

Standing before Love Chapter 2

Myra stiffened as she grew flustered.

She could not deny the glimmer of the hope she had felt when Greta informed about the bouquet of flowers.

I knew it was impossible for him to get me flowers, so why do I still land myself in situations like this?

Her throat felt dry as she asked hesitantly, “Then, why did you ask to see me?”

Sean strode over to the desk and pulled open a drawer before he answered coldly, “I expected you to behave yourself, but you crossed the line anyway. Eris may have brushed off the incident tonight, but I don’t ever want to see you doing something like that ever again.”

His sideburns were trimmed into a clean fade that framed his well-structured side profile. Myra watched him in the full-length mirror; her heart wrenched in a familiar ache at the sight of his stony expression—he was as cold and distant to her as he had always been.

Her gaze flickered over to the bouquet of blue roses. The tension in the study seemed even more prominent when it was juxtaposed with the quiet beauty of the flowers.

Myra feigned strength; she could not stop convulsing fiercely. “It wasn’t me,” she said in a voice that sounded like a whisper.

For a moment, she wondered whether he even heard her. He was already dressed and stood tall, but he did not respond as he took out a heart-shaped red velvet box from the drawer.

Sean glanced at his watch. When he looked up again, his face was colored with indifference and annoyance. “Myra, don’t pull any of those dirty tricks against my woman. I’ve fulfilled your wish for a marriage—what more do you want from me? If you want to claim me as your own, I’m afraid I have no such feelings for you. If you want my heart—”

“I told you I wasn’t the one who pushed Eris into the pond!” Myra interrupted him through gritted teeth before he could say anything more condescending.

Her lips were pale and she trembled so badly that she could collapse at any given moment.

Upon hearing what she said, Sean scowled. “Are you saying that she lied?” A look of disgust passed over his face as he scoffed and turned from her. “She can’t swim—did you know that? She could have drowned if I did not arrive on time to save her. If that happened, do you think you’ll still be standing here?”

“Sean, do you really think I would do something like that?” The floodgates were open, causing the resentment and pain that had built up in her for such a long time to be released. She looked at him bitterly and reiterated. “I did not push Eris. She fell into the water on her own. She came up to me and tried to make me leave you by insulting me, but I never wanted to hurt her!”

Myra’s cheeks were sunken, which only accentuated the size of her eyes. She looked wounded and vulnerable.

Sean saw the dark clouds that gathered in her otherwise luminous eyes, but his expression darkened just as quickly. He regarded the stubborn woman before him with disdain as he thought about Eris shivering in his arms as she advised not to blame Myra for the incident. Anger immediately rose within him and without another thought, he roughly shoved Myra aside.

“You’re the most despicable woman I’ve ever met!” he spat as she staggered backward. Her feet thudded against the floor as she tried to keep herself from falling over. Her face paled as she stared at him with widened eyes.

However, he simply returned her look of astonishment with a cold, baleful gaze before he picked up the bouquet of roses from the ottoman and headed out the door.

Myra had no idea where her courage came from; she ignored the pain that shot through her arm and rushed over to block him as she demanded, “Where are you going at this hour?”

Sean shot her an icy glare. “Move!” he barked.

Her arm’s eyes were filled with mist; as she prevented him from taking another step forward, she glanced at the ring on her finger.

It was only a plain, silver band that was bought from one of those nondescript shops. Sean had purchased it for her before their relationship soured, but she

still cherished it. He quickly grew tired of her after their marriage and seeing as he never bought her a proper diamond ring, she'd taken the silver one as a token that meant something.

"You're a married man now, Sean. What the hell do you think you're doing?" Myra shouted, no longer able to suppress her rage.

For the past two years, she had woken up everyday to see pictures of her husband with his arms around another woman. She could not remember the last time she was happy.

He pushed her arm away. Before the door was slammed shut, he responded in a withering voice, "You should have known what you were signing up for when you first married into the Chase family."

Myra bristled and she froze in her place.

Greta did not enter the study until after the sound of the front door being closed. She eyed Myra sympathetically as she asked, "Young Mistress Myra, are you alright?"

Myra straightened. She brought her hand to her face, expecting to feel tears streaming down her cheeks, but her skin was dry and taut. She shook her head in a state of daze before she exited the study in silence to make her way to her bedroom.