

Standing before Love Chapter 25

Myra pressed her lips together and she finally looked at the man who was sitting at the head of the table.

The sunlight that shone through the full-length windows set off his facial features and made them appear even more prominent. There was a cigarette dangling in his left hand and his necktie was loosened slightly against his stark white shirt. His long legs were crossed as he looked at the two design drafts in front of him lazily. Contrary to his usual stern expression or the illusion of his gentleness in the morning, he currently looked like a young professional, shining brightly all over.

It's no wonder women are always throwing themselves at him like hungry wolves. The man in front of me has the potential for causing trouble.

“Miss Stark, do you have an opinion about me since you are staring openly at me?”

Myra was distracted but Tony's cold and distant voice jerked her back to reality.

Tony tapped away the ashes from his cigarette butt as his black eyes looked directly at her. His eyes were like whirlpools, sucking people into them.

His lips curled into a faint smile and his elegant face had a touch of gentleness to it. Myra's heart skipped a beat and she looked around hastily.

Elsie was staring at her in disdain, as though she was deliberately seducing Tony earlier. On the other hand, Sasha had a complicated expression.

Myra collected herself and she stopped looking at Tony's expression. She cleared her throat before explaining, “I am just waiting for you to have a final say on the Chase Group's design draft, Director Hart. After all, I can only be at ease after you to confirm that the Chase Group's design is not a plagiarized product.”

“Is that so?” His quiet voice was husky and seductive. The last part of the sentence ended on a slightly higher tone and he seemed to be hinting at something else. Without even looking at him, Myra knew that Tony's lips must be curled into a smirk.

She suddenly recalled the accidental kiss from last night and she blushed slightly. She then recalled his ambiguous question in the morning and had to force herself to calm down.

“Yes; I need to know if the draft from the Chase Group is fine.” She straightened her back and her gaze was a still façade when she looked at Tony once again.

He glanced at her clear eyes calmly but he did not miss her flushed ears. Tony’s lips curled into the faintest smile as he commented indifferently, “I have confirmed that the design drafts from the Chase and Hay Groups are not plagiarized work.”

Elsie burst into laughter; it was almost as if she was trying to attract Tony’s attention again. She pretended as though she couldn’t help it when she grabbed onto his arm. “That’s wonderful!”

Elsie’s heart raced when she grabbed Tony’s firm and strong arm. After checking the drafts, I will have to return to the Chase Group straight away, but...

She looked at Tony lingeringly and she suddenly blurted out, “Since it’s almost past office hours, the Chase Group would love to treat Director Hart and Miss Hay to dinner at the Ritz Carlton; what do you say?”

Tony’s expression darkened the moment Elsie held his arm, and he had to stop his urge to push her away.

Myra could not stop Elsie in time.

On the other hand, Sasha immediately looked at Tony—it was obvious that they would go as long as he agreed.

Myra was staring at Tony too but she noticed that he did not seem too pleased.

If he rejects our invitation, it will seem as though the Chase Group is lacking behind the Hay Group, which gives a feeling of being rejected despite trying to please someone.

The color drained from Myra’s originally flushed cheeks. Nevertheless, Tony unexpectedly avoided Elsie’s hand discreetly. He stubbed his cigarette

elegantly against the ashtray before he glanced at Elsie while nodding calmly. "Sure."

Elsie looked as though she had just won the lottery and she acted as if she owned the entire world. When she returned to her seat beside Myra, she gave the latter a long sideways glance.

Sasha smiled at Myra from across the table. "Myra, it seems like Director Hart is very happy with the design draft from the Chase Group. The Hay Group needs to buck up."

Myra knew that Sasha was hinting at something but she could not be bothered; instead, she nodded in response. Meanwhile, she regarded Tony's back view as he made his way out of the conference room.

I am not convinced that he did not notice that Elsie was making advances at him.

Myra pursed her lips but she walked out of the conference room anyway.

Three Bentley's were parked outside of the building with their respective chauffeurs. It seemed like the Hart Group was planning to send them straight to the Ritz Carlton.

They waited for a while before Tony arrived. Through her careful observation, Myra noticed that he must have changed into a new suit. He paused when he walked past her before making his way into the Bentley Mulsanne in front.

Upon seeing that, Elsie secured her handbag and made her way to Tony's car. However, just as she was about to reach the car, Leo stopped her and he smiled at her apologetically. "Miss Foster, our director does not like to share his car with others. It's best for you to take the car behind."

Elsie wasn't happy with that but she knew her place. In the end, she had no choice but to enter the car behind Tony's.

Myra was still standing on the steps of the company building, so she managed to observe the situation unfold before her. She then made her way to the car with Elsie in it but Leo stopped her on her way too. Smiling at her, he murmured, "Miss Stark, our director mentioned that he wants to discuss some points with you regarding the design draft from the Chase Group. Please enter the car right in front directly."

Myra frowned at the obvious difference in treatment.

Not too far away, Sasha and her designer were looking at them with complex expressions.

Myra tightened her fists at her sides and she answered Leo steadily, “Whatever the issue is, it’s best to discuss it at dinner later. Everybody should be included in the discussion so we can all come up with a solution.”

Without sparing a glance at Leo’s surprised expression, Myra walked around him to enter the car with Elsie in it.

Exasperated, Leo regarded her back view and he made his way to the Bentley Mulsanne. He said something to Tony, who was inside the car, and the window rolled up before the car drove away swiftly.

The designer, who was beside Sasha, looked livid. “I was just wondering how great the Chase Group’s design is. It turns out something fishy going on here. It looks like the Chase Group doesn’t have any true capabilities, which is why they sent two blockhead women for the positions!”

Sasha was still focused on Myra when she pursed her lips. “Lower your voice! Do you want the Hart Group to hear you?” she hissed in warning.

The designer looked hurt. “Miss Hay, if this goes on, how can the Hay Group defeat the Chase Group?”

Sasha looked at the two cars driving away slowly. She recalled Logan specifically handing Myra a glass of lemon water, whereas everybody else received the same treatment. A dark thought flashed through her gaze and she suddenly looked determined. “Don’t worry. The Hay Group will seize the opportunity to work together with the Hart Group this time!”

Soon enough, the cars arrived at the Ritz Carlton and the passengers got out of the car one after another.

After entering the car, Elsie did not notice the exchange between Myra and Leo. Hence, she behaved herself during the entire car ride. Nevertheless, she jogged to Tony’s side impatiently once she got out of the car.

Meanwhile, Tony was wearing an inexplicably cold expression at that moment.

And so, Leo would act as a barrier discreetly each time Elsie tried approaching Tony. She was starting to feel annoyed after this went on a few times so she glared at Leo furiously, but he pretended not to notice.

After entering a private room, either by coincidence or a deliberate planning, they were assigned into their respective seats. Myra was the last one to enter the room and the only seat left was the one beside Tony.

She pretended as though she hadn't picked up the atmosphere in the room when she took the seat calmly. She also ignored the burning jealousy coming from Elsie's gaze.

Leo represents Tony, and for him to treat Elsie in such a way, I can easily imagine what Tony thinks of her. Upon coming to that conclusion, Myra couldn't help but feel delighted. However, the very next second, her phone started ringing loudly in the room.