

Standing before Love Chapter 47

If he really can't keep to his promise, I can walk home too. Southern Hill is not a small area, but it's not gigantic either. Apart from that, it would be for the best if he could really clear my name from the accusation of plagiarism.

As soon as Myra thought about that, she stopped speaking and quietly looked outside the car window.

From the corner of his eyes, Tony slightly arched his good-looking eyebrows when he saw her small face had darkened.

The car was soon driven to the mansion region, which was surrounded by a garden.

Southern Hill was the paradise for many wealthy people, but a mansion as big as the Hart Residence could not be found—even in the area.

It took almost five minutes for the car to be driven from the main gate to a building that looked like a castle with European architecture.

Soon, the car came to a tall fountain that resembled a swan. Next to it was a huge mansion with white walls and red bricks that were surrounded by trees; the place looked impressive and intricate at the same time.

Even Myra, who had seen different styles of mansions, could not help but sigh in her heart. Sure enough, the Hart Family is the most prestigious family in Bradford City.

Tony, who was next to her, had been resting with his eyes closed. He finally opened them and landed his profound gaze on her as he looked at her clear eyes.

Without waiting for him to speak, she quickly responded, "Just go ahead and run your errands, Director Hart. This garden is quite beautiful—I'll take a stroll while waiting for you to be back." Afraid that he would invite her inside for a cup of tea or something to that effect, she quickly broke the silence.

Perhaps she was defensive because he had joked about asking her to marry him earlier. If I enter the mansion with him, how would I explain my reason for being here once I meet the elders in his family like Old Master Hart? I don't want to run into any unnecessary embarrassment or troubles.

Tony seemed to frown unhappily as he stared into Myra's eyes, but he did not convince her otherwise. "The garden is quite big, so bring your phone with you. I'll call you when I'm done," he reminded her nonchalantly.

Myra tightened her grip on the phone and she nodded after turning subconsciously.

I bet she doesn't even know she's blushing right now. Upon seeing her reflexes, Tony's mood suddenly became better. Before he exited the car, he stretched his hand toward her and it caused her to tense up when she felt his hand on her forehead.

Before he walked off, he arched his eyebrows as he asked, "Are you running a temperature?"

Sitting in the car, Myra's face was flushed red. She suddenly felt annoyed at Tony's earlier action. I thought... he had stretched his hand out because there were some leaves or dirt on my hair. I can't believe that he actually placed his hand on my forehead!

At that moment, the warmth from his hands slowly seeped into her skin, as if he left an imprint there.

A slightly frustrated Myra opened the car door and she alighted from the car.

Sure enough, the garden in Hart Residence was ginormous and it was obviously a well-planned garden. In the evening, the lamps in the garden were all switched on and illuminated the bushes and flowers, making the atmosphere cozy and romantic. The pebble paths and fresh air even enchanted her. However, when she turned after ten minutes of walking, she knew that she was lost.

She felt exasperated at herself. Since she expected that Tony would call her after he was done with his matters, she planned to find a spot to rest. However, at that moment, she heard a small voice sobbing. After tracing the source of the voice, she saw a young boy, who looked like he was around eight years old, sobbing as he sat next to bushes of flowers. He pouted as he mumbled, "Can they not divorce? Sob... Sob... I don't want them to divorce..."

As the lamp behind him shone from above, it cast a lonely shadow on the ground, making him look like a kid who had lost his way.

Myra immediately froze on the spot.

After all, the scene reminded her of her past. She remembered that many years ago, she also ran out from her house and secretly cried in a nearby garden, begging a God whom she thought had existed that time to stop her parents from divorcing.

She walked to the young boy involuntarily.

“Who’s there?” When he heard her approaching, he immediately lifted his head and looked at her vigilantly. As soon as he saw her, a frown immediately appeared on handsome face. “Who are you?”

He thought of himself as a brave man. Hence, it was a humiliation for him to be seen crying by another person. He quickly wiped his tears away from his cheeks and lifted his head to speak to her. “I did not cry earlier. It’s just that... some sand entered my eyes when I walked over.”

Myra did not expose him because she clearly understood how he felt, having experienced a similar fate herself. In an instant, she felt closer to him. Even though he was still young, he had a shadow of Tony after she looked at his face—it was highly likely that he was someone from the Hart Family.

After thinking about it, she replied, “I’m lost. Can you bring me back to the fountain?”

The little boy looked at her in confusion. “Are you a guest?”

“I...guess so.” Director Hart invited me here, so I guess I can be counted as a guest of the Hart Family. Myra touched her nose and pretended that she had not seen his red eyes that were swollen from crying. “I initially planned to take a stroll before going back, but this place is just too huge. So, I’m lost.”

“This is my great-grandpa’s house—of course it’s large. You don’t have to be embarrassed about it. I was also lost when I came here for the first time.”

Myra’s warm expression had probably lowered his defenses. He jumped down from the stairs and added, “I heard that Uncle Tony is returning tonight. You must be his guest. I like Uncle Tony, you know. Come with me—I’ll bring you back to the fountain.”

With that, he immediately walked in front of her. Seeing him regain his vigor, she could not help but grin.

As the path became increasingly familiar to her, she soon returned to the fountain in no time. However, both Leo and Tony were nowhere to be seen and there were only a few security guards not far away.

“I’ll accompany you here for a while. When Uncle Tony comes back, I’ll leave.”

Perhaps out of his worry that she would feel lonely, he took the initiative to stay with her.

Sure enough, he’s a kind child. Myra could not help but caress his hair as she remembered her mother had done the same to her back then.

The little boy’s body stiffened for a while before it slowly relaxed. He turned with a tinge of hesitation in his eyes, but he still asked her, “May I know your name?”

Myra froze for a brief moment before a hint of smile appeared in her eyes. “I’m Myra Stark. M-y-r-a S-t-a-r-k. You can just call me Myra.”

“So... Are you my uncle’s girlfriend?” The sparkle and curiosity in his eyes had replaced his sadness.

“Nope,” she quickly replied after guessing which uncle he was referring to.

“Awww!” He actually looked a tad bit disappointed upon hearing that.

Upon seeing his genuine expression, Myra could not resist flicking her fingers on his forehead. “You’re just a kid. Do you even know what ‘girlfriend’ refers to?”

He felt a slight itch on his forehead after she did that, so he glared at her and kept a distance from her. “Of course! A girlfriend is... Well, no matter what, you are not my girlfriend, so I’m staying away from you!”

Myra smiled upon hearing that. How mischievous!

Just as she was about to reply, a gentle voice suddenly interrupted them. “Henry!”

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When Myra and Henry raised their heads, they saw a slender woman standing at the other end of the fountain, which was not far from them. Even though the woman was already in her late thirties, she looked like she was barely 30 years old. Although she was elegant, there was a hint of worry and sorrow on her face that Myra detected at that moment.

On the other hand, after Tony entered the mansion, a maid took his coat from him and placed a pair of indoor slippers in front of him.

“Young Master Tony, Old Master Hart has been waiting for you in the study for a while.”

With that, she smartly retreated to the kitchen.

As soon as he knocked on the door to enter, a voice commanded loudly from the room, “Wait at the door!”

Even though it was a rather old voice, it was still full of strength. It was obvious from his tone that the man in the room was not in a good mood.

Tony arched his eyebrows as he closed the door of the study and obediently obeyed the order—he stood straight on the spot without taking another step.

After Sebastian finished his writing, he realized that it was indeed his grandson, the one who had caused a lot of problems, standing obediently by the door. Because of the news that his eldest grandchild, Serena, had brought, his foul mood which lasted for half the day took a slightly better turn. After eyeing the door sideways, Sebastian said in annoyance, “Enter.”

Tony walked into the room indifferently.

Sebastian dried the calligraphy that he wrote earlier and placed a paperweight on the table. He was not in the mood to argue with his youngest grandson, so he cut to the chase. “Do you know the Young Lady from the Hay Family?”

Tony frowned slightly before asking nonchalantly, “Which Hay Family?”

Seeing that he deliberately asked that question, Sebastian glared at him. “Which other Hay Family exists”

Tony's eyes narrowed as he met Sebastian's gaze with a half-smirk on his face. "Bradford City is rather big, so I bet there are many families with the last name of 'Hay'. There are also thousands of people with this last name as well. How would I know which Hay Family you are referring to?"

"You... Rascal!" Sebastian was furious by his reply. Judging from his attitude, I'm sure he's deliberately defying me! If I don't have an important matter to discuss with him, I would love to throw this inkstone at him! "Which Hay Family? Of course, the one who secured the Sunny Bay Project from the Hart Group! Do you know this Hay Family?"

After he pretended to think about it, Tony looked as though he had a realization. "Oh, you mean the Hay Group? Well, I do know them, but I didn't know that they have already obtained the Sunny Bay Project."

Seeing Tony's stubborn response, Sebastian angrily gritted his teeth. The old man from Hay Group just called to tell me that we are going to collaborate soon. He even thanked my grandson for taking care of his granddaughter and sent good wishes for us to take care of each other. However... My grandson would take care of his granddaughter? When has Tony become such a kind person?

After he hung up on the call, he immediately called Mr. Logan—the person in charge of the Project Department of Hart Group.

When Mr. Logan received the call from Sebastian, he did not dare to reveal much. Instead, he merely told him the objective facts—the Hay Group and the Chase Group had competed to work on the Sunny Bay Project. There was a designer from the Chase Group who was involved in a plagiarism case.

After thinking about it, Sebastian immediately realized that Tony was behaving in an odd manner. Why would he be personally involved in such a small project? The Chase Group is involved in plagiarism? Old Master Hay calling me to tell me the news of our collaboration? Isn't it obvious that Tony is doing all of this for the Young Lady of the Hay Family?

Since Serena was about to get divorced, he had not been in a good mood. Hence, that piece of news finally cheered him up, albeit slightly. He did not even tell his wife before he confirmed the authenticity of the news. As a result, he quickly summoned Tony over to confirm it with him. However, his face darkened when he saw such an attitude from Tony.

“What do you mean? Tony, you are no longer young. Do you still think you can play hard to get—like those young ladies?”

What if she’s scared away by him? I’ve looked it up—even though the Hart Family can’t be compared to our family, this young lady is honest, pretty, and kind. She also earned good grades back in school. Even though other people have copied her work, she did not report to the police, but she generously forgave them. The Hart Family has never expected our descendents to look for wealthy young ladies. As long as they are kind, that’s the most important.

“Me? Hard to get?” When Tony heard Sebastian mention Sasha’s name, he vaguely knew what he meant. At that moment, his eyes narrowed dangerously. “Grandpa, could you be thinking that I like her?”

Sebastian snorted coldly. “You enthusiastically took over this project for the Young Lady of the Hay Family, didn’t you? You don’t have to pretend otherwise in front of me!”

As if he was satisfied that he said those words aloud, he took a few sips from a cup of tea next to him. Immediately, his throat felt much more comfortable. After that, he looked sideways at his youngest grandson, who was tall and well-built. “Tell me, how would you like your wedding? Have you decided on a date? If not, tell your grandma and let her help you. It’s about time for our family to be in a celebratory mood.”

Tony merely looked at Sebastian in amusement. He took a few steps forward and knocked on the table in front of him with a mocking look. “Who told you that I took over this project for someone from the Hay Family?”

Sebastian frowned as he pursed his lips. “Isn’t that the case? You took over because you like that young lady, don’t you? Don’t tell me that you are interested in this project! I don’t believe it!”

“It’s true that I’m not interested in this project.” Tony arched his eyebrows and snorted disdainfully. His eyes flickered when he saw the words ‘Hay’ written on the piece of paper in calligraphy. “It’s just that the Young Lady of the Hay Family is not good enough for me!”

“You!”

Sebastian’s chest heaved up and down because of his anger.

He carefully appraised Tony's expression. At that moment, Tony looked indifferent and stoic—he also did not look like he was joking at all.

Unwilling to throw in the towel, Sebastian asked, “You aren't interested in her? Really? Why did you take extra care of the Hay Family then?”

Tony let out a cold chuckle. “I never knew that I've been taking care of them.”

“Then, why did the Hay Family say that...” Sebastian suddenly slammed his fist on the table. “That old jerk!”

After thinking about it, the reason why the Hay Family had given such an ambiguous story became clear to him... But...

“That Young Lady from the Hay Family seems decent. You are also not young anymore. Now that both of you are in touch with each other for these few days, why don't you—”

“In your dreams!” Tony suddenly interrupted and he turned to leave.

Since he already knew why he was called back today, he had no plans to stay any longer.

Sebastian's face alternated between shades of green and white as he yelled, “This scoundrel!” His mood that was finally lifted, even by a bit, sank again.

The woman quickly walked to Henry and appraised him from head to toe. “Why did you suddenly run outside? Do you know Mommy and Great-grandma are worried about you?”

Upon seeing his red eyes, she seemed even more exhausted. “Henry, I-I'm sorry...”

“Mommy...” After Henry calmed down, he also felt upset when he saw his mother being sad. However, it was almost impossible to ask him to suddenly accept the news of his parents' divorce.

He merely grabbed the hem of her clothes tightly with his little fingers.

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After a while, the woman finally lifted her head and spoke to Henry gently, “Both Mommy and Daddy still love you very much, and it’s just that we are not staying together anymore. If you miss Daddy, I’ll still bring you over to him, alright?”

Sure enough, he has family problems—looks like his parents are getting a divorce.

Myra merely stood aside quietly while Henry lowered his head sadly.

It was only at this moment that the woman noticed Myra.

“And you are?” she asked awkwardly yet curiously.

“This is Uncle Tony’s... friend, Myra,” Henry said in a low voice after the topic was changed.

He snuck out of the woman’s embrace and walked to Myra. “She lost her way just now so I brought her back.”

“Hello.” Feeling slightly nervous, Myra tucked her hair behind her ear and smiled at the woman.

If my guess is correct, this woman should be Tony’s eldest sister, Serena Hart, who happily married into the Reyer Family with a huge dowry. This is so unexpected...

Serena was not in a good mood recently, so she brought her son back to the Hart Residence. After she heard Henry introduce Myra, Serena looked at the latter blankly.

My youngest brother has a lady friend?

“I see. So you’re Tony’s friend? What about we go and take a seat inside? Grandpa asked Tony to come back today to discuss some matters, so I bet he’s unable to leave anytime soon.” Serena smiled at Myra gently.

“Myra, why don’t we go on in?” Henry also held Myra’s hands. He had no idea why he thought Myra seemed friendly even though they had just met.

Even Serena could not stop herself from casting a few more glances at Myra. It was unexpected for her to see Henry becoming close to a woman he had just met.

Feeling slightly embarrassed, Myra waved her hands and rejected their offer. "It's fine; I'll just wait here."

"Then I'll wait here with you," Henry said quickly.

Serena did a double take and looked at her son in surprise.

Seeing that he had calmed down, she merely said, "Alright. I'll bring some tea for the both of you."

With that, she walked into the mansion without giving Myra the opportunity to refuse her offer politely.

Looking at Serena's leaving figure, Myra suddenly thought of her own mother. When her mother was also divorcing her father, their family was breaking apart just like Henry's family. Suddenly, she could not hold herself back anymore and spoke to Henry. "Your mom is still young. If she really divorced your dad, perhaps she can start a new life. Don't you want your mom to be happy, Henry?"

Upon hearing that, Henry froze before he lowered his head. After a pause, he muttered, "I just want to live together with everyone..."

After all, he was still young so he did not understand the troubles of an adult. Just like Myra back then—she, too, did not want her parents to separate. She gently held Henry's hands. Seeing that he wanted to get away from her, she held him even tighter. "Back then, I was too young to realize this, so I didn't want my mom to divorce my dad. However, it became something that I regretted for the rest of my life. Henry, your mom loves you so much. Shouldn't you care for her in return?"

There were many occasions where Myra regretted her actions. She regretted not stopping her mother from leaving the family back then. If that did not happen, is it possible that she might not walk to her own destruction?

At the thought of this, Myra's body trembled slightly.

Henry was shocked to see this and grabbed her trembling hand firmly. "Are you cold, Myra?"

"No; I'm not." Myra took a deep breath to calm herself down. Then, she caressed Henry's head. "Your mom is so much more upset than you now. You have to put yourself in her shoes, Henry."

Henry froze upon hearing that. Just as he was about to say something, he saw an old lady walking toward them. Immediately, he stood up straight and looked at her as he greeted respectfully, "Hello, Great-grandma."

Myra was shocked to hear that, but her shock immediately turned into exasperation.

Even though she did not enter the mansion with Tony, she still met his elders nevertheless.

Hence, she quickly turned around and looked in the same direction as Henry. At this moment, an old lady was walking toward them, a scarf around her neck. Even though her hair had turned grey, she looked energetic and had a solemn expression on her face, looking wealthy and elegant with her hair tied behind her head tidily.

As though she had heard the conversation between Myra and Henry just now, she eyed Myra impassively before her eyes narrowed. Then, she shifted her gaze to look at Henry. "Why haven't you gone in? It's so late already."

Henry seemed to treat her with great reverence. He hesitated beside Myra as he replied, "When I saw this young lady lose her way, I brought her back here. I'll go in soon."

Lisa Hart nodded indifferently before looking at Myra once again.

"Hello, Old Madam Hart." Myra smiled at her.

Without any change in her expression, she asked, "This is..."

"She's Uncle Tony's friend!" Henry quickly replied before Lisa could finish her sentence.

Lisa's eyelids seemed to tremble slightly. Upon hearing that, she looked at Myra again before she nodded and left.

After she had left them, Henry finally patted his chest. “Don’t worry, Myra. She’s my great-grandma. Though she looks solemn, she’s a nice person.”

In reality, Myra was not afraid of her. She merely felt awkward upon meeting her, but she was relieved that Lisa did not ask her any questions.

Soon, before Serena could come back to them, Tony walked out of the mansion without any expression on his face with Leo in tow.

He seemed to be quite furious. Even though his expression was indifferent, his thin lips were pressed into a grim line. When he reached Myra, he didn’t even seem to see Henry. Instead, he pulled Myra by the hand and walked toward the silver grey Bentley Mulsanne.

“Director Hart...” Myra protested but Tony obviously did not hear her, as he did not release his grip.

Myra merely turned around helplessly to look at Henry, who was shocked to see this.

“Bye!” she said.

Seeing the way Tony dragged Myra away, Henry had a furtive smile on his face as he waved to her. “Bye, Myra! Do visit soon!”

On the other hand, Lisa returned to the living room of the mansion calmly. There, she met Sebastian, who was running around furiously as he complained, “This rascal! During one of the rare times he returns, how dare he show me his defiant attitude? If I catch him this time, I’ll skin him alive—”

Before he finished his sentence, he saw his wife.

People of their age in Bradford City knew that Sebastian Hart was very short-tempered. However, no matter how irate he was, he would immediately become gentle when he saw his wife.

Hence, as soon as he saw her, he immediately stopped complaining. Instead, he turned around to hold her hand with a smile on his face as she walked upstairs. “Lisa, I was just kidding. Tony is your blue-eyed boy—how could I do this to him? By the way, have you had the broth that I asked the maids to prepare? It’s your favourite chicken broth!”

Lisa merely shot him an indifferent glance. "Aren't you going to skin my grandson alive?"

Sebastian's solemn demeanor in front of Tony a moment ago had completely disintegrated as he pretended to be defensive about this. "Whoever dares to do anything to my grandson, I will never let them off the hook!"

Upon hearing his words, the old woman, who seldom smiled, finally twitched her lips slightly into a small smirk.

When Tony grabbed Myra's hand as he walked outside, her soft and tender hand made him tighten his hand involuntarily.

"Director Hart..." Seeing that they had reached the car, Myra struggled against his grip awkwardly and she wanted to take back her hand.

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Tony did not turn around but his side profile looked cold and serious. Myra had no idea what he discussed with Old Master Hart upstairs, but she assumed that it did not go well.

Tony never glanced back and he did not utter a word. Instead, he merely tightened his grip on her hand.

When they reached the car, Leo quickly opened the door of the backseat for them.

Tony let Myra get into the car first before he followed from behind. All this while, he did not let go of her hand at all.

After the both of them got into the car, Myra shot a tentative glance at him. His lips were pressed tightly together and he had a deep frown on his face that made his expression look dark. However, he seemed to have forgotten the hand he had been holding.

"Director Hart..." Myra said his name worriedly again. It was only now that he seemed to hear her. Following her gaze, he saw that he had been holding her hand and with narrowed eyes, he slowly let her go.

Myra heaved a sigh of relief. Even though the atmosphere in the car was quite tense, fortunately they had reached the Chase Residence.

Myra thanked him in a low voice before getting out of the car. After taking a few steps, she turned around and knocked on the window on Tony's side. Her heart skipped a beat when she saw his profound gaze but she quickly murmured, "I still feel very grateful toward you no matter what. Also... Don't be too angry, Director Hart. No matter what, I'm sure your family has your best interests at heart."

Obviously, she thought that Tony had a fight with his family, so she gave him a piece of advice.

With that, she turned around to walk to the mansion.

Behind her, Leo heaved a helpless sigh internally.

Even though he did not enter the study just now, he understood his boss well. No matter how I look at things, the way he dragged her along just now and the dark expression on his face looks like he's just pretending!

Now that Myra is gone, the sullenness on his face has completely disappeared! Apart from that, I can even see the corner of his lips twitching upward.

At this moment, Leo was complaining about his boss in his thoughts. Miss Stark is no match for Director Hart at all! He is a hypocrite!

As soon as Myra reached the Chase Residence, Eve walked up to her anxiously. "You're finally back, Myra!"

"Mom, what's wrong?" A sudden surge of exhaustion after a whole day of dealing with different matters overcame Myra as she was changing her shoes in the doorway.

Eve seemed to have something to tell her, but she seemed reluctant to do so after seeing Myra's tired look.

After Myra put on the indoor slippers, she guessed that Eve was probably worried about the Sunny Bay Project, so she consoled her gently. "Mom, don't worry about the Sunny Bay Project; I'll deal with it."

"You? What can you do?" Eve blurted out without a second thought. After realizing what she had just said, she quickly shut her mouth again.

Just as Myra was about to walk inside, she froze for a moment before she continued walking. “Don’t worry. I won’t let Chase Group take the blame.”

Upon hearing her words, Eve remembered what Sasha told her during their phone call earlier. After putting what she knew from the Hart Group together, she initially planned to have a conversation with Myra. However, she felt displeased after seeing Myra’s nonchalant attitude, so she could not help but say, “Myra, I also hope that you can take on this project, and I know you put a lot of effort into it. But no matter what, you should not have copied someone else! Luckily Sasha is my niece, and she already said that she won’t take legal actions against you. Otherwise, if this news spreads, the Chase Group will be embarrassed once again.”

At this moment, Myra completely stopped walking forward.

She clenched her fists and loosened them several times before a bitter smile appeared on her face. “Mom, do you also think that I plagiarized the design from the Hay Group?”

She did not turn around but there was despair in her voice.

Eve’s eyes flickered around and she avoided looking at Myra. “Myra, what I meant just now was that... Sasha has said that no matter what, she won’t be angry at you, so—”

“Mom, I’m tired. Let’s discuss this tomorrow.”

Without waiting for Eve’s reply, Myra walked to the second floor immediately.

Behind her, Eve’s facial expression changed and her eyebrows knitted together into a frown.

When Myra opened the door of her room, she was greeted by a gush of icy air.

Home should be the warmest place for her, but she only felt it becoming colder as days passed by.

She had never expected that the people whom she thought were closest to her did not even believe her.

Eve's words just now had hurt her indeed. However, she had no idea why she was not as sad as before when she faced such a helpless situation.

Is it because I'm becoming numb?

Myra twitched her lips into a self-mocking smile. At this moment, she suddenly remembered Henry. I hope he doesn't take the same path as I did. Serena looks kind and gentle, just like my mom. Both of them deserve happiness.

Thinking of this, Myra took a deep breath. Only after she's gone do I realize how precious the time we spent together was. It's only until now that... I realized what a stupid thing I've done.

She closed her eyes bitterly.

As rumors spread like wildfire, everyone frantically got out of the elevator as soon as Myra entered after she arrived at the office the next day.

It was the peak office hour, so she seemed awkward and helpless to take the elevator alone.

However, Tilly entered the elevator after squeezing out of the crowd.

Someone pulled her back and shook his head at her. "Tilly, you know what everyone has been talking about. Don't go looking for trouble. You are still an intern designer. In the worst case scenario, perhaps other companies will not dare to hire you anymore."

Tilly could not be bothered to reply and she merely shook his hand off before pressing the close button on the elevator door.

"Thank you, Tilly," Myra murmured and smiled.

Tilly pursed her lips. "Myra, I believe in you and Director Hart. Since he said that he will look into this, I'm sure he is able to clear your name!"

When Myra thought of Tony, she also involuntarily relaxed. She had no idea why, but she believed him.

Around nine in the morning, the chief designer received a call from the Hart Group to ask Myra to go over, saying that they found out the truth about the designs.

When Mr. Xavier walked out to notify Myra, Elsie overheard that and walked over to snicker at her misfortune. “Myra, I can’t believe that you are so thick-skinned! If I were you, I won’t even dare to come to the Chase Group today. How embarrassing! Have you found the next company? Oh, I’m sorry—I forgot that you are a designer who’s involved in plagiarism, and you fangirl after another man until everyone knows about it. Who would dare to hire you after this?”

“Whether I actually plagiarized other works or not, we have to wait for the Hart Group’s announcement.” Myra also smiled coldly, a hint of mockery on her face. “Sometimes, one can’t be too gleeful. Tragedy might happen anytime, especially when you are too happy.”

“Exactly.” Elsie flashed a fake smile at her. “You’re the perfect example of that. Some time ago, you were so well-received by the Hart Group but in no time, your reputation is ruined. Alright, I guess you have to head over to Hart Group now. It’s better to get it over with quickly.”

With that, she walked to her seat with her hips swaying.

Looking at her back, Myra clenched her fists tightly.

When Myra reached Hart Group’s basement parking lot, Leo had already been waiting for her next to the elevator.

As soon as he saw her, he quickly invited her to the elevator reserved specifically for the director that was right next to the normal elevator.

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Myra was touched upon seeing this. It was likely that Tony gave such an order because he was worried that the people from the Hart Group might make snide comments in front of her. After all, the rumors of her plagiarism had spread throughout the Hart Group as well.

When Myra reached the 48th floor, she entered Tony’s office. At this moment, Sasha was already there and Tony was sitting behind his office table, with his crossed fingers supporting his forehead. Through the windows, sunlight shone on his back and the outline of his figure glimmered slightly.

“Director Hart, Miss Stark is here.”

After hearing Leo's voice, Tony raised his head and his eyes narrowed. Then, he leaned backward in the chair. His facial features were perfectly exquisite and well-defined, and he was also tall and well-built. He was dominant yet not ostentatious, sharp yet not ruthless, and there was a hint of laziness as he leaned backward at this moment. Tony had completely dominated Sasha's field of sight now.

Since the last failure, she went back and thought carefully about the possible reasons. Then, she came to the conclusion that Tony did not understand her well enough. Hence, she begged her grandfather to call Old Master Hart to give him some hints about her feelings. According to her grandfather, even though Old Master Hart did not give a straightforward reply, he seemed to be pretty satisfied with her judging from his tone. She was beyond excited to hear about this, so she quickly drove over here once she received the call from Hart Group. To her, everything was going according to plan. Since she was just here to witness Myra's trial, she did not even bring her designer over.

Sasha flashed a kind and gentle smile at Myra. "Myra, I believe that Aunt Eve has already passed my message to you. If you admit your mistake now, no one will know about this in the future." Sasha looked at Myra earnestly to show Tony that she was kind and generous. She had always grabbed on every opportunity to showcase herself.

"Oh—is that so?" Myra's eyes gradually became colder.

"Myra, I know you did this because you love Sean very much. You want to take this project for him so much that you gave in to the temptation. I know you did not mean to do this and I—"

"Director Hart, please let us know the results." Myra interrupted Sasha without waiting for her to finish speaking.

Annoyance was already in Tony's eyes but when he saw Myra's reaction, there was a quick flash of a smile on the corner of his lips, so quick that no one saw it except Sasha. She clenched her fists tightly and bit her lips as she gently murmured, "Director Hart, please go ahead." She looked like she was trying to stay strong after she had been wronged.

Myra smiled sarcastically and stopped looking at her. Instead, she turned her gaze to the emotionless man in front of them.

At this moment, Leo placed a laptop in front of Tony and opened a file in it. Then, Tony turned it around so that it was facing both the women. "Here are the results," he announced in an indifferent tone as his gaze swept past Sasha coldly.

"This is the result?" Sasha was the first to voice out her confusion.

A clear picture of a woman was shown on the screen of the laptop. Her head was lowered, so her eyes could not be seen. Instead, only the shadows from her long eyelashes were visible. She had an exquisite nose and petal-like lips. Even though her hair was tied back, there were strands of it falling into her face, forming a stark contrast compared to her fair neck. This woman was none other than Myra, and she had her head lowered as she drew.

If the current atmosphere was not solemn, Sasha would have snorted coldly. I wonder who the photographer is? This person had obviously put a lot of effort into taking this picture! After all, Myra looked so beautiful that made others want to drop everything and just look at her. In the picture, there was a drawing paper in front of Myra that was already fully drawn.

Looking at Sasha's questioning gaze, Tony enlarged the drawing paper and revealed that it was the drawing that was submitted by the Hay Group yesterday. Even though it was not that clear, the outline could be clearly seen.

"H-How is this possible?" Sasha exclaimed. Right after that, she quickly closed her mouth after realizing her faux pas.

Looking at the shocked expression of the two people in front of him, Tony curved his lips into a cold smile. "Miss Hay, the time when this picture was taken is marked at the bottom of the picture. If you are worried that this picture is edited, you can make a copy and take it back to examine it." With arms crossed in front of his chest, Tony looked at Sasha coldly. "Do you still need me to tell you the result?"

In an instant, different emotions flitted across Sasha's face. She glared at the picture before looking back at Myra, who kept mum as soon as she saw the picture.

Sasha did not expect anyone to take a picture of Myra that would become the evidence to her accusation. The words that she had just said to Myra and Tony had backfired, and her face blushed red as she felt like she had shot herself in the foot.

“Director Hart, Myra, I’m sure there’s some misunderstanding here.” Sasha’s fingernails almost dug into her palm and the expression on her face took a drastic turn. After a while, she finally settled on a solemn expression. “After we came back from the construction site of the Sunny Bay Project, our designer, Miss Torres, said that she was going to focus on drawing. Honestly, I only knew about her design on the very last day, so I had no idea that she stole Myra’s drawing. But don’t worry, Director Hart and Myra. The Hay Group will never stand for such actions. After finding out the truth, I will definitely provide you with a proper explanation, Myra.”

The gentle expression on her face just now had become serious and earnest. From her words, she did not dig a grave for herself. At this moment, she suddenly turned around to look at Tony seriously. “Director Hart, I would like to discuss this matter with you in private. Is that alright?”

In just a few sentences, she had pushed the responsibility from herself entirely. Myra knew that this was perfectly normal in their profession, as the scapegoat had always been powerless employees. She knew that she could not make any decisions at this moment, so she merely looked at Tony, who nodded at her. Then, she left the office. Since everything had reached this point, she believed that he was a man of his word. Hence, she was not worried about the rest of the incident anymore.

To her, the most important thing was to have her name cleared. As for the discussion between the both of them, she assumed that Sasha planned to make a deal with Tony in order to save the Hay Group.

Myra did not forget what happened to the Reid Group after they were involved in plagiarism. Of course, Sasha did not forget about it as well. Losing a business partner like the Hart Group was a huge blow to the Hay Group.

Sasha’s heart pumped wildly when she saw that the office only consisted of Tony and herself. She felt annoyed that her perfect plan had such a sudden change midway, and she was not willing to let the Chase Group take charge of the project. Not only that, it was now the Hay Group that was involved in plagiarism.

Actually, it all depended on Tony’s intentions whether which side was at fault. If he wanted to help them, the Hay Group would walk away from it unscathed. If only I can seduce him and make him change his mind...

Looking at the man she had taken a liking to sitting in front of her, she walked to him and suddenly took off her cardigan, revealing her sensual figure.