

## Standing before Love Chapter 19

Myra snuggled closer into the embrace and found another comfortable position. Finally, she sank into a deep sleep again.

Philip was witnessing the scene in front of him—the man among their group of friends who was most uninterested in women was now hugging a woman gently.

If he did not see this with his own eyes, he would have thought he had entered another fantasy.

“Tony, I’m going to give an injection to this lady.”

Philip gulped and waved the injection syringe that was filled with medicine in front of him. However, Tony’s face darkened immediately.

“She’s having a fever. This is the quickest way to let her fever go down.”

Philip did not dare to wave the syringe around anymore. He merely touched his nose as he explained it to Tony innocently.

I’m just giving her an injection! I’m not going to hurt her!

Seeing the way he hugs her preciously, it seems as though he will kill me off if I dare to hurt the woman in his arms.

Tony gently pulled Myra slightly further from his arms and nodded at Philip, an indication for him to quickly give her the injection.

After the needle poked into her skin, Tony’s thin lips pressed into a hard line when Myra stiffened in his arms.

A deadly atmosphere spread in the bedroom.

Philip was so nervous that cold sweat had dampened his back entirely. After giving Myra the shot and giving Tony some further instructions, Philip quickly packed his stuff and escaped from the apartment.

As soon as he got out of the apartment, he took out his phone and sent a picture he secretly took of the both of them into a group chat on Messenger that consisted of their friends.

Sure enough, as soon as he sent the pictures, even those who seldom said anything were all sending messages.

‘Wow! Is this the woman Tony has a crush on?’ Elliot typed, to which Philip replied, ‘Most probably. He treasures her so much that he almost sentenced me to death when I was giving her an injection.’

Elliot then sent another message. ‘This is so shocking! Quickly send a complete picture of her!’

Lucas chimed in, ‘I bet he doesn’t have the guts to take a picture of her face. But Miss Stark does look familiar...’

Philip also felt that she was familiar-looking but he simply could not place her. After putting his phone away, he shot one last look at Tony’s apartment before leaving as he shook his head.

In the bedroom, Tony chuckled hoarsely when he lowered his head to look at Myra, who would only snuggle closer to him when she was unconscious.

Initially, he thought two years would be enough to forget her. Unexpectedly, as soon as he returned, he still fell for her. In fact, she was most probably the reason for his return.

His eyes dimmed as he was not content with hugging her only. Just now, when she was fumbling around his pockets for the keys to his unit, or even earlier when she fell on him and kissed him accidentally, he could barely hold himself back.

Tony lowered his head and looked at her affectionately. Then, he merely kissed her gently on her forehead as he muttered in a low voice, “I won’t let you leave me this time.”

The next day when Myra woke up, she had no idea what was going on.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she saw an unfamiliar ceiling.

A huge crystal chandelier hung from the ceiling in the middle of the room; it had a vintage style that was different from the one in hers.

The bed is quite soft and the surroundings...

She turned around and saw the arrangement of the room that was clean and completely unfeminine.

As memories slowly returned to her, her eyes narrowed and she immediately sat up on the bed.

As it was too sudden, her mind suddenly became blank. It was only after she steadied herself for a while that the dizziness faded.

This is... not my room.

After I sent Tony back to his apartment, didn't I leave?

Myra was shocked to find out about this. Just as she tore the blanket from her body, she saw herself wearing a set of unfamiliar pajamas. The suit dress that she wore last night was nowhere to be seen.

Her mind seemed to have exploded and she was dumbfounded.

At this moment, the door was opened by an old lady in her fifties who walked into the room.

When she saw that Myra was awake, she heaved a sigh of relief and placed a set of clothes beside her tidily. "Miss Stark, you are finally awake. I'm Mr. Tony's maid, Mrs. Somerfields. Last night you had a fever, so Mr. Tony asked me to take care of you. Here are your clothes."

Myra was still stunned at this occurrence. She pointed at the pajamas she was wearing and stuttered, "T-This pajamas that I'm wearing..."