

Standing before Love Chapter 71

“You have no idea how vicious Myra is. She even approached me at that time and warned me to stay away from you!” A dark glimmer flashed in Lyla’s eyes as she wept with her head lowered. “Even if I was in the wrong, she still had no right to take away my child so ruthlessly...” By the end of her sentence, she was crying even more dramatically.

Just then, emotions were violently raging within Sean! Knowing he shouldn’t listen anymore, he closed his eyes and said, “Lyla, did you think I would miss you after you left and that I would still treat you well when you come back? Did you think saying a few words to me would make me give in, and we would carry on as before?”

“Why not?” She looked up, as if she was going to laugh. But in the end, she couldn’t stop the tears that were flowing down her cheeks. “Sean, I have always loved you deeply. There was never a moment where I have forgotten about you, and I refuse to believe that you have. The fact that you still came to the bar for me says it all!”

“This time, you thought wrong.” He loosened his tightly clenched fists. With a chilly voice, he said, “I only took you home out of goodwill. If anything happened to you and you only called me before it happened, I would probably find it disturbing. Besides, we used to be lovers. So, I’m only doing this as a small favor, not because I still have feelings for you. I married Myra because I love her. For the past two years, she was the only one by my side and never left! As for you, you’re nothing to me now!” Immediately after, he stormed out of the villa with a grim expression.

As he was about to reach the door, he stopped in his tracks. “You can stay in this villa for the time being, but I don’t like strangers staying at my place. You have one week to look for a place to stay, then get the hell out of here!”

With a loud bang, the door of the villa was slammed shut.

Watching him leave with no hesitation, Lyla couldn’t help but smash the phone that was on the nightstand as hard as she could.

If he really loved Myra, why has he been out partying and fooling around with different women for the past two years? If he didn’t have feelings for me, then why did he come to the bar and take me home? ‘Find it disturbing’? Sean Chase has never been the kind of man who would feel disturbed! He

obviously still loves me, yet he keeps denying it! So, he loves Myra? We'll see how much you really love that woman!

The corners of her mouth slowly curved up into a malicious smile.

Meanwhile, Sean sped all the way down the hill after leaving Fairhill Villa, during which he called Myra twice. However, both calls were rejected immediately without hesitation.

Remembering what Lyla said, he was in agony!

No! I don't believe what Lyla said! She left me without hesitation back then. If Myra hadn't been with me, I would have never been able to get through my breakup and the troubles the business was facing. Yet, she is thinking of coming back now... Does she think I'll always be at her beck and call?

When a number came into his mind, Sean dialed it without a second thought.

However, it was rejected immediately as well.

At once, his face turned terribly sour. He kept calling the number over and over, until finally, Estelle picked it up irritably. "What do you want?"

"Myra moved out," Sean suppressed his rage inside and snapped.

Hearing such a tone, Estelle was enraged. "Congratulations, Director Chase. You finally found out."

As if he didn't notice her sarcastic remark, he said bluntly, "Tell me where she's staying now."

That's funny. Do you think I'll tell you? Who do you think you are?" Surely, Estelle wasn't going to be nice to Sean. "Let me tell you, Sean. Don't assume that just because Lyla is back, you can go back to her and have your happily ever after. I'm not Myra, and I'm not as soft-hearted as she is. If you dare to hurt her, I will not spare you and that b*tch!" With that, she ended the call.

"What the hell!" She cursed at the phone. Just then, a darkened expression appeared on the face of the man who had opened the door of the private room.

"Oh, Shawn. I could change and be more gentle if that is what you want. I'll do it for you."

When she saw Shawn, Estelle's face instantly took a 180 degree turn. However, the man in front of her only sneered, "You're full of tricks, Miss Langley. I'm only staying here for a night, yet you already managed to get your hands on the key to this room."

Then, he lit a cigarette and blew a smoke ring toward the woman in front of him. Watching her cough from the smoke and her eyes welling up with tears, he said, "Fine, you have one night to seduce me. If you manage to make me feel something, then I'll give you a try."

Once the words left his mouth, not only was Estelle bewildered, even Shawn himself froze.

But in the next moment, he put out his cigarette in annoyance and stood up. "Unless you were just popping in for a quick visit—"

"Of course not!" Estelle's heart was already beating so hard that she stripped without a second thought and walked toward the man before her with irresistible charm. "You were the one who made the deal. You can't go back on your words now!"

After moving out from Chase Residence, Myra was adjusting rather nicely. Over the years of being on the job, she had long been used to a casual and simple lifestyle.

In order to avoid running into Sean at Chase Group, besides attending meetings at Hart Group, she would go to the construction site for observations and rarely went to the office.

"Miss Stark, I have mailed the documents you wanted to your home. Are you still not coming to the office today?" Tilly's voice came from the phone.

"Thank you Tilly." Myra looked at the documents that had just arrived and whispered, "I won't be returning to the office for a while, so if anything happens, keep an eye out for me."

"Alright."

Upon hanging up the phone, Tilly pouted. "Miss Stark is acting really strange these days... It's like she's going through a breakup and has turned into a different person."

On this day, Myra went to the construction site as usual to check the progress of the project.

As soon as she arrived at the construction site, a foreman came to her. “Miss Stark, it’s about time we get paid for this month. When is Chase Group paying us?”

In fact, Myra wasn’t in charge of payroll. When the foreman came up to her, she still said kindly, “I’ll ask the company’s finance department for you later.”

“Thank you, Miss Stark.” The foreman was an honest man. A few days ago, he had heard some rumors and couldn’t resist asking, “Miss Stark, I heard that the houses built on the batch of land Chase Group bought for the Hilliville project have not been sold. Will this affect our future income?”

At once, Myra froze.

The Hilliville project was one of the first projects Chase Group started when they decided to invest in real estate in the early days. At that time, she had just joined the company and wasn’t qualified to participate in this project, but she vaguely remembered that the company had invested a lot of money into it.

At one point, the value of the Hilliville project had shot to sky-high prices, attracting countless companies competing for investment. In order to stand out from the crowd, Chase Group did not spare much money, but not long after the investment, the value of the property dropped. However, the houses were already in the process of being built, so they couldn’t just stop the project. All the enterprises in that area had the same thought, therefore they bit the bullet and continued the project.

Standing before Love Chapter 72

Doing the math, it was about time for the launch. Only, the situation in that area wasn’t so great.

“David, please help me appease and calm everyone. Chase Group will not owe the employees a single penny.” Myra knew that if the foreman came to ask about this matter himself, then probably all the workers on the construction site were already on edge. She had to calm them down. “The Sunny Bay Project was approved by Hart Group. They will certainly not owe the workers money.”

It was only then did David breathe a sigh of relief and smiled. “We feel more relieved with Miss Stark’s reassurance. By the way, Director Hart also came to the site today—”

“Watch out!” Suddenly, a scream cut through the buzzing construction site, interrupting David.

Myra only felt as if there was something with a great momentum plunging down, the aim of which was her head.

At that moment, her body went rigid and she couldn’t react. Out of nowhere, she was pulled into a warm embrace that had a faint tobacco smell.

A loud bang was heard, followed by a muffled grunt. It sounded like something heavy had hit the ground, and it was as if it had also hit Myra’s heart.

“Director Hart!” The first to react was Tony’s secretary, Leo.

He was here with Tony to check the site, and when he suddenly saw the falling objects, he was shocked. However, Tony had run toward it in the blink of an eye. The brick had fallen from the fourth floor, and he had used his arm to knock it out of the way.

At this moment, the back of his left hand was battered, and his entire hand was dripping with blood.

Frantically, Leo ran toward him.

“Director Hart is injured!”

“Hurry up and call an ambulance!”

“Oh my God, what the hell happened upstairs? How could they be so careless?”

While the voices of the crowd echoed around them, Tony seemed to have not heard them. The veins on his forehead protruded, while his gaze was frightening. He then lowered his head and spoke with a voice that was no longer calm like usual, and his other arm was still hooked around the waist of the woman in his arms. “Are you okay? Are you hurt?”

His tone was urgent and anxious, and his face was somewhat contorted. Myra, however, was just staring blankly at the man in front of her.

Occasionally, there would be falling objects on the site, which was why everyone wore a helmet. Even so, if that brick had really hit her head, even if she didn't bleed, she would have had a concussion.

But the man in front of her...

Suddenly noticing the wound on his other hand, she flinched, hastily broke free from his arms and grabbed his hand.

The back of Tony's hand was a bloody mess. His skin had torn open revealing his flesh, and the blood was mixed with the ash and dust of the brick, making it look even more frightening.

Suddenly, her eyes reddened and she said helplessly, "How are you? Is your hand okay? Does it... does it hurt?"

As a matter of fact, this was the first time she had encountered such a thing. This was the first time someone had rushed to her aid when she was in danger.

It was a difficult emotion to describe. It felt very painful and bitter, as if there was someone squeezing her heart, making her chest tighten.

"Mr. Clark!" She came to her senses and hurriedly shouted at the crowd, "Hurry up and call an ambulance!"

"It's already been called!" Leo responded from the side with a solemn expression. "Miss Stark, I think we should send Director Hart to the hospital right away." It would be more efficient this way.

"Right, right!" She nodded quickly. "Get the car!"

"No need." Just when everyone was scared and frightened, the man, whose hand Myra was holding, frowned. Expressionlessly, he shot a glance at the wound on his hand and faintly spoke.

"Director Hart!" Leo gritted his teeth. "Your hand is badly injured. You need to go to the hospital immediately."

"It's not a big deal." Tony raised his hand as if nothing had happened, then looked at David. "Do you have Vodka and gauze here?"

Site workers often got injured at work, so they did have simple medical supplies. As for vodka, it was a must have for the men on the site.

However, David did not expect that the leader of Hart Group would be willing to use Vodka to clean his wound.

“Yes, it’s just that... Director Hart, do you want to use a proper...” That kind of pain was not something that the average rich gentleman could endure.

Immediately, Tony’s face sank.

David then nodded hastily and ran toward the staff dormitory not far away, and soon came over with a box of medical supplies.

When Leo saw that Tony still refused to go to the hospital, he could only give up persuading him. Tony took the medical supplies from David and shot him a look, and he immediately understood. Turning around, he dispersed the crowd.

Soon, this area was left with only Tony, Leo and Myra, who was biting down on her bottom lip hard. She couldn’t understand why Tony didn’t want to go to the hospital, but now it was clear that he couldn’t care less.

She crouched down and was going to take the bottle of alcohol from Tony’s hand. However, he only frowned at her and dodged her hand. The next moment, he said in a low and gentle voice, “Close your eyes.”

His voice was mellow and deep. It had characteristics of a mature man and was seemingly accompanied by a touch of charisma. Involuntarily, she obeyed him and closed her eyes.

But the next instant, her eyes immediately shot wide open.

The highly concentrated alcohol had been poured onto the back of Tony’s hand, and the clear liquid washed the dust and blood off of his hand. On the surface, it didn’t seem like a big deal, but the veins on his arm were protruding and his contorted face at the moment was a terrifying sight.

Myra wasn’t a cold-blooded animal. Witnessing such a scene, it would be a lie to say she wasn’t moved.

The man she gave her heart to hated her to the core and constantly ignored her, while the man she repeatedly provoked was able to do this for her.

Her hand was clenched tightly at her side, and she could feel her nails digging into her flesh. Her heart still couldn't slow down at all. She couldn't resist it anymore and went forward at once, putting her hand into the palm of his injured hand.

Perhaps Tony was in extreme pain that upon feeling the touch in his hand, he squeezed her hand without hesitation with the full strength of a man.

At that moment, Myra was in pain, but she gritted her teeth and did not make a sound.

Meanwhile, Leo, who was handling the gauze on the side, saw this and sighed silently. Director Hart is really losing his mind over this woman...

These few days, the company had been in a slump. As such, he wondered why Tony suddenly wanted to visit the construction site today, and when he saw this woman here, he finally understood... He didn't come here to see the construction site. He clearly came here to see her...

After a long period of time, Myra even felt like her hand was going numb from the pain before it was slowly released by the man before her.

Right now, there was a bright red handprint on the back of her hand. Carelessly withdrawing her hand, she hurriedly inspected the back of Tony's hand. He was currently using gauze to wrap it. A ray of sunlight fell on his face, where the gentleness from earlier had been replaced with a frigid look. It was as if that gentleness just now was only an illusion.

Standing before Love Chapter 73

"Director Hart..." Myra called out in a hoarse voice.

Tony looked up at her blankly. Then, he lowered his gaze and continued to bandage the wound.

"Myra, there's no need to thank me. This construction site belongs to Hart Group. Even if it wasn't you who was in danger, I would not have let anyone get hurt on my construction site."

It was as if he was reminding her of the fact that she had asked him to keep a distance from her the other night.

Myra was stunned but before she came back to her senses, Tony had already finished bandaging his wound.

He stood up and threw his suit aside, revealing his white shirt underneath. His cuffs were folded and his dark blue tie was meticulously straight. Tony's facial features were like God's finest work and his cheekbones were sharp. It was a sunny day, but he exuded a cold aura. Even if he was at a construction site with a helmet on, it couldn't hide his handsomeness and freshness.

"Leo, do I have anything else scheduled for today?" Tony asked Leo, who was standing behind him.

Leo hesitated for a moment and glanced at his arm. "No, Director Hart. You should go to the hospital to check your injury..."

"Didn't I say that I'm not going to the hospital?" Tony turned around and glanced at Leo with a half-smile.

At that instant, Leo felt his hair stand on end and he hurriedly gestured to Myra for help.

Seeing this, Myra clenched her fists, but she immediately felt a sharp pain in her hand that Tony had gripped tightly a while ago. Her face suddenly turned pale and she muttered, "Director Hart, you should go get your wound checked. What if..."

"What right do you have to say that to me?" Tony coldly interrupted her.

Myra didn't expect Tony to speak to her like that. After all, he had just saved her from being hit by a brick a moment ago.

She stiffened and she bit her lip, but Tony had already walked past her and went outside.

Seeing this, Leo sighed inwardly. He wanted to say something to Myra, but in the end, he said nothing because he was afraid of Tony's temper. Instead, he hurriedly followed behind Tony.

Tony was very tall, so he could be found at a glance even in a crowd at a construction site.

Myra watched as he walked further into the distance and for some reason, she felt a little heartbroken. Her lips twitched a little and her gaze fell on the black suit at the side. It was the suit that Tony had held on his arm a moment ago. He had forgotten about it.

“Tony...”

Just when Myra was about to shout out Tony’s name, she turned around and saw that he was nowhere to be found. Not knowing what to do, Myra stared at the jacket absentmindedly.

After Tony got in the car, he closed his eyes to rest.

The flushed and worried look on Myra’s face a moment ago played in his mind and his tense expression instantly relaxed.

Myra is a stubborn woman. I have shown her kindness several times, but she still refused me. Judging by how anxious she was when she saw me get injured, I know that she has feelings for me. It bothers me that she can’t see that.

Tony frowned hard when he suddenly remembered Myra mentioned that she was a married woman.

Thinking about this, he became upset again.

Sitting in the driver’s seat, Leo couldn’t help but feel a chill down his spine. At first, he wanted to persuade Tony to go to the hospital but in the end, he gave up the thought.

“Director Hart, Young Master Elliot called and said that he will be meeting you at Zion Club at 7:00 p.m. tonight. Young Master Philip and Director Windrow will also be there. He said that he wants to discuss the Hilliville project.”

Hearing this, Tony rubbed his temples and nodded.

Leo let out a sigh of relief. Young Master Philip is a doctor, so at least he can help check Director Hart’s arm. I can stop worrying now.

The car sped on the highway. Along the way, Tony suddenly received a call from Sebastian.

“Hey, when am I going to get a granddaughter-in-law? I met Shawn today and he was hugging a woman! Even the man whom I thought would be single forever is seeing someone! When are you going to start dating?”

Lisa Hart wasn't bothered about her grandsons' marriages. In her eyes, her grandchildren were perfect, so they didn't need to worry about finding a good wife!

However, Sebastian was different. He was anxious to have great-grandchildren and even dreamt of having a group of them running around the house, so looking at the old bachelor at home made him anxious. His temperament was the complete opposite of his wife!

“I heard that you hugged a woman on the night of my birthday banquet.”

I have been itching to ask him this question! At first, I tried hard to suppress the temptation to ask and waited for him to tell me himself. But I didn't expect this b*stard to be so patient. He didn't even mention a single word about her! Now that I have lost my patience, I have to find out.

“If you like her, bring her home. Don't worry about her family background or social status. Your grandmother and I are not people who look down on the poor.”

“Are you sure you won't mind her background?” Tony deliberately chose the important keywords and asked.

As I expected, he is afraid that we will dislike her.

After finding out that his youngest grandson was about to start dating, Sebastian grinned from ear to ear. “Why would I mind? Hurry up and introduce her to me!”

Hearing this, a soft smile appeared on Tony's tense face. “I'm still pursuing her. We'll talk about this after it's final.”

“What?! You haven't succeeded in pursuing her?!” Sebastian's jaw dropped. Then, he scoffed and said, “Tsk! If you don't know how to chase after a girl, you can ask me. After all, I succeeded in pursuing your grandmother, who is a

difficult woman to deal with. Grandpa has a lot of tricks up his sleeves,” Sebastian said delightfully.

However, Tony directly hung up the phone.

Hearing the beeping sound on the phone, Sebastian pouted. “He can’t even win a girl’s heart. All he does is treat me coldly! Hmph!”

With that, he hung up the phone. Then, he stopped the maid who just came back from outside and asked, “Where’s Lisa?”

“Madam is having a stroll in the garden.” Covering her mouth, she thought, Old Madam Hart and Old Master Hart have been together for many years, yet Old Master Hart is still so devoted to her. I’m jealous.

After hearing the maid’s answer, Sebastian got up and went outside, humming a tune as he walked. “Don’t be obsessed with me. I’m just a legend…”

When Tony hung up the phone, they had arrived at Zion Club.

As soon as he entered the VIP room, Elliot rushed over to help Tony to take his suit, but in the end, he saw that Tony wasn’t wearing a suit at all. He only had a white shirt with his cuffs folded, and underneath it…

“Oh my goodness, Tony, what happened to your arm?”

It has only been a day since we last met. Why does he have a thick layer of gauze wrapped around his arm? I can even see some blood seeping through!

Leo hurriedly explained, “A brick fell from the fourth floor at the construction site today. Director Hart was afraid that it might hit Miss Stark, so he hit it with his arm and got injured. Young Master Philip, can you please help check his wound?”

Leo’s words were filled with information. There were three important points—one, Tony had gone to visit the construction site for no reason today; two, Tony had used his arm to hit a brick just so he could protect Miss Stark, and three, he didn’t head to the hospital to get his wound checked.

Standing before Love Chapter 74

The last point was to help everyone understand Tony's injury better. However, the fact that Tony went to the construction site for no reason and saved Miss Stark from being hit by a brick was intriguing news.

Everyone naturally knew who Miss Stark was.

Lucas chuckled, "Wow, Tony, you are a hero!"

Leo instantly felt a cold glare from Tony and knew that he had said too much. However, his mission was already complete so he hurriedly shut his mouth and left the room.

Meanwhile, Philip grabbed the first aid kit he always kept in his bag and walked up to Tony.

"Tony, if this wound is not treated well, it will cause inflammation and it will be troublesome."

Tony casually pulled a chair and sat down. Then, he squinted and said placidly, "Don't worry about it."

Hearing this, Philip was taken aback. Does that mean we'll deal with his wound later?

Soon, the four of them sat around the table and an exquisite dinner was served.

"Tony, the three of us discussed the Hillview project today," Lucas said with a serious expression. "Since you said that we must sell all the properties in Hillview immediately, we will try our best to sell them before the market collapses. It doesn't matter if we lose money. At least we'll lose less this way."

Hillview was originally a business district planned and designed by the government, intended to be the second-largest business district in Bradford City beside the downtown city district, but the real estate collapse had left its blueprint in ruins.

The four of them had placed a lot of their fortune in this project. After they heard about the collapse, they had instantly started discussing ways to sell the property.

All of a sudden, Philip laughed and said, “We are doing fine. There’s no need to be so worried. I heard that Chase Group has invested half of its funds into the Hillview project. If they don’t deal with the problem well, they might go bankrupt again...”

Everyone knew Sean’s relationship with Myra. This is a good opportunity for me to gloat about Sean’s problems in front of Tony.

After hearing this, Tony narrowed his eyes and said flatly, “What good will Chase Group’s bankruptcy do for us?”

His tone sounded casual, but the three other men smiled at each other knowingly.

They were discussing business at Zion Club while Myra, who was at the construction site, was hesitant.

It was only after the clock struck 7:00 p.m. that she finally left. Before she left, David shoved Tony’s suit into her arms.

“Miss Stark, you are close with Director Hart. Please hand him back his suit. The people working on the construction site are rough, so I worry that we might accidentally dirty or ruin it.”

Myra took over Tony’s jacket. She was from the Stark Family and her mother was born in a wealthy family, so she knew the value of Tony’s suit. The pair of dark blue diamond cufflinks were worth hundreds of thousands, let alone the exquisite texture and handwork of the suit.

After giving it some thought, Myra agreed to his request.

However, after getting in her car, she felt a little troubled.

Even though Tony saved me today, his attitude made it clear that he doesn’t want to have too much contact with me.

With that, Myra decided to call Leo.

When Leo heard that Tony’s suit was with Myra, he felt excited but pretended to be anxious and said, “We were looking for that suit! Miss Stark, can you help me check if there is an audit document for the Sunny Bay Project in the inner pocket of the suit?”

Myra was surprised and she quickly searched for it. Sure enough, she found a folded document in the suit.

“Yes, there is.”

“Oh, great.” Leo let out a sigh of relief. Then, in an apologetic tone, he asked, “Miss Stark, I can’t leave right now. Can you send Director Hart’s suit and document to VIP room A in Zion Club? Director Hart needs that document tonight.”

Myra was hesitant. “I’ll hand it to the receptionist at Zion Club. You can go and take it from them later.”

“That won’t work. It’s a confidential document.”

To be honest, that document was given to Director Hart by the site supervisor for approval. After reading it, Director Hart had casually stuffed it into his suit. It’s just a useless document.

Hearing this, Myra helplessly replied, “... Okay.”

Placing the suit to the side, Myra told herself that she was just going to send him the suit and document.

It isn’t a big deal. Besides, I still have to continue seeing Tony in the future. I can’t hide from him forever.

The discussion of business matters went very smoothly and dinner was coming to an end, but seeing that Tony wasn’t planning on leaving, the three other men suggested playing some poker.

The subject of their discussion naturally went from business matters to daily life.

Elliot had been holding back his curiosity the whole night and he couldn’t hold back anymore. He nudged Tony with his left arm and asked, “Tony, is there anything you want to share?”

Because of his wound, Tony could only play with his right hand. However, he sat straight and his right hand was steady. He was smoking a cigarette so when it was his turn to play, he could only leave the cigarette hanging from the corner of his lips.

Tony played seriously with his eyes narrowed and his posture looked elegant and thug-like at the same time.

After hearing Elliot's question, he raised an eyebrow and asked, "What are you talking about?"

"Tell us about Myra!"

He hit a brick away to protect a woman. It is hard to imagine that Tony would do something like that. Is it possible that he has fallen head over heels for her?

Elliot was a little unwilling to accept it. "Can't you fall for someone else?" He emphasized the words 'someone else' heavily.

Upon hearing this, Tony glanced over with a strange smile. Then, he lifted his left arm slightly and replied, "What do you think?"

Seeing that Elliot was a little discouraged, Philip chuckled, "Enough. Elliot, don't you know what kind of a person Tony is? Have you ever seen him treat a woman like this before?"

"Damn!" Elliot finally figured out the situation and he played a card upsettingly. "At first, I was planning to persuade Tony to give up on Myra, but it seems... never mind. Tony, you should hurry up and win her heart. It doesn't matter that she's a married woman..."

As soon as he finished this sentence, Tony suddenly flipped his cards over and glanced at Elliot.

Philip looked over and couldn't help but laugh. "Elliot, you've already lost a lot of money to Tony. I think it's best if you zip your mouth."

Looking at Tony's royal flush, Elliot almost burst into tears. "Tony, why do you have to be so good at this?!"

He was about to continue when he suddenly heard a knock on the door.

Hearing this, Elliot immediately frowned. "Didn't I already tell them that I was using this room tonight and warned them to not disturb us?!"

Tony casually flicked the ash from his cigarette butt and a mysterious look appeared on his face. "Perhaps they are not here to disturb us."

Seeing Tony's expression, Lucas squinted and gestured to Philip. Philip, who was sitting nearest to the door, immediately got up and walked toward the door.

Elliot noticed that Tony had put out the cigarette that was only half-smoked in the ashtray beside him. Then, Tony turned to fix his gaze on him.

"Why are you looking at me? Tony, the cigarette brand that I have been smoking lately is the same as yours," Elliot said as he raised the pack of cigarettes in his hand.

Lucas fell into deep thought for a moment. Then, he smiled and put his cigarette out in the ashtray. "Who cares about what brand of cigarette you smoke? Elliot, hurry up and put out your cigarette. Otherwise, the future Mrs. Hart might choke on your smoke."

"Mrs... Mrs. Hart?!" Elliot finally understood what was going on and he hurriedly put out his cigarette. "Why didn't you tell me earlier?! Why is she here all of a sudden?!"

Standing before Love Chapter 75

No one bothered about Elliot anymore, for Philip had already opened the private room door, and the woman standing outside was indeed Myra. She was still wearing an OL outfit from Chanel, the contrast of the light gray fabric against her fair skin giving her a gentle and comfortable feeling. Her long hair was tied back, baring her slender and delicate neck, while there was faint makeup on her exquisite face. It was just right, neither too plain nor too outstanding.

Upon seeing Philip, she was stunned for a moment before she murmured in mild embarrassment, "I'm sorry. I think I got the wrong room."

Just when she was about to turn around, Philip chuckled lightly. "You must be Miss Stark, yes? Director Hart is indeed in this room, so do come in."

Myra halted, finally remembering that she'd once seen the man in front of her. That time, he gave me a hand during the Hart Family's banquet. Thus, she looked over his shoulder into the room. Smoke lingered in the room, but it didn't obstruct her vision. Even in a crowd of equally outstanding men, Tony Hart is still identifiable at a single glance!

Philip flashed her a smile before pivoting and walking back in.

With the black jacket in hand, Myra hesitated for a moment. Then, she trailed behind him.

Tony was sitting close to the back. At this time, Lucas had already stood up and nonchalantly ambled over to the window with both hands in his pockets. He opened the window, yet his gaze traveled back every so often.

Coming to a stop near Lucas' seat, Myra handed the black jacket to Tony. "Director Hart, this is the jacket you left at the construction site today. David asked me to bring it here and give it to you." Her voice was just like her person, exceedingly gentle.

Elliot eagerly glanced at her several times. I initially suspected her motives, but after understanding Tony's 'motives,' I think hers simply pale in significance and aren't even worth mentioning! "M... Miss Stark." He stifled his original address of 'Mrs. Hart' even as his brain whirred. Out of the blue, he fawningly moved over and took the jacket from her. "Do you play poker, Miss Stark?"

Myra recognized the man before her. When I went to Hart Group once, I bumped into him on Tony Hart's floor. Hence, she knew that he was Young Master Elliot. Looks like he's a good friend of his. As she stared at the poker table in front of her, she honestly shook her head. "No."

"It doesn't matter!" Clapping his hands, Elliot guffawed. "Tony is good at poker, so he can teach you later."

Myra shifted her gaze to Tony awkwardly. Ever since she came in, he hadn't said a single word, his face as expressionless as ever, and he wasn't looking at her at this time. Thus, she shook her head at Elliot in mortification. "I'm sorry, but you all go on, Young Master Elliot. I'm just here to deliver the jacket tonight, so I'll be leaving after doing so."

"Why are you in such a hurry to leave when you're already here, Miss Stark?" Elliot spared no effort in persuading her to stay. Then, he even tugged on her arm to seat her right beside Tony, but Tony's glacial gaze suddenly shot to Myra's arm which he held. His heart jolting, he instinctively released his hold on her even as he inwardly exclaimed, I'm dead!

Failing to react in time, Myra abruptly tumbled in the direction of his reaction force and toppled right into Tony's lap.

Time seemed to come to a standstill at this moment. Even the expression of the most imperturbable Lucas a near distance away changed slightly.

Having fallen into someone's embrace, Myra was enveloped by the familiar musky smell. She fell into a trance for a second, but in the next moment, her face instantly flushed bright red as though on fire. "I'm sorry, Director Hart!" She hastily scrambled up from the lap of the man behind her before shooting Elliot who was feigning innocence nearby an aggravated look. Never mind if you pulled me, but why did you suddenly let go?

Tony's brows furrowed slightly, his eyes still cold as he replied, "It's okay." He then looked at the jacket in Elliot's hand with squinted eyes, but no one knew what he was thinking. After a long time, he placidly said to Myra, "Thank you for bringing me the jacket, Miss Stark."

It's really strange to hear him saying thank you! Myra hurriedly waved a dismissive hand and brushed it off before she whirled around to leave the room.

All of a sudden, the sound of a glass clattering back onto the table rang out, followed by Philip's concerned voice. "Tony, you've got to use your right hand if you want to have a drink. Have you forgotten that your left hand is injured and indisposed?"

At once, Myra stopped in her tracks and pursed her lips.

Upon seeing this, Elliot promptly chimed in, saying, "But how can you manage when you've got to drink, smoke, and also draw cards, Tony? Say, you're really careless. Why did you injure your hand when you're already this old? Don't you know how important your hand is?"

As his voice was loud, the guilt within Myra grew. Biting her lip, she suddenly spun around and walked back toward the three of them, or more accurately speaking, toward Tony. Coming to a stop behind him, she inhaled deeply, a glimmer of guilt flashing across her eyes as she stared at the unfathomable man before her. "If you don't mind, why don't I help to draw cards for you tonight, Director Hart?" This was a sudden decision. His hand was only injured because of me, so if I were to just turn around and leave despite the puddle of water in front of him and his indisposed hand, it'll be a bit too cold-blooded of

me. Earlier, Young Master Elliot probably asked me to stay and draw cards because he thought about this.

She was actually a touch apprehensive when she offered to stay since Tony was too indecipherable. If he declines, it'll seem as though I'm deliberately coming on to him. Her expression stiffened imperceptibly. After waiting for so long that she thought he was going to turn her down, she unexpectedly saw him nodding placidly. "Sure." Her nerves finally relaxed, but in the next moment, they stretched taut though she couldn't quite understand why she was getting nervous.

As the reek of cigarette smoke in the room had dissipated significantly, Lucas closed the window and returned to his seat.

Conversely, Tony got up from the poker table and stood to the back. All of a sudden, he reached out and pulled Myra over, putting his hands on her shoulders and steering her into his seat.

His hands were warm and dry, seemingly burning Myra's shoulders through the thin layer of clothing. For a moment, regret assailed her. Why did I volunteer myself? But it's too late to back out now, so I've got no choice but to bite the bullet! She tried recalling the poker games she'd seen in the past and imitated the moves. She indeed had no idea how to play poker, but fortunately, Tony guided her at the back.

For some reason—perhaps because he's too close to me—I can smell the faint scent of tobacco on him, but it's not pungent or off-putting.

She was rather lost throughout the entire game. She'd just drawn a card and was a second away from opening it when a massive hand shot out and half-wrapped around the hand in which she held the card. His fingers are tapered, long and slender yet carrying a masculine air, very much alluring. She stared at the hand, her face burning so hotly that it almost combusted.

"You can't open this card because Elliot had just raised the stakes. If you do so, it'll only reveal your hand." Tony's voice was deep and sexy, his warm breath brushing against her neck, making her feel as though she was sitting on pins and needles. Very quickly, he flipped open another card before placing the card in her hands into the stack of cards.

Elliot thumped his hand onto the table in dismay. "I've finally met a novice, yet you're monopolizing the game, Tony!"

Standing before Love Chapter 76

Tony arched an eyebrow, his face devoid of emotion as usual, but when his gaze fell on the top of the woman's soft head below him, the corners of his mouth lifted slightly. At this moment, he leaned forward with his right hand on the poker table, his entire person seemingly engulfing Myra in his embrace.

Meanwhile, the three men at the side wore a tacit smile. We now know why he wasn't in a hurry to go back and work overtime today. It turns out that the catch is here. He knew that she's going to come over, didn't he? And why didn't he have a drink any other time but right when she was about to leave? Plus, he could've just taken a drink, yet he just had to use his injured hand. Wasn't it obvious that he wanted her to stay? The three of them truly couldn't stand seeing his desperation, so they gave him a hand.

The atmosphere at the poker table was undoubtedly peaceful, but Myra gradually felt perturbed. I don't know whether Tony Hart is doing this intentionally, but he said he'll let me play by myself and get a feel of things, but every time I want to flip open a card, he'll suddenly stop me and open another card. This is no big deal, but our hands always brush together inadvertently.

"You've just drawn this card, so don't open it so hastily. Wait and see what card Elliot opens later." She was just about to flip open the card she'd just drawn earlier, but Tony stopped her. As he took the card from her, his fingers gently brushed across her hand. He's manipulating my hand so casually that I feel as though I'm quickly losing possession of it.

When his hand again half-wrapped around hers, Myra abruptly pushed her chair back and got to her feet. "How about you take over, Director Hart? I really don't know how to play," she said to Tony. Her face was as red as an overly ripe tomato and stained with a trace of irritation.

Seemingly rather surprised, Tony raised an eyebrow and looked at her placidly. "It's okay. Just play a few more rounds, and you'll be fine." Just after his words fell, his cell phone seemingly vibrated. Holding his cell phone, he greeted the person on the other end before patting her on the shoulder. Then, he spun around and walked out.

At the sight of his hypocritical demeanor, the three men doubled over in laughter inwardly though they outwardly maintained a nonchalant expression and urged Myra to sit back down.

As Myra looked at their innocent expressions, she was all the more regretful for staying and helping Tony draw cards. I must have had a loose screw earlier!

When Tony had exited the private room, his smiling countenance gradually darkened significantly, and he merely murmured apathetically, "Come over." Then, he hung up the phone right away. Taking out a cigarette, he lit it in the corridor itself.

Without Tony by her side, Myra was much more relaxed. However, with no one to guide her, she quickly messed up after the three veterans railroaded her. Tony had won a lot of chips earlier, but Myra lost them all when he went out to take a phone call.

Upon seeing that he'd gotten a full house, Elliot happily extended a hand for chips. Myra embarrassingly glanced at the small drawer beside her, only to see that it was... already empty.

At this time, someone pushed open the private room door. Never had Myra been so hard-pressed to see Tony. When she looked over her shoulder and saw that it was Tony walking in, even she herself didn't realize that her eyes abruptly lit up, and she breathed a sigh of relief.

The moment Tony glimpsed her expression upon entering the room, the corners of his mouth instinctively curved upward, and he strode over to her in a few strides. "What's wrong?"

This time, Myra stood up without the slightest hesitation. "I don't want to play anymore, so you should play instead. I... don't quite know how to play." There was a faint blush on her face even as she shyly tucked the few strands of hair that fell to her forehead to the back of her creamy ear. If I play with my own money, it's fine if I lose, but losing other people's money—especially his—feels rather disturbing.

At this, Tony placidly swept a gaze over the small drawer before her. Understanding instantly dawned, upon which a glimmer of mirth flashed across his eyes.

Elliot who was at the side naturally wouldn't squander this golden opportunity to win Tony's money. "Just rest assured and play dauntlessly, Miss Stark. Tony won't miss such a pittance!"

Myra's flush deepened, and she waved a dismissive hand profusely in mortification. "T... That's okay. I have to work tomorrow, so I've got to go home now." After saying that, she slipped behind Tony, not realizing that her action resembled that of a demure little woman.

Casting a look at Elliot who was eagerly awaiting more money, Tony suddenly dipped his head and glanced at his watch. Then, he frowned. "It's indeed quite late." When his words fell, everyone knew that he meant it as a dismissal.

Elliot was on a winning streak, so he was a tad disgruntled. Unexpectedly, Lucas who was beside him kicked him hard under the table, so he hastily zipped his mouth at the bolt of pain.

"You should indeed go back and rest earlier today since you're injured, Tony. We're still planning to go for karaoke and a few drinks after this, so Miss Stark, do you mind dropping him off on your way home?" Lucas asked. As soon as he said this, the other two men understood at once, and they nodded profusely as well.

Myra had already made to leave after taking her bag, but she could only turn back helplessly upon hearing his question.

At this moment, Tony was pretending to take his wallet out to pay for the chips he'd lost earlier, but Elliot then smugly declared, "Philip and Lucas neither won nor lost today, while I just happened to win your chips just now, Tony. However, Miss Stark forgot to give me my winnings for the last round. It's just the right amount, so your villa in the southern part should be mine, no?"

Myra belonged to the elite class as well, so she knew full well the worth of their chips in a night despite having been out of touch for a long time. Nevertheless, a sliver of guilt still slithered into her when she heard that, and she blushed up to her ears.

"As you like," Tony murmured placidly at this time as though he wasn't at all bothered.

Thus, Myra initially wanted to decline, but she swallowed the words that were on the tip of her tongue.

Upon seeing this, Elliot snickered and walked out. "I'll accompany you to your car, Miss Stark. Zion Club is too dangerous at night."

At this precise moment, a black Lamborghini came to a stop in front of Zion Club, a sharp screech splitting the air. As soon as the car stopped, a man climbed out from inside, his expression grim and his thin lips tightly pressed together. A near distance away, a woman in a pale pink dress waved at him. "Here, Sean!"

Stalking over to the woman in a few strides, Sean demanded with narrowed eyes, "Was everything you said on the phone earlier true?" The night sky out there was stunning, but as the neon lights reflected in his eyes, they were pools of gloom.

Lyla couldn't help shivering at the sight even as a glimmer of something flittered across her eyes. In no time, she nodded hesitantly. "I think I got the right person. I went in for dinner with a few people in charge of the concert, and I saw Myra. She was holding a man's jacket and went into VIP Room A."

Upon hearing that, Sean's eyes turned even colder. After all, all elites in Bradford City were aware that VIP Room A was Elliot's personal private room in Zion Club, and no outsiders were allowed in.

"I don't know whether I should tell you this..." Lyla glanced at him, hesitating as she spoke. When she saw that he didn't stop her, she bit her lip and admitted softly, "I was feeling rather restless after seeing Myra going in with a man's suit..."

Standing before Love Chapter 77

"So, I later sneaked over and stole a furtive peek, only to see Myra playing poker with Young Master Elliot, Young Master Philip, and Director Windrow. I noticed that her interactions with Young Master Elliot seemed... a touch intimate." Lyla initially had no idea why Tony asked her to come over, but the moment she glimpsed the scene in the room, understanding instantly dawned.

At that time, she was slightly puzzled. Judging from his action, it seems as though Myra offended him, and he's taking revenge against her. But no matter what, she brought it on herself! If she hadn't come out to mingle with those men, I wouldn't have gotten any dirt on her, so if she wants to assign blame, she should just blame it on her failure to withstand loneliness! Admittedly, intense envy blazed within me when I saw Myra chatting and laughing with the

group of men whom I could never mingle with! Plus, she has always trampled me under her foot with her identity, and even Sean married her...

“Don’t be angry, Sean...” Lyla tugged at his arm upon seeing that his expression was as cold as ice even as she murmured insipidly, “Perhaps I mistook someone else for her...”

However, this remark wasn’t even convincing to herself, let alone the man who was currently fuming. To make matters worse, it was precisely at this very moment that the silhouettes of a man and woman promptly entered their lines of sight not far from the entrance of Zion Club.

As Lyla stared at the two people whose relationship seemed close walking side by side, a sense of relief infused her, and the corners of her mouth gradually curved into an alluring arc. You’re just intent on heading to your doom. I’m sorry, Myra, but you first broke your promise to me and married Sean! Surreptitiously stealing a peek at Sean’s grim face, she inwardly snorted.

When Myra and Elliot exited the private room, Elliot snagged the jacket Myra brought over to return to Tony. “Miss Stark, what do you think of Tony?” he couldn’t help asking the moment they left the room since he was a straightforward person. In the beginning, I was worried that Tony would be duped by Myra Stark, but after tonight’s interaction, I find that she’s merely a little rabbit. No, she’s just like Meow at Tony’s house. She doesn’t even seem interested in him, much less have any hidden agenda. Rather, it’s Tony who’s shrewd in all aspects, showing himself as the big, bad wolf! As his buddy, I’ve got to give him a hand by putting in a good word for him.

Myra didn’t think much of it. Remembering how he shielded her from a brick today and her losing him a villa, embarrassment pervaded her. After mulling it over for a moment, she solemnly replied, “Director Hart is a kind man.”

“That’s it?” Elliot was a touch incredulous when she didn’t say anything else. Not only is Tony outstanding and affluent, but the line of women in Bradford City who likes him extends from here to the suburbs! Yet, he’s merely a kind man to her?

Taken aback, Myra nodded.

At this, Elliot inwardly grieved for Tony. No wonder he hasn’t been able to win her over after such a long time. It turns out that his image is too flimsy in her

eyes! “Ahem, Miss Stark, I actually think Tony is quite good. Look, he has a superb figure, good looks, plenty of money, and high status. Most importantly, he’s particularly chaste. He never goes with us to indecent places to fool around, and despite his age, he’s never had a girlfriend!” He praised him to the skies.

Astonishment suffused Myra upon hearing this. “Director Hart has never had a girlfriend?” But how is that possible? As he said, Tony Hart is excellent in all aspects, so there are definitely countless women who pursue such a perfect man like him. Yet, he has never had a girlfriend?

“You must be very surprised, yes?” Elliot drawled triumphantly as though he was blowing his own trumpet.

Myra nodded. “Indeed.”

“Actually, this isn’t at all surprising because Tony has someone whom he—”

“Ah!” Before Elliot had finished speaking, beside him, Myra’s arm was suddenly grabbed by a hand that didn’t at all temper its strength, so she couldn’t help exclaiming when a bolt of pain lanced through her. Before either of them could react, the person had already dragged her toward Zion Club’s exit ruthlessly.

When Elliot had gathered his wits about him, his expression darkened, and he wanted to give chase, but a woman abruptly blocked his path. The woman was no stranger to him, for it was Lyla. He’d also had her investigated while investigating Myra and Sean, so he knew that she was Sean’s first love who’d now returned to Bradford City.

Lyla was wearing a pink ankle-length dress that made her appear incredibly elegant and graceful, while her exquisite makeup rendered her petite face all the more enchanting. Her figure was delicate and her aura gentle, arousing a desire to hug her in comfort. However, Elliot turned a blind eye to her beauty. “Move!” His expression turned frosty, for he was wholly indifferent to outsiders.

Conversely, Lyla flashed him a faint smile. “Young Master Elliot, I’d advise you not to interfere in the matter. Sean is Myra’s husband, so would it be a help or hindrance if you were to poke your nose into their affairs?”

Elliot's expression changed. Inwardly, he bemoaned, I'm done for! I offered to walk Myra to her car, but I never thought such a thing would happen! As Lyla Fisher pointed out, not only do I have no right to interfere, but even if Tony were here, he wouldn't be able to do anything either. All patrons in Zion Club are from the elite families in Bradford City, so while we men don't really care, her reputation will be ruined with just the slightest misstep... However, if I were to simply look on as she's dragged away by Sean, Tony will definitely kill me later!

"Young Master Elliot, I'm only saying this because you seem close with Director Hart. Myra Stark is a scheming woman who loves to feign innocence and weakness in front of men to garner sympathy, so don't get taken in by her," Lyla asserted lightly.

Realizing that he couldn't help Myra here but might even add to her humiliation, Elliot calmed down. Then, he snorted at Lyla. "Speaking of this, aren't you an expert, Miss Fisher?"

When Lyla's exquisite face distorted slightly, he again cast a worried glance in Myra's direction, a frown marring his face. Subsequently, he whirled around hastily. While retracing his steps with his back to her, his expression turned apprehensive, and he hastened his steps.

Meanwhile, Sean brutally dragged Myra out by the arm all the way, disregarding the burning pain assailing Myra. On the way, many people whispered among themselves as they stared at them both, making her face flame hotly. When they'd finally exited Zion Club, she couldn't help breaking free from his grip hard before she pivoted to stalk in another direction.

"Stop right there!" Sean snarled. Marching up to her in a few strides, he grasped her wrist hard. "What exactly is your relationship with Elliot Samson?"

Myra struggled several times, yet she couldn't break free from his hold. Peeved, she stared right into his eyes with resentment blazing in her eyes. "Let go of me!"

"I asked what exactly your relationship with Elliot Samson is!" Sean stubbornly demanded as though he hadn't heard her. The picture of her talking and laughing with Elliot angered him, so his grip on her wrist unconsciously tightened.

"Ouch!"

Standing before Love Chapter 78

Myra couldn't help exclaiming in agony as a wave of piercing pain assaulted her, cold sweat beading on her cheeks. "Have you lost your mind, Sean Chase?"

Sean's eyes were pitch-black and menacing, very much like a hellhound that came out of the depths of hell, his chest heaving incessantly from fury. In the end, he snapped bitterly, "I was wondering why you aren't taking my calls recently, and it turned out that you're messing around with Elliot Samson! You're truly something else!"

When he received Lyla's phone call, he was actually having a meal with a representative from another company to discuss a project, but he rushed over without giving a whit about the project after the taking call. I was initially feeling a tad turned off by such a ploy from Lyla, but I actually witnessed it with my own two eyes earlier, so how could there be a mistake?

"Myra Stark, didn't you say you love me very much? Is this your so-called love for me? Being all affectionate and intimate with another man?" Rage was written all over Sean's face, his eyes so glacial that it was as though he wanted to rip her to shreds. "Your love is really cheap!"

Her eyes going wide, Myra stared at the cold man in front of her incredulously. My love for him has always been unreserved. I can't say anything to the fact that he doesn't love me and refuses to accept my love, but why must he trample on my heart like this?

"Let go of me!" Myra's eyes turned slightly red, but she didn't want to show her weak side to this man, so she sneered at him. "Sean Chase, since you've said that you hate me, why would I still foolishly love a man who doesn't love me? As for your accusation against me, I find it truly ridiculous! Do you need me to do a count of the number of women you've fooled around with in the past two years?"

It was as though she was venting all the despair from her one-sided love all these years through these words as she ruthlessly flung them at the man before her. Despite knowing that they wouldn't affect him in the slightest since he didn't love her, in that instance, she just wanted to give voice to the disappointment that was bottled up within her no matter what.

Sean froze, the chilliness that had been radiating off him gradually dissipating. Never had he expected her to say such a thing to him, and her remark of 'why would I still foolishly love a man who doesn't love me' rendered him inexplicably panicked even though he didn't know why he was feeling that way. "I..." In a flash, his gaze turned conflicted. He instinctively wanted to say 'I don't want to hate you anymore', but his nerves were abruptly stretched taut upon realizing the direction of his thoughts. His gaze became ominous, and he again tightened his grip on her wrist. "Don't change the subject! I thought that you're sincere toward me albeit your innate viciousness, but you actually got together with Elliot Samson!"

Myra hadn't expected the sudden increase of force, the excruciating pain causing her face to go pale. However, she merely bit her lip hard and sniggered mockingly. "You think I'm not sincere enough toward you?"

Sean merely stared at her intently.

Never had Myra felt this helpless. "So, who's sincere toward you since you think I'm not sincere enough? Lyla Fisher?" She pointed a finger at the woman beside him, her face etched with stark despair. "Have you forgotten who stayed by your side back then? Have you forgotten who accompanied you during the difficult times? Sean Chase, I put up with your indifference in the past two years because you said you don't love me yet. But now, let me tell you that I don't want to do so anymore!"

Gritting her teeth, she struggled to free her hand from his hold, not letting up even when her wrist bone cracked. Finally shaking him off after much difficulty, she promptly sprinted into the distance without any hesitation.

Watching as her figure slowly disappeared, Sean inexplicably felt as though his heart was hollowing out bit by bit. When he was a moment away from giving chase, a timid voice halted him. "Sean..." A hand reached out to tug at him, but he callously shoved it away.

"Ah!" Lyla fell to the ground at the ruthless push, grazing her elbow in the process. Due to the intense pain, she gritted her teeth hard and stifled the urge to whimper, merely getting up from the ground silently. Her expression was obscured since she kept her head down, and the only thing visible was the puddle on the ground. "Sean... I know you hate me... Actually, I didn't dare tell you that I even saw Myra and Elliot kissing... I know you have feelings for her now, so I was afraid that you'd be saddened... I know the kind of woman she is, but I didn't dare tell you... I... I love you... If you love her, I'll

go and beg her... I'll beg her not to be with Elliot Samson..." As she said this, she choked and made to dash out.

In the next instance, a hand shot out and grabbed her arm. Sean's hand was strong and forceful, so much so that it felt as though he was going to crush her bones. Yet, Lyla seemingly didn't feel any pain. Her head snapped up, and with a surprised exclamation, she stared at the man before her in disbelief. In the meantime, her face was still stained with tears, making her appear pitiful as she stammered eagerly, "Sean... Sean... I..."

"Never mind." Sean recalled that this wasn't the first time he'd seen Myra being intimate with Elliot and the gang. At this moment, his heart gradually turned cold as though it was blanketed with layer upon layer of ice so thick that not a single ray of light could penetrate. How ironic when that woman claims to love me! Fortunately, I've seen her true colors long ago! Otherwise, I would've been played like a fool for the past two years!

"Sean... Don't be sad... I'll keep you company forever... I'll never leave you anymore... Even if your mother seeks me out again—" Lyla's words were abruptly cut off.

Seemingly terrified that she'd said something wrong, she wanted to force a smile, but Sean clutched her hand tightly. "What did you just say?"

"I... I..." With panic written all over her face, Lyla took a step back. "Don't push me, Sean. I can't tell you anything... Go and chase after Myra. She must be sad now..."

"Tell me what that was about my mother seeking you out. Why did she seek you out? Had she done so previously?" Nonetheless, Sean kept pushing for answers.

At this, Lyla trembled. All of a sudden, she could no longer hold out and frantically bolted away.

Sean's gaze darkened. This time, he swiftly chased after her without even thinking about it.

After Myra had escaped Sean, she ran until she reached her white BMW. Her expression was exceedingly gloomy, but this time, she held herself back from crying. Perhaps it was because she no longer held out any hope toward Sean that she'd learned to accept and ignore it every time he said something

hurtful. While the pain within her remained, she believed that the wound would heal one day.

The moment she approached the car, she opened the car door. Before slipping into the car, she lifted her head despondently, only to be greeted by Tony's tall and solid figure. He seemed to have waited for some time here, for she noticed a few cigarette butts at his feet. "Director Hart..." Having no way to avoid him, she quickly put away the sorrow in her eyes in embarrassment and gazed at the man before her in surprise. Only then did she remember that she was supposed to drive him home.

Standing before Love Chapter 79

After the confrontation with Sean, Myra's good mood back when she was playing poker with the few men had vanished altogether. She was just about to ask whether he'd mind taking a taxi home, but the man standing before her suddenly circled to the passenger seat and pulled the car door open. Upon seeing that she remained motionless, Tony even arched an eyebrow in surprise. "What's wrong?" Then, he slid right into the passenger seat.

The words were on the tip of Myra's tongue, but as she watched his successive movements, she swallowed them. Never mind, my place is indeed not far from his apartment. Hence, she bent down and slipped into the driver's seat before promptly starting the engine and driving away.

Even though it was night time, the sky outside was brightly lit. In the near distance was a huge LED screen that was playing a massive advertisement. It was an advertisement for a shampoo, and the female model was someone familiar to her—Lyla Fisher, who'd now returned in a cloud of glory as a renowned pianist in the United States.

Due to her outstanding looks and magnificent aura, she'd long since gained a foothold in the entertainment industry, with plenty of companies seeking her out to film advertisements. Two days ago, Myra even found out from the Advertising Department of Chase Group that the company had already proposed the candidates for the ambassador role for Sunny Bay Project to Hart Group, and among them was naturally Lyla. She'd just come back, yet Sean couldn't wait to please her! Recalling his words earlier, a stab of pain assailed her.

“If you continue spacing out, you’re going to rear-end the car ahead in ten meters.” A low and deep male voice sounded beside her.

Abruptly snapping back to her senses, Myra slammed on the brakes hard. The two of them pitched forward forcefully before the safety belts snapped them back. As a bout of dizziness assaulted her from the impact, she inadvertently glimpsed the wound on Tony’s left hand. In a flash, her eyes were filled with guilt. “I’m sorry, Director Hart...” After all, it was a great transgression to zone out while driving, for it wasn’t only an act of being irresponsible toward oneself, but also to others.

Tony’s features were obscured in the shadows, so she couldn’t quite discern his expression. However, she felt that his expression was rather grim at this moment though she couldn’t be certain whether she was reading too much into things.

“Myra Stark, I’ve always felt that you’re a smart woman. A smart woman will never allow herself to end up in such a pathetic state time and again,” Tony declared out of the blue. He turned and stared fixedly at the woman whose face had drained of color from fright. Under the dim streetlights, a sense of charming allure was added to his striking features. Meanwhile, his profound eyes resembled a whirlpool that had people unconsciously sucked into them as they gazed at him, unable to extricate themselves.

Upon hearing that, Myra’s hands tightened on the steering wheel. Probably every single person in Bradfort City is aware of my failed marriage. At this moment, a sense of helplessness enveloped her, and it felt as though all her strength had been sapped away. “You don’t understand...” she suddenly muttered softly. “I’ve loved him for a whole six years, so I’m long since used to loving him like this. I know it’s not ideal, but I just... can’t help it...”

The aggrieved expression on her face had Tony’s expression darkening. Before he could say anything, she abruptly started the car and drove away. In no time, the car came to a stop below his apartment. Myra alighted from the car and opened the car door for him personally.

Then, Tony slowly climbed out of the passenger seat, his gaze meeting her limpid eyes. Those eyes clearly belong to a staunch woman, but in some matters, she’s just cowardly.

“Thank you for saving me today, Director Hart.” Myra uneasily turned her head to a side upon seeing that he was merely staring at her intently. Just after

she'd thanked him, something occurred to her out of the blue. He seems to have helped me too many times. All at once, she stiffened slightly, at a loss for words.

"Go home and rest earlier," Tony murmured placidly. She had been expecting that he'd say something else, but that was the only thing he said.

While she was stunned, he'd already pivoted and walked toward his apartment. Myra inhaled deeply as she stared at his straight back. Unbidden, a wealth of warmth engulfed her.

Meanwhile, Tony walked to the door of his apartment with a hand in his pocket, his face devoid of expression. At the door, Philip was already waiting with a first-aid kit in his hand. In the beginning, he didn't understand it when Tony said not to bother with his injury first, but when he saw Myra Stark arriving, understanding instantly dawned. For that reason, he was now waiting at his door for him to come back.

Tony then opened the door, and Philip trailed in after him. "I heard from Elliot that Myra bumped into Sean Chase on their way out of Zion Club. Is everything fine?"

The moment Tony heard this, his expression immediately darkened.

Aware that he'd said something wrong, Philip hurriedly amended his statement. "Don't be overly impatient in such a matter, Tony. After all, Myra used to love that man. You just need to show her your virtues and slowly enclose her in your circle of protection. Sooner or later, she'll become your woman!"

Sooner or later, she'll become my woman? But I don't think I can wait any longer! Squinting, Tony looked down at the continuous stream of cars below from the floor-to-ceiling windows in his apartment, his gaze gradually darkening.

While Sean might not know where this apartment of Myra's was, her family certainly did. After parking the car, Myra took the elevator up. When her gaze alighted on the girl who was standing a near distance away the moment she stepped out of the elevator, she again stiffened. A girl of about 22 years old in a light blue dress stood outside her apartment, her wavy waist-length hair pinned to the back of her head gracefully. She had a petite face with exquisite

features, and her skin was delicate, while long eyelashes framed her limpid eyes. In fact, she resembled Myra closely!

Upon seeing Myra, she took a step forward and greeted her softly. “Sis...”

Myra’s brows furrowed. As though she hadn’t seen her, she walked past her expressionlessly and headed toward the courtyard.

“Sis... Sis, are you still angry at me?” Behind her, the woman’s voice drifted over faintly. After a series of frantic footsteps, Kris stood before Myra, blocking her path. “Sis, I was too rash the previous time. I shouldn’t have taken your room. I just thought that you’re already married and rarely come home to stay anyway, so the room will just remain empty. In that case, I might as well use it. If you’re angry, I’ll just ask Mom to switch our rooms back when I go home.”

“Don’t call me ‘Sis’,” Myra snapped ruthlessly as soon as Kris was done speaking. When the woman across from her paled at once, the corners of her mouth curved into an icy arc. “Kris, your mother isn’t my mother, and you’re not my sister either. In the future, just address me directly by my name when you see me.” She wanted to continue walking, but the woman in front of her just wouldn’t move away.

“Sis, I know you have a misunderstanding about me and my mother. We never thought of stealing Dad away. It’s just that... Dad is up in years, so isn’t it good to have me and my mother keeping him company?”

Upon seeing that Kris was going to pester her for a while, Myra wasn’t in so much of a hurry to enter her house anymore. She stared at the girl who was seemingly weak and innocent before her. But the truth is that if it weren’t for her and her mother’s sudden appearance back then, my mother wouldn’t have callously abandoned me and committed suicide!

Standing before Love Chapter 80

Myra clenched her fist when she recalled how her mother ventured out on searches to find her husband during her final days like a madwoman, all the while ignoring other people’s advice. Staring straight at the woman before her with a chilly gaze, Myra smirked. “You don’t need to beat around the bush. I suppose you have something to tell me since you came to me. What is it that you’re planning to do this time? Do you want me to give up my inheritance rights over Stark Group?”

“Sis...” Kris stomped her foot in aggrievedness. “There must be a misunderstanding between us! Our father had me come to you, since you didn’t pick up my calls when I called you prior to this. The company is in trouble. A few of the shareholders were suddenly against our father being the director. Therefore, in order to prevent the company from being taken over by outsiders, he thought of reaching out to you for help. Don’t you have twenty percent of Stark Group’s shares?”

“What’s the matter? Aren’t you and your mother being too greedy by trying to take my shares from me as well? Aren’t you satisfied with the thirty percent of shares that Cameron Stark owns?” Myra cut her short before she could finish her sentence.

Kris’ countenance shifted ever so slightly. “Sis, our grandfather was the one who established the company, so are you sure you’re going to allow some outsiders to take over it? Besides, Dad already clarified that he’s only going to borrow your shares. He’ll return them to you once things have settled down. He never planned on—”

“In your dreams.” Once again, Myra cut her off. Hearing Kris making mention of her grandfather stirred up even more feelings of resentment within her. If it weren’t for Kris and her mother... If it weren’t for them, things wouldn’t have turned out this way... She was trembling in anger while she opened the door of her house.

“Sis...”

“Stop calling me sis! You don’t deserve to call me that!” Myra didn’t even turn around.

Kris bit on her lip while hatred simmered within her. All of a sudden, she began lashing out at Myra from behind her. “Myra, you arrogant b*tch! No wonder neither Sean and Dad likes you! I’ve always performed as good as you ever since we were younger, but you were constantly presiding over me! But now, you’ll finally be dealt your karma! I heard that Lyla Fisher is back, so do you think Sean would still want you? In fact, he already threw you out of the house! Oh, there’s one more thing that I have to tell you.” Kris was chuckling so hard that she was trembling. “You must’ve not heard about the fact that my mother is pregnant. According to the doctor, the baby will most likely be a boy!”

Kris' vile words coiled around Myra like a venomous snake before invading her senses. She could feel a sudden chill within her, but she still entered the apartment unit with a sullen look on her face before slamming the door shut. No wonder they are conspiring to take my shares. It's all because they know a male heir is on its way. Although Myra had thought she already got used to being hurt, fate always had something even harsher in wait. Will the perils only end when I hit rock bottom?

Meanwhile, Kris shrugged in contempt when Myra slammed the door in her face. After all, she had achieved her aim of delivering the news of her mother's pregnancy. After all those years of being oppressed by Myra, who was favored by their grandfather, she was finally able to vent the frustrations that she had accumulated throughout the years. As soon as her younger brother was born, the company would be his to inherit, so Myra would no longer be able to fight back. After letting out a harrumph, she turned to leave.

On the other hand, Myra had been constantly visiting Hart Group ever since Tony took the blow for her. Also, she had been constantly trying to gauge information from Leo to see if there was anything that she could help with. After all, she was the reason that Tony's arm was hurt. His injuries also led to an inflammation that had him hospitalized. The incident made it to the news headlines, shocking the whole of Bradford City. Elliot was right. Tony's hands are important to him. He shouldn't have taken that blow for me.

That morning, Myra volunteered to buy Leo his lunch after the meeting at Hart Group. However, it was in fact an excuse for her to buy Tony's lunch in order to ease her own guilt. After bringing them a nutritious lunch set, Myra uncapped the thermos cup to pour some of the soup out, which she then handed to Leo. "Mr. Clark, please give this to Mr. Hart."

For a few consecutive days, Myra had been waking up early to make some soup that she would send to Hart Group during lunch break. That night, she already did some research on all sorts of soup that could help Tony heal, so she had been making a different soup for him every day.

Upon glancing at the thermos cup beside Myra, Leo wore an ambiguous smile while informing her, "Miss Stark, I see you have been making him a different soup every day. From what I can see, Mr. Hart seemed to be in better spirits."

With a smile, she replied humbly, "This is the only thing I can do for him." After her soup delivery, she left on the elevator. Leo saw her off, and it wasn't until the elevator went downstairs that he went to open the door to the office.

“How is it, Mr. Clark? Is Myra finished with her meeting?” In the office sat an middle-aged woman dressed in elegant and lavish clothing. As soon as she saw Leo, she inquired him eagerly about Myra’s whereabouts.

In the meantime, Leo seemed to be in slight distress. A while later, he heaved a sigh. “Mrs. Chase, I am sorry. I do not know that there is a wedge between you and Miss Stark. As soon as she heard me mention your presence in the office, she ran back into the elevator with a pale face.”

“Oh dear...” The woman on the sofa was none other than Eve Hay. What Leo told her drained her face of color. She had been trying to find Myra during the past few days. However, as if Myra was trying to avoid her, she never saw Myra in Chase Group’s office. After she had finally managed to track down that she would be attending a meeting at Hart Group, she had her driver drive her to the company, but she didn’t expect Myra to be so angry at her. Although Myra had always been obedient to her elders, she seemed determined to avoid Eve this time.

“Ahem... Mrs. Chase, I have something that I have been wanting to tell you, but I am unsure if you would want to hear it.” Leo was being reserved.

Eagerly, Eve said, “Pray tell.”

With a gentle smile on his face, Leo explained, “I understand why you might be feeling anxious, but you don’t actually have to feel that way. They might have had an argument, but they will resolve it by themselves. You meddling in their business will only make them both feel uncomfortable about it. Besides, I know that Miss Stark loves Mr. Chase greatly, so you have nothing to worry about. I even overheard her joking with her friend, during which she said she is merely giving him the cold shoulder for now. She will go back after she has calmed down. She still loves him greatly, so she will go back to him in due time.”

“Is that so?” Eve was feeling slightly dubious about it. Nevertheless, she knew of Leo’s status in Hart Group, so she didn’t think he had any reason to lie to her.

“Of course. I consider Miss Stark my friend, and at the same time, I am a man myself, so I know about men. Some men might have a hard time appreciating the women they had, but they will eventually realize the truth after going through a few bumps along the way. Hence, you have nothing to worry about. In fact, you’re only embarrassing her by chasing after her everywhere in

public. Don't you think so?" Leo pushed his glasses up, which reflected the lights on the ceiling.

"I suppose that's true." Nobody knew Myra better than Eve, or so she thought. That child will eventually come to forgive Sean no matter how sad she was. She must be avoiding me because I must have annoyed her by being constantly on her heels. Well, I suppose I should give it a rest.