

## Standing before Love Chapter 212

Kris had a high standard for men. At that moment, she felt that not many men were worthy of her except for Tony.

However, it did not stop her from having fun with other men, but at the same time, she knew that those men could only provide her with temporary happiness as they weren't her choice of marriage partner.

In the past, if this man were to openly hold her in his arms at the company, her face would have turned cold at the start. However, her heart today was filled with many grievances and rage. Furthermore, it so happened that Cameron and Rachel did not comfort her after the incident, but instead, they made her feelings worse, which was why the man's actions felt a little warmer to her, especially the concern in his eyes for her without even asking a question...

"What else could it be? Other than Myra, who else would do this to me..." Her eyes started to turn red as tears rolled down her face.

Hayden felt distressed and angry at the same time as he tightened his arms around Kris. "How dare she hit you! Didn't you say that you have a plan to kick her out of the Stark Group? How did you allow her to take advantage of you?" Seeing the slight change in Kris' expression, he patted her back. "Alright. She must have used some despicable trick! Kris, don't be upset. Myra is just a woman who was abandoned by Sean. Besides, your father doesn't even like her and he hates her coming back to the Stark Group. One day, you'll be able to kick her out of the company! My Kris is always the best!"

The man landed a soft kiss on her forehead as he gently comforted her.

Kris felt that among the men that she had dated before, it was not a surprise that she liked Hayden the most.

Since he was second in line to the Fuller Corporation, he had quite a good background. Even though he wasn't the direct heir to the company, she still wished to hear more of his comforting words whenever she was in an angry mood.

Then, she turned and landed a kiss on Hayden's thin lips as a reward.

Unexpectedly, the moment she landed her kiss, Hayden's eyes immediately darkened as he pressed her against the back of the door. Then, he lowered his head and tried to suck all the sweetness from her lips vigorously.

His body was strong, but it wasn't that muscular. As his burning hot body leaned on Kris, it quickly made her lose her mind a little. Suddenly, the thin lips were withdrawn, but soon after, it was back again and this time, it came with an object with a somewhat rough texture.

At first, Kris was startled as she took a look at the necklace Hayden gave her using his mouth. Instantly, her eyes lit up.

It was the True Love diamond that she liked a lot when she saw it at an auction in New York some time ago. At that time, she simply mentioned it to him, but because the price was too expensive and she didn't have much time on her schedule, she ended up missing the auction. However, she didn't expect him to buy it for her.

Kris' face was filled with surprise and joy. "Hayden, didn't you say that you are short of cash recently? Did your brother allow you to invest the funds in loose stocks? Where did you get the money to buy this..."

The light in Hayden's eyes flickered inexplicably as he immediately carried her in her arms and walked toward the couch. "Baby, I can give up everything for you."

Kris was familiar with the warmth in his eyes, but now that she was in a good mood and she just received a gift that she really liked, she did not mind to satisfy the man in front of her.

After that, Hayden was considerate enough to give her some birth control pills. He promised that he wouldn't put her in a difficult situation by impregnating her before deciding to marry her.

In Kris' heart, she felt a little pity. If only this man is Tony. If that's the case, I wouldn't be upset and angry.

However, as soon as she thought of Tony, she couldn't help but think of that woman—Myra!

Hayden is right. One day, I'll kick her out of the Stark Group myself, but now, I must bear with it!

When Myra found out that Rachel was inviting her to the Stark Residence for a meal, she couldn't help but feel ironic, especially when she realized that the person sent to invite her was Kris. Not only that, she even apologized to Myra herself even though there weren't any emotions on her face.

However, Myra accepted their invitation this time.

She felt that Rachel wouldn't be kind enough to invite her over for a meal, but since she did so, she wanted to see what other tricks the woman had for her. Other than that, she also wanted to confirm whether Rachel was really pregnant or not. Since I'm going to the Stark Residence tonight, I'll probably not leave.

However, after thinking about it, Myra packed her stuff as she planned to go to the Hart Group to have lunch with the man.

When she went downstairs, it just happened to be the peak time for lunch. Therefore, many people were talking about Thomas in the elevator.

"Did you hear about it? Mr. Hughes was reported today for corruption and bribery. Now, he has loads of charges stacked against him, so he has been dismissed from his position for further investigation. Tsk. To be honest, several projects in our company were approved by him. I wonder if it would affect us."

"Even if it does, it has nothing to do with staff like us." Another person joined the conversation.

"I also heard that Mr. Hughes was beaten up into a pulp after offending someone. All of his limbs are now broken, but people like him deserve it! How dare he use our taxes to support his own mistress! He always looked like a gentleman to me in the past, so I didn't expect him to be involved in such filth! Serves him right!"

The crowd obviously did not notice Myra, so the discussion became more intense.

When Myra heard that several projects in the Stark Group were related to Thomas, she couldn't help but furrow her brows slightly. However, when she heard that he was beaten up to a pulp, she was left dumbfounded.

When Tilly and I met Mr. Hughes and his subordinate last night, his face still looked fine, which means that he was beaten up last night?

As for the culprit who whacked him, she more or less knew who it was.

Immediately, she felt a sense of warmth in her heart. While coming out of the elevator, she purposely waited for everyone to head out first.

Then, she called a cab outside, but when she arrived at the lobby of the Hart Group, she started to feel a little nervous.

It wasn't easy to meet Tony in the Hart Group; otherwise, he would be annoyed to death given the enormous amount of people wanting to meet him every day.

Luckily, she had Leo's number, so she could give him a call first if she did not know whether Tony was busy with his work.

Less than two minutes after the call ended, Leo appeared in front of Myra. For some reason, Myra somehow felt that there was a hint of flattery in his eyes when he glanced at her. Also, it was the way Leo kept on addressing her...

"Mrs. Hart, Director Hart is still having his meeting in the meeting room, but he'll be done soon. You can rest in his office first. Mrs. Hart, have some lemon juice. Mrs. Hart, I'll be in the room next door. Please call me if you need any help."

Cough!

Myra let out an awkward cough and halted Leo. "Mr. Clark, I think you better call me 'Miss Stark' like before."

"Alright, Mrs. Hart."

Instantly, she was rendered speechless.

Just as he was about to leave Tony's office, Myra simply asked a question since she felt a bit bored waiting here. "Mr. Clark, has Director Hart... eaten his lunch today?"

Understanding what she was about to do afterward, Leo immediately shook his head. "No, he hasn't. I have too many matters to attend to, so I didn't have the time to buy lunch for him downstairs today."

The intention in his words was obvious as it made Myra even more nervous. “Then, I’ll go down to buy for him.” After taking two steps, she turned. “Should I buy one for you too, Mr. Clark?”

Instantly, Leo felt a thump in his heart. Is she joking? How can I have the same treatment as Director Hart?!

He quickly shook his head. “I’m going out for lunch with my colleagues later.”

In the end, she nodded her head and went downstairs.

When Myra went upstairs earlier, everyone in the Hart Group saw how polite Leo was toward her. As soon as she came down, the lady at the reception quickly gave her a bright smile. “Miss Stark, have a good day.”

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With a gentle smile, Myra replied, “Thank you.”

However, she did not know that as soon as she left the Hart Group, several staff members started talking about her intensely at the front desk.

“Is she really Director Hart’s genuine girlfriend? Have you guys seen how warm and respectful Mr. Clark was toward her just now? Tsk. At least Miss Stark has a good temperament and personality.”

“So what? She is still a divorced woman. I still think that she is not worthy of Director Hart.”

“Forget about it. If she isn’t worthy, do you actually think you are worthier than her? It’s not for us to decide. In the end, let’s see what Director Hart has to say. No matter who he likes, we have no right to judge him. I heard from a friend working in Stark Group that President Hart personally delivered a bowl of soup to the Stark Group for her yesterday. Doesn’t that mean even his parents have confirmed Miss Stark’s identity as someone next to him?”

For a moment, everyone kept on discussing Myra.

Naturally, she did not know what they were talking about.

The moment she went downstairs, she received a call from Leo. “Mrs. Hart, Director Hart is already done with his meeting, but he has another meeting an hour later.”

He felt helpless while saying those words. Initially, he wanted to help his boss to set up a perfect lunch with his beloved lady, but obviously, he was a little busy with today’s meetings.

At first, Myra was startled as she nodded. “Alright. I’ll come back immediately with his lunch.”

Initially, she wanted to cross to another street because there was a restaurant ahead of her with delicious food, but looking at the time, she could only find a place to buy his meal. After finding a somewhat clean restaurant, she ordered a takeout for him.

When she returned, Tony just happened to be coming out of his lounge.

At that moment, he wasn’t wearing his suit, but his white shirt still looked meticulous and his tie was roughly loosened. His body was tall and imposing, but his dashing face had hints of tiredness and impatience. When he saw Myra, his expression finally relaxed as he waved at her.

Then, Myra went over to him with the takeout. As soon as she placed the takeout on his desk, her entire body was immediately pulled into a firm chest.

“Why did you think of coming here at noon?” His crisp voice had a deep sense that only belonged to him.

Upon smelling the familiar aura of the man, Myra joked in a half-serious manner, “It’s because I miss you.”

Immediately, the arms around her waist tightened as the man’s deep chuckle was heard next to her. “After seducing me this morning, you are now using the same trick on me. Are you planning to stay here this evening? Hmm?”

His laughter was filled with playfulness and implications as his warm breath blew all over her neck. Thinking about what her proactiveness this morning had caused, she quickly struggled to break free from Tony’s arms as she urged him to eat the lunch that she had just bought. “Mr. Clark said that you have another hour till your next meeting. You have less than an hour left, so you should finish your food quickly.”

She knew that the man was full of energy, so it would be dangerous to let him hug her any longer.

With a flushed face, she tried to suppress her awkwardness by pretending to push her hair to the back of her delicate ear, but her ears had also turned red afterward. Looking at her, Tony couldn't help but chuckle again before landing another loving kiss on her cheek. Then, he opened the three lunch boxes that she brought—a bowl of rice and two other dishes.

She ordered it from a small restaurant, so the lunch boxes were the plastic ones that were usually used in fast-food restaurants. Even the dining utensils were poorly made disposable utensils.

At that time, Myra did not give much thought into it. Even though she was born in the Stark Family, she would often have lunch with everyone else while working in the Chase Group. However, when Tony opened the lunch box in his luxurious and grand office, the strong smell of rice and vegetables seemed to be incompatible with the surroundings.

As Tony squinted his eyes at the almost 'shabby' lunch, he raised his brows at Myra.

After seeing his 'disgusted' eyes, she immediately flushed as she felt a hint of annoyance in her heart, so she went to take his lunch box away. "Forget about it. I'll ask Mr. Clark to buy something else for you."

"Who told you that I'm not eating it?" The moment her hand touched the lunch box, another hand casually reached out to grab hers.

As she struggled to break free, the other hand tightened itself around hers. While he caressed the back of her hand with his thumb, the rough skin of his hand rubbed against hers, as if an electric current was flowing through her body. Seeing that her face was getting redder, Tony's dark eyes were suddenly filled with joy. "Stop messing around. I still have a meeting to attend. Are you trying to starve me?"

As Myra bit on her lips, Tony placed his utensils next to her hand.

She smiled faintly and gave him a stare. Then, she took the utensils and gave it back to the man who had been constantly staring at her.

After opening the lunch box, he scanned the food. "Aren't you eating?"

“I already had lunch. I’ll return to the Stark Group when you attend your meeting later.” Myra was afraid that he could see through her lie, so she walked behind him and helped to massage his temple. In reality, she forgot to buy her own lunch when ordering his food. I’ll just have to buy my lunch on my way back to the Stark Group later on.

Tony nodded his head.

As a result of Myra’s massage that relaxed him a lot, his current mood was much better than earlier.

“Are you busy recently?” she asked.

He had been together with her for so long that she almost thought that he actually had a lot of free time, but how could he be that free while running such a huge corporation?

Seeing that he was tired after today’s meeting, she assumed that he had been attending meetings in the company since morning.

“Yes.” Tony picked up the disposable utensils and started eating his fast-food, but his movement was still very elegant, as if he was dining in a fine restaurant. “Recently, there are a few big projects in the company that need me to make choices. I’ll be free after a while.”

“Then, you should rest more. Don’t overwork yourself.” Myra gently reminded him. Once a man starts working tirelessly, he will usually ignore his own health and life. This is why most career-minded men suffer from lots of diseases in their middle age.

Then, Tony raised his brows and moved her hand over to his shoulder, showing his intent.

After revealing a smile, Myra helped to massage his shoulder.

The food that she ordered probably did not suit his taste, so he put down the fork and spoon after only eating a few bites.

As soon as he did so, someone knocked on the office door and the clear voice of a woman was heard afterward. “Director Hart.”

Tony furrowed his brows slightly when Myra stopped massaging him. Therefore, he pinched her hand on his shoulder, telling her to continue before calmly speaking to the person outside the door. "Come in."

The moment the office door was opened, a gorgeous-looking woman came in.

She wore a Chanel office suit that accentuated her figure and the makeup on her face acted as a foil on how delicate her face was. When she saw Myra, who was standing behind Tony while massaging him, she was immediately stunned as she stood at the office door in a daze.

"What is it?" Tony reverted to his usual indifferent expression.

Then, he instinctively took out a cigarette and stuck it in his thin lips as he prepared to light it up, but suddenly, a tender hand reached out to snatch the cigarette from his mouth. What followed was Myra's whisper. "You should smoke less."

After that, Ivy realized that even though Tony's lips were pressed, he did not show any signs of displeasure. Instead, he glanced at her and asked again, "What is it?"

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Ivy Jameson suddenly found the scene difficult to bear. I was handling some subsequent work in the United States before rushing back. How could so many things happen without my knowledge within such a short time? Tony was staring at her with an increasingly annoyed look and she walked to his front while extending her hand.

There was a bag in her hand and it had a logo of a pharmacy printed on it.

"I noticed that you seemed to be having some gastric discomfort during the meeting today. It so happened that I was passing by a pharmacy and I bought some medicine for gastritis," she sounded concerned. It seemed like she only had eyes for him while completely ignoring the woman standing behind him.

Myra was astounded, but she did not stop what she was doing. Instead, she merely regarded the woman in front of her in silence.

Almost everybody knows that there are no female assistants on Tony's office floor. However, this woman looks like an elite staff member. I heard her saying

that she noticed Tony was having gastric discomfort. I can immediately guess that she must be holding a high position in Hart Group. That is why she has the right to enter Tony's office. However, the way this woman is gazing at Tony...

Myra increased her strength instinctively.

Tony felt the increased pressure on his shoulders. He maintained a blank façade across his face, but his eyes now twinkled with a smile.

Ivy observed everything quietly and she tightened her grip around the bag in her hand.

"Director Hart?" She persisted by holding the bag of medicine out toward Tony. "You should have some because you have two more consecutive meetings in the afternoon." There was a trace of intimacy in her tone. After working together for years, the two of them had a tacit understanding when it involved working together. She glanced at Myra triumphantly.

However, Tony closed his eyes as though he was enjoying Myra's massage. "My stomach is fine. Take away the medicine," he answered calmly.

"Director Hart!" Ivy seemed to disagree with him. "Health is the most important thing. Old Madam Hart would be devastated if she learns that you are not taking good care of your health again."

Myra stopped moving. It looks like she is not just an elite staff member from the Hart Group.

Tony finally opened his eyes when he felt Myra's hands stop. He looked at the determined woman in front of him while frowning deeply. "Miss Ivy, is there anything else?"

Ivy's back stiffened straight away and she glanced at the woman who was behind Tony. She secretly inhaled before smiling at him. "Regarding the two meetings in the afternoon, one of them is the discussion of the financial proposal for the Hillville project whereas the other is the solution management for its remaining real estate. For both meetings, the Finance Department has succeeded in securing capital integration from Jameson Group. The rest of it should be a walk in the park."

"Thank you for the hard work."

It was clear that Ivy explained so much just to highlight her contribution to Tony, but she received nothing more than an indifferent response from him.

Therefore, her gaze immediately changed when she looked at Myra again.

Myra was younger than Tony by 10 years and since she had a petite face with delicate features, she looked as though she was merely in her early 20's. Ivy was slightly shocked at that point. I can't believe that Director Hart fancies such a young woman.

I don't recognize her, but she looks oddly familiar. I can't help but feel upset as I see how intimate they are with each other.

Then, Ivy looked down at the fast food in front of Tony and she seemed shocked. She looked up at the two of them, who were in front of her, and she exclaimed, "Director Hart, was this your lunch? Should I head downstairs to buy something more substantial for you?"

After saying that, she glared at Myra viciously with a tinge of unhappiness. I don't have to guess to know that she bought this for Tony.

Myra felt uncomfortable when Ivy glared at her. She's staring at me as if I'm serving Director Hart with bacteria and viruses. Hence, Myra moved to clean up the desk, but Tony pressed his lips together in response. He grabbed onto her hands and his gaze turned icy at this point. "Miss Ivy, you may leave if there's nothing else."

Ivy clenched her fists, which were at her sides, tightly.

Due to her relationship with Lisa, he had always been courteous toward Ivy. She was eager to excel, so she managed to procure the position as Finance Director based on merit.

She had been staying by Tony's side for as long as the Hartwell Group had existed.

Previously, I have always assumed that Tony is cold and distant in nature. That is the reason why I've stayed by his side in silence all this while. I've never paid attention to Gemma's advances, but I never expected another woman to be by his side when after being apart from him for merely 3 months!

Ivy's nails were digging into her palms and she almost drew blood. However, she knew that Tony hated women who did not know when to retreat. Therefore, no matter how upset or unsatisfied she was, she remained calm on the exterior. Finally, she turned to leave his office.

Once she left his office, she stood outside the office door while biting hard on her lip. Then, she knocked on Leo's office door frantically.

Leo just had his lunch when he opened the door for Ivy. He noticed that she looked rather upset, so he asked in surprise, "Did Director Hart reprimand you? Why do you look so upset?"

Ivy did not reply to him; instead, she marched into his office while wearing a dark expression. "Since when did the woman next to Director Hart appear? Why didn't you inform me?"

He was astounded, but he had a mysterious expression. "Why should I inform you? This is Director Hart's private matters. We have no right over those matters."

"Leo!" Ivy's gaze flashed menacingly. She turned to stare right at Leo who had an unreadable expression. "You clearly know that I-I..."

Her cheeks flushed red, but the color drained from her face swiftly. Ivy looked as if she had recalled something because she was frowning deeply now. "That woman has an unknown background and she's from a shabby family. She isn't particular about anything. I can't believe that she bought some fast food from the streets for Director Hart! She is most probably a gold-digger and that's why she's with Director Hart. However, Director Hart—"

"However, Director Hart is in love with Miss Stark." Leo's gaze was still mysterious when he smiled faintly. "Miss Stark doesn't have an unknown background. She is the daughter of the Stark Family from Bradford City, so she's not from a shabby family either. She bought street food for Director Hart because I told her that he is about to have a meeting soon. That is why she bought some food from a random shop nearby in a rush. Besides—"

He noticed that Ivy's expression soured further and he felt bad for her. He turned to walk to his desk. "Besides, hasn't Director Hart finished the meal? The quality of the meal isn't solely dependent on the food itself because the person bringing it to him is important too."

“Did you say that she is the daughter of the Stark Family?” Ivy looked utterly upset at that point. She caught onto Leo’s explanation earlier and she squinted at him. “I recall that the Stark Family has two daughters. The older one is married to the Chase Family whereas the younger one is single. Is she the younger one?”

“The older one,” he answered indifferently.

“What?” Ivy’s voice subconsciously rose. The older daughter of the Stark Family is already married. If she’s with Director Hart right now, it means that...

“That’s right. Miss Stark has already divorced Director Chase from the Chase Group.” Leo looked at the normally smart but muddle-headed Ivy when it involved Tony. A trace of complicated emotions flashed through his eyes when he sighed softly. “Ivy, I will be honest with you. Director Hart will never be interested in any other woman apart from her in this lifetime. It is best for you to... give up as soon as possible.”

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Ivy’s expression soured slightly and she bit on her lower lip with force. Then, she turned to leave Leo’s office without replying to him.

Leo, who was left behind, stared in helplessness and full of heartache.

In Tony’s office, Myra was about to clean the desk after Ivy left. She was just about to reach out for the bag when a long and prominent arm wrapped itself around her waist. Tony pulled her against him. “Are you jealous?”

Tony cocked a brow at her.

“No, I’m not,” Myra retorted straight away. She struggled against his embrace, but she gave up since she realized that she couldn’t release herself from his grip. However, she refused to meet his gaze.

Tony chuckled in a rumbling tone while sounding seductive and alluring. Myra felt her earlobes burning; she deliberately shoved against him to hide her shyness. Then, she faced him with a stern expression. “You have many people falling for you. I would drown in my own jealousy if I were to feel jealous of everybody!” Myra was being honest when she said that.

Well, Tony is like the Devil himself. I can't even count the number of people yearning for him! Forget about the ones I am unaware of because I know that Sasha, Gemma and even Kris are in love with him! I can't possibly lock him up at home and not let him head out, can I? However, if I were to forbid him from leaving the house...

Myra imagined locking Tony at home and her lips twitched involuntarily whereas her eyes twinkled with a smile. Tony, who was just in front of her, locked lips with her the moment she smiled.

He held onto her waist tightly. He hugged her so closely to him that it felt almost like he was trying to merge his body with hers. The intensity of his kiss reflected his domineering and forceful nature as usual.

Myra blushed until her neck was red. She met Tony's eyes, which seemed almost magical, while biting on her lips. Tony pressed his lips against her again when he saw that. After a long time, he chuckled quietly. "I do not have the heart to see you drown."

Tony wasn't the type of man to utter sweet nothings, but a simple phrase from him seemed much more effective than empty promises.

Myra grabbed the chest area of his shirt and she mumbled to him, "Tony, you are constantly attracting young and pretty women. It seems like Miss Ivy is rather capable and she seems to be quite..."

Suddenly, she was reminded of Sean and his relationship with his female assistants in the secretary room. It caused her to immediately frown. I know that Tony doesn't have female assistants, but at that time, Sean even cheated on me with Elsie from the Design Department anyway. If...

"You better erase that imagination of yours." Tony squinted at her and he met her gaze directly. He could not help but gripped her waist with more strength.

Myra hissed in pain, but she felt angry with herself for speculating nonsense. If he truly wanted that, he wouldn't have been single for many years while staying pure all this time.

She noticed Tony's pursed lips and she could easily guess that he was slightly angry with her. Myra immediately moved forward to kiss his thin lips, as if to sooth him. "I am not overthinking. I trust you, but that woman just now..."

“She is a distant relative from Old Madam Hart’s side. Old Madam Hart dotes on her,” he explained lightly.

No wonder she kept using Lisa’s name as an excuse earlier.

Myra was stumped for a moment, but Tony cocked a brow at her. “Old Madam Hart gave you a bangle, didn’t she?” It was apparent that he had to leave the Hart Residence early that day, but he knew what had happened.

Myra smiled automatically when she recalled Old Madam Hart handing her the bangle while advising her to live happily with Tony. She felt much better and moved forward to kiss the corner of his lips. “This means that you have no way back, Tony Hart, because it’s too late for you to return the goods now even if you want to.”

Tony saw her sparkling eyes and he couldn’t help but laugh with her.

He lifted her left hand to look at the diamond ring, which was shining brightly, on her finger. He kissed the ring before announcing, “Well, I admit defeat since I fell in love with a woman who can’t wait to trap me with a diamond ring.”

Myra blushed straight away before she viciously glared at him.

Well, it is his fault since he was angry the last time and he made me think of this idea. Previously, Elliot and the gang even teased me on Messenger. Nevertheless, regarding Ivy, I am not overthinking the matter.

She informed Tony that she was returning to the Stark Residence tonight, so he did not have to pick her up. Then, she left Hart Group.

Due to the delay, Myra had planned to buy some cake and milk in a cake shop as a simple lunch.

However, after arriving at the cake shop, she heard a familiar voice when she was choosing cakes—

“Elsie, you must not abort the child! You are finally pregnant with Sean’s son and he is my grandson. We will be heartbroken if you abort the child!” Eve’s voice was as warm and gentle as usual, but it barely caused a stir in Myra’s heart.

Child... Elsie...

Myra turned slightly to the side and she glanced at two women standing in a corner. One of them was crying whereas the other was advising her. Myra squinted in surprise when she saw them.

It was Elsie and Eve; out of the two of them, one was sobbing quietly whereas the other was trying her best to advise the other. Eve is begging Elsie not to abort the child...

Myra shifted her focus on Elsie's belly.

Similar to the last time when she saw Elsie in the grocery store, Elsie's belly was slightly showing and it was obvious that she was pregnant.

Well, judging from Eve's advice, I suppose Elsie is pregnant with Sean's child. And it's a son! It is no wonder Eve is advising her against the abortion.

"But, Mrs. Chase, Sean is married to Miss Fisher now. Do you want me to give birth to the child for him to call another woman his mother?! I can't do that... Besides, Miss Fisher is pregnant too. What should I do if she is unfair to my child and tortures him in the future? I would rather end my child's life when he's still in my womb because I don't want him to suffer in life..." Elsie had cried so much that her makeup was in a mess.

Eve looked like she was caught in a difficult situation.

Lyla is pregnant with my son's child now. I can't believe that I am getting two grandchildren after yearning for one for such a long time. How could I possibly let Elsie abort the child? Besides, Elsie is pregnant with a son! Yesterday, she gave me the picture and that is why I'm here looking for her today.

"Sean will not let you and your child suffer; you have to trust me." Eve could only reassure Elsie verbally. She did not dare to promise her things, such as a divorce between her son and Lyla.

Myra observed the scene while harboring a sense of irony. In the past, Eve used to promise me verbally too. She claims that she would never allow Sean to gallivant with other women and she tried to convince me by saying that she would make him return to me. The funny thing is that I trusted her, which was why I just couldn't leave the Chase Family.

Myra did not want to continue listening to their conversation, so she ordered a cake. She requested the server to pack it for her; after paying the bill, she left the cake shop with her order.

However, while Myra was ordering her cake, Eve had heard her speaking and saw her back view. Eve panicked immediately when she saw Myra leaving after paying the bill. After telling Elsie to wait for her, Eve ran after Myra.

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Myra was standing outside the cake shop, and she was about to extend her hand to hail a cab when somebody called out to her from behind, "Myra!"

Myra paused before she turned around to look calmly at the rich-looking woman in front of her. "Mrs. Chase."

Eve was sure that Myra must have heard most of her conversation with Elsie. She felt extremely embarrassed for Myra to have heard their conversation, but she was mostly afraid. After a moment of hesitation, she forced herself to speak with Myra anyway. "Myra... I hope that you would pretend as if you haven't heard what I discussed with Miss Foster earlier." Currently, Myra is disgusted with the Chase Family. I am also afraid that she might expose my relationship with Elsie to Lyla and things will turn ugly if the latter causes a scene.

Myra regarded Eve's anxious expression and she suddenly felt as though she was very stupid in the past. How did I ever trust what Eve said when she's clearly brushing me off by placating me verbally?

Myra's lips curled slightly but it was barely a smile. "Mrs. Chase, you have nothing to worry about because I am not interested in matters involving the Chase Family." With that, she spun around to leave but Eve grabbed her arm suddenly.

Myra looked back at Eve with a scowl, and the latter released her straight away with a complicated expression. Truth was, Eve herself had no idea why she grabbed Myra all of a sudden. Eve's lips parted a few times and she finally asked quietly, "Myra, how have you been lately?"

"Mrs. Chase, I believe whether or not I'm doing well is none of your business." Myra wouldn't fall for that anymore. She pulled her arm away from Eve's grasp and marched forward. "Don't worry; it's none of my business how many

lovers or illegitimate children your son has. Rather than blocking my path for being worried that I might expose the truth, it might be better for you to console the woman inside. She seems to be planning to abort her unborn child.”

Honestly, both Eve and I know very well that Elsie is merely kicking up a fuss by claiming that she wants an abortion. However, she would have done so straight away if that were truly what she wanted. Why would she take the trouble to inform Eve? She is clearly trying to reap some benefits for herself by relying on her unborn child. However, this is no longer my business. Elsie is at least four months pregnant and it truly disgusts me. Based on the timeline, the child must have been conceived three months ago, even before my divorce with Sean. At that time, I was still trying to salvage our marriage. Nevertheless, does Eve truly believe that nobody will know that Elsie is pregnant with Sean’s child if I don’t say anything to the public? Lyla will learn the truth as long as Elsie gives birth to the child and based on what I know about Lyla, she will not let it go easily. My guess is that the situation will eventually become a huge headache for Eve. With that thought, Myra smirked faintly.

Upon arriving at the Stark Group, Myra was just about to enter the elevator when she saw Kris walking out of it with another man. The two of them appeared intimate but Kris’ expression darkened the moment she saw Myra. She even snorted in disdain when she walked past. In the end, Kris finally left unwillingly after the man tugged at her hand.

Once Myra arrived upstairs, Tilly approached her and whispered, “Miss Stark, a man stayed in that woman’s office for ages today. She even locked her office door and drew the curtains. It went on for three hours and by the time she walked out of the office, she seemed refreshed and glowing. The most disgusting thing is that she acted as though she will never marry anybody else apart from Director Hart yet here she is, sleeping with another man. She is truly shameless!” Naturally, Tilly was referring to Kris as ‘that woman’.

Myra recalled the man she saw beside Kris at the elevator. He was tall and had a warm smile, and he was relatively good looking too. Well, Kris would never marry a man who isn’t on par with Tony. Myra patted Tilly’s shoulder but her emotions weren’t as affected as her assistant’s. I know Kris’ personality well. One day, she will destroy herself by always thinking that she’s too smart.

In the afternoon, Myra packed her things after work before she went down stairs to hail a cab, planning to head to the Stark Residence. The moment she

exited the building, however, she saw an Audi parked outside. The car door opened and a chauffeur emerged from the car. He gave Myra an once-over and he greeted her lightly, “Miss Stark, I presume? Mrs. Stark instructed me to drive you home.”

He isn't the previous chauffeur from Stark Residence. I suppose Rachel revamped the entire staff for the Stark household. Myra laughed mirthlessly when she caught sight of the contemptuous look on the chauffeur's face. She then walked past him to hail a cab.

The chauffeur frowned unhappily as he called out, “Miss Stark, Mrs. Stark personally instructed me to drive you home. You can't possibly be so rude to Mrs. Stark, can you?”

Myra couldn't even be bothered to answer him. The chauffeur's expression soured immediately and he was about to say something when they both heard the screeching of car brakes, followed by a loud bang. Suddenly, a gold Aston Martin Taraf banged into Audi hard from behind. Then, a man, who was wearing a bright yellow trench coat and a pair of shades, walked out of the front passenger seat.

“Myra, what a coincidence! How did you know that I'm here to pick you up? You even came out to wait for me!” Elliot whistled as he approached Myra.

The chauffeur, who was standing behind Myra, appeared horrified. The Audi is a new purchase of the Stark Family and it costs more than three million! “Hey, you—are you blind? Didn't you see the car parked in front of you? What are you trying to do? Do you think that you own the Stark Group? How dare you—”

Elliot tossed a name card in the chauffeur's direction casually. He seemed rather calm as he commented, “That's my lawyer's business card. Discuss the compensation with him. Remember to keep the card well; if you lose it, I'm afraid you'll have to personally come up with the compensation.”

The chauffeur's expression stiffened. He looked as though he wanted to continue cursing, but he knew he had to prioritize. Hence, he grabbed at the business card hastily and kept it securely. Are you kidding me? I will never be able to pay for the car even if I try to for the rest of my life.

Elliot then politely gestured for Myra to get into the car. “Myra, it is my honor to be your chauffeur for the day as per Tony's request.”

Myra finally smiled at him. She did not even spare the chauffeur another look; instead, she entered Elliot's sports car straight away. Meanwhile, the chauffeur, who was left behind, looked murderous as he took his cell phone out to make a call.

"Thank you for your help today." Myra smiled at Elliot, who was seated in front, once she got into the car.

Elliot waved his hand dismissively. "Don't mention it, Myra. Just remember to take my side and say something nice in front of Tony if I were to anger him in the future."

"As long as he listens to me."

Myra felt content and satisfied when she thought of the close relationship Tony had with his childhood friends. By including me into his social circle, I know that he values me. Elliot and the gang would appear like bullies to those who do not know them. However, after getting close with them, it's obvious that they're just concealing their shortcomings.

Myra and Elliot chatted along the way. When they were about to arrive at the Stark Residence, Elliot drawled, "Myra, I heard that you have a very efficient assistant by your side. Previously, she worked with you at the Chase Group. She followed you to the Stark Group when you returned, I believe? How well do you know her, Myra?"

Myra assumed that he was concerned with the people she had around her, so she nodded at him. "Her name is Tilly Quinn. Don't worry; she is on my side. She knows Tony too and she is truly a good person. In fact, she is a rather cheerful and friendly young girl."

"Friendly and cheerful, you say?" Elliot repeated. He seemed to have recalled something because he raised his brow while chuckling quietly. "Someone set her up last night and I was the one who sent her to the hotel."

Myra was astounded and it was only then that she remembered, Wasn't Elliot the one who helped Tilly up last night?

## Standing before Love Chapter 217

"We were lucky you were there last night. I dragged Tilly into the mess; fortunately, she's fine."

Elliot chuckled but he changed the topic swiftly and they started chatting about something else. Myra, however, did not notice the cunning and mischievous sparkle flash through his eyes.

During their journey, she phoned Tony to remind him to take care of his health. She advised him to have his dinner on time while instructing him to head back to the Hart Residence after work.

Well, Miss Ivy's speech has left an impact today. He is a career-oriented man in his thirties, and his stomach and lungs are not as healthy as they once were. I am sure that Old Madam Hart will take good care of him if he returns to the Hart Residence. There are more people there too, so he won't feel lonely.

"Are you really not coming back tonight?" Tony asked again from the other end of the line. His voice was husky—he was most probably smoking out of boredom.

Myra glanced at Elliot—who was pretending to focus on driving—from the corner of her eyes. She cleared her throat lightly while keeping her voice down, and she turned away slightly as she murmured, "I'll be back tomorrow and I'll do everything you say then, alright?"

Her cheeks felt hot after saying that.

Tony, who was seated in his office chair, took a huge puff from the cigarette. Then, he narrowed his eyes while taping the cigarette butt. The frost in his long and narrow eyes melted, and a trace of a smile flashed in them as he hummed in agreement. "Give me a call if anything crops up."

"I will."

After listening to Myra using such a gentle and tender tone to speak with Tony while instructing him softly, Elliot had the sudden urge to have a relationship with a woman too. As for the woman I want... The figure of the woman, who was as enthusiastic as a puppy last night, popped into his mind. His mood lightened suddenly when he thought of how cute and sweet she was.

Soon, they arrived at the Stark Residence. Myra was just about to get out of the car when she suddenly thought of something, so she turned around to look at Elliot. "Young Master Elliot, do you have business ties with the Chase Group?"

Elliot wasn't expecting such a question from her, so he froze for a beat. However, he shook his head immediately. "That's impossible; I'd rather take a detour with my eyes closed when it involves the Chase Group. How could I possibly have any business ties with them?"

Most importantly, I'd like to live a long life. Why would I have any business with that sc\*mbag behind Tony's back?

Myra was confused. "In that case, have you lent this car to someone else?"

"Why?" Elliot immediately went on the alert but he maintained a casual façade.

"Well, it's just that I saw a similar car in Bradford City," Myra answered and she looked deep in thought.

"How is that possible? My car is the only one in the whole world! I would never lend my car to anyone else if they aren't related to me!" Elliot explained hastily because it involved his love for his car and his dignity as well.

Without even thinking about it, Myra murmured, "Well, what if Tony is the one borrowing the car from you?"

After asking that, she felt that she was being foolish. In the end, she smiled at Elliot shyly. "Well, I was just checking. Don't worry about it, though. I'll get going now. Thank you! I'll definitely treat you to a meal next time!"

Elliot kept his cool while waving at Myra and waited until she made her way into the Stark Residence's courtyard.

Myra then thought to herself, In all honesty, it's none of my concern who has driven that car. However, I keep noticing that car for some strange reason and I can't help but feel that something is amiss. It's probably due to the pressure I've felt in the company lately. Myra shook her head while staring at the familiar yet strange place in front of her, and she spaced out for a bit. This place used to have my best memories, but it also harbors my most painful memories too. She recalled the purpose of heading back today and she inhaled deeply; she rearranged her facial expression to maintain a blank façade when she marched forward.

Behind her, Elliot was feeling slightly anxious but he wasn't sure why.

Myra was just asking about this car and to be honest, I've only lent it to Tony before. However, why did she ask about it? And so, Elliot phoned Tony since he couldn't figure it out.

The phone connected but it was complete silence on the other end of the line. Elliot felt rather helpless at the vast difference in treatment. Myra was chatting and laughing when she called Tony just now, and she even looked shy! I am very sure that Tony did not give her the silent treatment earlier.

Elliot inhaled deeply. "Tony, I need to ask you something..."

"Spill." Tony was crushing the cigarette butt in the ashtray and the last shred of warmth from chatting with Myra earlier had vanished completely from his tone.

Elliot wept in his heart. I can't believe that Tony is so cold and distant toward me. He licked his lips before asking, "Do you remember the time you borrowed my car?"

Elliot was speaking slower than usual as he continued, "Well, I'm talking about my gold Aston Martin. Remember the time you mentioned that you wanted to take it for a spin—"

Before Elliot could complete his sentence, Tony scowled slightly and he interrupted, his tone light, "What about that?"

"Well... Nothing much, actually. It's just that Myra asked me earlier if I was having any business ties with the Chase Group. Based on what she said, I think she saw my car parked in the Chase Group's parking area." Elliot felt that the situation must be much more complicated than that. I think Tony must be keeping something from me. After pondering it for a while, Elliot asked, "Tony, you would never have any business relations with the Chase Group. Apart from the Hillville project, are you hiding something else from Myra?"

Myra could not enter the main entrance of the Stark Residence because the locks had been changed long ago. Besides, she had thrown away the keys to Stark Residence too.

She stood outside the door to ring the doorbell but there was no response for a long time. Myra smiled self-deprecatingly as she stood at the door.

Since they have invited me over for a meal, it is impossible that there's no one in the Stark Residence. I am sure that someone must have heard the doorbell ring, which means they are deliberately making me wait outside. Is Rachel trying to tell me that she is the true mistress of the Stark Family?

Myra did not return to the Stark Residence to be bullied, so she dialed Cameron's number straight away. Once the call was connected, she spoke calmly without waiting for him to say anything. "Either send a locksmith to your house or come back right now and hand me the key." Cameron must have had a role in it since Rachel wants to invite me to dinner. Hence, Myra did not mince her words.

The line went dead after Myra said her piece.

Soon, the main entrance of the villa opened. A housekeeper was supporting Rachel and they were both walking carefully toward the main entrance via the courtyard. Once they got closer, Rachel continued walking while smiling at Myra warmly. "Myra, I'm sorry that you had to wait for such a long time. Actually, I was about to open the door for you, but I was in such a rush that I almost slipped and fell. That is why Mrs. Fletcher is here to help me. Please don't be angry..."

Once upon a time, Myra thought that she would never return to the Stark Residence again—especially not to meet Rachel Parker.

I've forgotten how long I haven't had this feeling. It's a mixture of anger, fear, feeling sorry for myself, pain... The emotions were like sharp knives piercing through her heart. The final memory stopped at one with Rachel lying on the ground in a pool of blood, whereas Myra stood beside her while wearing a cold expression.

The woman in front of Myra was dressed in elegant clothing. Her well-maintained skin made her look barely 40 years of age, and she looked gentle and kind.

Who would ever imagine that she's hiding an evil heart underneath her gentle façade?

Now, she's pregnant again and she's inviting me back to the Stark Residence for dinner... Myra scoffed deep down but she maintained a faint smile on her face. "In that case, you should be careful, Rachel. You'll be devastated if you lose your child by accident from the fall."

Rachel's expression stiffened when she heard Myra's comment, but she forced a smile anyway. Then, she asked Mrs. Fletcher to open the door of the courtyard.

The housekeeper was no longer the same one from the past. This one looked as if she was afraid that Myra might harm Rachel because she was observing Myra like a hawk.

Once she opened the door, Myra marched straight into the villa, navigating her way in a familiar manner.

Behind Myra, the housekeeper spoke to Rachel in an unhappy tone. "Master Stark has chased her out of the Stark Residence but she acts as if she's still the young lady of the Stark Family. She's so shameless!"

Rachel felt better deep down but she continued to look furious on the surface, and she reprimanded Mrs. Fletcher straight away, "Mrs. Fletcher, you are not to talk about the young lady like this in the future; she's Master Stark's child too!"

## Standing before Love Chapter 218

Mrs. Fletcher was unhappy but she nodded reluctantly under Rachel's scrutiny. "Mrs. Stark, you are too kind, which is why she bullies you. Please be careful later, Mrs. Stark. She seems to be aggressive, so don't let her harm the child in your womb..." Mrs. Fletcher muttered quietly.

Mrs. Fletcher, what nonsense are you spouting?" Rachel's expression changed slightly. "Why would Miss Myra harm her biological younger brother?"

"Who knows..." Mrs. Fletcher tried to hold back but she couldn't help but mutter, "Everybody's been saying that she is back for the family assets. Now that she knows that you are pregnant with a son, Mrs. Stark, I am sure that she would target you with all she has. Mrs. Stark, you have to be careful!"

"She won't." Rachel turned to Mrs. Fletcher and reassured, "I trust that Myra is a good person and that she would not do that."

Mrs. Fletcher was about to say something but Rachel had already made her way into the house.

Myra did not expect Rachel to maintain the style and decorations within the villa once she lived in it. True enough, when Myra's late mother was around, the whole villa had a pastoral style and there were fresh flowers and plants all over the place. However, right now, the villa was decorated in extravagant luxury.

Crystal chandeliers, dangling crystals and crystal ornaments could be seen everywhere. The wooden furniture was dark brown pear wood, whereas a light-colored carpet covered the entire villa. This was most probably because of Rachel's pregnancy. The walls were covered with all kinds of abstract oil paintings and there were many profound antiques in the living room, though Myra wasn't sure if they were fake or genuine.

Myra was rather upset as she looked around the unrecognizable place she once called home.

I had countless happy memories in this place. My happy, albeit limited, memories with my mother were all made here. However, right now the place has become the love nest belonging to another woman and the man whom I'm reluctant to acknowledge as my father.

Back when I left this house all those years ago, I was filled with resentment and despair. Now that I'm back here, I harbor a sense of reluctance and heartache, coupled with feeling sorry for myself.

Mom, I will never let Rachel snatch away things that belong to you! I'd rather donate everything from Stark Group to the welfare center than allow that mother-daughter duo to enjoy their happiness based on your tragedy!

I've made up my mind, especially since Kris did such a horrible thing to me. I will never forgive them easily! I have understood something after suffering throughout the years—when it comes to certain circumstances and people, the only way is to face the enemy head-on with a decisive blow. That's the only solution to stop them from continuing the bullying.

"Myra, I remember that you like drinking lemonade, right? Quickly, Mrs. Fletcher; pour a glass of lemonade for Myra." Rachel spoke to Mrs. Fletcher gently once she walked through the door, sounding as if she was delighted at Myra's arrival.

Mrs. Fletcher appeared reluctant but she went into the kitchen anyway. After a long time, she finally emerged with a glass of lemonade.

Myra did not spare a glance at the drink at all. She merely looked at Rachel's stomach and murmured, "I heard that you are pregnant with a son?"

Mrs. Fletcher immediately shot a vigilant look at Myra.

Rachel didn't seem to mind though; instead, she caressed her belly and she seemed to glow with maternal love. "To be honest, an experienced doctor mentioned the child's a boy, but nothing is confirmed thus far. However, it's the same regardless of the baby's gender because your dad and I will love the child all the same."

"Is that so..." Myra chuckled and she stood up abruptly. She did not want to chat with Rachel anymore, so she made her way up the stairs.

I've thought about it and I wondered if Rachel is faking her pregnancy, but Cameron is such a wise man; how could he be fooled in such matters? Besides, to have a son at such an old age, I'm sure that he'd be extra careful. In that case, does it mean that Rachel is truly pregnant? My instincts tell me that there's something fishy in this matter.

Myra walked past the room that used to be hers, and she smirked when she recalled her previous conversation with Kris.

Soon, Kris and Cameron arrived home.

Rachel instructed Mrs. Fletcher to serve the food, and the whole family made their way to the dining table.

Myra was bringing up the rear when she saw Kris was about to take her seat. "That's my seat," Myra stated quietly behind her.

Kris' expression changed slightly; she was about to say something but Rachel glared at her viciously in silence. It was only then that Kris changed her seat reluctantly, and she commented sarcastically once she sat down, "Did you truly think that we'd reserve the seat for you after you left two years ago? That's rather shameless of you!"

Nevertheless, Myra appeared unperturbed. "Kris, you told me previously that you're returning my room to me, so I thought that you approved of me returning to the Stark Residence. It turns out you weren't serious. In that case, why did you invite me back for a meal, Rachel? Is it just so the chauffeur and housekeeper can glare at me viciously?"

Cameron had just taken his seat at the head of the table. He turned his head and he immediately saw Mrs. Fletcher, who had just served the food, glaring at Myra unhappily. His expression darkened straight away and at Myra's mention of the chauffeur, he recalled about the incident of opening the door today...

Upon noticing Cameron's foul expression, Rachel reprimanded Mrs. Fletcher anxiously, and she instructed the latter to keep an eye on the soup in the kitchen. Then, Rachel turned to Myra with an apologetic expression. "Mrs. Fletcher might be having a bad day today. She's not targeting you at all, Myra. Please don't take it to heart."

"It's fine as long as she isn't targeting me." Myra took her seat and she turned to face Cameron. "I want to stay the night."

Cameron most probably wasn't expecting Myra to take the initiative to voice that out.

I know very well that I cannot afford to offend Myra right now; well, at least not during this stage when Myra and Tony are having a relationship. Besides, I can take this opportunity to gain some benefits for the Stark Group. Hence, Cameron laughed heartily as he commented, "Myra, feel free to stay here for as long as you wish. Haven't I told you before? We will always welcome you and you can return home whenever you want."

Cameron's expression and tone were warm and welcoming. If Myra had lost her memories, she would have mistaken him as a kind and warm father, but that was impossible.

In all honesty, I hate my sharp façade, but I've burned bridges with this group of people long ago. I do not want to fake it and put on an act with them. I will try my best to help those I care for, but I will no longer go easy on those who had once hurt me.

Myra hummed in response and her expression relaxed slightly. She then concentrated on her plate of food, enjoying her dinner in silence.

She wore a cold and distant expression throughout dinner, and it seemed as if the whole family was trying to fawn over her by inviting her home for dinner. Kris gritted her teeth in frustration but she had to hold herself back, thanks to Rachel's insistence.

Therefore, the dinner seemed peaceful superficially.

Halfway through dinner, Rachel wanted to get a bowl of soup, so Kris accompanied her to the kitchen.

Once they entered the kitchen, Kris shut the kitchen door and she met Rachel's steady gaze. "Mom, are you sure that nothing will go wrong?"

"It will be fine as long as you catch me in time. The doctor has mentioned that the child is showing signs of miscarriage. Later on, I will smear some blood on my underwear." Rachel was speaking very softly and her gaze was fierce. "Remember this—I cannot lose the child today, so you must catch me when the time comes."

"Got it." Kris inhaled deeply. She saw her red and swollen face from the reflection of the kitchen wall, and she was reminded of her hatred for Myra.

We find father's attitude worrying so this time, I need to make sure that their relationship deteriorates. That's the only way to make sure that things will go our way in the future! Furthermore, we haven't procured any shares at all and we are getting anxious now.

When the two of them walked out from the kitchen, Myra could clearly tell that Kris' attitude toward her improved a lot. She no longer glared at the former in resentment. On the contrary, she even served Myra a piece of sweet and sour pork fillet, all while smiling warmly. She's looking at me with her stupid face while asking me to enjoy my meal, Myra muttered deep down.

In addition to that, Kris kept addressing Myra as 'Sis', making Myra knit her brows slightly.

Apart from Kris, Rachel was also treating Myra kindly and gently too. Rachel mentioned that she knew Myra was returning for a stay, so she had Myra's room repainted and decorated it in a style Myra liked.

## Standing before Love Chapter 219

Rachel even started wiping tears away when she mentioned that Cameron had been missing Myra ever since the latter left. She even claimed that Cameron would prefer for her to move back home since she had divorced Sean.

At the mention of Sean, the three of them seemed to hate him with a vengeance. They started scolding him a good deal by claiming that he is ungrateful and short-sighted. They even proclaimed that he would live a short life, and that he is an indecent and good-for-nothing man. The trio were acting as if they bore a grudge on Myra's behalf.

Myra merely listened to them without responding and her face was void of expression. In the end, the three of them quietened down, most probably because they felt awkward. Then, they started chatting about current company matters.

"Myra, Kris is still young so she is inexperienced in a lot of things. You should give her pointers in the company. You do not have to hold back if she makes a mistake at work—feel free to reprimand her." Rachel served a bowl of soup to Myra's right and she smiled at Myra sincerely. "If she has the audacity to talk back, just let me know and I will reprimand her immediately. Here—have some soup. I spent three hours preparing it because I was worried that it might not be flavorful enough. I think you'll like it."

Cameron observed from the side with a look of admiration. Rachel is not highly educated but she has always been gentle and virtuous, all the while knowing her place. I do not have to worry about matters at home at all. My eldest daughter, on the other hand, has been acting weird ever since her mother passed away. Right now, however, she has returned to the Stark Group to fight for the company...

Myra took note of Cameron's expression and she glanced at Rachel's gentle and warm expression.

How is it possible to just pretend to be gentle and warm?

Myra looked down to continue eating her food, ignoring the soup that Rachel served her.

Dinner was coming to an end when somebody rang the doorbell of the villa all of a sudden.

It was almost 8 PM and usually guests would inform beforehand if they were to show up at such a late hour.

Cameron and the three of them exchanged glances. In the end, Mrs. Fletcher went ahead to open the door.

They heard the noise of a car pulling up into the courtyard. Myra was familiar with the car's engine sound and upon hearing that, her heart skipped a beat. She hadn't smiled the moment she entered the Stark Residence but her lips finally curled slightly now, and there was a tinge of surprise in her expression too. She put down her utensils and walked toward the entryway.

Mrs. Fletcher was already running in and she anxiously announced to those at the dining room, "Master and Mrs. Stark, Miss Kris—there is a guest and he says that his surname is 'Hart'."

His surname is Hart?

Cameron's gaze sparkled when he heard that. There aren't many Harts who will pay a visit at this hour. Who else is there apart from Tony Hart from the Hart Group?

Cameron shifted his focus on Myra, who was now at the entryway. Looks like Myra has not failed me. I can't believe that she managed to land Tony after divorcing Sean.

One couldn't be sure if his gaze reflected his regrets or that he was mocking her. Soon, he followed after her to the entrance. After all, it didn't matter who it was; as long as it was a Hart paying a visit to the Stark Residence, it must be a VIP.

On the other hand, Rachel and Kris, who were in the dining room, looked utterly upset.

Kris' expression changed drastically so Rachel kicked her under the table. "We will act according to the circumstances. Hide your emotions well and stop letting the whole world know what you're thinking!" Rachel hissed at her.

Kris went overboard by being nice to Myra earlier. Anyone with common sense could tell that the former was just pretending. However, Cameron was present so Rachel couldn't remind Kris at that time.

Kris bit her lip. She wanted to say something but she thought of the man who had just arrived at the Stark Residence, and her heart skipped a beat. She suddenly thought of another idea so she kept her head bowed.

A black sports car stopped in the courtyard swiftly. After switching off the lights, a tall figure emerged from said car.

The man was tall and well-built, and he was wearing a black suit with his jacket unbuttoned. His face was void of expression and as the dim lights shone on his handsome face, it casted a shadow on the lower half of his face. Hence, it was almost impossible to read his expression.

He had a hand in his pocket when he walked toward the main entrance of the villa. It was obvious that he was moving casually but his aura was unmistakable. His cold and distant gaze, coupled with the assuredness due to his age and experience, reflected his calm and elegant nature.

Myra felt her heart fluttering in her chest when she saw Tony approaching with each step. Didn't I ask him to head over to the Hart Residence? Why did he come over to the Stark Residence?

Besides, he didn't even inform me beforehand.

However, it did not matter because Myra was delighted to see Tony after feeling gloomy throughout dinner. She picked a pair of room shoes from the shoe rack to place them on the floor.

Tony arrived at the entrance and he put on the shoes that Myra prepared for him, all the while at ease. He wrapped her in his arms straight away while whispering to her, "Are you surprised to see me here?"

Myra hummed and nodded. It is very surprising indeed.

Tony caressed her head; his voice was alluring and it sounded husky when he spoke beside her ear. "I was afraid that you would be bullied here, which is why I rushed over to make sure that you're fine. Do I get a reward?"

Myra's lips curled up even more when she heard that. "Why didn't you tell me? I was shocked to see you show up unannounced; how are you planning to compensate me for that?"

"I'll definitely compensate you well." Tony chuckled heartily.

The couple interacted intimately as if they did not have an audience and Cameron, who was standing just beside them, felt awkward. He cleared his throat loudly and he smiled at Tony, who finally turned his attention to him. "Director Hart, I wasn't expecting you and I apologize for that."

“I came here unannounced; I hope that’s not too much trouble, President Stark.” Tony’s attitude toward Cameron was always indifferent but he wasn’t offensive, nor was he as sharp as Myra. Even after obtaining 5% shares from Cameron, Tony still had an indifferent attitude but it was impossible to find fault with that.

“Director Hart, you are being courteous!” Cameron replied to Tony hastily.

Myra noticed the timing, though.

Tony must have driven straight to the Stark Residence from the company, so I’m sure he hasn’t had his dinner.

“Come in and have something to eat; I’m sure you haven’t had dinner.” With that, Myra took the suit jacket from Tony naturally after he took it off. She hung it on the coat hanger while tugging at his arm to enter the villa.

Rachel and Kris both stood up too, welcoming them with smiles.

This was especially true for Kris. Her eyes sparkled enthusiastically when she caught sight of Tony and she just couldn’t look away from him. It wasn’t until Rachel cleared her throat that Kris snapped back to her senses.

Rachel gave the man, whom Kris was head-over-heels in love with, a once-over discreetly when he walked past her.

Not bad at all... Based on my perspective as an experienced woman and my understanding toward the upper class society in Bradford City, it’s impossible to find another man as perfect as Tony Hart in Bradford City.

He is talented, capable, has a perfect family background and a flawless future.

If Kris is able to marry Tony, the Stark Group will be nothing.

At that moment, Rachel’s lips parted slightly and something flashed through her gaze, but nobody took notice of that.

Tony entered the dining room and he sat beside Myra naturally. Initially, Kris pulled out the chair beside her since it was an empty seat, but Tony did not even glance at her. He walked past her to stand behind Myra.

He was wearing a white shirt and his sleeves were folded—it gave him a casual look while diminishing his severe and distant aura. Despite the appearance, he did not look approachable at all.

Since Kris wouldn't stand up from her seat, Myra let Tony take hers. In that instant, Myra noticed Kris' eyes lit up brightly because the latter must have assumed that she would be able to sit together with Tony. Myra's lips curled into a slight smirk and she spoke to Mrs. Fletcher. "Add a chair here."

## Standing before Love Chapter 220

Mrs. Fletcher reluctantly fetched a chair, whereas Myra turned to Kris. "Can you please scoot over to make some space?" Myra murmured and smiled sweetly.

Rachel and Kris acted like loving family members in front of me for such a long time just now. If Kris were to refuse to make space, she would be humiliating both Rachel and herself.

Under Rachel's scrutiny, Kris had no choice but to shift her chair reluctantly.

Myra placed the chair properly. Just as she was seated, she conveniently pinched Tony's thigh hard while hissing at him quietly, "You're trouble!"

It was barely a whisper so others might not have heard her, but Tony heard her clearly.

His lips curled into a faint smile.

Myra fingers ached from pinching him and she was just about to shift her hand away when a large, warm and dry hand grabbed hers. She wasn't sure if Tony was doing it on purpose, but his calloused left fingers rubbed against Myra's. He continued the friction while pressing her hand against his warm thigh.

An electric shock radiated immediately throughout Myra's limbs.

Her face blushed slightly and she wanted to glare at him, but Tony did not turn to look at her. Instead, he was chatting with Cameron seriously. "It is my first time paying you a visit at the Stark Residence but I did not prepare any extravagant gifts. I bought a set of white porcelain from Kyoto previously and I hope that it'll be to your taste, President Stark," Tony sounded much more polite this time around compared to when they were at the entrance.

“Director Hart, it’s great enough that you’re here. You don’t have to be so courteous as to prepare a gift for us.”

Although Cameron was surprised by Tony’s politeness, he was secretly happy because it maintained his self-esteem and dignity despite losing 5% of the Stark Group’s shares beforehand. However, when he recalled that his younger daughter was the cause for the loss of the shares, Cameron couldn’t help but glance coldly at Kris.

Kris did not heed the frosty glare from Cameron because she was observing what was happening under the dining table from the corner of her eye. They are holding hands tightly just right beside me!

Myra is a b\*tch! She’s always seducing Tony whenever and wherever she is! It is no wonder that Tony has been entranced by her recently.

Kris was blinded by rage and she wanted nothing more than to rush forward to rip their hands apart.

“Kris, fetch a clean set of cutlery for Director Hart.” Rachel noticed that her daughter looked off, so she immediately tried to ask her to leave.

At that moment, Kris seemingly snapped back to reality. She noticed the panic in Rachel’s gaze, so she inhaled deeply to calm herself down. No; I can’t continue acting rashly. I’m not even sure if we can go on with the plan tonight. If unexpected things crop up again, Cameron will never forgive us both.

Kris endured it at the critical moment and she obeyed Rachel, standing up obediently to make her way to the kitchen. It is an opportunity to personally prepare Tony’s cutlery after all... Kris’ lips turned into a smirk but before she could take the first step, Tony’s voice stopped her. “There’s no need; I can use this set.”

He took over the cutlery in front of him, as if not bothered that Myra had used them before. He then scooped some food into the plate and started chewing his food elegantly.

Everybody’s expression changed and they stared at Tony with a complicated gaze.

Myra was the only one who was moved after the initial shock wore off. Tony’s actions always reassure me and make me feel good. However, I can’t

possibly make things difficult for him. She was about to stand up to fetch a new set of cutlery for him, but Tony seemed to read her mind because he grabbed her right hand with his left to pull her down. Then, he turned to look at her. "Are you still hungry?"

"Uh..." Myra was already full so she shook her head. "I'll go get a set of cutlery for you. You're using the ones I've used earlier," she answered him softly.

"Don't bother." Tony's expression was calm as he took a mouthful of the food on the half-eaten plate.

Myra blushed deeply because he was doing something so intimate in front of the Stark Family. However, she immediately realized what he was trying to do. Is Tony making a point in front of the Stark Family? Is he trying to tell them that I am his woman? Myra felt a sweetness in the depth of her heart.

She squeezed Tony's left hand tighter, all the while smiling faintly.

Kris had just stood up so she was able to see their interactions clearly. Her body stiffened and she felt embarrassed and annoyed; in the end, she had no choice but to return to her seat.

"Tony..." After weighing her options for ages, Kris finally smiled at Tony in a friendly manner. "Tony, are you leaving tonight since you've come all the way here? Why don't you and Myra stay the night? I'll ask Mom to prepare a guest room for you."

"There's no need." Tony squeezed Myra's hand and he added calmly, "I'll stay in Myra's room."

Kris' expression darkened straight away, while Rachel's gaze turned gloomy and sinister.

Based on the current situation, Tony doesn't just like Myra. Rumor has it that he is obsessed with cleanliness but he's willing to use Myra's used cutlery, and he's even willing to eat her leftovers.

Then, Rachel turned to Kris, whose gaze was burning with passion for Tony, and she scowled slightly at her.

“Enough; all of you can stop worrying. Director Hart may be a guest but Myra is here to take care of him.” Cameron spoke from the head of the table. He then glanced at Myra and he spoke to her with a gentle tone, “Just inform the housekeeper if you need anything. If we don’t have something you need, instruct her and the chauffeur to head out to buy it.”

Although Myra wasn’t fond of Cameron, she would not go against him at this critical moment so she nodded in response.

Everybody had different thoughts throughout the meal.

After dinner, Cameron dismissed everyone but he summoned Tony into his study.

Tony appeared indifferent but he noticed Myra’s frown. Hence, he kissed her forehead openly while speaking to her in a gentle tone, “Don’t you want to know what act they’re trying to pull here?”

Myra was astounded. The mother and daughter are afraid of us because Tony is by my side, so I’m sure they won’t dare try anything. However, with Tony away...

In any case, it’s obvious that Cameron has an ulterior motive since he summoned Tony into his study.

“You don’t have to promise Cameron anything out of concern for me.” Myra squeezed Tony’s hand and she said to him in a low voice, “Reject him straight away if he lays out any conditions.”

Tony looked at her protective stance and he smiled faintly. “Be careful. Don’t fall into their trap.”

“Yeah; I’m on the alert now. I will not let Rachel get what she wants. She has nothing to harm me with, apart from the unborn child in her womb.”

Tony nodded and he released Myra before walking upstairs into the study.

Downstairs, Rachel dragged Kris into the kitchen straight away and asked her tentatively, “Are you sure that you must have Tony Hart? I heard that you are spending time with Hayden lately. Kris, what do you truly want?”

“Why are you asking me this now, Mom? I must have Tony Hart!” Kris hissed through gritted teeth. “I’m just fooling around with Hayden and I know what I’m doing, so just let me do what I want.”

“In that case, you have to break things up with Hayden before Tony notices anything, because he’s a very smart man. Besides, you should be more alert; do not go overboard.”

Kris knew what Rachel meant. Hayden is just my temporary boyfriend, so how could I possibly allow myself to get pregnant with his child? However, I feel sorry when I think about how considerate he is to me... Kris smiled cunningly as she murmured, “Don’t worry, Mom. I have Hayden wrapped around my finger and I know how to handle this.”

## Standing before Love Chapter 221

Rachel pursed her lips, thinking that something seemed off. However, she had no time to think about it at this moment.

Tony had already gone to Cameron’s study because the latter wanted to speak to him. Now that Tony and Myra were a couple, it had definitely placed Rachel and Kris at a disadvantage. Nevertheless, it was better for them that Tony came here today, since it would not hurt to let him witness Myra’s cruelty earlier.

With a dark look in her eyes, Rachel caressed her belly and murmured, “Baby, please be useful. These are the final two things you can do for Mommy.”

Myra sat on the couch to watch some television, so she did not go back to her room immediately.

Kris was busy with the preparation in the kitchen for a long time. After that, she served a glass of lemonade and two cups of coffee. When she walked past Myra, she even put the lemonade on the table in front of her. “Sis, I know you like lemonade so I made this for you.”

Myra merely smiled and looked at the other two cups of coffee on the tray.

Even though Kris tried her best to hide it, the shyness in her eyes could still be seen.

“I think Dad and Tony might be thirsty, so I’m serving them two cups of coffee.”

With that, she turned around and walked to the stairs.

Myra noticed that Kris had specifically changed her clothes for this. When they were eating just now, she wore a set of pink workwear but now, she was wearing an off-shoulder light yellow long dress that reached her ankles, which revealed her shoulders at the same time. With a tray in one hand, her other hand held her dress as she walked up the stairs, making her look gentle yet sensual.

There was a hint of mockery in Myra’s eyes but she turned around and continued watching the television.

Of course, she was clear about Kris’ motives. However, if Tony was a man who would easily succumb to seduction, Myra would not be with him at this moment.

Sure enough, Myra was right—she had no idea what happened in the study but she heard Kris’ exclamation and the cups breaking.

Soon, Cameron scolded her loudly, “What the hell are you doing here? Get out!”

His voice was so loud that even Rachel—who was resting in her room—was shocked and she quickly walked outside.

Once she exited her room, she met Kris, who was coming out of the study; the latter had an extremely dark look on her face.

Earlier, Kris was serving coffee to both Cameron and Tony. When she gave it to Tony, he did not reject her and instead thanked her politely. Immediately, she could not hold back her wild thoughts anymore and pretended to stumble and fall into his arms. Unexpectedly, even in front of Cameron, Tony immediately reached out to push her away without a second thought.

At that time, she was still holding the cup of coffee so it splashed onto her hands. As it was quite hot, the back of her hand felt like it was burning and it hurt a lot.

“Mom...” With a look of resentment on her face, tears welled up in her eyes. She glared at Myra, who shot a glance at her while she sat on the couch downstairs watching television, before turning back to look at Rachel. Kris stretched her hand out and muttered, “Mom, my hand hurts...”

Rachel glared at her daughter. She could guess what had happened inside the study, so she scolded, “Don’t play tricks!”

Kris was spoiled by her mother. Even though she could suppress herself sometimes, she was impulsive most of the time. Thinking of their plan later, Rachel grabbed Kris and said, “Stop causing trouble here and remember to hold me later. If the plan fails today, don’t expect me to help you anymore!” Rachel spoke in hushed tones before she glared at her own daughter in disappointment.

However, after she turned around, she looked at Myra, who was sitting downstairs. “Myra, I’ve prepared a blanket for you,” Rachel murmured softly. “Your current blanket is too small and I’m sure it won’t be enough for... tonight. Just give me a moment and I’ll go get it for you.”

When Rachel said ‘tonight’, she felt slightly awkward. Then, she turned around and walked to the storeroom.

Myra stood up from the couch and walked to the stairs.

Before she even reached the second floor, however, Kris had already blocked her way.

“Myra, you must be very pleased!” At this moment, Kris no longer had the smile on her face that was just trying to placate Myra. Thinking of Tony’s attitude just now, she simply could not wait to scratch Myra’s face in hatred. Based on their background, Myra was no better than Kris, since she was already half-exiled from the Stark Family. Also, based on their capabilities, looks, and talent, Kris was no worse than Myra, yet Tony would not spare the former a second look.

Feeling the pain in the back of her hand, Kris’ facial features were almost distorted as she lowered her voice, “Just you wait and see—your life will not be a bed of roses anymore.”

“Alright,” Myra said indifferently. It was obvious that she did not want to talk to Kris, so she avoided her and continued walking upstairs.

Seeing her indifference, Kris felt angrier.

I've spent so much effort chasing her away, yet she comes back here to take my inheritance and my man away!

"Myra, you b\*tch! No wonder Sean wants a divorce!"

If it wasn't for the study behind her, Kris wanted to give Myra a good hard slap in the face. However, she only turned around to grab Myra's arms to stop her from walking upstairs. "How could a useless woman like you be shameless enough to be associated with the Hart Family? You're just embarrassing Tony! You—"

"Kris!" A sharp voice suddenly interrupted her words.

Kris' face changed immediately and she looked at Rachel, who was walking out of the storeroom. At this moment, Rachel had a dark look on her face as she walked to them arduously with a blanket in her hands.

"How could you speak to your elder sister this way? Apologize to her immediately!" Rachel glared at her daughter fixedly with a furious expression on her face.

After noting the warning look in Rachel's eyes, Kris' body jolted and she loosened her grip on Myra's hands. She gritted her teeth without saying another word.

In Rachel's mind, she was already cursing her daughter to hell and back. She nearly destroyed my plans! If Kris chose to pick a fight, we would not be able to hold our ground later!

Rachel's expression changed rapidly and when she looked at Myra again, her expression was one of guilt. "Myra, Kris has been spoiled by me, so please don't hold it against her. I will lecture her later; don't be angry."

"Why would I be angry?" Myra stopped walking upstairs. Her gaze swept past the resentful Kris before she laughed lightly. "I just heard a dog barking all this while. It smells bad though."

"You—" Kris turned around and glared at Myra angrily. However, this time around, she did not dare to do anything else.

Myra merely had a cold and indifferent look in her eyes.

Rachel seemed to be tired after holding the blanket for a long time. Hence, she looked at Myra kindly. "Myra, I prepared this blanket for you but I don't know if you'll like it. If you don't, I'll change it immediately. Can you come with me, though? I'm feeling much weaker now and I get tired easily. I also don't know what you like, so it's better if you choose it yourself."

At this moment, Rachel had an old blanket in her hands. Myra wondered if she did this deliberately, because the pattern and the color of the blanket was obviously not to Myra's liking. However, Myra merely said, "Let's go with this. Just put it in my room."

Rachel blinked before she spoke in an even gentler tone. "I saw the blanket that you used to use in the storeroom, but it was placed quite high so I couldn't reach it. Myra, since you are already back, you don't have to be too polite; just be casual and free. Why don't you go to the storeroom to take it yourself?"

"Rachel, you really want me to go to the storeroom, don't you?"