

Standing before Love Chapter 8

On her way home, Myra received a call from a curious Tilly, who wanted to know how the meeting went.

She shared everything with Tilly and only left out the unnecessary details from the narrative.

After having heard the outcome, Tilly was overjoyed, but she did not hang up until Myra answered her questions on her dreamboat.

Perhaps Myra was elated because of the fact that a giant like Hart Group had acknowledged her design.

It was nearly ten in the evening when she arrived home that night, which meant that Eve was already fast asleep.

As she drove through the gates of the Chase Residence, she saw the black Lamborghini parked inside. She killed her ignition and she could even hear the girlish moans and giggles that came from within the other car.

It was a familiar voice—in fact, it was none other than Elsie's.

Myra's elation from earlier was now abruptly replaced by a surge of resentment, causing a sense of cold to flow all over her body.

Her limbs were numb and weighted as she sat in her car. She felt that her heart was withering away.

She switched off the lights in her vehicle. While the car across from hers had its lights turned off as well, the garden lights above it illuminated the lovey-dovey scene that was taking place inside.

Myra watched as Elsie hastily wore her skirt and her jacket. She saw Elsie cast Sean a meaningful look before the two of them were tangled in each other's arms as they passionately kissed inside the car. It was as though someone was rubbing a liberal amount of salt all over the open wound in Myra's heart.

She was not sure how much time had passed, but it was long enough for her heart to be numb with pain. It was only then that he started to drive his car out of the gates—probably on his way to spend the rest of his night with Elsie.

Myra stumbled out of her car and she shuffled into the house like a walking corpse. She headed straight toward the bathroom and switched on the tap to wash her face.

However, she had only turned on the tap when her legs gave way. She slumped onto the floor and buried her face into her knees.

Sean had not always behaved like that with her. There was a time when he was gentle and kind toward her; he never hurt her with harsh words or aggravated accusations despite how much she clung onto him.

However, the change in his demeanor came without warning.

He no longer saw all that she was doing for him and he broke her heart in ways that she never imagined he could.

The sudden cold that brushed past her skin snapped her out of her thoughts. She shuddered and saw that the tap was still running—water was leaking out of the sink and landing on the floor, soaking through her clothes.

Yanking herself up to turn off the tap, she stared at her reflection in the mirror—her face was pale and pinched. She tried to quirk her lips into a smile, but she ended up looking garish instead.

She had only just exited the bathroom when the front door of the villa was opened from the outside.

Myra did not even turn as she heard the familiar footsteps that ensued. Why should I try so hard to please him when he hates me this much?

She looked straight ahead as she mounted the stairs, but she realized that the footsteps were approaching her. Before she could react, a hand with the force of a boulder wrapped her right wrist to bring her to a halt. “Where did you go tonight?”

Sean’s voice was icy and he tightened his grip on her wrist.

Myra felt as if her wrist would snap. She forced the pain away and turned to face him. When she spoke, her voice was without emotion. “I had a dinner appointment.”

“With whom?” He demanded as he brought his gaze to hers.

Myra's eyes were beautiful. The gleam in them was neither sultry nor suggestive, but rather one of quiet and gentle intelligence. Her features were delicate and soft; there was not an ounce of hostility in them. One could not help but feel a sense of calm when they laid their eyes on her.

For a moment, it looked like Sean was in a daze. If she wasn't despicable, I'll probably try to work things out with her, he thought.

Such a notion was discarded as soon as it came to his mind.

His face darkened and with a snide tone, he asked, "Were you having dinner with a bunch of other men again? Was it really a dinner appointment, Myra? Or were you fooling around behind my back? Why don't you tell me how those business meetings of yours went, hmm?"

Toward the end of his sentence, the tone of his voice grew sharper and more displeased.

Myra returned his stare. She knew what he was insinuating since he made his thoughts just as clear. Seized with an abrupt sense of emptiness, she wanted to laugh at the irony before her.

She slightly staggered after pulling her arm away from him before she said flatly, "Why do you want to know? Are you mad because I had a business meeting with a male client?"