheartening words were grating to Estelle’s ears. Frustratedly, she was just about to go seek out Jack and ask for the rest of the day off. Just then, Myra got up from her chair abruptly and smiled at Jack before saying, “She’s all yours now. I’ve got something else going on, so I’ll head off now.”

“Myra, hold on!!” Slightly annoyed, Estelle followed suit and got up from her seat. Facing Myra, she asked, “I’ve never known of you to be such a coward. Tony’s different! I understand your concerns, but you wouldn’t be able to know the outcome unless you give it a try. I mean, you would never know. The two of you might be the perfect match for each other!”

“I don’t want to try,” Myra replied firmly. She realized that in order to avoid a heartache, it was a wise idea to nip things in the bud from early on.

Dazedly, Myra recalled her encounter with Tony at the golf course the other day. He was smitten and had looked at her with such a tender, loving

expression on his face. However, she took a deep breath and willed herself to say the following words, "I'm sorry, but I've made up my mind, Estelle." She was completely exhausted right now.

Just then, Myra received a phone call from Eve. She had been expecting this phone call for a while now, for she knew this conversation was way overdue.

"Myra... I'm aware that Sean has hurt you in many ways. I'm sorry this happened and I would like to apologize to you on behalf of our family." Eve chattered incessantly as Myra listened on. "However, trust me, I've always regarded you as my own daughter..."

This was actually a difficult phone call for Eve to make. She was torn by guilt and this was eating at her. However, she knew this was an absolutely necessary move.

As she listened to Eve's words, Myra couldn't help feeling a sense of dejection. Tilly had described to her how Eve responded to the news of what happened between her and Sean. Shortly after she walked out from the company on that fateful day, Eve stormed into the place and slapped Lyla directly on the face. The reason was because she wanted to teach Lyla a lesson on Myra's behalf. However, this was no longer Myra's concern.

Her grip on the phone tightened as she stammered, "Mom... I mean, Mrs. Chase, thank you for watching over me all these years. I've always looked up to you as a mother figure, and I'm extremely grateful for all the affection you've showered upon me."

This was heartfelt as Myra had experienced endless warmth and love from Eve ever since her mother and grandfather passed away.

However, this was all short-lived. Soon, she would no longer be a part of the Chase family.

"Myra, I really hope there won't be any hostility between us and between you and Sean. It's a shame your marriage didn't last, but I sincerely hope that you will fall in love again and find someone else who appreciates you." As she spoke, Eve's hands trembled. Noticing the look Lyla gave her, she then willed herself to convey the subsequent message. "Myra, can you pop over later on? I would like to have one last meal with you. It'll be just the three of us, like the old times. Please? Just for old time's sake? This will likely be the last chance for us to see each other."

Myra would never bear to hurt Eve's feelings. Besides, she also wanted to pack up some of her belongings left at Chase Residence, so she accepted the invitation graciously and replied with a resounding, "Sure!"

Myra's car was still at the workshop after the incident with the construction workers. Therefore, Myra decided to take a cab to Eve's. Just as she walked out of the lift, she noticed a familiar grayish-silver Bentley parked in front.

As soon as she came into view, the man in the car sounded the car horn, and soon after that, the car window was wound down; a handsome, well-sculpted face then appeared in front of her. He yelled out, "Come on, where are you headed? I'll give you a ride!"

It was Tony in the car.

Myra was momentarily dazed as she cast her eyes on his beaming face. Recalling her conversation with Estelle, she felt apprehensive. Hence, she replied, "It's alright. I can take a cab. What brought you here?"

"Would you believe it if I said I was just coincidentally in this area?" Tony casually responded as he raised his brows.

Subsequently, Myra fidgeted uneasily as she racked her brains, trying to find a comeback.

Tony's eyes twinkled when he noticed her trying to avoid his eyes. He chuckled and asked, "Now that we're no longer working together, does this mean that the esteemed Miss Myra will no longer grace me with her presence?"

"That's not it!" Myra shook her head immediately.

Just then, she recalled Estelle mentioning that he had decided to cancel Lyla's ambassadorship. For a split second, her thoughts also went toward the text message he sent her. He had comforted and reassured her that Sean and Lyla would not be able to lay a finger on her. Therefore, was this his way of exacting revenge on her behalf?

She then wondered, Was Estelle right about this? Are all of his current decisions because of me?

Suddenly, the door to the passenger side popped open. Tony had a slightly resigned look on his face as he remarked, "Surely we're still considered friends even if we're no longer working together! Why do you keep rejecting me? You're hurting my feelings!"

Although he mentioned his feelings were hurt by her, judging by the sparkle in his eyes, she knew it was more of a joke. She knew she shouldn't get into his car, but after some hesitation, she went ahead anyway.

"I'm going to Chase Residence." Myra mentioned this with a bleak expression on her face.

As soon as she entered the car, he started the ignition and sped off. He raced off without stopping; it was as if he was afraid she would change her mind.

The journey was a fairly uneventful one. Myra stared out the window throughout the ride as she tried her best to avoid eye contact with him. Their conversation was fairly casual and both of them carefully avoided any mention of awkward topics.

Upon their arrival, Tony didn't go up the driveway but considerately parked his car two doors away. Before getting off, Myra quickly muttered 'thank you' under her breath and reached out for the door handle.

Immediately after that, she felt a tight grip around her arms.

"Myra, do you loathe me?"

Myra was still reeling in shock by his touch when suddenly, she heard his low voice ring out from behind her. Startled, she turned her head back to look at him. The expression on his face that greeted her was a brooding look.

Standing before Love Chapter 117

Currently, Tony seemed confused about something, and he wasn't his usual confident, assertive self. Besides, his expression was pretty grim.

Myra noticed that he had mentioned her name, which was an unusual thing for him to do. Normally, he would avoid referring to her by her name.

"Why do you say so?" Myra questioned. She couldn't control her curiosity.

The sunlight shone in through the open window on Tony's side. As such, the golden rays shone over his head and hit his face, casting shadows from certain angles. He looked quite stern with his piercing gaze and well-sculpted face that was paired with his impassive expression.

Noticing that Myra had turned around to look at him, Tony raised his eyelids slightly and pursed his lips before asking, "Are you sure you don't want to get together with me?" As for her question, he completely disregarded it.

She felt her heart racing. Before she could say a word, he reached out for her and pulled her into a tight embrace. She felt comfortable and at ease at being enveloped in his hug. At the same time, he whispered gently to her, "You don't have to give me an answer right away. If you're going to reject me, then I'd rather not have an answer."

At this point, Myra could feel her eyes welling up with tears. She was also fully aware that the invisible wall she erected around her heart was gradually breaking apart, piece by piece.

"I..." She took a deep breath and tried to come up with the words to say. Eventually, she ended up with a slightly agape mouth and maintained her silence.

With a sigh, Tony released his grip on her and said, "You should get going then."

Upon hearing his words, Myra stiffened. Then, she gradually extracted herself from his embrace and got out of his car.

For a split second, she was tempted to yell out to him. She wanted him to know that if he was keen, she would be more than willing to get together with him once the divorce was finalized.

However, she knew that this wasn't the best option.

Myra clenched her fist tightly and purposely turned her back on him. Without a backward glance, she made her way toward Chase Residence.

Staring at her from behind, Tony had a complicated look on his face as his eyes darkened.

Before this, his hostile behavior and sense of urgency was quite apparent as he anxiously waited for the outcome of his plan. However, last night, he suddenly had some doubts about his decision.

For example, he wasn't sure whether Myra would loathe him or not once she realized the truth.

This was the first time Tony had ever felt so perturbed. Meanwhile, he grimaced as he kept his sight on Myra's retreating back.

Before coming here on this day, Myra had already prepared her identification card and documents necessary for the divorce procedure. Truthfully, she intended to get everything sorted and finalized within the day.

However, at this moment, she was unable to express her intentions explicitly.

In the meantime, Eve tried her best to appear upbeat while Sean remained silent and brooding next to her.

Throughout the dinner, Myra kept being reminded of the things that happened in the past.

For example, she recalled the first time she met Sean, the memories of her harboring a crush on him, her struggles to decide whether to accept his proposal or not, and finally, his indifference toward her for the past two years. All those memories flooded her thoughts.

Until now, she couldn't quite remove this single memory out of her head. She was bothered by how he treated her as soon as Lyla reappeared in their lives. He was in such a hurry to get divorced with her and then marry Lyla.

Sure enough, there was really no point in competing against his first love. How could she even compare? Lyla and him shared such an unforgettable relationship that was etched deep in his memories; those lingering memories would always be present in his mind.

It was right at this moment that she realized she was finally able to let go and whatever that happened was no longer her concern; perhaps it was because she finally accepted that everything had ended between her and Sean. Losing him was probably a blessing, because from now onward, she would no longer be subjected to his apparent presumption of her role in causing Lyla's miscarriage.

Suddenly, Myra lifted her wine glass and proposed a toast to Sean. “Despite what happened between us, I can honestly say that I’ve never had anything to do with Lyla’s miscarriage. Perhaps there was proof of sabotage, but all I can say is that it had nothing to do with me. At this point, there’s really no need for me to lie about this.”

Unbeknownst to the two of them, Eve’s hands that were holding on to her fork and spoon trembled slightly.

Taken aback, Sean held up his wine glass and toasted her with an awkward stance.

Noticing Sean’s expression, Myra was aware that he didn’t trust her words. However, it didn’t matter to her anymore. Her purpose of mentioning this was just to clear the air. She couldn’t care less about his impression of her.

After a pause, Myra added, “Oh yes, regarding the Hillville Project, despite what you have chosen to believe, I would also like to clarify that I’ve never done anything to betray the company.”

She appeared to be quite earnest and sincere. All this while, she had always been well-reputed to be a loyal and charismatic businesswoman in the corporate world. However, this was a contrast to her actual personality. In fact, she had a gentle demeanor. Sean recalled that prior to her marrying him, she had never actually gotten into an argument with anyone.

He wondered what happened to Myra after their marriage. How did she turn from a gentle and kind being into a vicious, ruthless, and unreasonable person? Was that her true personality?

At that thought, he seemed to be slightly distracted.

“Myra, Sean and I have always trusted you. I realize there may be misunderstandings, but knowing your personality, we would never ever suspect you of sabotaging the company. Don’t worry about it. It’s all in the past.” As she noticed Sean maintaining his silence, Eve quickly spoke up.

Myra met Eve’s gaze and she smiled at her. Her expression softened as she said, “Mrs. Chase, thanks for taking care of me all these years. You should also take care of yourself better. I know you have issues with your poor back, so I’ve gotten you the contact details for a specialist. Here you go; this is her

contact details. Her phone number's on there so you can make an appointment to go and see her whenever it's convenient for you."

Just then, Myra extracted the name card from her bag and handed it to Eve.

Eve received the name card with a surprised look on her face. Trying to hide her guilt, she stowed away the name card and nodded her head. "Thanks, I really appreciate your efforts."

Suddenly, the atmosphere became slightly awkward.

After dinner, Myra had actually intended to go directly to the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sean. However, she felt quite drowsy all of a sudden. After yawning consecutively, Eve suggested to her, "Why don't you go ahead and take a nap? I'll wake you up shortly to go to..."

Eve's words trailed off, and her tone was slightly agonized.

Upon hearing that, Myra was ready to brush her off, but Eve steered her toward her room on the second floor while saying disapprovingly, "You really need to take a break and stop pushing yourself to your limits. You've always had poor alcohol tolerance, so just take a rest and I'll make sure to wake you up later in time. Unless, it's because you can't stand the sight of me anymore?"

Eve's tone was evidently dejected as she directed the question at Myra.

In fact, Myra was feeling quite drowsy. At the same time, she didn't want to cause Eve any further distress, so she nodded her head and agreed. "Alright, I'll take a nap, but please wake me up in half an hour."

"Sure!" Eve's eyes flickered as she agreed to Myra's request.

Then, she kept a hold on Myra and directed her toward her previous room.

After making sure Myra had fallen asleep, Eve heaved a sigh. She remained in the room for a short while before heading downstairs.

At this moment, Sean looked through Myra's bag and took out her identification card.

He couldn't help staring at the card as he recalled that this photo was one of their previous memories. Back then, he was the one that accompanied her to

get this photo taken. She was beaming in the photo, her radiant smile akin to a shining ray of light that could chase away the demons in one's heart.

“Don't hesitate! You can't change anything, Sean. I can't bear to see you detained in prison. I don't want anything to happen to the company either. Didn't you mention that this would only take a couple of days? It's okay. We'll get Myra out in no time. By then, I'll go to her and seek her forgiveness. She's a thoughtful and considerate child. I know she'll understand my stance.”

Even then, Sean couldn't shake off the uneasy feeling he was experiencing.

He couldn't quite comprehend his feelings. This had happened a couple of times before Lyla returned. However, he had always suppressed his feelings. After he got back together with Lyla, he hadn't experienced this for quite some time now. Is it sadness that I am feeling? How could this be possible?

He had no feelings for Myra, so the only thing that he should feel for treating her this way was probably guilt.

But then, she had to pay the price for harming his unborn child and betraying Chase Group. Therefore, she owed this to him. After paying for her sins, they could then be rid of each other once and for all.

Standing before Love Chapter 118

Holding tightly onto Myra's identification card, Sean was oblivious to Eve's words. Just then, he got up from his seat abruptly and walked out the door without a backward glance.

Meanwhile, Eve looked on at his retreating back with a troubled look on her face.

As for Myra, she woke up from her nap feeling calm and refreshed, perhaps because she knew everything was finally settled. It was such a relief to finally be able to escape from the clutches of her lifeless marriage.

In her dreams, she saw Tony. As usual, he was gazing at her tenderly. Since this was a dream, she thought that it was surely fine for her to accede to his request; at least she wouldn't have to face his disappointed look in her dreams. Hence, she mumbled under her breath, “Tony, I...”

Before she could finish off her sentence, she was interrupted by the noise of thundering footsteps clambering up the stairs. Before she knew it, the door to her room flung open.

Eve rushed to her side and called out, "Myra, you need to wake up!"

Her voice sounded frantic. Despite being in the loop regarding Sean's plans, the sight of uniformed cops at her front door was actually quite frightening. She had a guilty conscience, so she was quite anxious; it felt as if the cops were here for her instead.

Groggily, Myra opened her eyes. Rubbing the side of her eyes, she lifted her head from the pillow and asked with a hoarse voice, "What's going on, Mrs. Chase?"

Just then, Myra noticed the darkened sky outside as she looked out of the window.

Startled, she got up from bed slowly.

However, the expression on Eve's face was one of bewilderedness. She looked at Myra and asked hesitantly, "Who were you calling out in your dreams just now?"

Prior to this, Eve was in a rush to wake Myra up. Hence, it didn't cross her mind to doubt Myra. Now, as she collected her thoughts, she recalled the rumors she had heard from Lyla. As such, her face darkened. Despite knowing Sean's faults and being perfectly aware of Myra and his upcoming divorce, she was still quite disconcerted at the thought of Myra entering another relationship before finalizing things.

Upon hearing Eve's words, Myra pursed her lips and replied nonchalantly, "I had a dream about work-related issues. Why didn't you wake me up earlier?"

Myra definitely remembered reminding Eve to wake her up in thirty minutes. Strangely, she felt extremely drowsy earlier and was completely knackered. She didn't realize she had slept the whole day. Judging by the dark sky outside, there was no way she would make it on time to the Civil Affairs Bureau within the day.

Upon being questioned, Eve put on a grim look. She suddenly recalled her purpose of waking Myra up and the situation unfolding downstairs. Clenching her teeth, she uttered, "There's someone here to see you."

Soon after she said that, she turned her back to Myra and walked out of the room, almost as if it was the most natural thing to do.

Eve was lost in her thoughts. If Myra had actually cheated on Sean with Tony, then she was the one at fault here. Therefore, she was the one that owed her and Sean an apology. That being the case, all of their current actions would be justified; Myra deserved to take the fall for them. At this point, Eve thought of the previous conversation she had with Leo. He had cajoled her to stop interfering in Myra and Sean's affairs. As a result, they were now headed toward divorce. It finally dawned upon her that he was actually Tony Hart's personal assistant. As Eve came down the stairs, she looked on at the stern, impatient faces outside and clenched her fists tightly.

Meanwhile, Myra felt slightly frustrated. She wasn't sure whether it was due to the moment of weakness she experienced in her dreams, or if it was because of Eve's unhappy demeanor.

She freshened up and then hurried down the stairs. Along the way, she realized that her bag was not with her.

Just then, she wondered who it was that was here to see her. How did they know she lived here?

Perplexed, she walked down the stairs. As she stepped onto the landing, she could see the front door from her angle. In her line of vision, she could visibly see a couple of uniformed cops milling around.

"Miss Stark, you're under investigation for the collapse of the Marina Bay Bridge that resulted in a few casualties two years ago. We need you to come with us to the station. Thank you for your cooperation."

The person handed over the investigation report as his mouth opened and shut with each word he uttered. It was a bombshell dropped onto Myra.

Stunned speechless, Myra took a step forward and glanced at the report in front of her. She took in the stamp at the bottom of the report. With her mouth set into a hard line, she said, "Excuse me, but you must be mistaken! I don't know anything about the Marina Bay Bridge project!"

“Miss Stark, do you work at the design department of Chase Group?” The cop speaking to her was quite impatient as he cut her off midway.

Myra clasped both of her hands together as she nodded. “Yes, I do.”

“Then, Miss Stark, are you married to Mr. Sean Chase?” He glowered at her as he asked that question.

Right then, Myra finally collected her thoughts after processing all the information thrown at her.

It was alleged that she was the one responsible for the collapse of Marina Bay Bridge which resulted in a few casualties two years ago. Why am I implicated? Why me??

She distinctly remembered that this incident happened about two years ago, not long after her marriage. However, as far as she was concerned, everything was resolved well there and then. Chase Group managed to avert the crisis. Soon after that, people were no longer talking about that incident.

But hold on... The current issue is that why am I implicated in this?

After a short while, the cops were noticeably restless as they waited for Myra’s response. One of them then handed over another report to Myra. “Miss Stark, as the wife of Mr. Chase and being one of the directors of Chase Group, we have sufficient proof of your misconduct. This document here indicated that you were the one in charge of the design and supervision of the project. Therefore, we require your cooperation and you will have to come with us to the station.”

‘This document here indicated that you were the one in charge of the design and supervision of the project.’ These words reverberated in her mind.

Suddenly, Myra realized how foolish she was. Holding onto the piece of ‘evidence’, she whipped her head back as she scanned the room to look for Eve.

At this moment, Eve was standing right beside the sofa. There was a mess of broken glass and spilled tea in front of her. Myra caught her eyes and noticed her flushed face that was full of anxiousness. However, she did not seem to have any intention of helping Myra explain the situation to the cops.

Myra gave a bleak smile. Obviously, she wouldn't be on my side.

It was quite obvious that they had plotted this beforehand—she was supposed to take the fall for Sean.

At this point, she felt suffocated and she couldn't quite catch her breath. She tried hard to take a few deep breaths, but death seemed to be creeping up on her.

Myra's face was as pale as a sheet, and she couldn't control her body from trembling.

This was the first time she had ever experienced such despair and loss of hope.

She never expected to be betrayed and targeted by someone she had previously poured out all her heart to.

"I guess this meetup today was just a ploy to stall me as I took a nap. Am I right, Mom?"

As Myra uttered the last word, she purposely dragged it on; it was full of sarcasm. As soon as she heard that, Eve turned deathly pale. However, she steeled herself to turn her back on Myra as she walked toward the stairs. "Don't worry, Myra. I'll make sure Sean bails you out as soon as possible!"

Get Sean to bail me out? Myra laughed hollowly.

She was hysterical as she laughed louder and louder. It was such an irony to her. At last, she stopped laughing, and the smile on her face froze as tears rolled down her cheeks. Her lips had lost all of their color. As Eve backed away from her, she looked on; Eve looked like she was running for her life. Shortly after that, Myra saw her figure disappear as silence loomed.

"Alright, I'll go with you," Myra pronounced with a quiet voice. Then, she turned around to face the bunch of them as she wiped away her tears.

If Myra had to describe the most unpleasant moment in her life, this would be it. At this moment, she was in handcuffs, and sirens blared as she was escorted to the police station. She felt like an actual criminal.

No, as a matter of fact, I am a criminal now.

It suddenly dawned upon her that there was another incident comparable to this.

During the Sunny Bay Project revolt, she was kidnapped and imprisoned in that tiny dark room. That was also one of the worst moments in her life. At that time, she longed for help, and there was a list of names that crossed her mind. However, she didn't expect Tony to be the one that rescued her in the end.

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She wondered what would happen this time.

This time, Tony would no longer be there for her. After all, she was the one who rejected his advances.

As these thoughts ran wild in her mind, Myra felt a sense of despair that coursed through her veins. At this point, she couldn't quite move her body, and it felt as stiff as a board.

"Miss Stark, why don't you give Mr. Chase a call? You should get him to arrange for a lawyer or to come over and post bail as soon as possible," reminded a young female cop. She had a look of pity on her face as she saw Myra's expressionless face.

Shortly after that, she shoved a cell phone into Myra's hands.

Myra sat there staring blankly at the phone in her hands. Sean is probably the last person on earth I would call. What a joke.

It was quite likely that he would hang up on her if she made that call. Moreover, it was wishful of her to expect him to post bail or even arrange for her a lawyer.

But then, who else can I seek help from now?

At that thought, Myra closed her eyelids and dialed the numbers in her mind. The phone rang a few times before it was finally picked up.

"Hello, may I know who's on the line?"

As soon as she heard that familiar weathered voice, Myra could no longer control her tears as she sobbed. "Mr. Engelhard, I need some help!"

It was only twenty minutes after she ended the phone call. Time seemed to trickle by fairly slowly.

Myra was placed in a temporary lock-up cell. There were two others on her right and left. Apparently, one of them was in for manslaughter and the other one was in here for dealing drugs.

At that moment, she sat forlornly in the middle of the cell. Her arms were wrapped around herself in a fetal position and she had her head buried in her knees.

It was bitterly cold in here. Although it was the middle of summer, all she could feel were the chills deep within her.

Suddenly, she heard someone calling out her name.

"Myra Stark, someone's here to bail you out!"

Is it Mr. Engelhard? Myra raised her head gradually and squinted her eyes as she walked toward the cell door.

She could see that there was a group of people rushing toward her. As they came nearer, she saw that there was a guy flanked by the rest of the people. At the same time, she heard someone say, "Director Hart, what's the matter? There's no need for you to come all the way here personally! You could have just given us instructions through Deputy Mayor Hart. We would gladly send over the person that you're after."

Director Hart... Myra seemed to have fallen into a trance when she heard that form of address. Is it him? Tony?

Suddenly, someone turned on the lights to the cell. The whole room lit up immediately and there was a ray of light that shone brightly toward her.

The light was too harsh for Myra's eyes and she squinted in response. Then, she raised her head and tried to figure out where the voices were coming from. All she could see from her angle were a bunch of people dressed impeccably, and each and every one of them had a stern look on their faces. As they neared her, she finally saw the man flanked in the middle.

He strode over to her purposefully and swooped in like a guardian angel.

That man was dressed immaculately in a well-pressed suit, and this was a stark contrast to the dingy room she was in right now. His features remained the same and it was as perfect as before. However, he had a heavy scowl on his face; his eyes were cold with fury, and his mouth was pressed into a thin line. As he strode toward the cell door, his shiny leather shoes brushed against the floor. Everyone in the vicinity was clearly intimidated by his stance.

With trepidation, Captain Fowler stood next to Tony. Noticing Tony's uncontrollable fury as he saw the woman in front of him, Captain Fowler immediately signaled to the person next to him. "What are you waiting for? Hurry up and unlock the door!"

At this point, Myra could clearly see who was in front of her. She finally saw who was the one that came here to rescue her.

Just then, she started shivering uncontrollably. At first, it was just a slight tremble, but then, it got to a point where she couldn't control herself.

She couldn't stop herself from shaking, for she had never ever expected herself to be in such a humiliating position in front of him.

Right now, she wished for the ground to swallow her up. Anything was better than being in this position; she didn't want to be handcuffed and appear so vulnerable in front of him.

Shivering, she took a few steps backward. However, the door flung open and Tony was visibly consumed with fury as he made his way in.

As soon as he stepped into the tiny cell, Tony berated himself in his mind. He regretted letting her go, or rather, he regretted allowing her to step foot into Chase Residence.

He wished he was able to turn back time and start all over again. This was especially so after he noticed the fearful look in her eyes and her subconscious retreating movements. If he were to be given a second chance, he would start all over again and choose a different way. It might take longer for him to achieve his goal, but he would rather choose that than to see her in this current state of despair and helplessness.

“Myra...” he murmured hoarsely as he stood in front of her with his arms outstretched.

“I’m not Myra!” she retorted as she bit hard on her lips, trying to stop the tears from falling. Despite her attempt at defiance, she couldn’t stop retreating before finally burying her face in between her knees. “You’ve gotten the wrong person. I’m not Myra!”

“Myra!” Tony exclaimed as he looked on with a darkened face, pained by what he saw. Then, he took a step forward and lifted her into his arms. He could feel her shaking against his chest as he said, “It’s fine. I’m here to bring you home!”

At the same time, he couldn’t control his shaking hands. However, he kept a strong hold on her.

In the end, Myra could no longer stop the tears that had been welling up in her eyes; they coursed down her cheeks as she fell into his embrace. She clung tightly onto his shirt and sobbed like a child that had lost her way home.

“Tony!” Myra sobbed. “It wasn’t me. I had nothing to do with the project. It wasn’t my responsibility! I knew nothing about it. It wasn’t me...”

Her body heaved as she sobbed on. It was her way of releasing all the stress she had experienced throughout the years.

All this while, she had given her everything to the Chase household. However, what did she gain out of this?

She recalled the look in Eve’s eyes as she was escorted out by the cops; there was no hint of remorse at all in them. All she saw was a sense of relief. Even now, as she recalled all this, Myra was chilled to the core by her callousness.

“I trust you!” Tony proclaimed with his gruff voice. As he stared at the woman who was sobbing uncontrollably, he could feel his whole body tensing up. Everyone in the room could sense his hostility.

Right after that, Captain Fowler, who was fidgeting next to him, blurted, “Director Hart, we had nothing to do with this! Someone from Chase Group submitted the evidence to us. Besides, Miss Fisher also mentioned that we should feel free to take Miss Stark into custody!”

When he heard Captain Fowler's words, Tony's expression turned icy-cold, and he tightened his grip on Myra.

As for Myra, she gave a shudder upon hearing that statement.

Chase Group, Sean, Eve, and Lyla. At this point, she realized it was foolish of her to think that everything would end once she got through with the divorce. She thought that she would be able to put all the unhappiness behind her and move on with her life. However, she turned out to be the biggest fool of them all!

"I want to go home!" Myra uttered. Her heart seemed to be broken into pieces, for she could no longer feel her beating heart; it was as if it had shriveled up and died. She would no longer care for both Sean and Eve. Now, Myra mourned for the loss of her relationship and the family she once thought she had.

A moment later, Myra repeated herself. "I want to go home." She felt extremely cold; it felt as if she was thrown stark naked outside during an icy-cold winter night.

Tony shot a cold look at Captain Fowler. Straight after that, he grabbed hold of the key and removed the handcuffs on Myra.

As soon as he uncuffed her, Tony caught sight of her wrist. His gaze darkened upon noticing the red marks on her wrist.

"I want to go home." Myra repeated herself with a snuffle.

But where can I go? I no longer have a home to go to. Ever since Mom and Grandpa passed away, I no longer have a place to call home. At that thought, her body stiffened. As tears coursed down her cheeks, Tony could also feel it burning against his chest; he couldn't bear to feel her tears.

"I'll bring you home," Tony proclaimed as he turned around and walked out with Myra cradled in his arms.

Meanwhile, Leo rushed in and said, "Director Hart, the lawyer has arrived and is waiting outside."

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"I'll leave the rest to you," Tony stoically informed Leo as he felt the fear radiating from the woman in his embrace. He then tightened his arms around her as he held her closer against him before they walked out.

There was a chill that lingered in Tony's wake when he left the station. The captain watched him leaving and turned to ask Leo warily, "Mr. Clark, what's going on here? Miss Fisher said she had Director Hart's permission before she asked us to make an arrest."

"Director Hart's permission?" Leo chuckled dryly, knowing that Lyla had crossed the line. How dare that woman do something like this to Myra?

"I've already told you what Director Hart has given permission on, Captain Fowler. It seems like you're more willing to listen to someone with a pretty face." Leo's tone became aggressive.

In the beginning, he had privately informed Captain Fowler to take good care of Miss Stark. Not only did they switch her holding cell, which sent Leo and the others on a wild goose chase, they had also handcuffed her and locked her up in the shabby, dirty hole-in-the-wall.

"I'd watch my back if I were you, Captain Fowler." With that, Leo walked out of the station without sparing the captain a second glance.

Meanwhile, Captain Fowler was looking grim. A police officer behind him asked, "Captain, are we just going to let them take the suspect away? How are we going to explain ourselves to the superiors?"

A seething Captain Fowler turned and slapped the officer hard across the face. "To hell will I explain myself! I might as well turn in my badge now!"

Along the way, Myra's bawling eventually became quiet sobs, which then devolved into sniffing. Her eyes were red and puffy; her face also itched from the tear stains. She reached up to her face and furiously rubbed her eyes, as though it was the only way for her to vent all her resentment and anger.

At this moment, a large, warm hand clasped over hers and stopped her from torturing herself even further. "My eyes itch," Myra whimpered in a hoarse voice as she squeezed her eyes and her tears fell once more.

The car was smoothly cruising down the road as Tony held her in the backseat. His suit jacket was draped over her slim shoulders and she was enveloped by his familiar scent—tobacco and peppermint. She appeared to have cried herself into a stupor as she nestled into the safety of his arms.

A pair of cold lips brushed over the tops of her eyes before it gently kissed them. He was careful with his actions, as though he was kissing something precious. “Here, I’ll rub them for you,” he responded in an equally hoarse voice.

She felt his thumbs graze over the tender skin above her eyes where his lips had been mere seconds ago. It was as though he was massaging the area more than helping her with the itch, but nonetheless, it eased the discomfort around her eyes.

“Does it feel better?” Tony asked when he realized that she was silent in his arms; his voice was deep as it resonated from above her head.

Upon hearing his voice, Myra felt her tears threaten to overwhelm once more. This isn’t how it’s supposed to be... Why would he look for me even after I turned him down? Why would he help me? Who do you think you are, Myra? She felt as though her heart was wrenching and before she knew it, she whispered, “Tony, I was going to divorce Sean today...” Being in his embrace allowed her to finally calm down and her breathing was no longer ragged.

After what seemed like a long moment, Tony merely hummed in response. Myra thought about what had happened earlier today and her lips pursed into a bitter line. “I’m not the person in charge of the Marina Bay Bridge Project. Eve stole my ID after tricking me into going to the Chase Residence and I’m sure the evidence they collected are all fabricated...” she trailed off grimly.

“I believe you.” Tony sighed as he tightened his arms around her while his chin grazed the top of her head in comfort. “You can rest now. You must be worn out after all that’s happened.”

“But, there’s something I have to say,” she insisted as she grabbed onto his suit jacket.

He lowered his head and saw her stubbornness. Her eyes were puffy and she looked as though she had experienced hell. Yet, he could not help but be entranced by her. He wanted nothing more than for time to stop at this

moment, so that he could hold her in his arms for a while longer. After a long pause, he nodded in resignation and adoringly gazed at her as he responded, "Say it then. I'm listening."

The tenderness in his voice stirred something within her. All the suppressed resentment and rage in her dissipated like air escaping from a balloon. She slowly released his shirt as she said, "I'm going to divorce Sean."

"I know," he answered quietly. His gaze darkened as he took Myra's hands in his before she could let go of his shirt.

Tony held her in silence and he did not say another word about making her his woman. Myra, on the other hand, had the sudden realization that she did not want to leave his arms. It was just like her dream—she saw his kindness and unwavering affection toward her; for a moment, she allowed herself to imagine being together with him. To be with him...

At that thought, pain squeezed her heart once again.

Not long after the black Maybach sped away from the detention center, it drove past a black Lamborghini, which screeched to a halt in front of the place. From the outside, one could only glimpse the cold and dark silhouette of the man behind the wheel. However, he did not step out of the car and the lights in the vehicle were not switched on either.

From the moment Eve called after Myra's arrest, Sean had abandoned all self-restraint and rushed to the detention center without any delay. But now that he had arrived, he began to ask himself why he even bothered in the first place.

Richard had already compiled all the evidence—Myra would only be detained for three days, after which Sean would arrange for her to be released. After that, it would be like how Eve had planned—she would apologize to Myra and ask for forgiveness. By the time the divorce proceedings were underway, Sean would only have to compensate Myra by dividing the assets in her favor. It was just that his chest tightened and left him feeling like he was breathing cold air. The ache was spreading throughout his entire body.

Suddenly, he caught a glimpse of a familiar man standing not too far away from him—it was Leo, Tony's personal assistant, and he was exiting the detention center with another man. As Sean watched, they entered a car and sped away.

Sean narrowed his eyes in cold suspicion. What is he doing here?

His phone rang at that moment and it disrupted his thoughts. He glanced at it and saw that it was a call from Richard. He frowned as he picked up the call while Richard's nervous voice flooded the other line. "Director Chase, someone has bailed your wife out."

As Sean heard that, his eyes widened in shock.

Meanwhile, somewhere else, Lyla had also been informed of Myra's release from the detention center. Unfortunately, they had no idea who had bailed Myra out.

"Could it be Cameron?" Lyla muttered as she scowled. While it was a logical guess, she could not help but feel uneasy about it. She pushed the thought away and tried to compose herself. Perhaps it was a good thing that Myra was bailed out. After all, Lyla had not planned to keep her locked up in the detention center for days. She had only stumbled upon the chance to make Myra suffer, so why not take the opportunity to teach that insufferable princess a painful lesson?

Right now, all she had to do was to wait for Sean and Myra to divorce. As she thought about that, Lyla began to smirk deviously.

Tony carried Myra all the way from the car into the apartment elevator. Upon their arrival at the apartment, both of them stiffened as they froze in place. There was another person in the apartment. When he heard the door open behind him, he turned—it was none other than Sebastian Hart himself!

Myra was cradled in Tony's arms, her eyes were red and puffy from crying. With her arms wrapped around his neck, the red marks on her wrist where the handcuffs had been were on clear display.