

Standing before Love Chapter 181

It was within Tony's expectation that Myra would not attend Bradford City's Road to Success Conference that was organized by Bradford University. In the morning, he dropped her off at the entrance of Stark Group. When he thought of the man he was going to meet soon, he suddenly pulled her back awkwardly as she was about to get out of the car. "Give me a kiss."

"Huh?" Before she had time to react, a kiss was swiftly placed on her lips. At the same time, she heard the sound of a camera shutter.

Feeling bittersweet, she wanted to stay and embrace the man who was leaning over.

When she saw the burning look in his eyes, she smirked and leaned forward to kiss him. "Why did you have to take a photo secretly?"

"No reason. I want to keep this moment as a memory."

The pompous man returned her a serious expression and fiddled with his phone for a bit. When he looked up and saw that she was still in her seat, he asked, "Why haven't you gone to work yet?"

Feeling slightly offended by his indifferent tone, she sent him a glare and muttered, "Hypocrite."

As she was about to get out of the car, he suddenly held her back by the waist. "I'm a hypocrite?"

He had a dangerous look in his eyes as he narrowed them.

Myra blinked at him. Her eyelashes fluttered for a moment. She pursed her lips then said, "When you want me at night, you're as gentle as water in your coaxing and lying, but after you get what you want, you become indifferent. What are you if not a hypocrite?"

His eyebrows raised slightly when she talked back to him. Lowering his head, he forced a smile and looked into her big eyes. His voice sounded dubious and low. "Who was the one who begged me last night? Hmm? Am I the only hypocrite, Miss Two-face?"

He had a cheeky look in his eyes while her face turned red in an instant.

Hearing a low chuckle come from in front of her, she felt slightly annoyed and shot him another glare. "Let me go, Tony. Don't you have to attend the Bradford City's Road to Success Conference or something today? If you delay any longer, you'll be the hotshot youth of Bradford City!"

"Can't I be a hotshot?" he retorted. Leaning down, he kissed her on the lips.

The light minty scent on his lips mixed with the scent of his aftershave intoxicated her and almost made her lose control of herself. She gripped the seat cushion and suddenly pushed him away. Her cheeks were flushed. "Yes, yes. You can be a hotshot. Bradford City won't be able to find someone more suited to be a hotshot than you!"

"Are you humoring me?" His eyes narrowed again.

Myra really wanted to show the people who thought Tony was cold and heartless this moment when his IQ was negative. She kissed the corner of his lips gently. That kiss felt like she was going along with him. She coaxed softly, "Call me when you finish at noon. It's Saturday today. How about I spend the afternoon with you?"

The remark toward the end tamed his emotions. He bit her lips again. "You have to call me in the morning! You're not allowed to ignore my texts!"

As he looked straight into her eyes, a vague emotion flickered across his eyes.

"Why?" She was slightly surprised.

"No reason." He was already motioning for her to get out of the car.

It felt like she was going to be defeated by his unpredictable temper. Nodding, she said, "Okay then."

After watching her leave the car obediently, the cheeky smile on his face eased.

Bradford City's Road to Success Conference was being held in the largest auditorium in Bradford University.

Thirty minutes before it started, the auditorium was already packed with people.

Even though Tony arrived thirty minutes late, the principal, Ian Jones, let out a heavy sigh of relief when he saw Tony come in through the VIP entrance. His face immediately brightened as he got up swiftly and approached Tony with respect. "Director Hart, Director Hart, you're finally here. Excuse me for not greeting you at the door. Come and have a seat."

Currently, Tony was back to having the cold attitude he had with outsiders. He was wearing a tailored Italian suit with a white shirt and a dark blue tie that accentuated his stone-cold appearance. His lips were pressed together lightly. When he heard the principal, he narrowed his wary eyes and replied, "You're too kind, Mr. Jones."

"Director Hart, why don't you take a seat where I was sitting earlier? It has a wide view. You'll be able to feel the atmosphere in the auditorium to the fullest." The principal escorted him over, and let him have the best seat without hesitation.

Because Tony arrived late, they assumed that he was not coming anymore.

Tony did not reject the offer. He took a few steps over and sat down.

In the seat beside him, Sean was watching the principal tend to and fawn over Tony without making a sound. The corners of his mouth curled up into a subtle sneer.

After Tony sat down, he turned to look at Sean and gave him a brief nod as a greeting before quickly turning away. He looked as though he was completely engrossed in the opening.

Meanwhile, since Tony came in, or even since he came into this place, Sean kept feeling like he was not himself.

Yesterday, when Richard told him about this conference at Bradford University and invited him, he wanted to refuse right away. For some reason, however, he suddenly thought of his days in university and remembered that Myra and Ian used to have a close relationship. He had Richard ask the principal who else was invited and, as expected, came to find out that Myra was also invited. When he heard that, he accepted the invitation right away.

Unfortunately, Myra did not show up and in her place was this man.

That night, as Sean waited outside the Hart Residence all night, he almost crushed his own hands from clenching them so tightly. Hearing Myra's flirtatious voice over the phone and thinking about how she was blooming like a flower under that man, he almost lost control from the anger and resentment.

He always thought that she only liked him; that even though they were divorced now, she still had feelings for him. He even thought of the time when she got tangled up with a man and figured that she was doing it intentionally for him to see. He assumed that she would return to him sooner or later; perhaps when she was dejected or when she could not withstand it any longer. By then, he thought of potentially making her his mistress.

But reality was not unfolding in the way that he had expected.

Not only was she actually involved with another man now, that man also happened to be Tony Hart.

No wonder she said the man knew about her divorce and that he did not care what she possessed. Sean scoffed. Turning over, he brushed his eyes coldly over Tony's serious-looking side profile. He clearly knows the kind of relationship Myra and I used to have, but he still greeted me in that breezy manner!

He heard about Tony's character a long time ago and knew that he was not a good person. Once Tony decided to get brutal, even Sean would have to surrender to him.

How can a man like him really love a woman? So what if he brought Myra back to the Hart Residence? How could a woman defend herself when a man is lying to her? He might just be saying things to hold on to her. Anyone can do that.

His gaze grew colder. Suddenly, he began to wonder when Tony started to become interested in Myra. What role did Tony have in his and Myra's marriage?

Standing before Love Chapter 182

Tony must have felt Sean's eyes on him. When he turned casually, he was met by a pair of somber eyes. Smirking, he said, "You left in a hurry last time so I didn't get the chance to congratulate you, Director Chase. I heard you and

Miss Fisher are getting married next month. I hope you live a long and happy life together.”

Those words plunged into Sean’s heart like a sharp awl. His lips moved. “Thank you, Director Hart.”

He looked away after he spoke. The lines on his cheek turned stone-cold as if he was suppressing his anger.

Tony smiled faintly, but there was not a trace of warmth in his eyes.

Shortly after, the conference reached its peak. Tony was the last to go up on stage after Sean was done with his turn. When he went on stage, the lively energy of the crowd almost ripped through the roof of the auditorium.

The students in the audience posed many questions such as what he was like in school, problems in the early stages of entrepreneurship, and the reason he succeeded the Hart Group.

“Mr. Tony, according to what we know, the Hartwell Group’s development in the United States is at its peak now. If it continues to flourish this way, the scale of the group will exceed the current Hart Group within five years. Why did you decide to split the shares and continue to develop the business in Bradford City?” A student stood up excitedly after being selected and asked a question that everyone had anticipated.

Tony’s handsome face was calm throughout the entire conference. He already looked unrivaled in his suit and leather shoes, but the rich experiences he had acquired over the years gave him a reserved attitude that could only be attained with age. Both men and women were subdued by his steadiness.

“This question...” Upon hearing the question, his lips eased a little, and a faint smile also grew in his eyes. “Because the woman I love was born here and likes it here, so I’m willing to stay for her.”

The tension was pushed up to the peak again. They did not think that one of the most eligible bachelors who was rumored to be single for many years would publicize his relationship so suddenly. It seemed like an incredibly sweet gesture.

Finally, someone noticed the ring on his left hand that was on the microphone. The deep blue stone did not stand out, but it was not hard to notice either.

“Are you engaged now, Director Hart?” someone chirped from below the stage.

It was clear that it was a question on everyone’s minds.

Tony glanced at the ring on his left hand elegantly then inadvertently brushed over the front row. He nodded with a smile. “The wedding day is not too far away.”

“Oh!” they clamored. It looked like someone wanted to ask Tony about his fiancée, but the host noticed that they were going way out of topic now and was worried that it would annoy the man who was currently speaking on stage. Running up on stage, the host intercepted, “We don’t have much time left, everyone. This will be the last question. Don’t let it go to waste!”

Sean had an overcast look on his face as he watched the elegant and calm man on stage.

Their wedding day isn’t far away? He sneered. Getting up out of annoyance, he decided not to stay here any longer when a male student stood up abruptly and asked, “Mr. Tony, the latest news that was published this morning claimed that you have bought close to sixty percent of real estate in Hilliville and have started inviting businesses to bring the dead city back to life. Can you please tell us if this is true?”

Sean’s footsteps came to an abrupt halt.

A piercing feeling quickly started to spread within him. His line of vision also shifted toward the calm man on stage in an instant.

Time went by slowly, but it also felt like it was going by very quickly.

Sean kept his eyes fixed on the man on stage until he finally heard the words come out of his mouth. “It’s true.”

When Tony said that, his eyes seemed to be looking in Sean’s direction. The curl of his lips made it look like he was smiling and mocking him at the same time. Its implications were unclear, but it was profound.

At that moment, darkness flashed across Sean’s mind. Something was clear to him, but he was unable to put his finger on it.

In the middle of the crowd's cheering, he watched the man walk toward him elegantly.

On stage, the school's representative began a dull speech. The man beside him just kept his head down and played with his phone.

Sean did not leave right away. As he watched the dignified man texting with his head down, he sneered because he happened to see Tony type 'my dear'. It was obvious who it was for.

He felt like his heart was being crushed, but he was unwilling to leave.

After that, Tony seemed to have gotten a lot of texts on his phone which he ignored for the time being. Some time later, his phone started to vibrate.

A picture popped up on the screen which showed a man and a woman sharing an intimate kiss. There was a sweet look in the woman's surprised gaze.

Staring at the picture, Sean felt like his head was starting to hurt again.

Tony turned and saw Sean looking at him with a blank expression. In a casual tone, he commented, "My girlfriend is a bit clingy. She texts and calls me even when we're apart for a short time."

Without waiting for Sean's response, he proceeded to answer the call inside the noisy auditorium.

Sean was only able to hear brief parts of the conversation. "I'm in the auditorium. Yes, I know you miss me. Didn't I say I would pick you up at noon? Be good. Let's go eat seafood for lunch if that's what you want. Don't make a fuss; I'll be done soon. You don't have to come here... Okay, then. It's your university. Come by. Leo also has something else to do anyway."

After the call ended, Tony looked at Sean's blank expression again and spoke with a bit of reluctance. "She is young and can be needy. Sorry about that Director Chase."

Sean's face turned ashen. He did not say a word in return and simply headed outside.

At the same time, Myra who had gotten hung up on was feeling rather bewildered. Tony had spoken nonsense on the phone. He did not give her a chance to speak and left her dumbfounded. Nonetheless, she caught onto the last part—he wanted her to pick him up at Bradford University.

There were not many workers who went to work extra shifts on a Saturday. After she sorted everything out, she was going to leave when she received a call from Cameron.

As soon as she arrived at Cameron's office, Kris happened to come out from inside. She did not look too good. When she saw Myra, her eyes filled with jealousy and resentment. Since she was always good at putting up an act in front of Cameron, she kept her anger suppressed and simply glared at Myra before leaving Cameron's office.

With a smirk, Myra knocked on the door and went in. She found Cameron sitting on the executive chair with his eyes closed as though he was deep in thought.

When he saw her, his eyes narrowed slightly. He tapped his cigarette on the edge of the ashtray and asked in a mild tone, "Myra, how are preparations going for the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Project? Are you confident?"

Even though she despised Cameron, she always kept a serious attitude when she was working. She gave him a nod. "The draft for the Chesapeake Bay Bridge Project was done very well in the past. I only fixed some details. I can't say I'm confident as I can only do my best and hope that I'm lucky."

He nodded. Putting out his cigarette, he stood up and looked at Myra. His eyes seemed even more gentle. "I trust your work, Myra." After a brief moment of hesitation, he continued, "I know you're in conflict with Rachel and Kris. Initially, I wanted you to come back home because home is your true harbor, but since you're unwilling to, I can't force you either. I heard you're living in Ocean Blue Residence now. It's quite far from the Stark Group. After giving it some thought, I want to give you that villa in Cape District. It will make it more convenient for you to get to work, too. What do you think?"

Standing before Love Chapter 183

Myra recalled Kris always being fond of that villa in Cape District.

But it was a property that Cameron was hoarding—it was the most expensive and significant place to him—so he never let it go to Kris.

When Cameron blurted those words out, Myra felt disgusted but also surprised, and she understood why Kris had a sour expression on her way out earlier. Nonetheless, she did not think that this was Cameron's sudden attempt at being a loving father. Narrowing her eyes at him, she said, "Just tell me what this is about, President Stark. Even if you don't find beating around the bush annoying, I find it quite exhausting."

This time, however, he was not displeased with her rude speech and simply gave her a resigned smile. "Look at you. I just wanted to make your journey to work every day more convenient for you. Your sister always wanted that villa, but I kept it for you. Myra, I treat you much better than I treat your sister."

"Oh." She did not show any emotions. "Since you want to give it to me, go through the procedures and have someone leave the documents in my office once everything is ready. If there's nothing else, I'll get going now."

She turned to leave, but he held her back. "Wait, Myra. I want to discuss some things with you."

Hearing his words, she furrowed her brows warily. Before she could say anything else, he pressed on, "When you left the Chase Family, I remember you took fifty percent of Chase Group's property in Hilliville. Isn't that right?"

Her steps came to a halt. Turning around, she retorted, "Which one of my houses are you interested in, President Stark? Since you're giving me that villa, just tell me which house you like and I will make the changes and have someone bring the documents to you tomorrow." How could she speak with such spite?

His expression hardened for a moment, but he quickly put on a smile again. "Myra, as you already know, Hilliville is a dead city. This was what I wanted to discuss with you. Owning that piece of land will not serve you any purpose. If you're just going to let it remain idle, why not sell it to me instead? I know you've grown interested in investing lately. Why don't you take away a bit of cash and do whatever you want with it? What do you say?"

A thought struck her. "How much are you thinking of paying for this land?"

“How does a billion sound?” He lifted his teacup without making a sound and lowered his head to take a sip, hiding the light that flickered across his eyes.

A billion... Indeed, a billion sounded tempting to Myra. The Stark Family currently owned eighty percent of the shares in Stark Group. The remaining twenty percent was owned by outsiders. I need money in order to buy those shares back, but... Seeing the emboldened look on his face, she started to grow doubtful. Those feelings of doubt grew even deeper and quickly led her to refuse. “You must be joking, President Stark. Aren’t you afraid of wasting your billion on that big piece of land?”

“Wasting?” He scoffed at her as though she was still ignorant. Standing up, he walked toward her and went on, “Myra, isn’t having a billion better than having a dead city? You can make more money with money, but why would you want to keep a dead city? Can it still bring you profit?”

“I don’t know about that, but I know you never get involved in a business that would cost you a loss in capital. In that case, why should I sell it to you?”

She smiled, but there was not a trace of delight in her eyes. When she turned around, his low and deep voice came from behind her. “Plus five percent of Stark Group’s shares.”

Her steps hesitated briefly, but she still kept on walking. “President Stark, don’t you know that the more you add to this, the more you’re informing me of the value of this piece of land? Maybe I should put this differently.” She snarled, “Don’t bother paying any attention to what I own!”

With that, she quickly walked out of his office.

Seeing her now firm and tenacious back compared to before, he started to feel the anger boil in his chest and immediately flung the documents on his table aside. Did she get more intuitive after her divorce? How did she not catch on to such a big bait? She even gained the upper hand in the end!

He narrowed his eyes sharply, then picked up his phone and called an internal line. Very quickly, the call was answered. “Dad?”

“Kris, I give you my full support on what you told me earlier. Do your best to win Director Hart over. I’ll be your powerful backing! Also, I heard the two elders of the Hart Family are fond of well-behaved girls. You must win their favor to be able to get into the Hart Family smoothly!”

Kris felt a surge of joy. She reassured, “Don’t worry, Dad. I already know how I can win Director Hart over. I won’t let you down.”

“One more thing...” The anger in his eyes had mostly subsided. He narrowed them and asked, “Do you know where your sister keeps all her important documents?”

Myra left Cameron’s office to step into a fresh and relaxed atmosphere outside. It was infinitely more comfortable than being in his office.

After taking a deep breath, she heard the sound of documents falling to the ground from inside and smiled in delight.

Of course, he had hidden intentions behind giving me that villa. She did not know whether his old age was making him lose his temper more easily, but since he had informed her of the value of Hilliville, she now knew which path to move forward in.

After leaving his office, she returned to her own office and quickly pulled out the latest economic news relating to Bradford City. As expected, Hart Group officially announced the purchase of sixty percent of Hilliville’s real estate and had begun making drastic transformations to the land—attracting businessmen and selling houses.

The Hart Group always caused a frenzy effect wherever they went. Aside from various major media sources fighting to report the news, economic scholars were also predicting that Hilliville would come to life again under Hart Group and even go on to become another small center in Bradford City. With the addition of the few great families in Bradford City such as the Renaud Family, Windrow Family, Samson Family, and Moss Family, their influence would be vast. This alone would take up the news for the first half of the year.

Myra thought, Now I know why Cameron wanted that land.

The corner of her lips slowly curled up. As she stared at the name ‘Hart Group’ in the article, her eyes filled with tenderness.

She was not sure if he did all of this for her, but she was indeed the biggest beneficiary.

Myra was not a stubborn person. She was truly moved and happy because of Tony's actions. He must be the person to bring magic into my life. Suddenly, she really wanted to see him.

After she turned off her computer, she grabbed her purse and headed toward the basement parking lot.

Coming out of the elevator, she saw Kris walking toward that red sports car of hers in a coquettish manner with her back arched.

Kris sneered at Myra when she saw her. She sat inside the car with that sneer on her face then quickly drove off.

Myra did not take it personally either. She quickly got into her own car and drove to Bradford University.

The conference at Bradford University ended very soon. Sean had mostly spent the latter half of it smoking outside.

When the principal saw him from the back, he quickly said a word to Tony then headed outside.

The principal still felt a sense of pride and nostalgia with Sean.

After all, Sean was a social elite who graduated from his school.

Arriving in front of Sean, the principal asked amiably, "Sean, why didn't you come to school with Myra today? I sent her an invitation as well."

Standing before Love Chapter 184

Sean turned around with a cigarette burning slowly in his hand. On top of the trash can next to him, there were a few cigarette buds that had already been put out. When he heard the principal's question, a number of complicated emotions flurried across his eyes. He stayed quiet for a long while, then took a puff of smoke before he spat, "We've been divorced for a while now."

The principal was taken aback. He blurted, "Why?" He only realized he was too hasty after the question came out of his mouth. Noticing that Sean did not look too good, he chuckled awkwardly and said, "I'm just a curious person. I didn't mean to sound rude. I just remember the days when Myra pursued you. When I saw the two of you get married later on, I was happy for both of you. I

didn't think..." ...they would get divorced. Was there some truth in the articles that were published in the entertainment news at the time?

As the principal looked at the man before him who had a successful career and was slowly becoming more mature, he had a helpless look in his eyes but did not find it too surprising either. Children from rich family backgrounds had pre-arranged marriages and could not do as they pleased. He just felt sorry for Myra.

"Back then..." When he thought of the things Myra did for Sean while they were still in school, the principal's eyes simply turned remorseful. "Did you just agree to the divorce without any intention of preserving the marriage?"

Not too long ago, the principal happened to run into Myra at a dinner. She was the Young Lady of the Stark Family, but she chose to be a small-time designer at Chase Group. Additionally, she gave her all in scrambling for a project for the company. How could I not have known her intentions? Not to mention, in the beginning... At the thought of that, the principal shot a glance at Sean and noticed his grim expression along with the wave of emotions in his eyes. If he had been the one who asked for a divorce because he did not like her anymore, then he would not have this melancholic gaze. Was there still a chance? He couldn't help but ask, "Sean, do you still remember the incident at the bar?"

Sean took another puff of smoke. His vision became hazy. At one point, he did not take that incident seriously. Lately, however, he kept remembering every little detail about Myra, including this incident from years ago that had already been covered in dust.

When the principal saw that he did not brush him off, he quickly added, "Back then, you took responsibility for everything because you didn't want Miss Fisher to get punished. But your father was stern. Myra was afraid that you would have a hard time at home, so she put all the blame on herself instead. I punished her by assigning her to clean the basketball court for a year. Yet, she was still happy. After that, whenever I passed by the basketball court, I would see her there. She was using that opportunity to see you."

At the thought of her tenacity, the principal shook his head. "You might not have noticed but she always chose the same general elective classes as you. The assignments in her design major were onerous—it wasn't as relaxed as your management classes—but she still pushed forward. To be honest, I did

advise her to give up because you had a girlfriend at the time. Can you guess what she said in return?"

A hint of glimmer finally entered Sean's eyes as he turned to his side and looked at the principal. The principal smiled meaningfully. "She told me she was happy just by looking at you from afar and did not have any intention of getting between you and Miss Fisher. Over the years I spent teaching until I became a principal, I've never met a girl as silly as her before."

As Sean listened to the principal's words, his eyes slowly lost focus, and the corners of his lips curled up into a faint smile. At some point back then, he started to sense that a girl had popped up around him, but all his focus was on Lyla. Moreover, Myra never did anything to get his attention. Naturally, he simply overlooked her. Who would have thought that before she confessed to him, she had already done so many things for him? The thought of her selfless behavior toward him added warmth to his eyes.

The white smoke from the tip of the cigarette was still rising gradually. Patting him on the shoulder, the principal said, "When it comes to certain people, don't wait until they're gone to feel regret. Myra deserves as much as you can give her. If another turning point comes around, you should hold on tight to it."

The principal simply wanted to give Sean a word of advice. After their conversation, he remembered some follow-up work he still had to deal with in the auditorium. As soon as he turned around, he saw another man standing sluggishly behind him. He jumped up in surprise then quickly smiled at the man. "Director Hart, what are you doing out here?"

They did not know when Tony came and stood behind them, but he was also smoking a cigarette. The cloud of smoke blurred his constantly cold and sharp face, making it hard for anyone to see his expression. With one hand in his pocket and the other holding the cigarette, he moved his lips and said, "It's getting late. I came out to get my lover." He had a tall and slender stature, and a blank face that made people stare in awe.

He mentioned his wedding day was not far away during the conference earlier. The principal couldn't help but smile at the thought, and flattered, "I haven't congratulated you yet, Director Hart. When you have your wedding reception, I will have to go and have at least one drink with you even if I have to force myself."

Tony tapped his cigarette and asked, "Are you being sincere?"

The principal paused for a moment then quickly nodded. "Of course. You donated three buildings for us to use as dormitories at Bradford University, and even built us a brand new modern library. On behalf of the whole university, I am very grateful to you, Director Hart. I'm curious to see which lucky woman is going to marry you."

When Tony heard that last remark, he brushed a displeased gaze over the man beside the principal and saw that Sean's expression had shifted. Not to mention, his eyes looked extremely dreary. Narrowing his eyes, Tony took another puff of smoke before putting out the cigarette carelessly beside him. "You know her too, Mr. Jones. It's Myra Stark; she used to study at your school."

Ian Jones was still smiling sincerely up until now, but his face quickly stiffened. He thought he did not hear clearly. "Who... did you say, Director Hart?"

Not waiting for Tony's answer, Sean tossed the cigarette down on the ground and stepped on it with his leather shoe. After that, he started walking toward his car that was parked not too far away while wearing a cold expression.

Tony pulled his gaze back and smiled. "When the time comes, Myra and I will invite you to our wedding, Mr. Jones."

Ian couldn't pretend like he did not hear him clearly now. As he watched Sean storm off from behind and thought about what he just heard, an awkward look covered his face. I'm certain Director Hart overheard the things I told Sean earlier. But... did Myra start seeing Director Hart right after her divorce with Sean? That... is a little absurd. When did she get close to Director Hart?

"Hmm..." On the surface, however, Ian regained his composure quickly and kept nodding with a smile.

Tony did not say anything else either. Sticking a hand in his pocket, he simply walked out. Ian had wanted to send him off personally, but seeing him from the back, he figured that Tony did not want him to follow along. He stood in place and only watched Tony leave. After that, he let out a sigh and walked back into the auditorium to finish up some work.

Tony was not in a hurry. Once he left the auditorium, he strolled along the path he took when he came in earlier. Bradford University had an outstanding maidenhair path. Currently, this path was lined with two rows of maidenhair

trees. The leaves were a mixture of yellow and green, filling the place with beautiful colors.

Tony slowly strolled along this path. He already looked exceptional in his suit and leather shoes. With his handsome features and tall stature, he had become the center of attention of several female students. They did not forget to take a second look at him as he passed by, then they huddled together and whispered to each other bashfully. Nonetheless, he turned a deaf ear to them. Even though he had a cigarette in his hand, he did not smoke and simply strolled along. His eyes grew more and more gentle as though he had thought of something.

“Excuse me, Mister.”

Suddenly, someone with a coy voice entered his vision, forcing him to narrow his eyes and stop walking.

Standing before Love Chapter 185

The person who ran over was a female university student. She had a sweet appearance and was petite. Feeling shy, she bit down on her lower lip with her clean white teeth and stole a glance at the side. A few students in the dormitory had their fists up in the air to show their support and encouragement, but it only made her feel more bashful. Clenching her hands, she looked up at Tony with a blushed face. “Mister, can I ask—”

Before she finished, he took a puff of smoke and walked right past her without any emotion on his face as though he was not mindful of her at all.

When the girl realized that she was blatantly ignored, she couldn't help but look at her friends and chuckle. She turned around and watched Tony's back as he left. A look of fascination flickered across her eyes.

Tony took a puff of smoke and still had the same expression on his face.

This maidenhair path led to the front gate of the school which was not too far away now.

As he looked in the direction of the gate, a feminine figure immediately came into his view.

Myra liked to dress in office-lady outfits which consisted of a neat little suit and a pencil skirt. If other women dress the same way, they would probably look rather stiff. But when Myra dresses this way, it complements her figure even more, he thought. In his eyes, he only saw Myra. Therefore, anything other women wore did not look good to him. She had become a beautiful scene outside Bradford University just by standing in front of her white sports car. At the side, several male students were going in and out to steal curious glances at her.

Tony narrowed his eyes. Putting out his cigarette, he carelessly threw it into a trash can and started walking toward the woman who was looking at him from a distance away.

With a soft smile on her face, Myra took a few steps toward him as he approached her. Since she had just found out about Hillville, her heart was still filled with joy. She couldn't stop herself from going up to him and wrapping her arms around his thin waist while disregarding the crowd of people that was passing by the area. Burying her small face in his chest, she said, "Today, Cameron told me he is going to give me a villa."

Seeing the delight on her face, he was able to guess what had happened. He was undoubtedly pleased that she hugged him first and proceeded to pull her waist in toward him. "Did you agree?"

His kiss landed casually on her forehead. Their well-coordinated actions made them look like an old married couple.

When he felt a bunch of piercing gazes on them, the amusement in his eyes grew deeper. Tightening his arms around her, he brought the kiss down from her forehead to her lips and only let her go after a gentle kiss.

Myra felt rather sheepish to kiss in front of so many people, but she was truly beyond happy. She nudged him twice to get him off, then she grinned. "I agreed! Why would I reject a gift? I let him handle the paperwork and told him to leave them in my office later."

Tony chuckled. When he laughed, she could feel his chest move. Her face also started to turn red. She wanted to lift her head from his embrace, but he continued to press her head into his chest, refusing to let her go. "Just one villa? That's petty."

“Of course, not! He also wanted to give me a billion and five percent of Stark Group’s shares. But I shot his offer down right away!” She sneered. Shortly after, she thought of the man she owed all of this to and tightened her arms around his waist. “What do I do, Tony? I feel like I’m going to become a rich woman very soon.”

As long as Hilliville remained a hot trend, it was only a matter of time before the real estate prices doubled. She owned forty percent of the property in all of Hilliville. If I sell when Hilliville is at its peak... By then, don’t say I looked down on five percent of Stark Group’s shares and one billion. If she agreed to sell Hilliville to the Hart Group, Hart Group would also become a fairly large shareholder.

“Isn’t being a rich woman a good thing?” He raised his eyebrows as he rubbed the top of her head affectionately.

His actions were natural and tender. From an impartial angle, they were seen by a certain person who had yet to leave the place.

After that, Tony even leaned down to kiss her clean and delicate ears.

Myra felt immensely blissful and happy under his gentle breath. She nudged him away slightly and looked straight at him with her big eyes. “Aren’t you afraid I’ll raise the cost since Hilliville’s real estate is in my hands?” Pondering for a moment, she asked again, “Do you want the real estate that’s under my name?”

She asked that question in an extremely serious manner.

Seeing the earnest look in her eyes, he felt a giddy feeling in his chest and raised his brow at her. “Will you give it to me if I want it?”

“Yes.” She nodded.

The smirk on the corner of his lips stiffened slightly. He looked down at her and realized that she was not joking earlier. In fact, she was even more serious than he was.

Tightening the arm he had around her waist, he suddenly spoke in a dull voice. “Are you really going to give it to me?”

“What do you think?” She pursed her lips and started to fiddle with the diamond cufflink on his sleeve.

Hearing those words come out of her mouth made it seem like she was brazen and willing to take charge in their relationship. She still felt quite embarrassed, so she did not dare look into his eyes again.

Nonetheless, she already made her mind up on the drive there.

From the start, she had no desire to own half of Chase Group’s real estate in Hillville. If the Chase Family did not have that many troublemakers, she wouldn’t have gotten their real estate that night. Moreover, if Tony had not made it there in time to save her, that night would have probably been her eternal nightmare.

She was not a generous person, but she was clear on this. If Tony owned the entire Hillville, its popularity would only rise quicker compared to now. He would instill trust in the common people that it was only a matter of time before that city thrives again, which would, in turn, push people to fight to buy property there.

She did not know why he wanted to invest in Hillville, but ultimately, he took a gamble. If he won, she could bask in glory with him. If he lost, she would not suffer any losses, but he would suffer a terrible one.

How could a man like him not be deserving of her unconditional love?

Her eyes looked chaotic, and her face was also turning red.

Tony suddenly looked through her chaotic gaze and stared deeply into her eyes.

She always thought he had a deep gaze that could make people lose themselves in them and be unable to escape.

At this moment, however, she was embarrassed to see her own small reflection in his pupils.

She grasped his cufflinks.

“Why are you looking at me? Besides, I wasn’t the one who made that land. It’s not a loss for me,” she stated bluntly.

The next moment, she was suddenly lifted in his arms.

The entrance of the school was already filled with people to start with. Their kiss earlier was still considered a common sight, but this princess-carry attracted the attention of countless people in an instant.

Her face blushed an even brighter red and made her bury her face in his chest.

“Once I give you the land, I won’t be a rich woman anymore. You’ll have to take care of me in the future,” she murmured.

His lips curled up. The radiance in his eyes was so bright that it felt like he was carrying all the sunlight in them. Letting out a low chuckle, he said, “You’re my wife. How can you say that? Once you take on my last name, you will become a rich woman.”

She was surprised when he put her down in the driver’s seat. It’s unusual that he asked me to drive here today.

By the time he sat in the passenger seat, she finally pulled herself together and realized that this man beside her had shown her love in the smoothest way possible.

Her face heated up. Yet, from a different perspective, he did not have any ulterior motives against her. His love for her was sincere.

She suddenly leaned in front of him and placed a quick peck on his handsome face.

“I love you.”

Standing before Love Chapter 186

After Myra said that, her face looked like it was about to burn from how red it was. She quickly sat upright in her seat and started the engine to depart.

Meanwhile, the man who was on the receiving end of her affection glanced at a shady place in the rearview mirror and smiled with a profound look in his eyes.

Sean’s car was still parked behind them.

It was as if he had been possessed earlier. After getting into his car, he did not leave right away but drove to the school's gate instead as though he was waiting for something.

While he looked at the merry food stalls on the side of the street and the happy crowd of people, his eyes were out of focus for a long time.

Did this place carry a lot of memories that he shared with Myra?

The principal's words kept circling around in his mind: 'When it comes to certain people, don't wait until they're gone to feel regret. Myra deserves as much as you can give her. If another turning point comes around, you should hold on tight to it.'

Do I still have a chance? His expression loosened up slightly. I probably do, don't I? She loved me for so long. Two months ago, she even tried to ask me to stay. How could she change her mind in such a short amount of time?

If he went up to her now and told her that he regretted it, would she give him another chance?

He was gripping the steering wheel tightly when, suddenly, a familiar car entered his vision. That white sports car belongs to Myra.

The moment he saw the familiar figure get out of the car, his eyes remained fixed on her, and he no longer saw anyone or anything else.

He quickly unbuckled his seatbelt with the thought of getting out of the car and going up to her. Very quickly, however, he spotted another figure appear in her line of vision. It's him again.

When Sean stepped out, he watched Myra rush into Tony's arms voluntarily and the two of them were affectionate with each other as though there was no else there. She did not know that Sean was standing at the side, so she was not trying to make him mad on purpose. Does that mean... she actually likes him?

He gripped the car door so hard that he almost tore it down.

Seeing the loving couple ahead, he simply went back inside his sports car.

Inside the car, his phone had been vibrating for a while, but he did not answer it. He felt agitated. At this moment, however, he needed to find something to occupy himself with. As soon as he picked up, Lyla wailed, "Sean, where are you? Can you come home right now? Mom went too far this time! She actually followed me. That's how much she doesn't trust me! This time, you have to speak up for me..."

Every now and then, he could hear his mother screaming in the background. "When did I follow you? I was also at the mall to do some shopping! You're allowed to go to the mall, but I'm not? How does that make sense?"

"Then, why did you wear sunglasses and walk around sneakily behind me? Even the shopkeeper could tell that you were following me. What are you still quibbling about?"

"Quibbling? I'm not quibbling! I indeed went to the mall, but I wasn't following you. Are you delusional?"

While he listened to their argument get more intense, he couldn't help but massage his temples. Feeling like the veins in his forehead were popping, he ended the call abruptly and turned off his phone.

He did not know when it started, but at some point, Lyla and his mother started to get into conflict with each other. They were always arguing, and they would call him if it got out of hand. In the beginning, it was manageable, but it happened so often that even someone more patient would lose their temper.

His mind wandered to when Myra was at home. She got along very well with Mom. Mom always took her side too and told me I was in the wrong. But Myra did not like to argue and was also a filial daughter-in-law...

When he thought of Myra and saw the car in front of him depart, he pursed his lips and followed after them with a dark gaze.

Upon hearing that Myra wanted to stop by the supermarket, Tony furrowed his brows and asked, "Aren't we going straight home?"

She turned and looked at him with a warm gaze. "We've run out of ingredients at home, so we have to get more at the grocery store. I'm going to make you a big meal and let you have a feast today. How does that sound?"

His brows shot up. "You can let me have a feast even without any ingredients." His voice was deep and alluring.

Her hands trembled and caused the steering wheel to go sideways. The car wobbled for a moment and leaned toward the right. As a result, she got pulled over by a traffic officer.

Hearing his low chuckle, she shot him a glare. "It's all your fault!"

When she saw the traffic officer run over, she leaned across Tony without haste and opened the car window on the passenger side.

"You drove off the road. Do you know how dangerous that was?" The traffic police asked formally while he was recording something with his head down.

She quickly admitted in a small voice, "I'm sorry. My hands slipped earlier. I'll be more careful next time."

Perhaps she was quick to acknowledge her mistake and was also a beautiful girl, hence, the traffic officer did not press further. Out of concern, however, he exhorted once again, "You have to focus when you're driving next time. Don't go off the road again."

She nodded immediately.

As soon as the traffic officer turned away and was about to leave, he suddenly heard an alarming cry with a hint of annoyance.

His steps came to a halt, and he turned back again. "What happened?"

She was currently sprawled over Tony's lap. Waving her hand awkwardly at the traffic officer, she assured, "It's fine. I just slipped."

When the traffic officer saw that she was fine, he walked down to another car that had been pulled over.

Myra did not fall on Tony's lap willingly, but she was pulled down. Of course, it was by the man beside her.

She looked at him in annoyance.

His eyes were slightly dark, and his voice was dull. "If you don't get up now, I'll have to deal with you."

Surprised, she quickly went back to her seat and started the car.

This time, though, she had clearly slowed down.

A vague smile grew on Tony's lips. Upon seeing something in the rearview mirror, the smile on the corners of his lips hesitated and became indifferent.

When they arrived at the basement parking lot of the supermarket, Tony did not get out of the car. "I'm going to smoke a cigarette outside. You can go in first. I'll call you later."

She nodded and went into the supermarket obediently. After she left, he stepped out of the car and pulled out a cigarette. Holding it in his mouth, he used his right hand to light it with a lighter. He propped himself up against the white sports car and narrowed his eyes. Soon, the white cloud of smoke rose in the air, creating a contrast with his fierce demeanor by adding a sense of leisure.

Before Myra left, she gave him the keys. They were currently in his other hand.

Right after Myra left, a Lamborghini drove in and parked in the spot next to theirs. The man inside seemed to be suppressing his fury as he jumped out of the car.

They were both wearing black suits with white shirts underneath; they both had unrivaled looks, the same cold face, and the same hostile eyes.

Sean looked at the man in front of him. He finally found a place to put out the anger he suppressed all morning. All of a sudden, he strode forward with his right hand ready to punch Tony across the face.

His fist seemed to carry supreme strength. It also bore the uncontrollable anger he felt at this moment. Just as he was getting close to Tony, Tony quickly stepped out of the way. It all happened very quickly. After he stepped out of the way, Sean felt a strong punch on his lower abdomen. The pain even made him stumble a couple of steps back.

Tony simply swept a glance over Sean's furious eyes. Using the hand he punched Sean with, he took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked at Sean with ease and coldness. "Stop trying to hit on Myra. I'm running out of patience."

Standing before Love Chapter 187

“Trying to hit on Myra?” Sean felt pain shooting up from his abdomen but couldn’t care less about it at the moment. His eyes were slightly reddened like a cornered beast’s. Looking at Tony, he sneered, “Just who is the one trying to hit on Myra here? If it wasn’t for you, Director Hart, the person accompanying her to the mall right now would be me!”

“You?” Tony raised his long and slanted eyebrows slightly while flicking the ash off his cigarette. “Why don’t you tell me, Director Chase; just how many times have you ever accompanied her to the mall in the past two years? Or, should I say...” He took a drag on his cigarette, his eyes growing frosty. “How many times have you accompanied other women to the mall before?”

Sean’s expression changed greatly. “This is between us as husband and wife. It is none of your business.”

“Ex-husband and ex-wife.” Tony narrowed his eyes. A dark emotion flowed through his eyes as he spat out the words, “One that exists in name only.”

For an instant, Sean felt as if he could even hear the sound of the blood accelerating through the veins in his body. The veins in his forehead bulged sharply as he suddenly recalled the sexy voice Myra made by the side of the mountain road the other day. Then, he remembered that she had spent the entire night at the Hart Residence with the man standing in front of him. Of course, I know all about the intimate acts between a man and a woman. How can I not know?! He had never once touched her in the two years of their marriage. Therefore, when he discovered that the two of them were inside the car, he had been so furious that he wanted to rush over to that car and murder the man inside!

Listening to those words of mockery, he clenched his hands into fists. “Tony Hart, you despicable b*stard! Were you the one that purchased Chase Group’s Hillville?!”

He was slowly becoming more and more aware of this man’s methods. Although he did not know when Tony started having feelings for Myra, the reason she was so decisive about divorcing him; the way Tony coincidentally rescued her during the riot at the construction site; the way Tony coincidentally freed her after she was thrown into prison; and many other things that he was clueless about even now... they all seemed to be part of

Tony's plan in hindsight. He had approached Myra, little by little, with a specific goal in mind. Later, he even announced his acquisition of Hilliville. Coincidentally or not, Myra had also resolutely demanded 50% of the properties of Chase Group's Hilliville when divorcing Sean back then...

"Are you trying to take advantage of Myra?!" All of a sudden, the memory of a photo depicting Myra and another man in an ambiguous position that Lyla once showed him surfaced in his mind. Back then, only Myra's face could be seen clearly. He could not identify the face of the man in the photo. Now that I think about it, isn't that man in the photo the same man as the one standing in front of me right now?! A sense of urgency and outrage flashed across his eyes. He glared fixedly at the man in front of him with an insidious look. "Are you using Myra to obtain the entirety of Hilliville?! Is the part of Hilliville that Myra holds in your hands now?!"

"Use?" The smoke from the cigarette curled upward like white satin. Tony curved the corners of his lips into a smile that was both icy and mocking. "I have never thought much of Hilliville. I can even give her the entirety of Hilliville if she wants it. What about you?"

Sean's pupils contracted abruptly.

"Aside from throwing her into prison because of Hilliville, what else have you done that was not taking advantage of her?" Tony straightened his body, carelessly threw the cigarette to the ground, and snuffed out the cigarette with his leather shoe. Turning around, he glanced at the expensive branded watch on his wrist and emotionlessly said, "Director Chase, you seem to have forgotten about your pregnant wife. Why don't you go home and comfort your wife and your mother?" He headed toward the entrance of the mall, his voice suddenly turning cold and terrifying. "As for Myra... she is not a woman you can even dream about now."

Sean stared at Tony's back gradually disappearing into the distance and suddenly felt as if somebody had taken all the strength out of his body. He breathed heavily, clutching at his abdomen to hold himself together as overwhelming despair washed over his heart. I tricked Myra and even married Lyla. All of this... Unlike what Mr. Jones claimed, there is no saving our relationship... Myra and I are completely at odds with each other; we are drifting further and further away instead...

The phone in his pocket rang frantically again. Closing his eyes, he dug out his phone before opening his eyes again to glance at it. This time, the call

came from his mother. He pressed the button to accept the call with a tired expression, and a weeping voice immediately sounded through the phone. “I can’t continue living like this! Sean, come back quickly and take a good look at your wife! If you don’t want to live with me, you can tell me directly. I will move out immediately. Why do I have to be humiliated by your wife in this manner?! Sob, sob...”

Sean clenched his phone tightly, a wave of overwhelming exhaustion sweeping over him.

Myra pushed a small shopping cart and wandered around the food corner of the supermarket, randomly grabbing whatever caught her eye. She also got some of the junk food that Estelle liked. When Tony called her, she had just arrived at the seafood corner.

“Where are you?”

“Seafood corner. Look at the signs above your head; there are directions.” She was fairly certain that he wasn’t the type of person that needed to go shopping for groceries. Worried that he couldn’t find her, she explained the directions to him.

“Wait right there,” Tony said before hanging up. Therefore, Myra decided to look at the live fish next to her. She could tell that Tony liked eating fish. I think Old Master Hart likes eating fish too.

While asking the supermarket staff to process the fish she had chosen, she suddenly noticed a familiar white figure passing by not too far away. Stunned, she turned around and looked in the direction the white figure had walked in. That person’s figure was voluptuous. As that person was standing with their side profile facing her, she could not see that person’s face from the front. Even so, she intuitively knew who that person was. Still, what surprised her more was the slight bump on that person’s stomach and the flat shoes that person was wearing.

“Miss, your fish has been cleaned. Here.”

She smiled and thanked the staff. Then, she took the plastic bag that was handed to her and placed it in the small shopping cart. Although she was surprised to see that person just now, it had nothing to do with her anymore. Thus, she stood in place, wondering if she should call Tony.

All of a sudden, a hand covered her eyes while another hand wrapped around her waist tightly, pulling her backward until she was pressed against a person's chest. Before she could react to what was going on, she felt a kiss on her neck—somebody was sucking deeply against her neck. She had been frightened at first and was about to open her mouth to scream. However, she caught a whiff of the familiar scent coming from the person behind her. Feeling both shy and angry, she couldn't help reaching out to grab the hand that was covering her eyes. After that, she turned around and glared at the man dressed in a suit and leather shoes. "What are you doing?! We are at the supermarket!"

Whenever Myra felt embarrassed, her delicate skin would flush red. Tony studied the hickey he left on her neck and smiled evilly before glancing at the small shopping cart she was pushing. "Are you done?"

"Nope." She pushed the small shopping cart along. However, the man took it from her naturally. He pushed the shopping cart with one hand and held her waist with the other. Even though she tried to shove him away, he simply ignored her. In the end, she gave in to him and glanced at the items in the shopping cart. "I don't know what you like, so I just got some random stuff. I also bought some junk food just in case Estelle drops by."

Upon hearing that she had prepared some junk food for Estelle, he swept a glance over the few colorful packs of junk food in the shopping cart without saying anything. Along the way, he grabbed many things and threw them into the shopping cart. With every item that he placed into the shopping cart, he would say, "I like this."

Soon, the shopping cart was so full that nothing else could fit in it. She was just about to say that they ought to get another shopping cart or a basket when he casually picked up the few packs of junk food she had chosen for Estelle and threw them back onto the shelf. "Why are you going through so much trouble for her? Ask her to bring her own the next time she comes over."

She didn't know whether to laugh or cry at his actions. No wonder he places those packs of junk food at the top every time he throws something into the shopping cart and says that he's worried they might get crushed. He just doesn't want to buy any of the food I chose for Estelle!

"Tony, are you jealous of Estelle?" Myra glanced sideways at him.

Tony narrowed his eyes and gradually released his hold around her waist. He faintly said, "Put back some of the things I like. We'll get what she likes instead." He deliberately emphasized the word 'the things I like', making himself sound extremely aggrieved yet magnanimous and unperturbed.

Standing before Love Chapter 188

Myra felt something warm budding in her heart. Reaching out, she grabbed his hand that was pretending to take stuff out of the small shopping cart and interlaced her fingers with his. Then, she softly said, "I'll just order them online for her. You don't need to put any of the stuff you like back."

Tony lifted his eyebrow at her and wryly said, "That's not good, is it?"

Looking at his insincere and sanctimonious attitude, she squeezed his fingers hard. I've never seen a more shameless man than this guy. At the same time, she exasperatedly said, "It doesn't matter. We bought enough today anyway."

Only then did he seem satisfied. He twisted his hand out of her grip to hold her hand instead while pushing the shopping cart along as he continued onward. She watched as the corners of his mouth lifted into the faintest smile. It was hard for her to imagine his cold and indifferent appearance, and her heart softened even more.

Finally, they pushed the shopping cart over to the cashier to check out their items. He had always been an impatient man. Fortunately, not many people were at the cashier at the moment. Therefore, they didn't need to wait for long before their turn came.

Behind them stood another couple that seemed to be university students. The couple was in the honeymoon phase of their relationship. Even during such a short wait in line, they had already exchanged kisses at least three times.

Myra inadvertently glanced backward before turning forward again uncomfortably. She normally wasn't bothered by stuff like this. It was probably because Tony was standing next to her right now that she felt embarrassed to witness such an intimate scene.

Tony glanced at her blushing cheeks. He seemed to notice something out of the corner of his eye. Narrowing his eyes dangerously, he leaned close to her ears and whispered, "Myra, let's make a bet."

“Huh?” Her ear felt ticklish. Turning her head, her pink and tender lips happened to brush against his thin lips. The touch of softness that brushed across their lips seemed driven by an electric current that made his eyes darken immediately. When she saw his expression, she hurriedly moved away from him. She uncomfortably asked in a low voice, “What kind of bet?”

“You will suddenly call out my name while we are settling the bill later.” A trace of displeasure swept across his eyes when he saw her distancing herself from him. Thus, he pulled her back into his arms.

That posture happened to put her in a position where she could see the ambiguous gaze of the couple behind them. Hence, her face flushed redder than before. She speechlessly stood primly in his arms and glared at him. “Stop fooling around.”

“Will you accept the bet?” The man didn’t seem to notice the strange looks they were receiving from their surroundings; he was staring straight into her eyes.

She suddenly realized that bringing this shameless man to the supermarket with her was a huge mistake. Looking into his sudden scorching gaze, she felt her scalp tingling. “Sure; sure,” she perfunctorily replied while hastily pushing the man away.

This time around, he did not pull her back into his arms again. He simply whispered next to her, “If I win, we’ll go to my place today. Okay?”

She stiffened and glanced at him a little suspiciously. “Aren’t we living next to each other? Is there a difference?”

At the same time, a faint blush crept over her face. She had been sweating bullets, thinking that he was going to say something utterly shocking. Thus, she breathed a sigh of relief at his words.

Brushing her hair aside, he murmured, “Not your apartment; the place I used to live in.”

“Oh.” Is he talking about the apartment he used to live in? To be honest, it doesn’t matter where we go. I’ve already promised to spend the entire afternoon with him. It’s enough as long as there’s a kitchen to cook in. Thus, she nodded after briefly considering it. “Okay.”

A faint chill appeared at the corner of Tony's lips, but Myra failed to notice it. She didn't pay any attention to the words he said just now. Even if they had not made the bet, she would have gone there with him since he mentioned it. Unfortunately, she had forgotten about his temperament.

As she was paying, he handed a gold VIP card directly to the lady cashier. "Use this card."

She wasn't bothered by these details. When she saw the card being handed over, she immediately kept her purse. She was just about to pack up the things that had been scanned when she suddenly saw him casually grabbing a box of Okamoto Ultra-Thin Condoms that were placed next to the counter. He handed it to the lady cashier calmly. "Add this in too."

Her face immediately turned beet-red. Lowering her head, she pretended that she had not seen anything. However, his soft voice sounded next to her ear. "Would you prefer the strawberry flavored ones or the peach flavored ones?"

"Tony Hart!" Sure enough, Myra shouted out Tony's name. Seeing the slight curve of his lips, she swore to herself, Next time, I am never bringing him to the supermarket with me again. I will also never visit this supermarket ever again...

Upon exiting the supermarket, it was Tony's turn to drive. Myra was currently fuming due to his shameless behavior at the supermarket just now. Therefore, she ignored him the entire journey. As a result, he occasionally looked away from the road to glance at the woman next to him. Raising his long and slanted eyebrows slightly, he asked, "Are you mad at me?"

She pursed her lips and turned her gaze to the scenery outside the window. He chuckled softly and did not say anything else. Not long after that, his phone started ringing.

Eyeing the woman that was still looking out the window, he smiled faintly and offhandedly mentioned, "It might be from Elliot or Leo. It's nothing important. Besides, I can't answer my phone right now since I'm driving."

Although he claimed that it wasn't important, most of the calls from those people were about important company matters. Although she remained looking out the window, her body stiffened slightly at his words. His thin lips curved into a deeper arc in response. The ringing of his phone soon stopped. However, it soon started ringing again.

Myra felt as if a cat was clawing at her heart. In the end, she caved in. Turning around, she glared at the man that was driving while answering his phone on his behalf. An impatient but pleasant female voice sounded through the phone almost as soon as the call connected.

“Hey, Tony! I called you so many times. Why do you never answer—” The voice was filled with resentment and longing; it was also overflowing with affection. It felt like a punch in Myra’s gut. Feeling somewhat stunned, she failed to recover from her shock for a moment.

“Hey, why aren’t you saying anything? Are you driving? Or, are you in a meeting?” The woman on the other side of the phone asked.

Myra glanced at the man that was focused on driving. His side profile was coldly handsome with a hint of trustworthiness. Noticing her look, he raised his eyebrow at her as if to ask her what was wrong.

She paused before speaking into the phone. “He is driving right now. Can I help you pass a message to him?”

The other party immediately fell silent. After that, the voice became rather haughty. “Are you his new assistant?”

“No.”

“Then, who are you?! Why do you have Tony’s phone?!” The female voice on the other side of the phone became shriller and shriller.

Myra was just about to reply when the other party abruptly ended the call.

“What’s wrong? Who was it?” Tony saw that Myra seemed taken aback, so he glanced at his phone.

Only then did she lower her head to glance at the Caller ID—it was an unregistered number. She shook her head in response. “I don’t know who it was either. It was a woman who seemed to be looking for you. When she heard me answering your phone, she hung up on me.”

Myra bit her lip. It would be a lie to say that she wasn’t bothered by the call. That woman’s voice sounded so arrogant. Moreover, she addressed Tony in such an intimate manner. However, Myra simply could not figure out who it was.

Seeing that her complexion wasn't too good, a faint trace of amusement appeared in his eyes. He reached out his right hand and held her left hand. "Why do you look so moody all of a sudden? Was she rude to you?"

She did not answer his question. Instead, she looked at him. "Tony, did you have a lot of girlfriends in the past?"

Those words came out sounding so bitter that the man next to her could hear the jealousy oozing from them. Tony was taken aback for a moment before he laughed softly.

When Myra saw Tony laughing softly, a touch of shame colored her cheeks. In the past, she had heard from Elliot that he never had a girlfriend before. But, how is that possible? Besides, his skillful techniques and inexhaustible energy made her believe that their lovemaking the other day was not his first time. How could a businessman in his thirties never have had a girlfriend before? Therefore, she subconsciously assumed that woman was one of his past girlfriends from the way she spoke just now. Mulling over it, she felt a little uncomfortable about it, especially since that woman actually dared to call.

Standing before Love Chapter 189

Not long after, the car arrived at a small residential area and stopped in front of a villa located in the deepest part of the area. The villa was not very large, but it was very exquisite. There was a small garden inside; various flowers and plants also trailed down from the second-floor balcony. There were white tiles, red brick walls, wooden fences, and even a small pond inside the garden. Beside the pond stood a cherry tree, giving the entire garden an idyllic feeling.

A caretaker stood outside the villa. When he saw Tony's car, he hurriedly came forward to take the keys from Tony and opened the garage door on the first floor. Upon returning the keys, he heard Tony's indifferent voice saying, "Close the garage door behind you."

The caretaker seemed taken aback for a moment. However, he quickly nodded in response and left, not forgetting to close the garage door behind him.

When Myra heard what Tony said to the caretaker, she immediately became vigilant and wanted to get out of the car. Unfortunately, his long and slender

hand was faster than hers. At the same time, the car locked with a 'click' and she found herself caught by the scorching hands of the man next to her.

Her sports car was not spacious. Even if he leaned his seat back, she felt uncomfortable lying on his body. However, it was hard for her to ignore his intentions when his burning gaze was staring right at her.

"Tony, we haven't had lunch yet—" She helplessly glanced down at the man's nether region. In such a short time, she could already feel the changes occurring on his lower body. I seriously hate how energetic he is. Then, she suddenly recalled that she had yet to receive an answer to her question that came up during the car ride. She instantly lost all interest and wanted to get up, but the man caught her by the waist and pressed her closer to his body.

"Didn't you promise to spend the afternoon with me?" The man's low and hoarse voice sounded in her ears.

His warm breath tickled the area around her ear. Her body stiffened slightly in response, and her face burned crimson all of a sudden. "Yes, but not the way that you have in mind!" This man!

He laughed softly, and his laughter was bewitching. "Then, why don't you tell me... what 'way' do I have in mind?"

His hand was already reaching toward the hem of her blouse and sliding up her slim waist... Her face flushed with blood. Biting her lip and turning her head away, she decided not to say another word.

Seeing that she seemed to be in a bad mood, he raised his eyebrows at her and kissed her on the forehead. Then, he hugged her tighter as if he was trying to merge her body with his. When he saw that she was not responding to his advances even after a long time passed, he helplessly kissed her on the lips and said in a hoarse voice, "I've never had any girlfriends before. And now, you are my only one."

"Hmph." She turned her head to glare at him. "You're just saying that to comfort me." Studying the eyes of the man that was dark with desire at that moment, she bit her lip. "It's impossible that you've never had a girlfriend before..."

"Why is it impossible?" His voice was incredibly hoarse. All of a sudden, he grabbed her right hand with his left and led it toward his crotch. "In the

beginning, I was immersed in my career. After that, I got older and wasn't bothered anymore. I won't have a reaction here if it isn't the right person for me."

She could feel the hard and hot sensation of his member under her fingers. She didn't know whether it was what he said to her or his shameless behavior that made her face flush crimson. At the same time, her body became slightly limp.

"That woman that called you today—" Myra started speaking when she abruptly realized that the woman's voice she heard today sounded rather familiar. I think I heard it not too long ago... Then, the realization hit her. I remember now; that voice... Isn't that the woman I heard through the phone when I was on a call with Tony during his business trip to the United States? That woman was called... Gemma Walton. That's right; it's her! She felt humiliated and annoyed. Doesn't that mean I was feeling jealous for no reason?

Tony watched as the expression of the woman in front of him changed again and again. The desire in his eyes burned stronger, and his thin lips covered hers fiercely. "I like seeing you jealous."

Tony's voice sounded even deeper than usual in the silence that was occasionally broken by Myra's moans. Myra felt an uncomfortable feeling expanding in her lower body. After that, her head went blank with confusion, and she couldn't think about anything else anymore...

Outside the villa, a black Lamborghini was quietly parked in the sun. However, the heat could not be felt at all. A red sports car silently approached and stopped next to it. Kris quickly got out of the car and looked at the man inside the sports car next to her, a flash of surprise flitting through her eyes. Walking over to the car door amorously, she knocked on Sean's car window.

The car window rolled down to reveal a cold but handsome face.

Seeing that it was indeed Sean, Kris couldn't help glancing at the villa beside her. She knew that Tony owned that villa. Moreover, somebody had informed her that Tony had parked his car here today. More importantly, Myra was with him too. Myra is inside. Is Sean here for Tony? Or, is he here for Myra? He's probably here for Myra.

Kris knew that Sean and Myra were divorced. Seeing how he was behaving, she secretly felt jealous of Myra for having men hanging all over her. I wonder what kind of spell Sean is under. Despite divorcing Myra, he still seems reluctant to let her go.

“Director Chase, what a coincidence. I can’t believe we ran into each other here.”

She had a good impression of Sean back then. It was a pity that the man was utterly disinterested in her at the time. Since she didn’t want to be given the cold shoulder, she had not bothered approaching him. Besides, she honestly couldn’t care less for the Chase Group’s situation at the time. Rather, one couldn’t find any other wealthy young mistress in Bradford University that was as stupid as Myra, who would be interested in Sean.

Still, not being interested in him doesn’t mean I didn’t have a good impression of him. Kris was the type of woman that especially liked having all the men’s attention on her. She enjoyed the feeling of being in the spotlight. Therefore, she couldn’t help showcasing her charm in front of this handsome man even though she couldn’t care less about him.

However, Sean simply glanced at her indifferently before frowning and rolling the window up again. After that, the sports car quickly turned around and left swiftly.

She was rendered speechless. It was bad enough that Tony had ignored her. She did not expect to be ignored by Sean too. Thus, her expression turned ugly instantly.

“He is nothing but a divorced man. Did he think I was actually interested in him?” She angrily spat out those words before heading toward the villa next to her.

Just as she reached the gates of the villa, a black Rolls-Royce Phantom swiftly stopped in front of the gate. She narrowed her eyes slightly at the sight of the car.

Soon, the door of the car opened and an old man came out of the car. The old man looked to be in his eighties, but he still seemed to be very vigorous. His stern face was expressionless, and the beard on his chin shook slightly. He clasped his hands behind his back, looking energetic and serious.

After the old man got out of the car, he waved dismissively at the driver inside the car. Then, the driver immediately started the engine and drove away. Meanwhile, the old man stepped forward and pressed the doorbell in front of the gate. Nobody inside came to answer the door. Frowning, the old man pursed his lips and consecutively pressed the doorbell thrice. Unfortunately, the response was the same—nobody came to answer the door.

Kris felt her heart rate increasing. She was certain that this man was Sebastian Hart, the one who currently wielded authority over the Hart Family; he was a renowned businessman in Bradford City back in his time. In other words, he was none other than Tony's grandfather!

The words her father had told her immediately surfaced in her mind; he claimed that the two elders of the Hart Family were fond of well-behaved girls. She originally wanted to go and visit those two elders today. However, she couldn't sit still after receiving news about Tony and rushed over here instead.

"Excuse me, sir..." Kris swiftly formulated the words in her mind while putting on a sensible and considerate act. "Are you here to see Director Hart too?"

Standing before Love Chapter 190

Kris was way more intelligent than Sasha. She pretended not to know who Sebastian was at the start so that she could take her time and create a good impression on him. Although this trick might work on ordinary old men, Sebastian had seen all sorts of tricks in his life. Therefore, he simply glanced at her indifferently before turning back to continue ringing the doorbell.

She couldn't help feeling somewhat humiliated when she saw that he was ignoring her. She was about to say something. At that moment, he muttered under his breath after being ignored despite ringing the doorbell several times, "Strange; what is going on? I clearly saw them heading here. Why is nobody answering the door? Could it be that they didn't come here?"

He had left the clubhouse out of boredom today. Thus, he asked his driver to turn the car around and head to the mall instead. He suddenly had a craving for fish, especially the steamed fish Myra made the other day. As soon as his car entered the underground parking lot, he immediately caught sight of a white sports car. Isn't that my little grandson and Myra standing behind that car?! They are carrying several bags of ingredients. It looks like they are going home to prepare lunch.

After seeing the car drive away, he hurriedly asked his driver to secretly follow them. From the route they were taking, they seemed to be heading toward his grandson's villa. Thus, he asked his driver to slow down and stop by the side of the road for a while before heading over again. He was worried that his grandson might notice him. Besides, he knew the direction to the villa. Unexpectedly, nobody came to answer the door even though he got out of the car and rang the doorbell repeatedly.

When Kris heard Sebastian talking to himself, she hurriedly said, "Director Hart is here. You didn't come to the wrong place."

Sebastian finally couldn't ignore the woman next to him any longer. Frowning, he asked, "Who are you?"

Seeing that the old man was finally talking to her, she hastily showed him an adorable smile. "My name is Kris Stark. I am Myra's younger sister."

"Myra has a younger sister? Why haven't I heard her mention you before?" he quietly asked. To be honest, he was aware of who she was. He had thoroughly investigated Myra's entire family, all the way back until her ancestors, a long time ago. Naturally, he also knew about the relationship between Myra and Kris. Still, both the grandfather and grandson duo were protective of Myra. Therefore, he did not show any kindness to the woman in front of him.

She looked a little embarrassed. Clasping her hands in front of her nervously, she revealed an uneasy expression. "Sis left the house a long time ago, she..." She glanced at him quickly before lowering her head again with a troubled expression. "I don't think she likes me very much. So, she might not have mentioned me to other people before..."

"Oh. I get that you are Myra's sister, but why are you looking for my grandson?" He was clearly not easily fooled by simple tricks.

Her heart rate accelerated slightly. Even so, she forced herself to speak calmly. "The Stark Group is hoping to cooperate with the Hart Group on the Elsinore Garden Project. I am the person in charge of the Elsinore Garden Project. I came here to meet Director Hart because I have some urgent issues to discuss with him." Of course, that's not the actual reason. But, this is the only answer I can give this old man right now!

After listening to her explanation, his brilliant eyes narrowed slightly and the corners of his mouth twitched. “You’re really hardworking and proactive, Miss Stark, to still be thinking about work on the weekends.”

She felt a little displeased upon hearing the distant manner in which he was addressing her. He calls Myra ‘Myra’, but he calls me ‘Miss Stark’. As expected, Myra has already sunk her claws into the elders of the Hart Family! Damn it! I’m one step too late! Forcing a pure and innocent smile on her face, she said, “I simply wanted to share some of the burdens my father is carrying. My father is getting older. I don’t want him to work so hard anymore.”

“That’s very filial of you,” he dryly replied. Then, he turned away and continued ringing the doorbell. He was making it clear that he did not wish to continue talking to her.

Although Kris felt a little annoyed inside, she knew that she couldn’t rush things with the elders of the Hart Family. Thus, she quietly stood by the side. In any case, Sebastian had not asked her to leave. And, her reason to be here was a legitimate one. Even if she couldn’t attract Tony’s attention as per her original plan, it wasn’t a bad outcome since she met with Sebastian and created a better impression of herself on him instead.

However, the two of them had not expected that their wait would last for half an hour. Adding to the fact that Sebastian had asked his driver to wait by the side of the road for more than 20 minutes earlier, he had practically been waiting for almost an hour now.

Myra was suffering from leg cramps. For that reason, Tony had no choice but to end things early. She pinched the waist of the man in front of her furiously. Unfortunately, his firm and hard muscles only made her hand hurt. Thus, she glared at the man in front of her with all her might.

Meanwhile, Tony was feeling very tolerant now that he had satisfied himself once. Hugging her, he massaged her calf for her. Although the pressure he used with his massage wasn’t perfect, her leg felt much better. Thus, she moaned slightly from the pleasure. Listening to her sexy voice after doing the deed, his eyes darkened slightly again. His hand that was massaging her calf slowly slid upward. Just as he was about to succeed, he was stopped by a delicate little hand. Her eyes were full of grievances. “My leg hurts...”

His hand immediately stopped mid-motion. He kissed her on the lips before carefully placing her back in the passenger seat and saying in a hoarse voice, "I'll carry you up. You should soak in a hot bath for a bit."

She hurriedly nodded in agreement, for fear that he might suddenly change his mind. When he got out of the car, cool air immediately rushed into the car the moment the car door was opened. As their passion gradually ebbed, they slowly calmed down. At that moment, they heard the faint ringing of the doorbell.

The doorbell had been installed in the villa, so the sound was very faint in the garage. Moreover, the two of them had been caught in the throes of passion just now; they were too busy to hear anything. Myra indicated to Tony to go and check who was ringing the doorbell. After tidying up slightly, Tony opened the garage door and walked outside.

Sebastian saw it clearly—Tony had walked out of the garage just now. In the last half an hour, his grandson had been in the garage all along! As Tony got closer, Sebastian noticed several red marks on his grandson's neck. It was very noticeable!

"You little b*stard!" Once Tony approached, Sebastian could no longer stop his rage from erupting. "I rang the doorbell for so long! Are you deaf?! What were you doing sneaking around inside the garage?! Why didn't you come out to open the door?!"

Tony had seen the old man that was standing outside the gate as soon as he exited the garage. He squinted slightly in response. After doing the deed, he had a lazy and sexy vibe around him, which made Kris, who was acting like she was invisible by the side, more attracted to him than ever.

"Why are you yelling?" He walked over without any expression on his face. He was also in no hurry to open the door as he calmly explained, "I was busy making you some great-grandchildren."

Sebastian's expression flushed red instantly—he immediately understood the meaning behind Tony's words.

"You little b*stard! Don't you know shame?!" His tone became stricter. However, it had no effect on Tony. Tony simply raised an eyebrow. "If you don't want great-grandchildren, just let me know. I'll be more careful in the future."

“Who said I don’t want great-grandchildren?!” After being silenced for a long time, Sebastian finally choked out that sentence. He glared balefully at his grandson standing in front of him. The problem is that I can’t wait to have great-grandchildren! Seeing that the man in front of him had no intention of opening the gate, he forced himself to calm down and spoke to Tony in a commanding tone. “Open the gate.”

“Why did you come here at noon?” Unfortunately, Tony was not an obedient grandson.

Sebastian had been waiting for nearly an hour now. During that period, the flames of his rage had erupted, died out, and rekindled again. Moreover, this process had repeated itself time and time again. He only waited this long because he wanted to eat the food Myra cooked herself. Pursing his lips, he glared at Tony. “Coming over during noon, what else can I come for other than to have lunch with you?!”

“Oh. We’ve already had lunch. If you want to drop by for lunch in the future, let us know in advance.” Tony folded his arms across his chest and raised his eyebrow.

“Don’t you dare lie to me! I saw you coming back after shopping at the supermarket. You never even left the garage; how could you have eaten lunch already?!” Sebastian was about to start preaching again as soon as he recalled that the two had been fooling around in the car ever since their return.