

## Standing before Love Chapter 5

The elevator shook slightly with a muffled thud as it started to make its way up.

Myra could not react in time and stumbled onto the man next to her before she could hold onto the handrail. The man's open shirt collar brushed against her forehead. She was close to him—exceptionally close that she could smell the faintest hint of tobacco mingling with his clean, cool scent.

Tilly, on the other hand, had regained her footing and was shocked at Myra's predicament. She quickly pulled Myra onto her feet as she cried out, "Myra!"

When Myra stumbled over earlier, she had felt a hand reaching out to hold her up by the waist. She felt the fingers pressing against her skin as the person steadied her and there was strength in the grip.

"Myra, are you okay?" Tilly asked with concern.

It was fortunate that the man had caught Myra before she fell over, although she had to admit that she had never been this intimate with any man other than Sean. She steadied herself and shook her head at Tilly. Glancing up at Tony, she saw that he remained expressionless, even though his hand was still on her waist.

Myra stiffened slightly at the warmth that radiated from his palm. "Director Hart..." she muttered but trailed off awkwardly.

There was nothing uncommon about accidental stumbles and shoves in an elevator and she ought not to overreact, but his hand...

He had not bothered to spare her a glance until he turned his head and saw that he was still holding onto her waist. He briefly gazed at her before retracting his hand; his face was still as impassive as before.

It was as though everyone in the elevator was holding their breath. Since no one was saying anything, Myra decided to keep quiet as well until the elevator arrived on their floor.

Upon exiting the lift, Tilly cast a wistful look at the closed doors and brought her hand up to her chest as though she needed to calm herself. "Like I said—

dreamboats like him are meant to be admired from afar. I don't think my heart can take it if I were to stand close to an iceberg like him everyday."

Myra managed a small smile, but the image of the man's piercing gaze as he turned to look at her flashed in her mind. She shook her head before she led Tilly toward the Project Department in Hart Group.

Meanwhile, the elevator continued to make its way up the building. When it arrived on their floor, the other men hastily shuffled out.

Leo pressed on the button that was designated for a higher floor. He then turned to look at Tony, whereupon he squealed in surprise.

Upon seeing Leo's expression, Tony followed his gaze and glanced down at his white shirt. A pale lipstick stain had been embossed on his shirtfront, looking very much like a pale rose in bloom.

"Director Hart..." Leo trailed off as he anxiously eyed the man. As Director Hart was a germaphobe, women were not even allowed within a one meter radius of him, let alone stumble into him like the lady earlier.

Tony seemed impervious as he looked at him and ordered, "Go and find out what those two women are doing here in Hart Group."

"What about your shirt, sir?"

Tony ignored him as he grazed his thumb over the lipstick stain on his shirt. With an inscrutable look on his face, he walked out of the elevator.

A speechless Leo watched as Tony glanced at his own hand with what appeared to be an almost wistful expression. He thought about how Tony told him to hold the elevator doors earlier on and something suddenly clicked in his mind. Who were those two ladies earlier?

Given that it was their first time presenting the initial draft to Hart Group, Myra did not think that they could exclude other competitors yet. After greeting Logan, who was the project manager, Tilly and she returned to Chase Group.

However, Myra had just driven into the basement parking lot at Chase Group when she saw a familiar black Lamborghini passing by her.

At such a close distance, she could see that there was a woman provocatively dressed in the passenger seat. She was planting a firm kiss on the driver's cheek while he maneuvered the car.

The woman in the car was not Eris, but Elsie. Perhaps Sean was stringing both these women along. He'd rather do that than touch his own wife, Myra thought resentfully.

She abruptly stepped on the brakes. The loud screech that ensued startled Tilly, causing her to ask, "Myra, are you okay?"

Myra remained stoic, even though her face had turned a ghastly shade of white.

There were days when she had thought about ending her pointless marriage, but she could not bring herself to do so. After all, she had spent years pining for Sean and being accustomed to his presence. His mother continuously mentioned that he would one day come to understand her and realize how blessed he was to have her. Right now, she felt that she was trying to stay afloat on a tempestuous sea with only a piece of driftwood in her hand.

"I'm fine. Let's head up."