

## Standing before Love Chapter 121

Upon hearing the door open behind him, Sebastian turned with a grim expression on his face. His eyes widened when he saw Myra; as realization dawned upon him, he stormed toward them. He shot an icy glare at her as he snapped, "So, is this why you have not been bothered to keep food in your apartment? You've been staying with my grandson all along! Did you rush home last night after you learned that I was dropping by your place?"

Meanwhile, Myra stared at the old man in shock. She did not think that he would show up in Tony's apartment.

Feeling as though she had been caught with her hand in the cookie jar, she flushed with embarrassment. "Tony, maybe you should let me down," she said in a feeble voice while tugging on Tony's shirt. As she did so, Sebastian caught sight of the red marks on her wrists.

When he saw that and her swollen eyes, his eyes widened even more. He glowered at Tony while he thundered, "Did you abuse her? You have quite the nerve, Tony! Who taught you to behave in a barbaric manner?"

"Who are you calling barbaric?" Tony was already annoyed by the fact that the old man had turned up at his apartment without any warning. Upon hearing the latter's accusation, he could not help but grimace coldly. "Hand over the keys and get out of my apartment."

"How dare you speak to your grandfather this way!" Sebastian was on the verge of exploding. "All the money you took from me to throw it away on Hillville—that's a ghost town, idiot! Now, you're throwing me out of your apartment! Myra, tell my grandson that he's being an unreasonable ingrate!"

There was a flash in Tony's eyes when Sebastian brought up Hillville.

Myra, on the other hand, was surprised to hear Sebastian addressing her. As she was cradled in Tony's arms, she suddenly felt self-conscious and softly said, "I think you should let me down."

However, Tony only tightened his grip and it did not seem like he was going to put her down anytime soon.

Myra looked as though she had been bashed. Sebastian surveyed the marks on her face that were sustained when she was slapped at the construction site

and the abrasions on her wrists. Unable to hide his rage, he glared at Tony with scorn in his eyes. “How dare you call yourself a man when you can’t even protect your own lover!”

“My masculinity is none of your business,” Tony countered icily. The frustration and anger in him was reaching breaking point and those who crossed him now would not be spared from his wrath.

Sebastian felt as though he had been stabbed and for a moment, his breath caught in his chest.

When he saw Myra earlier, he thought that he would be able to taste another bowl of the soup she made, but what ensued was chaos and confusion instead.

Sebastian softened when he saw Myra’s teary eyes. She looked like she would break down in Tony’s arms if both men continued to quarrel. With a sigh, Sebastian waved his hand dismissively and he started toward the threshold. “Right, I’ll get out of your hair and show myself out.”

“Stop!” Tony barked in a withering tone. “Hand over the keys.”

“Hmph!” Sebastian was outraged, but he reluctantly fished the key that he took from Elliot out of his pocket and threw it in Tony’s direction.

As his eyes fell upon her slender frame and the wounds on her skin, he could not help but urge, “Be gentle with her, Tony. She’s still recovering from her injuries.”

With that, the old man left.

However, the moment he left, his face grew somber and he immediately called Elliot. “You better tell me everything that you know about Myra.”

When Myra heard the sound of the door closing, she let out a breath she did not know she was holding. She paused before she turned to face Tony and whispered, “Old Master Hart dropped by my place last night.”

Tony was now looking far more at ease. He gazed at her with a raised brow as he replied, “I know.” How could I not know when the old man had smugly sent me a picture of the spaghetti bolognese he had at Myra’s apartment?

Myra frowned when she saw his expression change. He looked like he discovered a secret that only she and Sebastian knew. She continued to explain, "I thought he swung by because he was in the area."

"That would be too much of a coincidence, don't you think?" There was a glint of amusement in his eyes.

After she explained herself, she felt as though she had spoken without much thought and cringed. She had not known that her lips were torn until she bit on the wound and the piercing pain that followed caused her to hiss.

At that moment, her lips were enveloped by a sudden warmth.

Tony had lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. His kiss was tentative and careful; as the tip of his tongue gently swept over the wound on her lips, the pain seemed to subside into numbness.

It felt like there was an electric current that came with his kiss, but when Myra finally succumbed to the temptation and was about to return his kiss, he withdrew from her. She wanted to cry out in protest.

"Here, let me take a look at those wounds."

As his lips parted from hers, Tony gazed down at her. He smiled when he saw the slightly feverish gleam in her eyes and the pink flush across her cheeks. Then, he gently laid her down on the bed before he retrieved the first aid kit that Philip had prepared for him.

Tony reached out and carefully took Myra's wrists; he was surprised when he saw how bad the abrasion wounds were. She definitely fought back with all her might when she had first been thrown into the holding cell.

His eyes darkened as he stared at the raw, red marks that circled her wrist. His long lashes cast shadows across his cheekbones and he looked so gentle in that moment that she could not help but gaze at him in wonder. Without a conscious thought, she reached out and brushed her fingertips over the skin above his eyes.

He brought his gaze to hers; his obsidian orbs were like an endless, bottomless sea that called out to her and she wanted nothing more than to drown in them.

It was as if there was a magnetic force that pulled her toward him. Before she could suppress the sudden sense of urgency that gripped her, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed him while her lips pressed against his cool, dry ones.

“Tony...” she trailed off in what sounded like a desperate whisper; her mind was only focused on how soft his lips felt against hers. She never thought that his lips felt so soft.

“Tony,” Myra uttered his name in a low voice. Why should she refuse him when he had been genuinely kind and loving to her? He’s probably the only person in the world who loves me more than I love myself, she thought.

Tony was initially taken aback by her gestures.

After the bottle of antiseptic clattered back into the first aid kit, he wrapped his arms around her. Within seconds, he had pinned her down on the bed.

His lips found hers almost instantly and she felt a pressing urgency in his tender kiss.

After what seemed like a long moment, Myra wanted to turn and gasp for air, but he refused to part from her. She blushed all the way to her neck, giddy with emotion and desire.

“Be a good girl and let me take a look,” Tony whispered against her ear and she quivered beneath him. He raised a brow as a devilish smile played on his lips. Then, he brought his lips close to her ear once more and whispered. “I want to look into your eyes...”

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“My eyes are ugly now, though...”

Myra’s eyes were swollen after she cried for the entire day. She was sure that she looked hideous and did not want Tony to see her in that shape. However, he gently caressed her temples and brushed his lips over the tops of her eyes before he said, “Your eyes are anything but ugly. In fact, they’re beautiful.”

“You must be blind,” she muttered, although she would hate for him to agree that her eyes were hideous, even if she said so herself.

He chuckled.

His voice was husky and sultry on its own, but when he laughed like that, she felt that she could show him every part of her. His piercing gaze was fixed on her and she found herself blushing once more.

“Blinded by your beauty,” Tony quipped, his voice heavy with implication. His lips brushed past hers as his kisses trailed down to her neck whereupon he bit and sucked on the supple skin, marking her as his own.

Myra felt the blood rush to her face. She had abandoned all efforts to shrink from him and instead succumbed to the desire that swam in her veins. She had never done any of those with other men and she was never this intimate with Sean either.

She gripped onto the bed sheet beneath her, suddenly becoming shy as her thoughts ran wild with Tony’s kisses.

Meanwhile, Tony did not ignore how Myra almost shied away earlier. He narrowed his eyes and his gaze darkened dangerously as he pulled her into his arms.

She could feel his weight pressing against her, but after that, he did not move any further.

His body was coiled and tense as he held her. It was as though they were two pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and he wanted nothing more than to mold her against him.

“Tony?” Myra called out in surprise when he did not let go after a while.

After a lengthy pause, she heard him mutter raspily, “Say it again.”

She stiffened as Tony repeated, “Say my name again.”

Myra was flushed and her eyes were watery as she stared at him. Then, she said softly, “Tony...”

Her voice was crisp and gentle. When she said his name, she felt his body tense up against her and she slightly bit her lip as she asked, “Are you alright?”

She did not think that one kiss could lead to this.

Tony, on the other hand, could feel himself unraveling at the sound of her voice. It was as if his waiting for the past thirty-five years had escalated to this moment and he could not suppress himself any longer.

Sweat beads had appeared on his forehead as he tried to show some restraint.

Upon seeing that, Myra lightly bit on her lip. Her eyes grew steely as she suddenly reached out toward his belt and began to unbuckle it.

It was not hard to unbuckle his belt, but she was so nervous that she fumbled and her fingers struggled with the buckle for a while.

However, he saw her action as a sweet form of torture.

He did not hold himself back any longer and he instead grabbed her hands, guiding her to unbuckle his belt.

As his belt clattered to the floor, he reached out and covered her hand with his.

When everything had settled, Tony saw that Myra's face was flushed. His heart softened when he thought about what she had just done for him. He reached past her to grab a piece of tissue from the box on the nightstand. He began to wipe her hand with it as he held her close to him.

Myra was not used to this and she decided that she should take a shower. He did not stop her and helped her to prepare the water for a bath instead. After making sure she had everything that she needed, he proceeded to make his way out of the bathroom and gently said, "I'll be outside if you need anything else."

She was not used to socializing with Tony like that. Everything had happened so quickly in the heat of the moment that she almost forgot that she had not signed the divorce papers. The divorce...

Her movements were slow and absentminded as she removed her clothes before stepping into the bathtub. It was only when she submerged herself in the hot water that she realized everything was coming to an end.

She smiled at the irony and wondered whether she would see regret dancing on the faces of those who would see her when the divorce was finalized.

After exiting the bathroom, Tony reached for his cigarettes and phone before he made his way through the living room to the terrace.

He lit up a cigarette—and the orange spark looked even brighter in the dimness of the terrace.

He took an indulgent drag; the skeins of smoke unfurling across his features, making him look more elusive and almost ethereal.

Before long, his phone rang and he answered without looking at the caller ID.

Leo sounded respectful as he spoke on the other line, “Director Hart, everything’s been taken care of.”

Tony merely hummed in response as he took another drag of his cigarette. He then stubbed it out stoically. There was a pause as Leo debated whether he should say it, but he finally went on to add, “Director Hart, once Miss Stark finalizes her divorce from Mr. Chase tomorrow, you can reject Miss Fisher’s request—that would be a huge blow to both her and the Chase Group.”

Even if Lyla were to rock up to Tony and accuse him of going back on his word, they could easily refute her by saying there was no valid contract between them in the first place. She would not be able to hold them accountable and the Chase Group would not be let off easily either.

However, Tony remained silent as he stared out at the nightscape, which was dotted with brilliant lights. Bradford City truly came alive at night with the billboards and signboards lighting up in multiple colors on top of the grey skyscrapers.

He flipped the cigarette box in his hand and at last, he plainly responded, “We’re still buying Hillville.”

“But, Director Hart—”

As usual, he hung up before Leo could get a word in.

Leo turned to look at the documents before him; a feeling of resignation and frustration started to wash over him.

Meanwhile, Tony was still looking at the night scene, lost in his own thoughts. He knew Leo’s words made sense and he ought to go back on his word.

However, when he thought about Myra, he had a strong feeling that he needed to proceed with the purchase of Hillville. After all, I had already signed up for this, hadn't I?

The next morning, it was not a surprise that Myra woke up in Tony's arms.

She slept well last night. His chest was warm and as she rested her head on it, she could not help but feel safe.

He was still sound asleep when she woke up.

There was a small beam of sunlight that filtered through the thick layers of the curtain, which fell on his face.

With his eyes closed, he did not look quite as intimidating as he usually did and there was a gentle look on his sleeping face that Myra found endearing.

Tony's chiseled features looked softer in the morning light and for a moment, it was as though the whole world fell silent. And those lips... Before she knew it, she was reaching out to caress his lower lip. She then traced her fingertips along his jaw.

It was said that men with thin lips were often standoffish and reserved with Sean being one such example. Tony, however, seemed cool and distant, but Myra knew that there was a fire in him that burned brighter than anyone else's.

"You're so silly..." she muttered softly, but her eyes widened in surprise as a sudden warmth encased her fingers. She looked up and saw that Tony's eyes had fluttered open. When he turned to gaze at her, she could tell that he was wide awake—in fact, he had probably been awake all along.

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Reflecting on her earlier actions and her words that he was well aware of, Myra's face flushed red like the sunset.

"Tony Hart!" she growled in a low voice like an annoyed kitten.

When Tony's cold eyes saw her face, a gentle look appeared in his eyes as he grabbed her hand, which she had planned to retract. After brushing the



strands of hair that fell by her cheeks behind her ears, he asked in a slightly teasing tone, “Fangirling about me early in the morning?”

Myra’s face turned even redder as she turned her head. “I just think you are a fool.”

“How so? Do enlighten me.” She wondered whether Tony was merely pretending or if he really did not know as he smiled at her.

Myra was slightly uncomfortable under his gaze, but she clearly knew that they would have to overcome many obstacles if they wanted to be with each other—one example was the Hart Family.

“I’m already married and about to be a divorcee. Only you would want a woman like me. There are many excellent women in Bradfort City, but you only have eyes for me.” When Myra brought it up, it was impossible not to notice that she did not feel miserable.

If possible, every woman would like to look for their true love and happiness during their first try. However, life sometimes would not grant what one wished for and it would throw many tests and challenges.

Can we really overcome some of these challenges?

“Who said that I can’t fall for a divorced woman?” Tony’s eyes narrowed. Seeing that she was feeling sad about it while she still pretended to be nonchalant, he yanked her into his embrace. “Are you aware of the phrase—there is light at the end of the tunnel?”

Myra nodded blankly.

When Tony noticed her dumbfounded expression, he could not help but caress her head, making her hair messier than it was. “Don’t you think that you’ve had enough bad luck? It’s time to change it.”

When Myra heard his professional tone, she could not help but retort, “How do you know that my luck would change? What if the bad luck continues?”

“I know magic.” Tony arched his eyebrows. “It’s your turning point in life to meet me.”

She was initially shocked by what he said. After hearing those words from him, she was suddenly torn between amusement and sadness.

As Myra planned to rise up, Tony pulled her arm, causing her to directly fall into his embrace. In the next second, his thin lips had already enveloped around hers as he sucked on her lips a few times.

After seeing the hickeys from last night on her neck slowly fading, his eyes slightly narrowed again. Then, he pressed her down and produced a few more by nibbling on her neck before he released her.

When she sat up, she said gently after thinking about it, "I'm going to the Civil Affairs Bureau today."

"You don't want me to accompany you?" Tony seemed like he knew what she thought.

Myra tightly held the blankets underneath her as she shook her head. "Maybe not." I don't want to involve him in my personal affairs at such a time and I don't want other people to look at him differently.

Tony was like a god to her, so she did not want him to be criticized by others.

He did not force her. Instead, he grabbed her hand and pinched her palms before he responded calmly, "After it's done, call me. I'll pick you up."

After thinking about it, she did not reject him.

In the morning, when Maya called Eve and informed her about what she had in mind, the latter was silent for a long time before she agreed. Just when she wanted to say something, Myra hung up without any hesitation.

At such a juncture, she was not in the mood to listen to her anymore because she felt that Eve was merely a hypocrite.

When Myra was on her way to the Civil Affairs Bureau, Estelle called her while sounding as angry as a lion.

If Shawn had not told her about Myra's incident early in the morning, she would not have known that the Chase Family was so ruthless to the point where they even made Myra their scapegoat.

After a moment of silence, Estelle angrily cursed, “I curse their future generations to be dirt poor and can’t find true love! I hope all their businesses fail and life never goes their way! I curse—”

“Alright.” A warm feeling surged through Myra when she heard Estelle cursing the Chase Family non-stop. After all, there is nothing more heartwarming than having a true friend worry about you when you are down.

Myra took a deep breath before she continued, “I’m on my way to the Civil Affairs Bureau. Estelle, I will sever all ties with him for the rest of my life. Wish me luck—it’s time for me to change my luck for the better.”

Thinking back on what Tony had said, she added the part about luck in her sentence.

Estelle was still furious, but she did not want to infect her best friend with her foul mood.

Then, she changed the topic. “Luckily, I heard that Tony managed to find you yesterday. With him beside you, I’m finally relieved. Myra, look carefully at the difference between Tony and Sean. Tony is really a good man. You will definitely regret it if you let him go. Listen to me just once since I have a good eye. Apart from his annoying third brother, there’s nothing to complain about him—”

She suddenly screamed before she pleaded with Shawn, “Oh, Shawn! Shawn, I’m joking! I’m helping Myra to get together with Tony, so I didn’t watch my words. N-N-No—Aaah!”

A series of flirtatious voices reached Myra’s ear through the phone. Myra was a mature woman, so she immediately blushed after hearing that and quietly hung up on the phone.

Isn’t this good? I really feel like Tony has cast magic on my life.

When she arrived at the Civil Affairs Bureau, she was not surprised that Eve came along with Sean. However, she was shocked that Lyla was also waiting for them there.

After all, Eve felt guilty toward Myra, so she quickly walked over as soon as she saw the latter. “Oh, thank God you’re fine, Myra.” She wanted to hold Myra’s hands, but the younger woman took a step back and avoided her.

Eve froze for a moment before she forced a smile and eyed her son.

After last night's events, they had completely severed all ties with Myra. However, Eve still remembered Lyla's words—the crisis of Hilliville could only be solved if Sean divorced Myra and married her instead.

When Sean saw Myra, he immediately felt uneasy.

He thought that Myra would be scared after entering the place last night. He also imagined that she would be fierce while demanding an explanation from him—or she would lose her temper with him. However, after she exited the car, she was calm. In fact, she was so calm that he felt slightly disappointed.

Upon seeing his mother's reminder, he remained silent for a while before speaking indifferently, "Let's go in then."

"Sure." Myra looked at the three people in front of her. She used to belong in that group of three, but she was not resentful about it at the moment. She merely felt the irony. Then, she lifted her head and glanced at Eve before looking at Sean, who had a mysterious dark look in his eyes. "My request from yesterday is simple, but it has changed today. Sean Chase, I initially wanted 20% of the shares that I had invested in the beginning. But now, I want half of Hilliville's land!"

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Right after Myra finished her sentence, someone yelled out loud, "This is impossible!"

The person was not Eve or Sean, but it was Lyla.

However, she unwillingly lowered her head after Eve glared at her.

Eve's expression also changed immediately. Initially, she thought that everything would end on a good note today after the divorce. Myra seemed to have suddenly turned into a different person as she requested for half of Chase Group's land in Hilliville.

If it was in the past, that piece of land was a dead city, so they would not be shocked if she had asked for half of it. However, now that it was about to be sold off, they would earn money from it. Of course, no one would like to have lower profits.

“Myra...” After thinking about it, Eve frowned. “I always felt sorry that you have no affinity with Sean. I like you, but don’t you think your request earlier is overboard? Two years ago, it was Sean who developed Hilliville from scratch. Have you ever thought about us when you requested half of it?”

“In that case, have you ever thought about me, Mrs. Chase?” In the past, Myra felt warmth emanating from Eve. She thought that Eve would always provide her with warmth, but she now realized her kindness came with strings attached. If she had not been useful to them, Eve would not have treated her well. Now that Eve knew that she would not help them anymore and would even avoid them, she requested for the divorce proceedings immediately.

However, it was not easy to go through a divorce.

Since they are not cutting me some slack, I’m not going to meekly tolerate it!

“Mrs. Chase, you should be lucid on who helped the Chase Group to prosper in such a short time. I’m sure you know who exactly is responsible for preventing the company from being bought by others. Of all the people, you know who the scapegoat is and that has enabled you guys to freely enjoy life. Taking half of Hilliville, no matter whether we settle in court officially or privately, is not much of a request. Otherwise, would you like to head to court so that I can fight for more?” How can a person quickly mature? It must be a result of the many obstacles and challenges.

Seeing the three darkened faces, Myra felt a surge of pleasure within her.

Lyla could no longer hold her silence and answered, “Fine! Let’s go to court then! Myra, don’t forget that we have pictures of you with other men. Do you think the court will help a woman who cheated on her husband?” That’s half of Hilliville! The amount of money is probably something that I can’t earn in a lifetime. I can’t give it to Myra just like this!

Upon hearing that, Myra gave a mock smile as she looked at Sean and Eve. “In that case, should I thank you for being so in love with Miss Fisher, Director Chase? Do you need me to remind you how many women like her you’ve sought in the past? Everyone in Bradford City knows that you are a playboy who switches a different partner each night. Now, you are accusing me of being with another man? Huh! You can’t even see the picture of the man clearly, so how are you going to prove that the man is not Director Chase?”

Sean’s face immediately darkened.

“You—”

Lyla wanted to say something else, but Eve harshly interrupted her. “Stop blabbering here and shut up!”

Lyla’s expression immediately changed. This time, I’m the one who saved Chase Group. How can Eve treat me like this? Even though she was furious, she could not show it in front of Sean.

“Myra, can we discuss this? After all, half is simply too much... You have to consider our position as well. How about this—I’ll ask Sean to give you 20% of it.” Seeing Myra’s stance today, Eve knew that they could not reach an amicable result anymore.

She had no idea who the big customer that Lyla had been talking about was, but after what happened yesterday, she knew that the piece of land needed to be sold as soon as possible. Even delaying it by a day would bring much danger to them, let alone going to court with Myra.

Because of the Marina Bay Bridge incident, the customer nearly stopped dealing with them. If we go to court about this and the news is leaked, what if the customer turns back on his words?

“50%—no more, no less, Mrs. Chase, I don’t want to talk about anything that happened in the past anymore. This is my bottomline. If you need time to think about it, do return and take your time. We can meet later.”

With that, Myra turned to leave.

“Fine. If you want half of it, so be it.” Behind her, as soon as Sean’s cold voice rang, she stopped walking.

“Have you lost your mind, Sean?” Eve’s expression immediately changed.

Myra twitched her lips into a smile. However, when she turned, there was only indifference in her eyes. Without looking at the three of them, she headed to a nearby photocopy shop.

“Sean, that’s 50%!” Lyla shared the same thoughts as Eve on the matter. She’s the one who went overboard by asking 50% of it.

He calmly looked at both the women. “In that case, do you have any other suggestions?”

The expression on their faces slightly changed. Sure enough, they did not have any other ideas. It was impossible to ask Myra to give them another chance. After what they had done to her yesterday, they should count their lucky stars that she would let that slide. Eve was even prepared to kneel before Myra if things could not work out today, but obviously, what the latter wanted was just money.

Sean’s gaze passed through the crowd and he saw Myra entering a photocopy shop. She seems different from before. In the past, she always looked troubled and morose. However, earlier, not only does she look stubborn, she also looks strong. She has the glow of a woman who is about to start her new life.

His face darkened even more.

He did not know what had happened to make her change her character overnight. Is this a pretense—or is she planning to take so much away from me so that I can beg her to return?

Without speaking, Sean walked into the photocopy store with her.

It was already noon when everything was settled.

Before they entered the Civil Affairs Bureau, Myra took the bag that she left at the Chase Residence yesterday from Eve. It contained their marriage certificate. When Myra walked out, she had a divorce certificate in her hands—and perhaps with something more than that.

Her footsteps became lighter as if a burden had been taken away from her.

On the other side, Sean’s face became darker for the umpteenth time.

Both Eve and Lyla did not follow the former couple into the Civil Affairs Bureau. Instead, they waited in a car that was parked quite far away.

Myra took her phone out to call Tony since he had asked her to do so once everything was settled. However, Sean firmly stood in front of her. “Myra, who bailed you out of the police station last night?”

His tall figure cast a complete shadow on her when he stood in front of her.

She frowned slightly before she replied indifferently, "I don't think this is related to you, Director Chase."

"Is it your father?" He did not seem to hear her reply as he stubbornly wanted an answer from her.

When Myra heard her father being mentioned, her expression slightly changed and her tone became even colder. "No matter what, the person who picked me up was not you. What do you want by asking this?"

"Was it a man who picked you up?" Sean's gaze immediately sank. Then, he suddenly grabbed her hand as he demanded in an icy tone. "Who picked you up?"

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Myra's wrist still bore the injuries from the handcuffs the night before. When he held her hand in that moment, she only felt immense pain. With a furious look on her face, she asked, "What the hell are you doing?"

Sean did not miss the pain on her face earlier. He lowered his head and saw the injuries on her wrist. Then, his expression immediately changed "What's this?"

It was not just the hand he was holding; her other hand also had similar blue-black bruises on her wrist.

"This is none of your business!" Myra forcefully withdrew her hand from Sean's grip as she withstood the pain.

Sean was hesitant. When I went over to her place for a meal, she didn't have any injuries. After a night... His face suddenly darkened. "Is this because last night, you were brought to..."

His sentence trailed off as he closed his mouth with a conflicted expression in his eyes.

After being framed by them last night, Myra felt resentful. Even if we can't be husband and wife, he doesn't have to frame me with such despicable means. I can only blame myself for being so blind back then.



Myra took a deep breath before she returned to her indifferent expression. “Director Chase, if you don’t let me go, your lover, who is not far away from here, will become anxious.”

There was no love for him anymore. Sean froze before he blankly turned. Sure enough, Lyla’s face darkened as she looked at them from a distance.

Reflecting on what recently happened and yesterday’s incident, a vein protruded on his forehead. “About what happened last night, I-I... didn’t mean to send you to the police station—”

“Yes, you didn’t mean to, because you have already arranged everything beforehand.” Myra turned and appraised the man for the final time. She used to love him to her core, yet he caused her to suffer from the most trauma. If she could go back in time, she would not fall in love with him and allow him to ruin her life. “Sean Chase, we are over.”

She clearly enunciated her last few words before walking past him as she left.

Immediately, a black Maybach shone under the sun on the opposite side of the road.

She quickly picked up her phone as it rang. “Hello?”

“Reigniting the flames with your old lover? You stood there with him for so long. What did you tell him?”

Tony’s low voice rang from the other end of the phone. Even though he was not in front of her, Myra could imagine his current expression. His good-looking brows must be tightly knitted together and his thin lips pressed into a hard line. Yet, he still pretends as though it doesn’t bother him.

“Are you jealous?” She chuckled in a low voice. As dimples formed on her cheeks, she made him feel as though all the flowers around her had blossomed with her smile.

Seated in the car a street away, his heart fluttered and melted when he saw her speaking to him on the phone with her head lowered. “There’s a new restaurant on Jasmine Street. Are you hungry?”

She touched her belly; Indeed, she was ravenous. Then, she immediately smiled. “Dear Director Hart, I wonder whether I have the honor to buy you a meal today.”

“Did you receive a lot of money?” Tony retorted mercilessly. Even though his tone was nonchalant, he did not sound too pleased about it.

Myra ignored the sound of him gritting his teeth and she smiled as she lowered her head. “Yes, indeed. I’ve gotten 20% of the shares that I brought from the Stark Group in the beginning as well as 50% of the land in Hilliville owned by Chase Group!”

When she spoke about the second part, she seemed pleased with herself as the tone of her voice rose in excitement.

Tony froze for a moment as his eyes narrowed. 50% of Hilliville?

He chuckled lightly. “Well, I guess you definitely have to buy me a meal then.” In the end, half of Sean’s money is given to her. Is this another form of compensation?

As Myra briskly walked past Eve and Lyla, she did not even greet them. After all, since they were now strangers, there was no need for her to do so.

However, the three of them watched her cross the road and enter a black Maybach.

Even though the vehicle was far from them, they could make out a man’s outline at the driver’s seat.

“So, Myra has really hooked up with another man!” Eve merely felt a surge of dizziness overcome her. Since that’s the case, we gave her 50% of Hilliville for nothing!

At that moment, Sean had already returned. After he heard her exclaiming, his face darkened as he tightly clenched his fists while the veins were protruding on the back of his hands. “Mom, let’s go back.”

“Alas!” Eve sighed heavily, hating Myra to the maximum at that point. She has clearly entered a relationship with a wealthy man, yet she still takes Hilliville that Sean has worked so hard on! She’s really an evil and ruthless woman!

Usually, Lyla would have agreed with Eve. However, at that moment, her face was pale as she stared at the black Maybach. Even though she did not know the driver, her heart raced due to an ominous feeling that something was about to happen. Did Myra's father, Cameron Stark, really bail her out last night?

"Lyla. Lyla!!" Next to her was Sean, who called her name several times before she returned to her senses. He frowned as he asked. "What's wrong?"

Nothing... I think I'm just dizzy from the sun..." Lyla bit her lips. In the next moment, her phone suddenly rang and pierced the silence.

Her expression immediately changed since she was actually quite scared to answer the call. Finally, under the curious gaze from the two people next to her, she picked up the phone. "Hello?"

"Miss Fisher, Director Hart has something to inform you."

The volume of the call had already been adjusted to a safe volume.

Lyla shot a glance at the people next to her before she responded in a low voice, "What is it?"

On the other end of the phone, Leo's eyes narrowed. "Director Hart is giving you two options and you can only pick one—one, he will buy up the remaining 50% of the properties in Hilliville. Two, you have to hold your tongue."

"What?"

Lyla's pitch immediately increased, making both Eve and Sean frown.

She did not dare to speak in front of them anymore, so she turned and walked away before she replied to Leo in a low voice, "Leo, what does Director Hart mean by this?"

I have a good relationship with him, but I've been on the passive side for some time. We are business partners, aren't we? If he needs me in the future, I will give him the secrets of Hilliville like last time. We can profit from each other.

But... Director Hart clearly wants the buyer information of Hilliville. Why does he help me to buy the remaining properties there in the end?

Is my help actually worth that much?

Lyla wondered whether she had thought too much, but there was a peculiar feeling about it.

“You should know what Director Hart means by this, Miss Fisher. After he buys the remaining 50% of Hilliville’s properties, please remember to hold your tongue. Otherwise, you might not even be able to speak if you fail to do so.”

## Standing before Love Chapter 126

So, he’s just asking me to keep it a secret. Lyla’s heart tightened before she heaved a long sigh. “Don’t worry. Even if Director Hart doesn’t tell me this, it will only remain a secret between both of us.”

How stupid do I have to be to spill the beans? After all, what I want now is to marry Sean and be the future Mrs. Chase.

At such an important juncture, she wanted the incident to be a secret even more than Tony.

“In that case, Miss Fisher, the transaction for all the properties under Chase Group in Hilliville will be completed by Director Hart this afternoon,” Leo reported indifferently.

Lyla’s heart raced. Sure enough, Director Hart did not lie to me!

Her lips curled into a vindictive smile as she happily replied, “Thank you to both of you, Leo and Director Hart.”

After Lyla hung up on the call, Eve had a worried expression on her face when the former walked back to them. As soon as she saw Lyla, she quickly asked, “Are there any problems? Is the important customer still buying the properties from us in Hilliville?”

When Eve saw that Lyla did not look optimistic earlier, she had considered all the possible outcomes in her mind. She carefully regarded Lyla so that she would not miss any change in the latter’s expression.

Lyla merely glanced at Eve before she looked at Sean lovingly. Then, she walked to him and held his arms. “Mrs. Chase, Sean, don’t worry. The

customer just told me that he will carry out the transaction with Chase Group this afternoon and he's going to pay the full amount to us."

"I-I-In full?" Eve's eyes immediately widened. This means that all our investments will return to us? This is so much better than what I expected!

However, he frowned and lowered his head to look into her gentle eyes. "Lyla, how... did you know that customer?"

He had always been brooding about his understanding of her for the past two years because he felt something odd about it. For example, how did Lyla know such a wealthy customer? After all, those are properties that cost billions. It's not an amount of money that an average businessman can afford, let alone paying it in full.

Lyla clearly saw the doubt in Sean's eyes, so she caressed his arms as she answered, "Sean, after I left you two years ago, I swore that I will be someone useful to you one day. For the past two years, I've been working hard on my piano career, so I have more connections. Actually, I don't know the customer myself, but the Walton Family was the one who introduced us. I'm sure you've heard of them, right? Since I played piano at the Old Master Walton's birthday celebration, I have become quite close with them. After hearing that we are in a tough spot, they introduced me to that customer."

"Lyla, do you even know people from the Walton Family?" Eve was shocked to hear that.

Lyla humbly answered, "I guess you can put it that way."

When she saw that Sean was still frowning, she said worriedly, "Mrs. Chase, Sean, if you don't like me revealing my face much in public, I understand. In the future, I will stay at home to take care of my husband and children. I will make the home a comfortable place for them..."

Eve's contempt toward Lyla slowly disappeared. Since she has many important connections like the Walton Family, this is going to be useful for Sean's future career. Since both of them love each other...

She sighed in her heart and spoke to her son, "Sean, since we are already here, why don't you marry Lyla? We'll get the marriage certificate first and we can choose an auspicious day to hold the wedding later. In the past, it was my

fault for separating the both of you for two years. In the future, I hope both of you live blissfully.”

Sean was still engrossed in Lyla words—‘after I left you two years ago, I swore that I will be someone useful to you one day’. This is probably enough. In this aspect, Lyla seems to have done as much as Myra for me. Why do I feel like I’m listening to another person’s story when I was listening to her earlier, though?

While looking at the red marks on Lyla’s neck, a proof of their passionate night yesterday, Sean remembered how perfectly their bodies matched each other, be it two years ago or now. Suddenly, he remembered that he saw similar marks on Myra’s neck earlier. Who left that on her? Who did she spend last night with? We weren’t even divorced yesterday, yet she couldn’t wait to be under another man!

As deep fury rose within him, he hugged Lyla closely and kissed her forehead. “Sure. Let’s head inside to get married.”

“Sean...” Lyla sounded incredulous before she cried tears of happiness. “I’m so happy to hear that...”

Seeing Lyla’s overjoyed expression made him remember Myra’s coldness toward him. He let out a light snort as he thought, Let’s see what Myra’s up to!

When Myra entered Tony’s car, her heart was still racing.

When they were not face to face with each other, they did not feel embarrassed to express their thoughts aloud. Now that they were in front of each other, Myra did not even dare to look at Tony.

She took deep breaths after she got into the car as she was at a loss on what to say. I guess we confirmed our relationship last night, but it feels like we haven’t clearly said the words to each other.

Suddenly, a shadow fell upon Myra. Before she could react, the man next to her had already stretched his arms and wrapped them around her waist to pull her over. In an instant, she was directly sitting on his lap.

“Tony, we are on a public street...” Myra turned and shyly looked out the window. At that moment, the view outside the car was slowly being obstructed

by the rising tinted window. Her heart fluttered and she felt slightly weak from her shock.

“So what? We’re not doing anything illegal.” Tony arched his eyebrows. He felt a surge of satisfaction when he saw her running over from the opposite side of the road to sit right next to him.

Suddenly, Tony lowered his head and pressed his lips onto hers as he took a bite of her.

After hearing her exclaim, his eyes narrowed and his gaze darkened as he looked at her pink lips. “Seeing you still standing with Sean Chase after divorcing him, I keep thinking of ways to punish you,” he spoke in a low and hoarse voice.

When he grabbed her arm, she could feel a warm and dry sensation traveling from her skin to her heart.

It was a peculiar sensation that resembled an electric shock, but it was enough to make her addicted to it.

“I didn’t speak to him voluntarily. He was the one who stopped me and demanded that I tell him the person who bailed me out last night.” Unable to withstand Tony’s masculine seduction anymore, Myra spoke quietly in his arms.

His nice body fragrance was enshrouding her slowly, as if she could drown in him.

Tony slowly took out a cigarette and placed it in his mouth. Without lighting it up, he looked like a rebel as he asked her, “Did you tell her which man saved the damsel in distress?”

“No.”

“Hehe!” He took the cigarette away and snorted coldly as his face darkened.

Perhaps he thought that it was not enough, so he placed Myra back in the passenger seat. He then started the engine to leave the spot while ignoring her throughout the entire process.

At that moment, he looked like a little kid who threw a tantrum simply because he was not praised for something good he had done. Myra tugged on his right hand and asked, "Are you angry?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 127

Tony deliberately withdrew his hand from her and sarcastically said, "Of course not. How would I dare to be angry at you? I'm just a nobody. If you would like to hide me, that's your right to do so."

Yet, he still claims that he's not angry? He even emphasizes this point.

Myra played around with his right hand. "I'm not trying to hide you. You are not an item, so why would I need to hide you? Oh, that sounds wrong. You are something indeed, but... Haha..."

"Myra, that's enough, yeah."

When he heard her joke and her laughter earlier, his face instantly darkened as he quickly turned and glared at her.

Under the bright light in the car, there was a beaming spot in the middle of his eyes. Even though it was tiny, she could still see her small reflection in it.

Then, memories suddenly flooded her mind.

It started when Myra apologized to Elsie after Sean misunderstood her, she could remember the gentle look in Tony's eyes when he came to pick her up. Then, he brought Elsie down just to let her be in charge of the Sunny Bay Project. In a banquet at the hotel, he nonchalantly opened the can of coconut juice for her. Apart from that, at the party held by the Hart Group, he protected her so that she would not be hurt. Then, she remembered the gentle way he taught her golf at the driving range. When Sean, Lyla and Eve wanted to push the blame to her, Tony had stopped that from happening.

There were many incidents which involved him that she could not even remember. Now that Myra looked back, they only knew each other for two months, but they shared many memories together.

Tears suddenly swam in her eyes as she shook his hand before she spoke in a gentle tone, "I just feel that I don't have to tell him. He's nothing to me now and he doesn't need to know about my matters anymore."



Perhaps her explanation had calmed Tony down, so he slowed down on the speed of the car. Initially, it was Myra who held onto his hand, but he grabbed her hand and pinched her palms.

“So, when do we become official?” he carelessly asked.

Myra blinked. Soon, she understood what he meant, but she pouted. “I don’t understand.”

The car suddenly stopped. Then, she heard him releasing his safety belt. In the next instant, she was being pressed down while seated on the front passenger seat.

Right in front of her was Tony’s face. On the bridge of his straight nose, his profound, dark eyes looked at the woman who played dumb with slight passion.

“You don’t understand me?” Tony seemed to be gritting his teeth.

The distance between them was so close that Myra felt that their breaths were mixed with each other. She soon blushed as she pushed his sturdy chest away. “Tony, you are still driving. What are you doing? Hmm!”

Immediately, her open lips were blocked by the man in front of her.

His kiss was domineering and direct. He did not give her any opportunity to take a breath as he sucked on her lips. Meanwhile, his arms were tightly circled around her thin waist and the temperature from his hands seemed to be scorching her body.

Myra’s body suddenly jolted and softened in front of him.

“Myra, you like me,” Tony suddenly said in a low and hoarse voice.

His words were mixed into the kiss and his hot breath made Myra’s heart flutter.

“You’re cheating!” Finally, she pushed him away, but her face had already turned red.

While observing her sexy look now, Tony’s gaze immediately darkened. A deep lust bubbled up within him, making him look like a dangerous leopard at that moment.

His eyes dangerously narrowed as he suddenly repeated in her fair ears with a murmur, "You like me. I don't know since when, but you like me, Myra."

When he called her name, it felt as if a hand had tightly gripped her heart.

As Tony blew hot breath on her ear, she felt as though she had melted into a puddle of water and she allowed him to do whatever he wanted to her.

As soon as she heard his low chuckle, Myra realized that he was just teasing her. Annoyed and embarrassed, she forcefully pushed him away, but he used her force to wrap her into his embrace.

"Don't be naughty," he said lovingly. Seeing that she was still struggling to leave his embrace, he placed his chin on her head as he said helplessly. "Alright, alright. Myra... I like you."

The last three words acted like a spell that immediately quietened the surroundings in the car.

Myra had always thought of Tony as a god. In front of other people, he was strong, yet cold and ruthless. He was knowledgeable and he seemed to know everything. Usually, he would defeat his opponent's strong power before they would even know it. Yet, for a man of his high calibre, who was the center of attraction, she did not expect that he would like her.

She felt slightly distracted when he looked into his eyes that seemed to see through her. In that instant, she felt that even her soul shivered.

She suddenly stretched out with her hand and gently caressed his beautiful eyes.

Her hands seemed to have sparks that turned the gentleness in Tony's eyes into passion as though she had lit a fire.

With that, Myra smiled slightly and pulled Tony's neck down toward her. Under his intense gaze, she slowly inched her lips to him. "To be honest, I also have no idea when I've fallen for you, Tony."

Myra had a realization—one could not simply lure a 35-year-old man even if it was just with a kiss.

Even though this was not counted, she felt as though her hands were on fire.

She was not repulsed by doing the act in the car in the middle of the day, but she felt that she was too shameless.

On the other hand, she looked over at the man behind the wheel, who looked energetic. He felt as though she was glaring at him, so he arched his eyebrows. With his good looks, he playfully asked her, “What’s wrong?”

Since they had arrived at their destination, Tony stopped the car and bent over to her after he unbuckled his seatbelt. Then, he asked her solemnly, “Are you not feeling well? Actually this is nothing to be ashamed of. I can also return the favor by—”

Myra blushed and blurted out without thinking, “Who wants that? Tony, you’re so indecent!”

With that, she also unbuckled her seat belt and rushed out of the car.

Behind her, Tony merely smiled to himself as his gaze deepened, as if there was an endless abyss within them.

Thinking back to her confession earlier in the car, he took out his phone to take a picture of her back. Soon, he opened Facebook and posted the picture on his Stories with the caption—’nice weather today’.

## Standing before Love Chapter 128

Today’s weather was fine, which was suitable for fishing under the sun.

Sebastian could not sleep the whole night after forcing Elliot to spill the beans about Myra’s identity. He tossed and turned on the bed, but he just could not fall asleep. He was making such a fuss that Lisa was complaining. In the end, she left him alone in bed and went to the study to sleep.

The next morning, Sebastian had dark circles around his eyes due to the lack of sleep.

In the morning, he lost his temper a few times in the Chase Residence. It started when he whined about the housekeeper’s cooking—he claimed that the breakfast she prepared was getting worse. “I expect a bowl of noodles, but there is no beef inside. The noodles are so dry that it’s unpalatable.” Next, he complained about the hot and stuffy garden, claiming that the air quality in Bradford City was deteriorating. In the end, he pestered Lisa and complained

about his foul mood while claiming that his grandchild would not even head home to visit him, etc.

Lisa threw in the towel and she told him to fish in an attempt to calm down.

Sebastian knew that she was sick of him, so he had no choice but to gather his fishing equipment in silence. Then, the chauffeur drove him to the club. Sebastian deliberately requested the chauffeur to take the longer route, so that they would pass by the Civil Affairs Bureau. He saw Myra walking out of the Civil Affairs Bureau with another man and she directly entered a black Maybach. I gave that car to Tony for his 34th birthday!

He felt that he had been kept out of the loop, so he was rather upset when he told the chauffeur to leave the place.

“The girl must have something brewing. She seduced my grandson, which is why he is so obsessed with a divorced woman like her!” Sebastian was blinded by fury at that point.

Upon arriving at the club, he went straight to the lakeside. Then, he bent down to prepare for his fishing, as if he was ready to be serious about it today.

Not too far away, Sasha was accompanying Old Master Hay to the club and she caught sight of Sebastian once he arrived. Her eyes shone brightly when she saw him.

She was aware that Sebastian was fond of her. This is such a great opportunity! How could I possibly let it slip past me?

After weighing her options, she whispered her plans to Old Master Hay. After that, he narrowed his eyes while nodding in agreement and he straightened his back. He made his way to Sebastian while wearing a warm and kind expression.

At that moment, Sebastian had completed his warm-up exercises. He had just placed the bait on the hook and was about to toss the line into the water.

However, his skills were slightly rusty, most probably because he had not been fishing for a long time. Furthermore, his waist felt stiff, so the hook seemed stuck to him despite his attempt to cast the line for 2 to 3 times. The line just could not be cast; his mood worsened since he had a short temper.

“Let me help you, Old Master Hart.” A gentle and sweet voice interrupted him.

Sasha quickened her pace in the last few steps and she tried to take the fishing rod away from Sebastian. Nevertheless, the fishing rod suddenly shifted and she missed it.

He wore a blank expression when he asked her, “Who are you?”

His tone was harsh because he was upset about Myra.

Sasha’s hands were held up mid-air and she awkwardly pulled back while tucking strands of stray hair behind her ear. She appeared especially fresh-faced and polite. “Old Master Hart, I am Sasha Hay.”

“I don’t know you.” Sebastian coolly turned away. This time, he directly cast the fishing line while ignoring Sasha.

Her face blushed furiously at the sudden turn of events. After a long time, she explained in embarrassment, “Have you forgotten? My grandfather has chatted with you before. I am the person in charge from the Hay Group to compete for the Hart Group’s Sunny Bay Project...”

Sebastian immediately turned to squint at the woman, who was standing in front of him, and he commented, “Oh, I remember you...”

Sasha let out a sigh of relief, but in the next second, her body stiffened again.

“I heard that three companies were contenders whereas two companies were involved in plagiarism. Your company is rather dishonest.” He turned to her while keeping his eyes closed. He seemed cold and distant, as if he was determined to ignore her.

Nevertheless, he was feeling especially furious at that moment because he suddenly thought of something. My grandson has obviously prepared the project for the girl! The couple is so bold to be involved with each other when she’s still married! If this had happened during my time, they’d be criticized and denounced! He straightened his back, but he had overdone it and he seemed especially stiff.

Sasha tightened her fists at her sides while trying to stay patient because she did not want to reveal her true emotions on her face. She wore an expression

of grievance on her face while speaking to Sebastian tentatively, “Old Master Hart, do you know... Miss Stark?”

At the mention of ‘Miss Stark’, Sebastian vividly recalled Myra’s delighted expression when she walked out of the Civil Affairs Bureau earlier this morning. He then snorted loudly in disdain.

Sasha knew that it was her chance, so she looked especially sorry for herself. “Old Master Hart, don’t you find it strange? The Hart Group selected only three companies as contenders and two of them were involved in plagiarism. Besides, I wonder whether you are aware about the entire incident between the Hay and Chase Groups, Old Master Hart...” She sounded hesitant when she said that, as if she was sharing an unspeakable secret.

Sebastian acted as if he was not bothered, but she noticed his body language. He instinctively turned toward her when she brought that up.

Sasha laughed mirthlessly in her heart when she saw that.

I received news last night that Myra has been jailed for committing a crime. It has crossed my mind—why would a man like Tony Hart fall for Myra? The only plausible reason is that he is toying with her for a few days after she seduced him. When Lyla returns in the future, Myra would no doubt suffer! Previously, after I informed Lyla about Myra seducing Tony, she even managed to chase her out of the Chase Group! After learning that Myra has been thrown behind bars last night, I was so happy that I slept soundly.

The next morning, she accompanied Old Master Hay to the club, but she was oblivious to what happened in the morning. She was not aware that Myra had also divorced Sean since she was focused on discreetly clearing the Hay Group’s reputation while leaving Sebastian with a good impression of her.

Sasha’s expression relaxed when she saw Sebastian’s reaction. “To be honest, in the beginning, it was revealed that Miss Stark plagiarized the design draft from the Hay Group. However, after that...” She looked especially hesitant at that point, as if she was reluctant to continue with the story.

He merely moved sideways, but he did not persistently question her, as she had expected.

She hissed through gritted teeth, “Old Master Hart, do you know about the incident last night where Miss Stark was thrown into jail after she committed a crime?”

“What? Was she thrown into jail last night?!” This time, Sebastian’s eyes shot wide open. In fact, he was so obstreperous that he scared all the fishes in the lake. He immediately abandoned his plans to fish and stood up. After that, he faced Sasha, who was about his height since she was wearing high heels, in annoyance. “You have been babbling for such a long time. Why can’t you get straight to the point?! Why was she thrown into jail?”

Sasha bit her lip when he shouted at her. “I heard that this isn’t her first time committing a crime.”

“Girl... Oh, girl! You need to stop talking.” Sebastian hated it when the younger generation beat around the bush, especially when they had something else in mind. He raised his hand to stop Sasha from speaking. He then started to pick up the bucket and fishing rod.

## Standing before Love Chapter 129

“Old Master Hart, did I say something wrong? If you don’t like it, please don’t mind—”

“Indeed, I do not like it.” Sebastian had a dark expression and he was no longer being polite to Sasha. It is true that I dislike the girl named Myra. However, I do not appreciate it when others start to badmouth the woman chosen by my grandson. Well, it’s just like family. It’s fine if I reprimand my family members, but others have no right to criticize them.

Sasha panicked since the situation was not progressing like how she expected. “Old Master Hart, do you know that Miss Stark is already married to my cousin? She is already married to Sean, but she went ahead to seduce to—”

“Who has she seduced? You claim that she is married, so why would she seduce other men?!” Sebastian interrupted without waiting for her to complete her sentence and he continued to glare at her.

Sasha was dumbfounded when he fiercely glared at her and she answered him automatically, “Director Hart...”

“Hmph!” Sebastian rolled his eyes at her ungraciously. Do I need her to tell me that Myra seduced my grandson? Numerous sarcastic comments ran through his mind, but he suddenly responded to Sasha in a grave tone. “Girl, to be honest, I feel that you are outstanding in many aspects, but there’s one thing that you’re lacking.”

Sasha asked hastily, “Old Master Hart, if you think that I’m not doing well in some aspect, I can improve it.”

“Well, it’s not easy to improve or change that particular aspect.” Sebastian openly stared at her chest, causing her to immediately blush. “O-Old Master H-Hart... I can do it...”

Sebastian frowned in confusion when he noticed Sasha blushing. “Why are you blushing? Shouldn’t you feel ashamed and guilty about this matter? You seem to be narrow-minded, so it’s best for you to broaden your horizon. Stop observing other women and men.”

With that, Sebastian picked up the empty bucket and fishing rod to leave. He barely took a couple steps when he came to a halt. “Also, stop accusing my grandson for no good reason. The two of them have just started going out today. After all, they both aren’t married, so why can’t they be involved with each other?!”

Then, he left the place in anger.

Sasha was astounded when she heard that. Judging by Old Master Hart’s reaction, he must be aware that Myra has been pestering Tony. In any case, why is he so protective of her since he has just learned that she has been thrown into jail and has committed countless crimes in the past? Furthermore, he mentioned that ‘they both aren’t married...’ She had a bad feeling all of a sudden. Sean couldn’t have... divorced Myra, could he?!

When Sebastian was walking over with his empty bucket, it happened that he saw Mark’s pail that was filled up with fish. Since Sebastian had hated Sasha, he projected his resentment on Mark as well. He was so angry that he sneakily stole a big fish from Old Master Hay’s bucket to place it in his own empty bucket.

I am alive long enough to know what the girl named Sasha is secretly planning.



Sasha was oblivious to Sebastian's nature. It would be truly difficult to change his mind about someone he hated. However, if somebody he disliked accused another person, who happened to be associated with his grandson, he would take the third party's side, no matter how much hatred there was.

Furthermore, since Sebastian needed to side with the hated person, he would accept him or her gradually anyway.

That was the reason why he had conflicted feelings toward Myra—he hated her, but he just had to protect her.

He opened Messenger on his cell phone. In the end, out of the handful of Stories, a new Story stood out at the top with the caption, 'The weather is wonderful today'.

The caption is describing a picture of Myra's back view. Who else could it be?! In the end, Sebastian snorted in disdain as he rolled his eyes in annoyance. He glanced at the big, juicy fish in his bucket. Then, he walked back to his car while snickering along the way.

After posting on his Stories, many people started to send their regards to Tony. They were a bunch of smart people, who were aware of what happened today and last night. In fact, they started to have a heated discussion in the Group Chat—

Elliot: 'Oh, my God! Tony, are you flaunting your loving relationship to the public? Tony, you are pure and affectionate. Should we block your Stories from now on to avoid any jealousy?'

Philip: 'Congratulations, Tony! Congratulations, Mrs. Hart! When should we expect a wedding invitation?'

Lucas: 'There is no rush in a wedding invitation. I suppose Elliot should start worrying about escaping to avoid Old Madam Samson's wrath.'

Elliot: 'Hey, you! Is it appropriate to drag my grandma into this?'

Estelle: 'Tony, I won't be returning home this weekend. Please inform Grandpa on my behalf.'

Elliot, Lucas and Philip were all rendered speechless by what they read.

Philip: 'What am I looking at?'

Elliot: 'Shawn! It is no doubt, Shawn! Shawn, are you challenging Tony's public displays of affection?!'

Tony did not continue to read the rest of the chat history; instead, he merely cocked a brow. If I'm not mistaken, Shawn pursued Estelle later than I did Myra. Has he managed to obtain privileges to use her phone? Well, I suddenly feel inadequate with my actions.

Myra was fuming when she moved forward by a few steps, but she was not truly angry. It was expected for women to act like a tsundere at times. However, she started to feel anxious when she did not hear footsteps following her from behind. Did I go overboard when I threw the tissue with some smeared thingy at that person? After taking a few steps, she gritted her teeth in determination while turning. She saw Tony leaning against the front of the black sports car not too far away. He seemed to be wearing a grave expression as he was deep in thought.

The sunlight shone sideways on his face and his initially deep and gloomy eyes seemed even darker and bottomless. The reflected lights seemed to flicker within his eyes and it accentuated his handsomeness.

After that, Tony swiftly looked down while tapping his finger on his phone. However, he kept his phone with such speed and he approached Myra. While he walked toward her, he gazed down at her as she stood rooted to the spot to stare at him. "Am I too handsome?" he asked while cocking a brow at her.

The ideal scene of Dreamboat Tony, as described by Tilly, vanished in the blink of an eye. Myra was at a loss for words shortly. "Yes, you are handsome. You are the most handsome man of all. You are impossibly handsome!"

Myra noticed that Tony was toying with his phone, so she could not hide her curiosity. "What were you doing earlier?" she asked.

It was rare to see him using his phone apart from making a phone call.

He did not try to hide the truth; instead, he directly passed her his phone, but the screen was locked.

"Well, unlock it then," she commented casually.

Tony cocked a brow at her, but he keyed her birthdate in to unlock the screen passcode. Myra blushed furiously when she saw that. He swiped through the

background pages before opening his Messenger for her to see. “Don’t worry. I am not interested in lovers, nor do I keep close female friends around me. I won’t chat with other women. I merely opened Messenger earlier to check what people were saying there.”

“What did they say?”

Tony brandished his Messenger in front of Myra, but she did not see the contents of the conversation. In any case, she was delighted after his confession when he said ‘I am not interested in lovers, nor do I keep close female friends around me. I won’t chat with other women’ coupled with his screen passcode. Then, she took her phone out in a fairly good mood.

Well, I am in the chat group too. I can have a look at the conversation from my phone. She realized that his phone was suddenly switched off at that moment.

“The battery is flat—” He frowned deeply, as if he was about to reply to a message just now.

Elliot and the group of people are his closest friends and they are his business partners too. Judging by his expression, he might have had some work-related matters to attend to. In the end, Myra handed her phone to him. “Here, use mine.”

## Standing before Love Chapter 130

Tony’s eyes twinkled with a smile, but Myra did not notice it. He took her phone from her and he sent a message to the chat group through her account.

Myra: ‘Sorry, but my weekend is for Myra. I can only return to the Hart Residence with her permission.’ He closed the Messenger after sending the message. Then, he returned the cell phone to Myra.

“I haven’t checked what everybody else said,” she complained when she noticed that the Messenger had been closed.

Tony raised a brow at her and his eyes twinkled brightly. He kissed her forehead before meeting her gaze. “What is there to look at? It’s more than enough as long as you look at me.”

Does he even realize how shameless he sounds? Myra was rendered speechless by his reaction. He held her hand as they both made their way into the restaurant.

After the meal, Tony drove Myra to her condominium building. Upon arriving at her destination, Myra was about to exit the car, but she could not ignore the scorching gaze behind her. In the end, she turned to cup his face. She blushed deeply while swiftly pecking him on the corner of his lips. "Bye!" Then, she prepared to get out of the car, but Tony, who was just behind her, grabbed her right away.

"Is that all?" He cocked a brow at her. His expression softened significantly due to the faint smile. Gone was his usual intense and forceful aura around outsiders. His arm was around the side of Myra's waist. His strength made her feel like he was pressing her against his body as hard as physically possible.

Myra was slightly annoyed that she had been seduced by his charms. He has enjoyed himself, so I have a feeling that I might not get away. She bit her lip while looking at him cautiously. "This afternoon, I helped you with..." She suddenly felt shy and exasperated when she said that. Her hands, which were originally tugging against the strap of her purse, suddenly started to burn.

Tony was astounded when he heard that, but Myra realized what she meant immediately. He squinted at her dangerously and his smile became mischievous. "What did you think I had in mind? Huh?" His breath felt hot against her ear toward the last part of his sentence. He noticed the fine hairs behind her ear quiver and he felt her body stiffened before relaxing again. His eyes twinkled with a smile and his gaze was like deep pools with its quiet ripples. A look from him was more than enough to draw a person into him irrevocably.

Myra felt that she had no resistance against him whatsoever whenever she faced him. Even the faintest smile on his lips gave her butterflies in her stomach. The next thing she knew, her giggle vanished amidst the shock in her gaze. Apart from the similar feeling from last night's gentle and tenderness from his kiss, it felt as domineering as his nature. In fact, it felt almost rough.

He finally released her when she was on the verge of being breathless. He pressed his forehead against hers and he kissed her eyes. His voice was hoarse when he spoke again, "Quickly head up."

"Huh?" Myra was still in a daze.

Tony stared at her innocent expression. She looks almost as dumb and adorable as the large, furry dog I have at home. After that, he pressed on her to enthusiastically kiss her for a while longer before letting her go.

Myra's lips were red and swollen by the time he released her. Her eyes were watery and her cheeks were blushing in a pinkish hue. Tony's eyes were slightly narrowed too and he warned her in a gravelly voice, "You won't get to leave if you do not leave right now!"

She hastily exited the car, but he grabbed her hand again. Their fingers tightly intertwined together. Myra bit her lips while turning to face him. She gazed into Tony's eyes that were brimming with his tender feelings for her. "I will pick you up tonight."

The redness in her cheeks crept downward to her neck. He refused to release her hand and it was obvious that he would not let her go before receiving an answer. In the end, she mumbled a 'yeah' before turning to avoid his scorching gaze.

After receiving the answer he wanted, Tony faintly smiled while releasing the soft and petite hand slowly. Once she was free to go, Myra ran as though her life was dependent on it. She left the car in a rush and ran into the condominium building. Tony could not help but chuckle in amusement when he stared at her back as she fled in a hurry.

Myra jogged along the way and finally let out a sigh of relief when she heard the bell of the elevator arriving at the floor. However, her heart continued to thump against her chest. She was fully aware that she was helpless against Tony's advancements.

"Myra, why are your cheeks so red?!"

A loud voice shocked Myra the moment she stepped out of the elevator. She automatically took a step backward before looking up. Estelle was staring at her from head to toe, as though she was scanning for something out of the ordinary.

Estelle's gaze finally focused on Myra's lips and her shrewd gaze immediately turned into a suggestive one. She stared at Myra mischievously. "Hey, you! It's best if you spill the beans. Did Director Hart send you back just now? Didn't you leave in the morning to get a divorce? How did you two end up together so quickly?"

Myra's cheeks blushed a deeper red since her best friend saw through her immediately. She forced herself to walk into the condominium. "Why are you here?"

"I am here for a holiday." Estelle tossed her hair while looking pleased with herself. She acted as though it was her who hooked up with Tony before she patted Myra's shoulder. "Don't change the topic! Are you two now a couple?"

Myra did not try to hide the truth from Estelle, so she nodded in response.

"Hahaha!" Estelle laughed heartily. She charged into the condominium unit the moment the door opened. After changing into a pair of flip-flops, she ran to the couch in the living room and slumped onto it. Then, she turned to look at Myra. "I told you that you guys would end up together, didn't I?! Look, you're together now! I have to say, Myra, you're very quick and I admire you for that! By the way, I think you're the only one fortunate enough in the entire Bradford City to find a better man than your ex right after getting a divorce!"

Myra smiled, but she did not voice out her opinions. In any case, she was well aware that she was fortunate. In all honesty, I remember the whole incident when Tony confessed his feelings for me in the hotel that day. Without him after my divorce, I might not be the refreshed Myra who is prepared to face her new life.

"By the way, did you know that the Hart Group has just officially sent me an invitation for an advertisement? It means that Lyla no longer stands a chance. Furthermore, Tony has announced that in the future, the Hart and Hartwell Groups would never invite her for advertising!" Estelle laughed so hard that her eyes were pinched together. Well, Myra received what she wanted and I assume I'll be following her up the ladder now, right?

At the mention of 'Hartwell Group', Myra suddenly recalled something. Tony's businesses used to be mainly based in the United States. Now that he is back in Bradford City, what happens to his business abroad?

"Don't worry about that." Estelle shrugged, as though she could read Myra's thoughts. "Shawn told me that Tony has started to close the company there a month ago. It seems that the headquarters will be transferred back to Bradford City and will be merged with the Hart Group."

"Oh." Myra was not well-versed with matters involving the Hart and Hartwell Groups.

“Don’t you think you sound too cold?!” Estelle glared at Myra. “In the beginning, I didn’t pay much attention when Shawn told me that. However, in hindsight, he is doing that for your sake!”