

Standing before Love Chapter 18

In a mansion located in the suburbs to the south of the city, the black velvet curtains were opened wide, allowing the moonlight to enter through the French windows. Through the windows, the night cityscape of Bradford City could be seen from faraway; it looked opulent and busy.

Elsie loved this place. Ever since Sean brought her here once, she would always choose to meet here every time they met.

Sean got up from Elsie's side and simply put on a bathrobe before he sat by the bed. Soon, the room was filled with cigarette smoke.

As the moonlight fell on his indifferent face, Elsie woke up coughing from the smoke. She wrapped her soft body around Sean again and looked straight into the eyes of the handsome man in front of her.

“Something on your mind, Sean?”

Ever since they got here, he had never spoken seriously to her apart from those words when they were in bed. His cold facial features were tense, revealing that he was not in a good mood.

Sean tilted his head slightly and immediately met her eyes. Under the moonlight, her eyes looked bright. When she smiled, there was a sparkle in her eyes that resembled another pair of eyes in his memories...

He was slightly dazed when he looked at her. Then, he took a deep puff from the cigarette before he extinguished the flames in an ashtray nearby.

“Don't go looking for trouble with Myra in the future,” he said out loud when he returned to his senses.

Though his voice was low, there was a trace of coldness in it.

Elsie was stunned upon hearing that, thinking that she had heard him wrongly. However, after seeing the cold expression on his face, a hint of jealousy flashed across her eyes as she said hurtfully, “Sean... you've misunderstood me. Undeniably, I was angry because Myra took the credit alone for the Sunny Bay Project, so I couldn't help myself and seeked her out. You know very well that I'm involved in this project too, but who would expect that Myra is this sort of person? I—”

“You said you are involved in this project. Have you joined the planning for the design of the draft?”

After hearing Elsie push the blame, Sean frowned impatiently and immediately stood up. At this moment, he felt a surge of annoyance within him and he did not want to stay any longer.

Elsie was shocked to see that. Thinking that he was about to leave, she quickly walked over and hugged him. “Sean, I was with you recently so I didn’t put a lot of time on that project. But it’s all for you! E-Even though I didn’t take part in the design, I’ve followed up with the progress...”

She looked pitiful as tears welled up in her eyes.

Sean also saw her watery eyes but he frowned and shook her hands away. “In the future, don’t come looking for me anymore. Since you like this mansion so much, I’ll give it to you.”

With that, he put on his clothes and walked away from Elsie ruthlessly, only showing her his back.

During that night, Myra had a few dreams but she could not remember much.

She only remembered seeing her mother, who had not entered her dreams for a long time. Her mother looked kind as she caressed her head. “Myra, I want you to be happy.”

Tears streamed down Myra’s cheeks. “Mom, can you come back? I miss you.”

“You silly girl! You’re all grown up now. There will be a man to take care of you on my behalf. You just have to live a happy life.”

Live a happy life?

Ever since I married Sean, this term seemed to have left me.

Initially, she thought Sean was the man who would bring her happiness, but she had only sunken deep into the two years of nightmares.

When she was about to continue talking to her mother, the beautiful and gentle woman left with a white light.

Myra struggled to wake up.

She seemed to hear someone speaking in a low voice around her and deliberately hushed footsteps. She knew that she was in a dream with her mother but she did not want to wake up, and she was extremely unwilling to do so.

After all, she missed her mother.

Her entire body felt uncomfortably hot, so she moaned in a low voice.

Right after that, she felt a cool presence around her as she seemed to be brought into a cool embrace.

Someone gently patted her back and the tempo was so comforting that she felt like crying.