

Standing before Love Chapter 22

As soon as she opened the door of the mansion, Greta's voice rang out.

"You are finally back, Young Mistress Myra! When Madam called you last night, your phone was switched off. Mr. Chase looked for you for the entire night and he just returned to his study not long ago. They were so worried for you! Madam only went upstairs to sleep at three in the morning."

Myra felt slightly guilty upon hearing that. "Last night, I... stayed at my friend's place and my phone ran out of battery, so I didn't get their calls."

Of course, I can't let them know that I stayed the night at Tony's place.

Greta nodded as she handed a thin blanket to Myra and winked at her as she hinted, "I saw Mr. Chase asleep in the study just now. I found a blanket for him so that he won't catch a cold. Now that you are back, you can hand it to him, Young Mistress Myra."

Holding the blanket in her hands, Myra stood frozen to the spot.

She knew that Greta meant well. In this house, both Greta and Eve always tried to make Sean and her have a more intimate relationship. Unfortunately, for the past two years, she had been letting them down.

Greta gave her an encouraging smile before she turned around to go to the kitchen.

Looking at the blanket in her hands, a slight smile formed on Myra's face.

If a mere blanket can make him come back to me, why would I be in so much pain over the past two years?

After she remembered Greta's words that Sean had been looking for her for the entire night, Myra felt a warm yet painful feeling spreading in her heart. In the end, she did not harden her heart.

She grabbed the blanket in her hands tightly and walked to the study upstairs.

The door was ajar so she opened it with a gentle push.

As soon as she turned around, she saw the man on the couch in the reception area.

It was highly likely that Sean had fallen asleep out of exhaustion. He was still holding his suit with his left hand on the couch, and only the first button of his shirt was undone. Perhaps it was too troublesome to undo it, so he fell asleep just like that. His right hand was pressed on his eyes, covering his usual ruthlessness.

Only when he's asleep, I'm not afraid of him hurting me using his words.

I didn't expect to meet him in university either.

Myra loved to go to the library, so she often dragged Estelle along with her. During the finals, as the library was packed with people, she finally found a huge table at the corner and sat down with Estelle.

Back then, a young man was sound asleep on the table. His nonchalant pose was completely contrary to the tense atmosphere in the library.

Perhaps he was having a nice dream, so he switched sides lazily.

Right after he turned his face the other way, Myra's breathing stopped.

After that, she knew his name—Sean Chase.

He was the captain of the basketball team in the university and he started taking over his family business right after he entered university. He treated everyone coldly except his girlfriend back then.

She could remember everything about Sean, yet those memories were the source of her pain at the moment.

Myra kneeled on the rug and shifted her position so that she was sitting down. As she recalled the past memories, she had a gentle expression on her face. She spread the blanket to place it over his body. However, when she was about to put it on him, something caught her eye. In an instant, she opened his shirt and saw clear evidence of amorous activity at his left chest that was quite close to his heart—it stood out like a sore thumb.

When her gaze traveled upward, she saw a row of words around the collar of his shirt, 'I know you will see this!'

Myra's expression changed slightly as she staggered backward and fell to the ground.

The slight expectation that rose within her had completely disappeared once again.

Over the past two years, he hasn't even looked me in the eye once. Why do I still think that he has feelings for me?

The blanket had already fallen on Sean's body. The slight pressure made him flutter his eyelids and frown slightly. Then, he opened his dark eyes unhappily.

Myra wanted to turn around to leave, yet her limbs seemed to fill with lead as they disobeyed her command.

"Greta asked me to send the blanket to you." Seeing that she could not avoid him anymore, she looked at the man with a dark expression in front of her as she spoke in a hoarse voice.

Sean's eyebrows were knitted tightly as he threw the blanket aside indifferently. Then, he stood up to look down at Myra, who was on the ground. When he saw her tidy clothes, his eyes narrowed as he glared straight into her eyes. "Where were you last night?"

Myra closed her eyes before opening them again. She clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails hurt her palms. After feeling the energy returning to her body, she slowly stood up from the ground.

Looking at the handsome yet tired man in front of her, her heart gradually turned colder.

"I don't think I need to report my whereabouts to you."

Sean, however, felt inexplicably annoyed. The irritated feeling he felt when he was with Elsie rose within him once again. "I've already broken up with Eris and Elsie."

Myra froze but she soon smiled self-mockingly. "So what?"

Without Elsie and Eris, there will still be other women.

I'm tired of him trampling on my love and dignity over and over again without any limits.

Myra's long and thick eyelashes drooped, casting a light shadow below her eyes.

Her fair and clear skin revealed a tinge of rosiness from within, and her facial features were delicate and gentle. Sean inched closer to her with his tall and firm figure, soon shrouding her with his shadow. After the distance between them was shortened, he could smell a light fragrance coming from her.

His Adam's apple bobbed as he could not help himself from taking a step forward and pulling Myra into his embrace. Then, he pressed his lips on her soft ones without any hesitation.

Just as he kissed her, Sean's breathing quickened and he could not stop himself from sucking on her lips as if he was addicted. The woman in his arms actually made him feel as though he wanted this to continue forever.

On the other hand, Myra was shocked by his sudden kiss.

He circled his hands around her body gently, but his lips dominated her anxiously.

However, his opened shirt revealed the red stains that were the results of his fun time with another woman the night before—it was as if the stains were smiling mockingly at both of them.

As soon as Myra remembered that he spent the night with another woman, she felt a surge of disgust in her stomach.

"You... Ugh! Let go of me!"

She struggled vehemently against him and turned her head sideways to avoid his passionate kiss.

In the reception area, there was a huge cabinet of books with a glass panel that reflected her helplessness at this moment.

He pushed her jacket off until her arms, revealing her smooth shoulders. Her hair was messy while his still looked tidy.

When she turned around to face Sean again, agony filled her face. "Sean Chase, don't you find this disgusting? Don't kiss me with the mouth you kiss other women!"

At that moment, the air in the room froze.

Myra's words seemed to hurt him like thorns stabbing into his heart. In an instant, Sean's face darkened instantly.

"Disgusting?" He chuckled in a low voice. However, his gaze was so cold that there was no trace of his affection just now. "Myra, you say that I'm disgusting but do you dare to say that you've never looked forward to my kiss?"

His cold words stabbed Myra's heart like a sharp knife, causing embarrassment and shame to fill her face.

Of course I have looked forward to it! How could I not?

It's just like what a normal couple would do but now, I don't even dare to think about it.

I finally understand that no matter how hard I try, Sean will never appreciate the effort I put in.

He hates me. Even if I dig out my heart and give it to him, he won't even look at it.

"You think I really want to sleep with you?"