

Standing before Love Chapter 13

However, Myra was nowhere like Estelle.

Even though she was extremely disappointed, she still had a slight hope for that man.

She was well aware that she was hopeless, but she was unwilling to let her sacrifices over the years go in vain. If so, how much worth does my love even have?

When Myra saw Estelle feigning that she lost her balance before accidentally falling into the arms of a man not far away, she smiled and heaved a sigh as she rose to leave.

In the main hall of Zion Club, Leo handed the car keys to the waiter for him to park the car. As soon as he entered the club, he saw Myra leaving with a dazed look on her face. Although he was slightly shocked, he quickly entered the club.

The particular private VIP room of Zion Club was different from the normal rooms as it was Elliot Samson's private room bearing more luxury while remaining low profile. Cigarette smoke filled the entire room as people played cards, sang songs, and even wailed loudly.

If one had a good eye, one would realize that all the impressive figures of Bradford City were in the same room. If any one of them were offended, no one could survive in Bradford City anymore.

Leo entered the room with a sense of familiarity and immediately walked toward a corner.

As the lighting was dim in the corner, only the figure of a tall, well-built man could be seen. A red spark appeared at the corner of his mouth, which was followed by a pillar of smoke slowly rising to the ceiling.

After he seemed to have spotted Leo, he slightly bent forward. The white shirt and black suit revealed the outline of his strongly muscular body while his handsome face slowly became clearer. When his cold eyes were reflected in the light, Leo's demeanour became more serious.

“Director Hart, we have already confirmed three design companies to compete for the Sunny Bay Project. They are the Chase Group, Hay Group, and Reid Group.”

The man remained stoic as he merely loosened his tie and nodded in response.

Elliot, who replaced Tony in the card game midway, was unhappy to hear that. “Tony, can we not discuss work at the party which we have organized for you?”

It was because of the interview that Tony conducted in the morning that gave them the reason to quickly hold a welcoming party and drag him here.

Tony casually extinguished his cigarette in a nearby bowl before he calmly turned to look at Elliot. “Your grandmother called me this morning and asked me to introduce suitable women to you.”

Elliot gulped, looking as though he had swallowed a mosquito.

Everyone in the room knew how powerful his grandmother was. Her polite rhetoric was to ask Tony to introduce a woman to him, but what she truly meant was for him to look for a woman to sleep with her grandson as soon as possible.

Phillip Renaud, who was next to them, showed his base card, which was an ace, and tapped on Elliot’s shoulders with a wicked smile on his face. “You are always the first to lose! Sorry, but it’s my win this round. Money, please.”

Elliot pouted and threw his chips to Lucas before he pushed the cards away. “Count me out of this game. It’s never fun to always sit with you guys.”

Lucas Windrow smiled. “If you don’t want to sit with us, bring a woman next time.”

Upon hearing that, Elliot pouted again. He was not a narcissistic person by nature, but it was a fact that many women were wooing him. As such, he could randomly select any one of them to be his girlfriend. However, everyone in his circle knew that a woman would not simply accompany them to their hangouts if she was not whom they wanted to spend the rest of their lives with.

After he glanced at how calm Tony was, he was unwilling to throw in the towel. Instead, he scooted closer toward Tony. “Tony, you can actually bring your girl here. We will definitely look after her in the future.”

Seeing that Tony remained silent, Elliot summoned his courage and glanced at Leo, who was standing next to them. “Tell me—which girl has caught Tony’s interest?”

Leo secretly touched his nose. She’s not a girl anymore—more like a married woman.

Of course, he did not dare to say that aloud. Instead, he merely cleared his throat and reported obediently, “Director Hart, I saw Miss Stark at the entrance earlier. She doesn’t look too good.”

Tony, who was planning to light another cigarette, froze in his tracks. Upon seeing that, Elliot quickly took the initiative to light the cigarette for him with a sparkle in his eyes. “Tony, who is this Miss Stark? Your secret crush?”

However, Tony merely narrowed his eyes before he shot a glance at Elliot’s idiotic face with a profound look without uttering another word.

If it was like before, he would have killed me with his glare a couple times over.

Something’s going on!

A curious Elliot was about to ask more questions when Tony unexpectedly finished his vodka shot that had been left aside for a long time.