

Standing before Love Chapter 3

When Myra woke up the next morning, she glanced at the empty room in a daze.

She had turned twenty-four the day before. Sean had probably forgotten about it or maybe he never committed to remember her birthday at all. He bought flowers for another woman and spent the night with her, leaving Myra with nothing more than a cold shoulder.

Myra went downstairs after getting dressed and she was greeted by a cheery Eve. “Myra, you’re just in time for breakfast!”

Eve was probably Myra’s saving grace in the family. Not wanting to look sad in front of her, Myra nodded and seated herself in the dining room.

“Myra, I know you’re upset with the way Sean behaved last night, but please don’t be sad—I’m always on your side. I’m sure one day he will come to realize that you’re the woman whom he should spend the rest of his life with.”

Myra felt tears pricking her eyes, but she remained reticent.

Eve sighed and shoved a pair of chopsticks into Myra’s hands. “You should, dear. Sean left early to attend to a couple of things, so I’ll ask the chauffeur to drop you off at work later.”

Just as Eve said that, Greta entered the dining room with today’s newspaper in hand. “Madam, here’s the newspaper you asked for.”

Greta had only just placed the newspaper on the dining table when Eve caught a glimpse of the front page news. Greta’s face faltered, but it was too late for her to take the newspaper away.

Myra stiffened as she fixed her gaze on the headline.

Below it was a picture of Sean kissing a certain young female celebrity and it was taken in front of a hotel. Clearly, he did not even come home at all last night.

“Myra—”

“Thanks for the breakfast, Mom. I have to go to work now,” Myra stoically interrupted as she rose from her seat. She took her purse and headed out the doorway.

Unable to respond on time, Eve stood by the doorway and watched as her daughter-in-law drove off.

Greta was apologetic as she approached. “I’m sorry about that, Madam.”

“It’s not your fault.” Eve sighed. She turned and looked at Greta with a somber expression. “Call Sean later and tell him that if he doesn’t come home tonight, I’ll disown him!”

Upon hearing that, Greta hastily nodded, “Okay.”

Myra and Sean’s wedding had been a low-profile affair for many reasons—there were only a handful of people who knew about the matrimony between the daughter of the Stark Family and the heir to Chase family.

Even those in Chase Group were unaware of Myra’s real identity. As far as they were concerned, she was only the leader of Design Team A.

“Myra, I’m so sorry, but I don’t think I will be able to join all of you for lunch today. I have an appointment with Director Chase at noon.” Elsie sounded apologetic enough, but she was gloating. She was cooped up in the restroom for nearly an hour before lunchtime and when she emerged, her lips were painted with a bright shade of red. Myra winced at that sight, but she made no comment.

After having excused herself, Elsie took her purse and left. Her hips swayed as she walked toward the elevator that was meant for company executives.

“What did she look so pleased for? Everyone knows how she became the leader for team B—and it’s certainly not because of her talent!” scoffed a woman who was on one side.

Myra paled. Without speaking another word, she grabbed her purse and made her way to the elevator as well.

With some time to spare after lunch, everyone chattered in groups of two or three before they returned to work.

“Myra! Look at this—the heir to the Hart Family fortune has returned to the country, and he’s officially taking over the Hart Group!” Tilly announced as she placed the tabloid in front of Myra. She was the newly-recruited intern at the design department and the only one who showed any loyalty to Myra despite what happened at the banquet last night.

She followed up with a dreamy sigh. “Oh, where do I even begin with Tony Hart? He’s a legend in the business world. He went abroad when he was eighteen and when he was twenty-two, he graduated from Harvard with a double PhD in Management and Business Economics respectively. He built his own business empire, Hartwell Group, at the age of twenty-six and up until today, no one has been able to replicate his achievements in the country. Now, he’s returned to take over the Hart Group. Oh, my God—more importantly, he’s charming and handsome without being tainted by any scandal! He’s nearly thirty-five and he’s still a bachelor!”

Myra felt herself unwinding when she saw the starstruck gleam in Tilly’s eyes. “Do you have plans to woo him?”

Upon hearing that, Tilly’s spirits seemed to die down a little. She scratched her earlobe as she muttered, “Of course not. Dreamboats like him are meant to be admired from afar. They’re not dateable.”

“Does that mean you were excited over nothing?” Myra teased as she cast a brief glance at the tabloid cover.