

## Standing before Love Chapter 7

“Um...” Myra found herself at a loss for words as she blinked at him.

A graceful Tony stubbed out his cigarette in the ashtray. She stared at his long fingers as he did so, noting how slender and delicately tapered they were.

She swallowed; she could not help but think how he held onto her waist with the same hand earlier today in the elevator. She then nodded embarrassedly. “Yes, I’ve been married for two years.”

Her heart wrenched at the thought of her marriage and bitterness flashed across her features.

However, Tony seemed oblivious to the shift in her expression as he went on to say, “You come from a prominent family, Miss Stark. I’m sure your husband measures up to your impressive stature and I’m certain he adores you as well.”

Myra did not know why he was saying all those, but she bridled at his words all the same. A dark look passed over her face as she forced a smile. “Director Hart, aren’t we here to discuss the details for the Sunny Bay Project?”

He was about to light up another cigarette, but upon hearing that, he paused. Then, he began to flick the lighter top and the clacking sound of metal filled the silence between them.

It was as though a strange tension had descended upon the atmosphere in the room.

“Do you think we’re here so that I can ask about your personal life?” Tony pursed his lips and he raised his brow in dissatisfaction. “Since you’re eager to talk about the project, why don’t you tell me what you think of it?”

With that, he threw the lighter on the dining table.

Myra’s skin prickled in embarrassment as the lighter slammed on the table with a loud thunk.

He was clearly displeased with what she had said. She also belatedly considered the possibility that he had only brought up her marriage as an ice-breaker.

She cleared her throat and began to say, "Director Hart, as you can see here, I've added several preferences of my own to the drawing..."

While the discussion started off on a stiff note, it was fortunate that Tony did not make things difficult for her. Nevertheless, she was still intimidated by the way he drummed his index and middle fingers on the table as he listened to her. She did not dare to lower her guard even after she was done with her presentation.

"The details and features in your design are well-thought of, Miss Stark," Tony remarked with an air of finality. He regarded her with an impassive gaze before he coldly added. "Hart Group will choose one of three companies to present the final design for the Sunny Bay Project. That said, you've earned a spot in the top three on behalf of Chase Group."

When he was done with his words, he rose from his seat.

He stood tall and Myra found herself craning her neck to look at him.

As she was surprised at his announcement, she hurriedly rose on her feet as well and exclaimed, "Thank you, Director Hart. I—"

However, Tony looked disinterested as he took the suit jacket that he had discarded to one side. He turned to leave the room before she could finish her sentence.

Myra flushed. Although she knew that her words had angered him earlier, she was grateful to see that he was gracious enough to make an objective decision instead of allowing his personal grudge to influence him.

Upon hearing the sound of the door being closed, she turned her gaze on the spread that was laid out on the dining table before her arrival. She then realized that neither of them had taken a bite from any of the dishes.

She shrugged and took her purse to walk out of the Ritz Carlton. As she entered her car, she was oblivious to the towering figure beside the bamboo—he held a cigarette between his long fingers while he watched her leave.

Logan was standing to him and watched as Myra pulled out of the parking bay. Nothing could describe his feelings at that moment—he thought about how Leo told him to use the Sunny Bay Project as an excuse to arrange a meeting with her. Judging from the way Director Hart had behaved around her, he only arrived at one conclusion, Whoever this lady is, I must treat her well!

“Mr. Logan,” Tony suddenly called out in an arctic voice.

Logan immediately straightened. “Yes, Director Hart?”

“Have you seen enough?”

Tony sounded cool and distant, but it was enough to make Logan break out in a cold sweat.

He gave the director a courteous smile before quickly placing his phone to his ear. Then, he pretended to answer a call, “Jamie, did you call me earlier? Give me a minute; there’s no line here...” he trailed off as he walked away briskly.

Tony stubbed out his cigarette as he watched the white BMW drive further away; his eyes darkened with thought.