

Standing before Love Chapter 17

Because the pockets were close to his thighs, they were quite warm. Yet, they did not make her feel disgusted at all. After fumbling around in his pockets, she did not find any keys. At this moment, sweat had already broken out on her forehead.

Tony's thigh muscles were quite hard and strong. Even though she tried to be careful, she still could not avoid touching him.

Her entire face was flushed red, right to the tips of her ears; she was not sure if it was because of her fever or embarrassment. Exasperated, she switched to the other side of his pocket to look for the keys. As it was further away from her and the angle was not quite right, it took Myra several tries before she finally found the keys. Throughout the entire process, she was so shy and embarrassed that she felt that her breathing almost stopped.

She was not sure if it was an illusion, but she felt as though Tony's body stiffened slightly.

She breathed out heavily and took another look at him. Even with his eyes closed, he was still extremely good-looking. She blushed and thought about what Tilly had been talking about everyday. Then, she could not help but mutter to herself, "If Tilly knows about tonight, I bet I will never hear the end of it."

With that, she placed the keys into the lock and opened the door before she helped Tony into his house.

The apartment had two floors. Since Myra had used up all her strength, she placed him on the couch and walked to the kitchen after wiping the sweat off her forehead.

The fridge was relatively well stocked. After Myra married Sean, she had specially learned about various types of cooking in order to be a good wife. Hence, she easily made some broth for Tony to feel more refreshed and placed it on the table.

It was only at this moment did she look around his apartment.

It was clean and tidy—obviously the apartment of a bachelor. The tones were quite dark and the theme was a monochrome modernist style.

It could be seen from the details that Tony had quite a private life. There was nothing left behind by any woman—not even a strand of long hair could be seen.

There were many rich families in Bradford city. It was obvious from Sean and his childhood friends that men in the upper-class like him had messy private lives. Judging by Tony's status and position, it was hard to tell that he was such a passionate man.

She turned around to look at the man who was asleep on the couch. His closed eyes hid the usual sharp look in his eyes, making him look much more gentle at this moment. His perfectly sculpted facial features looked exquisite and Myra could not even find a single flaw on him.

A man like him has a crush on a woman?

Myra shook her head. If he was awake, I bet he would never let me help him get home.

She entered his bedroom and brought out a soft blanket to cover his body.

Then, she sat down on the long couch that was opposite him.

After doing all these, she felt extremely tired, so she planned to rest for a while before leaving.

However, her sitting position slowly morphed into a leaning position. From there, she lay down completely on the couch.

As her consciousness gradually left her, she had long forgotten that this was not her own home.

The living room was very quiet; only their breathing could be heard. In fact, it was pleasantly quiet.

Tony, whose eyes had been closed this whole while, slowly opened his eyes.

His clear eyes contained indifference in them as he looked around him silently. When he saw Myra, who was fast asleep and curled into a ball on the couch opposite to him, his gaze softened and his lips lifted up slightly.

The blanket fell off his body as soon as he stood up quietly.

After putting the blanket aside, he walked directly to Myra's couch. It was only at this moment did he realize that there was an unnatural flush on her cheeks, and her breathing was quite rushed.

His face darkened as he touched her forehead. The heat shocked him so he quickly lifted her into his arms.

Myra, who had been fast asleep, felt the warmth around her and snuggled her face closer to Tony's chest. Then, she mumbled sadly, "I love you so much... Why can't you spare me another glance..."

Tony tightened his grip on her and pursed his lips. In just a few steps, he reached his bedroom and placed her on the bed gently. After taking another look at her, he walked out of the room with his phone in his hands.

"Hello? It's me..."