

## Standing before Love Chapter 161

“Woof, woof... Woof, woof...” The excited barks of a large, furry dog rang out from next to them.

Myra suddenly realized that Tony had had his way with her while ignoring the presence of the dog that was in the car with them. Lifting her head, she saw that the perty dog had watched the two of them doing such embarrassing acts from the start to the end without missing a single beat. Thus, she felt even more ashamed than before.

“Drive properly!” She slapped her palm against the man’s chest. Unfortunately, his chest was full of firm muscles—hitting him only caused her to hurt herself in the process.

Tony studied her embarrassed and angry expression, his thin lips curving slightly in response. Catching her fingers, he planted a kiss on them while looking straight at her. “Aren’t I about to start driving soon?” The look in his eyes was very meaningful.

Although she had not noticed the situation outside just now, he did. The car windows were specially treated so that nobody could look in from the outside, but the reverse was true—the outside could be clearly seen from the inside. Therefore, he had noticed the black Lamborghini coming to a sudden stop beside them while driving by. Knowing very well who was inside that car, he had deliberately teased her so fiercely that she couldn’t help crying out.

“Tony Hart!” Her voice sounded next to his ears. She was trying to pull her hand out of his grasp. However, she herself did not notice how sweet and seductive her voice sounded at that moment.

He gave a low and deep laugh. Embracing her, he planted a kiss on the corner of her lips. “I got it. I’ll drive properly.”

He released her and carefully buckled her seatbelt for her before settling back into his seat. He pushed the dog head that had snuck in between them away and turned on the car engine. After that, the car quickly continued along the winding mountain road.

When they drove by the black Lamborghini stopped by the side of the road, Tony intentionally slowed down. He pursed his lips and said to Myra with a straight face, “How immoral. Stopping their car by the side of a public road in

the middle of the night... Are they afraid that people might not know what they are doing inside?"

Myra's face was about to burn from how strongly she was blushing. This shameless man! Has he forgotten that he himself had done this exact immoral act just moments ago?! She refused to look at his face; she was certain that he had a triumphant expression at the moment. Thus, she turned her head to look out the window and froze suddenly. That car... I can't be wrong about it. That's Sean's car.

This road led to the Hart Residence. Similarly, it also led to the Chase Residence. Despite seeing Sean's car and knowing what the people inside were doing, she no longer felt anything.

She suddenly felt a tingling pain coming from her waist. Turning her head back angrily, she suddenly saw his slightly narrowed eyes that held a trace of something dangerous in them. "Are you upset?"

She did not react to his words. Instead, she grunted and turned her head away again.

A voice that was low and pleasant on the ears yet strangely mocking sounded. It was accompanied by another tingling pain coming from her waist again. "Are you upset to see that b\*stard being intimate with another woman?"

"Tony Hart!" She finally lost her temper and turned around. Grabbing the hand that was being naughty around her waist area, she fiercely sank her teeth into it like a cat that had been provoked. "How childish can you get?! You're the one who is upset! Your entire family is upset!"

After being bitten so hard, deep teeth marks soon appeared on his hand. He lifted his eyebrows at her and there was an intense emotion flowing inside his eyes.

Now that she had vented her feelings, she knew that she had gone overboard. Thus, she cautiously glanced at the man who was driving quietly. The street lamps that were 10 meters apart shone dimly down on them, casting a faint shadow on his face. His face that had a joking and teasing expression just now had turned stern, causing his side profile to seem cold and distant.

Myra bit her lip, not knowing what to say. She felt her nervousness and grievances surging inside her chest. Hence, she decided to turn her face away and refused to look at the man driving next to her.

Afterward, the atmosphere of the rest of the journey became rather strange until the car drove into the garden of the Hart Residence.

When Sebastian received the phone call from Tony this afternoon, he was livid. “What?! How can you bring her back just because you want to bring her back?! In what capacity are you bringing her back?! We haven’t even accepted your relationship with her!”

He was so furious that he was hopping in anger. On the other hand, Lisa quietly shot a look at him while elegantly arranging flowers next to him. He reacted to that look as if he had been hit by a spell, and his tone changed immediately. “Okay. Don’t forget to pick Miss Stark up from work later. Watch your temper and don’t upset her.”

He hung up the phone immediately after that. Even so, he still felt depressed inside. If not for my wife, I would never allow Myra Stark to visit the Hart Residence so quickly! Despite thinking those thoughts inside his heart, he soon ran upstairs anxiously under his wife’s gaze. Then, he called out to her, “Lisa, hurry up and come upstairs. Can you help me see if the clothes I bought last time still fit! I think I gained some weight recently. Do you think I still look as handsome as before with these clothes on?”

After saying that, Sebastian headed straight to the dressing room. The corners of Lisa’s mouth curved in a soft smile. Then, she put down the flowers and slowly went upstairs.

When the car arrived in the Hart Residence’s garden, Sebastian was already waiting outside in a suit and leather shoes. Shawn stood behind him.

As soon as the car arrived in front of those two, Tony stepped on the brakes to stop the car and got out of the car. He was dressed in a black suit paired with a white shirt and a dark-green tie. The outfit made him look taller and stronger. However, his expressionless face indicated that he was not in a good mood.

Sebastian could immediately tell with a single glance that Tony was in a terrible mood—Tony looked like the entire world owed him money. Besides, the pretentious well-dressed appearance of his grandson was something he

could never get used to. Thus, he faintly glanced sideways at Tony and said, "You returned from the United States yesterday. So, why did you only come home today? Any longer and I would've thought that you forgot about your family."

Such reprimands were common between them. Therefore, Tony completely ignored him and headed directly into the house.

Sebastian felt hurt by Tony's actions, becoming angrier as he chased after Tony. "Is this how you treat your grandfather?! Tony Hart, Shawn is here too! You be careful, or I'll ask him to cause some trouble for your company!"

"Whatever," Tony spat out his reply in a detached manner.

Sebastian was so furious that he nearly spat blood. He looked at Shawn. "Did you see that?! You're his elder brother! Don't you know how to discipline him properly? How can you allow him to become such a rude brat?!"

Shawn's gaze lightly landed on the car that Tony had just gotten out of. Then, he quietly replied, "Grandpa, don't you know? Tony has never listened to me ever since he learned to talk."

"That..." Sebastian was chasing after Tony when Shawn suddenly asked quietly, "Didn't you say Miss Stark would be joining us today? Where is she?"

The two figures—one in front and the other chasing after the former—froze in place. Sebastian looked at the stiff back of his grandson and narrowed his eyes before hurrying back.

Myra could hear the voices from outside. At that moment, she felt the inevitable looming over her. Thus, she opened the car door and got out of the car. "I'm right here."

Sebastian glanced at the back of his grandson, who was standing not too far away and refusing to turn back. Then, he glanced back at Myra's disheveled appearance. As a result, no less than five versions of what happened between them appeared in his head.

Meanwhile, when Myra saw Tony ignoring her and walking away without a single backward glance, she felt extremely aggrieved. After a moment, she decided it was good that he was ignoring her. Once everybody went inside the

house, she could quietly sneak away. However, things did not progress as she wished.

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Myra straightened out her clothes. However, their vigorous exercise just now had long since caused her tidy office lady outfit to become a crumpled mess. Moreover, she even felt her legs giving out from under her when she got out of the car. Thus, she desperately steadied herself so as not to embarrass herself in front of the two men. Nodding at Sebastian and Shawn in a slightly awkward manner, she said, “Old Master Hart, Deputy Mayor Hart. I’m sorry for dropping by so suddenly.”

Sebastian noticed her slightly reddened eyes, then he glanced at his grandson’s stiff back. After that, a difficult expression surfaced on his face. He more or less guessed what had happened and immediately glared at his grandson fiercely. “Myra was still in the car! Why did you just walk off all alone?!”

At that moment, he completely forgot about his dissatisfaction toward Myra and began verbally attacking Tony instead. He couldn’t help thinking, How can this man be so ignorant of what’s good and bad when he finally found a woman that could tolerate his nasty temper after being single for so many years?! It was a good thing that he was single for so many years!

Tony’s gaze was empty. Under the light of the floral lamp, his eyes were cold and distant. “I forgot.”

Myra tightly clenched her fists that were hanging by her sides and nodded at the two men again. “I apologize for the sudden visit. I’d better visit you again on another date. I’m sorry, Old Master Hart, Deputy Mayor Hart.”

Then, she turned to leave. Behind her, Tony’s expression darkened even more.

Shawn glanced at Tony’s expression and shook his head before calling out to Myra. “Miss Stark, why don’t you come inside since you’re already here? The housekeeper made a lot of your favorite dishes tonight. It’s all because Tony called us in advance to prepare them for you.”

Myra paused in the middle of turning around. She glanced at the man standing not too far away only to see his gloomy expression. Tony frowningly turned to Shawn and said, "You talk too much!"

After that, he immediately turned around and headed toward the villa. Following his departure, a child's innocent laughter rang out from inside the villa. It could be heard from afar. "Has Myra arrived?! Where is she?! Where is she?!"

Soon, Henry ran over to Myra. "Myra! You came after all! I thought Uncle Shawn was lying to me!"

The bridge of his nose was beaded with sweat from running. Looking at his shining eyes flashing with excitement and joy at the sight of her, she felt the grievances in her heart easing considerably. She bent down and used a tissue to wipe the sweat off his nose. "Why did you run so quickly?"

"Because I was afraid you might leave!" He grabbed her hand and led her inside. "Let's go! Mrs. Frye just served the dishes on the table. Hehe; you have to sit next to me during dinner tonight."

Although she was being dragged inside by Henry, she turned to look back at Sebastian. Sebastian seemed a little stunned at how affectionate his great-grandson was toward her. Seeing her questioning look, he glared at her. "What? Do you think there's poison in our food? Why are you so unwilling to eat when we've already invited you over for dinner?"

Thus, she hurriedly swallowed the words that had been on the tip of her tongue and helplessly walked toward the villa. As soon as she entered the villa, she was greeted by the sight of Lisa and Serena standing not too far from the entrance. She walked over and nodded at Lisa. "Old Madam Hart."

Pausing slightly when she saw Serena, she called out, "Hi, Serena."

When Serena first heard that Myra had gotten together with Tony after her divorce, she had not been very surprised. And now, she had a gentle expression on her face as she looked at Myra. "Come in."

As for Lisa, she simply nodded her head at Myra quietly. Meanwhile, Serena didn't stop her son despite seeing that he was clinging very closely to Myra. She simply thought that Myra's unnatural expression was due to her fear of

Lisa, who rarely displayed her emotions. Thus, she secretly whispered, "Don't worry. Grandma has always been like this. To be honest, she likes you a lot."

Myra was a little taken aback by those words. She did not remember having any contact with Lisa before.

Serena seemed to know what Myra was thinking about and whispered, "Although Grandpa is the head of the family on the surface, he loves Grandma very much. He always does whatever she says. For example, Grandma was very helpful in making Grandpa accept your relationship with Tony so quickly."

Myra breathed a sigh of relief. At the same time, her heart clenched again. Tony... Following in the direction Henry brought her, she saw that the man was already sitting at the dining table.

She had to admit that the Hart Residence was humongous. Leaving aside the garden outside that was large enough to make one lose their way, the middle area of the villa consisted of several buildings. At present, they were inside the largest building right in the middle. Everything was resplendent and magnificent from the moment they entered the hall. Even the dining room was as large as an ordinary person's house. Meanwhile, Tony sat elegantly in the exquisite dining room. He had taken off his coat and was only wearing his white shirt with its sleeves folded up to reveal his firm arms. He was smoking a cigarette at the moment; the white smoke curling around his face made his face look a little blurry.

As soon as they walked into the dining room, Sebastian angrily snapped at Tony. "Go outside if you want to smoke. Don't you know your grandmother dislikes the smell of cigarettes?"

This time around, Tony did not go against Sebastian. It was a rare occurrence indeed. He simply extinguished the cigarette quickly and asked the housekeeper to remove the ashtray.

Sebastian walked over and shouted, "Outrageous!"

Tony sat there with a cold and distant expression, acting as if he heard nothing.

Sebastian looked like he wanted to say more. However, he noticed the look Lisa was giving him and immediately fell silent in fright. At the same time, he walked over to her and sat down beside her.

Henry was dragging Myra toward the dining table. Just as they walked past Tony, an arm stretched out suddenly to grab her by the waist and prevent her from continuing onward.

Henry looked a little unhappy. "Uncle Tony, Myra might be your friend, but she is here as my guest today. It was very rude of you to leave her hanging outside just now. So, why are you stopping her now?"

"Your guest?" Tony's eyes narrowed. Although his words were directed at Henry, his eyes were fixed on Myra.

In response, Myra turned her head away and refused to look at him.

"That's right. I've always wanted to invite Myra over to the Hart Residence. It so happened that she dropped by today!" Henry was overjoyed. He was also holding Myra's hand.

Glancing down at their joined hands, a trace of displeasure flashed through his eyes. He tightened his hold on her wrist and snatched her hand out of Henry's grip. Then, he pulled her over to sit in the chair next to him.

For a moment, the entire dining room fell silent. It seemed like the cold-blooded and indifferent Tony... was jealous?

"Tony..." Myra tried to struggle against him. Now that the Hart Family elders were standing before her, she didn't dare to be arrogant. Thus, her face could only become more and more distorted in anger.

Seeing that Henry had gotten angry, Serena felt a bit of a headache coming on. She turned to him and said, "Henry, why don't you sit next to Miss Stark? It will be easier for you to serve her the dishes too."

Those words finally extinguished his temper. He glanced at his uncle with a look in his eyes that went from 'I love Uncle Tony the most!' to 'I temporarily dislike Uncle Tony!'.

Myra felt very embarrassed and furious at Tony's actions. However, he simply ignored everybody's looks, speared a piece of eggplant on his fork, and gracefully chewed on it. Seeming to notice her gaze, he turned to look at her and lifted an eyebrow at her. "Do you want me to serve you?"



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Myra's face was blushing crimson—she felt extremely embarrassed. Thus, she quietly started eating and did not look at the man next to her again.

Soon, Henry became energized again and began to pile various dishes on Myra's plate. "Myra, this sweet and sour pork is delicious. Here; have some. Also, my mother told me that this collagen soup is very good for your skin and beauty. Here; I'll get you a bowl of it. Myra, this is tasty! The pineapple fried rice that Mrs. Frye makes is the best in the world! Come; I'll get you some!"

Only Henry's cheerful chatter could be heard at the dining table. It was also precisely because Myra had him next to her that she breathed a small sigh of relief. Otherwise, she didn't know how long the awkward atmosphere at the dining table would last.

She picked up the bowl of collagen soup in front of her. Just as she was about to take a mouthful, she suddenly felt a dry and hot hand placing itself over her thigh. Tony is up to his old tricks again. Due to the passionate moment they shared in the car just now, her stockings were no longer wearable. Her pencil skirt rode up her thighs slightly when she sat down. Thus, she crossed her legs when she sat down to prevent appearing too risqué. At this very moment, that bold hand was moving along her thigh and under her short skirt...

Her entire body shuddered. As a result, some of the collagen soup in the bowl she was holding spilled all over her body. She exclaimed in shock and moved to stand up. However, she suddenly felt a force tugging her sideways, causing her to lose her balance, and falling into Tony's lap.

Tony furrowed his eyebrows and said unhappily, "Why can't you even stand properly?" Then, he languidly stood up without forgetting to hold her by the waist. Turning to the rest of the family that was feeling speechless, he said, "Since she dirtied her clothes, I'll bring her to the bathroom to clean up." After that, he led Myra, who was as stiff as a board, to the bathroom on the first floor with his arm around her waist.

Everybody else could only watch them leave speechlessly.

Upon entering the bathroom, Myra immediately began struggling in Tony's arms the moment she heard him closing the door behind them and clicking the lock into place. "Tony Hart! You b\*stard!"

There were so many people in the dining room! How dare he do something like that to me?! What if somebody noticed?! Also, his attitude toward me today... She thought back on the grievances she suffered today. He had deliberately left her inside the car as soon as they arrived at the Hart Residence. Just recalling the embarrassment she felt back then was enough to make her eyes redden with tears.

“If you’re unsatisfied with me, then tell me! I’m not shamelessly clinging to you! If you don’t want to be with me anymore, I promise to leave immediately. I won’t cause any trouble for you!” The more she spoke, the more emotional she got, and the redder her eyes became.

Tony hugged her waist tightly and pressed his thin lips together, after hearing her say that she would leave immediately and seeing how aggrieved she felt that she became teary-eyed. All of a sudden, he kissed her deeply on the lips.

Despite trying to avoid his advances, she couldn’t break free of his hold. Thus, she decided to bite him viciously. It wasn’t until she tasted the blood spreading in their mouths that she became startled.

He suddenly slapped his palm against her butt hard. Following the sharp slapping sound that rang out clearly, he separated his lips from hers and narrowed his eyes slightly. His voice was cold and deep. “Do you know what you did wrong?!”

Feeling slightly taken aback, she couldn’t understand what was going on at all.

In the next moment, another slap landed on her butt again. It was accompanied by his low voice. “How dare you look at me like that?! Do you want me to take you right here, right now?! Hmm?”

She shuddered at those words. His habit of doing what he said was something she had a lot of experience with. However, being consecutively slapped on her butt twice had left her feeling humiliated. She shoved at him only to be grabbed around the waist.

“I really want to lock you up at home all the time! How dare you seduce another one in the blink of an eye?!” His voice was deep and low. Although she normally found it pleasant, she only felt exasperated when she heard it right now. “Tony, Henry is just a child!” I finally know what has gotten him so

wound up! At this point, she no longer had the strength to express her feelings.

The man simply sneered, "He is still male."

"You're being unreasonable!" She bit her lip so hard that she tore it. "If you don't like me coming here, I can leave immediately! Why do you have to find all sorts of reasons to crush me?!"

He even sent me flowers and chocolates this afternoon! How can he flip around so quickly?! After suppressing her feelings for the entire night, she was at her limit no matter how great her tolerance was. She wanted to open the bathroom door but she was caught at the waist by the man. "Were you upset after seeing that b\*stard today?"

Myra was stunned for a moment. At the same time, the pain in her heart had reached its breaking point. Even though I thought we cleared the air between us previously, he still doesn't believe me. No wonder he is making things so difficult for me tonight.

After that, she didn't make a noise and simply stood there motionlessly. Thus, he frowned slightly and forcefully turned her around only to see her crying silently. Her shoulders were shaking slightly. Despite being turned around, she turned her head away and refused to face the man in front of her.

The scowl on his face deepened. "Why are you crying? I didn't even do anything to you."

"That's right! You didn't do anything! I'm being petty! I want to cry! So what?!" She swiftly lifted her hand to wipe away her tears. She hated herself for agreeing to come to the Hart Residence tonight. Because of that, she was now stuck in a dilemma. In the end, she was stuck hiding in a bathroom and feeling depressed. Both her eyes and her nose were bright red, which made her look very pitiful.

His heart melted at the sight. Then, he kissed her on the forehead. "I won't say anything more, okay? Let's go back and finish our dinner."

"You can go back and eat by yourself." She clenched her fists that were hanging by her sides and looked at him with desolate eyes. "I'm leaving. You can explain it to the others."

Lowering her head, she moved to open the bathroom door. Then, he pulled her into his arms and hugged her. Something flashed across his eyes and he whispered, "Okay. I was wrong. Can we go back and finish our dinner now?" The look in his eyes was still gloomy and uncertain, but his tone had softened considerably.

Unfortunately, that only made her feel even more aggrieved. "What did you do wrong? The relationship between Sean and I lasted for so many years. It's not easy for me to cleanly break off my attachment to him. Therefore, it was extremely distressing for me to witness that scene today. I was so upset that I could die..."

She was deliberately provoking the man in front of her.

His expression darkened significantly, and his arms tightened around her waist. "Don't provoke me, Myra. I don't even know what I might do."

"What you might do? Do you want to hit me? Scold me? It's useless. I am head over heels for that man. When you treat me like this, it will only make me love him even more. I—"

"Myra Stark!" Tony suddenly interrupted her mid-sentence.

Through the mirror, Myra could see how grim Tony's expression was at the moment. She suddenly realized that, except for the time when he rescued her from the small black room at the construction site, she had never seen such a terrifying expression on his face before. Recalling that time when he came to rescue her and thinking back on everything that happened today, she suddenly lost control and strongly beat her fists against his chest. "What on earth do I have to say for you to believe me?! I don't have any feelings left for that man! Why would I be in a relationship with you if I liked him?! Tony Hart! I am not such a lowly woman!"

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Myra wept bitterly. She had wanted to give the Hart Family a good impression today. Unfortunately, the atmosphere today was probably ruined.

The veins on Tony's forehead bulged. How could he not feel heartbroken at the sight of her crying so sadly? Thus, he hugged her tightly. His voice also became kinder. "Alright; alright. I'm sorry for kicking up a fuss over nothing.

Don't cry anymore, okay? If you don't want to continue eating, we can leave. We'll go home, okay?"

Now that his voice was much gentler than before, his deep and low voice gradually soothed the upset feelings in her heart. After a while, she gripped his white shirt tightly and opened her mouth to speak. At that moment, somebody pulled open the bathroom door from the outside without any warning.

When she touched the door handle just now, she had unlocked the lock. However, he had caught her and pulled her back before she could open the door. As the door opened at that moment, Tony lifted his eyes and annoyedly glanced in the direction of the door. He was greeted by the sight of Shawn studying the both of them with a stoic expression. "Grandpa wants you both to hurry up and join us for dinner. His exact words were: 'What's this with making the entire family wait for the two of them?!'."

Upon hearing the door open, Myra had buried her miserable face in Tony's chest without thinking. After hearing what Shawn said, her ears turned red and her body became extremely stiff in Tony's arms.

Patting her on the back, Tony spoke to Shawn in a displeased manner. "Got it." However, Shawn did not leave immediately. Thus, Tony narrowed his eyes and asked, "Is there anything else, Shawn?"

Shawn lifted his eyebrows in response and glanced at Myra, who seemed like she was trying to hide her head in the sand. His shrewd eyes met his younger brother's gaze, and his lips curved upward suddenly. "It's nothing. I just wanted to remind you that you should lower your voice if you care about your privacy."

Those words made Myra's body even more rigid. Many old buildings did not have good soundproofing. She had not thought about that just now and assumed that this place was no different from her home. Unfortunately, Shawn's words clearly implied that everybody outside had heard the conversation between her and Tony just now. That's not all... They probably even heard the sounds of Tony forcefully kissing me and the sounds of me struggling against him... They heard it all... She was so furious, anxious, and ashamed that her body began trembling slightly.

Tony understood how Myra felt at that moment. Hence, he shot a glare at Shawn, who simply shrugged in response before turning to leave. He did not forget to help them close the bathroom door again.

“Tony, look what you did...” As soon as the door closed, Myra pushed away from the man’s chest. She lowered her voice but couldn’t help complaining in embarrassment.

On the other hand, Tony leisurely hugged her around the waist. “What did I do?”

“You—” She moved to shove him away, However, he was holding her securely. With his other hand, he pressed his finger against his thin lips and whispered, “Shh. If you start yelling again, everybody outside will hear you.”

Seeing how he had her wrapped around his finger, she had the strongest urge to scratch his handsome face. Unfortunately, she did not want to continue behaving so unreasonably. She struggled in his arms. “I want to wash my face!”

He finally released her but closely followed behind her wherever she went. Thus, she viciously glared at him. He simply lifted an eyebrow at her and handed her a facial cleanser. “Grandma loves using this brand. You’ll have to manage with this.”

She hesitated slightly. She had on some light makeup today, but her makeup was ruined after that bout of weeping. In the end, she had no choice but to make do with the facial cleanser and wash her face. After washing her face, she accepted the clean towel that was handed to her. She smelled a familiar scent while wiping her face with the towel. It smelled very good. Turning her head to glance at the man next to her, she placed the towel back in place after she was done with it.

Myra knew that she couldn’t avoid going out and facing those people again. Therefore, she tidied herself up a bit, bit the bullet, and came out of the bathroom. Meanwhile, Tony continued to walk with his arm around Myra’s waist as they went back. Since she couldn’t break free of his hold, she gave up and went along with him. His expression was as nonchalant as if nothing had happened between them just now. She seemed to be the only one feeling extremely nervous and slightly embarrassed.

Fortunately, nobody said anything even though they all heard the fight between the two of them. The rest began to eat as normal the moment they sat back down. Only Henry secretly asked her if Tony had bullied her. Hence, Myra was saved from being embarrassed.

With that, dinner finished rather quickly. Myra didn't know if it was intentional or not, but Serena immediately dragged her and Henry to the living room to watch some TV as soon as dinner was over. Moreover, Serena only talked about some business matters. She did not bring up what happened between Tony and Myra today nor the issues related to Myra's previous marriage. As a result, the atmosphere soon became relaxed.

On the other hand, Tony did not have such an easy time. The moment Sebastian finished eating dinner, he called Tony over to the study and gave him a severe tongue-lashing. The scolding was so severe that the crashing sound of an ashtray hitting the ground came from upstairs. When Myra heard that, her heart clenched slightly in fear. She glanced upstairs with a frightened look.

Serena also glanced upstairs before turning to Myra with a smile. "What's wrong? Are you worried about Tony?"

Myra still had some lingering fears because of what happened just now. She didn't know if that fallen ashtray had been aimed at Tony. Upon hearing what Serena said, she felt a faintly painful feeling growing in her heart. She lowered her head and said, "I'm worried they might get violent..."

"Don't worry. Tony will only talk back to Grandpa at most. But, what Grandpa might do to Tony is... hard to say." Seeing the worry swiftly appearing in Myra's eyes, Serena pretended to be reminiscing about something. "I don't know how many times Grandpa has thrown an ashtray at Tony over the years. Let me see... I think the worst incident was when Tony nearly fractured his forehead."

"What?!" Myra couldn't stop herself from jumping up from the sofa. "What happened?"

"I think it was because Grandpa arranged a blind date for Tony. However, Tony arrogantly kicked the woman out instead." Serena shook her head. "That happened more than ten years ago. Back then, Tony was extremely rebellious. He was completely unlike how he is now." She glanced at Myra. "Don't be fooled by how mature and calm he seems now. He is still a cocky



and unruly person inside. Still... When I learned that he was in love with you, I knew you would be able to bring him back. Miss Stark, Tony's domineering attitude might make you a little uncomfortable, but it's all because of 'love'. It's because he loves you that he is bothered by all sorts of matters."

Both women had been hurt by their marriages before. Therefore, they knew very well that only love would make one care about these things.

At that moment, a sweet and sour feeling surged up in Myra's heart. She knew that Tony cared for her greatly. She also knew that she should comfort the man sometimes. It was just that she would lose her reason sometimes, especially when she felt that she had been wronged. During those times, she would forget about the grievances he felt.

"I know." Myra took a deep breath and smiled at Serena.

"Myra, look! I made you some fruit salad!" Henry came out of the kitchen with a plate of fruit salad in his hands and ran toward Myra to present his offering.

Watching how Henry affectionately clung to Myra, Serena couldn't help bursting into laughter. She had a feeling that the discussion upstairs was almost done. Thus, she patted her son on the shoulder and said, "Henry, you should be going to bed soon. You still have school tomorrow morning."

"Aww... Okay..." Henry seemed rather reluctant. Even so, he obediently did as he was told. He also did not forget to remind Myra, "Myra, don't forget to eat it!"

"Okay." At the sight of the well-behaved Henry, a smile appeared on Myra's face.

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When Tony came downstairs, he saw Myra sitting on the sofa in the living room alone. She was busy enjoying some fruits. He had been in a bad mood ever since he came out of the study. However, his spirits lifted after he came downstairs and sat beside her. Settling down next to her, he wrapped his arm around her shoulders and kissed the side of her face. His deep and low voice sounded and lingered in her ears. "What are you watching?"

A variety show was playing on the TV, and she had a faint smile hanging from the corner of her lips when he embraced her. She carefully looked him up and



down, seeming to breathe out a sigh of relief upon seeing that he wasn't injured. "You're finally back."

He did not know if it was his imagination, but the way she said the word 'finally' seemed a little coy. He narrowed his eyes slightly. "Did you miss me?"

"I did." She nodded without hesitation.

His breath hitched at her words. She was the type to feel shy easily, so it was the first time she admitted that she missed him so straightforwardly and boldly. Pulling her into his embrace, his voice became significantly hoarser. "Grandma wants us to stay over tonight."

She was slightly taken aback. They want me to stay over at the Hart Residence tonight? It looks like they have accepted my relationship with Tony. That's surprising; I thought I failed to leave a good impression on those two elders tonight. The corners of her mouth curved slightly. At the same time, she obediently snuggled deeper into his embrace. "I'll do as you wish."

Her warm and soft body lay in his arms just like that. For a moment, he was completely stunned—he probably never expected for her to act so out of character. Lifting her chin suddenly, he made her clear eyes meet his gaze that was surging with an undercurrent of emotions. "Why are you so obedient tonight?"

Her face flushed with a red glow upon hearing those words, and she turned her head away. "If you don't like it, we can always go home." I'm only pretending to be calm. How can I possibly endure staring into his eyes for such a long time?

She only heard a deep and low voice reverberating in her ears. In the next moment, he pulled her entire body into his arms—she was already sitting in his lap before she could react.

"Tony, there are other people in the house..." She was terribly afraid that he might do something crazy right here and right now regardless of their surroundings. Therefore, her face turned bright scarlet. She also did not dare to speak loudly and could only whisper to the man in front of her.

"Did you know that Grandma did not prepare a guest room for you?" The man suddenly nibbled on her earlobe while speaking in a hoarse voice.

She didn't react immediately. By the time she came back to her senses, her body started to burn in response. On the other hand, he laughed instead. When he laughed, his chest vibrated slightly. Moreover, his laughter was filled with a domineering and possessive aura.

She knew he said that to her on purpose. Still... even if Old Madam Hart prepared a room for me... based on Tony's temperament, I would still have to sleep in his room... Her cheeks became warm as she pushed him away. "I'll go and ask Mrs. Frye to see if she can prepare a room for me."

"Prepare a room for you?" He clamped down tightly on her waist and squinted at her dangerously.

By this time, she was blushing so hard that her blush crept along the base of her neck. She no longer dared to look into his eyes. His eyes seemed to contain two little dancing fireballs that threatened to flare into a large fire at the slightest provocation. Feeling the danger emitting from him, she bit her lip and suddenly kissed him on his thin lips. "Don't cause any more trouble, okay? Let's watch TV for a bit. Your house is full of people. If you kick up another fuss, I wouldn't dare to come here with you again."

Her kiss felt as if she was trying to ingratiate herself to the man in front of her and appease him. Thus, she was snuggling in his arms and playing coy like a docile little kitten. He had to admit that his heart was being soothed by the woman in front of him. I hate how I'm always wrapped around her finger. But, even I have to admit that I quite enjoy this situation.

All of a sudden, he hugged her fiercely and lowered his head so that his thin lips met her pink lips. He kissed her like he was trying to dominate her, roughly licking and biting her lips. When she moaned softly, he immediately stuck his tongue into her mouth, fiercely making out with her without holding back. Soon, her office clothes were pulled down to her chest.

She didn't notice at the beginning. By the time she realized it, his thin lips were on her neck. Thus, she hurriedly shoved him away. "Tony... We agreed to watch TV... What are you doing..."

Although he was pushed away, his eyes were as dark with passion as they could be. "Are we really only watching TV?"

Her body was hot and soft. Feeling torn, she whispered, "You... beast!"

Following that, she swiftly put on her clothes again. After being messed up three times today, her office lady outfit was in such a terrible condition that it could not get any worse. He even tore a button off the top just now. Therefore, it could no longer prevent her ample bosom from being exposed. At that moment, her disheveled uniform gave off a seductive vibe and made her figure even more alluring.

Tony's gaze darkened significantly. In a hoarse voice, he said, "Grandpa headed directly into his bedroom after leaving the study just now."

Myra was aroused by the look in his eyes. Despite that, she forced herself to ask calmly, "So?"

"Grandma and Grandpa generally do not leave their bedrooms at night. Serena and Henry don't have a habit of getting up at night either. As for Shawn, we can simply ignore him." He looked straight into her eyes. His eyes were as deep as the sea. At the same time, it felt as if there was a vortex inside his eyes that was trying to pull her into them.

She suddenly felt parched and thirsty. Even so, she pushed him away. "Don't lean any closer. It's still so early. Why don't you watch some TV with me? Or, you can go and deal with work matters instead."

She recalled that he was very busy recently. When he heard the last sentence she said, he immediately felt annoyed. I have only heard of women complaining that their husbands were so busy that they were being neglected. I have never heard of a woman like Myra, who would rather encourage her husband to work than let him spend some time with her.

Noticing that his mood immediately turned sour, she felt her heart melting slightly. Thus, she shook his arm slightly. "Why don't you watch some variety shows with me? This episode is quite amusing." After saying that, she added, "Okay?"

She was truly acting spoiled when she asked that last question. In the past, she had never tried acting spoiled in front of anybody before. Although her face was flushed in embarrassment after saying that, her clear and distinct eyes stared at him unblinkingly.

His eyes narrowed slightly. Turning his head, he glanced at the screen of the TV. A bunch of men and women were playing some sort of game together. Pursing his thin lips, he said, "This isn't amusing at all."

“Let’s watch something else then.” She stuffed the remote control into his hand. Her attitude indicated that she was asking him to switch channels.

Tony turned his head and glanced at her. Her eyes were filled with expectation. Seeing that, something flashed across his eyes. Then, he tossed the remote control on the coffee table. “I recall having several horror movie DVDs in my car. I’ll go and grab them. Let’s watch those.”

Myra wasn’t bothered by his suggestion. Horror movies did not scare her, no matter how scary they were. After all, she often watched them with Estelle. Thus, anything was fine as long as they didn’t return to their room too early. Still, she couldn’t help thinking that something was up. Nodding, she suddenly thought of Meow. She caught Tony’s arm and said, “I just remembered; where is Meow? Is it still in the car?!”

## Standing before Love Chapter 166

Tony glanced at her with a faint smile. “Now you remember about it.”

Myra had forgotten all about Meow after their conflict today. Thus, she squirmed with embarrassment. Meanwhile, he was already heading out the door. “Relax; Mrs. Frye has already let it out into the garden outside. You don’t need to worry about it.”

Upon hearing that, she finally felt relieved.

Tony soon returned with a bag in his hands. That bag seemed rather familiar for some reason, but Myra could not place where she had seen it before.

His figure was tall and broad. He had gone for a smoke when he went outside and returned with a cigarette casually held between his fingers. He was still wearing the white shirt and black pants that he wore during the day. Although he had his sleeves rolled up in a casual, at-home look, he still looked extremely handsome. She watched him walking over. Looking into his slightly narrowed eyes, she felt her heart rate increasing and hurriedly shifted her gaze away to look at the TV in front of her. “You should lower the volume in case we disturb the others upstairs.

He seemed amused, and he nodded with a straight face. “Okay.”

While putting in the DVD, he placed the cigarette between his thin lips and stood with his side profile to her. Within the curling smoke, she felt as if she

couldn't take her eyes off his handsome face. She didn't even notice that she subconsciously gulped.

Soon, the man finished setting up the DVD and walked over to her. Although the sofa was very spacious, she still shifted to make space next to her. However, he immediately sat down next to her and pulled her into his arms. Breathing in the pleasant scent on his body, she suddenly felt a sense of security washing over her. What is there to fight about? Can't we just be with each other peacefully?

Tony turned the volume of the TV down until it was very soft. When the DVD started playing, they saw a blond and blue-eyed couple arguing. Then, the female tried to leave in tears. After that, the man hurriedly chased after her and enveloped her in his embrace. Coaxing and cajoling, he brought her back home.

"Why are there no subtitles?" Myra murmured. Although the lack of subtitles was not a problem for either of them, she couldn't help finding it strange.

Meanwhile, his hand wrapped around her waist and pulled her even closer into his arms.

"It's probably a low-quality DVD." His voice sounded a little hoarse beside her ears. His hand was very hot, making her waist shiver slightly under his touch. Even so, she did not make him move it away.

Soon after, the scene on the TV left her feeling flabbergasted. After the man coaxed the woman to go back home, they shared some sweet words with each other. At some point, they began kissing each other...

She thought to herself, Maybe all European and American horror movies are like this. Never mind; it will be over after this. Contrary to her expectations, there was no end in sight despite enduring the torture for several more minutes. She tightly gripped the white shirt of the man sitting next to her, bit her lip, and lifted her head to look at him. "Didn't you say that it's a horror movie?"

His eyes were dark with passion. In a soft but hoarse voice, he said, "The pictures printed on the covers were of horror movies."

His hand slowly moved upward. Seeing her shy but lucid eyes, he suddenly stopped moving his hands. He kissed her tender lips and said to her in a low voice, "I'll change to another one."

She quickly replied, "Okay."

He reluctantly let go of her and strode over to the TV. Taking out the DVD they were watching just now, he placed another DVD with 'The Ring' written on it into the player. This time, he had his back to her. Therefore, she failed to see the faint laughter that flashed across his eyes that were dark with desire.

He soon walked back to her again. This time, he pulled her directly into his arms. She struggled against him at first, but he softly scolded her, "Stop making a fuss. The movie is about to start."

Her ears were slightly red. She couldn't help feeling embarrassed when sitting on his lap in this position. What if somebody comes downstairs...

"Nobody is going to come downstairs. Trust me. Besides, we're a couple. There's nothing wrong with this even if they saw us."

She didn't know if he had managed to brainwash her or what, but she stopped struggling against him.

Meanwhile, the opening credits soon ended and the movie began... Myra initially wanted to relax and watch a movie. However, she felt that something was amiss as soon as the movie started... For a moment, she didn't know what to say. Looking down, she looked at the bag that contained the DVDs. That bag... "Isn't that... from the box Estelle gave to me?"

"Hmm... Is there a problem?" Tony widened his eyes innocently, but his eyes were swirling with emotions as he stared straight into her eyes.

Looking at him pretending to look innocent, she felt rather helpless. "Tony... you definitely did it on purpose..." How could anything in that box be a true horror movie?! Estelle, that little jinx! And Tony too! Why is he carrying this around in his car all the time?!

He pursed his thin lips. "Myra, that's a false accusation..." His deep and low voice was woven with desire at the moment.

At that moment, a sudden scream rang out from the TV. She glanced in the direction of the sound. Then, she felt her body losing its balance as he picked her up in a princess carry and headed upstairs.

“Wait—” Her face was blushing so furiously that she could fry an egg from the heat. Biting her lip hard, she did not dare to look at the movie that was still playing in the living room. “Turn that off! Turn that off!” If anybody goes downstairs, they’ll see it!

He narrowed his sharp eyes and held her body even closer to him. “It’ll finish soon.”

“But, that stuff is still downstairs!” It was a matter of principle. She couldn’t ignore it. Thus, she pinched the man’s waist fiercely. “Hurry up and tidy those up before you come upstairs! If you don’t, I’ll be sleeping in the guest room tonight!”

Tony studied Myra’s persistent eyes that were glaring fixedly at him. Although his expression was sour, he placed her on the bed and went back to the living room.

After packing up the DVDs, Tony was about to bring them upstairs when the ringing of a phone sounded from somewhere by the sofa. It was coming from a woman’s bag—it was Myra’s bag.

## Standing before Love Chapter 167

Tony’s eyes narrowed and he stopped walking up the stairs. Instead, he skirted around the coffee table and picked up Myra’s bag from the sofa before taking out her phone.

Although there was no caller ID, with Tony’s strong memory, he clearly knew who this number belonged to.

A frosty look flashed across his eyes. His thin lips twitched, then he swiped across the screen to answer the call and said blankly, “Hello?”

There was a strange silence on the other end. In an instant, the caller hung up.

A sardonic smile appeared on Tony's face. He played with the phone for a while; his eyes were contemplative. Then, clutching the phone in his palm, he brought the bag of things upstairs to his bedroom.

Myra had already entered the bathroom, and the sound of water from inside was rather loud. Tony nonchalantly threw the bag onto the sofa in front of the bed, then fished out Myra's phone and placed it on the bedside table before going to the next room to take a shower.

It was early autumn, so it was considerably hot during the day, but at night, it was quite chilly. At this moment, Myra was wrapped in a thin blanket, and it was almost as if she was going to fall off the other side of the bed.

Tony chuckled slightly. When he laughed, he saw Myra's back stiffen.

He took a few steps forward. Tiny droplets of water were sliding down his body that was wrapped in only a bath towel, and his chest was firm.

Seeing as Myra wasn't turning back, he twitched his eyebrows and climbed into bed.

Feeling the bed dip behind her, Myra became even more nervous. She pulled the thin blanket tightly around her, and she could hear her heart beating rapidly as if it was about to jump out of her throat.

Eventually, the man behind her gradually scooted over and pulled her to his chest.

This time, he didn't turn her over. Instead, he hugged her from behind and laid fiery kisses on her. Soon, his lips landed on the back of her neck.

Feeling the tremor of Myra's body, Tony let out a low chuckle. "Did you dress like this on purpose? Hmm?"

Just now, after Myra came out of the bathroom, she searched around for a while but only managed to find Tony's white shirt, so she had no choice but to put it on.

As she didn't bring her clothes over, she could only dress this way for now. She was planning to go home tomorrow in the clothes she wore yesterday, so she would only change into them then.



But, lying there in his shirt made her feel very embarrassed, which was why she wrapped herself tightly with the blanket. Upon hearing Tony's words, Myra's ears turned extremely red. She was thankful that she had not turned around, so the man couldn't see how much she was blushing.

She made an act of struggling a little, then pretended to be calm as she said, "Stop messing around. I want to sleep."

"Myra, you're always joking." As Tony rubbed his chin on the woman's shoulder, his hand inadvertently went to press something on the phone that was on the bedside table. Then, his hand grew restless.

He let out a deep laugh. "Myra, do you like it when I do this to you?"

"B-B\*stard!" Myra hissed in a low voice.

Tony kissed her ear and chuckled. "I like doing this to you."

After that, he stopped suppressing himself.

Myra was uncertain why he seemed to be inducing her to say certain things tonight, but she didn't want to go against his wishes.

If he liked it, she would just say it to him.

When the room grew peaceful again, Tony brushed away the hair on Myra's cheeks, then gathered her into his arms and kissed her on the forehead. In his eyes, there was unconcealable pain and joy.

He thought of something, and a gleam flashed across his eyes. He then picked up the phone that he had deliberately placed next to the pillow.

The phone had been on a call, but the person on the other end had hung up.

Tony's thin lips twitched faintly as he threw the phone back onto the bedside table. After that, he fixed his gaze on the right shoulder of the woman in his arms.

The skin there was supposed to be fair and smooth, but at present, there was an ugly scar in that area. It was obvious that it was an old scar, as the mark was light, but if she wore sleeveless

As if remembering something, Tony's face turned dark. Lowering his head, he kissed the fading scar.

Myra shrank back when she felt the man's kiss, and she mumbled in a low voice, "No more..."

Fatigue was written under her eyes.

Seeing her pitiful appearance, Tony hugged her tighter, then said bitterly, "Don't think about that scoundrel anymore."

Meanwhile, a black Lamborghini was parked outside the Hart Family's villa.

Ever since he saw Tony's car on the mountain road tonight and heard Myra's voice coming from inside, Sean felt as if he was possessed by a demon—he couldn't control his words and actions.

When he sent Lyla back to the villa, he didn't care that she was weak. He simply let her get out of the car and go inside on her own. After muttering that he had something to do, he drove off and came to stop outside the Harts' villa.

Myra had been inside until the wee hours of the morning. None of the people inside had come out at all.

Cigarette butts were strewn all over the ground outside the car. As he thought of the two phone calls just now, he felt the veins on his forehead bulging so hard that it hurt, and he couldn't suppress the anger trapped in his chest.

Tony had answered the first call, so he immediately hung up.

Within less than half an hour, Myra had called him back.

At first, he found it to be a bit of a fluke, thinking that Myra really couldn't let him go. He deliberately took his time picking up the phone, but when he answered the call, he heard the voices of Tony and Myra!

'Myra, do you like it when I do this to you? I like doing this to you.'

'Myra, I like hearing your voice.'

'Myra, I know that I'm your first man; you're also my first woman...'

He's lying! How is it possible that Tony's never been with another woman before?! It was true that people like them had a woman they loved, but in the business circle, which man didn't socialize? And which man wouldn't feel restless when they had a hot beauty in their arms?

This despicable man! He's just playing around, yet he made a lie sound so true!

Sean's chest heaved sharply. Slamming his hands against the steering wheel, he ended up pressing the horn.

In the silent night, the sound of the horn spread far and wide, and the piercing sound felt like a stab to his heart.

## Standing before Love Chapter 168

Throwing down another cigarette butt, Sean suddenly thought back to when Myra had just gotten married to him.

At that time, she wasn't as desolate as she was later on. Every day, she would face him with the positivity of a newlywed wife. When he got up in the morning, she would personally make breakfast for him; when he came back in the evening, she would hurry to greet him and help him get his coat. She would remember his birthday, and she would remember that he had a history of stomach issues. She would remember that he liked eating bland food, remember all the things he liked and disliked, and remember all the little things about him, even if he never slept with her or never ate a single meal she cooked.

Now that he thought about it, in order to see Myra in despair, he didn't know how many things he had done to agonize her.

And at that time, did he really make Myra miserable because she had gotten in the way of him and Lyla's child?

Could it be that he had deliberately acted that way because he still wanted to be with Lyla?

He was just making excuses for himself.

Suddenly overcome with a headache, Sean felt so uncomfortable that he bent down and coughed terribly.

He was coughing so severely that he threw the cigarette he had just lit out the window. The memories that he once dismissed suddenly floated into his mind. He remembered that once, he picked up a woman in a bar and deliberately had a one-night stand with her. Afterward, he had asked Liam to call Myra over to pick him up.

When she arrived, the woman was still in his arms, and they were lying on the bed together.

The only thing he remembered was that Myra had been extremely quiet after she came. She didn't go crazy as he thought she would. She just stayed in a daze in the living room for one night.

He had indeed drunk too much that night, so he instantly fell asleep.

When he woke up the next day, the woman in his arms was gone, and Myra's eyes were bloodshot as she looked at him. "Sean, the company is having a special meeting today. Eve said to tell you to be on time."

Then, she left without another word.

His mother had given him a gruesome scolding afterward, but Myra never once mentioned the incident to him.

She was a little colder and thinner after that, but she was insistent on keeping their marriage strong.

Sean stared at himself in the rearview mirror.

Back then, if I had treated her well even once, would she... not have left so decisively?

All of a sudden, he wondered why he was staying here. Then, in a daze, he wondered if he now felt regretful for forcing Myra away. Perhaps, he was truly starting to regret it.

Myra was so tired that she fell asleep, and she had a dream that ideally, she didn't want to have.

In the dream, she had gone back to a night six years ago when she had just known Sean for a while.

Estelle had dragged her to a bar outside the school, which was rather noisy and chaotic, but Estelle must've had some connections to the owner of the bar. Upon entering, they were protected by two bodyguards—as if they were afraid that something would happen to the two girls.

Later, nothing happened to the two of them, but someone else encountered a situation instead.

Somehow, a street thug had taken an interest in Lyla. The street thug started arguing with Sean, and they quickly got into a fight.

A gangster took advantage of the chaos and was about to smash a beer bottle onto Lyla's body. Sean noticed and ran over immediately to take the blow for her.

However, both of them were safe because Myra had sprung away from Estelle and went to push Sean and Lyla away.

She suffered a blow to the back of her neck. The thug was annoyed that someone had gotten in his way, so he immediately thrust the broken bottle into the back of Myra's shoulder.

Even though it was a dream, Myra could recall the searing pain in her shoulder at that time.

Before her vision went dark, she seemed to glimpse a man running toward her, but before she could see who it was, she blacked out.

It was a strange dream. Myra knew that it happened before, but she couldn't change the direction of her dreams.

She felt like a bystander as she watched the incident happen again.

When she saw herself running over to push them out of the way, she even exclaimed, "Don't go!"

But, it was obviously in vain.

Then, the scene changed abruptly. Tony stood in front of her in a suit and leather shoes, then asked with a twisted expression, "Do you still have feelings for that scoundrel? Why would you dream about him?"

Myra was suddenly at a loss.

Exactly. Why did I dream about Sean? She obviously knew that she had no feelings for him anymore, so why was he still able to enter her dreams?

Nevertheless, Myra was clear about one thing. She quickly assured Tony, "I don't like Sean anymore. Tony, you have to believe me."

Things were happening in the dream and outside as well.

Outside the dream, Myra was shaking her head and murmuring, "I already... Sean... I..."

When Myra got up the next morning, Tony was no longer by her side.

On the bedside were the clothes she had changed out of yesterday, and they were clean and tidy.

Myra got up in a haze. For a moment, she didn't know where she was, but soon, her mind snapped back to reality.

She glanced around and found that the bed next to her was already cold, but she didn't know when the man had woken up.

She dressed quickly, and after a simple wash, she went downstairs.

Downstairs, almost everyone was sitting in the dining room, except for Tony.

Upon seeing her, everyone had strange looks on their faces. Henry, on the other hand, saw her and hurried over before taking her hand and pulling her to the dining room. "Myra, you're up early. Hurry up and have breakfast. When the driver sends me to school, he can send you to the office too."

Seeing how energetic he was so early in the morning, Myra forced a smile onto her face. "You're so nice, Henry. But... where's your uncle?"

"My uncle..." Henry rubbed his forehead. "I don't know. It seems that something has come up in the office. He looked upset, and he didn't even eat breakfast today. He just left."

Myra frowned a little, but it was barely visible.

"Miss Stark, hurry up and have breakfast. The food's almost cold," Serena called out from not far away.

Myra nodded and took Henry's hand before walking toward the dining table.

When she arrived, she respectfully greeted Sebastian and Lisa before sitting down next to Serena.

After a while, Serena gently touched Myra's shoulder and asked quietly, "Did you quarrel with Tony last night?"

Myra was taken aback. "No."

Last night, it seemed like the two of us had reconciled... right?

Serena's eyebrows knitted together. "That's strange..."

"What happened?" Myra reckoned that even if Tony was in a hurry, he would have sent her a text message to inform her before leaving. An uneasy feeling tugged on her.

Serena shook her head. "It's nothing. You should call him later. Maybe I'm just overthinking it."

Myra's heart quivered as she responded with an 'okay'.

Before Myra left after breakfast, Lisa stopped her for the first time and handed her a red velvet box. "Take this."

The old lady's words were brief but to the point.

## Standing before Love Chapter 169

Myra hesitated. Serena, who was next to her, took the box and stuffed it directly into her hands. "My grandma's giving it to you, so just keep it. You don't need to be shy."

Myra nodded and opened the box. Inside was an emerald bangle that was glittering and translucent. It was beautiful.

Surprised, she looked at Lisa. The old lady's face was blank. "Have a good future with Tony."

Holding the box, Myra's heart eased and her features softened. "Thank you, Old Madam Hart."

Lisa gave a brief nod, then turned and walked upstairs.

Myra left the Hart Residence with Henry's driver.

The driver blabbed, "I wonder who was smoking outside the residence last night. There are cigarette butts all over there... Tsk, tsk..."

Myra didn't think too much about it.

Henry was chattering while asking her to come back to the Hart Residence again next time.

"Myra, my mom said that you're going to marry my uncle. Is that true?" Henry asked suddenly.

Myra was startled. A blush crept up her face as she patted his head. "It's not decided yet."

"But, my mom said you've already accepted Great-grandma's gift!" Henry stared eagerly at Myra. "If you've accepted it, you can't return it."

Although his uncle wasn't very sensible sometimes and would make him angry, if Myra married his uncle, he would get to play with her often in the future.

Thinking of the red velvet box in her bag, Myra felt a faint sense of joy, but the driver was seated in front. She didn't feel comfortable discussing this matter under such circumstances.

She changed the subject. "Henry, do you have a good relationship with your uncle?"

When Henry heard this question, he coughed and sat upright. "Most of the time... we get along quite well."

When they had dinner last night, however, he didn't like Tony much.

Myra couldn't help but feel a little amused when she saw how cheeky he was. "Your uncle must've made you unhappy recently."

She remembered that the child had told her before that he liked his uncle, but there was some reservation in the way he said it just now.



Henry pouted. “Great-grandpa said that Uncle Tony has a bad temper, so I won’t be calculating with him.”

As she thought of the man’s temper, Myra had to admit that it was bad. Sometimes, he had such a short fuse that it made her want to give him a vicious beating.

The two of them chatted all the way, and soon, they reached the entrance of Henry’s elementary school. He begged Myra to return to the Hart Residence until she agreed, then he turned and entered the school, not forgetting to turn around and wave enthusiastically at Myra.

“Miss Stark, I’ve never seen Young Master Hart take such a liking to someone before,” the driver said casually while smiling. “It seems like you’re quite good with children.”

Myra returned a warm smile. “Henry is a cute boy.”

More importantly, the first time she saw him, she felt sorry for the little boy.

The driver didn’t say much else, and not long after, Myra arrived at the entrance of the Stark Group.

“Wow, look! That’s the current director of the Hart Group—Director Tony Hart!”

After walking into the Stark Group’s building and stepping out of the elevator, Myra heard the excited chatter of several employees next to her.

“Tsk, tsk. When I saw him in magazines, I already found him tragically handsome. I didn’t expect that he would look even more handsome in real life!”

“Oh, my god. Please give me a man as superb as him. I’m willing to give up ten years of my life for someone like him!”

“Pfft. You’re married. Why are you still thinking about this? Be careful; your husband may not let you out of bed when you get home!”

The few women gathered around, and the topic of their discussion gradually took a turn.

Standing not far from the elevator doors, Myra followed their line of sight and saw Tony's indifferent profile and the sturdy hem of his clothes. In an instant, he disappeared into Kris' office.

Is this the 'something' that had come up in the office?

Myra thought of the two calls she had made to him in the car that were both rejected. She was uncertain whether he had done it on purpose or if he was really busy. Tightly squeezing the phone in her hand, she walked toward her office.

Myra's office was facing Kris' office, but there was quite a distance between the two rooms.

Nevertheless, the frosted glass window allowed her to get a clear glimpse of the situation from inside.

The door of the office opposite from hers was closed, and Myra had a guess of what Kris and Tony might be talking about in her office.

The Stark Group was currently trying its best to win over the Hart Group. At this moment, they had to be discussing the Elsinore Garden Project.

However, looking at the closed office door, Myra found that she couldn't get herself to pay attention to her work.

Amid her misery, someone knocked on her office door. "Miss Stark, the people from the Project Department next door asked you to quickly send over the first draft for the Elsinore Garden Project. A distinguished guest of the Hart Group is here, and they want to go through the first draft in advance."

It wasn't Tilly, as she had gone for a medical check-up today.

The person at the door was embarrassed to ask Myra to personally send it over, so she continued waiting there after saying that.

Myra quickly gathered up the first draft that was in front of her, then said gently to the girl, "All right. I'll send it over immediately."

The girl froze for a moment, then left.

When Myra was walking out of the office with the first draft in her hands, she passed a floor-to-ceiling mirror next to her. She paused subconsciously, then adjusted her appearance a little before exiting her office.

After knocking on the door, she went in.

This was Myra's first time in Kris' office. It was decorated to look very feminine, and everything inside appeared luxurious.

She didn't look at Kris, who was sitting at the main table. Instead, her gaze fell on the man who was seated on the sofa opposite Kris.

He was dressed in a trim suit that was clean and tidy. He was tall, and he sat on the sofa in a laid-back manner. His two long legs were crossed over each other, and he was leaning back with a cigarette between his right index and middle fingers. At this moment, he was watching the cigarette burn slowly, seemingly in thought. His dark eyes were slightly narrowed, and his face was expressionless.

Although she said that she didn't want to announce their relationship to the Starks for the time being, he didn't even spare her a glance when she came in. Not to mention, he didn't tell her that he was coming to the Stark Group. Feeling a little spiteful, Myra looked at him several times.

Seeing Myra personally sending over the first draft, Kris narrowed her eyes a little. When she saw the repeated glances Myra was throwing Tony's way, a trace of mockery appeared in Kris' eyes. She said gracefully, "It's rare that the Director of the Design Department is delivering the draft in person. Leave it there. If you don't mind, can you get our distinguished guest a drink?"

"Of course, I don't mind." In the past, when the two of them talked, they would never let the other have the last word, and they were always fighting each other. This time, Kris wanted to deliberately humiliate Myra in front of Tony, so she had even emphasized the sound of the words 'in person'. To her surprise, Myra had agreed to her request.

Kris' face dropped abruptly.

The 'Director Hart' that came to visit her today turned out to be the handsome and noble man that Kris met in the elevator at Myra's apartment that night! Seeing Myra acting like this, it's clear that she's interested in this man. Two days ago, she even pretended to be in love. How disgusting!

Myra pretended not to see Kris' nasty expression, but when she was about to leave the office, she suddenly remembered that she didn't know what Tony liked to drink.

So, she turned around and looked at the expressionless man. "Director Hart, what would you like to drink?"

When talking to Tony, her voice couldn't help but soften a little.

An even more unpleasant expression appeared on Kris' face. She secretly regretted asking Myra to do that now, as she had basically thrown her a free opportunity. She glanced at the man who hadn't spoken since Myra came in.

Tony's thin lips pursed slightly, then he took out the cigarette that was dangling from his lips. Turning his head, he gave Myra a flattering look and said with a smile, "Don't you know what I like to drink?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 170

Myra's heart fluttered. Tony's smile contained too many emotions, and it confused Myra for a while. What does he mean by that? Is he upset because I want to draw a line between us in front of Kris?

Myra spread the first draft on the coffee table in front of the man. As she tucked the hair that had fallen out of place behind her ears, she asked tenderly, "How about a cup of black coffee?"

During the time they had spent together, Myra noticed that when he was working, he had the habit of drinking black coffee.

Tony saw Myra looking straight at him, and a hint of tenderness appeared in his sharp eyes. He became even more irritable. Placing the cigarette back on his thin lips, he turned to look at the drawings on the table, then answered curtly, "Sure."

His cold response stunned Myra, but it made Kris smile. "Sis, please hurry up and bring a cup of black coffee. Don't leave our distinguished guest waiting for too long."

Having said that, her beautiful eyes fixed Myra with an icy stare.

Myra's heart tightened. Then, she turned and walked out of the office.

Before stepping out, she heard Kris' voice, which had been toned down deliberately to sound extremely gentle. "Director Hart, I'm rather flattered that you came to the Stark Group to find me in person today. As for the Elsinore Garden Project..."

Myra didn't hear the conversation that followed next.

After bringing in a cup of black coffee, it was obvious that the atmosphere in the office was good. Tony was smoking a cigarette while discussing the design draft with Kris, and the smile on the woman's face seemed to illuminate the entire office.

Myra set the black coffee next to Tony. Without even lifting his eyelids, he continued to talk to Kris.

Watching his indifferent profile, Myra's heart felt a little congested. She wanted to leave, but she was also reluctant to do so. While she was hesitating, she stood in front of the two of them for quite a while.

"What are you doing standing there?" Finally, Kris, who had been silently keeping her eyes on her, looked up and raised her eyebrows. The tilt in the corners of her eyebrows seemed to be mocking her. "Miss Myra, you can go out now. I have some important things to discuss with Director Hart."

Clenching her fists tightly, Myra said in a business-like manner, "I just revised the first draft of the design yesterday. If there are some things you don't understand, you can ask me."

"If I don't understand, I'll ask you to come in and explain it." How could Kris not be aware of Myra's intentions at the moment? She glanced at the handsome man in front of her. It was a pity that Kris had fallen for this man too! The smile on her face grew wider, and she gave Myra a profound look. "Miss Myra, by now, your new boyfriend must have given you flowers and chocolate again, right? You don't have to stay here to entertain us. I'll explain the design draft to Director Hart."

Upon hearing the word 'new boyfriend', Myra instinctively glanced at Tony. To her dismay, as he blew out his cigarette smoke, he didn't look at her at all—as if what Kris just said had nothing to do with him.

The two had obviously reconciled last night, so why did, after just one night, their relationship return to how it was before they had made up?

Did I do anything wrong last night?

But, after she completely exhausted herself, she went straight to sleep. She didn't do or say anything more. Unless... I was talking in my sleep...

Thinking of the dream she had last night, Myra's heart skipped a beat, and her gaze inadvertently settled on the smoking man once again. Did I say something while I was dreaming last night that made him unhappy? Could it be about that man...

Tony still wasn't looking at her. His eyes were focused on the drawings on the design draft in front of him, and he acted as if the two of them weren't related in any way.

Myra's lips moved, but she didn't say anything. After shooting a glance in Kris' direction, she turned and walked out.

What she didn't notice was that when she walked out, the man who barely spared her a peek finally lifted those indifferent eyes and swept a glance at her.

"Director Hart..." Kris blocked the view of Myra's back without batting an eyelid. She moved a little closer to Tony as she pointed to a part of the design. "This area is the Stark Group's main territory, and it's also where we're most dominant. I'll slowly explain it all to you..."

On the way back to her office, Myra heard several employees exchanging nervous whispers.

"Director Hart had come to the office in person to look for Miss Kris. What do you think that means?"

"Do you think he's taken an interest in Miss Kris?" Another person followed.

"Maybe. The company is in talks with the Hart Group about the Elsinore Garden Project. At first, no one was optimistic about it. After all, our company is not qualified enough, but if Director Hart has taken a fancy to Miss Kris..."

The few of them shared a tacit giggle.

Frowning slightly, Myra went straight into her office before closing the door.

Thinking of the heat of last night and the distant manner in which he left this morning, as well as his cold attitude just now, she figured that she must have said something when she was dreaming the night before.

But, she was quite certain that from the beginning till the end, she didn't go overboard.

After all, in the dream, although she went to block the beer bottle from hitting Sean, at that time, she remembered that she had called out a 'don't'.

Then, she thought of the last part, where she had dreamt of Tony asking her, "Do you still have feelings for that scoundrel? Why are you still dreaming about him?"

Did he say that to me in my dream, or did he say it to me in reality?

Inside Kris' office, even though she had tried her best to prolong the meeting, they had quickly finished talking about the design draft.

"Director Hart, this is the Stark Group's initial vision for the Elsinore Garden Project. Of course, if you have any other suggestions, you can also put them forward. The Stark Group will definitely complete it perfectly following the Hart Group's requirements. "

Kris had a perfect smile plastered on her face.

She wasn't sure if she was imagining things, but after Myra left, Tony's attitude had turned even colder.

At this moment, he didn't seem to hear her last sentence. After giving her a slight nod, he got up from the sofa, glanced at the expensive watch on his wrist, then walked toward the door. "Since I have quite an understanding about the design draft now, I should leave."

Kris quickly got up and walked toward the door as well. She was petite like Myra, and when she came to stand behind Tony, she realized how tall and imposing he was. He looked meticulous in a well-trimmed black suit, and his physique was sturdy. His extraordinary presence made her feel an inexplicable sense of security.

She had heard that the famous Director Hart had never been close to women and didn't like fooling around with them. He was many times better than

Myra's ex-husband, Sean. When she thought of the importance her father had attached to Tony, an idea surfaced in her mind, and she suddenly said, "Director Hart, it's almost time for lunch. If you have no other arrangements, how about we go to the Ritz Carlton and you allow the Stark Group to treat you to a meal?"

When she asked this question, the two of them had just walked to the door. Myra, on the other hand, was on the way to the pantry to get water and happened to be passing by the hallway next to Kris' office.

Hearing what Kris suggested, Myra threw an unintentional glance at the man next to her.

Not only Myra, but even Kris thought that he would refuse. After all, Tony wasn't the kind of man who could be easily invited.

It was already surprising enough that he had personally come to the Stark Group.

To their surprise, Tony nodded and said bleakly, "Since you're being so kind, Miss Kris, it would be rude of me to decline."