

## Standing before Love Chapter 151

Cameron tried reaching Myra multiple times on the phone lately, but she did not answer a single one of his calls. It wasn't that she did not want to return to the Stark Group, but she wanted to make a statement before she did.

Tony's eyes narrowed as he stared at Myra. "Why do we have to wait for a bit before getting out of the car?"

For some reason, she felt rather guilty from the way he was looking at her. But the thought of Kris made her frown and lower her head. "I don't want to be in the same elevator as that person."

He looked back in the direction of the elevator. The doors had closed slowly, and the elevator was heading up.

Because he had done a thorough check on her before, he was aware of Kris' identity and perhaps even some of the relatives on Myra's paternal and maternal side of the family that she might not have known herself. Seeing the look on her face, something flickered across his eyes. He held her waist and left a reassuring kiss on her forehead. "Let's wait for a bit before going up then."

As soon as he said that, she snapped her head up and pressed, "Why don't you go back to your apartment tonight?"

In an instant, the tender expression he had on his face a second ago turned dark. Tightening his arm around her thin waist, he seethed, "Myra, sometimes, I really just want to strangle you!"

She was clearly the one who made those flirtatious suggestions in the car earlier. '...you can do anything you want when we're home...'

But now that they were at her apartment, she was telling him to just go home.

Feeling guilty, she cupped his face in her hands and kissed his cheeks. She coaxed, "Tony. Just this once, okay? That woman is my half-sister. I know her very well. If she goes up there and doesn't see me, she'll keep waiting until I show up."

"What does that have to do with me going to your place?" He was not swayed by her coaxing and simply looked at her coldly. She said she didn't want to be

in the same elevator as that woman, but really, she's just afraid of letting that woman see the both of us together!

A wave of anger was surging inside of him while his expression turned sour.

She felt apologetic now that he knew her intentions. When she went to grab his hand, he avoided her. Nonetheless, she learned to be as thick-skinned as he was and forcefully grabbed his hand without a second thought. "I don't like the Stark Family. I still haven't told you some things about my family, but I'll tell you everything slowly, okay? For the time being, I just don't want them to know that we're together."

He scoffed. "The main point here is you don't want them to know about our relationship, right?" He turned and pushed her chin up harshly. Seeing how she was still looking at him with her big and clear eyes, he suddenly felt like tying her up and giving her a good beating.

"Myra, are you that ashamed of me?"

His tone was cold when he said that, but she felt her body stiffen slightly as she thought she heard a hint of hurt in his voice too.

Biting her lip, she clasped his unoccupied hand and pressed, "It's not that. I actually want to introduce you to Mr. Engelhard as soon as I can. He's someone I care about. But the Stark Family... Tony, I'm going back to the Stark Group soon. I just feel like it's not appropriate to let them find out about our relationship now."

"How is it inappropriate?" He asked with a subtle expression.

She did not know how to explain to him for a while. Taking a deep breath, she said, "I want to take back what is mine. I wanted to return to the Stark Group a long time ago, but at the time, I didn't know I would end up with you. You were not part of my plans at the time, but now..."

Her explanation was rather disoriented because the truth was she did not know what to say either.

His eyes grew even more somber. "You don't want me to interfere in your plans to return to the Stark Family?"

She took a deep breath and nodded as she bit her lip.

That was the plan she came up with during the time that he was gone.

His expression did not look too good. He laughed, but it was brief and carried a bit of mockery.

It made her feel uncomfortable all of a sudden. In a gentle voice, she said, “I promise I will get this sorted out very quickly. Isn’t it your birthday next month? Old Master Hart also gave me permission to go to your birthday—”

“As you wish,” he cut her off abruptly. Pulling out and lighting up the cigarette he kept earlier, he pinched it between his index finger and middle finger and inhaled sharply.

When he saw that she was staring at him in a daze, he smirked at her. “Didn’t you tell me to go back home first? What are you still doing in the car?”

She had a feeling that he was upset now, but at the moment, she did not know what to say to comfort him.

After she slowly got out of the car, she wanted to turn back around and say something to him. Anything would have sufficed. I could tell him I want to go back to his apartment with him today. It’s not like I haven’t spent the night there before. But, if I bump into Old Master Hart again... At her own apartment, however, she would not bump into Sebastian.

Her mind was a mess. Knowing that she was wrong, she was going to say something when the passenger-side door was suddenly pulled shut from the inside.

She looked up immediately and saw his icy-looking side profile. The lines on his face were also strained tightly. A feeling of desolation entered her awareness.

It was the second time he locked her out of the car that day.

Nonetheless, she only felt sorry toward him.

Very quickly, the car rushed off once again before her.

Taking a deep breath, she felt like she was truly the worst. She wanted to tell him that she wanted to solve her problems with the Stark Family on her own

so that people did not think she chose to be with him for some other reason. Do I just feel inferior? Because I'm a divorcee, and he's too perfect...

She felt dejected. When she turned around, she realized that since they had parted on bad terms, she also forgot to bring the bag of things down from the car. She tugged her lips to one side then started walking toward the elevator.

Once she got to the elevator, the doors happened to open and inside it was none other than Kris.

Kris was slightly surprised to see her, but her eyes were quickly filled with mockery and fiendish pleasure. "I thought the divorce hit you too hard and you were off crying somewhere!"

Because of her, she and Tony had gotten into a dispute. She already detested Kris and her mother to start with, but seeing her now, Myra felt even more irritated. With a cold expression, she walked into the elevator and pressed the button for her floor.

As the doors were closing, a beautiful hand suddenly stopped it. Kris was standing outside the elevator. Those eyes of hers looked blatantly smug. "What? Did the divorce hit you so hard that you don't even know how to talk anymore? Myra, I knew Sean was going to divorce you from the start! I also heard he's with Lyla now. Not only did they get a marriage license already, but they're also going to have the wedding reception soon!"

"What does that have to do with you?" Myra drew a sharp breath.

Kris froze momentarily before gloating even more. "I came here just to see you in misery!" Her gaze turned ruthless in an instant. "I told you before. What makes you think you can step on me? I've only just begun. One day, anything you have that I like, I will take away from you while destroying everything of yours that I don't like!"

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"Are you saying you want to take away the twenty percent I own of Stark Group?" Myra mocked.

"That's right!" Kris exclaimed without trying to cover her intentions. Suddenly, she lowered her voice and sounded especially vicious. "Don't assume that I'm unaware. Aside from the twenty percent you own in Stark Group, you also

have fifty percent of Chase Group's property at Hillville. And the Ritz Carlton... Myra, I gotta give it to you—you're certainly amazing! Heck, you even had a deranged and pitiful mother who abandoned you and killed herself in the end!" Once she was done, her gaze became gentle and friendly again. She walked into the elevator calmly and let the doors close.

Myra had her hands clenched tightly by her sides as she glared at the woman beside her. She could never forget the painstaking life her mother had in those last few years up until the day she killed herself in the hospital. Before she could say anything, the elevator doors were stopped from closing again by another hand. It was an attractive hand with slender and thin fingers.

Following the hand up, they were greeted by a handsome face. His features and bone structure were very prominent. Moreover, the black suit he was wearing made him look even taller. He did not have any emotions on his face. In his left hand, he was holding a plastic bag while he had a cigarette in the other. When he looked up, his eyes were as deep and still as an old well. He stood at the entrance of the elevator without saying anything, but he carried a calm and domineering presence that showed he was not an ordinary person at first glance.

After glancing at the two people inside the elevator, he put out his cigarette and threw it in a nearby trash can outside before entering.

Myra struggled to breathe all of a sudden because the man who walked in was the man who had left and returned—Tony.

He was holding the bag of things she bought from the supermarket along with the two pairs of pink men's underwear that stood out. Was he going up to her place now that he was in the elevator? Even though his actions surprised her, she couldn't help but glance at Kris who was beside her. She tried her best to suppress the despise she felt for she did not want to have a contorted facial expression.

As soon as Kris looked up, she was immediately attracted to the man in front of her. Not only was he handsome, but this thirty-four or thirty-five-year-old man also had a mannerism and introversion that even Cameron did not possess. She could identify his social status and family background just from the look in his eyes. He's definitely not someone Sean can compare to! She was only resentful of Old Master Stark's bias toward Myra at the time and for buying this luxurious apartment for her while she received nothing.

When she noticed that he did not press the elevator button, she tucked the loose strands of hair at the side of her face behind her ear to reveal her perfect neckline and collarbone. Disregarding her enemy, Myra, beside her, she asked in a gentle voice, "Excuse me, which floor are you on?" She intended on pressing his elevator floor button for him.

Tony glanced at her briefly before simply looking away, not having any intention of talking to her. As such, her body stiffened. She always took pride in her beautiful appearance and voluptuous figure. Men she liked were never able to escape from her. After getting brushed off by Tony today, however, she was able to sense the slight hint of disdain. Narrowing her eyes, she put on an even warmer smile. "I see we're going to the same floor."

When he still did not give her a response, it looked like she was about to snap. Myra scoffed at her from the side. How could she not know what Kris' intention was? Nonetheless, Tony's tactics allowed her to let out a sigh of relief.

Kris knew that Myra was laughing at her. Despite being enraged, she did not want to lose her feminine appearance in front of this man.

After Myra scoffed at Kris, however, she was unable to laugh anymore for she realized that Tony did not have the intention of going to another floor. Aside from her elevator floor button that was lit up, the rest were dull and gray.

She pretended to glance at him carelessly but caught him looking right at her with his deep gaze. Something seemed to have flickered across his eyes, but it happened so quickly that she was unable to see clearly. Not long after, the elevator bell went off to indicate that they had arrived.

Kris took one step out of the elevator first with Myra following behind her. When Myra did not hear the elevator doors close behind her, she turned back anxiously and saw that he had gotten off on the same floor. Her expression shifted as she looked at him urgently, hoping that he would see the look in her eyes, get the message, and leave at once. But, he did not spare a single glance at her and continued to walk out.

She stopped walking, and so did Kris. They turned around to look at the man from the elevator earlier and watched as he walked past them, past Myra's door, and eventually stopped outside the unit next to hers. After digging in his pocket, he pulled out a key and pushed it into the keyhole.

Click. The door opened. In an instant, he went inside and closed the door.

Myra watched the whole process with her heart in her throat. When he finally went inside, she stared at the door he entered and exhaled heavily.

“Tsk!” A sneer came from beside her. “Myra, you just got divorced. Are you interested in another man already? You really are getting more shameless each time!”

“Really? At least I don’t try to impress people by asking them which floor they’re on inside an elevator.” When Myra saw him enter the unit next door, she began to wonder when he had purchased it. Still, since she was relieved now, she was able to snap back at Kris without hesitation. Opening her bag, she started to search for her own keys.

Meanwhile, Kris became more annoyed as she looked at the unit in front of her. That old man. I’m his granddaughter too, but he only ever thought of Myra! This garden apartment located in the middle of the city is worth tens of millions. She gritted her teeth. “Impress? Have you ever seen a time when I needed to impress someone? I’m not as cheap as you are to become hopeless for a man. You tried to win Sean over every day, but in the end, you were still abandoned!”

While searching for her keys, Myra’s hand came to a halt. She lifted her head back up with a blank expression on her face. “Don’t tell me you don’t know that Cameron has been asking me to return to the Stark Group?”

Kris’ face shifted. “I thought you couldn’t be bothered to return?”

“After being insulted by you today, I think I should still return to the Stark Group. I didn’t want anything else anymore, but since you still can’t get over me, why wouldn’t I go back and take more away with me? By the time your little brother is born, I would have a smaller portion, wouldn’t I?” Myra spoke with a calm expression.

Kris’ expression turned sour immediately. “What do you mean I can’t get over you? Myra, you’ve had this planned all along. You want to return and split up the Stark Group! Don’t assume that we have no idea!”

“Yes, you’re all aware of it, but what can you do? The twenty percent I own was given to me by Grandpa. Cameron and my mother still own joint property

at the company. Even if Cameron passes away, I can still get my mother's half and at least a third of Cameron's assets."

"Nonsense!" Kris' face was contorted now. "Father will never give you his assets!"

When Myra opened the door to go inside, Kris also wanted to follow along, but why would Myra ever let her in?

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Myra stood in the doorway, blocking the door as she coldly stared at Kris. "Kris, you should be thankful that I don't have a recording of what you said to me in the past. Otherwise, the things that I can get for myself won't stop at just those."

Slamming the door shut with a loud 'Bang!', she leaned her back against the security door and turned a deaf ear to Kris' frustrated voice outside. She clenched her fists tightly, feeling as if she had managed to vent some of her anger. I will probably be forced to fight a long, drawn-out war from now on. But, I have something more important to take care of right now.

Taking out her phone, she immediately dialed Tony's number. Although she called him three times in a row, her calls went unanswered. He must be angry.

Thus, she smiled bitterly and sent him a text message instead. 'Tony, have you fallen asleep?'

As expected, the message was completely ignored even though she knew very well that he wasn't the type to go to bed so early. She felt rather restless as she waited in the living room. When Meow realized that she was home, it quickly ran out of the bedroom and sprawled across her body, trying its best to be affectionate with her.

Unfortunately, Myra didn't have her usual enthusiasm at the moment. Maybe it was due to the long-term cold war she had with Sean, as well as his refusal to reciprocate her feelings, which left her at a loss for what to do—she didn't know how to coax the angry man next door at the moment. However, she knew that she could not allow the cold war to continue.

After that, she waited in her apartment for a while longer, listlessly teasing Meow for a bit. Once she was certain that Kris had left, she finally came out of



her apartment and walked over to the door of the apartment unit next door. She was about to ring the doorbell when she suddenly realized that the door was open! Seemingly thinking about something, the corners of her mouth curved upward. She boldly pushed the door open and walked inside, not forgetting to close the door behind her.

It was very quiet inside the apartment. She could tell that Tony had renovated the entire apartment again recently. It was in a style that he liked. Moreover, the entire apartment was very clean. As she walked into the entranceway, she discovered a pair of female slippers. The slippers had two cats printed on them, making them look very delicate and adorable.

Her heart immediately softened at the sight. She quickly changed into the slippers and continued inward. When she arrived in the living room, she saw a plastic bag and a box sitting in front of the sofa. The plastic bag was the same one she had brought back from the supermarket the other day. Similarly, the box looked very familiar too! That's the box Estelle asked her friend to deliver to me! Tony said he got rid of it. It turns out that he simply placed it next door!

She eyed the box and blushed slightly for some inexplicable reason.

"Tony—" she shouted upstairs.

The apartment was a duplex. Since she didn't see him downstairs, he had to be upstairs. Hence, she went upstairs to look for him. She soon heard the sound of the shower coming from the bedroom. Barging into the bedroom, she suddenly realized that he was probably taking a shower inside.

The blush on her face deepened, and she abruptly recalled what he said to her yesterday. It had seemed like a joke at the time... 'I won't mind if you change into something from there tonight.' At the time, I assumed that he had gotten rid of the box. So, I was wondering what was there for me to wear. But now... She suddenly had a daring idea. By the time she came back to her senses, she had already gone downstairs and was holding the box in her arms. Then, she hurriedly returned to her apartment as if she had never been next door.

After taking a shower, she stared at the lace outfit in front of her in a daze. This is nothing but two pieces of fabric... How am I supposed to wear this? She blushed crimson and took a deep breath before tossing aside the dirty thoughts in her head just now.

“Myra Stark, you are getting more and more shameless as time passes!” Myra sharply berated herself in front of the mirror. Despite that, she picked up those two pieces of fabric...

Myra walked out of her apartment wearing a modest pink long dress that reached her ankles. She even put on a small vest that made her waist appear more slender. When she stood outside Tony’s apartment again, she discovered that the door was shut tight. Stunned, she reached out to press the doorbell. A long time passed, but nobody opened the door from the inside. Thus, she became anxious and repeatedly rang the doorbell.

Finally, the door opened with a ‘click’. The security door opened, revealing a man that only had a large towel wrapped around his lower body. He probably just finished showering not too long ago. Water droplets were dripping from his forehead. Even the corners of his eyes were wet, causing his eyes to seem even deeper and clearer than normal. She keenly noticed that he had shaved the stubble on his lower jaw—it was now clean and smooth.

Her eyes traveled lower... Then, her face involuntarily flushed crimson. The man only had a towel wrapped around his lower body. Therefore, his perfect figure was completely revealed before her eyes. His wide shoulders and narrow waist; the firm wall of muscles covering his abdomen; and his beautiful Adonis belt...

Tony noticed Myra’s gaze roaming all over his body when she came face to face with him. Narrowing his eyes, he raised an eyebrow at her. “Can I help you, Miss Stark from next door?”

His cynical words sounded so out of place that they immediately dragged her wandering mind out of the gutter and back to the present. She bit her lip and lifted her head to meet his slightly frosty eyes. “Are you still mad at me?”

“How dare I?” He refused to let her in but did not close the door in her face either. Leaning against the door, he folded his arms in front of his chest and condescendingly looked down at her.

She could tell that he was still a little upset from the way he was acting. However, most of his anger had faded away. Thus, she took a step forward and hugged his arm. “Didn’t I say that I will slowly explain my family situation to you? Why don’t I... go inside and tell you about it?”

The latter sentence was spoken a little cautiously. At first, she thought that he would make things difficult for her. Contrary to her expectations, he simply studied her intently for a moment. Then, he turned sideways and walked inside without closing the door. The corners of her mouth lifted in response as she hurriedly followed after him. Changing into the indoor slippers, she walked toward the figure in the living room.

The southernmost part of the living room was a floor-to-ceiling glass window, and next to it was a small balcony. He walked straight to the small balcony and sat down in the recliner, casually picking up a cigarette placed by the side and putting it into his mouth. He was just about to light the cigarette when a fair and slender hand appeared out of nowhere and snatched the cigarette from his thin lips. The cigarette was placed back in its original position. Following that, her soft voice rang out. “You should smoke less. It’s bad for your health.”

“Who are you to me?” His lips curled into a sneer as he reached out to pick up the cigarette again. Hence, she swiftly snatched away the pack of cigarettes and threw it onto the sofa in the living room.

“Tony Hart, didn’t you ask me to be yours? Well, can I take away your cigarettes with my status as your wife?” She felt very bashful when she said those words. However, the look in her eyes at that moment was unyielding as she stared into the man’s eyes unblinkingly.

The look in her eyes was very distinct. While he was being stared at so fixedly, he secretly felt annoyed about his tendency to waver in front of her. Then, his thin lips twitched slightly. “I changed my mind. There are so many other women in Bradford City; why do I have to get one who likes pissing me off for no reason?”

“Oh. Since you changed your mind—” The expression on her face didn’t change much. She simply turned around and acted as if she was going to leave. “Since you’ve changed your mind, then it was too rude of me to barge into your apartment. I’ll leave immediately.”

The moment Myra turned around, she felt Tony grabbing her by the waist from behind and found herself sitting on his lap in the blink of an eye. Thus, she lifted her head and came face-to-face with a pair of grim, angry, and upset eyes. Those eyes rarely revealed so many emotions at once—he had always been an existence standing above all others. Then, she suddenly leaned

forward and lightly kissed him on the lips. “You don’t know how jealous I was when Kris wanted to seduce you just now.”

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Myra’s voice, much like herself, gave off a quiet and gentle feeling. There was no attacking power hidden in it.

This damn woman! How is she able to control my emotions so easily? Moreover, she knows exactly how to comfort me! Still... Tony couldn’t help feeling pleased inside when he heard her saying that she had gotten jealous when that woman tried to seduce him at the elevator. Then, he reversed their roles and took the initiative to ‘attack’ instead. He kissed her deeply on the lips, acting as if he wanted to devour her whole. His actions were fierce—he had no intention of being gentle toward her.

Soon, he pulled off the vest she was wearing and threw it on the ground. The night breeze was chilly, and she shivered suddenly. All of a sudden, she remembered what she was wearing underneath her dress. She gasped in shock and grabbed the hands of the man in front of her just as he was about to rip the collar of her dress.

“Wait... Wait...” she urgently said while breathing heavily. Her face flushed as red as a beet in an instant, and even her ears burned fiercely.

She seemed like she wanted to get up from his embrace. However, he had no intention of letting her escape. Wrapping his arms around the woman’s waist tightly, his eyes narrowed dangerously. “Who was it that said I can do anything I want once we get home?”

Her face flushed even redder. She bit her lip hard but did not dare to let go of his hand. At the same time, she looked away desperately. “I just... I just remembered that I haven’t showered yet... I... I want to take a shower first...”

In her urgency to soothe his anger, she had acted recklessly on a crazy whim. However, she felt a sense of tragic despair washing over her at that moment. I need to get this off me! I need to get away from him, go back home, and change out of these clothes!

On the other hand, he simply picked her up in a princess carry and walked upstairs. He stared at her with a smile that didn’t quite reach his eyes. “Don’t tell me you didn’t shower when you went back just now.”

His gaze swept over her tied-up hair, the mockery in his eyes growing ever stronger.

Blushing to the extreme, she wished the ground would open up and swallow her whole. Then, she quickly changed her statement. “I want to go to the bathroom.”

He walked through the living room while carrying her in his arms. When he passed by the plastic bag in front of the sofa, his eyes narrowed slightly. His gaze swept over that area, then he looked at the woman blushing furiously in his arms. After that, something seemed to flash in his eyes and mischief crept into his darkened eyes. “By going to the bathroom, do you mean the bathroom in your house?”

She turned her head away. “How did you know?”

He suddenly chuckled lightly. His laughter sounded from above her head. It was low and deep, reverberating through his chest.

At that moment, Myra felt completely powerless to resist Tony. For one, he was staring deeply into her eyes with those dark eyes of his; for another, he was chuckling softly in front of her like so. A hint of embarrassment immediately surged up in her heart—she felt as if her inner thoughts had been read by the man. Thus, she couldn’t help yelling, “What are you laughing at?!”

Tony hugged her body close and continued walking upstairs. Simultaneously, he abruptly stopped laughing and said with a straight face, “I just wanted to tell you that there are many bathrooms in my apartment too. You don’t need to go back to your apartment next door.”

Her body stiffened. Despite that, he seemed to think that it wasn’t enough and added, “I have clothes here for you too; if you really want to change, that is.”

The corners of Tony’s mouth lifted after he finished speaking. At the same time, he hugged the woman in his arms even tighter and continued walking upstairs.

Myra felt as if an explosion went off in her head when she heard those words—she was certain that the man knew. Thinking back to the missing box in the living room... a sense of shame washed over her. However, she found herself in the bedroom before she could recover from her shock. Her entire

body sank into the black velvet bedsheets as soon as she touched the bed. Then, he pressed down on her.

The entire house was silent. The window was opened slightly. A breeze made the curtains billow slightly, and the swaying of the curtains allowed the moonlight to spill into the room. In the faint moonlight, Tony lowered his head to look down at the woman in his arms. Myra had fallen asleep due to exhaustion. He thought back on the excessively seductive outfit she had worn today; it had aroused him so much that he nearly hurt her in their lovemaking. Feeling a faint heartache washing over his heart, he planted a light kiss on her forehead.

He did not forget the words she had whispered in his ears just now. ‘Tony, I don’t want anybody to think that I am using you. I also have no intention of letting Rachel and the others get their hands on what belongs to my mother and me. So, I plan to return to the Stark Group. I want to obtain it through my own strength. Let me try, okay?’

He did not want to make things difficult for her, but he was annoyed that she would think like that. He also felt worried about her position in the Stark Family.

“Go ahead and try if you want to. Just turn around when you get tired; I’ll be right behind you,” Tony murmured softly as he tightened his hold and pulled Myra into his embrace. Then, the two of them gradually fell asleep next to each other.

The next day, Myra decided to head to the Stark Group. She did not allow Tony to come along with her; she only allowed him to send her as far as the bottom of the Stark Tower.

The car arrived at the Stark Group. She didn’t dare to look him in the eyes ever since she woke up this morning because of what happened last night. True to his word, he had prepared clothes for her in his apartment. In fact, he had a whole closet full of the clothes that she normally wore. The tags on the clothes were still attached to them. Moreover, all of them were in her size. Therefore, she couldn’t help thinking of the time when she was at the hotel celebrating the Chase Group officially obtaining the Sunny Bay Project. The clothes she had changed into back then were also something he had asked the serving staff to prepare. Besides, those clothes had fit her body like a glove too. This man has such sharp eyes. How did he know my size just from a single glance at the time?!

When the car came to a stop, she couldn't wait to open the car door and get out of the car. However, the man behind her pulled her back again. Looking into those teasing eyes of his, she felt her heart pounding like crazy in her chest. She hurriedly kissed the man on the cheek and said, "Bye."

Tony seemed unsatisfied with her perfunctory actions. Hence, he took it upon himself to hold her head in place and kissed her deeply. Once he was satisfied, he released her and pressed his forehead against her forehead. "I'll pick you up from here in the afternoon."

His gaze was calm and natural; it was almost as if he knew she wanted to stay at the Stark Group.

Myra thought back to the words he said to her last night. Although she said nothing, her heart softened from the love she felt in the kiss they shared. She initially wanted to tell him not to wait for her but decided not to upset him in the end. Thus, she kissed his lower jaw and murmured, "Okay."

After Myra got out of the car, the black Maybach behind her swiftly drove away.

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Myra watched as the car drove away. Then, she adjusted her clothes. The moment she turned around, she came face-to-face with Kris' shocked and suspicious gaze studying her uncertainly. "Whose car did you just get out of?"

Myra coldly glanced at Kris before walking around her and heading toward the Stark Tower.

"Stop!" Kris hurriedly chased after Myra and grabbed Myra's arm tightly. "I asked you; whose car did you get out of?!"

When Kris walked out of the building, she happened to see a black Maybach stopped in front of the building. It was the latest model in the market. She originally assumed that it belonged to one of the company's presidents that was here at the Stark Group to discuss business. Just as she was about to go up and greet them, she saw Myra coming out of the car with a shy smile! Moreover, she noticed a tall man sitting in the driver's seat during the short exchange between those two. Unfortunately, she couldn't see who the man was!



Didn't Myra just get divorced?! How did she hook up with another rich man so quickly? Or, is the man sitting in the car Sean? Besides Sean, I can't imagine her showing that embarrassed smile to another man!

Meanwhile, a trace of repulsion flashed across Myra's eyes when Kris grabbed her by the arm. She coldly glanced at Kris. "Whose car did I come out of? How does that have anything to do with you?"

"You!" Kris was frightened by Myra for a moment. Her eyebrows immediately furrowed together in response. However, Myra broke free of Kris' hold and walked inside without waiting for Kris to speak.

A look of fury flashed across Kris' expression. Then, she recalled the words Myra had said to her last night. Don't tell me; did she come to Stark Group at this time to... She rushed to chase after Myra, her expression changing immediately. Upon entering the Stark Group, the receptionist stood up as usual. She was about to ask if Myra had an appointment when she saw who it was and looked shocked. In the next moment, Myra had already walked past her and headed toward the elevator.

Behind her, Kris yelled at the receptionist angrily. "Why didn't you stop her?! No matter who enters the company, you have to stop them to ask if they have an appointment! Don't you know that?!"

The receptionist fearfully replied, "But, she is the Young Lady of the Stark Family and President Stark's—"

The receptionist had been about to say that Myra was Cameron Stark's daughter. Nevertheless, she did not dare to finish her sentence when she saw the expression of the lady standing in front of her.

When Kris heard the way the receptionist addressed Myra, the veins at the side of her forehead bulged against her skin in anger. She glared at the receptionist hatefully before running in the direction of the elevator. She arrived just as the elevator reached the first floor. Myra walked into the elevator, and she hurriedly followed suit.

Pressing on the button to go to the floor Cameron was on, Kris glanced mockingly at Myra, who stood next to her expressionlessly. "Aren't you amazing? Even though you just got divorced, you're already eagerly hooking up with another wealthy man! Myra, don't think I don't know what you're doing! Aren't you thinking of getting that man to help you fight for the Stark Family's



assets?! Well, let me tell you this: no way in hell will that happen! My mother is already pregnant with my brother. Who do you think Dad will pass the Stark Group to once my brother is born?!"

"I don't know who will inherit the company, but it won't be you." Myra didn't even bat an eyelid and responded indifferently.

The expression on Kris' face stiffened. It was undeniable that she had not gotten anything aside from her position in the Stark Group to this very day. Thus, she gritted her teeth. "You won't inherit it either. You're no different from me. In the end, you'll be married off—" A sneer appeared at the corner of her lips. "Oh, we're not the same. I'll be married off to another family. But, you're used goods that will be married off for the second time. Saying that I am similar to you is an insult to myself."

Myra frowned at that.

Kris thought that she had hit Myra's sore point. Hence, she couldn't help smiling in malignant pleasure. "How dare you even try to fight for the Stark Family's assets when you're nothing but rejected goods? Let me warn you, Myra: you should stop as soon as possible. Otherwise, you'll only end up as the butt of jokes in the future!"

"Since you know that I won't win in the end, then why are you stopping me from fighting for it? You're not one to be concerned about my well-being... Could it be that you're scared I might actually win the fight?" Myra turned her head and looked at Kris calmly.

There was not a single trace of cloudiness in Myra's eyes, but Kris felt an icy feeling washing over her for some inexplicable reason. She clenched her fists that were hanging by her sides. She had always hated the indifference and arrogance that Myra portrayed. Even though Myra seemed like she didn't care for anything, she always obtained everything in the end. Before Rachel had officially married Cameron, Kris could only watch the happiness Myra had from a distance. And now that she finally had Myra's family in the palm of her hands, she still couldn't seem to make Myra show the slightest lonely and pleading expression.

"Scared that you might actually win the fight?" Her expression was unbelievably contemptuous. A 'ding' sound rang out as the elevator reached its destination. Then, Myra walked out of the elevator with a calm and composed expression. Kris followed behind her and continued saying in a low

voice, “Did you know? Mom told me that Dad promised to give my brother 10% of the Stark Group’s shares once he is born. Concurrently, both Mom and I will each receive 5% of the shares. Just by giving him a son, we will receive an equal number of shares as you. But, we live with Dad. How can we only receive so little? This is only the beginning... Myra, your return might just bring us even more benefits...”

After saying that, she went on ahead.

Behind her, Myra furrowed her eyebrows deeply in response. At first, she had not thought much about the child in Rachel’s womb that Kris kept mentioning.

Rachel was 43 years old this year. Therefore, her pregnancy was considered a geriatric pregnancy. Myra had checked before; the child was only three months old—there was no real way to determine the child’s exact gender at this age. When Rachel learned that she was pregnant, she and Kris probably mentioned that the baby was a boy on purpose to hype up her pregnancy. Besides, even if it turns out to be a boy, he will still be the child between Rachel and Cameron. Whatever that should have belonged to me in the first place will not be reduced by that. But, Kris just mentioned that Cameron is going to give 20% of the shares in the Stark Group to the three of them...

Myra clenched her fists tightly. Walking to the office that she had gone to countless times in the past, she felt slightly dazed for a moment. Before everything changed and her entire life began to deteriorate, she had a relatively happy childhood. Although her mother had not been the happiest person back then, she had not understood where her mother’s unhappiness came from. Moreover, she had quite a good relationship with her father at the time. She had been to this office many, many times before—until she ran into another girl that looked very similar to her.

She pushed the memory aside, opened the door, and walked in without knocking. When she entered, she saw Kris standing next to Cameron. Both of them were smiling. Moreover, Kris was holding her phone in her hand. It was facing Cameron—they were probably having a video call. Then, a familiar female voice overflowing with gentleness came from that direction.

“Cameron, the baby is being such a good boy today. He didn’t kick up a fuss today. Mrs. Fletcher even made me a pot of creamy sweet potato and chicken soup today, which I finished obediently. Because of that, I’m feeling a little full—”

The two people inside the office were surprised by Myra's sudden entrance. Following that, the voice on the other side of the phone fell silent too.

Cameron had been frowning at first. When he lifted his head and saw the person standing at the door, his eyes narrowed slightly and he glanced at Kris, who was standing next to him. Although the glance was faint, it carried an inexplicable pressure behind it.

Kris felt her heart skipping a beat. Thus, she said to her phone, "Mom, Sis is here. Let's end the call here for now. When Dad isn't so busy, we'll call again, okay?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 156

The other party replied gently, "Sure. You should quickly get back to work too. Don't disturb your father and your sister during their discussion."

Kris obediently made a non-committal sound in reply and turned off her phone. After that, she went into Cameron's pantry, brought out a glass of lemonade for Myra, and placed it on the desk in front of Cameron. For a moment, she seemed like she was about to call out to Myra but lowered her head instead when she saw the ugly expression on Myra's face. She turned to Cameron and said, "Dad, I'm going back to work." Then, she hastily left the office. The office door quickly closed behind her amidst the strange atmosphere in the air.

In the meantime, Myra stared at the man in front of her. Although he was 50, he remained in high spirits and looked no more than 40 due to good health maintenance. His handsome looks from his younger days could still be seen from his sharp facial features, and his eyes gleamed with a businessman's shrewd intelligence.

If it wasn't for him, my mother would not have felt so lonely for most of her life and suffer so much despair that she finally decided to commit suicide in such a decisive way. Her fists clenched tightly as she stared at the man in front of her without saying anything.

On the other hand, Cameron stood up from his chair and glanced at her, a meaningful smile appearing at the corners of his lips. "I thought you wouldn't appear at the Stark Group, or at least, not so soon."

“That’s why I’m here now.” She was expressionless. “I hate doing what people expect of me the most. Cameron Stark, cut the nonsense. I want the position of Design Department Director. Or else, forget about trying to make me come back here again.”

His eyes narrowed slightly at her words. He suddenly took out a cigarette and lit it. However, he did not continue the conversation from where she ended her sentence. Taking a deep drag on the cigarette, he softened his tone considerably. “Myra, I know that you are grieving right now. You are my child. I’m sure you must be heartbroken after being gravely wronged by that brat from the Chase Family and divorcing him. But, it’s good that you’re back now. No matter how well you fare outside, there is still no place like home.”

If I didn’t know the truth, I might have felt touched after hearing those words. The reason she left the Stark Group back then was that he had threatened to kick her out of the company if she refused to transfer the ownership of the shares her grandfather had left for her over to him. Therefore, she had left the Stark Group in a fit of rage. Now that he was going to have a son soon, her 20% stake in the company became something he had to get back at all costs! No matter how well I fare outside, there is still no place like home? She snorted derisively. “Are you trying to comfort me? Are you going to stand up for all the injustice I suffered?”

“I am your father. Now that you suffered such great injustice, who else would comfort you and stand up for you if not for me?”

Listening to his compassionate voice amused Myra to the point where she wanted to laugh out loud. In truth, she did laugh. However, the smile was not reflected in her eyes. “How amusing. Why didn’t you comfort me or stand up for me when Kris and her mother were harassing my mother and me?! Why didn’t you comfort me or stand up for me when Rachel framed me for killing the baby in her womb and the public condemned me for it?! You didn’t even attend my wedding when I was married off to Sean... Rather, I seem to recall that you’ve been eyeing the 20% of the company shares in my possession for the past two years. Don’t you think it’s too late to pretend to be a kind and caring father?! Cameron Stark, you’re a despicable sc\*mbag. You’re truly deserving of having an inferior wife and daughter that cannot be openly shown to the public! Don’t you dare call yourself my father; just hearing it makes me sick!”

“Myra Stark!” A furious voice sounded from the mouth of the man in front of her. Cameron’s eyes were burning with rage as he extinguished the cigarette

in his hands. Despite that, he suppressed his anger and spoke stiffly in a gentle tone. “Those were misunderstandings of the past. Now that you’re back, those misunderstandings will naturally resolve themselves.”

“Misunderstandings?” She looked like somebody had struck a blow at her heart. She smiled mockingly. “Resolve the misunderstandings? Does that mean those two b\*tches will be kicked out of the Stark Family? Oh, no. I forgot that there’s also the child in that woman’s womb. Will you kick that child out of the Stark Family too?”

“You!” His eyes narrowed dangerously. “Don’t you know how much Rachel has contributed to the Stark Family over the years?! If only you can move on from your mother and properly accept her—”

“Why should I move on from my mother and accept such a black-hearted woman?!” She rudely cut him off mid-sentence. “Cameron Stark, don’t you dare bring up those two in front of me. Maybe then, we can finish discussing business peacefully.”

Bam! He slammed the lighter in his hand down on the desk with excessive force. Narrowing his eyes, he glared viciously at his daughter. She still loses her temper whenever her mother is mentioned, just like two years ago. However, she now seems to have more confidence and courage than before. Hmph; is it because she received 50% of Chase Group’s real estate in Hillville? That lousy piece of land is incomparable to the stake she holds in Stark Group and the 50% ownership in the Ritz Carlton that she owns! Half of the shares of the Ritz Carlton...

He sat back in his chair expressionlessly. Staring at the lemonade Kris had poured for Myra, he calmly said, “I can give you a three-month probationary period as the Design Department Director. However, it’s not up to me whether you can obtain the position. The Stark Group does not keep worthless trash.”

“You’re right. All you have is a Project Department Director that can’t even compare to worthless trash.” Myra did not continue wasting her time talking to Cameron. She had gotten what she wanted. Thus, she turned and left his office.

Inside the office, Cameron’s expression was livid. The Project Department Director that Myra had mentioned was none other than Kris. The Stark Group had lost many projects they were bidding on in the few months that Kris had taken over the position. If this continues...

The words Rachel said to Cameron before he left this morning echoed in his mind again. “Cameron, give Kris a little more time. She is younger than Myra by two years. Once she gains more experience, she will naturally become your right-hand man. In the future, you will have a son and a daughter supporting you by your side. The Stark Group will surely expand its influence with their help.” Thinking about Rachel’s pregnancy, he narrowed his eyes slightly and felt himself calming down.

Myra’s office was quickly cleaned up. It was equipped with everything she needed. However, she wasn’t sure if Cameron had a hand in things. On the 22nd floor of Stark Tower, one half was the design department while the other half was the project department. Moreover, her office happened to be directly facing Kris’ office. If they both opened their doors, they could even see what the other party was doing in their respective offices.

When she first saw her office, she simply smiled faintly and walked inside without further ado. However, she froze in place as soon as she walked into her office—somebody was standing in her office. That person turned around with an adorable smile. Tilting her head to the side, she cheerfully said to Myra, “Miss Stark, are you surprised to see me?”

“Tilly...” Myra was certainly extremely surprised.

Tilly ran over and happily grabbed Myra’s hands. “What do you think? Am I like a piece of bubblegum sticking to you? Hehe! Actually, I wanted to apply to work at the Hart Group once I graduated.” She shrugged. “Then, I discovered that you came to work here, Miss Stark. I like that even better!”

“Why are you here?” Myra was sure that she had not managed to tell Tilly anything before coming to work at the Stark Group.

Tilly playfully stuck her tongue out. “Hmm... Naturally, I came in through the backdoor!”

Myra was taken aback for a moment, then she burst into laughter. She walked in and closed the door behind her, shutting out the inquisitive gazes coming from behind her. “Do you have connections with the Stark Family?”

## Standing before Love Chapter 157

“How can I have something as dirty as a connection with the Stark Group?” Tilly raised an eyebrow at Myra while smirking. She shook her finger with a

cheeky smile, pretending to be mysterious. "I might not have any connection with the Stark Group, but I have a connection with the Hart Group!" When she mentioned 'the Hart Group', her eyes practically shone with delight. She seemed like she could barely restrain herself from gossiping and quickly wrapped herself around Myra. "Miss Stark, I'll tell you the truth. Mr. Hart is the one who asked me to come and help you! Haha! He personally offered me a salary! Because of that, I'm receiving a double salary! How could I turn down such a great offer?! Therefore, I made an unscrupulous decision to take up this sacred mission!"

Looking at Tilly's excitement, Myra felt her face burning with embarrassment. Even so, her heart felt warm inside. That man is always thinking about me. Knowing how stubborn I can be, he is probably worried that I won't tell him about any problem I may encounter here. That's why he asked Tilly to come and help me out. She had to admit that having somebody helping her inside the Stark Group was truly a blessing. At the very least, she didn't need to keep her guard up against outsiders all the time.

"Miss Stark, shouldn't you come clean with me too? Are you and Mr. Hart in a relationship?" Tilly squinted slightly as she studied Myra with an ambiguous look. She had noticed the feelings Tony had for Myra since a long while back. For that reason, she had immediately called him for help when Myra had been falsely accused back then. She wanted him to understand Myra's situation so that he could lend a hand.

Myra blushed crimson. Clearing her throat, she walked in the direction of her desk. "I guess you can say that."

"Wow! You're blushing so hard, Miss Stark!" Tilly made a cute gesture with her hands, shaping her hands into a flower shape and placing her chin on them. "To be honest, I knew even without you telling me. Before I came upstairs today, I saw you from afar. You were inside a black Maybach with a man sitting next to you. I'm sure that must have been Director Hart!"

Although she knew about the previous relationship between Myra and Sean, she didn't think much about it. At any rate, Myra is already divorced from Sean; she is free to love anybody she wants. Besides, I've always felt that Myra and Tony are a better match for each other. Seeing the two of them together always reminded her of a fairytale romance, and it always made her happy inside.



Myra knew she couldn't conceal anything from Tilly. Thus, she might as well admit to it. She glared at Tilly and said, "Why are you asking me when you already know?!"

Tilly grinned like a cat that ate the canary. "Oh, my! You seem so blissful nowadays, Miss Stark! It feels completely different from when you were working at the Chase Group!"

"Really? I don't feel any different from before," Myra stubbornly said, but she was secretly smiling inside. She knew—it was truly different from before.

...

Soon, Myra and Tilly became engrossed in their work.

Cameron did not go overboard either. Knowing that Myra's assistant was also a newcomer, he let Myra choose a few people to assist her so that she could quickly get acquainted with her work in the company. Thus, she chose Genevieve Miller, the current deputy director of the Design Department, to help her. Genevieve was a long-term employee that had been working in the company for more than 10 years.

Working throughout the entire morning, Myra and Tilly gradually threw themselves into the work and finally came out of the archives at 5 PM. They were analyzing the recent Elsinore Garden Project under the Stark Group as they walked.

Myra was discussing the issue seriously when Tilly suddenly tugged at her sleeve and indicated for her to look at the people around them. She frowned and looked at her surroundings. At some point after they left the archives, people around them started watching them while whispering among themselves with expressions of envy, jealousy, and amazement.

"Miss Stark, did something happen today?" Just as Tilly finished her question, they passed through the Project Department and entered the Design Department. Compared to the complicated expressions they saw in the Project Department, the employees of the Design Department were all smiles. Genevieve walked over to Myra and smilingly joked, "Thank you for the kindness your mysterious boyfriend showed us, Miss Stark." After saying that, she winked at Myra playfully.



Before Myra could understand what was going on, Tilly let out a ‘Wow!’ and ran over to her desk. Like the desks of the other employees at the Design Department, her desk was covered with a bunch of stuff, including female skincare products, various mouth-watering chocolates, and even some items that most females liked to use. All the items were exquisite. Although they were not particularly luxurious, the effort in preparing them was clear—the items prepared were different for women of different ages. Moreover, most of the men received items that could be given to their parents, wives, or daughters. It was extremely considerate of the person who prepared the presents.

Myra was stunned by the sight before her. Then, Genevieve gave her a little push in the direction of her office. “Hurry up and take a look at your office.”

Tilly had already opened her chocolates and was helping herself to them. Meanwhile, Myra walked toward her office in a daze. She already had a glimpse of what was awaiting her inside before she even neared her office. It was even more elaborate than what was on her colleagues’ desks outside. Chocolate bouquets were spread all over the carpet and every inch of her office was dotted with flowers—her entire office was decorated to look like a sea of flowers.

When Myra arrived at the entrance of her office, a woman angrily stormed out of her office. It was Kris, who had an ugly expression on her face. As soon as she caught sight of Myra, the flames burning in her eyes shone even brighter. She fiercely pushed against Myra’s shoulder. “Myra, why are you being so ostentatious?! Are you so worried that others are unaware that you’ve gotten together with another disgusting man even though you’re newly divorced?! I’ve met many used goods, but I’ve never met one as shameless as you before!”

Kris moved to leave. However, Myra narrowed her eyes and spoke in a voice that stopped Kris in her tracks. “Stop!”

“Why should I stop just because you ask me to?” Kris sneered. “Don’t forget; you and I are on equal footing!”

After that, Kris turned around. In response, Myra replied calmly, “I only wanted to remind the Project Department Director, who is on ‘equal footing’ with me, that my office is not somewhere you can enter as you please. It will be awkward if anything goes missing from my office.”

“You!” Kris was livid that Myra had announced the presence of her boyfriend through such an extravagant display as soon as she entered the company. Putting so much effort into it... Isn't she just trying to win the hearts of the people?!

Just now, she even heard the employees in her department saying, “I can't believe Miss Myra managed to attract another man so soon after her divorce. Moreover, he is so considerate to send all these items to us. It looks like her second marriage is going to be better than the first.” What do you mean by ‘her second marriage is going to be better than the first’?! Myra is a divorcee! Who would be interested in a divorcee like her except for widowers looking to remarry or men who are too unsightly to look at?!

Thus, she sneered insultingly, “Myra, all these items and the man who sent you to work this morning... Could it all be part of your own design? Did you deliberately put on a show of being courted by another man right after your divorce since it's embarrassing to be a divorcee? Tsk. Myra, that's just pathetic. How do you even come up with these desperate ideas?”

“You're the pathetic one. Do you know who Miss Stark's current boyfriend is?!” Tilly noticed that something wasn't quite right. Hence, she hurriedly rushed over to help.

“Hmph. I'm curious to see just who it is!” Kris folded her arms in front of her chest.

Tilly was about to reveal Tony's name when Myra casually stopped her. “Tilly, the more she wants to know, the less you should tell her.”

Tilly seemed to mull over it for a moment before coming to a realization. Then, she looked at Kris with a mocking smile. “You're just jealous of Miss Myra. Well, that's only to be expected. After all, the identity of her mysterious boyfriend is something you can only be envious of!”

## Standing before Love Chapter 158

“You!” Kris was so enraged by Tilly's words that the flames of her rage flared wildly inside her chest. Then, she suddenly narrowed her eyes and looked at Tilly. “Tilly Quinn, don't forget who it was that placed you in the position of the Design Department Director's assistant!” It's just that I didn't know Myra would eventually take over as the Design Department Director at the time!

“So, you accepted Mr. Logan’s favor too. Why are you glaring at me?” Tilly pretended to be innocent.

“This is just great! You double-faced traitor! Knowing that Myra was going to be your superior, you quickly kissed up to her. I’ll make you regret it!” After Kris finished ranting, she glared at both of them and left.

Tilly patted her chest. “Phew. What a fierce woman. No wonder Mr. Hart asked me to come and help you, Miss Stark! That distorted face of hers made me think that she was going to eat me up!”

“She won’t eat you.” Myra glanced at Kris’ back indifferently. “But, you need to be careful of her in the future.”

“Okay, Miss Stark.”

Tilly returned to her desk and played with the gifts she received. When she saw Myra entering the office, she hurriedly summarized everything that just happened in a text message and secretly sent it to Tony.

On the other hand, Myra walked into her office and closed the door behind her. She wasn’t bothered by what Kris said just now. After all, Kris had always been at odds with her. Besides, no matter how angry I am, just looking at the gifts piled up in my office makes my heart melt. Mulling over it for a moment, she took out her phone and dialed Tony’s number.

Tony had just arrived at the Ritz Carlton when he received the phone call. Leo took the laptop from him and saved the documents he had been working on previously.

As soon as Tony saw the caller ID displayed on his phone, the corners of his mouth that had been stiff the entire day softened into a curve. He answered the call. “Hello?”

It seems like just listening to his voice through the phone is enough to fill my heart with a faint sweetness. Myra softly said, “Did you send these?”

“Yeah.” He didn’t elaborate.

She felt a sweet but complicated feeling surging up in her chest in response. Sweeping a glance across her office, she felt as if the arrival of those items added a lot of color to her originally monotonous office and made her office

look rather cute. She picked up the files on the desk with a smile forming on the edges of her lips. "I love it."

"So... can I do whatever I want tonight?" The tone of the conversation changed suddenly. Stunned, she immediately recalled all the things that happened the night before. Following that, her face flushed scarlet, and she couldn't help roaring, "Tony Hart!"

"If you shout any louder than that, I won't try to be sneaky when I come to pick you up tonight." His smirking voice sounded through the phone.

She bit her lip, knowing that she was in the wrong. Thus, she whisperingly said, "I'm going back to work now."

"Okay, I'll pick you up after work." After that, they both hung up.

Standing beside Tony, Leo was holding in his laughter so hard that his face was distorted. Tony narrowed his eyes and glanced at Leo faintly as he got out of the car. "I was going to increase your salary. I guess I can forget about it since you don't seem to want it."

Leo immediately turned into a loyal subordinate and said, "No, Director Hart! I was only laughing because I was thinking about something silly I did in the past..."

Tony emotionlessly glanced sideways at Leo. "Cancel the dinner tonight."

"Huh?" Leo received a cold glare from his boss and hurriedly replied, "Of course. I will get it done immediately." However, he felt extremely frustrated as he turned around. I wonder how many dinners we've canceled this month...

As soon as Tony entered the Ritz Carlton, Aaron immediately led him toward the director's office.

Conan had been waiting in his office for a long while now. He sat on the brown leather sofa with a cane by his side. Two steaming cups of tea were placed on the coffee table in front of him and white tendrils of steam were escaping from the cups. A slightly opened brown paper bag was placed between the two cups. When he heard the sound of footsteps walking toward him, he opened his eyes immediately and a flash of light gleamed in his eyes.

A tall and broad figure with piercing eyes and an extraordinary aura soon stood in the doorway; he was dressed in a white shirt and a black suit. Tony had rushed over after receiving a call from Conan.

“Come in and have a seat.” Conan nodded at the sofa opposite him.

Tony nodded, walked into the office, and sat down.

Conan studied the man in front of him carefully. Leaving aside the one time this man approached me to talk about Myra, I think it has been six years since I last met him., He has grown much more mature and composed compared to back then. Even I can't tell what is going on behind those eyes of his despite staring straight at him. He smiled faintly. “I believe you know why I called you over this time.” I'm sure he has long since investigated everything there is to know about Myra. Therefore, he can probably guess why I immediately called him here as soon as Myra returned to the Stark Group.

“It's only natural for me to come regardless of the reason you called for me, Mr. Engelhard,” Tony replied lightly.

Conan smiled. “I knew Myra was eventually going to end up with you. To be honest, I knew that she couldn't escape even before this. Unfortunately, she is simple-minded and stubborn. So, it took her a while to realize it herself.”

Tony's expression had been indifferent since the moment he walked in. However, a ripple finally appeared in his eyes when he heard those words. “She is stubborn indeed.”

He couldn't stop a loving expression from faintly appearing in his eyes at the thought of the difficulties he faced when courting her.

Conan shook his head. “The only time you show any expression in front of me is when you are talking about her. Still, don't forget what you did to her. I'm ignoring it because I want her to be happy. However, you better prepare yourself for what will happen once she learns about it. Also, you should hand this document over to her yourself.” Conan wasn't too bothered about the document. After all, that document was enough to determine Tony's intentions. Then, his expression gradually became stern. “I called you here because I have another important matter to tell you.”

“Is it about the Stark Family's inheritance?” Tony asked dispassionately.

Conan narrowed his eyes slightly. “As expected of you; you know about it too.” He toyed with his cane, seemingly hesitating about something. Even so, he soon nodded at Tony. “I didn’t want to trust you so quickly. I gave Sean Chase two years, but he still failed me in the end.” At this point, he pursed his lips with a measure of anger before continuing, “At the time, Myra insisted on doing what she thought was right. So, I had no choice. I was afraid she would be ruined at the time. Besides, I couldn’t trust Sean. Not only did he have another woman in his heart, but he was also extremely suspicious and hostile. Only Myra stupidly wanted to marry him no matter what. Still... I can tell that the experiences she suffered during those two years were not in vain. She is now stronger than I could ever imagine. If not for this document and the Chase Group’s Hillville incident, which made me believe that you are sincere toward her, I would never rush to tell you about the last will Old Master Stark left behind.”

“So, it’s true that Cameron Stark was not named as the heir of the Stark Group in the latest will?” Although Tony phrased his sentence as a question, his tone was affirmative.

Conan smiled. “You got it right.”

Tony frowned slightly. “Mr. Engelhard, did you call me here today just to talk about this?”

“Of course, not.” Conan shook his head and suddenly fixed a fierce gaze on the outstanding man in front of him. “I hope that you can help Myra get back the Stark Group.”

The word ‘help’ was rather tricky. As they both knew, Myra did not stand a chance against the cunning Cameron, who had long since controlled the Stark Group, just by relying on the little strength she had gained so far. Besides, Conan did not wish to see a long, drawn-out war—that was also one of the reasons why he had not disclosed the will up until today.

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Besides, Old Master Stark handed his will over to Conan back then so that Conan could bring it out when the time was right.

Tony’s slanted eyes narrowed slightly. “She told me that she wants to obtain the Stark Group with her own strength. She wants to give it a go.”

“Of course. It’s only right to let her try.” Conan chuckled while giving Tony a meaningful look. “But, I also know that you won’t just sit idly by and let her try all by herself.”

Tony wasn’t upset that Conan had seen through his inner thoughts. “So?”

“So...” Conan shrugged. “This is the second condition I have before allowing you to marry Myra on behalf of her grandfather and her mother.” Needless to say, the first condition is that Myra loves him.

“There’s a third condition too?” Tony scowled.

“Of course.” Conan raised his eyebrow. “I don’t want her to get bullied, no matter where those issues may spring from. Therefore, you still have many things to deal with.”

Tony understood the implication behind those words. “It looks like I won’t be able to propose any time soon.”

“You can solve some of these issues as quickly as possible.” Conan stood up with the help of his cane, walked over to the window, and glanced at the cactus placed by the windowsill. “Take good care of her. She has suffered enough in the past.”

“I’m not being nice to her just because she suffered a lot in the past.” Tony felt moved. Although he was very reluctant to do so, he still turned to the old man and quietly said, “Thank you for taking care of her over the years.” After that, he turned and left the office without waiting for the other party to reply.

Glancing at the bright sunshine outside the window, Conan finally breathed a sigh of relief.

At 6 PM, Myra finally understood the ins and outs of the Elsinore Garden Project. Glancing at the time, she suddenly realized that she was feeling a little hungry. Thus, she unwrapped a piece of chocolate and stuffed it into her mouth. She rather enjoyed the feeling of returning to work. She was probably the kind of person that felt restless when she had nothing to do. Hence, her entire being seemed different when she had something to work on.

She soon received a voice message on Messenger. When she clicked on it, a deep voice sounded from her phone. “Waiting downstairs.”

She felt her heart skipping a beat. After she said her goodbyes to Tilly, she freshened herself up under Tilly's teasing gaze before heading toward the elevator. Just as she arrived at the elevator, the elevator next to her arrived at almost the same time. However, she couldn't care less about what other people were doing or what was going on around her. Therefore, she failed to notice that Kris was stalking her from behind with a grim expression.

Myra walked briskly, nodding and smiling at everybody she met. It was an obvious characteristic of a young woman in love, which made Kris look even more upset as she followed behind Myra. Myra quickly walked out of Stark Tower; the black Maybach that had sent her to work this morning was parked not too far away.

Kris saw a tall man coming out of the driver's seat from afar but could not see his face clearly. Then, that man walked over in a gentlemanly manner to the passenger seat to open the car door for Myra.

Upon seeing that, Kris narrowed her eyes slightly. She quickly ran over to Myra without even thinking about it and grabbed the man's arm while shouting in a shrill voice, "Let me see just who this mysterious boyfriend of yours is, Myra!"

The man she caught furrowed his eyebrows in response. He turned around to reveal an ordinary square-shaped face. Despite looking rather down-to-earth, it was clear that he was not the owner of this car. He seemed slightly annoyed that his arm was being held. Even so, he calmly looked at her and said, "Excuse me, miss. I am not Miss Myra's boyfriend. I am just the boss' chauffeur."

The expression on Kris' face changed slightly. She released her hand and questioned, "Who is your boss?" She shot a glance at Myra and saw that Myra's eyes were filled with contempt for her, which only served to make her rage burn even brighter. I must expose her lies!

The man glanced sideways at her. "I'm afraid you don't have the right to know who my boss is." After saying that, he stepped back from Kris and made a gentlemanly gesture for Myra to enter the car.

Myra looked at her dog that was staring at her pitifully from the back seat and said to the man, "It's fine. I'll sit in the back seat with Meow." Then, she opened the car door herself and got into the car. In the next moment, Meow immediately lunged into her lap.



The driver obediently went along with her wishes. Seeing that she had gotten into the car, he headed directly to the driver's seat, got into the car, started the engine, and drove away. Kris was left standing there, swallowing a mouthful of exhaust fumes. Watching Myra and her beautiful dog being affectionate with each other nearly drove Kris mad with rage. I don't believe that she has the ability to attract another handsome and talented man!

Inside the car, the chauffeur respectfully said to Myra, "Miss Stark, Director Hart had a business meeting at Ritz Carlton this afternoon. So, he asked me to pick you up and head there directly."

No wonder all he said was 'Waiting downstairs.' in his message. It turns out he didn't come over himself. Luckily, he didn't come today. Otherwise, Kris might have seen his face. And, I wouldn't have been able to see that depressed expression on her face. She chuckled and petted Meow's head. "Okay."

The Stark Group was not far from the Ritz Carlton. Therefore, it didn't take long for Myra to arrive there.

Since Tony received a phone call from his chauffeur beforehand, he was already waiting outside. He was dressed in a black suit and leather shoes; he was so well-dressed that he looked even colder than usual. Two hotel staff stood behind him nervously. They were probably afraid that he might instruct them to do something out of the blue. Thus, they did not dare to leave. On the other hand, he stood there with one hand in his pocket and the other holding a cigarette. He was squinting slightly as if deep in thought.

Myra noticed that the man's addiction to cigarettes seemed quite bad recently. Although she wasn't against smoking or disliked him smoking, she felt that she ought to think of a way to make him smoke less since it was bad for his health.

As soon as the car arrived in front of the Ritz Carlton, the chauffeur automatically got out of the car but left the key in the ignition.

When Tony entered the car, he extinguished his cigarette. He narrowed his eyes and glanced at Myra, who was sitting in the back seat. Then, he glanced at the passenger seat next to him. Myra immediately understood the meaning behind those looks. However, she wouldn't be able to sit with Meow anymore if she sat in the passenger seat. Meow was simply too fat to fit in the passenger seat with her. Still, his gaze was too sharp for her to ignore. She

abandoned the pitiful Meow in the end, getting out of the car and entering the passenger seat instead.

As soon as the car door closed behind her, he pulled her into his arms. As he had not seen her for an entire day, he had the urge to hold her by his side at all times. He studied her slightly flushed cheeks when she lay in his arms, his eyes darkening in response. Lowering his head, his thin lips swiftly captured her lips. It was a long time before he released her.

He studied her slightly swollen lips and absent-mindedly said, "Follow me back to the Hart Residence tonight."

She was a little dizzy from the kiss, but her entire body stiffened when she heard what he said. "Is that okay? Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart didn't even invite me over..."

Unfortunately, the car was already moving. Moreover, they were driving along the same route she took during the one time she went to the Hart Residence.

Looking at Myra worriedly biting her lip, Tony's tone became considerably gentler. "I've already told my family. Besides, Shawn is coming back too. Aside from Grandpa and Grandma, only Serena, Henry, and Mrs. Somerfields will be there. So, don't be so nervous."

Myra said nothing. It would be a lie to say that she was not nervous. However, she had not expected her first time visiting the Hart Residence as Tony's girlfriend to happen under such circumstances. She didn't even have the time to change out of her clothes—she was still wearing her office lady outfit.

## Standing before Love Chapter 160

In fact, I didn't even get any gifts for them!

Meow's happy cry sounded from the back seat. It was joyfully playing with a ball in the back seat.

On the other hand, Myra was feeling quite uneasy. Even though there were times when the words were already on the tip of her tongue, she hesitated to speak. Moreover, she was so nervous that her palms were covered in a sheen of sweat by the time the car arrived at the villa area.

The car gradually stopped by the side of the road. Tony unbuckled her safety belt and suddenly pulled the woman next to him into his lap. His expression was filled with a rare sense of helplessness as he kissed her on her lips and pressed his forehead against hers. “Are you nervous?”

“Yeah...” She lowered her head and slowly wrapped her arms around his slim yet powerful waist.

His eyes narrowed slightly. “I have a way to make you feel less nervous.” After saying that, he kissed her again.

She lifted her head with a surprised exclamation, her large and distinct eyes looking at the man in front of her anxiously. She seemed slightly stunned. Then, her face quickly flushed blood-red. She hurriedly tried to back away from him and return to the passenger seat. However, the man she was sitting on grabbed her by the waist and refused to let her escape.

“Tony Hart!” Myra roared in a voice filled to the brim with shame. What is this man trying to do?!

“Didn’t you say you were nervous?” Tony grabbed her head with his other hand. His lips tasted of cigarettes, but she wasn’t repulsed by the taste. She looked into the pair of eyes just inches away from her face; they were cold yet mixed with deep affection. Moreover, his facial features were divinely handsome.

“Use a different method...” If he plans to make me feel less nervous by using this method, I’d rather continue being nervous instead...

Unfortunately, the man was no longer listening to her—his eyes were as dark as they could be...

As if guided by some sort of fate, Sean happened to be bringing Lyla back to the Chase Residence that day. When he drove along the mountain road in the villa area, he saw a black Maybach parked by the side of the road. That car was so familiar to him that he could recognize it anywhere! He remembered the license plate number vividly—it was none other than Tony’s car. Besides, the Hart Residence was also located in this villa area.

Just as his car approached the black Maybach, he suddenly heard a female voice coming from inside the car. It wasn’t loud, but his entire body trembled at the sound. He abruptly slammed on the brakes without even thinking about

it. The veins bulged at the side of his forehead as he gripped the steering wheel with a death grip. Even without guessing, he could tell what was going on inside that car at the moment.

Lyla, who had been sitting next to him and looking into the mirror, finally noticed that something was wrong with him. Thus, she hurriedly asked, “Sean, what’s wrong?”

He abruptly rolled down the car window on her side. The sunset spanned across the entire sky. Under the faint reddish light, the black Maybach nearby looked particularly harsh on the eyes—so much so that it made his eyes hurt just looking at it. He felt the flames of fury or rather... the flames of jealousy blazing brightly in his chest.

Meanwhile, she glanced at the sports car that he was staring at. Although she didn’t know who was inside the sports car, she knew what they were doing inside. A faint blush quickly crept across her cheeks and she coquettishly said, “Sean...”

Sean dragged his gaze away from that car and glanced at Lyla. She was looking at him with a tender expression at the moment. In the hazy sunset, the woman in front of him suddenly morphed into Myra’s appearance. Those watery eyes that were as gentle as the silent night seemed to pull him in, asking him to take her into his arms... Almost immediately, he unbuckled the safety belt around her and pulled her into his embrace. Then, just as suddenly, he shoved her away from him.

Her right arm slammed against the car door on the right with great force when he roughly pushed her back into the passenger seat. It hurt so much that her expression twisted. She didn’t even have the time to figure out what was going on.

On the other hand, Sean abruptly took out a cigarette and lit it. He seemed to be in a terrible mood. Thus, she put on a gentle and kind expression before worriedly asking him, “Sean, what on earth is wrong with you? Have you been in a bad mood recently?”

His current expression was extremely grim. He glanced at her lightly without replying to her questions. Then, he started the engine of his sports car and quickly left the place. He did not see the slight change in her expression—he was too immersed in his thoughts to notice. She had not heard anything, but he did. The voice that came from within that car belonged to Myra. Thinking

about those two being intimate with each other made him feel like murdering somebody! He felt an unprecedented rage that seemed to burn within his limbs and nearly drove him crazy!

This road also leads to the Hart Residence. Stopping the car along this road indicates that... Tony is bringing Myra to meet the elders of the Hart Family?! Hah... I never imagined Myra to be capable of that!

All of a sudden, he slammed his fist heavily against the steering wheel. His expression was incredibly ugly at that moment. At the same time, the car slowly came to a stop again. His complexion looked terrible, but he stiffened suddenly—a small hand stroked against his skin.

Lyla had a shy look on her face as she snuggled into the arms of the man. “Sean...”

Sean felt his gaze dimming. His mind was filled with Myra’s face. Then, he couldn’t stop himself and grabbed Lyla...

Inside the black Maybach, Tony curled his lips in satisfaction and carefully placed Myra back in the passenger seat. When he saw her blushing face, he couldn’t help kissing her fiercely again for a long while.