

Standing before Love Chapter 61

He would always be attracted to that woman. Myra felt as if she was shrouded in freezing coldness at that instant and all her strength left her body. Sean was so close to her, yet he felt so far.

Looking at the current scene made her realize how dumb she had been in the past. She thought that she would be able to capture the man's heart if she worked harder, but never had she thought that the man would shut himself away from everyone after the woman had left. He said that he hated that woman but without love, why would there be hatred?

Myra staggered and nearly fell, but a pair of hands suddenly reached out from the side and supported her. "Miss Stark, please be careful."

The voice, which she found a little familiar, made her turn in its direction in a daze, only to see a man whom she did not know. To maintain her composure, she had to clench her fists so tightly that her fingernails dug into her palm. With his support, she was able to stand properly. "Thank you."

"You're welcome." Philip peered at the torn garment at her left arm with a frown. It was obvious that she had a scratch there since her clothes were torn and there was blood on her skin. Just as he was about to ask her to follow him and get her wound treated, Myra walked past him impassively.

"Who are you looking at?" Elliot, who finally found Philip after some effort, patted the latter's shoulder. Following his gaze, Elliot saw Myra, which in turn made his eyes widen. Then, he lifted his feet in an attempt to run toward her but Philip suddenly grabbed the back of his collar, so Elliot turned and glared at him. "What are you doing? Let go of me! I have to go and settle scores with her! How dare she seduce Tony when she is a married woman herself? That's... That's just outrageous!" His reaction made Philip furrow his brows even deeper.

It was Philip who first met Myra, and it was also him who shared her photo to the Messenger chat group which consisted of his childhood friends. Everyone thought that she looked familiar but they could not recall who she was. After that, they did some investigations and what they found shocked them greatly—the woman whom Tony liked turned out to be the young lady of the Stark Family, the very same woman who was married to the Director of Chase Group, Sean Chase!

Elliot was obviously pissed. He initially had a good impression of her, as he thought that a woman who was able to make Tony fall for her would definitely not be a simple person. However, when he found out later that she was actually married yet she went to seduce Tony, his impression of her immediately took a nosedive.

“Don’t take any rash actions. I don’t think that Miss Stark is that kind of a woman.” Philip stopped him.

Elliot pressed his lips together. “But she is the person-in-charge of the Sunny Bay Project. Who knows if she approached Tony for the project? Anyway, we have to warn this sort of woman to stay away from Tony as soon as possible!”

Philip shook his head helplessly. “Do you think that Tony is stupid? He himself should be clear about this. Besides...”

“Besides what?”

Philip glanced at the dazzling woman who had left the stage and narrowed his eyes, without telling Elliot what he had on his mind. Besides, I have a feeling that it is not Miss Stark who is trying to seduce Tony, but it is Tony... who is trying his best to win over Miss Stark’s heart...

The desolate Myra walked past a waiter and took a glass of champagne from his tray without even glancing at him. She then downed the champagne before putting the glass back. The waiter’s expression changed slightly and just as he was about to say something, Myra walked past him.

She initially wanted to leave but for some reason, her head felt heavier and her body became hotter, as if it no longer belonged to her. Without any hesitation, she headed over to a quiet corner of the hall. Nestled in the couch, the soft sensation made her feel listless and her consciousness gradually left her body.

In a daze, she seemed to hear a buzzing by her ear. It was a little noisy so she waved her hand at the source of the noise. She tried to open her eyes but her eyelids felt as heavy as lead, stopping her from opening them. After a while, she gave up on this futile action but her body seemed to feel a little hot. Just as she was about to take off her clothes, she fell into a slightly cooling embrace the next moment.

Philip and Elliot, who was located not far from them, saw Tony taking care of the woman and complicated expressions spread across their faces. Elliot even walked over with the intention of saying something, but he was tentatively stopped by Philip.

“Tony...”

“If the old man asks about me, tell him that I am going out to get some air,” Tony replied with a dark expression.

Currently, Myra’s face was flushed and she did not look too good. Carrying her in his arms, Tony could feel her hot temperature, which suggested that she might have a fever. He looked at Philip as he murmured, “Follow me upstairs.”

Philip nodded.

Seeing that Tony did not call upon him, Elliot pursed his lips in displeasure and glared at the woman in Tony’s arms. She’s nothing but trouble!

Though it was as bright as day at the banquet, it was still quite dim in the corners. There were some people who would sometimes glance at them suggestively, but when their eyes met Tony’s freezing gaze, they would stiffen and immediately leave the place.

When Myra was being carried in Tony’s arms, she suddenly let out a quiet moan and her face paled—he had probably touched somewhere and hurt her.

Philip frowned. “Tony, I think that Miss Stark has an injury on her elbow.”

Tony lifted her left arm. Sure enough, a scratch was visible on her left elbow; not only that, it was also severely swollen.

“She dislocated her elbow.” Philip touched Myra’s elbow and stated in a stern expression, which caused Tony’s expression to fall. He did not expect that something like this would happen to her after she left his sight for only a moment.

“Get some medicine,” he ordered Elliot with his lips pursed. Without any further delay, Tony carried Myra to the second floor.

“Hey, I—” Upon seeing Tony’s hasty retreating figure, Elliot, who intended to say something, shut his mouth resignedly and went to look for the manager.

Although it was daytime, it was quite dark in the spacious presidential suite. Lying on the king-sized bed was a woman in a dark blue evening gown. Her face was extremely pale as her head was unconsciously tilted to the side.

There were three tall men standing by the bed. One of them was applying medicine on Myra’s injury, the other one was glaring at the woman on the bed with his lips pursed, while the third one was standing by the bed in his immaculate suit; his features were hidden in the shadows, revealing only a pair of cold eyes.

“Tony, her elbow has been treated.” Philip heaved a sigh of relief when he kept away the medicine. It was fortunate that the injury was discovered early. Otherwise, a delay in treatment would be detrimental to it’s recovery.

Just now, when Philip was treating Myra’s dislocated elbow, he noticed the murderous intent in Tony’s eyes upon seeing her agonized expression. It further ascertained his guess that Tony’s feeling for Myra was not something that was developed recently.

“Alright.” Tony nodded. His expression was still cold but when his eyes rested on the woman before them, there seemed to be traces of warmth in his gaze. He took a step forward and suddenly held the hand of the woman on the bed.

Seeing that, Philip and Elliot exchanged glances with each other.

Myra could vaguely feel the sharp pain at her elbow and she wanted to open her eyes, but she lacked the strength to do so. “It hurts...” Her voice was hoarse as she moaned softly, her body squirming. “It really hurts...”

Philip immediately stepped forward and extended his hand, placing it on her forehead. He initially thought that she lost consciousness because she had a fever and had some alcohol, but unexpectedly...

At that moment, Myra seemed to feel someone holding her uninjured hand, so she held his hand back.

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From the initial paleness, which was due to her dislocated elbow, her face gradually reddened and currently, her face felt extremely hot.

She suddenly grabbed Tony's hand and placed it on her face.

The man's lower temperature brought comfort to her. A quiet moan escaped from her parted lips as she slowly moved his hand down along her neck.

The expressions of the three men changed slightly and awkwardness spread across their faces.

As Myra was wearing an evening gown, she didn't wear anything else underneath it. Therefore, when the man's hand was placed on her chest—which was a little wet—the softness of her chest could be clearly felt.

Tony's eyes instantly darkened the moment his gaze landed on her chest. Suddenly, he raised his head and shot a piercing look at Elliot and Philip beside him, making them cough awkwardly before they sagely turned around.

"Tony..." Philip rubbed his nose uneasily. "I don't think Miss Stark has a fever; it seems more like... she had taken something..."

It was clear to them what the 'something' meant—there were many men and women with ulterior motives at this kind of a banquet, and Myra accidentally got herself involved in one of them.

Traces of anger flashed in Tony's eyes as he commanded, "Look into it!"

Philip responded and darted a look at Elliot, who dilly-dallied for a moment before he reluctantly left the room.

"Tony..." Philip was able to guess Myra's current condition without having to turn around. After hesitating for a while, he asked tentatively, "Tony, do you need my help to... take care of her?" Judging from how much he cares about her, if he wishes to make love to her, the current situation would undoubtedly be a great excuse and a godsent opportunity. Even if she were to question him after this, this sort of thing...

The man behind him remained quiet while his gaze rested on the woman's body.

Myra felt really uncomfortable. While hugging Tony's arm, she raised her body and snuggled into his embrace.

It was obvious that a mere hug was not enough to satisfy her—she looked for Tony's lips hastily and suddenly pressed her lips onto his. As she lacked kissing techniques, she felt even more uncomfortable and started crying after a moment.

At that moment, flames of desire crept into Tony's eyes and he wanted nothing more than to pin her down below him. I want her! I want her now! The raging thoughts spread like wildfire in his head and he could feel his veins pulsing in the back of his hand. Finally, he was unable to hold himself back and forcefully pressed his lips to her petal-like ones.

The kissing sounds coming from behind made Philip feel even more awkward, but it made him realize Tony's decision as well. Just as he was about to silently take his leave, he was suddenly rooted to the place by a low, husky voice. "Come over here and take care of her."

Stunned, Philip turned around, only to see that the struggling woman had been pinned under the blanket by Tony.

Myra was weeping quietly while Tony's expression was thunderous. Philip immediately ran over to them, took the medicine from the medical kit that was prepared by the hotel and injected it into her body.

Soon, Myra gradually calmed down and the unnatural blush on her face subsided.

"Stay here and take care of her for me. I'm going to the bathroom for a moment," Tony muttered in a hoarse voice. He tucked her blanket and cast a deep glance at the woman before turning to head into the bathroom.

Not long after that, Philip heard the sounds of a shower. As they were both men, he was able to tell that Tony had gone in to take a cold shower.

He then glanced at the unconscious woman before him and shook his head. Tony has really fallen for her this time, but the identity of this woman...

A complicated expression spread across his face.

Backstage, Lyla finally felt relieved after she got off the stage. She noticed the discussion and the compliments in the eyes of the audience when she was playing the piano on the stage earlier.

Never in her wildest dreams did she imagine that one day she would be invited by Tony to play a piano piece during Old Master Hart's birthday banquet.

In the two years she had been in the United States, she had heard about the Hart Family's reputation but she never had the chance to approach their noble heir. Much to her surprise, she suddenly received his invitation this time. If I manage to capture the Hart Family's attention and marry into this family... A peculiar gleam appeared in her pair of bright eyes.

"Miss Fisher!" A waitress suddenly ran over to her in panic.

Lyla raised her eyebrows and let out a warm smile. "Are you done with the preparations? If I succeed this time, I certainly won't forget my promise to you."

"But Miss Fisher..." The waitress had a gloomy expression. "The champagne... the champagne was drunk by someone else!"

"Drunk by someone else?" Lyla's expression fell as she glared at the frightened woman before her. She's so incompetent! This is such a good opportunity, she cursed inwardly but she quickly collected herself. "Go and invite Director Hart to Room 1024." It's fine. It was merely something to arouse him. This time, I must take down that heavenly man! "Remember to not let anyone find out—"

"Miss Fisher!" The waitress interrupted her before she managed to finish her sentence.

Feeling displeased, Lyla raised her head to look at the waitress but her body froze the next instant.

There was a long hallway near the back door at the backstage and currently, there was a man walking down the hallway in their direction with a stern expression.

It was as if he had traveled through time and distance to reach her, or as if time had remained stagnant in the past two years.

Stunned, Lyla stood rooted to the spot, momentarily unable to recognize where she was now. Her eyelashes trembled as Sean's sturdy build fully appeared before her eyes.

His expression was cold, which made her unable to tell his current mood. He seemed to have not changed much in the past two years but his handsome face, which had been appearing in her dreams, looked more mature and composed than two years ago. His pair of narrow phoenix eyes looked more constrained from all the ups and downs in life that he had been through these years. Nonetheless, he had lost the gentleness he had had in his eyes when he gazed at her in the past.

"Sean..." Lyla's expression changed slightly but the hint of complexity in her eyes soon vanished. Clenching her fists tightly, a wry mumble escaped her lips, "W-Why are you here?"

The banquet had ended and the guests had all left when Myra regained her consciousness.

Her body felt as if she had been run over by a car; she felt sore all over and her head felt dizzy.

She slowly opened her eyes and sat up, reaching up to rub her temple while surveying her surroundings.

She was in an unfamiliar place with unfamiliar surroundings. Her eyes abruptly widened as she thought, This... isn't my room!

She tried to recall what happened the night before. I was at Old Master Hart's birthday banquet... I had a conflict with Sean and I realized that Lyla is back... Right—Lyla has returned... Myra felt her heart ache but she forced herself to suppress the feeling. Then, I think I drank a glass of champagne and I felt ill, so I took a rest. After that... I don't remember anything after that...

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She inhaled sharply and instantly checked her body. Upon seeing that she was still wearing the gown that she wore at the banquet, she abruptly felt relieved. My body has not been touched by anyone...

Myra rose from the bed and felt dizzy due to her large movements. Hence, she had to clutch the blanket for some time before she finally managed to exit the room.

When she reached the first floor, most of the guests in the hall had left.

She took out her phone but did not find any messages or missed calls from Sean. So, she directly dialed the number which she had memorized, yet nobody picked up her call even after the phone had been ringing for a long time.

Myra's hand trembled but she forced herself to make another call.

This time, the phone on the other end of the line was switched off.

When she recalled the woman she saw earlier, she suddenly realized why Sean didn't fall in love with her.

Lyla was just like a devil in his heart—though he hated her to the bones, she still had a place in his heart. Now that she has returned, what will Sean do?

“Excuse me! I have some large items here! Watch out!”

Myra gazed at the floor with her reddened eyes and blurred vision, and when she finally returned to her senses, a waiter was dashing in her direction while pushing a cart with wooden planks in it.

“Careful!” A low, sensual voice echoed in her ear. The next instant, the stiff Myra was taken into a man's embrace.

“Director Hart...” When the waiter saw that he nearly hit Tony, his expression changed and he immediately apologized. “I'm sorry! I'm so sorry! I didn't notice you guys just now!”

Frowning, Tony waved at him and the waiter instantly pushed the cart away.

Myra was taken into an embrace that carried the scent of mint and tobacco, as well as a faint fragrance of red wine. In a daze, she found the embrace slightly familiar, which made her subconsciously mumble, “Sean...”

Tony's expression fell and his hands that were holding the woman in his arms became incredibly stiff. After a while, he gently pushed her away while saying impassively, “Miss Stark, please try to stand steadily.”

Myra gradually returned to her senses when she was pushed away from the warm embrace but for some reason, she suddenly lost all her strength and slowly slumped onto the floor.

A pair of strong arms reached out in resignation and Tony took her back into his arms.

Her petite nose bumped into his firm chest, which made her nose feel sore. Suddenly, she could no longer hold herself back and grabbed on his firm arms hard, tears rolling uncontrollably from the corner of her eyes. "I'm sorry. It was an accident... I... suddenly couldn't stand steadily..."

She had never lost her composure in front of others this way before. Unexpectedly, the first time she did so was before Tony.

Tony silently watched as tears involuntarily streamed down her face, the sight of it breaking his heart. After a while, Myra heard a quiet sigh from above her head and the very next moment, she was carried in the man's arms.

"Please don't mind me... I..." She wiped away her tears. Although there were not many people on the first floor now, there were still a handful of people who saw him carrying her in his arms.

Tony's expression was stern and he cast her an impassive glance, but he did not put her down.

His embrace is not the same as Sean's—it's not freezing and full of despair, but rather warm instead.

With tears on her face, Myra stared blankly at the man before her, suddenly feeling lost.

He carried her all the way out of Ritz Carlton. When the staff, who drove Tony's car to the entrance, saw them exiting the hotel, he immediately opened the car door for them. "Director Hart, have a safe journey."

Tony first settled Myra down in the passenger seat. Upon noticing her uneasiness, he calmly muttered, "You accidentally consumed some champagne with something added in it tonight, so it's normal for you to not have any strength now."

Champagne with something added in it? Myra's eyes widened in shock. Could it be that the champagne that I randomly took earlier was one that had some drug added to it?

He saw that she was appalled and her eyes were red. Thinking that she resembled a little kitten that was being bullied, his mood instantly lifted. He got into the driver's seat and suddenly leaned over to her while he casually consoled, "Don't worry. Philip took care of the residual of the drug in your body. You only have to go home and take a good rest; you'll be fine."

His voice was low and his breath was warm when it brushed against her cheeks, which inexplicably made her face feel hot. She unconsciously drew back, but the man in front of her—perhaps intentionally—leaned even closer toward her.

That handsome face of his kept getting close to hers, and his dark, bottomless eyes seemed to contain emotions that were unknown to her.

"Director Hart..." Her body froze as the incident that happened in front of the changing room suddenly crossed her mind. Subconsciously, she reached out her trembling hands in an attempt to block his chest. Suddenly, she heard a click and he nonchalantly pulled back from the suggestive posture earlier.

Myra glanced at the buckled seat belt in front of her.

It might have been due to the alcohol that she took earlier, hence her response was a little slow tonight. Although she knew that she shouldn't have gotten into his car, her consciousness was one step behind her movements.

"Thanks," Myra mumbled the word after a while. Tony said that I consumed alcohol which contained some foreign substance, which suggests that he must have taken me upstairs and had someone to take care of me. Otherwise, who knows what would have happened to me.

"You're welcome, Miss Stark," Tony replied calmly.

He caught a glimpse of her face—which was flushed red out of embarrassment—out of the corner of his eyes, and it made him recall what he felt with his hands when they were in the hotel room. His gaze deepened as he turned on the radio in the car.

Coincidentally, the radio station was playing news about the entertainment industry.

A famous female celebrity married into a wealthy family and she soon discovered that her husband cheated on her. Hence, she went to the court for a divorce, which then caused a huge mess.

The host kindly reminded the female audiences that they had to be careful when it came to choosing a life partner. Finding a man who truly loved her was the greatest happiness a woman could ever have in her life.

Myra was initially pretending to listen attentively to the broadcast because she kept having this weird feeling when spending time alone with Tony. However, as she continued to listen, her eyes gradually lost focus.

Years ago when she was about to marry Sean, her grandfather—who was still alive back then—had tried his best to oppose the marriage, his reason being Sean did not love her. Nevertheless, she had been blinded by love back then so those words failed to reach her. Now, she finally understood her grandfather's intentions.

But it was too late when she finally understood those words...

Lyla's return was such a huge blow to Myra that it sent the latter spiraling into a pit of sorrow and gloominess. She failed to even notice that the car had slowly come to a stop.

The seat belt suddenly clicked open. The next second, Myra was pulled over by the man in the driver seat.

As the driver seat had been moved back, Tony was able to put her on top of him easily. He pressed his large hand on her body and pulled her closer to him. Before she even managed to make sense of the situation, his thin lips captured hers.

Tony emanated the scent of a mature man and his arms and chest that caged her were as hot as burning charcoals—so hot that it made her fluster and forgot to breathe.

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It might have been due to the effects of the alcohol or the residual of drugs in her body that caused her to lose her breath. The air felt thin and Myra fell into a daze, her eyes wide. Her hands that were placed on Tony's firm chest gradually lost their strength and fell down. In a trance, she actually thought that the man before her was the same man who had once promised to give her happiness.

She subconsciously moved her lips; the passionate and soft feeling against her lips felt so real.

Tony looked into her sorrowful eyes, yet he was charmed by her innocent movements, which induced an overwhelming feeling inside him. He suddenly extended a hand and covered her slightly listless eyes while murmuring by her lips, "Close your eyes."

His voice was especially husky and it emanated a sense of domineering sensuality, his eyes dark and bottomless when they stared straight into Myra's. It was as if there was a deep lake inside Tony's eyes that kept tempting her to stare into them.

At that instant, she actually shut her eyes, as if she had been bewitched.

The corner of his eyes raised slightly as he was surprised by the meek Myra. Looking at her obedient behavior, he could no longer hold back the surging desire in his body.

His kiss became more fervent. It trailed from her lips to her chin, then to the base of her neck, his breath becoming hotter along the way.

Tony's eyes reddened due to his passionate desire. He peered at the blush on her palm-sized face—which was born of shyness—and the wild thought to possess her completely took over his mind.

When Myra finally returned to her senses, she abruptly opened her eyes and looked at the man before her in shock. It's Tony... I'm in his car!

His eyes were extremely terrifying at that moment as they revealed the overwhelming power of someone far more superior than her. His usual cold and restrained gaze was replaced by a look that was filled with hot passionate desire, drastically different from the look he had when they were in the hotel

previously. These were eyes that belonged to a hunter that had set his eyes on his prey.

Myra started to feel afraid; this situation where a woman was alone with a man inexplicably made her feel anxious.

“Tony, let go of me...” She started to struggle but her hand was caught by the man and placed above her head. Wild affectionate kisses were planted on her lips again, blocking what she was about to say.

Myra bit her lips hard. She initially thought that Tony wanted to take her home purely because he noticed that she was not feeling well but unexpectedly, he had the intention to take advantage of her! She recalled the incident that happened at the changing room in the hotel, which made

“Director Hart, please stop...”

Tony seemed to not hear her.

She bit her lips as a teardrop of humiliation flowed from the corner of her eyes.

Upon seeing the glistening tear, the man’s movement came to a halt and his eyes stared unblinkingly at the woman as he panted. After a while, his gaze deepened and he finally decided to let her go.

After she was released by him, Myra immediately attempted to get up from him but she forgot about the drug that still had an effect on her body. Her hands that were placed on his chest to support herself trembled slightly and the more anxious she got, the weaker she was. His chest was hot and when she finally managed to support herself for a bit, she fell back onto him.

Her body was beyond stiff while her eyes were full of terror and dissatisfaction against the man. Tony’s arms around her waist froze and as if he had given up, he shut his eyes before carrying her up and gently placing her on the passenger seat beside him. He then buckled up her seat belt.

The atmosphere in the car fell into an uncanny silence.

Myra fists were tightly clenched by her side and her eyes were reddened from anger and humiliation.

“Tony, you jerk...” Upon recalling how he harassed her earlier, her tears uncontrollably escaped her eyes. She wanted to get up but she had lost all her strength. “How could you kiss me? D*mn it! How could you do that to me?” The incident that happened earlier was totally beyond her expectations. If he didn’t stop just now... Her body trembled as she muttered, “You’re a jerk!”

Tony, on the other hand, seemed nonchalant, as if nothing had happened earlier. The blush he had on his face had subsided and his eyes returned to its usual deep look. Suddenly, he took out a cigarette and lit it up, and the emotions on his face became vague amidst the lingering smoke.

“Tony, you jerk!” His deadpan expression while smoking a cigarette further enraged her. “You are really an *sshole!” When Myra tried to get up, she slumped back in her seat. At this point, her tears had completely messed up her makeup.

Upon seeing her tears streaming down her face, Tony suddenly inhaled a large puff of smoke before looking into her eyes. His eyes seemed incredibly calm but his voice was throaty as he asked, “Are you mad because I kissed you, or are you venting your anger at me?”

His question shook her to the core, causing her to look at the man in front of her in disbelief. However, Sean’s cold treatment toward her, Lyla’s sudden return, as well as her struggle to protect her love—all these scenes kept floating before her eyes. Every single scene that appeared resembled bullets that were shot at her, giving her immense pain while leaving her scarred and battered. The man in front of me treats me way worse—he knows that I am married yet he tries to tempt me.

She lost her strength to even clench her fist and suddenly, she could no longer suppress the aggrievement and pain that had been welling up inside her, causing her to burst into tears.

She cried so hard and paid no heed to her image at all; it was as if she had nothing to lose.

Her body went weak as she cried like a child. The loneliness, helplessness, agony, and aggrievement that she had been enduring on her own all these years overwhelmed her at that instant. Hence, these emotions uncontrollably broke out when an opening appeared. So what if I was kissed? Sean doesn’t

care about me at all! In his eyes, my sole existence adds to the hatred he has in his heart. All he has in his heart is that woman!

“Tony, you’re a jerk! You jerk! You jerk!” Myra couldn’t help but growl.

The feeling that Tony had seen through all the secrets in her heart was utterly awful, and Myra felt as if she had been stripped and thrown on the street.

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She called him a jerk non-stop. She herself was clear that it was merely a kiss, so though she was mad, it couldn’t have made her feel so awful. The reason she was so upset right now was because of the man who had never cared about her.

Suddenly, she felt that her body was taken into an embrace and she could hear a quiet sigh by her ear, making her freeze again.

However, this time, Tony did not do anything to her.

Myra sobbed even louder in his arms. At that moment, she petulantly did not want to push away the shoulder that came to her and at the same time, she had no strength to push away the slightly warm chest as well.

It was dark outside. The woman wept non-stop in his embrace, while he looked at the street that was bustling with pedestrians and cars outside, his gaze deep. Impassive, he remained in the same position for a long time and nobody could tell what he had on his mind.

When Myra finally regained her consciousness, the car had already been parked at a pathway not far from the Chase Residence for quite some time.

The dim street lights outside shone into the car, yet it was still pitch-black inside.

Nevertheless, she was able to clearly see the man sitting in the driver seat.

Currently, he was holding a cigarette between his index and middle finger of his left hand while placing his arm on the car window. The street light outside the window shone into the car but half of his face was still hidden in the shadows; his expression was complex and unfathomable amidst the lingering smoke.

Tony seemed to notice that she had woken up, so he turned to her while casually throwing the cigarette butt away. His pair of cold eyes contained traces of gentleness as they glanced at her calmly. “You’re awake.”

Myra moved her body and felt that she had finally regained some strength. Heaving a sigh of relief, she sat up, only to find a black suit falling from her back.

She looked blankly at the suit without saying a word. Myra had a severe headache, her nose was stuffy and in fact, every single part of her body was screaming in pain. Now, she slowly calmed down after crying her eyes out and venting her emotions.

With her head raised, she silently peered at Tony, who had unconcealable gentleness in his eyes. They reminded her of the slightly intimate yet ambiguous atmosphere and feelings between them before this—he had been affectionate toward her, he completely believed her when she said that it wasn’t her intention to be absent from the meeting with the Hart Group, the half-true misunderstanding between them in the hotel during their business trip, his intention toward her that he had been revealing with time, as well as when he stood up for her without anything in return when she was accused of plagiarizing the design draft, and more importantly, the photo that he used to clear her of suspicion!

As she was too flustered and anxious at that time, she did not think thoroughly about that photo.

It was only after the incident that she finally realized that a photo taken from that angle and distance could only have been captured in secret, or else she would have known about its existence. However, if it had indeed been taken in secret, why would he have done so if he had no ulterior intentions?

Not to mention what Tony said and did on the day when she had a meal with those from the Hart Group.

“Director Hart, are you planning to have an affair with me?” Myra knew about the survival rules in those large firms but she had always thought that Tony was different from other men, so she had been unwilling to make any assumptions about him. Nevertheless, it turned out that no matter how noble a man was, he still couldn’t be exempted from conventions.

Seeing that she seemed calm and had stopped rejecting him, he knew that it was time to be truthful to her, especially after he had heard her words. His gaze was warm, yet his words sounded cryptic. "If possible, I would like to change the word you used."

Myra was stunned but she then calmly stated, "Director Hart, I remember telling you that I am a married woman. Don't you care?"

"Why should I care?" Tony raised his eyebrows.

His tone was so direct that it rendered Myra momentarily speechless. She pursed her lips before she turned her head to the side and averted her eyes. "But I care."

The air around them seemed to freeze. Tony's eyes instantly narrowed—a response that caused his slightly cold gaze to become sharp.

Myra continued, "Director Hart, I took notice of your intentions but I thought that it was a misunderstanding on my side, until that day in the hotel. I am very thankful for all the help you have provided to me before, but I won't sacrifice myself for the project. Director Hart, there is nothing else I can do to repay your kindness other than to give my all and do my best in the Sunny Bay Project."

After experiencing the despair caused by Sean, Myra was reluctant to face Tony and handle this awkward situation at this point of time. Nonetheless, she still had to deal with the Hart Group, so she should talk things out with him since she would encounter him sooner or later.

The temperature in the car instantaneously dropped and a chill ran down her spine.

At that moment, she lacked the courage to look into the man's eyes. Thinking that she had said all that she wanted to say, she attempted to push open the door, but the door was then locked with a click.

"What do you want?" Myra turned to him and asked, frowning as she looked at the man, who had a thunderous expression.

Tony's current expression was terrifyingly dark; his straight brows were knitted into a frown and his gaze was freezing.

“Give your all and do your best in the Sunny Bay Project?” She seemed to have riled him up and his tone was as cold as ice as he countered, “How exactly are you going to do your best?”

Upon hearing the mockery in Tony’s words, Myra clenched her fists and averted her gaze. “Director Hart, are you threatening me with the Sunny Bay Project? I am married and I love my husband very much!”

Her last sentence was born of her pride as well as the intention to have him quit after learning the difficulty, but Tony perceived it differently. It instantly kicked up a huge storm—it was an expression that would scare the hell out of the Hart Group’s employees, who knew him well. He then scoffed, “That kind of a husband?”

His words made her face pale. Sean’s expressions when he saw Lyla at the banquet came to Myra’s mind, bringing misery and humiliation into her eyes.

Myra could deceive herself before Lyla’s return but now, she knew that she could no longer do so.

Before she could reply to him however, he took out another cigarette and lit it while commenting indifferently, “Miss Stark, I didn’t know that you are the kind of a person who likes her husband fooling around with other women. You surely are generous!”

“You—” Myra was so pissed that she trembled all over, yet she couldn’t find any words to refute him.

Suddenly, the car was being unlocked, but the click did not make her feel relieved. Biting her lips, she intended to push the door open.

“Miss Stark, I believe you still owe me a thank you, yes?” Tony’s cold words stopped her from leaving and she froze. I can’t believe that Tony Hart is such a petty man!

She inhaled deeply and babbled a ‘thank you’ without even turning around to face him. After taking a few steps forward, she seemed to think of something and paused again. With her teeth gritted, she couldn’t help but to force herself to say, “The Chase and the Hart Group still have collaborations in the future, so it’s better that we pretend that nothing happened today.”

The Sunny Bay Project had just begun, so she was afraid that the dispute they had tonight would affect the future collaboration between the two companies. If we are able to make up... she thought. However, it was obvious that she was too naïve.

Upon hearing her words, Tony's deep eyes were bottomless as he thought to himself, She's willing to go to such lengths for Sean! Then, he coldly sneered, "I wondered what could have happened today."

Myra froze and before she could return to her senses, the car engine was started and the car sped off from beside her.

Standing before Love Chapter 66

Myra turned around.

The car's rear lights gradually diminished as the car travelled further on the winding path down the hill, taking away the last bit of warmth along with it. Finally, it disappeared around the corner of the hilly road.

For some reason, Myra felt a sudden flush of panic, as if something was going to slip through her fingers.

Holding her chest, she took a few deep breaths to calm herself down.

She shut her eyes. I am married. Even if Sean doesn't love me, I shouldn't stoop so low as to cheat on him and embarrass him. Also, Tony is too unfathomable and mesmerizing; he isn't a man I can easily mess with. I must stand my ground and stay away!

She stopped staring at the path stretched out in front of her and averted her gaze before turning around with a complex expression on her face. Then, she walked toward the Chase Residence slowly.

After she had barely taken a few steps, she started to pant heavily, causing a wry smile to involuntarily appear on her face. All I did was to attend a banquet, yet I lost my husband and nearly cheated on him.

As Myra was walking, she suddenly started running wildly but stumbled and fell onto the stone path in front.

A sharp pain radiated up her knee, yet she acted as if she felt nothing and climbed back onto her feet before dashing through the door. She then locked the door and slowly slumped to the floor, her back leaning against the carved timber door.

At that moment, she suddenly raised her head, only to find a man lying on his side on the sofa in the living room. Dim yellow light from the only lit wall-mounted light source in the living room illuminated Sean's face. His sound asleep figure seemed blurry, looking as if he wasn't really there.

Myra held her breath, unclear of whether this was a dream or reality. Sean is... back? Why didn't he go to Lyla?

Gripping the fabric at her chest tightly, she couldn't help but to slowly rise on her feet and walk toward the man step by step.

It was indeed Sean.

When she was near him, she could smell the strong scent of tobacco and alcohol coming from him. I wonder how much he drank to make himself so drunk.

She extended her hand in a careful manner and patted the man, who was lounging on the couch. "Sean, go upstairs and sleep. You'll get a cold if you sleep here." Myra's voice was dry and hoarse.

Truth was, she did not know why she still cared about the man. Suddenly, a wild thought flashed across her mind. Sean is here. Does this mean that he chose not to be with Lyla? Has he fallen out of love with her and does not want to be with her anymore?

The next moment, the drunk man's mumble threw her into hell.

"Why did you come back... Why?" He rolled over to the other side with agony clearly visible on his face as he growled, "Didn't you tell me that you were with me for my money? Didn't you say that the other man was better than me? Why did you return, then? Why did you say all those words that made me misunderstand?"

His last few sentences were blurted like he was an abandoned puppy. He growled for a long time before rolling over to the other side.

All of these instantly made Myra's face blanch.

Of course, she knew the person he was referring to.

Years ago, Lyla ditched him and left with another man, and this incident had left a scar in his heart. He claimed that he hated Lyla, so why would he still feel upset for that woman?

I should have known about this—if he really doesn't love that woman, he wouldn't have blamed me for the death of her child. It was merely his excuse to make himself feel better. He is afraid to develop feelings for me, so he claims that he hates me.

Myra shut her eyes and touched her face, only to realize that it was dry.

She rose to her full height and stared at the man in agony. "You make me realize that no matter how hard I try, you will never cast even one glance at me. If that is the case, I will let you go, Sean Chase."

After saying that, she turned around impassively and headed upstairs.

After the banquet had ended, a waitress furtively headed upstairs toward Tony's private room in the hotel.

She opened the door and the scene inside made her expression fall. Just as she was about to leave, she was stopped by the man inside. "Why are you leaving, beauty? I don't remember giving you my permission to come in, yet here you are. Is this the attitude of the staff at this hotel?"

Elliot narrowed his eyes playfully as he stared at the woman outside with a stern expression.

As Tony had asked him to investigate who was the person that drugged Myra, they had been checking the security recordings all night. In the end, Lucas cryptically stated, "Stay in Tony's room tonight and the person will eventually appear."

Elliot did not understand what he meant—in fact, he did not understand it now as well.

When the waitress noticed that she couldn't escape, she obediently turned to face him. "I-I am here to look for Director Hart."

“So, you don’t have to knock to see him?”

The waitress had a guilty expression as she mumbled, “That’s not... I am here to convey a lady’s message to Director Hart, but I did not expect him to not be here. Sorry to disturb you; I’ll make a move first.”

“Stop right there!” Elliot went up to her with narrowed eyes, feeling that the woman before him seemed a little familiar. I must have seen her before, he thought as he rubbed his chin. “What is the message you are going to convey to Tony? Who is it from? I’ll convey it on your behalf.”

Sweat appeared on both sides of her temple as she mumbled, “Uh... It’s from a lady that you may not know of.”

“All the more reason why you should tell me.” Elliot seemed to understand something as he raised his eyebrows. “What if their work gets delayed because of this? That wouldn’t be nice, right?”

The waitress gave it some thought and felt that what Elliot said made sense. Besides, the lady’s motive... She then tentatively asked, “Will you really convey the message to Director Hart?”

“Of course! Otherwise, do you think that I am able to enter his room?” Elliot scoffed.

The waiter took a deep breath and said, “Alright, then—Miss Lyla Fisher is looking for Director Hart. She said that she had something to discuss with him and invited him to go to Room 1024.”

A gleam flashed across his eyes.

I see. The drug was intended to be used on Tony, but Myra accidentally drank the champagne that contained the drug. No wonder I thought that the waitress looked familiar—she’s the waitress whom Myra took the champagne from!

After understanding the whole incident, the enlightened Elliot waved at the waitress. “You may leave now. Don’t worry; I’ll definitely convey the message to him on your behalf.”

Upon hearing that, a delightful gleam flashed across the waitress’ eyes as she quickly agreed and left the room. The moment she left the VIP room, she sent a message to Lyla. ‘Miss Fisher, everything went well on my end; all you have

to do is wait for Director Hart to go to Room 1024. Do hurry up and make all the necessary preparations! I hope that your wish will come true tonight!' Of course, after her plan succeeds, she must make sure to give me what she promised!

Meanwhile, Tony received Elliot's call when he was on his way back. Elliot then related the whole incident where Myra had accidentally consumed the glass of champagne that contained the drugs.

"Tony, it seems that you're quite charming! In my view, Miss Fisher is way better than that woman named Myra—at least the former is a pure lady who is not married. Do you want to go and check her out?" Elliot muttered, hoping to stir up more trouble.

When the cold Tony heard his words, he narrowed his eyes slightly. If I am not mistaken, Lyla left the hotel together with Sean today.

Upon recalling how Myra declared that she loved her husband, Tony's expression became darker and he sneered, "You are asking me to go and check her out? I am afraid that the woman is now in another man's bed."

Standing before Love Chapter 67

"What? How is that possible?" Elliot was shocked.

He knew very well how charming Tony was. Why would the woman be so stupid to sleep in another man's bed when she has the opportunity to get close to Tony?

"You think that it's impossible?" Tony asked nonchalantly.

Elliot could feel the stress piling up and he gulped. "I didn't say so. It's just that—"

"Even if it's impossible, make it possible!" Tony's sudden harsh tone made Elliot shudder.

"Tony, what do you mean?" Elliot, of course, didn't understand Tony's meaning but right after the former asked the question, the call was hung up by the person on the other end of the line.

Elliot felt helpless. Could it be that the woman named Myra has made Tony lose his mind? Nevertheless, this incident had allowed Elliot to see Tony's determination to get Myra.

After Tony hung up, all sorts of emotions flashed across his eyes. Soon, he narrowed his eyes slightly and stomped on the pedal all of a sudden, making the car speed off like an arrow in another direction.

Lyla had once longed for love but she knew very well that it was sometimes too weak when compared to money. In fact, it was so weak that one could not stand firmly in the society with only love.

The man she loved was Sean and even until now when she thought that she had almost forgotten about him, she realized that her heart would still pound for him when she met him once again.

Even so, that did not matter! Sean was now a married man and his mother... There were certain things that she had no intention of giving a second try; one try was enough!

Her expression was a little gloomy at first, but her mood soon lifted.

Just now, the waitress sent her a message. If everything went well, Lyla would become Tony's woman tonight.

She applied some perfume and gazed at her perfect look in the mirror again before slowly leaving the place.

Room 1024 was the room that she had booked. If the man had arrived, he could directly enter the room.

In order to show her manners, Lyla knocked on the door when she arrived in front of the room.

"Come in." The voice, which she found a little familiar now, came from inside. It was low and husky, carrying the unique charm of a mature man.

Lyla's heart raced involuntarily as she slowly opened the door to the room. As soon as she raised her head, Tony's heavenly handsome features entered her sight.

Even if it were not because of his money, his face alone was enough to make her put in plenty of effort to get him.

Lyla soon returned to her senses and quickly shot an elegant and polite smile at the man. "Director Hart."

Her demeanor graceful and noble, she entered the room without forgetting to close the door behind her.

At that moment, Tony was sitting on the couch in the room. His right hand was casually placed on the couch by his side, while his left was holding a cigarette between his index and middle finger. After gently flicking the ashes, he placed the cigarette between his thin lips. His wayward yet noble bearing made Lyla's eyes brighten. On top of that, he had an incredibly handsome face and outstanding background, not to mention a high position and status that he had managed to attain in his young age, which were all achievements that Sean would never be able to obtain even if he strived for it for his whole life!

Upon seeing her walk toward him, Tony's expression was very calm. He lifted his right hand and placed it on the envelope on the coffee table before him. Picking up the envelope, he suddenly tossed it to the other end of the coffee table. "I forgot to give you your reward for playing the piano at the banquet."

With a slightly stiff expression, Lyla raised her head and tucked a strand of loose hair by her cheek behind her fair ear. Her voice was soft as she said, "Director Hart, you are too courteous. It was my pleasure and honor to play a piano piece during Old Master Hart's banquet. How could I take your money?"

"Didn't you ask me over for the money?" Tony asked indifferently, having no idea how hurtful his words were. "What's your purpose, then?"

Lyla clenched her fists tightly by her side while muttering in slight aggrievement, "Director Hart, your words make me sad. Can't I invite you out for a chat and some tea because I've taken a liking to you?"

She lowered her eyes, looking as if she had been hurt by him.

"For a chat and some tea..." Tony stopped smoking; he exhaled a puff of smoke while looking at the woman before him, a shadow of a smile playing by his lips. Suddenly, he sneered, "Miss Fisher, you have met Director Chase, no?"

Due to his chiseled and well-defined facial features, Tony's face exhibited the characteristics of a European, but his overall image that looked more similar to an Asian's, giving people an impression that he was of mixed-race. His eyes were deep, which resembled an icy lake, and his thin lips were pressed together all the time. The ups and downs in life that he had faced throughout the years allowed him to build up his powerful yet constrained aura, which caused Lyla to be momentarily mesmerized by it. However, the very next second, her expression changed as she murmured, "Director Hart..."

"It's late. I will stop beating around the bush with you, Miss Fisher." Tony raised his hand and glanced at his watch with his sharp gaze before suddenly pressing the cigarette in the ashtray beside him to extinguish it. He then calmly explained, "Miss Fisher, I know why you left Director Chase years ago, and I feel sorry for you and him. This time, I am willing to lend you a hand, if you wish. I believe that you know how the Chase Group is doing now. In a few years time, Sean Chase will soar to great heights, and you becoming Mrs. Chase will tell a sweet tale of reconciliation between lovers."

When Tony said that he felt sorry for Lyla and Sean, she failed to see any hint of sorrow from his expression.

What does he mean? Is he implying that he wants to help me get back together with Sean?

Tony's words totally confused Lyla, causing her to be unable to make sense of what was going on in his mind. She let out a wry chuckle as she muttered, "Director Hart, you are quite humorous. I thought that you understand the reason I invited you over—"

"Miss Fisher, I believe that you understand what I meant earlier," Tony nonchalantly interrupted before he rose to his full height.

He had a deadpan expression but for some inexplicable reason, Lyla noticed a hint of anger in his eyes, which made her heart sink. She suddenly blurted out, "Director Hart, if you feel uncomfortable about my past with Sean—"

"I will help you so that you can marry Sean." Click. Click. Click. The sound that was made when the lighter was repetitively opened and closed could be heard. At that instant, Tony's expression became so vague that Lyla couldn't see it clearly.

Her heart skipped a beat.

“Miss Fisher, you are, in fact, an intelligent person. You now have an opportunity to get hold of that man. Don’t be too greedy. You should quickly give up on things that you can’t get. If you have my help...”

The expression on Lyla’s face revealed her inner conflict. She was very clear about what the man before her meant—he said he would help her to get Sean.

At that time, the reason she dumped Sean was because Eve disliked her but adored Myra. Lyla was threatened, so she had no choice but to take the money and leave. However, at that point of time, her feelings for Sean were indeed genuine!

Lyla’s fists were tightly clenched by her side as she ventured, “Director Hart, I am sure that you won’t help me without wanting anything in return. I need to know your price.”

Tony scoffed as he thought to himself, Pursuing the little kitten is already tough enough, so if I can get someone to help me...

“You will know my price when the time comes.” With that, Tony picked up his suit and left the room.

Standing before Love Chapter 68

It was only when Lyla was left alone in the room that she slumped into the couch, as if she had lost all her strength.

All she could say was that she was truly tempted by Tony’s words.

Indeed, she had the intention to marry into the Hart Family, but she was also well aware that without this man’s protection, it would be a fantasy to be able to even cast a glance at the entrance of the Hart Residence, let alone entering the house.

She was no longer young and she would be old in a few more years. By then, she would lose her beauty that she had been using to capture men’s heart. Besides, there was also the man in the United States. If she couldn’t rely on Sean, how was she going to guarantee her own safety?

Sean’s eyes were filled with hatred when he looked at me today. Yet, I have a feeling that he still loves me deep in his heart. Otherwise, why has there been

so much news about his relationships and affairs in the past two years? And all the women from the news look so similar to me. With Tony's help, Myra and Eve won't even be my match!

Lyla narrowed her eyes slightly as a bright gleam flashed across her eyes. It's a pity that I can't get hold of that man, though.

The next morning, Myra moved out from the Chase Residence.

When Eve learnt about this in the morning, Myra had already packed her luggage and drove off.

Myra's phone kept ringing wildly in her pocket, yet she didn't pick up any of the calls.

Eve had always treated her like her real daughter, so she did not know how she should face her at this time.

Myra felt that she would eventually go insane if she were to continue to stay in the Chase Residence. However, she knew that she would surely fail to resist Eve's pleas if she picked up the calls.

Fortunately, the Sunny Bay Project had officially begun, so she did not have much time to ponder over this matter.

She had attended two meetings with the Hart Group in the morning to have an in-depth discussion about the refined design plan and details of the venue.

When she was at the Hart Group, she was initially worried that Tony would intentionally give her trouble since the two of them had had a conflict last night. Nonetheless, it was fortunate that he did not attend both discussions. On the contrary, it was Mr. Logan who attended to her throughout her time there.

Mr. Logan's attitude toward her was as warm as usual. Myra didn't feel anything about it before this but now, she found it awkward.

She suddenly recalled the first time she went to the Ritz Carlton with Tony to discuss the design plan, and it was Mr. Logan who attended to her as well. At that time, he told her that he would mention her name before Tony to promote her. Myra did not realize what he meant at that time but now that she thought about it, she realized that he might have noticed Tony's intentions back then...

Could it be that Tony has had feelings for me since then? But how is that possible? We didn't even know each other before that; at the very most, we met each other once, so why would he... Myra's expression changed as the different thoughts ran through her mind.

Mr. Logan walked up to her with a grin so wide that it almost reached his ears. "Miss Stark, your suggestion today is very innovative. I will surely convey it to Director Hart word by word."

Myra, who took notice of his suggestive tone, inexplicably felt flustered. She quickly packed her stuff and headed out of the conference room as she mumbled, "I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you for that then, Mr. Logan."

She hurried out of the conference room and toward the lift. When Myra arrived in front of the elevator, fortunately for her, the doors slid open with a ding.

Upon raising her head, she felt as if her whole body stiffened and her blood started flowing in the opposite direction.

Currently, standing in the lift were four or five elite white-collar employees with some distance between one another, and all of them were dressed in immaculate suits. The man standing impassively at the front was none other than the person that Mr. Logan had mentioned—Director Tony Hart.

His perfectly proportioned figure was clad in a suit and he stood in the lift in a relaxed manner. With one hand shoved in his pocket, he had both eyes looking forward, and the lines of his sideburns were cold and sharp as he emanated a suppressing yet distant aura. It was merely one night that had gone by, yet the curvature at the corner of his lips formed a colder and harder line. His gaze flicked across Myra nonchalantly—who was standing outside the lift—and his expression was as cold as usual, as if he did not recognize her.

In contrast, his secretary Leo, who stood behind him, looked at her warmly. "Miss Stark, do come on in."

The stunned Myra returned to her senses when she saw Tony's cold attitude. She waved her hand, as though she was about to say that she would wait for the next lift but Mr. Logan, who had caught up with her without her notice, gave her a gentle push from behind.

Unprepared, she felt a pain in her knees when they were bent and the very next instant, she staggered into the lift. The door then closed behind her decisively.

Myra's bag had been left open, as she was about to put the documents inside. However, the stagger caused her opened bag to turn upside down, and its contents rushed out and fell onto the floor.

Her lipstick, eyebrow pencil, foundation, work tag... All her stuff was scattered all over the floor, leaving her dumbfounded.

Just as she was about to bend over to pick up her stuff, she felt a sharp tearing pain in her knee—it was the injury from her fall when she fell down onto the stony path last night.

As a matter of fact, her wound was scabbing over. Even when she was in the conference room earlier, she had been careful when stretching her legs.

Upon seeing this, Leo intended to step forward to help Myra to pick her things up, but he suddenly noticed Tony's freezing gaze. Shocked, he quietly took a step back, while the other men dared not step forward to help her as well.

When Myra noticed that Leo initially intended to come over to help her but then stepped back, she was able to guess that it was Tony who stopped him from helping her.

Well, it makes sense. My words last night must have hurt his pride deeply. I bet that a high-status man like him never expected that he would be rejected by a woman.

Gritting her teeth, Myra slowly bent over and picked up her stuff one item at a time, placing them into her bag.

As the items were small, they were scattered all over the floor, causing her to have to move about in the lift to pick them up. Unfortunately for her, the last lipstick had landed beside Tony's handmade suede shoes.

Glancing at his still feet, she clenched her fists and went over to pick up her lipstick.

The moment she raised her head, she met his cold eyes that were looking down at her from his height. His gaze was cold and emotionless, making her feel uncomfortable, so she quickly stood up.

Her wound screamed in pain when it was squeezed together after it had been torn apart, causing her face to blanch and her body to lose her stability.

A pair of hands were extended in time to support her. "Miss Stark, please be steady on your feet."

When Myra was finally steady on her feet, the pair of hands retracted swiftly, as if the person could not wait a second longer.

Tony's expression remained impassive. Myra seemed to have heard him saying these words to her before but at that time, his tone did not contain hints of mockery. Now, it was as if he was suggesting that she intentionally fell in his direction.

Her face flushed deep crimson and she felt embarrassed before so many people, yet she couldn't say a thing.

When the lift arrived at the first floor, the few men exited the lift one after another.

After Leo had exited the lift, he glanced at her apologetically.

However, Myra had fallen into a daze as she stared at the man with the sturdiest build in front of her. It was merely a small issue; is there a need to treat me with such hostility?

She lowered her head and saw that the white gauze at her knee had been dyed red by her crimson blood. For some reason, a trace of aggrievement welled up inside her. Gritting her teeth, she exited the lift with her fist clenched tightly.

It had been quite a long time since she last met Estelle. Myra heard that the shooting for the role in her last film had completed, so she invited Estelle to meet up at a café.

As soon as she pushed open the door, she saw a woman sitting at their usual corner in the café. The woman wore a cap and a pair of sunglasses, which managed to cover most of her face.

Standing before Love Chapter 69

As the dearest younger sister of the successor of the Langley family and a popular celebrity, Estelle had always been high-profile and fearless.

Myra's weariness was greatly relieved the moment she saw Estelle, and she walked up to her, wearing a faint smile. "Hey, you're actually covering up yourself today. I thought you usually desire to be recognized by everyone."

Estelle's back was facing the door but she knew Myra was here after hearing her voice, so she turned around at once to glare at Myra. Thereafter, she remembered that she was wearing a pair of sunglasses and Myra wouldn't be able to see her expression, and so she took off her sunglasses and gave her another glare. "Cut it! What on earth is going on? Sean was a bundle of nerves when he called me today, saying that you've moved out?"

"Mm-hmm." Myra looked unaffected as she summoned a waiter and ordered a glass of lemon juice for each of them. Then, she lifted her head to meet her friend's gaze and smiled. "What? You always wanted me to leave Sean, didn't you? Why are you getting so worked up now that I've moved out?"

Seeing that Myra looked unaffected, Estelle furrowed her brows. No one would know Myra's affection toward Sean better than her. Ever since university days, Myra had devoted almost all her youth and passion toward the man and she knew how crazy Myra was about him. As such, Estelle was even more worried when she saw Myra's indifferent reaction. Taking a deep breath, Estelle said, "I heard that Lyla is back."

"Yeah." Myra still sounded nonchalant, and it seemed like she was neither upset nor depressed.

Estelle pursed her lips even harder. "What attitude is this? Don't tell me that you're going to give way to her just because she's back now!"

"What else can I do?" Myra lifted her head to meet Estelle's eyes which were filled with concern and anxiety. Feeling touched, she softened her tone. "Actually, I have to give way regardless of whether she comes back or not. You're aware of this too—Sean does not love me at all... and I also want to start afresh."

Estelle could not perceive a tinge of sadness in Myra's calm voice. Grabbing her hair, she grumbled in frustration, "Before this, I couldn't wait to see you divorce Sean, but now... Myra, I can't accept it."

Turning aside to look at the passers-by through the window, Myra mumbled, "Even so, there's nothing that I can do."

Sean's murmur from last night after he was drunk was still bashing her heart like hail. Myra knew that she could only let it go no matter how unfair it was because Sean had never gotten over that woman.

"It's great that you want to start afresh!" Estelle couldn't bear to see Myra in this state, so she quickly struck the table to pull Myra's wandering mind back. "Initially, Sean still asked me to persuade you to return to the Chase Family, but you have no idea how elated I was when I received the news that you've moved out from the family. This time, you must not be softhearted again. Don't be silly and don't pack your luggage to go back again just because that old lady cried. You know very well that those tears are crocodile tears."

"I won't be able to go back anymore..." Myra muttered, then gave Estelle a smile. "It's so rare that we get to hang out, so let's stop talking about this matter. I heard that Charles is zealously arranging blind dates for you recently?"

"Don't even talk about that!" Estelle was depressed the moment Myra brought the topic up. "I'm such a decent woman, yet that pr*ck Shawn didn't even spare me a glance. He even despicably involved my brother in this matter. He must have said something to Charles; otherwise, why would Charles force me to go for blind dates in haste?"

Myra was stunned, but she chuckled the next second. "Don't tell me that you're getting serious about Deputy Mayor Hart?!"

Truth be told, Estelle was never serious about any men unless doomsday was near.

"But I concur with Charles' decision," Myra continued before Estelle could respond. "Estelle, Deputy Mayor Hart is not like those men who have courted you before. Let me put it this way. It's better to not mess around with this man, otherwise, I'm afraid you won't be able to shake him off in the future."

“Who says that I’m going to shake him off after messing around with him?” Estelle was slightly displeased as she gulped down a mouthful of lemon juice resentfully. “I’m really being serious this time! But it turns out that no one believes me...”

“That’s because you have too many criminal records,” Myra teased her. But out of the blue, her smile was frozen as her gaze was fixed at one spot.

“What’s gotten into you?” Seeing Myra’s unexpected reaction, Estelle followed Myra’s gaze. However, she saw nothing but a street full of neon lights.

“Nothing.” Myra took a deep breath. Since I’ve decided to let it go, I should stop caring about it. Just as she was about to continue with the previous topic, Estelle suddenly interrupted her, “By the way, I’ve forgotten to ask you one thing! I heard that last night at Old Master Hart’s banquet, you and the successor of Hart Group—I’m referring to the fourth younger brother of Shawn—were acting rather intimate?”

Myra was stunned.

“So it’s true?!” At first, Estelle didn’t believe the rumors, but her eyes lit up at once after seeing Myra’s reaction. “You’re really something, Myra! You even managed to hook up with Shawn’s younger brother, Tony Hart, who is a powerful and eligible bachelor in Bradford City!”

Myra frowned and felt resigned. “Quit your nonsense. I accidentally drank some nasty stuff last night and Director Hart merely helped me out of kindness.”

“I seriously don’t think Tony Hart is such a kind man. Everyone in Bradford City knows how hostile he is, and there are plenty of women out there who wish to gain his help, so why did he only help you out of everyone?” Estelle felt like she had grasped some clues, so she moved closer to Myra and blurted, “Come clean or I shall grill you!”

Estelle then reached out her hands slyly toward Myra and acted as if she was going to tickle her.

“Estelle!”

All of a sudden, Myra recalled Tony’s frigid look when he was looking down at her today. In fact, last night, she already made it clear to Tony that they would

not have any ambiguous relationship in the future. Myra took a deep breath as she dismissed her thoughts. "Our relationship is really not what you think it is."

After hitting the brake forcefully, Sean didn't even bother to grab his blazer and got out of the car immediately to run toward the bar beside the street. The music in the bar was deafening. In fact, Sean was feeling under the weather today due to the hangover.

He had coldly turned down Lyla's request when he received her call, but her soft sob, pitiful tone and tipsy confession had been lingering in his heart ever since then. Later, he had even vaguely overheard that there were some men who were attempting to harass her!

Boiling with rage, Sean told himself that he merely came here out of conscience, and that he was forced to come because he knew that she might be taken away by those gangsters otherwise.

Pushing his way through the crowd where people were jiving to the music, Sean finally found the drunk woman at a corner of the bar. There was another stout man beside her who looked extremely disgusting with his sparse hair on his exposed belly. The man was about to grab Lyla when Sean approached them.

At once, Sean's hand shot out and forcefully broke that man's arm in the blink of an eye. With a horrifying sound of bone snapping, the man's arm hung limply next to him while his miserable wail was drowned out by the noise in the pub.

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Sean glared coldly at that man, which then scared the man stiff. The next second, Sean had already left the bar with the unconscious woman in his arms.

Hurling her into the passenger seat, Sean regretted a little for coming over recklessly. Standing by the car door, he stared fixedly at the woman in front of him for quite a while before he pulled himself together and got into the driver's seat reluctantly.

After the car had left, the door of a cafe next to the pub was pushed open, thereafter Myra's pale face appeared.

It's indeed Sean. I've not seen it wrongly from inside just now.

Myra had stayed at the cafe after convincing Estelle to leave. Sure enough, she ended up seeing Sean coming out from the bar while carrying Lyla in an intimate manner. Furthermore, she had not missed how Sean had stared at that woman in the car just now.

Indeed, I should quit this relationship, isn't it?

Myra was gripping the cafe's door frame so hard that her knuckles turned white.

After arriving at Fairhill Villa, Sean tossed the woman onto the bed. Thereafter, he pulled out his phone, which had been buzzing non-stop the whole day, from his pocket, and hesitated for a while before returning Eve's call. However, just as the call was answered, Eve's furious voice emerged from the other end of the line.

"Sean, why do you always take forever to pick up my call?!"

Exhausted, Sean rubbed his temples, but his voice still softened subconsciously when he talked to Eve. "Mom, I've been busy this whole day."

"Why on earth are you so busy everyday? Don't you know that Myra has moved out today?!"

Stunned, Sean tightened his grip on the phone subconsciously.

"She... moved out this morning?"

"Don't assume I don't know a thing just because you're hiding it from me! I know the b*tch Lyla is back in Bradford City. I'm warning you, Sean. If you dare to abandon Myra because of that b*tch, then don't blame me for turning against you!"

Eve's tone was fierce and vicious. True enough, women who had established their influence as the main mistress in a wealthy family usually had a firm hand.

Sean frowned while looking at the unconscious woman in front of him and closed his eyes. "Don't misunderstand me, Mom. There's nothing between

Lyla and I. She had hurt me so deeply back then, so how would I abandon Myra because of her? I'll be back soon."

"You better mean it!" Eve was still breathing heavily as a result of anger. "Quickly coax Myra to come home! It's so quiet at home now. I'm used to having her around me..."

After hanging up the call, Sean stared blankly at his phone as his mind went blank.

In fact, he was rather surprised to hear that Myra had moved out. All this while, he had thought that the woman's tolerance toward him was infinite. It turns out she can actually get angry too.

"Sean... Sean..." All of a sudden, Sean's mind was brought back to reality by soft sobs below him.

He lowered his head to see Lyla crying miserably in her dream. "Sean... I've missed you so much... Why are you not even sparing me a glance now that I'm back? I love you... I've always loved you... It has never changed..."

For some reason, Sean felt distressed. Are you saying that you've always loved me? Then who's the one who held another man's hand back then, saying that she would never return to me and that I'm just a poor good-for-nothing?! Lyla Fisher, are you coming back to seduce me now because I've returned to power?

Veins popped out on Sean's temples as he recalled how she ruthlessly insulted him in the past. Clenching his fists tightly, he tried to keep his shirt on.

Just as he took his blazer and was about to leave, someone forcefully hugged his waist from behind all of a sudden while he could smell a familiar fragrance.

Just as Myra said, Sean tried to seek Lyla's ambience from all kinds of women after Lyla had left. As much as he didn't want to admit it, he indeed had the sweetest and most profound relationship with this woman. And because of that, he had suffered terribly at that time.

But now, Sean's eyes were filled with coldness as he forcefully pulled away the arms that were tightened around his waist without hesitation and shoved the woman behind him toward the bed.

“Let go!”

bang was heard as Lyla lay on the bed, looking pathetic.

As expected, she had pretended to be drunk. Nevertheless, her face was already wet with tears at this moment.

“Sean... I know you’ve not moved on from me yet... I thought you wouldn’t come, but you still came to take me away...” Weeping and laughing at the same time, Lyla bit her lips as she bawled her eyes out.

Although Sean had ruthlessly shoved her away, she did not give up. Looking pitiful, she once again wrapped her fair, slender arms around the man’s skinny waist.

“Sean... I’ve always loved you. Please believe me... Back then, I was forced to leave you because I had my difficulties...”

Sean turned around and looked at her eyes, which were still alluring though they were red and swollen.

Once, he had loved this woman at all costs and had even given up the business of the Chase Family because of her, but she had left him unhesitatingly when he needed her the most.

Sean’s expression looked even more frigid as he pulled away her hands once again without hesitation.

“Oh, is it? Why don’t you tell me about your difficulties now then?” Wearing a spurious smile, he stared at the woman who was in a mess.

Lyla’s eyes flickered as she looked even more anguished. “Don’t you believe me? I have my reasons, but I can’t tell you yet... Sean, please trust me... I’m willing to do whatever you ask me to...”

“You’ll do whatever I ask you to?” Sean’s face was as cold as ice.

Seeing Lyla nodding resolutely, he blurted in a frosty and disdainful manner, “I only have one request—don’t ever come find me again, and don’t ever call me!”

“Lyla Fisher, you’re the one who decided to leave at that time, so don’t come back at all! Don’t expect me to relent even if you kneel before me and beg me now! I’ve married Myra and I love her very much. You’re nothing to me now!”

Sean couldn’t hold it back anymore and he spit out every word he had been replaying in his mind for the past two years.

At that moment, he felt relieved, yet that feeling was instantly frozen when he saw the woman actually kneeling before him the next second.

Lyla cried in despair, “I admit that I was wrong to leave you back then. I have no defense now that you want to insult me like this, but can you please don’t say that I’m nothing to you? You have no idea how much it hurts to hear that... I also know that you don’t actually love Myra, because otherwise, would you be involved in scandals with other women these two years?” It seemed as if there was a tinge of hope in Lyla’s eyes. “You merely married Myra to devastate me, didn’t you?”

Myra, you’ve never done me wrong but I’m sorry—we’ve reached this point and I don’t plan to give way anymore. Little by little, I’m going to take back the things that belong to me! Blame yourself for falling for Sean out of all the other men. Furthermore, didn’t you promise me that you won’t marry Sean? You should already be satisfied after holding the title of Mrs. Chase for two years!