

Standing before Love Chapter 20

“I was the one who changed it for you.” Mrs. Somerfields smiled kindly. “You were sweating heavily, so it was not suitable for you to continue wearing your clothes. Come on down for breakfast—I bet you must be hungry. By the way, I’ve already placed the toiletries that you might need in the washroom. Yours is the pink set.”

A peculiar feeling rose within Myra. No matter how she thought about it, it didn’t seem right to wake up in the room of an unfamiliar man. Nevertheless, she still remembered what happened last night when she had a fever. After a moment of hesitation, she asked, “W-Where is Director Hart now?”

“Mr. Tony went for a jog. He will return soon.”

Myra froze for a moment before she quickly got up. As she didn’t know how to face Tony later, she planned to leave before he got back.

She could clearly feel that she had gotten much better, and her head did not feel as dizzy as the day before.

After she changed into her clothes, she entered the washroom and froze once again.

There were two sets of toiletries in the washroom—a blue set and a pink set. It was perfectly fine to have two sets of toiletries in the washroom, as Mrs. Somerfields had mentioned just now that the pink set was prepared for her.

However, what was weird was the position of the toiletries set. The two mugs were next to each other, both the toothbrush faced each other and the towels were also placed on top of one another.

This looks too much like a couple set....

Myra blushed again, but this time around she quickly suppressed her thoughts.

Perhaps Mrs. Somerfields thinks that this arrangement looks better.

She did not dare to take the towel, so she merely brushed her teeth and washed her face. When she turned around, she was distracted by a black underwear which did not match the room’s aesthetic. It was a huge, luxurious

bathroom, yet there was a clothesline in the middle with a black underwear on it.

Myra's flushed as red as a tomato. She quickly averted her gaze and left Tony's bathroom as if she was escaping from something.

Mrs. Somerfields planned to ask her to stay for breakfast, but she politely rejected the offer.

Myra quickly tidied her belongings and planned to leave after she took her handbag.

Just as she walked to the doorway to put on her shoes, the front door of the unit was suddenly opened by someone from the outside.

She raised her head and immediately saw a pair of black, profound irises.

Their gazes meeting made her mind turn blank instantly and she froze at the doorway.

The person who opened the door was none other than Tony, who had just returned from his morning jog.

At this moment, he wore a set of black sportswear that revealed his smooth and elegant figure, accentuating his tall and firm body, making it look even more perfect than it already was. He had an air of masculinity around him that was unique to men. Though his hair was slightly damp, he looked energetic. Myra could even smell the slight mint flavour from his body.

"Uh..." Myra froze on the spot. When her gaze fell on his thin lips, she suddenly remembered the kiss last night. As a result, she immediately blushed as she greeted him awkwardly. "Director Hart..."

"You're up?"

Tony nodded naturally. Compared to his initial coldness, he seemed more familiar with her at this moment. He then took a towel from Mrs. Somerfields to dry his hair.

Myra was even more awkward as the minutes passed. Of course, it was clear that he brought her to his bed last night.

"Thanks... for everything last night."

After all, it was impossible for me to go home in that condition.

Seeing the way she planned to leave hastily, Tony arched his eyebrows and shot a glance at Mrs. Somerfields before he walked to the dining hall.

“Let’s have breakfast together. I have a few comments on the design plan from the Chase Group.”

Initially, Myra was about to leave right after greeting him but after she heard this, her exasperated self could only take off the shoes she had just put on.

Mrs. Somerfields took her handbag from her with a huge smile as she said, “Miss Stark, I’ve made porridge specially for you. It’s best for people who are feeling unwell.”

After a moment of hesitation, Myra walked to the dining hall as well.

The breakfast on the table was quite simple. It was highly likely that it was prepared to suit her preference since she was feeling unwell, so the food was light and bland.

Seeing that Tony spooned some vegetables onto his plate casually and slowly ate his breakfast, Myra also took a small bun. She could not help but ask, “Director Hart, I wonder what comments you have regarding our draft.”

Right after she finished her sentence, Tony spooned some vegetables into her bowl.

Under her surprised gaze, he retracted his hands naturally and frowned slightly. “Don’t talk when you’re eating.”