

## Standing before Love Chapter 6

Myra was not surprised to receive a call from Hart Group, but she never expected that she would hear from them this soon.

On the other line was Logan, the project manager to whom she had submitted the drawing earlier today. He sounded courteous as he said, “Miss Stark, Director Hart will be personally in charge of the Sunny Bay Project. He has seen your draft and he would like to meet you to discuss the details of this project.”

Upon hearing that, she was stunned. There are numerous projects under the Hart Group—how did the director end up being in charge of the Sunny Bay Project?

“Mr. Logan,” she began, then paused for a while before she continued from where she left off. “Thank you for your time and consideration, Mr. Logan. Please allow me to return the favor on behalf of the Chase Group.”

The moment Mr. Logan heard her reply, he was worried that he could have misled her and quickly answered, “You don’t have to. Mr. Clark just happened to tell me that Director Hart would be free tonight. Don’t let this opportunity slip away, Miss Stark.”

The Sunny Bay Project was under the Hart Group development and it was a hot topic since the beginning of the year. As Chase Group had only entered the real estate industry two years ago, securing a project of that size would speak volumes of their achievement.

With that in mind, Myra agreed to meet with the director at the Ritz Carlton Hotel later tonight so that they could discuss the design she submitted before she ended the call.

Tilly was occupied with her own duties after returning to the office and Elsie had been missing in action since noon. Myra had tried calling Elsie, but it was to no avail. She finally gave up and grabbed the design folder before heading to the parking lot.

Logan was already waiting for her when she arrived at the Ritz Carlton that evening. The smile on his face looked a tad bit too bright for comfort as he greeted, “Good evening, Miss Stark. Director Hart is already waiting in the private dining room. Follow me, please.”

“I’m terribly sorry for being late,” Myra responded as she hurried after him.

As they approached the lounge, he halted and turned to beam at her. “Miss Stark, should you encounter any difficulty with this project, please do not hesitate to look for me.”

She blinked at him, clearly taken aback by his enthusiasm.

He cleared his throat and continued speaking, “I’ve seen your design, Miss Stark. I truly admire the talent you have at such a young age.”

As he said that, he noted the confusion on her face. His demeanor abruptly shifted and he ceremoniously opened the door to the lounge before ushering her in.

Myra was still confused as she entered the lounge. When she heard the door being closed, she turned to see that Logan had not followed her in.

“Take a seat,” said a voice from somewhere ahead. It was deep and articulate, akin to how the last string on the cello would sound.

Myra turned in surprise.

She had not noticed him when she came into the room, but now that she was inside, she saw that Tony was the only one around and he was sitting alone at the dining table.

He was not wearing any suit jacket while his tie was loosened and the cuffs of his white shirt were rolled up. He looked more relaxed, which was a stark contrast against his formal facade in the lift earlier that day. A cigarette was clasped between his fingers and he lit it up with the lighter in his free hand. There was a spark and before long, his chiseled features were swathed in a thin cloud of smoke.

“Director Hart, I’m sorry to have kept you waiting.”

Myra had thought that others from the Hart Group would be present in the meeting. She even ran through all the answers that she would have given to the possible questions. As it turned out, Tony was the only one she would be facing today.

She gave a polite smile and pulled the chair across from him, growing anxious as her gaze swept over the dishes laid out on the table.

Myra would not have felt nervous if she had someone to accompany him. It was inexplicably intimidating to face Tony alone. There was an intensity behind his eyes, compelling one to bare their soul before him.

“Director Hart, allow me to introduce myself. I’m Myra, the Leader of Team A in the Design Department in Chase Group. I’m also in charge of the procurement of the Sunny Bay Project and this was the initial blueprint that I came up with. You may take a look, if you please.” Following her introduction, she slid the draft to him.

She had only just lifted her hand off the drawing when he suddenly looked up and the smoke rings he blew covered her face.

Myra coughed because of the smoke. Then, she brought her gaze to him, and upon seeing those dark orbs fixed on her, she shrank into her seat in mild embarrassment.

Tony scanned the drawing with an unreadable expression; any thought that he had remained as elusive as his person. After a long silence, she watched as he pushed the drawing to one side of the table.

He looked regal as he tilted his head in an assessing manner; his jawline looked all the more chiseled from that angle. “I hear that you’re married, Miss Stark. Is that true?” he asked suddenly, catching her off guard.