

## Standing before Love Chapter 131

“For my sake?”

“Of course!” Estelle was dumbfounded as she stared at the simple and dumb woman who somehow had Tony wrapped around her finger. “Didn’t you know when Tony returned to take over the Hart Group?”

“Isn’t that two months ago?” Myra knew about that as well.

“Well, try to recall when the Sunny Bay Project started.”

Myra hesitated before answering, “It’s also two months ago.”

“Well, isn’t that right?!” Estelle shook her head. “Judging by those facts, he has fallen for you during the Sunny Bay Project. After that, he decided to stay in Bradford City and expand his business. That is why he decided to transfer his company from the United States back to here, don’t you agree?”

Well, even if I don’t think Tony would make such a huge decision for a woman whom he had only known for a month, Estelle’s assumptions have melted my heart anyway.

Estelle glanced at Myra before asking, “Hey! I know that you are in the infatuation period, but is it necessary to provoke me? You look drunk in love. I am sure Tony would have you within his grip if you continue in a daze.”

After that, Estelle seemed to have thought of something because she shot Myra with a mischievous look. “Have you two... done it last night?” She sounded suggestive when she said that. She then stared at Myra openly from head to toe, causing Myra to furiously blush.

“Estelle, stop joking around.” Myra glared at Estelle.

“I am being serious.” Estelle chuckled in delight. “We are all adults and I am sure that it is normal to ease one’s loneliness when a man and a woman spend time together. Besides, Tony is a virgin despite being 35-years-old. I am sure that he must have pushed you to your limits, am I right? Why don’t I buy some books for you or a few CDs? Or would you like some courses? At least you wouldn’t be suffering much when you are going at it with him; perhaps—”

“Estelle!” Myra interrupted while seemingly annoyed. She tossed a pillow in Estelle’s direction. “Enough from you!”

“Oh, my. Hey, I am doing this out of kindness. I am sure that you two must have done it since you look embarrassed and annoyed. Either that or you used something else to help him. Was it your hands or...” Estelle stared unblinkingly at Myra’s red and swollen lips before she thought, It turns out the Hart brothers like to play it rough. However, how could a woman like Myra endure so much? Numerous thoughts flashed through Myra’s mind and her eyes narrowed into slits while she smiled in delight.

On the other hand, Myra was oblivious to Estelle’s thoughts, which were already filled with all types of explicit sensual positions. Myra blushed a deep red when she recalled Tony requesting her help with her hands last night and this morning. After that, she glared at Estelle before walking to her bedroom.

“Hey, please don’t be angry with me! I was merely joking!”

Despite saying that, Estelle was grinning from ear to ear. She picked up her phone since she saw Myra walking into the bedroom. She found a phone number from her contact list and called it. “Hello, Shay! You previously mentioned that there’s a new batch of toys in your shop. Are they still available? Send me a box of those. I will text you the mailing address later. Send them over as soon as possible, please.”

After hanging up on the phone call, Estelle sent the address to the person in excitement. She deliberately wrote Myra’s name as the recipient.

After a while, a phone started ringing, but it was not Estelle’s.

She noticed the purse, which Myra had left on the couch, after the latter walked into her bedroom. Estelle mischievously cackled while taking Myra’s phone out of her purse stealthily. She entered the passcode easily and a message showed up in front of her— ‘I will pick you up at 6:00PM.’

Oh. my!!! I can easily guess who the sender is without even checking! Estelle burst into a fit of giggles. Then, she sent a reply text—‘My dear, in that case, you will have to pick me up right on time. I’ll be waiting for you at home. XOXO (づ 3 づ)’

Estelle added an air-kiss symbol emoticon to make the text sound more passionate. She thought that she was a genius after sending the text!

Then, she heard Myra sounding like she was about to come out of her room, so she swiftly deleted the message. Then, she placed the phone back into Myra's purse.

"Estelle, did my phone ring just now?" Myra opened the door to ask her.

Estelle was tapping away on her phone. "No, it was my phone."

"Oh." Myra seemed distracted and she turned into her room to change into some casual clothes.

Estelle looked at her phone to check the text message which she had just received—'Miss Langley, the goods have been sent out. Please remind your friend to accept the delivery.'

Her lips curled into an eerie smile while reading the text.

Within the same day, someone was elated whereas there were others who were so happy that it caused sadness.

After obtaining their marriage certificate at the Civil Affairs Bureau with Sean, Lyla returned to the Chase Group with the group of three. She wanted to sign a contract with the so-called VIP client. Naturally, the other side merely sent a group of assistants over. However, everything was handled expeditiously and she signed the contract soon enough. A huge sum was immediately reflected in the Chase Group's financial accounts too. The three of them were both excited and happy simultaneously.

The group of people had just left the Chase Group's building when her phone started to ring again—it was her agent's phone number.

Lyla answered the call and a panicked voice spoke to her over the line, "Lyla, we are in trouble. Didn't you mention that the Hart Group proposed for you to be the ambassador for the Sunny Bay Project? Why have I received news that they are cancelling your rights for that? I heard that they have chosen Estelle. Apart from that, the Hart Group has announced that they will never invite you again for advertisements involving the Hart and Hartwell Groups."

"What..." Most of Lyla's joy from securing her marriage certificate and selling off the Chase Group's Hillville real estate vanished. She could not believe her ears when she heard her agent. Then, she asked suspiciously, "Sofia, are you

mistaken? Are you sure that you've obtained the news directly from the Hart Group? Are you sure that it's not a rumor?!"

"It is definitely true. It just happened since the Hart Group held a press conference for the Sunny Bay Project. They have confirmed that the ambassador is Estelle! A reporter asked why it wasn't you—and would you like to guess what the person in charge from the Hart Group answered?"

"What did they say?" Lyla had a sinking feeling at that point.

"The person in charge of the Hart Group said that from now on, both the Hart and Hartwell Groups will no longer engage you for advertisements!" Sofia had been shocked to her core when she learned about the news.

Just a while ago, the Hart Group phoned me to reassure me that everything is going according to plan and there is nothing to worry about. That's why I didn't mind when Lyla had to sign the contract. I did not expect the Hart Group to go against their word! Everyone knows that the Hart Group has an unshakable bond with the powerful families, namely the Samsons, the Windrows, the Renauds and even the Mosses. Once the Hart Group announces their intention, those families might not show it openly, but they would follow suit with an unspoken rule! Lyla might be a pianist from the United States, but she has changed her direction in the past few months. She has been expanding her career in the entertainment industry. In fact, She is trying to secure more advertisement contracts to gain traction. Her career has just started, but it seems like she has already been kicked out of the industry...

"No, that's impossible!" Lyla inhaled deeply. "I am sure that there is a mistake amidst all this. Let me ask the Hart Group. I am... acquainted with Director Hart! He would never treat me in such a way!"

She clenched her jaws while hanging up on the phone call. Then, she turned and met Sean's questioning gaze. He asked calmly when their eyes met.

"Lyla, since when are you acquainted with Director Hart?"

Lyla was shocked to her core. She was speaking on the phone in the narrow corridor beside the conference room, but she did not expect Sean to stand beside the corridor to wait for her.

## Standing before Love Chapter 132

His words made her expression change. Then, she answered, “Director Hart invested in the Hartwell Group in the United States together with the Young Master of the Walton Family. As I am acquainted with the Walton Family, I know a thing or two about Director Hart as well. Speaking of which, Sean, I have an urgent matter to attend to. The Hart Group has canceled my rights to be the spokesperson of the Summer Bay Project, so I have to ask them for an explanation. You are aware of how much effort I have put in to become their spokesperson.”

A hint of aggrievement appeared on her face when she said her last few sentences.

Upon hearing that, Sean’s gloomy expression eased and he took her into his embrace with a frown. “I have just heard about it as well. Don’t worry, let’s first ask them what exactly happened.”

He was, in fact, the person who recommended Lyla to become the spokesperson to promote Sunny Bay Project. However, much to his surprise, the Hart Group chose Estelle instead of her.

When he thought of Estelle, it reminded him of Myra.

He had only recently divorced Myra and the Hart Group revoked Lyla’s qualification as the spokesperson for the project. Instead, they chose Estelle, who was close with Myra. Is there really nothing fishy going on?

Lyla soon arrived at the Hart Group. She went there alone because Sean had to deal with urgent matters of the Chase Group and at the same time, she was unwilling to allow him to follow her there. In the past, whenever she arrived at the Hart Group, she would be led to the floor where Tony’s office was located. Nevertheless, she was stopped from going upstairs by the receptionist this time.

“My apologies, Miss Fisher. Director Hart said that he is not free today and has no time to meet you.”

“Are you sure that it was Director Hart who personally told you that? Please help me to convey a message to Mr. Clark—tell him that I am Lyla and I have something to discuss with them.”

Lyla did not believe that it was Tony who told her that.

The receptionist's gaze at her slightly changed. Previously, she thought that Lyla had a relationship with Director Hart. Now, it seemed to her that Lyla had been pestering Director Hart due to her unrequited love for him! Sigh, she is another woman who dreams of marrying into a wealthy family.

She shook her head. "Miss Fisher, what I said earlier was exactly what Leo asked me to convey to you. It was also what Director Hart told him."

Lyla felt her vision become dark. "It's impossible..."

Her cooperation with Tony was still alright in the afternoon and he even helped her to acquire the real estate in Hilliville. Why have things suddenly become out of control after a mere hour?

"How about if I head upstairs to find him on my own?" Although it was a question directed at the receptionist, Lyla's feet were already headed toward the ground floor elevator.

"Hey, Miss Fisher, you can't head up directly without permission." The receptionist immediately stopped her. "If you continue being like this, I will have to call the security."

Lyla's feet came to an abrupt pause. It was only then did she really believe that Tony indeed did not wish to meet her.

She turned and saw the receptionist gazing with a look of displeasure on her face. With gloom welling up inside her, she stomped her feet before turning to leave the Hart Group.

As soon as she left the building, she pressed hard on the number that had not been answered for some time.

At the 48th floor of the office building, Elliot and two other men were peering at a man with a strange expression. The man in question was staring at a dark phone on a black table with a visibly bright mood and a cigarette between his index and middle finger.

At that moment, instead of a boring, dull ringtone, the phone on top of the black elegant office table repeated a phrase at a consistent speed—You are handsome; the most handsome one! You are unbelievably handsome!

Every time the phone rang, the phrase would be repeated at least 5 or 6 times before it stopped. From the moment it started ringing until now, there were already 7 or 8 missed calls.

Although Myra's voice was melodious, the few of them were close to their breaking points after listening to the phrase repetitively for dozens of times. Elliot then decided to risk his life and hung up on the call. Upon noticing someone's expression that fell at that instant, he quickly simpered. "Tony, we have acquired all the real estate in the Chase Group's Hillville project and now, trouble has arrived. What should we do with the assets owned by Myra? Should we acquire them as well?"

Upon hearing that, Tony slightly narrowed his eyes with a dark expression. He casually extinguished the burnt-out cigarette in the ashtray while he regained his impassive expression.

After a while, he calmly replied, "There is no need for that now. Hype this project up again and send an email to Shawn to inform him that a new industry is entering Hillville. He will know what to do."

Lucas raised an eyebrow. "Tony, are you planning to allow the assets in Myra's hands to increase in value? Tony, she may become a shareholder of the Hart Group by then."

Currently, other than the ones owned by Myra, almost all the real estate of Hillville had been acquired. All that was left was to proceed with the next step.

It was in a businessman's nature to acquire the real estate at its lowest price, but there would be something wrong with the person's mind if he intentionally jacked up the value of someone else's asset.

They would definitely purchase the assets owned by Myra sooner or later, but if they were to do so in the future, the value of her assets would cause her net worth to soar.

"What's wrong with that?" Tony lit up another cigarette and he met the gazes of the three men amidst the lingering smoke.

At the same time, he recalled Myra's reply in the message. 'Darling, you have to arrive on time. I will be waiting for you at home. Muack!'

It was the first time that he intended to skip work and immediately drove to her apartment.

The three of them looked at one another before shaking their heads in speechlessness.

It was sometimes terrifying when a man started dating.

However, Philip did not forget about the woman who was trying to reach Tony earlier. “Tony, what should we do with the woman—Miss Fisher?”

“Ignore her.” Tony slowly exhaled a puff of smoke while his expression was nonchalant. “She doesn’t have the courage to do anything—at least for now.”

As a matter of fact, Lyla did not only lack the courage to do anything, but there was nothing she could do. Meanwhile, she could not figure out what to do as well.

She did not know why he had suddenly treated her in this manner, but there was one thing she was sure of now—his reason for purchasing Chase Group’s real estate was not because he did her a favor, but more like he had an ulterior motive.

As for what his motive was, she was unsure of it.

All she could do now was to firmly cling onto the Chase Family. A woman would eventually leave her career and return to her family and it was the place she had always thought would provide her with a lifetime of peace. Therefore, she had no choice but to bear with it despite her unwillingness to do so.

When Myra exited her room after changing into her casual clothes, Estelle had already switched on the television to entertain herself. Upon seeing her, Estelle handed her some chips. “Do you want some?”

Myra took some chips and chucked them into her mouth. Playing on the TV was Estelle’s favorite horror movie, which she had watched countless times before on DVD. Myra took a seat beside her.

“You have just showered, right?” Estelle asked without turning to her side to look at Myra. Myra’s ears slightly blushed as she calmly hummed in agreement.



“Myra, that’s not right. Which girl would wear a nude-colored bra with such thick straps when she is in a relationship? You would turn your man off when he removes your clothes!”

Estelle finally turned to face Myra; she pouted when she caught a glimpse of the bra strap on the latter’s shoulder.

Myra’s face instantly flushed crimson, as if her real purpose had been seen through by the woman before her. She muttered with gritting teeth, “I think this is alright.”

### Standing before Love Chapter 133

“What do you mean by ‘fine’? A man like Tony has seen all sorts of women. Do you think that you will be able to turn him on just by standing before him?” Estelle tossed the chip in her hand away and she continued in a stern manner. “Let me tell you this—you were too casual when you were with Sean. Look at all the women he has outside there—they are all tempting and bewitching! Therefore, when Tony stands in front of you, you must try to enchant him with your expressions, seduce him with your movements, and mesmerize him with your eyes... All in all, you have to make sure to gain full control of his body and heart this time!”

The more she spoke, the more emotional she became. It caused Myra to blush so fiercely that even the base of her neck turned red. Lastly, she could not help but ask, “Was that how you treated Shawn before he pounced on you?”

Myra’s words rendered Estelle speechless, so she glared at her. “Don’t touch that sensitive topic. I must have been blind to have my eyes on that b\*stard at that time. Stop mentioning him and spoiling the mood; it isn’t easy for me to come over to hide at your place for some time, so please, I beg you not to mention him.

Just as Myra was about to reply to her, the doorbell suddenly rang.

“Who is that?” Estelle took the opportunity to answer the door while leaving Myra behind for fear that the latter would question her further about her relationship with Shawn. From the peephole, she saw an old man with grey hair and beard standing outside the door.

As the old man was also looking at her through the peephole, all she could see was an enlarged, twisted face. Puzzled, she opened the door and asked him as his back instantly straightened outside, “Old man, are you at the right place?”

She knew almost all the old people that Myra knew of and the one before her looked like none of them.

After Sebastian had left the club, he asked his driver to look for a place to slaughter the fish, which was stolen from Old Master Hay, before taking the fish to Myra’s place.

Upon hearing Estelle’s rude way of addressing him, he was so pissed that his beard nearly curled upward. “Who are you calling an old man?! Don’t you know that you should respect an elder?” He appraised her from top to bottom while pursing his lips in displeasure. “I think that it would be more appropriate for a person your age to address me as ‘sir’.”

“Sir?” Estelle’s eyes widened. “I even call my own grandfather ‘old man’, but he is not as sensitive as you.”

Estelle had never been a person who respected senior citizens.

Sebastian was so furious that he nearly stomped his foot. “Who are you? Why are you at Myra’s house?” he asked with a stern expression.

“I’m her friend. Why can’t I be in her house?” she replied unrelentingly.

Oh, my! Look at her! Why does Myra have this kind of friend? Well, it is no wonder—a person with a poor character can only make friends with people of the same character!

Myra, who seemed to hear a familiar voice from inside, immediately went to the foyer. Upon seeing the person standing outside, she was surprised and called, “Old Master Hart.”

“Hmph!” Is she going to comfort me now? It’s too late for that!

“Why are you here?” She felt edgy. Could it be that he found out that I have gotten together with Tony?

Upon seeing that she did not immediately invite him into the house, Sebastian was even more displeased. These two ignorant people really don't know how to read an old man's mood!

"Hmph!" When he took a look inside, he failed to find his grandson's figure and there was no sign of a man's shoe at the foyer, which made his dark expression ease a little. "These are the fish that I caught this morning. I want to eat steam fish today. Quickly prepare the dish and serve it on the table."

Sebastian curtly handed the bag of fish to Myra and directly entered the foyer. He took a pair of flip-flops, which he had worn when he previously came, from the cabinet and went into the house.

Everything that happened seemed unbelievably unreasonable. Estelle looked at Sebastian, who was heading inside, with eyes that were filled with countless question marks.

"Myra, is he the Old Master of the Hart Family?"

As she did not previously attend his birthday banquet, she had never seen him before, which explained why she did not recognize him.

Carrying the bag in her hands, the helpless Myra nodded. "Yeah, he came over here once before this. I didn't expect him to come over again."

"What does all this mean?" Estelle pulled Myra closer to her and whispered the question.

Myra shook her head, indicating that she had no idea as well. I just hope it isn't what I thought.

After she entered the kitchen, she could not help but to close the door and sent a message to Tony. "Your grandfather... is at my house now."

Ever since Estelle learned that the old man was Old Master Hart, she did not dare to be rude to him. This old man in front of me is the grandfather of that b\*stard, Shawn. A b\*stard's grandfather could only be worse than he is, no?

She politely walked past him to pour herself a glass of water. Then, she guzzled it. After that, she poured another glass of water before sitting next to him.

Sebastian cast her a glance and he grumbled with a look of disgust on his face. "How rude."

His comment nearly made her spill the glass of water in her hands.

She turned to the other side and pretended to attentively watch the horror movie, but once again, she heard the old man beside her muttering a comment. "Such a poor taste."

Upon hearing that, she gripped the glass with such force that she nearly broke it, which brought about a frown and another comment from the old man beside. "Such a large strength she has."

When Estelle was at the verge of spitting blood, he concluded, "Luckily, she is not the girl whom my little grandson has fallen in love with."

She roared in her heart, Your little grandson didn't fall in love with me, but your third grandson did! He likes me! So, what are you going to do about it?

Of course, she did not yell the words. After suppressing herself for a while, she decided to rise from the couch and head into the kitchen.

Sebastian finally was able to gain control of the remote control to watch variety shows.

"He really pissed me off! I'm so pissed now! No wonder Shawn has such a capricious temper. It turns out that the reason is his grandfather!" Shawn's bad temper is exactly the same as the old man outside!

"Calm down. Old Master Hart's words may not sound nice, but he doesn't have any ill intentions." Myra consoled her.

"His words don't sound nice? They are practically harsh! And he doesn't have any ill intentions?" Estelle's voice almost cracked. "His ill intentions are basically written on his face! No, I can't stay with him here. I will take my leave first. Since you won't be staying in tonight, I will be bored staying alone here anyway."

After saying that, she attempted to leave, but Myra asked her a question in puzzlement. "How did you know that I won't be around tonight?"

Crap! Estelle turned and grinned at her. “Just a guess. You will surely stay with Tony tonight!”

With that, she turned and quickly headed outside while feeling relieved.

Myra had no choice but to continue to prepare the steam fish that Sebastian wanted to eat. It was fortunate that she had stocked her fridge with food after the other night, so she now had all sorts of ingredients in her house, which spared her from receiving any further complaints from him.

However, she intentionally slowed down the cooking process to wait for the man to arrive.

40 minutes later, Sebastian, who had been sitting in the living room, finally lost his patience. He walked to the kitchen and cast her a cold glance. “What is taking you so long? Are you waiting for someone?”

Myra’s face instantly blushed. “It has just been prepared. I will serve it to you now.”

After saying that, she reached out with her hands to hold the plate. It was burning hot that she immediately retracted her hands to touch her ears.

“You are so stupid. How did you manage to seduce my grandson?!” Upon seeing her reaction, he coldly snorted with his brows deeply furrowed.

His words made her feel even more embarrassed. As expected, Old Master Hart has learned that I am dating Tony.

She silently took a soft cloth to hold the plate.

Myra was considerably hardworking for preparing not only steam fish, but other side dishes and sauce as well. Sebastian’s expression finally eased a little when he saw her carrying one dish after another out from the kitchen.

## Standing before Love Chapter 134

Even so, it didn’t extinguish the anger in his heart. Although Sebastian knew that Sasha had deliberately exaggerated the facts in the morning to taint Myra’s reputation, after giving it careful thought, he figured that something fishy was going on. Not to mention, at the time, Myra had gotten together with his grandson before she had even divorced her ex-husband!

Myra stood silently beside the old man. Because the fish Sebastian brought was a crucian carp, there were a lot of bones. Seeing that he was eating with some difficulty, Myra hesitated, then went to take a clean plate and a set of cutlery.

Just as she was about to sit down, Sebastian fixed her with a fierce glare. "Why are you sitting down? Did I say you can sit down?"

Myra was a little embarrassed, so she just stood there while she picked up a huge piece of fish meat. When she did this, he glared at her once more, but she simply picked out the fish bones before placing the fish onto the plate in front of Sebastian. Then, she picked up another piece of fish and continued to pick out the fish bones.

As Sebastian took a glance at the fish in front of him, his expression eased without him noticing. Picking up the fish, he put it into his mouth and mumbled, "Don't think this will make me change my opinion of you. Hmph!"

For some reason, a small part of Myra's initial worries ebbed away. Some people looked kind but were wicked at heart, while some looked wicked but had a kind heart. Although the old man acted cold toward her, she always knew that he would not do anything to her. However, she wasn't sure about what the old man was going to do about her relationship with Tony, so she was deeply worried.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. Myra's heart skipped a beat, and she couldn't stop her lips from curling up. Having heard the doorbell and seeing how excited the girl was, how could Sebastian not know who the person at the door was? He immediately let out a heavy grunt.

Myra tested the water as she said, "It seems like there's a visitor..."

Sebastian answered in an enigmatic manner, "If you want to open the door, just do it. Why are you being so reserved? What a spoilsport!"

Used to Sebastian's criticisms, Myra immediately set down the cutlery and trotted down the hallway. When passing by the floor-length mirror in the hallway, she subconsciously slowed down to glance at her reflection. She flattened her hair a little before walking to the security door and opening it.

As expected, the person outside was Tony. At this moment, he had a cigarette between his index and middle finger. When the door was opened, he took one last inhale, put out the cigarette, then threw it into the trash can beside him.

He wasn't wearing a suit but was dressed only in a white shirt. His cuffs were slightly folded to reveal his strong forearms, and his tie was slightly loosened. Two of the shirt's buttons were undone, and beneath his exquisite collarbone, the shirt couldn't seem to conceal his protruding chest and abs.

Upon seeing a blushing Myra after the door was opened, Tony raised his eyebrows slightly and asked faintly, "Is the old man here?" With that, he walked in.

This was his first time coming to Myra's house, but his actions made it seem like he had come here countless times before. Myra casually took out a pair of newly bought men's slippers from the shoe cabinet on the side and placed them near his feet. Tony put them on like it was second nature. The pair worked with extreme coordination—as if they were a couple who had lived together for many years.

Sebastian, who was far away in the dining room, saw this and his heart felt congested again. He peered at the masculine slippers on his grandson's feet, then at the pair of lady slippers he was wearing. The more he looked, the more he felt that Myra was a clueless person. Why didn't she stop me when I took this pair of slippers just now?

"Hmph!" He immediately pushed aside the plate in front of him, suddenly finding the delicious fish tasteless.

Hearing the sounds from the dining room, Myra, who was following behind Tony, stopped walking. Tony seemed to have sensed it as his eyes narrowed. He then reached out to grab hold of her waist, leading her forward. "You have me."

His words were plain and didn't seem to hold much power, but they somehow gave Myra peace of mind. However, in front of Sebastian, she didn't dare appear too impudent. Struggling a little, she whispered, "Don't. Your grandpa is inside."

"He needs to know sooner or later." Tony's tone was casual, and he quickly led Myra into the dining hall.

He had a tall and sturdy stature, while Myra was petite. With his arm wrapped around her waist, the two of them seemed to fit naturally with each other. The rightfulness of this scene was too glaring for Sebastian. When he heard his grandson say that he needed to know about it sooner or later, he grew even more speechless and infuriated.

Seeing how affectionate they were, Sebastian couldn't help but say coldly, "She just got divorced, yet you two still don't know how to avoid arousing suspicion. Are you afraid that others won't know what filthy stuff you did while she was married?"

Myra turned pale, and her body in Tony's arm became stiff. She was about to push Tony's chest away, but as soon as she placed her hand on his chest, he held it.

His hand was warm and dry, and when he held her, he seemed to be giving her endless strength. Suddenly, he pressed Myra down onto the chair next to his. Myra wanted to get up, but he instantly placed his hand on her shoulder. His tone was light, but he wasn't going to be refused. "Sit down."

Immediately after, he sat next to her, and when he turned his head, he gave her a faint smile. No matter the situation, those eyes never showed panic. They were deep and dark, and Myra reckoned that he was born with the domineering power of a king as his eyes made her feel utterly at ease.

When Tony turned back to look at the old man next to him, his face had turned expressionless once more. "I'm just afraid that others won't know that she's my woman now."

"B\*stard!" Sebastian shot up from his chair, his eyes bulging bigger than copper bells. He looked furious.

Tony, on the other hand, seemed completely relaxed. "Old man, you came here to scrounge free meals before Myra was even divorced. How could you not know to avoid arousing suspicion? Are you afraid that people don't know how satisfied you are with your granddaughter-in-law?"

"What nonsense are you spouting?" Sebastian shot his grandson a vicious glare, then pointed a shaking finger at Myra. "When did I say that I was satisfied with her?! Don't put words into my mouth! I'm not like you. You're a traitor who does shameless things! You even seduce married women!"



“So what?”

Seemingly unbothered by what Sebastian said, Tony picked up the cutlery Myra had used to help pick fish bones for the old man just now, then placed the deboned fish from the plate into his mouth. His movements were elegant and smooth.

When the old man saw how pale Myra suddenly was, he was a little regretful and felt that he had spoken too harshly. Nevertheless, in front of his grandson, he always refused to admit defeat. Hence, he straightened up and sneered, “Don’t think I don’t know what you’re doing. Tony, I’m telling you; I still have the final say in anything related to the Hart family. You want her to be a part of the Hart Family, but this is your attitude? Mark my words; she won’t even be able to step through the door!”

Tony’s face sank in an instant, while Myra bowed her head immediately after Sebastian said that. Her two arms were hanging by her sides, and her fists were clenched tightly at the moment. Although she could sense that Sebastian didn’t like her very much, and she didn’t want to be with Tony because of it, it was still very uncomfortable to be told off by him in person.

## Standing before Love Chapter 135

When someone cared about a person, they would always worry about what the person’s family thought of them.

Suddenly, a large, warm hand grabbed Myra’s left hand. She looked up in surprise and was met with Tony’s gaze, which seemed to be gleaming with the coldness of the stars.

Seeing that Myra’s eyes were a little red, Tony pressed his thin lips into a hard line. “She can’t get in through the door? Well, she can come in through the window, can’t she? I’m just taking a wife; why are you getting so emotional?”

“You a\*\*hole! I’m your grandfather!”

“Are grandfathers supposed to hinder their grandsons from being happy?” Tony’s reply came in an instant. Sebastian was rendered speechless, and he was so angry that he found it hard to breathe. He promptly lifted the cup next to him and took huge gulps of water. Almost immediately, he started to choke, and he was coughing so hard that his thick neck turned red.

Myra wanted to go to him when she saw this, but Tony held her back and said coldly, "Didn't you hear what he said about us just now? What are you still helping him?"

"You... You..."

Upon hearing this, Sebastian grew even more furious, and he coughed so viciously that it was as if he was going to pass out.

"Tony..." Myra bit on her lips as she fixed him with a disapproving stare.

She was well aware that Sebastian couldn't be blamed for this matter.

After all, she had gotten together with his grandson right after she divorced Sean. If she was Tony's relative, she wouldn't like a woman like herself who was just constantly clinging on to him either.

The look on Tony's face was unpleasant, but after seeing the plea in Myra's eyes, he couldn't bear to brush off her good intentions, so he slowly loosened his grip on her hand.

Myra ran over, wanting to pat Sebastian's back, but the old man glared threateningly at her raised hand.

"Don't pretend to be kind!" Having said that, he began to cough violently again.

Gritting her teeth, Myra paid no heed to his protests and gently patted him on the back. When she noticed that he was gasping for air, she tried to calm his breathing.

The whole time, Sebastian wanted to move away from her, but it was as if Myra had turned into a sticky candy. He didn't want her to touch him, but she insisted on helping him.

In fact, Sebastian didn't actually want to avoid her, but he was simply too infuriated. At this moment, all he could do was bite his tongue and let Myra help him.

When his breathing became smooth again, his face immediately turned stiff as he snapped, "Don't think I'm that easy to please. If I don't like you, that means I don't like you! Hmph!"

"If you don't like me, then you don't have to like me," said Myra unexpectedly.

“What did you just say?!” Sebastian couldn’t believe what Myra just said to him.

Taking a deep breath, Myra didn’t shy away from Sebastian’s stare. She began softly, “Old Master Hart, I know you don’t like me, and I understand how you feel. But, no matter how much you hate me, it’s impossible for me to leave Tony. Even if you don’t like me, you’re still an elder, so I’ll still respect you.”

When she said ‘no matter how much you hate me, it’s impossible for me to leave Tony’, the man beside squeezed her hand so tightly that it hurt a little, but Myra wanted nothing more than for him to continue holding her hand like this.

The thought had crossed Myra’s mind that she definitely wouldn’t be able to be with Tony after the divorce.

She knew very well that her status and identity would hinder her from being a part of the Hart Family. Not to mention, a girl like her couldn’t possibly entice a man like him.

However, in the end, she relented.

How could she keep herself away from a man like him?

Love wasn’t just about two people, but the most important factor was still the two people at the center of it.

Tony had been dedicating himself to her, so how could she selfishly ignore his feelings and act recklessly?

He was always saying that he would be there for her no matter what, but she didn’t want him to be the only one overcoming difficulties for both of them.

Sebastian’s eyes narrowed when he heard Myra’s statement.

He sneered, “Well said. You respect me? Then, if I tell you to leave him, can you do it?”

He pointed a finger at Tony, whose expression changed abruptly.

Myra was a little pale, but she kept her back straight. She held Tony’s hand firmly, not allowing him to speak up. “I can’t do it.”

“You can’t do it, yet you’re talking about respecting me?” Sebastian snorted sharply, then exclaimed in an exaggerated manner, “Young people just love to brag!”

“But, I can pursue Tony again,” Myra piped up suddenly, causing the two men in the dining hall to be stunned.

Myra took a deep breath, then glanced at the dumbfounded man beside her and gave him a soft smile.

The next moment, her waist was being held tightly. Then, Tony stood up and held her in his embrace. His face was stony, but a small smile was playing on his lips. He was about to speak, but Myra was one step faster. She intercepted and said to Sebastian, “Old Master Hart, I know you’re wary of my status as a divorced woman, and you mind that I got together with Tony immediately after the divorce. However, I’m just afraid that you’ve misunderstood because I didn’t clarify the situation. We’ve always kept a distance before I got divorced. My ex-husband and I didn’t separate because of Tony; we already had problems with our marriage prior to that. But, if you mind, then I can pursue Tony again. I’ll let the Hart Family reevaluate me. I just hope... Old Master Hart, I hope that you can give me a chance.”

Upon hearing that they had been keeping a distance before her divorce, Sebastian couldn’t help but breathe a sigh of relief.

After feeling a moment’s relief, his face became taut again. Is this something to be happy about?!

He chided in a nasty tone, “You’re just a young lady. You should be ashamed for declaring out loud that you’ll pursue a man, and in front of an old man like me too!”

Myra turned beet red. The old her wouldn’t have said such a thing, but she just didn’t want to see Sebastian and Tony being so hostile toward each other.

She opened her mouth and murmured a little sadly, “If you don’t like me to be like this, I won’t say such things in the future.”

As soon as she said that, Sebastian felt his grandson’s icy gaze on him.

Oh my, look at this. I just asked her not to say such bold things to a man, yet he’s already so dissatisfied.

When he saw how respectful Myra appeared, Sebastian felt maliciously delightful inside.

Tony, oh, Tony. You'd better not mess with me again. Otherwise, I won't allow her to meet with you in the next few days. Wouldn't you be even angrier then?

Sebastian didn't hate Myra; there was just a hurdle in his heart he couldn't overcome. He felt uncomfortable, but he couldn't just let her off the hook. Myra's attitude was like a thorn in his heart that he couldn't pluck out, but he couldn't be the bad guy forever. He said roughly, "Let's eat!"

After that, he didn't bring up the topic anymore.

Myra didn't know if Sebastian's attitude meant that he had approved of her or not. She was a little hesitant, but Tony was already pulling her down into her seat.

The person who was the most pleased about the situation was undoubtedly Tony.

It was just that his face remained blank in front of Sebastian—so that Sebastian couldn't decipher his emotions.

After Myra sat down, Tony's hands trailed down her knee and slowly crept onto her thigh where he rested his hand.

His hand was warm and dry, and at this moment, his palm was scorching hot. It even seemed as if it was going to heat up even more. It was getting so warm that Myra's face became flushed.

## Standing before Love Chapter 136

Fearing that they were going to be seen by Sebastian, Myra didn't dare to make a sound or raise her head. Her left hand went down as she tried to quietly remove Tony's restless hand.

Instead, his hand grabbed hers.

Tony held a mug in his left hand as he drank his water in a leisurely manner, but his right hand gripped Myra's left hand tightly, and he suddenly placed it on his own thigh.

For a moment, Myra froze. Beneath her hand, the only thing separating her from the taut lines of his muscles was his pants.

His body heat was being passed to her hand through the thin fabric of his pants, and she was blushing all the way to her neck. She looked up and her breath skipped as she shot Tony a look. However, Sebastian, who was opposite from her, saw this and frowned. He looked at her, feeling displeased. "Why are you blushing?"

Myra's heart leaped. Upon catching sight of the way the man next to her was trying not to smile, her entire body seemed to heat up. Under the table, Tony even squeezed her hand on purpose and was forcing it toward a certain area.

"I-I'm a little thirsty!" Myra suddenly stood up from her chair, trembling slightly.

She was ashamed and annoyed, so she turned around and ran toward the kitchen without glancing at Tony or Sebastian.

Behind her, Tony calmly lifted the hand that was underneath the table as he picked up his cutlery to take a piece of fish.

Sebastian looked suspiciously at him. "Did you do something to that girl?"

Tony raised his eyebrows. "What did I do to her?"

"Who knows what you did to her?!" Sebastian frowned and grunted coldly. "I'll have you know that I wasn't compromising just now. I just... didn't want to quarrel with you. It will make things difficult for Myra to be the middleman!"

"It's hard to believe that you're already thinking about her wellbeing." Tony let loose a faint snort.

"You!" Sebastian's face flushed red.

He spoke too quickly and said the wrong thing! He immediately glared at the fish his grandson was eating. "Did I say that you can eat the fish? I was the one that brought this fish over!"

"Oh, but Myra was the one who cooked it," Tony answered lightly.

"That still doesn't have anything to do with you!" Sebastian snapped.

As Sebastian watched, Tony slowly placed another piece of fish onto his plate. "Without me, would Myra be around to cook this fish for you?" He cast his grandfather a sideways glance.

Sebastian was certain that he saw a sense of contempt in that one glance!

He began to seethe with rage.

"Don't think I don't know that your intentions toward her and Meow aren't that simple! Tony Hart, you better not let me find out that you're the reason her marriage was ruined. Otherwise, you'll have to explain it to her yourself!"

Sebastian wasn't a foolish person.

After thinking about it for so long, he still found that the situation wasn't that simple.

How could Tony have fallen in love with her so quickly? He even bought a unit at Hillville for her! A large part of Hillville belongs to the Chase Group. Isn't Myra's ex-husband that scoundrel from the Chase Family? This only made Sebastian's thoughts wander even further.

He might not fully understand Myra's character now, but he knew that she was definitely not the kind of woman who would actively pursue other men.

Not to mention, his heartless grandson had suddenly gotten a Samoyed several years ago, and he even named it 'Meow'...

All the signs show that Tony must have done something bad!

Tony, however, simply raised his eyebrows and said nothing.

Sebastian pursed his lips, then threw down his cutlery in front of him. "I'm not eating anymore. Looking at a certain someone has made me lose my appetite!"

Myra finally managed to calm herself down in the kitchen. When she came out, she saw Tony calmly eating fish, while Sebastian had his head turned away. He sat on the chair looking as if someone owed him money.

"Come here!"

When he saw Myra coming out of the kitchen, Sebastian pointed at her with a bitter look on his face.

Myra walked over rather nervously.

Sebastian said bleakly, "Next month, this brat is turning thirty-five, so his grandma is going to hold a banquet for him. You'll go with him."

Myra's heart wavered as she looked into Sebastian's eyes, but the old man had already turned away. "When the time comes, watch yourself. Don't create trouble for us."

Myra looked at Tony in a daze. With this sentence, it was obvious that Sebastian had approved of her, even though he still appeared to be two-faced.

"Why? I'm inviting you, but you don't want to go?" Sebastian's face dropped when he saw that Myra wasn't giving him a reaction.

Myra nodded hurriedly. "Okay, I'll be there. I won't... create trouble, Old Master Hart."

At this, Sebastian's expression became a lot more pleasant.

"Sit down and eat some fish," Sebastian said blankly.

In fact, Myra had just taken her lunch less than three hours ago, so she wasn't that hungry. But, since the old man had asked her to eat, she couldn't refuse, so she went to take a plate and a pair of cutlery.

After eating for just a short while, the doorbell rang again.

Myra was about to get up to open the door, but Sebastian stopped her. "Eat your food; I'll go."

After that, he didn't bother about her and walked straight to the hallway to ask who was outside. He was told that they were from the real estate company downstairs and that they had sent a parcel up.

Because it was a high-end apartment, ordinary courier services couldn't deliver the parcels directly to the residents.

Sebastian looked at Myra. "What did you buy?"



As he spoke, he opened the door and retrieved an enormous box.

The box was rather heavy, and Sebastian nearly sprained his waist.

Myra didn't remember what she bought. "Probably some snacks..."

Because Estelle loved snacks, there was always a supply of her favorites at home.

Sebastian pursed his lips again. "Young people should eat more healthy food and less junk food... Where do you put the scissors?"

He chided her, but he was rather eager to open the box as well.

"In that small cabinet in the hallway."

There was a spark in Sebastian's eyes. He was old, so the family doctor prohibited him from eating many things. Some time ago, he secretly ate a bag of potato chips that his grandson bought, but was caught by his wife, who reprimanded him. Now, seeing this box of snacks, he felt a little excited.

He found the scissors with ease and quickly cut the tape to see what was inside.

"This... this... What kind of filthy stuff are these?!"

He was so surprised that the scissors in his hand dropped to the ground, and his face was flushed red. He stood up and stared at the pair, whom he had just started to change his opinion of. "Come and see for yourself what nonsense you all bought!"

His embarrassment had turned into anger!

He knew that the man and woman weren't decent!

Myra even lied and said that she had bought snacks. When he saw the items inside... He had lived for so many years, but now, he felt so ashamed that he didn't know where to put his face!

Myra was a little puzzled. Why is Old Master Hart acting like this?

She hurried over from the dining room and saw the contents of the box after taking just a few steps. Her reaction was the same as Sebastian's. The blush that had receded earlier crept onto her face all of a sudden.

"This... this..." She stumbled over her words, and she wished that the ground would crack open and swallow her whole. "This... I didn't buy it..."

She was so anxious that her eyes were red.

Behind her, Tony walked over calmly. When he saw the contents of the box, his eyes narrowed, then a brief smile flashed across his face.

## Standing before Love Chapter 137

The things weren't snacks at all. It was a box of adult toys. The sexy underwear set on the top was barely made of a few scraps of fabric, and the black laces were particularly eye-catching. Not to mention, the toys below were of various lengths...

A phone rang, and Myra jumped. She instinctively reached for her phone, but because her hand was trembling slightly, she accidentally pressed the speakerphone. Everyone heard the ambiguous voice of the woman on the other end. "Miss Stark, I presume you've received the goods? The cable and CDs in the bag have been prepared for you according to Estelle's instructions. I hope you enjoy using them."

Then, she hung up the phone.

There was a terrible silence in the hallway. It went on for so long that Myra felt as if it was the end of the world. Then, Sebastian let out a loud snort, opened the security door, and left.

Myra stood in front of the box. This was her first time being put in such a difficult situation. Her eyes were red-rimmed, and she felt utterly ashamed. She wanted so badly to rush to Estelle and give her a good scolding!

Seeing how embarrassed Myra was, Tony's lips curled up slightly. He gathered the trembling woman in front of him into his arms and hugged her tightly. "It's all right. The old man knows that you didn't buy it. Don't worry."

"But, it's so embarrassing..." Myra bit down hard on her lip. An elder had witnessed such a scene, and in her own house too. It didn't matter if she was

the one who bought it; she still felt ashamed. Perhaps the old man would think that her friend bought so many adult things for her because she had certain desires.

“It’s not shameful. You can use a lot of this stuff on your own anyway.” Tony’s voice sounded from above her head as he eyed the items at her feet.

“Tony! Hart!” When Myra heard this, she thought of how he actually dared to place her hand on his thigh when Sebastian was around earlier. Not only that, but he had also used her hand to touch his... She felt like she was going to explode. Stomping her foot, she pushed him away, then turned and ran toward her bedroom.

Once she entered, she locked the door and immediately dialed Estelle’s number. As soon as her call was answered, she yelled in embarrassment, “Estelle, what the hell did you buy?”

When Estelle received the call from her friend, she smirked and answered, “I’m livening things up for you and Tony. I was afraid that you’d be nervous, so I specially asked her to include some CDs with horror movies for you. My dear Myra, you don’t have to thank me.”

“Why should I thank you?” For the first time, Myra didn’t feel like talking to Estelle anymore, so she hung up the phone and threw it down, then buried herself under the blanket.

It’s over. Old Master Hart’s impression of me is ruined... She felt like giving up on life.

Outside the bedroom, Tony peered at the box full of things, and a profound look clouded his eyes. Looking at the bedroom door that was shut tightly, he suddenly chuckled.

After burying herself under the covers, Myra gradually fell asleep.

By the time she woke up, three hours had passed, and the sky was dark.

Waking up, Myra suddenly remembered something and hurried out of the bedroom. She didn’t see Tony, but there was a laptop on the coffee table in the living room. Beside it was a glass ashtray which already contained a few cigarette butts.

She thought for a while, then turned and walked toward the corridor outside the glass door. Sure enough, she saw Tony standing there talking on the phone with his back facing her.

He was holding a cigarette in his right hand, and he was dressed in only his white shirt and black pants. On his feet were the dark brown slippers she bought, which made Myra feel like he was part of her home.

Just by watching his back, Myra seemed to feel a sense of contentment in her heart.

He must have sensed her gaze, as the man on the phone turned around. When he met Myra's eyes, a small smile appeared, and it felt as if all of the world's moonlight was concentrated in his eyes. He said something to the person on the other end, then he hung up before opening the glass door and walking toward her.

As he took in her crimson face, Tony's lips curved into a shallow arc. "You're finally awake?"

Myra's face felt a little hot. There were guests at home, but she had gone to the bedroom and fell asleep.

Thinking of the laptop on the coffee table, she figured that Tony had asked his assistant to send it over when she was asleep. She was a little embarrassed as she said, "I don't know why I fell asleep..."

Almost instantly, the memory of the box full of stuff returned to her mind, and Myra subconsciously looked in the direction of the hallway.

"I've taken care of the items," Tony informed nonchalantly. He held Myra's waist as he walked toward the sofa in the living room. Lowering his head, he placed a quick kiss on her forehead, then murmured, "I still have some business to deal with. You go ahead and make dinner first, okay?"

Tony was being extremely gentle—so gentle that Myra was unable to resist him. She nodded as she stared into his deep eyes. "Okay."

Only when she began to busy herself in the kitchen, did Myra start to feel a little upset. Why can't I resist his charm?

From the door of the kitchen, she could see the man seated at the coffee table not far from her. He was constantly tapping away on the laptop while he held a cigarette between his index and middle fingers. Occasionally, he would place the cigarette between his thin lips as he squinted at the screen in front of him. Sometimes, he would tap the tabletop with his left fingers.

Myra found that he was expressionless when he was working, and his thin lips would be pressed together, but somehow... He's so damn sexy!

Most people say that a man was most handsome when he was working, and Tony's behavior just now made Myra's heart throb.

She patted her chest, wondering when she became so obsessed with him. Seeing that he was still busy, she subconsciously slowed down the speed of making dinner.

The dinner was simple but filled with warmth. After eating, Myra went to the kitchen to wash the dishes. When she came out, the table was already cleaned up.

The computer was turned off, and the papers were neatly laid aside.

Just now, she didn't notice that there was a suitcase beside the sofa. At this moment, the suitcase was opened, and it was a mess inside. It was filled with men's clothes and daily necessities, and everything was laid bare on the floor.

For a moment, Myra was taken aback. Then, she suddenly remembered that when Tony sent her back today, he asked her to go to his place tonight, and she had agreed.

Now...

Having heard that the sound of water in the bathroom had stopped, Myra didn't know why, but her ears grew hot, so she rushed into her bedroom.

Tony... Is he going to stay at my house tonight?

She suddenly thought of what Estelle had said. 'A man and a woman in the same room...'

Although she didn't have any objections to having any sort of relations with Tony, she always felt shy.

There was a knock on the door, and Tony's deep and sexy voice sounded immediately, "Myra?"

Perhaps it was because he had been in the bathroom for a while, so the heat had made his throat dry, causing his voice to drop several octaves.

Myra's heart skipped a beat, and she quickly responded, "I'm taking a shower."

Then, she scolded herself for being an idiot. Anyone could hear that she was standing behind the door. It didn't sound like she was taking a shower at all. It was more like she was hiding from someone!

Of course, Tony could tell too. There was a hint of a smile in his voice as he said, "Then, I'll wait for you to come out."

After a pause, he added, "After you come out, I have something to tell you."

## Standing before Love Chapter 138

Myra had no choice but to take a bath in the bathroom in her bedroom. After taking the longest bath she had ever taken, she finally got out of the bathtub.

Then, she slowly blew her hair dry. Initially, Myra was wearing a bathrobe, but when she remembered that there was a man in the house, she changed into her loungewear.

In front of the mirror, one of her hands unexpectedly reached for a bottle of perfume that had never been used before. When she snapped back to her senses, she placed down the bottle of perfume, but her ears had already turned extremely red.

When she opened the bedroom door, she was still in a daze, and her cheeks were rosy from the heat in the bathroom.

Outside, Tony was watching TV and looking bored. Upon seeing her step out of the room, his eyebrows lifted and a teasing look appeared in his eyes. "I thought you fell asleep in the bathtub."

As his gaze swept over her, Myra didn't know what to do with her hands and feet. Pretending to be calm, she walked toward the sofa, then sat down on the other sofa before saying, "Didn't you say that you have something to tell me?"

“Why are you sitting so far away? Come here.” Tony narrowed his eyes at her, somewhat displeased that she had placed such a distance between them.

Biting on her lip, Myra walked over, then sat down on the other end of the sofa where he was sitting. She took a sip out of the glass of water that was in front of her, trying to conceal her embarrassment.

“Speak.”

Tony chuckled. He was playing with an unlit cigarette in his hand, but now, he threw down the cigarette, got up, and walked toward Myra.

He was tall and imposing, and he wore a bathrobe after taking his shower.

At this moment, the neckline of the bathrobe was slightly open, revealing his strong and muscular chest. His domineering aura was so strong that it was hard to ignore him.

Myra averted her gaze in a panic. When she looked up, she met Tony’s darkened eyes.

“Afraid of me? Hmm?” His voice contained some kind of charm, and in the quiet living room at night, it evoked a sense of numbness that burned away her rationality.

Myra stammered, “M-Mr. Hart, if you have something to say, just say it. Didn’t you say there was something you needed to tell me?”

“Tony.” The man’s deep and pitch-black eyes narrowed, and his tone was undeniably certain.

Myra swallowed and repeated in a low voice, “Tony...”

Her ears were utterly red, and she was blushing hard. She resembled a rabbit that was going to be slaughtered.

Tony studied the woman. Ever since he saw the box today, he had been thinking about what would happen tonight. A cluster of flames ignited in his eyes as spoke in a low and hoarse voice. “I’m going to the United States for a business trip tomorrow. I’ll come back in a week at least, or half a month at most.”

The sudden news made Myra pause for a second. "You're going on a business trip..." No wonder there's a suitcase next to him...

"Okay." A kiss came crashing down hard on her lips.

The first two times, the timing was wrong. But tonight, he couldn't wait any longer.

"Tony..." Myra's eyes grew moist in an instant.

Tony let out a low laugh. "Deliberately drinking water from the cup I was using... Myra, you little sprite!"

"I didn't..." Hearing his accusation, Myra closed her eyes shamefully and denied it.

This only made Tony laugh even more. He kissed her eyes and said, "Don't close your eyes; look at me."

His voice seemed to have a seductive charm, as it caused Myra to stare at his eyes in a daze.

"Tony... I'm... a little scared..." Myra turned her head away.

Tony's eyes narrowed slightly, then he kissed her more gently than before. "Don't be afraid. I love you..."

The room was silent, and occasionally, the night wind would breeze gently into the bedroom.

The bedroom light wasn't turned on; only the glow from the stars outside spilled in.

Tony leaned against the headboard of the bed with a tired woman lying asleep on his waist.

Since finding out that Myra was married to Sean, Tony never thought that she would still be pure.

Last night, when he discovered that it was her first time, he was filled with indescribable shock and ecstasy, but it was followed by a feeling of pity.

"Tony..."



When he lay under the blanket, perhaps the temperature of his hands was burning the woman in his arms, but she reflexively shied away.

Tony was a little helpless. Did I scare her?

He gathered her into his arms and patted her on the back. Soon, she fell asleep again.

She didn't know how she fell asleep.

When Myra opened her eyes, she felt discomfort all over her body.

Beside her, the man was long gone.

He said last night that he would be going on a business trip today, so he had probably left.

Although she was somewhat disappointed, Myra wasn't an unreasonable woman.

Besides, Myra figured that he was going on a business trip this time to deal with the company in the United States.

Immediately after, Myra thought about last night, and her breathing hitched as she blushed all the way to the nape of her neck.

Tony seems like a man who's indifferent and warm, but his actions...

Myra suddenly thought of what Estelle said.

'For a man like Tony who's thirty-five but has never done it before, he definitely went down on you hard, right?'

He definitely went down hard, but it was definitely not his first time!

Myra was a little upset as she slowly stood up.

## Standing before Love Chapter 139

Upon entering the bathroom, Myra saw two cups and two toothbrushes in front of the mirror.

In addition to her usual toiletries, there were also men's products.

On the towel rack beside the mirror, a navy blue towel had been unknowingly added right next to hers.

All of this felt too familiar. Back when she slept in Tony's apartment for one night, upon waking up the next day, the bathroom in his apartment had been set up like this as well!

Back then...

Myra quickly turned to the storage basket next to her. That basket contained the clothes she changed out of last night that was meant to be washed, and on the top was her nude-colored bra. Above that were Tony's black boxer briefs!

Myra's face flushed red at once.

Her phone rang, and when she saw that it was a call from Tony, she immediately hung up.

Tony was at the airport at that moment, and he was about to board his plane. When his call was hung up on, he raised his eyebrows slightly. She's just woken up and it's so early in the morning, yet her temper's so bad already?

He called her again.

This time, Myra didn't hang up. However, when she picked up, her tone was mildly unpleasant. "Yes?"

Tony let out a low chuckle. "Angry?"

Myra kept a straight face and didn't speak.

"Hey, I'll deal with things as quickly as possible and come back. When I'm away, you're not allowed to talk to other men, nor have any contact with them. Myra, I'll get jealous." Tony thought of her sulking on the other end, and his lips curled up a little.

When he woke up in the morning, if it weren't because he thought of how exhausted she was from last night, he barely managed to restrain himself.

“I don’t care if you get jealous!” When Myra heard his remarks, her heart raced so fast that it felt like it was going to take off, but she replied stiffly, “Why are you so domineering? I can’t even talk to other men...” Her voice was barely a whisper when she reached the end of her sentence.

Tony’s eyes narrowed slightly. “Who else do you want to talk to? Sean?”

Upon hearing the name ‘Sean’, Myra’s eyelids twitched.

For some reason, she felt a little guilty as she murmured, “I understand...”

After a pause, she added, “Come back soon...”

Then, she chided herself for not standing her ground. I was still angry just now!

Tony laughed again. “Remember to miss me.”

Myra’s face became hot and she grunted. Before ending the call, the man on the other end said casually, “Remember to wash the pants I changed out of last night.”

Myra had been shy when she saw the black boxer briefs in the storage basket, but now, she was irritated. She spat out a ‘you wish’ before hanging up.

She looked at her blushing self in the mirror. Since when did my life become so full of vigor again?

She had already divorced Sean, and Tony had left Bradford City. Now, Myra could finally settle down and think of the many things she needed to contemplate.

First, she had to make a trip to the Ritz Carlton.

At noon, she drove her white sports car and quickly arrived at the hotel.

Unfortunately, she ran into the group of people she least wanted to meet at that moment.

Eve, Sean, and Lyla had come to the Ritz Carlton together at noon that day. Eve had suggested that the three of them have a nice meal and that they

should all forget about the past misunderstandings and conflicts so that they could start living a good life again.

Meeting Myra at the door was something Eve hadn't expected.

However, contrary to Eve's belief, Myra was not depressed after divorcing Sean. Instead, she had a ruddy complexion, and there was a certain sweetness about her. She was wearing a light yellow ankle-length dress paired with a small vest. Her whole person was overflowing with shades of happiness.

If she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, Eve would never have believed this was Myra's current state.

After all, she clearly knew how much Myra liked her son. Unless it was a fake divorce, how could she be so happy?

When they saw Myra approaching, the three of them stopped, feeling a little embarrassed.

A flash of surprise crossed Myra's heart, but the hint of a sneer touched the corners of her lips. She wanted to ignore the three people in front of her and simply walk away, but suddenly, Eve's voice brought her footsteps to a halt.

"Myra, are you here for a meal too?"

There was a little hesitancy in her voice. Myra wanted to walk away, but somehow, Eve walked straight in front of her to stop her from moving forward. Myra wasn't sure if she had done it on purpose.

Her brows furrowed slightly as she met the gaze of the three people in front of her, and she was extremely indifferent when she spoke. "Mrs. Chase, is there a problem?"

"Myra..." Eve used to like her very much, but after she took away half of the Chase Group's properties in Hillville, she developed a strong sense of dislike toward Myra, and she even felt that she was a scheming person! She didn't expect that Myra would also turn up at the Ritz Carlton today as soon as they arrived. Eve figured that she must have come on purpose because she couldn't let go of Sean. Her tone turned deliberately patronizing. "Myra, Sean has indeed done you wrong, but you've divorced him, so it's better that you don't see each other so often to prevent any rumors from spreading."

Myra could clearly see Eve's true colors now. Upon hearing what she said, she found Eve's statements ironic and amusing. Her gaze swept over Sean, and a mocking smile appeared on her lips. "I came here to eat, but you think that I came here deliberately to bump into you, Mrs. Chase?"

Eve frowned a little. "You're the most aware of your own intentions."

"I really don't understand. Mrs. Chase, don't you know who this hotel belongs to?" Myra looked at the woman in front of her while trying not to smile.

Not far away, the manager of the Ritz Carlton was hurrying over to them. As he got closer, the manager said kindly to Myra, "Miss Stark, Mr. Engelhard is already waiting for you inside."

"Mr. Johnson, please let Mr. Engelhard know that I'm being pestered by a few people that I've encountered, and I'll need to deal with them first. I'll go find him later."

Myra was polite, and the manager, Aaron, immediately threw a vigilant glance at the three people. Seeing who they were, a trace of disgust flashed briefly across his eyes, then he pursed his lips and looked at Myra. "Miss Stark, do you want me to help you deal with them?"

Having said that, he beckoned the security personnel not far away from them.

Myra snorted when she saw the immediate change of expressions on the three people's faces. She said gently to Aaron, "It's okay; I can handle it myself. We ran into each other here, so they probably think that I'm still yearning for someone. Therefore, I just have to make things clear to prevent certain people from having any fantasies."

Sean's expression turned extremely nasty, and he pressed his lips into a straight line. "Myra, do you have to speak with a sting in your words? Have you forgotten how my mother used to treat you last time?"

"I haven't forgotten." The spark in Myra's eyes instantly turned to disgust.

How can I forget? She had done so many filthy things to me.

Myra could restrain herself from pursuing the past, but it didn't mean that she had forgotten about it.

It was fine if everything was peaceful, but if someone insisted on finding fault with her, she wasn't going to be an easy target either!

"It's precisely because I remember Mrs. Chase's words that I should give a proper answer. Mrs. Chase, fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton belongs to me; I have the right to stand here more than anyone else. As for the three of you... Could it be that Sean deliberately brought you all here because he's still pining after me?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 140

"Nonsense!"

"Nonsense!"

Two different voices said the same thing.

Myra stared at Lyla, who had been quiet since earlier. This woman has become even more gorgeous than before. After all, she has managed to get between my relationship with Sean and replaced me. All of her tactics have succeeded.

Suddenly, she leaned closer to Lyla and said faintly, "Miss Fisher, you've racked your brains just to be with Sean. However, the heavens are keeping watch on the wicked and the good. One day, you'll accidentally expose your cloven foot."

"I don't know what you're talking about." Approached by Myra, Lyla shrank and buried herself in Sean's arms in fear. "Myra, you've betrayed us so many times. Even though Sean accidentally put you in prison, there's no need for you to hate us like this, is there? Your debt to us... has been written off."

Noticing that Lyla was hiding in his embrace out of her fear toward Myra, Sean looked right at the latter's cold gaze. "Myra, we didn't know you'd be here when we decided to come today."

"I came here without knowing you guys would be here too. If I had known earlier, I wouldn't want to run into you guys either."

After Myra said that, she turned around and left. When she was about to leave, her eyes caught Eve, who seemed to have something to say. Quickly,

she added, "Please don't try to stop me again, Mrs. Chase. I know your son is popular, but he's nothing to me now." Then, she walked toward the hotel.

Behind her, Eve and Sean's expressions got ugly. They didn't expect Myra to turn into a different person after the divorce.

"She... She's... getting on my nerves!" Eve's hands were shaking. "I treated her with all my heart in the past. How can she turn her back on me after the divorce? Sean, from now on, you can't get involved with her anymore!" Her chest was heaving with anger.

Sean's expression clouded. When Myra said that he no longer meant anything to her, he was embarrassed. Yet, the corners of his mouth curved into a disdainful grin. She's only trying to act calm. Let's see how long she can stay that way!

"Hmm," he replied to his mother indifferently.

Right after Eve finished her words, she took a glance at the Ritz Carlton.

Ritz Carlton was the largest hotel in Bradford City. Pomp and circumstance were its distinctive characteristics. Its annual profit was no less than that of a medium-sized company. But, what did Myra say earlier?

'Fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton belongs to me. I have the right to stand here more than anyone else.'

When Eve recalled the manager of the Ritz Carlton treating Myra politely, her expression immediately sank. How come Myra never mentioned to us that she owns fifty percent of the Ritz Carlton?

Myra was down in the dumps after she ran into Eve and the others. Standing outside Conan's office, she took a long, deep breath. After she shook off her bad mood, she knocked on the door.

"Come in." A hoarse voice rose from inside.

When Myra heard the voice, her heart softened, and she felt upset. She pushed the door open and her eyes immediately found the old man, who was sitting behind the desk.

Conan had aged a lot in the last two years. Back then, he only had white hair on his temples. Now, his hair was almost completely white.

She choked a little at the sight and went to the old man. Softly, she began, “Mr. Engelhard, I should’ve come earlier to apologize to you... I don’t know if you’re willing to forgive me...”

When the Chase Group ran into troubles back in the days, Myra blindly sold twenty percent of her shares in the Stark Group to the old man in front of her. Besides that, she also wanted to sell her share of the Ritz Carlton in order to provide Chase Group with the funds they needed desperately. Nonetheless, Conan strongly opposed her decision. Since then, she never contacted him out of anger. She didn’t regret her decision until some time ago, but she was too ashamed to visit him. Looking back at what happened, she felt guilty.

Conan looked at the girl in front of him, who had grown more mature compared to two years ago, and was overwhelmed by emotions. He knew how Myra had been living all these years. Yet, he also knew that the girl in front of him was very stubborn—she would never give up.

All these years, he had never stopped watching over her. It was only until yesterday when she got a divorce with Sean that he finally felt like the dust had settled. He waved at her. “Come here, Myra.”

With her eyes brimming with tears, Myra walked toward him and squatted down before him. “Mr. Engelhard, I know I’ve made a lot of mistakes in the past. Can you forgive me?”

Conan was a close friend of Myra’s grandfather, and he watched Myra’s mother and Myra grow up. Therefore, he loved Myra as though she was his own granddaughter.

He caressed her head. “I’m not fed up with you. I’m just afraid that you’ll be hurt. Myra, the past is in the past. I know you’ve divorced Sean. That’s great. Don’t think about that heartless man anymore. I’ll never get angry with you. I was worried you might not live happily in the future.”

“Mr. Engelhard...” Myra’s heart flinched. She wondered what a bastard she had been to skip visiting him for two years...



“I won’t think about him again. I’m no longer the old Myra.” She held his hand, and her expression was complicated. In the end, she bit her lip and whispered, “Mr. Engelhard, I’m ready to go back to work at the Stark Group.”

A trace of surprise flashed across Conan’s face.

Myra took a deep breath and repeated, “I’ve decided to work at the Stark Group, Mr. Engelhard.”

Staring at the girl in front of him, Conan realized that Myra had grown up from a stubborn girl into a strong, open-minded girl. She was braver than he imagined, and she took the fastest time to grow up well. There was a touch of comfort before his eyes as he asked gently, “Myra, are you sure?”

“Hmm.”

This was not a decision made on the fly. A long time ago, Myra had considered going back to work at the Stark Group. The Stark Group was the result of her mother’s efforts. She didn’t want to give it to that mother-daughter pair. However, she wasn’t prepared to leave Sean either. She thought Sean would eventually share a single heart with her, and she would be able to take back the Stark Group—the company that belonged to her mother. Yet, she had overestimated herself. Now, she and Sean were divorced, and she left the Chase Group. It was about time she returned to the Stark Group and took back what was supposedly hers.

Fortunately, she was not alone. The thought of Tony softened the hard lines on her face.

“Mr. Engelhard...” She hesitated. Still, she went on and told the old man in front of her gently, “There’s someone that I would like to introduce to you sometime...”

“The kid from the Hart Family?” Conan arched an eyebrow at her.

“How did you know, Mr. Engelhard...” Myra was surprised.

Conan let out a chuckle. “Silly girl, how could I not know about your things?”

The ‘kid’ came to see him a while ago.

Conan shook his head. “Myra, I won’t comment on that kid from the Hart Family. You’re all grown up. Whether he’s good or bad, whether he treats you sincerely, and whether he’s the man you want, these are the things you need to think about carefully. I won’t interfere this time.”

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to put in a good word for Tony in front of Myra. There were some things that Tony had gone overboard with, but Conan didn’t even step in to stop him.