

## Standing before Love Chapter 191

My little grandson has always been rebellious and undisciplined. I shouldn't have sent him to the United States back then. All he did there was learn a bunch of bad habits! It's still broad daylight outside, how can he be so depraved?! Sebastian's aged face turned even redder. He also became angrier. "If you don't open the door, I will call Myra instead! She will surely open the door for me!"

He acted as if he was going to call Myra with the phone in his hand. In reality, he was only friends with her on Facebook. He did not have her phone number. He had messaged her on Messenger, but she had yet to reply to him. He also called Tony's number just now, but Tony's phone had been turned off. If Kris had not mentioned that she saw Myra and Tony heading inside, I would have left a long time ago!

At the mention of Myra's name, Tony narrowed his eyes slightly. Meanwhile, Sebastian stared straight into Tony's eyes. Their gazes collided and clashed like a lightning storm. After a long while, Tony stuck one hand into his pocket and looked at the stubborn old man in front of him with a fake smile. "Just this once; I'm returning the favor I owe you for Hillville."

This f\*cking b\*stard! Sebastian uttered a string of expletives in his heart. How can he say that he is returning the favor involving tens of billions just by inviting me in for lunch with that unwilling expression of his?! Even an earthworm is better than this f\*cking ungrateful grandson! Cursing non-stop in his head, he was tempted to perform a shoulder throw on the man standing in front of him. He is practically begging for a beating. Even so, he resisted the temptation. He coldly and mockingly looked at the man that was opening the gate. "I'm surprised you still remember the help I gave you for Hillville. Should I be grateful that you're willing to let me in and benevolently give me a free lunch?"

"Quickly eat and go home," Tony coldly added.

Sebastian suddenly thought to himself, it's such a miracle that I managed to live until I'm 80! He walked inside, feeling down. At the same time, he was thinking about how to punish this unfilial grandson of his!

The gate only allowed Sebastian to pass through before closing again without further ado. Kris had been pretending to follow Sebastian inside as if it was

only natural for her to do so. Thus, her expression changed slightly when the gate closed. Despite that, she forced a kind smile on her face. “Director Hart, I came here to discuss the Elsinore Garden Project with you. And...”

A trace of hatred flashed across her eyes. She had understood the situation from the conversation between Tony and Sebastian just now. Not only did Sebastian know that Myra was Tony’s girlfriend, but he seemed to hold a favorable impression toward Myra. That clearly indicated one thing—Tony was serious about Myra and it wasn’t just a fling. When such a dangerous signal flashed through her head, she immediately panicked. Even so, she wasn’t one to give up so easily as long as she still had a chance!

“Visit Sis while I’m at it.” After considering all sorts of scenarios, she decided that she could adapt to the situation and react as she saw fit as long as she managed to follow them inside.

“You can look at her from here.” Tony didn’t even bother to look at her as he turned and headed inside.

Behind him, Kris’ expression turned livid. ‘Myra’... He is addressing her in such an affectionate manner! The rage that filled her heart expanded like a balloon filled with hydrogen gas—just a little bit more and the balloon would explode. She tightly clenched her hands that were hanging by her sides into fists.

Ever since she received her father’s approval, she immediately made plans to pursue Tony romantically. On another note, the Hart Group had announced their acquisition of Hillville today and were aggressively hyping it up. As far as anybody was concerned, Myra, who held a 40% stake in Hillville, was immeasurably valuable right now! I can’t believe Myra managed to score such luck! I’m pretty certain Sean’s appearance just now wasn’t because of anybody—it was because of Hillville! What about Tony? Is he doing this for Hillville? Or, does he actually have feelings for Myra?

The sense of crisis grew stronger and stronger. Myra has been suppressing me ever since her divorce from Sean. She no longer runs away from her problems like how she used to. She also learned how to fight back with what she has. Didn’t she return to the Stark Group for the sake of taking back the company? Will Tony help her?! For a moment, the fear made Kris feel as if she had fallen into a freezing abyss.

Sebastian's expression was very grim. When he arrived at the garage, he naturally stood in place and did not venture further inside. Meanwhile, Tony walked past him and entered the garage.

Myra had heard the conversation outside clearly. As her legs had been stiff just now, she couldn't get out of the car. Now that she finally recovered from the cramps, she wanted to get out of the car. However, she suddenly found herself in a clean and faintly minty embrace.

Lifting her head, she came face-to-face with Tony's chin, which had a faint shade of stubble on it. Then, she suddenly bit his chin viciously. Her eyes were full of rage. "Are you satisfied now, Tony Hart?!" I've never met such a shameless person in my life! Old Master Hart wants to have lunch with us today! How am I supposed to face him now?! Besides, he also saw the box that Estelle posted to me back at my apartment the other day... She felt like dying suddenly. Everybody else has best friends and boyfriends that support them. Why do I only get ones that sabotage me?!

"Satisfied? Do you think I'll be satisfied with just that?" Tony countered, narrowing his eyes and looking at her instead.

Her face turned redder than Sebastian's. She was so furious that she couldn't get the words out.

He nonchalantly added, "Still, Grandpa is pretty satisfied. If you can produce a great-grandchild for him right away, he will be even more satisfied."

"Tony! Hart!" She pinched him hard. Unfortunately, she couldn't pinch his firm muscles and only hurt her hand instead. Still, she quickly buried her head in the man's chest again—they had already left the garage.

Following that, she heard Sebastian scoffing loudly. The blush crept from her face down to her neck. Despite that, she endured the embarrassment, lifted her head, and uncomfortably called out, "Old Master Hart..."

"Hmph!" Sebastian turned his head away and walked toward the villa. However, he was stopped by Tony's words. "The ingredients are in the trunk of the car. If you want to eat lunch, bring them in yourself." After saying that, Tony brushed past Sebastian and strode forward.

Sebastian stood motionless, his expression flashing with various shades of fury. A long while later, he angrily went to the trunk of the car and brought out the two bags of stuff inside.

Meanwhile, Myra entered the villa and struggled to get down from Tony's arms. The villa wasn't large, so she quickly figured out where the rooms were on the ground floor and entered the bathroom. When she came out, she didn't spare a glance at Tony and headed straight into the kitchen.

Inside the kitchen, the contents of the two bags had been sorted and neatly placed into the refrigerator. Myra was studying the refrigerator in a daze when a head popped in from the outside. When Sebastian saw that Myra had seen him, he cleared his throat slightly, walked into the kitchen sternly, and glanced sideways at her. "For lunch, I want to eat steamed fish, sweet and sour pork, braised chicken with chestnuts—"

"We only have spinach." Before he could finish his sentence, he was interrupted by the man that had walked over. Tony glanced at Myra and dispassionately said, "Cook some rice and some spinach. We'll make do with that."

Sebastian immediately lost his temper. "Damn it! You know I don't eat spinach! You're doing this on purpose!"

"You can eat that or leave; I don't care." Tony's expression was aloof.

Seeing that the two men were about to start bickering again, Myra chased them out of the kitchen with a cranky expression.

Sebastian looked at the tightly closed door, the corners of his mouth trembling slightly as he glared at Tony. "Look at what terrible temper the woman you chose has!"

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"Admit it; you like this, don't you?" Tony pulled his lips into a grimace. He turned around and headed into the living room, leaving behind the angry old man.

"Only you like this! Your entire family likes it!" Sebastian finished speaking, only to realize that his statement included himself. Thus, his aged face was so furious that even more wrinkles appeared. Lisa is still the best. She doesn't

upset me like this. All of a sudden, he felt as if he had wasted an entire afternoon away when he could have had lunch with his wife instead. Why did I visit this stupid couple just to make myself angry? How stupid of me!

While Myra was busying herself in the kitchen, Tony settled some company affairs with his laptop in the living room while Sebastian pretended to read the newspaper next to him. One hour later, lunch was served.

Sebastian wasn't sure if it was done on purpose. However, all of his favorite dishes were placed in front of him. Meanwhile, Tony only had a plate of plain spinach in front of him.

Myra picked up her spoon and nonchalantly announced, "Lunch is served."

"Hahaha—" Sebastian laughed heartily when he saw the difference in treatment between him and his grandson. He finally felt the resentment building up in his chest for such a long time diminishing.

In contrast, Tony's expression was as dark as night. All of a sudden, he rudely slammed his spoon on the table with a loud 'thud'. Folding his arms across his chest, he pressed his thin lips together tightly.

Myra casually took a serving of spinach from the plate in front of him and nonchalantly asked, "What's wrong? Is there something wrong with the taste?" Pretending to taste it, she lifted an eyebrow at him. "It tastes fine."

Raising her eyebrow at him right now felt rather similar to what Tony usually did. Thus, it made Tony narrow his eyes at the sight.

"Don't mind him; don't mind him. Come, Myra. The fish you cooked looks great. I love it." Sebastian hurriedly invited Myra to eat with him.

"Thank you." She naturally felt happy when she was being praised. As a result, the awkward atmosphere from just now faded greatly. She was just about to help herself to the fish for a taste when she suddenly felt her body being lifted into the air. In the next moment, she was already in the scorching embrace of the man next to her.

"You b\*stard! What are you doing?!" The first to object was Sebastian.

Tony carried Myra in his arms and walked toward the staircase. He looked her straight in the eye and expressionlessly replied, "Making great-grandchildren!"

Upon hearing those words, Sebastian blushed beet red but closed his mouth and said nothing more.

“Tony Hart!” Myra was so furious that she wanted to kick the man in front of her.

“Go ahead; scream! Scream louder!” In just a few seconds, Tony had climbed to the top of the stairs and turned around to enter the bedroom. He immediately trapped the woman in his arms against the door. His stiff body pressed against her soft body tightly and seamlessly, and his actions were rough. It happened in the blink of an eye—Myra felt the heat of the man in front of her against her body. In the next moment, that man’s thin lips covered hers forcefully...

By the time a certain man had had his fill, Myra was completely exhausted. Tony had placed her on the King-sized bed and the pure black bedsheets surrounding her made her arm outside the blankets appear even fairer and more delicate. Toward the end, she was practically begging for him to stop making love to her. When he felt satisfied with her begging, he finally released her. By then, she was so tired that she couldn’t even keep her eyes open anymore.

A knock on the door sounded from the outside. Tony tucked Myra’s arm under the blanket and pulled her closer into his embrace before lightly saying, “Enter.”

Sebastian poked his head in through the door. Needless to say, he detected the smell of sex lingering in the air. Clearing his throat uncomfortably, he muttered, “Can you call my driver for me and ask him to pick me up? My phone ran out of battery.”

Tony frowned slightly. “Use the phone downstairs.”

Sebastian knew that he could have used the phone downstairs. However, he simply wanted to come and ascertain that the poor girl had not been devoured to the point where only her bones were left. When he saw the slight rise and fall of the bundle in his grandson’s arms, he guessed that Myra had fallen asleep. Only then did he feel relieved. Then, he glanced at his grandson reproachfully and softly scolded, “Don’t go overboard. If you scare her away, I’ll see what you’re going to do then!”

“Stop nagging.” A trace of impatience appeared on Tony’s face. “Close the door behind you.”

Sebastian choked on those words. He was just about to slam the door in a rage when he paused mid-motion and turned back again. “What are you planning to do with that thing outside?”

At that moment, Tony felt the body lying in his arms stiffen noticeably and he narrowed his eyes in response. It was obvious he knew who Sebastian was referring to by ‘that thing outside’. When he had Myra pressed against the railing in front of the floor-to-ceiling glass window just now, they had seen Kris standing outside the gates and refusing to leave. The glass was specially treated so that the people on the inside could look outside, but the people on the outside could not see anything inside. Despite the passionate atmosphere between them at the time, he had noticed an absent-minded look in Myra’s eyes at the sight of Kris.

“Ignore her.” He had always been indifferent toward women. Still, it was clear that Kris’ incessant pestering and harassment had left him feeling utterly repulsed, not to mention the pain she and Rachel had brought to Myra.

After Sebastian left, Tony slid his hand from Myra’s face to her delicate neck to the soft plumpness of her left bosom. Kneading her left bosom lightly, he planted a soft kiss on her forehead before nimbly getting up. He tucked the blanket around her, took her phone, and went downstairs.

Following Sebastian’s departure, the door of the villa opened again. This time around, Kris stood in the yard with a slightly emotional expression. Turning around to face the man that had opened the door and walked out, she seemed as if she didn’t know what to do for a moment. Her expression was extremely aggrieved. “Tony...”

She had hung around for nearly four hours now. She was unwilling to admit defeat and leave. At the same time, she felt furious that she couldn’t enter the villa and could only wait outside. When she saw Sebastian coming out, she had wanted to approach and talk to him. However, he clearly did not want to waste his time with her. He immediately got into his car and left. With her arrogant temperament, she would have flipped her hair and left immediately if it were the Kris from past times. For some reason, she didn’t dare to do that now. She was afraid she might lose her only chance if she left now.

Alas, this man is still unable to resist me. He is here to meet me. “Tony...” Kris called out to him again in a voice heavy with resentment and a glimmer of expectation.

Meanwhile, Tony stepped out into the garden but did not step forward to open the gate. He strode to the gate and stood motionless. Under her bright-eyed gaze, he took out a cigarette and lit it. He held the cigarette between the index finger and middle finger of his right hand with an unapproachable look and a languid posture. Then, he held a white phone in his left hand and dialed a number right in front of her.

The other party answered the call quickly with a deep baritone voice belonging to a man. “Myra, why are you calling me so suddenly?”

“President Stark, listen carefully to who I am.” Tony blew out a smoke ring, his eyes looking as deep and cold as ice.

Cameron was slightly taken aback. He seemed to have a faint recollection of this male voice. I spoke to this man recently. Moreover, it was during... Despite his surprise, he felt slightly hesitant too. “Director Hart?”

“You have a good memory, President Stark,” Tony replied with a fake smile.

When all was said and done, Cameron was a veteran in the business. He quickly composed himself and said, “Why is Myra’s phone with you, Director Hart...” His voice carried a questioning and doubtful tone to it.

Tony gave a low laugh. “Why don’t you take a guess, President Stark?” Although it was a laugh, his laughter held no warmth. Besides, something like that was easily understood even without guessing.

For a long time, Cameron looked at the busy traffic downstairs while various expressions flitted across his face. Finally, he managed to force a weak smile on his face. “Myra, that child... How could she keep this from us? It is her honor to be in a relationship with you, Director Hart. Why didn’t she tell us about it? Director Hart, Myra is a willful child. I hope you don’t blame her if she ever upsets you in the future.”

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“Heh...” Tony chuckled softly. Even Cameron could hear the deep ridicule hidden within the laughter. Cameron clenched the phone tightly in his hands and asked, “Director Hart, what... is the purpose of your call today?”

Tony flicked the ash off his cigarette and faintly replied, “Naturally, I’m here to give my future father-in-law a present. I heard that the Stark Group was trying to obtain the Elsinore Garden Project recently.”

As if he didn’t know in the first place. Cameron’s eyes gleamed. “Director Hart, are you—”

“I will hand over another 3% of the profits in the Elsinore Garden Project if you let Myra take the position of the Stark Group’s general manager and take charge of this project. What do you think?”

Without waiting for Cameron to express his opinion, Tony addressed the person on the other end of the phone as ‘father-in-law’. Then, he said something about handing over the profits to the Stark Group on the condition that Myra took the position as the general manager of the company. Listening to those words, Kris felt her pupils contracting abruptly in response. Even so, she didn’t dare to interrupt the conversation between the two men!

When Cameron heard Tony saying that he was willing to hand over the profits, his eyes narrowed considerably. Obtaining the Elsinore Garden Project was a great opportunity for the Stark Group—the profits from the project were enough to compare to the company’s profits for the next half of the year. If I can get another 3%... “It looks like Myra is deeply loved, Director Hart.” After weighing the pros and cons, he quickly came to a conclusion and laughed in delight. “Myra is a scrupulous child. I will feel at ease to leave the Elsinore Garden Project in her hands.”

Those words meant that the two of them had reached an agreement. Thus, Tony hung up without further ado.

“Tony...” Kris no longer addressed him as ‘Director Hart’. She looked shocked, her white teeth fiercely biting down on her lower lip. “Have you gotten the wrong idea about me? I didn’t mean to deceive you last time. However, I can’t explain the specifics to you. The Stark Group, Hillville, and the Ritz Carlton will indeed all be mine in the future. I know that the Hart

Group is hyping up Hillville right now. I'm sure Sis is not willing to hand it over to you. But, if I can obtain it, I will surely hand it over to you without hesitation!"

She now blamed the man's indifference toward her entirely on the last conversation they had outside the Zion Club that went nowhere in the end.

After Tony hung up the phone, he didn't even glance at the woman opposite him. He turned around, extinguished his burnt cigarette butt with his foot, and went back inside. The way he acted was as if he only wanted her to listen to the phone call that showcased just how much he loved Myra.

Kris felt a gradual feeling of helplessness washing over her limbs; it was a feeling she had never experienced before. Gnashing her teeth savagely, she was tempted to yell at the back of the man that was getting further and further away. All of a sudden, her phone began to ring. She answered the call, then her expression changed drastically upon listening to what the other party said through the phone. Eyeing the cold and indifferent back of that man again, she got into her sports car and left.

Myra had rested enough by the time Tony returned to the bedroom. She had seen the interaction between the man and the woman downstairs from the floor-to-ceiling window. She felt a little anxious at first—she didn't even notice that she breathed out a sigh of relief when Tony tossed his cigarette butt to the ground and walked back to the villa. When she saw him, she subconsciously turned over and faced her back to the man behind her.

Tony chuckled softly. Walking over, he took off his coat and got into bed. He brought a cool breeze with him as he got into bed. The moment he climbed into bed, he pulled the stiff woman into his embrace and forcefully planted a kiss on her forehead. "Are you angry?"

His voice was not as hard and cold as it had been when he had been talking to Kris. Moreover, the lines of his face had softened considerably too.

She struggled against him slightly. Then, she bit her lip again when she couldn't escape from his hold. In the next moment, she felt her body being flipped over. The lips that she was biting were also covered by the man's thin lips. He kissed her on the lips several times before lifting an eyebrow at her and smiling. "Don't you want to know who I called with your phone?"

"I don't care," she muttered softly.

In response, he laughed quietly again. When he laughed, his chest shook slightly. It made her feel rather embarrassed, so she buried her head under the covers. He let her do as she pleased and just hugged her tighter. "I called Cameron."

She was slightly taken aback by those words. Following that, she heard his voice again. "I threatened him. I told him I would not give him the Elsinore Garden Project if he didn't let you become the general manager."

Although those words sounded like a joke, her heart skipped a beat. She immediately lifted her head and came face-to-face with his vastly profound eyes. There was a playful smile in his eyes. Seeing that smile in his eyes made her face flush. Then, she took one of his hands to play with. "It feels like I'm being protected..."

Initially, she had not wanted to let Cameron know about her relationship with Tony despite knowing that she could not keep them in the dark for long. However, the way Tony revealed their relationship to Cameron clearly indicated that he was protecting her. Kris most likely understood that just now. Isn't that why she left in a huff? Contrary to her expectations, she felt pleased with the thought.

Seeing that she wasn't throwing a tantrum, he hugged her tighter. "That means I'm not putting in enough effort. Still, putting you into a cage seems like a pretty good idea."

"Tony Hart!" She gritted her teeth.

Meanwhile, he laughed comfortably. Lowering his head, he laughingly whispered in her ear, "Grandpa has left."

"I know." She felt gloomy. I embarrassed myself so many times in front of Old Master Hart today. It's all this man's fault!

"He also took that little thing we bought at the supermarket away with him." His voice was playful and sexy. Therefore, it was hard not to think about the small box that he was referring to. Her face flushed crimson at those words. She decided to burrow into the covers instead, but she was caught by the man and placed on top of his body. "Grandpa and Grandma are getting older. I believe we should go along with their wishes and make them happy."

If it were anybody else who had spoken those words, she might have found it touching. However, she couldn't detect a single hint of filial piety when he was the one to say those words. She looked at him slightly vigilantly. "What do you mean?"

Unfortunately, it was too late. Myra felt a fullness in her lower body. Then, the man in front of her covered her lips with his again. Tony murmured in between kisses, "Since Grandpa and Grandma want great-grandchildren so much, we should work harder to make their wish come true."

"Dad, I only need you to give me a little more time. Just a little more time! Tony will surely be mine! The Elsinore Garden Project too; I will do as you wish and bring you the profits that you want!"

An hour or so later, Kris barged into Cameron's office. On the way to the Stark Group, Cameron had given her a call. He asked her to take over for another project and hand over the management rights of the Elsinore Garden Project, which was carried out in cooperation with the Hart Group, to Myra.

"Kris, that's enough from you. I'm only asking you to give up on this project this time. You will have many other opportunities in the future." Cameron gently comforted his daughter and patted her on the shoulder.

"What about becoming the general manager of the Stark Group?! Didn't you say not too long ago that you will find a chance to hand that position over to me..." She bit her lip viciously. "Also, I poured my heart into the Elsinore Garden Project. Now, I have to hand it over to Sis?! Dad, that's not fair!"

"Fair or not, I'm not the one to decide." Cameron glanced at Kris meaningfully. "You actually knew that Tony was in a relationship with Myra, right? But, you didn't tell me about it. In the end, you caused all these incidents to happen."

Knew about it? That's true; I knew about it. But, if I had told you about it earlier, a man like you, who puts his own interests first, would have placed more importance on Myra even sooner.

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That's why I wanted to quickly wrap Tony around my finger. I did not expect him to be such a difficult man with such a weird state of mind. I can't figure him out at all!

“But, Myra is currently in charge of another project...” Kris refused to give up. She suddenly blurted out, “Besides, Dad, you know that Myra only returned to the Stark Group to retake the company shares from you. Making her the general manager... What if she gradually seizes power and takes control of the Stark Group?!”

Cameron’s expression turned grim, but the change was barely visible. He quickly turned around. “Kris, I know what you’re thinking. A man like Tony Hart won’t be satisfied with just one woman—he is well aware of the differences between women. Myra has been abandoned by the Stark Family for a long time. Meeting him was luck and making him reach out to help her was her ability. Still, this kind of ability will not last for long.” At this point, he paused with a rather mocking smile curling the corners of his lips. “This kind of ability... will probably fail once Hillville falls into his hands completely. But, you... If you want to stand beside him, you will need to learn patience first.”

“Dad, you’re just beating around the bush. At the end of the day, you still want to throw Myra into Tony’s bed!” Her expression was slightly distorted. She took a deep breath, preventing her lungs from exploding out of rage. “You just encouraged me to pursue Tony romantically this morning...”

“That’s because I didn’t know that Myra was one step ahead of you; I didn’t know she was already in a relationship with that man.” He could tell that she wasn’t happy. When it came down to it, he doted on this daughter more. He thought about her mother and softened his voice. “Since Tony likes Myra, what’s the big deal with giving her to him? In the end, she is going to be thrown away like that time with Sean. It won’t be any different.”

“But—”

“No need for buts.” She seemed like she still had more to say. However, he cut her words off directly. The impatience in his expression was gradually growing stronger. “Leave. Organize the data and transfer it to Myra. The Elsinore Garden Project must succeed; failure is not an option!”

Kris’ expression changed many times. When she saw that he did not wish to continue with the conversation anymore, she furiously stormed out of the office.

Behind her, his expression became sullen. No wonder Myra wasn’t interested in the conditions I offered her—she’s found herself a backer. Hmph... By the time she comes crawling back to me after being deceived and robbed of

everything, it will be too late... Besides, it's only a position of a general manager in the company—it's no big deal. The Stark Group is still in my hands. All these years I managed the company was not for nothing. What can she do even if I named her the president of the company? As long as I refuse to give my approval, she won't even get a single thing from the Stark Group.

Cameron suddenly recalled the words Myra's mother had uttered with a savage expression back then. His expression became slightly distorted in response, then he closed his eyes.

Kris returned to her office and immediately swept all the documents on her desk to the ground. Outside the office, her assistant didn't even dare to check on her after hearing the commotion inside. During the time they worked together, her assistant was already familiar with her unstable mood swings. She would surely take her frustrations out on anybody that went into the office at this time.

After another while, the door of the elevator opened on this floor and a gracefully dressed lady walked out of the elevator. She carried two thermos flasks in her hands with a warm smile on her face. When her assistant saw the lady, she finally breathed a sigh of relief. "Mrs. Stark, I'm so glad you're here."

Rachel was stunned by the assistant's expression for a moment. Then, she smilingly asked, "What's wrong?"

"Miss Kris has been throwing a tantrum in her office ever since she returned from President Stark's office. Please go in and talk to her."

Aside from Rachel's reputation in the Stark Group as the mistress who became the official wife, most people had a fairly good impression of her as a person. The main reason was that she had a gentle personality and did not like conflict. She once caught several employees red-handed when they were talking badly about her behind her back. However, she did not lose her temper with them. She simply smiled and allowed it to pass. She had a clear distinction between right and wrong. Therefore, she gained a good reputation among the old-timers in the company over the years, especially Kris' assistant who was always troubled by Kris.

Rachel smiled at the assistant apologetically. "Kris is still a kid; she sure has troubled you a lot. I will go in and talk to her immediately."

Although the assistant had started sweating slightly, Rachel's words were very kind. Thus, she quickly shook her head. "It's nothing."

Rachel smiled at her again before opening the office door and going inside. When she went inside, she did not forget to close the door behind her. She studied the messy office for a moment. Then, she no longer kept up the gentle expression she maintained in front of others—her expression quickly turned grim. "What are you doing?! Your assistant mentioned that you've been feeling down ever since you returned from Cameron's office. Kris, did you get into a fight with your dad?"

As soon as Kris saw her mother, she finally found a place to pour out all the grievances in her heart. Her eyes were red as she viciously said, "Mom, I finally had my eye on a man, but Myra just had to snatch him away from me! Moreover, Dad tacitly allowed her to do that!"

"Who is this man?" Rachel narrowed her eyes slightly. She knew very well that not many men could catch her daughter's interest.

"Who else? Director Hart of the Hart Group—Tony Hart!" Thinking back to all the times she had shown kindness to that man only to be coldly ignored, she felt overwhelmingly heartbroken. At the same time, her resentment toward Myra grew deeper.

"Tony Hart?" Rachel was astonished, but she quickly regained her composure. She glanced at her daughter and placed the two thermos flasks on the desk that was now clean and empty without a single item on it. Unscrewing the cap on one of the thermos flasks, she poured out some soup from inside and handed it to Kris. "Drink some of this soup and calm down."

"Mom, how can you ask me to calm down at this point?!" Kris could smell her favorite chicken soup, but she didn't have any appetite at the moment. "Myra, that b\*tch! She is more of a slut than her mother was! Even though she was abandoned by Sean not too long ago and divorced him as a result, she immediately hooked up with Tony instead! Mom, did you know?! Dad is going to make Myra the general manager soon! He is also going to transfer the Elsinore Garden Project that I worked so hard on to Myra! How am I supposed to calm down, Mom?! She was kicked out of the Stark Family, so why am I always suppressed by her in whatever I do?!" While ranting, her tears began to flow, ruining the makeup on her face. "Dad is too much too! Just this morning, he encouraged me to pursue Tony romantically. Now, he tacitly

accepted the relationship between Myra and Tony. In my opinion, he only thinks of Myra as his daughter!”

“Don’t you dare say that about your father!” Rachel frowned. Lowering her voice, she shouted, “Are you trying to let the whole world know?! What have I taught you all these years, Kris Hart?! Did I teach you all that for nothing?! Don’t pick a fight with Myra and don’t snatch what belongs to her. If she likes it, then just leave her be.”

“But, why?! I’ve yielded to her for more than 20 years! Do I have to step aside for her for the rest of my life?!” Kris’ expression was full of grievances. “Mom, I don’t want to live so pitifully...”

“I didn’t ask you to endure forever.” Rachel looked visibly moved. She touched Kris’ head and softly said, “But, you can only achieve greater heights with patience. Did you forget how I slowly climbed my way up to this position?” Seeming to recall something, a trace of savagery flitted across her eyes before disappearing. Similarly, her complexion soon returned to her usual gentle expression. Only her voice still held some coldness to it. “Kris, those that are living a blissful life right now are usually the ones that will meet the cruelest endings. Look at Myra’s mother; what sort of state did she end up in? I’m sure your father has his reasons for doing that. Besides, did you forget that we still have a trump card?”

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When Rachel said that, she gently used one hand to stroke her belly. The bump on her belly was not that obvious, but both of them knew what was inside her belly.

Still, Kris bit her lip. “But, even the doctor has said that this child will never be born. Dad is keeping such a tight grip over the company shares. If the baby isn’t born, how are we going to get a hold of those shares?”

The basic condition to gain control over the Stark Group’s shares was for Rachel to give birth to a child. Moreover, it had to be a boy. They had known since the beginning that this child would not survive. Initially, they wanted to coax Cameron into handing the shares to them while it was still in her womb. However, they had underestimated his sense of vigilance.

Rachel’s lips curved. “Do you remember the plan I told you about in the beginning?”

Kris paused for a moment before nodding, "I remember; I'm just scared..."

"Yes. It's normal to be scared. After all, your father is inherently suspicious. If he realizes that we have been deceiving him all along, he would never forgive us. But, what if I didn't lose this child because of him? Instead; what if Myra caused me to miscarry again?"

achel strongly emphasized the word 'again'. Kris was taken aback for a moment. After that, her vibrant lips lifted into a smile and excitement crept into her eyes. "Mom, do you mean..."

"Yes. Didn't you resent Myra for snatching your man away from you? If everybody sees Myra's true colors... What will they think of a person like her who couldn't even tolerate the birth of a younger sibling? What will the Hart Family think of her? What will outsiders think of her?" Rachel patted Kris on the shoulder and quietly continued, "Especially your father; he's finally getting the son he always wanted. If he lost his son to Myra, who is single-mindedly trying to reclaim the family assets..."

Although Rachel did not finish the rest of her sentence, Kris immediately understood what she was aiming for. "Dad said that Tony is only having a fling with Myra. He claims that Tony is only aiming to obtain Hillville from her. He also asked me to endure..." Now that Kris had calmed down, she began to think about what Cameron had said to her.

The corners of Rachel's mouth curled into a gentle smile. "Your father is still on your side. Kris, we need to kick Myra out of the Stark Family completely. It doesn't matter even if we can't get a hold of the company shares for the time being. If you are the only daughter Cameron has, then the Stark Group can only be handed down to you."

Similarly, a smile finally appeared on Kris' face. It was a rather cruel smile. Nodding, she replied, "I understand."

"As for Tony..." Rachel narrowed her eyes. "That man will surely become my daughter's! Myra will only get to enjoy him in the beginning. Once Tony throws her aside..." She stroked Kris' head. "Naturally, that will be the time when you take her place."

Concurrently, Sean swiftly drove back to the Chase Residence. As of this moment, the floor of the Chase Residence was littered with broken stuff. The

living room was more or less destroyed, the TV screens were smashed, and the outside of the kitchen was full of porcelain shards.

As soon as Greta noticed his return, she quickly greeted him and anxiously said, "I'm so glad you're finally back, Mr. Chase! Madam Eve and Young Mistress Lyla have been quarreling non-stop! They won't listen to me no matter how hard I try to talk them out of it! Please go and check on them."

He did not wait for her to finish speaking before brushing past her and walking inside. The first person he met was Eve. Eve had been slapped in the face, and the red marks on her face were still visible. The moment she caught sight of Sean, she immediately ran over and wept bitterly. "Sean, I regret this. You should divorce this woman! Look at how she treats me?! She actually dared to hit me!"

She turned the injured half of her face to him for him to see. However, he said nothing. Similarly, Lyla also ran over to him upon seeing that he had returned. She was in a worse state than Eve. Both sides of her face indicated that she had been slapped. One side of her face was swollen. Moreover, both her face and her body were dripping with tea as if somebody had poured tea on her. She looked very disheveled.

"Sean, Mom hit me first! Look at my body..." She was also crying, looking extremely pitiful and wronged. "Sean, I tried my best to get along with Mom for your sake. But, she always finds fault with me. She even had somebody follow me! Whenever we disagree on something, she will immediately slap me—"

"I told you; I didn't send anybody to follow you. You are being too suspicious over nothing!" The expression on Eve's face was very ugly. She cried her heart out. "The Chase Family should never have accepted a black-hearted woman like you as our daughter-in-law!"

After being insulted by Eve all night long, Lyla's rage finally erupted. She couldn't help retorting, "You don't want a daughter-in-law like me? How will you survive your current financial crisis without me?! Eve Hay, you kicked Myra out after you finished using her. Now, are you trying to kick me out after you're done using me?! Let me tell you this: I'm not that easy to bully!"

"You! You—" Eve pointed at Lyla, her finger beginning to tremble. She hurriedly turned and glanced at Sean. "Sean, I've never thought that way before. When she insults me like that, isn't it equivalent to insulting you? Sean—"

“That’s enough!” Sean, who had not said a word since he entered the house, suddenly shouted loudly, preventing the two women from continuing with their accusations. He looked at the two disheveled figures in front of him and felt a sense of discomfort and exhaustion that he had never felt before. “Mom, don’t follow Lyla anymore.”

“Sean—”

Seeing that the look in Eve’s eyes was incredulous, he expressionlessly turned to Lyla, who was looking a little triumphant. His voice became considerably colder than before. “Lyla, don’t forget; she is my mother and our elder. Did you even think about me when you hit her?!”

Lyla’s originally triumphant expression immediately changed when she heard those words. “Sean, I—”

“What happened today ends here. I don’t want to be called back from the company because of something like this again.” As soon as he finished speaking, Lyla bit her lip and said, “Sean, you weren’t at the company today, were you? I called Richard just now; he told me you went out—”

“Why do you care where my son goes?! He is working hard to earn money for your sake! What about you?! All you know how to do is spend money lavishly! You swipe your card as if you have too much money! Myra never did that!” The moment the words slipped out of Eve’s mouth, all three people, including Greta standing by the side, held their breath in fear. Eve became nervous when she saw her son’s expression instantly turning gloomy.

“That’s right! Myra never used to do that. That’s why you ruthlessly kicked her out of the Chase Family! She almost went to jail! Will I also be kicked out of the family if I continue doing this? I—” Slap! Following that, Lyla was prevented from finishing the rest of her sentence. Clutching at her face, she gazed at the gloomy-faced man next to her in disbelief. Even her voice trembled slightly from shock. “Sean... You... How dare you hit me?!”

This was the first time Sean looked at her with such a terrible expression ever since she came back. It was also the first time he ever hit her! In the past, he could never bring himself to say anything harsh to her. He had always been carefully taking care of her! The tears flowed freely from her eyes. At the same time, her nails dug into her palms. However, she didn’t seem to notice.

Sean seemed stunned after he slapped her. Even so, he quickly regained his composure and coldly said to her, "Calm down."

"Why should I calm down?!" Lyla was sobbing even harder than before while pointing at Eve and Sean. "Great. Just great. Both you and her... You're both bullying me. So, are you done using me? Is that it? Sean, how dare you treat me like this..." She staggered backward, stepped on the shards of a broken plate, and fell to the ground. Not far away lay the remnants of a plate of steamed fish. When she saw the fish and smelled the fishy smell, her expression immediately changed. Then, she abruptly turned away and retched for a long time.

Eve's expression changed drastically too.

Standing by the side, Greta fearfully asked, "Young Mistress Lyla... Are you... pregnant?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 196

As soon as Greta finished her words, Lyla felt as if she was completely drained of energy. She swooned and slowly fell to the ground.

Monday arrived and it was work as usual for Myra. However, it was a slightly different working day for her. Tony was her driver today and he dropped her off directly at the front entrance of Stark Group. Clearly, they had no intention to hide their relationship.

Before she exited the car, he leaned nearer to peck her on the lips before he released her from his embrace as her face flushed as red as a tomato.

"I'll come to pick you up later in the evening." It was only after he said those words that he drove off.

Not too long after Myra exited the car and she took a few steps forward, someone forcefully ran into her. After a minute, Kris exaggeratedly exclaimed, "Excuse me, somehow I didn't notice there was someone by my side!"

Evidently, she was indirectly being disparaging to Myra. As Myra was fully aware of that, she calmly stated, "Your eyes are placed right on top of your head, so what else could you have noticed?"

Kris's face darkened slightly as she smiled condescendingly. "Myra, is Tony aware that you're still seeing Sean while you're in a relationship with him?"

Myra furrowed her brows as she replied, "Go wherever you want, but don't block the corridor."

"This is a public space and there's nothing wrong with me standing here!" Kris's smile deepened as she moved closer to Myra and said with an icy-cold voice, "Don't assume you've won just because you're in a relationship with Tony. The tides will turn someday. By then, I'll make sure you're down and out. By then, there won't be any spot for you in the family as well as in Bradford City."

"Down and out?" Myra sneered at her as the warmth left her eyes. "This would be a much more fitting description for you and your mom someday when the two of you pack your bags and leave the Stark Residence."

"So, you're indeed plotting to kick me and Mom out of our home!" Kris's expression was one of scorn and she sneered. "Sorry to disappoint you, but I don't think your plan will come to fruition. I'll make sure Mom and I lead an awesome life just to spite you!"

"Sure," Myra drawled as she walked past Kris and made her way toward the office. Today's the day for Cameron to announce my appointment as the general manager of Stark Group. The decision seems quite a rushed one and I'm not quite ready for it. However, since Kris is so keen to make comparisons, then I'm more than happy to flaunt this in front of her.

Meanwhile, Kris, who was left behind by Myra, stood there with her chest heaving up and down in anger. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her composure as a look of contempt flashed across her eyes.

Myra had assumed that her appointment as general manager would be a low-key affair. However, it was a complete opposite to what Cameron had planned. With much fanfare, he sincerely invited all the managers from each department to attend a meeting—it was specifically held to congratulate her for her appointment as general manager. As such, Myra stood in front of them formally and said a few official words before adjourning the meeting amidst their applause. Upon the adjournment, Cameron stopped her in her tracks.

I knew this conversation was coming, especially since he was made aware of my relationship with Tony.

Her face wore an impatient expression as she looked on at the people slowly streaming out of the meeting room. As soon as the last person walked out of the room, he made his way to her and patted her on the back. "Myra, I'm so proud of you. Not only did you handle the Elsinore Garden Project well, you've also managed to win the favor of Director Hart from the Hart Group." His words were laced with ambiguity as well as a faint lilt.

Myra was full of contempt as she shoved his hand away from her shoulders. "President Stark, you must be kidding! The Elsinore Garden Project is not even finalized yet!"

"It's only a matter of time." Cameron smiled and turned as he casually commented. "By the way, there have been some licensing issues with the Times Square project on Prairie Road. Do you think you could hint to Director Hart—"

"President Stark, you really need to realize that there has to be an end to your greed." She had an inkling of what he was going to say. Therefore, as she made her way out of the room, she made it clear. "You'll end up with nothing if you ask for too much."

Behind her, Cameron's expression darkened. As soon as she walked out of the meeting room, Myra's chest tightened. I knew Cameron would take advantage of me to gain personal interest as soon as he realizes that I'm with Tony. He has always maintained his interests before anything else, so there is no surprise there. Nonetheless, I'm not going to let him get his way.

She was quite upset about the situation before she suddenly felt a vibration on her phone. As she picked up her phone, she glanced at the screen. She saw that it was a text message from Sebastian. 'Hey girl, are you currently working at Stark Group?'

Myra replied to his text immediately. 'Yes, I am.'

'Alright, make sure you stay in the vicinity when you go out for lunch this afternoon. I'll be delivering something interesting to you.' At the end of the text, he even added an emoji to it.

Myra's mood lifted upon noticing his text and she deftly tapped on the screen to type her reply. 'Okay.' After replying to Sebastian's text, she kept her phone away and made her way toward her new office.

Due to Myra's raise in position, there was also an upgrade to her office. However, Tilly maintained her position as her subordinate. While on their way to their new office, Tilly was grinning from ear to ear. She moved closer toward Myra and asked secretly, "Myra, is this the work of Director Hart? Gosh, he's such a charismatic character. Not to mention, he's a romantic one too." Without realizing it, she had changed the way she normally addressed Tony.

Upon hearing Tilly's words, Myra flicked her on the forehead. "Besides being a busybody, what else can you do? Don't forget we have a dinner appointment with our client tonight. Hurry up and prepare all the documents needed."

"No problem!" Thereafter, Tilly scurried toward her desk upon Myra's instructions.

Subsequently, the corners of Myra's mouth widened into a smile as Tilly walked off.

It was soon afternoon and Myra was busy sorting out her documents. As a result of that, she took longer than the rest of her colleagues to leave the building for lunch. As she arrived on the first floor and was about to head out of the building, she was stopped by one of the receptionists at the front desk. The receptionist called out in an awkward manner, "Miss Stark, there's a lady waiting to see you over there."

A bewildered Myra turned her gaze toward the direction where the receptionist pointed and looked outside. Surprisingly, she saw Lyla, who had been missing in action for quite some time.

Upon seeing Lyla, Myra's eyes narrowed. The receptionist hurriedly explained, "Miss Stark, I presumed that you wouldn't want to see her, so I told her as such. However, she refused to leave without seeing you. I couldn't do anything about it..."

Myra nodded absent-mindedly at the receptionist to indicate she had heard her. Next, she paused for a while as she contemplated the situation before walking toward Lyla. This is the front entrance of Stark Group and I really don't want her to cause a scene.

The moment Myra walked toward Lyla, the latter's tears started to drip uncontrollably. Everyone at the front desk looked with widened eyes and they couldn't help glancing furtively at the unfolding situation.

Today, Lyla was dressed in ballet flats and her midi dress was paired with a knee-length cardigan. Her face looked pallor as well. Upon seeing Myra, Lyla croakily voiced out, "Myra, I'm pregnant..."

For a moment, Myra was visibly stunned by the revelation. Nevertheless, she quickly regained her indifferent expression. "Why are you here then? You should see a doctor if you're pregnant, not me."

Now that she was facing Lyla, Myra had a myriad of feelings with disgust being the most significant. Upon her arrival in Bradford City, this woman had brought her so much pain. Myra wasn't a saint, so she could never forget all the pain inflicted by Lyla. As such, there was no love lost between the two of them and it was difficult for Myra to maintain a pleasant behavior in front of Lyla.

Out of the blue, Lyla suddenly kneeled in front of Myra after she heard the latter's question. A stunned Myra pursed her lips and walked forward a few steps to get away from Lyla. She then walked around her to avoid being in her direct path.

Despite this, Lyla was insistent on following her. No matter which direction she went toward, Lyla would follow suit. In the end, Lyla grabbed hold of her hand tightly and refused to let go of it. "Myra, please leave me and Sean alone. Could you please stop bothering Sean? I'm pregnant with his child and the two of you are divorced. Could you please not come in between our family?"

Last night, I was sent to hospital by Sean and a deeply shaken Eve. Thankfully my prayers were heard and the doctor diagnosed me as being pregnant. Eve's attitude changed completely upon hearing the news that she was expecting a grandchild. She was so happy and excited. Despite the fact that we had a fight prior to this, she happily went home to prepare some chicken soup for me. On the contrary, Sean looked quite downcast about this. As soon as he heard the news, he left the room without a word and walked outside for a cigarette break. The next thing I knew, Kris had rang me to inform me that she saw Sean persistently going after Myra in the afternoon.

After hearing that, I was quite wary, angry, and anxious. That explains where Sean went that afternoon as he wasn't at work. He wasn't out handling company matters at all, but he was out chasing after Myra! Actually, Sean hasn't been his usual self lately. In fact, he's been quite distant toward me. Initially, I thought it was due to work stress.

## Standing before Love Chapter 197

Sean had time to chase Myra, but why didn't he spend time with me? Ever since the divorce was finalized, he has become quieter as time passed. Recently, he has been leaving home at the crack of dawn and coming home late at night. I haven't seen him for days as he leaves before I wake up and arrives home after I've slept. How can I stay calm knowing that it's all because of Myra? What does he mean by all this? Does he still harbor feelings toward Myra and he's been pursuing her after their divorce?

Soon after Lyla said those words, Myra did not even get the chance to defend herself. Almost immediately, the staff members walking past and the receptionists at the front desk started to congregate together and they whispered among themselves.

Myra's face visibly darkened as she stared at Lyla in front of her. She coldly exclaimed, "Let go of my hands!"

"Myra, I beg you. Please stay away from Sean. Please do not go after him..." Lyla sobbed. She held tightly onto Myra's hands and refused to budge. It was as if once she released Myra's hands, then Myra would refuse her request.

Myra felt a sharp stab in her heart. Understandably, anyone facing such a situation would not be comfortable about it. Having one's reputation besmirched under the public eye was unpleasant enough. The worst thing was that it was done by Lyla.

"When did I provoke Sean?" Myra flung Lyla's hands away without considering whether she was actually pregnant or not. Her mouth twisted into a sneer as she said. "Both of us have been divorced for some time now. I have never gone after him and I can't even bear to breathe the same air as him. Why would I ever get in between the two of you?"

Lyla and Sean are the two people in this world that I would avoid with my life if I ever have to cross paths with them. Why would I go after Sean out of no blue?

All of a sudden, Myra recollected her previous encounter with Lyla whereby she was accused of harming her unborn child when it was all a plot devised by the latter. Myra immediately took two steps backward upon coming to the realization that this could also be another scheme.

“Myra! Miss Stark! I’m aware that you despise me. You’ve always harbored hate against me upon realizing that Sean remained infatuated with me after marrying you. However, our love for each other isn’t wrong. Moreover, our unborn child is innocent too. You’ve got a great family background and the looks. You’ll definitely be able to meet a better man than Sean. On the contrary, if I go through a divorce with Sean, our unborn child would grow up without a father. I couldn’t care less about myself, but what about our child?”

Lyla sobbed inconsolably after saying that. Her reddened eyes were swollen as tears continued to stream down her face.

At that point, Myra’s hands, which previously dangled by her sides, were clenched tightly into fists. She wasn’t sure whether Lyla’s outburst was intentional, but the latter had created a scene at the front entrance of Stark Group and it obviously had a ripple effect—quite a few staff members looked at her scornfully as they walked past. Looking coldly at Lyla, she asked, “Do you mean to say that I’m still entangled with Sean?”

“Miss Stark...” Suddenly, Lyla kneeled down in front of Myra while she was still speaking. Lyla was no longer the refined and elegant pianist she once was. At that moment, she was only an ordinary woman defending her rightful spot as a wife. “Please, I’m begging you to leave us alone...”

Lyla’s words were repetitive—stop bothering Sean; leave them alone; their unborn child was innocent.

Myra thought, It is as if I’m a wicked woman. Come to think of it, I would not have been reduced to the laughingstock of Bradfort City if it wasn’t for her and Sean. My heart’s hurting. I sincerely hope to sever all ties with Lyla and everyone from the Chase Family once I obtain what’s rightfully mine. From then on, I don’t want any further interactions with them and I just want to lead a peaceful, new life away from them. I don’t wish to loathe them, but why is she still hounding me?

“You’re a joke, Miss Fisher. On what grounds do you think I would still be infatuated with Sean?” Myra’s eyes were devoid of emotions as she stared into Lyla’s eyes. She remained calm and emotionless as she said. “Or should I say, on what grounds do you think you’re of such importance that I would go after someone I loathe in order to spite you? Miss Fisher, you seem to have overestimated yourself and Sean’s position.”

As soon as Myra finished her sentence, Lyla felt that she had been delivered a stinging, harsh slap on the face, resulting in a burning sensation. However, she quickly regained her composure after a short pause and lowered her head. She skillfully masked the contempt and disdain from her eyes as she started whimpering, “Myra, everyone in Bradford City knows how infatuated you are with my husband. Nonetheless, I never expected you to come in between us despite knowing the fact that Sean and I are married. You’re a despicable homewrecker...”

“Homewrecker?” Myra was angered as she heard Lyla’s words. She sneered with a smile and asked. “Let’s see, before Sean and I divorced, what position did you hold in our marriage?”

As soon as she heard Myra’s words, Lyla’s face immediately turned as pale as a white sheet. She bit on her lower lips and muttered, “So, it’s true... You do intend to take revenge against me...”

“You’re mistaken. I never had any intention to take revenge against you. On the contrary, I would like to express my gratitude toward you.” Myra looked at Lyla calmly and continued saying. “Your presence has shown me Sean’s true colors. As such, I went through with the divorce. For the rest of my life, I’ll be free of him. I can finally start afresh and lead a fulfilling life.” Moreover, I’m gradually getting closer to Tony.

Due to the debacle, Myra had lost her appetite, so she turned to head back inside. However, Lyla suddenly sprang up from the ground and grabbed hold of Myra’s right wrist. This came as a surprise to Myra as she did not expect Lyla, who looked weak and feeble, to have the strength to do so.

Myra’s expression soured immediately. Without hesitating, she pushed Lyla’s hands away as she struggled to break free.

At that point, the two of them were standing a distance away from the staircase. As such, Myra did not expect that Lyla was weakened to the point where just a fling of her hands would cause Lyla’s feet, which were in ballet flats, to stumble a few steps backward. Just as she was about to fall down the staircase, a pair of hands suddenly and firmly grabbed hold of Lyla on her waist. Soon after that, Lyla was taken into his arms.

Almost immediately, Lyla turned her head and she saw Sean. His charming yet darkened face came into sight. In fact, he was still trying to catch his breath. Obviously, it was due to him noticing her about to fall down the stairs

and he ran toward her at lightning speed to break her fall. With her reddened eyes, she clung onto his waist as she sobbed, “Sean... I just thought since our baby will be due soon and knowing your guilt toward Myra, I intended to apologize to her on your behalf. As a matter of fact, I only wanted our child to grow up peacefully in the future. I didn’t expect...”

Lyla had left her sentence hanging. However, everyone at the scene who saw their altercation would come to the conclusion that Myra intentionally shoved Lyla.

Myra was currently lost in her thoughts. She recalled the previous encounter with Lyla at the café. At that time, Lyla had seen Sean entering and she purposely provoked Myra into giving her a slap on the face. Beside that, she had intentionally thrown a glass of lemon water on her own face. This was to further enhance the fact that Myra was being a bully. As for today, Myra realized Lyla was repeating the same trick.

Without giving a second thought, Myra turned and walked inside. However, Sean stopped her with a cold voice as he yelled out, “Hold on!”

She chose to ignore him and continued walking.

Her actions fueled his anger without him realizing it. As soon as he regained his composure, he had already chased after her across the first floor lobby with Lyla in his arms. He then blocked her in her tracks.

“Apologize to Lyla!” he demanded as he looked straight into Myra’s eyes. His expression was a myriad of complicated feelings that he couldn’t quite comprehend. He wasn’t sure whether his demand was intentionally to anger her or whether he was actually seeking an apology on Lyla’s behalf.

Myra’s brows furrowed upon hearing his words. She pulled her mouth into a slight sneer as she made a detour around him and continued on her way.

“Does the Hart Family know Myra Stark’s true personality?” Sean asked with a cold smile on his face. “Maybe I need to rephrase this—does Tony Hart know you’re such a vicious woman?”

## Standing before Love Chapter 198

As soon as Sean saw Myra pause in her tracks, he realized in that moment that she cared a lot for Tony. He couldn’t control the hostility in his eyes as he

exclaimed coldly, “Myra Stark, I admit that I’ve made some mistakes and I owe you an apology. However, Lyla never wronged you. In fact, it was you who reneged on your promise resulting in the harm of our unborn child. Besides that, you’ve been bullying her all this while. If you have any resentment or anger, just direct it toward me. Do you find it necessary to treat a pregnant lady so badly?”

“What did I do to her?” Myra lifted her head and looked at him squarely in the eyes. Her expression remained calm as she coldly stared at him. Her expression was devoid of anger and hatred; this was in contrast to what Sean had anticipated. For a moment, he felt quite flustered while standing in front of her.

Without skipping a beat, she repeated her question. “What did I do to her?” At the same time, her gaze fell on Lyla who was being held protectively in Sean’s arms and her eyes were devoid of any warmth.

Lyla froze. She couldn’t quite comprehend the reason but she refused to meet Myra’s gaze. She tried her best to avoid Myra’s eyes and resorted to burying her head into his chest.

As such, Sean had noted Lyla’s terrified look and tightened his grip on her. He looked at Myra quite sternly as he said, “Stop denying it! Lyla would have rolled down this flight of stairs if I didn’t arrive in time. Don’t you know she’s pregnant?!”

“Well, as you said, you made it just in time. This is exactly like all the previous encounters where you always appeared at the perfect timing whenever I’m about to ‘bully’ her. You’d somehow always see my actions and defend Lyla,” Myra said with a sneer on her face.

Lyla’s body stiffened in Sean’s embrace. Next, she tugged on his shirt before whimpering pitifully, “Sean, let’s just forget about it...”

Sean could feel his whole body stiffen as he noticed Myra’s indifferent face and Lyla’s sobs coming from his embrace. It was at this point that he realized Myra’s cold indifference was quite jarring to his eyes so much so that he was on the brink of tearing her apart to get rid of her current expression.

“Sean, it hurts...” All of a sudden, Lyla yelped in pain. Right away, he snapped out of his daze and quickly loosened his grip on her.

Before he could say anything, there was a light cough that came from behind. As such, the tense and awkward situation was interrupted as the three of them as well as everyone at the reception turned their heads toward the direction of the cough. In front of their eyes was an old man with snow-white hair—he looked energetic despite his age and was currently walking quite briskly toward them from the front entrance.

A flash of surprise crossed Myra's face as soon as she saw him. However, she immediately recalled that he had mentioned in the text message that he was going to drop off something for her in the afternoon.

Perhaps it was because of Sean and Lyla's presence, Myra's expression became slightly unnatural upon seeing Sebastian. The cold expression on her face remained unchanged, but there was also a mixture of trepidation and anxiousness when she saw him.

Sebastian walked toward the three of them and it was evident that he could have heard part of the conversation between the trio. Currently, his brows were tightly furrowed and his face looked quite stern. However, no one could read the expression beneath his eyes or any idea on what was on his mind at that moment.

Both Sean and Lyla recognized him. As soon as they saw him, they had two different thoughts. However, both of their expressions changed upon seeing him.

“Old Master Hart...” Myra greeted him with a soft voice. Before this, her body was rigid and in an upright stance as she confronted Sean and Lyla, but currently, she was fidgety as she tried to keep her arms and legs still.

Sebastian merely grunted in acknowledgement, his face remaining impassive.

As he neared them, he turned to face Lyla and Sean. Casually, Sebastian said, “Tell me what happened earlier.”

Upon hearing his request, both Lyla and Sean were stunned into speechlessness. Even Myra was taken aback.

Lyla was aware that Sean was not the type to tell stories in front of an old man. Hence, after some consideration, she bit on her lower lip and carefully started her story with a pitiful voice, “Well, it's not a big deal. I just had a tiny disagreement with Miss Stark... It's not a big deal.”

“Oh, do you mean to say that you’re an expectant mother and she tried to shove you down the stairs, but this isn’t a big deal to you?” Sebastian shot a glance at Myra and his face remained impassive. He then turned to look at Lyla as his expression became quite intimidating.

Lyla could feel her palms starting to perspire as she glanced furtively at Sean. As she realized that he had no intention of stopping her, she then continued speaking in a soft voice, “I came today with the intention to apologize to Miss Stark. However, our discussion must have been too heated and she ended up losing control, resulting in me nearly being shoved down the stairs. It’s fine, though. Sean arrived in time and I’m unharmed. Therefore, I don’t blame Miss Stark for this.”

Her words sounded heartfelt and sincere. However, this was a complete opposite to her current mood as she felt quite anxious at the moment. It was because she realized that there was something else she had overlooked, which could potentially cause a ripple effect.

Why did Sean question Myra whether the Hart Family knew of her true personality? He also asked whether Tony was aware that she was such a vicious woman. Why did he ask the two questions? What’s the relationship between Myra and the Hart Family as well as her and Tony? Furthermore, why is Sebastian here at Stark Group? It seems that he is more than an acquaintance to Myra. Perhaps...

Suddenly, a thought flashed across her mind as she tightened her grip on Sean’s shirt. Her face turned as pale as a white sheet at that instance.

Meanwhile, after hearing her words, Sebastian turned toward Myra and asked, “Is this what happened?” His voice remained calm and there was neither a hint of favoritism nor any intention to abet bad behavior.

Myra shook her head as she replied, “That’s not true. Miss Fisher...” She threw a quick look at Sebastian as she contemplated the situation in her mind. In the end, she made up her mind and clenched her teeth as she continued with her words. “Miss Fisher claimed that I persistently pursued Mr. Chase despite being aware of his marital status. She knelt in front of me at the entrance of Stark Group and begged me to leave them alone.”

Lyla’s face turned even paler as soon as she heard Myra’s words. “Myra, what are your intentions for all these false accusations? It was—”

“Are you still pursuing Mr. Chase?” Sebastian interrupted Lyla all of a sudden as he asked Myra with a stern expression on his face.

Myra met his gaze magnanimously as she shook her head and replied, “I never did that. Ever since our divorce, I’ve totally cut off all ties with him.”

“You aren’t lying, are you?”

“No, I’m not.”

“Can you explain what happened earlier with Miss Fisher nearly being shoved down the stairs?”

Myra shot a look at Lyla, who looked listless as the color was completely drained from her face. Myra then lowered her eyes and said, “She repeatedly asked me not to pursue Mr. Chase, mentioned that her unborn child was innocent, and lastly begged me not to destroy their happy family. I had enough of all that, so I turned to walk back inside. As a matter of fact, she was the one who grabbed hold of my hands. Naturally, I struggled to get out of her grip. Perhaps I was too forceful, so she ended up taking a few steps backward and nearly fell down the stairs.

“Mr. Hart, that’s not what happened—” As soon as she heard Myra’s words, Lyla’s expression became ugly and she hurriedly tried to explain the situation to Sebastian. However, he gave a snort as he said coldly, “You need to apologize to Myra!”

Surprisingly, things had taken an abrupt twist.

What a surprise! Old Master Hart looked so stern earlier! I thought he’d suspect me of maintaining an illicit relationship with Sean despite our divorce. This is quite unexpected...

Lyla flinched under Sebastian’s cold glare. It felt as if her heart was being squeezed tightly. At this point, she took a gasp of breath as she peered at Sean. “Sean...”

“Mr. Hart, you’re one of our elders and have always been well-respected by everyone. I sure hope you’ll be fair in this situation.” Sean, who had maintained his silence all this while, revealed his darkened face as he looked at Sebastian in the eye and calmly stated his opinion.

At that moment, Sebastian was handing over the thermos flask in his hands to Myra. It was also at that point where everyone realized that he was carrying a thermos flask in his hands all this while.

She took it into her hands as he looked at her reassuringly before turning to face Sean. Sebastian's lips curled into a slight smile as he asked, "Fair? How do you define fairness? Is listening to Miss Fisher's one-sided story considered fair? If so, why aren't we accepting Myra's side of the story?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 199

Sebastian's expression remained unchanged, but there was a hint of mockery in his eyes.

As Sean noticed that, his face took on a ghastly expression.

He had been having some complicated feelings toward Myra recently. As such, after hearing Lyla's words, he jumped to the conclusion and blamed Myra for everything, as usual. I'm so used to doing this—no matter what happens, I always assume that Myra's the one who made a mistake. I've actually... never given her a chance to explain her side of the story; plus, I've never really trusted her words at all.

Instantly, Sean's expression darkened as he came to this realization.

As for Myra, she was astounded by Sebastian's words. Soon after that, she felt a burst of warmth from deep inside her heart and it grew inside her.

Sebastian may look impassive with his pursed-up lips, but I know that this is all just an appearance he puts up in front of me. Although he constantly acts as if he dislikes me, he always comes to my defense when necessary. Grandpa used to be the one who stood up for me when he was alive. Ever since he passed away, besides Tony, no one else has had such faith in me.

"Well, there is a way to prove today's incident," Sebastian commented, a nonchalant look on his face as he crossed his arms behind his back. He shot a look at Lyla, who was currently held in Sean's embrace. Lyla immediately tightened her grip on Sean's shirt in response. Soon after that, she heard Sebastian murmur coldly, "However, I reckon someone might not want the truth to come to light. If that's the case, do you still insist on a fair trial for the woman in your arms, Chase boy?"

Sebastian had previously referred to Sean as Mr. Chase, but once he changed to addressing the latter as Chase boy, he had reduced Sean's status by a few generations.

At this point, Sean's expression turned ugly as he heard the way Sebastian addressed him.

Meanwhile, Lyla remained silent as she trembled in Sean's arms.

It finally dawned on Sean that things might not be as he thought but frankly, he would rather be unaware of it. After a short pause, he turned around without another word and exited the building with Lyla in his arms.

The skies were clear and soft sunlight shone on the fountain outside the Stark Group, forming a tiny, colorful rainbow that was refracted from the water droplets.

Sean's expression was impassive as he walked out of the building, and it was as if he was unaffected. Despite that, Lyla was rather anxious as she could clearly feel his tight grip on her hands, and she felt like her bones would shatter due to his force.

"Sean..." Lyla raised her head out of his arms as tears streamed down her face. Her tone was rather pitiful and full of grievance. "Do you believe Myra's words? Do you think that I'm the one..." Her expression was clearly dejected as she continued, "I had just realized what Old Master Hart was implying. He basically wanted to look at the footage of the security camera. I'm not afraid of that but I just didn't want you to go against him. After all, he's the chairman of the Hart Group and we can't afford to offend him..."

Lyla gave the impression that she was mainly acting in Sean's best interests as she held onto his shirt tightly. "However, today... It was such a close call and our baby... I nearly lost our child again..."

As soon as she mentioned this, Lyla's tears became uncontrollable as she aired all her grievances.

All of a sudden, Sean lowered his head to look at the woman in his arms. There was a flash of unexplainable emotion in his gaze and after some time, he calmly asked, "Earlier on, did you accuse Myra of pursuing me?"

Lyla met his calm gaze and she couldn't control her apprehension. She bit hard on her lower lip as she looked at him in disbelief. "You... You'd rather trust Myra's words than mine? Have you forgotten that she was the one who caused the death of our unborn child?"

Besides feeling shocked, Lyla was more saddened by his reaction. As such, she hastily tried to get out of his embrace.

However, Sean remained unmoving. This time, he didn't try to stop her or appease her feelings, and watched on as she stood on her own.

Lyla's initial intention was just to put on an act and she didn't expect Sean to actually let go of her. As such, the fear in her heart grew tremendously.

The reason I came to see Myra was because Kris had mentioned that Myra was pursuing Sean. Obviously, I didn't mention that in front of Myra. However, I was upset about this and wanted her to look bad in front of all her staff. This was the best way to ruin her reputation and at the same time show Sean her true colors! Despite this, the situation went out of hand and didn't go according to plan. In fact, Myra no longer has any feelings toward Sean, not to mention that Old Master Hart arrived and interrupted us.

All of a sudden, Lyla couldn't help but to grab hold of Sean's hand as she asked, "Sean, can you be frank with me? You haven't developed feelings for Myra, have you?"

Myra and Sean had been married for the past two years and led a life together all this while. Their daily interactions for the past two years could potentially lead to him developing feelings toward Myra, despite his apparent loathing of her.

Although Lyla asked the question, she didn't allow Sean to say a word. She looked at his expressionless face and shook her head. "No, no... Don't answer my question. I know I'm being insecure here. I know you love me and soon, our baby will be born. We'll definitely have a fulfilling and happy life as we raise our child together."

Lyla looked quite vulnerable right now with her tear-stained face. Coupled with the fact that her makeup was all smudged, she was quite a sight at the moment. Sean then thought to himself, I know she came to see Myra because she felt quite insecure, which makes any offending words she said to Myra understandable. The doctor who spoke to me in his office this morning had

mentioned that Lyla is in quite a weak state. To top it off, she had a miscarriage once, thus I need to take care of both her physical and mental well-being. It's crucial for a pregnant lady to be well-rested and content. It hurts to see her in such a saddened state.

I realize she's quite uneasy, especially after the huge fight she had with Mom yesterday. Perhaps Mom's words about what Myra had said angered Lyla to the point of fainting. As such, she must have come to confront Myra today. I nearly misunderstood Lyla too, after listening to Old Master Hart's words earlier. Moreover, Myra's currently building up her relationship with the Hart Family so clearly, they would never stand on our side.

Besides, Myra is not as calm as she portrayed herself to be—she has a scheming side to her. Otherwise, how would she be able to win the hearts of everyone in the Hart Family in such a short time? Judging by her interaction with Sebastian, Myra must be very close to him. In fact, the flask he handed to her had chicken soup in it. Sean knew this because the scent wafted toward him when Sebastian handed it to Myra.

His expression clouded over and he gave a light sigh. Right now, Lyla was in a state of trepidation and dejectedness, so he pulled her into his arms and hugged her. "Of course; our baby and us will definitely live a fulfilling and happy life together."

Lyla has my best interests at heart and she's carrying my child. On the contrary, Myra is a wicked woman and she was closely entangled with Tony even before our divorce. How is it possible for me to have feelings for Myra, then? I never had any feelings for her right from the start. Even if I did, it must be out of habit only. I'm just used to our married life.

Lyla wept tears of joy as she murmured, "Sean, I knew it... I know you're still in love with me..."

As soon as Sean heard Lyla's words, a wave of emotion hit him. It was as if there was a deep voice deep down trying to override his previous thoughts, but he didn't quite want to contemplate it because he was afraid of the consequences. He feared that he would fall into an abyss the moment he figured things out.

"Enough of that, silly girl. I'll send you back to the hospital and I promise I'll come over tonight. I can send you home as well if you don't want to stay in the hospital. Mom admitted that she acted on impulse yesterday, so can you

forgive her? After all, she's already quite old," Sean explained everything to Lyla in a low voice.

Upon hearing that, Lyla thought to herself, I'm not quite convinced by Sean's words but I'll let it go this time. I think he must be used to having Myra in his life or he could have had something to discuss with her, which is why he went to see her. I know that his explanation is his way of giving me an out. Besides, there's no way I'm going to leave Sean because he's my last resort.

"I want to go home." Lyla meekly nodded her head at Sean as she said, "Yesterday, I was too impetuous as well. From now on, I'll try my best to build up a good relationship with Mom. Rest assured; I won't put you in a difficult position."

## Standing before Love Chapter 200

At the Stark Group, after Sean left with Lyla in his embrace, Sebastian suddenly snorted loudly and gave Myra a long stare as he muttered, "Temptress!"

Myra grimaced in return as she lifted the flask in her hands and said, "Thank you, Old Master Hart."

"Why are you thanking me? I wasn't the one who prepared it!" Sebastian turned away as he went back to his usual haughty self.

What a surprise—I sure didn't expect to see Myra caught up in a skirmish with another woman, and then that Chase boy turned up as well. As a matter of fact, if I hadn't appeared, she would be bullied by the two of them and she would definitely not be able to get a word in. Sebastian frowned and said, "You're such a wimp. It's no wonder that you're no match for Tony."

Myra was feeling quite awkward at the moment.

I never imagined that this would happen. I can't believe that Old Master Hart saw the dispute between me, Sean and Lyla. In fact, I didn't expect him to stand up for me either!

Sebastian suddenly recalled that the Fisher girl was indeed pregnant. He couldn't help but glance at Myra's stomach as he asked, "Have you been staying at Tony's lately?"

Myra was taken aback by the sudden change in topic and her face flushed red in response. She nodded her head lightly. "Yes."

Just then, the crowd increased as everyone started coming back to work after their lunch hour. Realizing that it was awkward to be standing here in conversation, Myra asked, "Have you had your lunch, Old Master Hart?"

Sebastian waved her off as he realized her intention and replied, "I've eaten. I'm fine, so don't fuss."

However, he couldn't contain his curiosity and asked, "How long have you two been together?"

Why is there no baby in sight?

Obviously, Sebastian was not going to reveal to Myra that he had pestered Lisa continuously that morning to prepare the chicken soup. It had taken him a lot of effort to get Lisa to agree to boil the soup. In fact, not many people had the chance to taste Lisa's cooking.

Ever since what Tony mentioned last night, Sebastian had been extremely attentive to the matter of his great-grandchild. I know Katie's pregnant now but they've already decided that their first-born will be following her surname. That's such a shame! Well, the good thing is that Tony has a woman too! Therefore, if Myra's pregnant, the baby will be my first great-grandchild. This is great news!

Last night, Sebastian had pestered Lisa for ages as he discussed this topic. They had in fact started discussing the gender of the baby and even came up with a list of names too.

"I've been together with Tony ever since... I finalized the divorce with Mr. Chase."

Sebastian furrowed his brows upon hearing that, "What? It's been less than a month!"

That's too short for sure. Looks like there won't be a great-grandchild in sight anytime soon!

Myra was significantly stunned as she heard his words, and she wasn't quite sure what was on his mind at the moment.

She looks so lost! I can't stand this any longer! Her intelligence level is quite worrisome, though; what if my great-grandchild takes after her?

Sebastian stomped his feet in frustration as he commented, "Eat more walnuts."

"What?"

"What do you mean by 'what'? Just do as I say!" Sebastian then straightened his clothes as he glanced at Myra. "Go home early once you finish work, alright? You should spend more time with Tony—I heard it's popular among youngsters to foster a relationship." The more time you youngsters spend together, the faster I'll get a great-grandchild!

"After you finish the soup, let me know what you think of it. If it's to your liking, I'll get someone to send it over every day." Sebastian then thought to himself, It's important to nurture her body so that she can get pregnant soon.

Upon hearing his words, Myra shook her head hastily. "There's no need for that. You're too kind; I can—"

"There's no need to feel shy. Come over to the Hart Residence anytime and I'll make sure you get to eat whatever you like." Sebastian had completely overlooked the fact that he was the one who had been pestering Myra to cook for him previously.

Myra felt a burst of warmth in her heart. Noticing Sebastian's glare, she nodded her head in resignation and she thanked him. "Okay. Thank you, Old Master Hart."

"You're welcome." Sebastian was quite pleased with himself as he had achieved his goal for today. As such, he didn't plan to stay any longer. He turned around and walked toward the front door as he said, "Hurry up and have your lunch, and make sure you don't starve yourself."

He turned around and left the Stark Group after saying that, and he didn't even give a chance for Myra to walk him out the door.

As Myra looked at the flask in her hands, she couldn't quite explain her current feelings.

Ever since Grandpa and Mom passed away, I finally found comfort in Eve. However, this was all a façade as her love was conditional; in fact, she was the one that tried to send me to prison. I was quite affected by all this. Despite that, I'm quite lucky to have met others that love and appreciate me. Besides, I have him...

As Tony came to her mind, she suddenly heard her phone buzz. Myra glanced at it and to her surprise, it was Tony calling her.

She felt a warm fuzzy feeling as she took the phone call. At the same time, she looked on as Sebastian made his way out of the building and got into a waiting car. Then, she turned around and walked toward the elevator.

“Hello?”

Myra could hear his low breathing sounds and she felt as if he was right next to her just by listening to that.

“Did Grandpa pay you a visit?” His low yet enchanting voice rang out from the other end.

As soon as she heard his voice, the slight unhappiness she felt after the dispute with Sean and Lyla dissipated. She glanced at the flask in her hands as her mouth curved upward into a smile. “Yeah,” she replied.

Tony, who was in a slightly frustrated mood, calmed down significantly upon hearing her voice. He put out the cigarette he was holding and without realizing, he asked, “Did Sean turn up too?”

At his words, Myra was stunned. Subconsciously, she scanned her surroundings but unfortunately, she had already walked into the elevator. Sebastian had just left the Stark Group, so it couldn't be him that mentioned this to Tony. She raised her eyebrows in surprise as she tried to come up with the words to say. However, she gave up and teasingly asked, “Are you jealous?”

Tony chose not to answer her question.

As such, both of them remained silent for that moment.

Suddenly, the elevator gave a loud ‘ding’ to indicate that it had reached the intended floor, and Myra walked out.

Realizing that Tony was quite sensitive about this topic, she couldn't help feeling amused about it as she honestly replied, "Lyla came over to talk to me. She wanted me to leave her family alone and stop pursuing Sean." Myra paused for a second before continuing, "She grabbed hold of me. However, when I tried to get out of her hold, the force must have pushed her backward, resulting in her nearly falling down a flight of stairs. Coincidentally, Sean arrived and saw what happened, so we had some disagreement then. That was the only thing we talked about. By that time, Old Master Hart arrived and thanks to him, I was able to get out of the messy situation."

Over the phone, Myra didn't realize that Tony's was brooding and his mood was quite somber.

He narrowed his eyes but his voice remained unchanged. "Have you had lunch?"

I'm not sure why Tony's changed the topic but that's fine too. I don't want to continue this topic either. Thinking of Lyla ruins my mood and brings up the anger in me. Since Sebastian has solved this issue, it's best to leave it as it is. Besides, I don't want things to get more complicated.

"I haven't. Old Master Hart had just dropped off some food for me and I could smell chicken soup. I'll have that for lunch; I can't be bothered going out anyway. Besides, I've lost my appetite."

She was telling the truth as she had lost all her appetite after the ruckus with Sean and Lyla.

Consequently, Tony didn't pursue it further. He then reminded her in his low voice, "I'll pick you up after work."

"After work..." Myra suddenly realized she had a dinner appointment tonight, thus she hurriedly replied, "You don't need to come tonight; I have a dinner appointment so I'll head home after that."

Tony pursed up his lips and he replied in a low voice, "Sure." He didn't say much after that and hung up promptly.

Myra wasn't quite sure whether she was overthinking things, but she felt that Tony was suppressing his feelings.