

Standing before Love Chapter 26

When everyone turned to look at her, Myra apologized and she silenced her phone. She checked her phone screen and her hand shook automatically—it was a phone call from Sean.

Hence, she canceled the call without giving anything away.

However, her phone started vibrating right after she canceled the call. The urgency of the phone call made it seem as if the calls would continue coming in if she refused to answer it.

When Myra looked up, she happened to lock eyes with Sasha's meaningful gaze. Sasha reassured her in a gentle voice, "Don't worry, Myra. Head out to answer the call; we will wait for you and start the meal after you are back."

Myra saw Tony looking over at her from the corner of her eyes. She then stood up and excused herself apologetically, "Please excuse me; I have to go and answer this phone call but I'll be back in a bit."

She answered the call once she left the private room. Sean's deep and gloomy voice spoke to her from the other end of the line. "Where are you?"

Myra frowned slightly but her tone was light. "I am at the Ritz Carlton to discuss some issues with a client."

"Myra, do bear in mind that you are still my wife! You had better behave yourself!"

Her breath caught in her chest with Sean's sudden outburst. She tightened her grip around her cell phone as she mumbled, "What do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do you think I do not know what's going on just because you are far away? Myra, I do not appreciate being cuckolded." Sean hung up the phone in anger after venting his frustration.

Myra's heart raced involuntarily when she heard the beeping tone over the phone. Estelle mentioned that I gave up the chance of pursuing my studies abroad for Sean's sake. However, she isn't aware of the whole story... I sacrificed so much for the sake of Sean's career but in the end, he doesn't even bother speaking gently to me.

Myra teared up and her fingers dug deep into her palm on her empty hand.

Her body started trembling uncontrollably. She wasn't sure if it was due to sadness or anger, but she started shaking violently. A sense of despair overwhelmed her and it felt as though it was about to swallow her whole.

Suddenly, she heard steady footsteps of a pair of leather shoes approaching her from behind, which stopped right behind her. Myra assumed that it was a server to usher her back into the private room, so she wiped away the tears from the corners of her eyes hastily before turning around. "Sorry; please tell them that I'll be in soon..."

A shadow casted over her head, accompanied with an overwhelming pressure. It was already too late when she realized what was going on.

As her body swiveled, so did her head; she felt a cooling breeze against her face.

Myra's eyes widened in surprise and her words that were at the tip of her tongue disappeared.

There was a magnified face in front of her with an angled jaw and handsome features. At that moment, her lips happened to touch Tony's thin ones, their breaths mingling together.

Myra's eyes widened and her blood came surging upward into her face. She blushed deeply and her face turned scarlet.

I can't believe that I just kissed Tony again!

Myra reacted as though she was electrocuted or stung by a bee. She retreated backward continuously but she tripped against her own feet, so she started falling sideways.

"Careful." A deep and sensual voice echoed in her ears. The next thing she knew, he pulled her into an embrace that was filled with an aroma of a mixture of mint and tobacco.

They were close enough that Myra could see Tony's long lashes that were even prettier than that of a woman's.

“D-Director H-Hart...” Myra realized that she was still in his arms, so she struggled out of his grasp hastily. She tucked her hair behind her ears awkwardly and she did not have the courage to look at the man in front of her. “Sorry about... that. I did not notice that you were standing behind me, Director Hart...”

I’m not sure what is going on recently but I seem to be getting myself into these embarrassing situations. It was fine previously since he was drunk. I was embarrassed but at least not as embarrassed as the current situation. Furthermore, we were both wide awake just now...

Since she did not receive a reply from him, Myra looked up in a hurry. She caught sight of Tony’s prominent fingers brushing across his thin lips suggestively.

Myra felt her heart skip a beat and her cheeks turned even redder—she felt as if they might burst into flames.

“Director Hart...” She bit her lip and she seemed annoyed with herself suddenly. “Is there anything I can help you with?”

Tony could still feel her soft lips against his, and his mood instantly improved when he saw the surprised and embarrassed woman standing in front of him. He put down his hand calmly and cocked a brow at her. “I’m just here to check on you since you are taking such a long time.”

“I’ll be in soon.” Myra regretted not answering the phone call farther away because she was now caught in the middle.

Tony hummed and turned around to head back to where he came from, acting as if nothing happened between them earlier.

Myra stared at his long legs while he walked away and she pressed her lips together. I am not sure if I am imagining things... but somehow, I feel as if Tony’s intentions toward me aren’t as simple as one might assume...

Meanwhile, the man with the ulterior motive—who was making his way back to the private room—smirked in silence.

Not far away, the corner of somebody’s clothes fluttered and vanished.

The atmosphere was slightly odd when she returned to the private room again.

Sasha exclaimed in exaggeration the moment Myra entered the room, “Myra, what happened to your eyes? Were you crying?”

Myra took her original seat calmly. “Some sand was caught in my eyes just now.”

“Oh—I thought...” Sasha hesitated for a moment before she continued, “Myra, have you been doing well recently? Lately, I’ve read lots of entertainment news and I saw—”

Sasha!” Myra warned softly while frowning at her.

Sasha’s body stiffened but she laughed dryly. “I’m sorry. I should not ask about affairs involving you and your husband.”

She and her husband?” Elsie asked sarcastically. “Myra, are you married?” She was obviously delighted at her misfortune.

Sasha glanced at Myra guiltily.

“That’s right. I have been married for two years now.” Initially, Myra wanted to end the topic as soon as possible, but she swallowed her initial speech when she noticed Tony’s pointed gaze. She recalled the accidental kiss they shared earlier and she added calmly, “We have a harmonious relationship as husband and wife, and we are quite happy together.”

She nodded, as though emphasizing her point.

“A harmonious relationship?” Tony’s gaze was focused on Myra ever since she entered the private room. Initially, he was twiddling with his goblet but he stopped at that point to stare at Myra directly.

His gaze was deep and calm, but it was as though he had magical powers and was able to see through a person’s heart.

Myra dodged his gaze discreetly and she nodded. Smiling faintly, she murmured, “That’s right.”

The group couldn’t be sure, but they felt the temperature in the private room dropped significantly.

Tony looked away and he continued toying with the goblet in front of him. “In that case, I’ll have to congratulate you, Miss Stark,” he stated coldly.

Myra nodded nonchalantly but she felt unreasonably annoyed.

Leo noticed that things were going south, so he cleared his throat. “I’ll go out and check with the server; I think the dishes will be served soon.”

With that, he turned to leave the private room.

Just before Leo left, Myra could sense that he glanced at her. However, he was very quick; so quick, in fact, that nobody else noticed it.

Everybody had their own agenda during the meal.

Elsie did all she could to flirt with Tony by taking advantage of the excuse of working together. Even the usually reserved Sasha couldn’t help but join in occasionally. Myra, however, was the only one keeping quiet.

Dinner finally came to an end and the group walked out of the Ritz Carlton.

When they walked past the large hall, they saw the hotel staff carrying bouquets of roses into the hotel.

There were blue, red, pink and even multi-colored roses. It was colorful and there were silver stickers on the petals that made them sparkle under the lights. The aroma of the roses permeated the whole place—it was obvious that the roses were of a precious variety.

“Looks like we have something fun to watch tonight!”