

Standing before Love Chapter 4

Being a member of Stark, Myra was well aware of the Harts' existence since they were one of the most prominent families in Bradford City. Tony had three siblings in total—a sister and two brothers, all of whom were older than him. His sister was married and both his brothers were in politics and the military respectively, making him the only child out of the four to display a keen interest in business.

He was the grandson whom the old Sebastian Hart doted on the most. However, Myra heard that Tony had been a rebel in his younger days and he had refused to inherit the family fortune. She wondered what could have made him return suddenly to take over the Hart Group.

On the other hand, she could also understand why the ladies were fascinated with him. After all, he was the heir to the Hart Family business, which meant his worth and stature were undoubtedly impressive. He was also the walking textbook example of tall, dark and handsome.

There was something oddly familiar about his eyes, though...

Perhaps it was the cold indifference in them that made her think of Sean. At that thought, the image of Elsie's gloating face inevitably flashed through her mind.

Myra felt her breath hitch and she quickly suppressed any ounce of resentment that threatened to bubble up within her.

"An eye candy makes everything better! Life is tough enough as it is—we need more of these little moments of happiness."

Myra laughed and gathered the documents that she had just reviewed. She then placed them in Tilly's arms as she said, "Come on, let's head over to your dreamboat's company and get you those moments of happiness that you look forward to."

Tilly stared blankly for a moment before she broke into a huge grin when she finally registered her words. "Myra, are you going over to the Hart Group to talk about the Sunny Bay Project? The one for the high-end community?! I thought you were going with Miss Foster!"

"I don't think she'll return anytime soon. You can substitute her today."

She probably doesn't want to go anyway, seeing that she's all tangled up with Sean at the moment, Myra was self-deprecating.

"Got it! I'll do my best!"

Myra had only just driven her white BMW into the Hart Group's basement carpark when two Bentleys drove past her toward the exit.

The Bentley Mulsanne that drove out first was particularly striking. If she recalled correctly, it was the same limited edition model that Bentley announced during its press conference in London last year. There was only one of its kind produced in the entire world and it was rumored that the owner was a mysterious business mogul.

As the car crossed her line of sight, she caught a glimpse of the man who sat in the backseat of the Mulsanne. However, she could not see much in the dim lighting, save for a dark silhouette that appeared cool and elegant.

Meanwhile, the man in the backseat seemed to sense something. He opened his eyes, but Myra's car had already driven past.

After circling the basement carpark, she was relieved to have found a parking spot meant for regular visitors.

She entered the elevator and the doors were about to close until an arm reached in to hold them open.

"I'm sorry, but would you mind sharing the lift?"

Myra looked up. Presently, there was a group of men who were standing outside the elevator whom she had not noticed earlier. They were all dressed in suits and leather shoes and they had a solemn look. A gaze was enough to imagine them as the cream of the crop of some high-end enterprise. Nevertheless, the man who addressed her earlier had a pleasant face and he was waiting for her to answer.

She blinked; then, she shook her head.

The man smiled at her, then stepped aside and retreated to the back. He was clearly someone of an assistant level.

Meanwhile, Myra heard Tilly draw a sharp breath behind her. Tilly then jabbed a finger into her back.

Myra looked up and her gaze landed on a pair of endlessly dark orbs.

The person behind those eyes was the most handsome of his entourage and he happened to be the latest. He looked like he was around thirty-four to thirty-five in age and he wore a fitting, tailor-made black suit that accentuated his towering figure.

The clean, white shirt he wore beneath his black suit made him look all the more attractive. There was something graceful about the way he carried himself—it was imposing, even. He was reserved, but his gaze was focused and intent.

Myra swallowed—he was none other than Tony Hart, the new director of Hart Group.

As though he sensed her gaze, he briefly appraised her before taking one long stride into the elevator.

She could not help but click her tongue at his indifference.

“T-T-Ton—Um!” Tilly’s starstruck stutter was interrupted by a groan as Myra dug her elbow into the former’s stomach. She then pulled Tilly two steps over to the left to make way for the rest of the men.

They watched in silence as the men swiftly stepped into the elevator.

“Myra, look! It’s Dreamboat Tony!” Tilly squealed close to Myra’s ear in a tone that was unfortunately obstreperous to even be considered a whisper.

Myra’s face blushed, particularly when she heard the assistant from before clear his throat in what she presumed was amusement.

Slightly embarrassed, she turned to glance apologetically at the impassive-looking man.

Seeing that they were standing side-by-side, she could only see his side profile, which was clean and as sharp as a knife. He looked as cold as he was intimidating.

However, there was one thing that lingered in the back of her mind—a man like Tony ought to be using the elevator that was meant for exclusive guests, so why was he sharing a public lift with the rest of them?