

Standing before Love Chapter 362

Although Myra still had something to say, Tony lowered his head to plant a kiss on her soft, pink lips. "I'll be alright; I'm just trying to reassure you. After all, you're now..." He rested his hand on her belly while smiling languidly. "All you have to do is take care of the baby you're carrying. Just leave the rest up to me."

Upon noticing his confidence, Myra was feeling more relieved. Nonetheless, she turned to look at him. "No matter what happens, you're not to hide anything from me or let me worry, okay?"

"Okay." Tony wrapped his left hand around her right hand, his eyes tender and jovial.

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Meanwhile, Cameron picked up Sean's call immediately after hanging up Tony's call. "Sean..." He addressed Sean over the phone cordially as soon as he picked up. "Is something the matter that you're calling me now?"

Ever since being turned down by Myra, Sean had been feeling gloomy. When he heard Cameron's voice, he frowned in displeasure, but gave a casual reply nonetheless. "Mr. Stark, let's meet right now."

"Is something the matter?" Upon noticing the hint of eagerness in Sean's tone, Cameron narrowed his eyes. "You know that Stark Group is currently facing a crisis, right? Because of that, I've been quite busy, so I might not be able to make time..."

Cameron trailed off by that point in order to gauge Sean's reaction, to which Sean replied aloofly, "Is that so? You might want to meet up with me since it has to do with Green Palms Project. Let's meet at Wilson Golf Club in an hour." With that, Sean hung up.

Despite Myra's attitude toward Sean, he remembered just how much she hated her father. Even though Cameron seemed to side with his decision to want to get back together with Myra, he knew Cameron's support meant nothing. Considering Cameron's relationship with Myra, she would only reject him even more if he banded with Cameron.

At that moment, his phone rang with a call from Eve. When he noticed the call, his mood soured once again, thus turned down the call without hesitation. Subsequently, he took his jacket and car keys before leaving.

The door to the lounge in his office was opened from within after his departure. Standing at the entrance, Lyla bit on her lip while listening to his fading footsteps. She was clutching onto a USB drive in her hand. Securing her grasp on it, she turned to enter the lounge once again.

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After Sean cut the call with Cameron, the latter wore a sullen look on his face. However, he did recall that Sean mentioned something about Green Palms Project. What does he mean by saying that? Does he want to discuss something about the project with me? More than ever, Stark Group needs capital. The rest are inconsequential compared to that. Is he really going to invest in Stark Group for Myra's sake?

No matter the case, Cameron figured the worst case scenario would be handing ten percent of the company's shares to Tony. Furrowing his brows, he turned to leave Hart Group to enter his car before driving off to Wilson Golf Club.

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The clubhouse was more crowded during the day compared to the night. Although the interior of the clubhouse was spacious and equipped with a separate entertainment area, it couldn't compare to its outdoor land resources.

When Cameron arrived at the clubhouse, Sean had already arrived. Sitting in a corner, there was a glass of red wine in front of Sean. Cameron wasn't sure what he had on his mind, as he was wearing a glum look on his face. When Cameron approached him, Sean merely lifted his gaze before greeting him aloofly, "You're here."

"What is it that you want to tell me?" Although Cameron deliberately displayed a certain degree of anxiety, he made sure to not portray himself as panicking. "Is it about Green Palms Project? Are you willing to help Stark Group?"

“Let’s leave the topic regarding the project’s financial deficit for another time.” Sean held a calm gaze as he glanced at Cameron. “I asked to meet you tonight to speak about something else.”

Upon hearing that, Cameron frowned. At that moment, he was eager to solve the financial crisis of the project, so his countenance shifted ever so slightly when he was told that it wasn’t the purpose of the meeting. “Sean, I don’t suppose you requested to meet me at this time just so you could talk to me about Myra?”

There was a grim look in Cameron’s eyes. Upon closer inspection, one could detect a hint of dismay, which Sean noticed despite how faint it was. He then narrowed his eyes while wearing a half smirk. “What else do you think I would want to talk to you about, Mr. Stark?”

Cameron froze for a moment before standing up from his seat. “I’ll be taking my leave since I don’t think we’re on the same page.”

“You don’t have to be so impulsive, Mr. Stark. Compared to the money, you might be more interested in what I’ll be showing you.” Sean maintained a smug attitude, as if he was certain that Cameron wouldn’t leave just like that.

“What do you mean?” With a frown, Cameron stopped in his tracks.

Sean tossed a USB drive at him, which slid across the table with a scratching noise. His action was humiliating and provocative, which caused Cameron’s countenance to undergo multiple shifts. “What’s the meaning of this, Mr. Chase?”

“In it is everything that you wish to know. Of course, if you utilize it correctly, not only will you be able to avert the financial crisis of the project, but you might be able to seek revenge against someone in order to gain a huge amount of compensation.” A smile tugged at the corner of Sean’s lips.

Cameron’s countenance shifted a tad as he seemed to have gleaned something important from what Sean said. Narrowing his eyes, he turned to pick up the USB drive that Sean tossed on the table. While staring at it, his mind was racing.

According to what Sean said, the enormous secret the drive contained could not only solve the crisis that the project was facing, but could also help him seek revenge. Seek revenge? What revenge? Hold on, could it be that...

Green Palms Project's crisis wasn't caused by a financial deficit within Stark Group? Then, the construction unit... And the people we outsourced...

His expression shifted countless times within a split second as he gripped onto the drive. Smiling at Sean, he said, "In the end, you're the one who helped me. I owe you one, Sean. I'll return the favor some other time."

With a solemn look, Sean replied, "Let's consider us even. I gave you the drive as I have my own agenda."

"Alright." Cameron didn't hesitate to agree to it. After all, it would be great if he could solve the crisis without owing anybody anything. "I'll cut the pleasantries. This is urgent, so I need to go back to my company immediately."

Upon hearing that, Sean gave him a faint nod, after which Cameron left the place with the drive in his hand. After Cameron's figure disappeared into the distance, a waiter approached Sean with a laptop, on which a video clip was paused on screen. The image that it was paused on depicted a couple snuggling close together, while one person was teaching the other person golf.

"Mr. Chase, here is the clip you requested for." The waiter was cautious. On the contrary, Sean was seated in a relatively secluded spot, so he wasn't worried that other people would notice what was playing on the laptop. Right away, he hit the play button. The laptop contained not just one but multiple clips of Tony and Myra.

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Some of the clips depicted Tony teaching Myra to play golf, the two of them sharing an intimate moment as they interacted. Other clips included a conversation between Tony and the old man from Bridgers Corporation, during which Tony expressed the fact that Myra had a unique place in his heart.

Other than that, there were also clips that showed Tony turning Belle down in order to show his determination to get Myra. There was also a conversation between Myra and Belle after the latter caught on to Tony's abnormal behavior toward Myra. When Belle tried to intimidate Myra, she denied having been associated with Tony at all.

Indeed. Back then, Myra still had nothing to do with Tony, as she was still Sean's wife. Therefore, she was still turning down Tony's advances. What have I done to her back then? I blamed her for stealing trade secrets from Chase Group's Hilliville project, and then hurt her because of Lyla. In the end, I even sent her to a detention center in order to sell off the Hilliville project. In effect, I was the one who gradually crushed her love. Now, all that's left behind is her indignation for me.

"Mr. Chase..." The waiter called out to him upon noticing his awkward expression.

Sean waved his hand at the waiter. "Please leave. I would like some time alone."

The waiter nodded before leaving. After that, Sean went through Myra and Belle's conversation again with a bitter smile on his face. I wonder if I really still have a chance.

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After Rachel left Kris' ward, she headed to Stark Residence once again. Cameron wasn't there, so the housekeeper let her in behind his back, albeit feeling uneasy about it. "Mrs. Stark, you'd better be quick when you pack up your remaining stuff. Mr. Stark will be back soon. If he finds out I let you in behind his back, I won't be able to keep my job."

Rachel wore a nonchalant look as she replied, "Don't worry. I won't make you lose your job. Throughout the years, I knew you were having a hard time, so I took extra care of you, didn't I?"

The housekeeper forced a smile. "I will forever remember how you helped me. But now..." When she noticed Rachel went into Cameron's study, the housekeeper was feeling even more uneasy. "Mrs. Stark, do you have something in Mr. Stark's study?"

Apparently, she was afraid that Rachel returned to steal something when Cameron wasn't there. She used to rely on Rachel, but now that Rachel could hardly take care of herself, she was determined to not lose her job in Stark Residence.

“Don’t worry. Just follow behind me. I’m only going to walk around for a bit. I won’t be taking anything.” At that moment, Rachel put on a look of grief. “After all, I don’t know if I’ll be able to lay eyes on the house again in the future.”

The housekeeper was moved by her expression. Throughout the years, Rachel had been nothing but nice to her. After what happened, the housekeeper knew Rachel was being implicated by her b*stard of a daughter. Otherwise, she would still be the matriarch of the house. Heaving a sigh, the housekeeper relented. “Mrs. Stark, please make it quick.”

With a nod, Rachel went to Cameron’s desk. There was a photo frame on his table; it used to have a photo of himself. Later, she replaced it with their family photo—without Myra of course. The photo was taken when Kris was young. Back then, Jenny was still Cameron’s legal spouse, so they could only sneak around whenever they wanted to meet.

After Jenny was chased away and Rachel took over her position as the matriarch, she framed that photo just so she could mock Jenny using the fact that Cameron and her had been together since way back.

Rachel spent a long time staring at the photo. When the housekeeper was also starting to glance at the photo frame in confusion, Rachel suddenly smashed it onto the floor. Crash! Although the noise frightened the housekeeper, Rachel picked the frame back up calmly.

The glass on it was shattered, so Rachel was able to retrieve the photo easily. When she did so, she managed to catch a glimpse of what was inside. At some point, Cameron had added another photo into the frame. When Rachel saw the photo, her heart spasmed, and her finger accidentally pressed itself against the edge of the glass. It cut her finger and drew blood.

“Mrs. Stark, your finger...” The housekeeper let out a cry, but Rachel stared at the photo as if she was numb to the pain. Soon enough, the housekeeper also saw the photo, which elicited from her another cry of surprise. Pointing at it, she stuttered while looking at Rachel. “Mrs. Stark, t-this is...” The turn of events was so shocking that she didn’t even know what to say.

Rachel, at this moment, felt like someone stabbed her heart. She could almost hear Jenny mocking her. Clenching her fists, she retrieved the second photo as well. Then, she said to the housekeeper, “Clean this place up. I’m leaving now.” After a brief pause, she added, “Thank you.”

The housekeeper was still afraid of what might happen. Because Rachel didn't take the first photo away, she could just slip it back into another similar frame. But if Mr. Stark found out...

"Don't worry. I bet it has been a while since he last checked on the photo. He'll only be suspicious of me since I just left the house." With that, she didn't want to waste her breath with the housekeeper anymore, so she left the house with the photo.

She came by car just now. After getting into the car, she took out the photo again. It was apparent that the photo depicted a mother and daughter that resembled Jenny and Myra a lot. However, they only bore semblance to them. It was evident that the two females in the photo weren't Jenny and Myra.

While clutching onto the photo, she snapped a photo of the photo using her phone before calling another number. When the recipient picked up, she ordered calmly, "I'll be sending you a photo. Start an investigation on the two people in the photo." After she hung up, a fierce look fled across her gaze.

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Meanwhile, Cameron returned to Stark Group in possession of the USB drive. He closed the door of his office as soon as he entered it, and then settled down in the lounge. He plugged the drive into the TV before pressing on the remote to open the only video clip in it.

Assuming that Sean had a secret to tell him, he was eager to check on the clip. Yet, his countenance shifted as soon as he saw the two figures in the clip. One of the figures belonged to an older person, whereas the other one was younger. "T-This is..." Immediately, he retrieved the remote to fast-forward the clip.

The clip spanned for half an hour, which recorded the whereabouts of the two people. They went grocery shopping together, ate ice cream together, and went to the mall. The older person also sent the younger person to school.

It wasn't a continuous clip, so it was evident that whoever recorded it had been monitoring the two people for some time. Cameron shot up from the sofa with a glum look. Then, he began pacing around in his lounge before fishing for his phone to give Sean a call. However, Sean didn't pick up.

Just when he was feeling extremely irritated and wanted nothing but to question Sean about how he gained knowledge of everything, or rather, about the intention behind giving him the clip, someone opened the door of the lounge heavily. The door swung open before banging into the wall behind it, making a loud thud.

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Rachel marched in from outside, and the door slammed against the doorframe as she shut it behind her. Cameron's face darkened as he gave her a cold glare. "Rachel... What's going on? I don't recall you making an appointment with me."

"Hah!" She gave him a sarcastic laugh as she headed directly toward the lounge in his office. It only took her one look to notice the video that had been playing on the TV. A rather dejected expression flickered across her face when she saw the figures on the screen, but she hastily curled her lips into a smirk. "We haven't gotten a divorce, President Stark. I'm still your wife, so do I need to make an appointment just to see you?!"

His face only turned darker when he saw her looking at the TV screen. "Well, you're looking at me now. What do you want?" In the past two days, they had both gotten rid of their facades and exposed their ugliest sides to each other. From then on, Cameron no longer saw the need to put on a show in front of Rachel, and Rachel no longer bothered to act gentle and feminine in front of him. She was too old for that, but the woman she saw in the videos and photos looked like she was in her thirties. Women are usually the prettiest at that age. I was just like her when I was in my thirties!

Rachel could feel her heart accelerating with fury whenever she saw the young girl standing beside that woman. All along, Rachel had been living under the misconception that she had managed to satisfy all of Cameron's needs. She thought he was loyal to her, but she hadn't realized that she had just gone down the same path that Jenny did. On the surface, the couple appeared as though they were a respectful, well-matched pair, but all of that was merely an illusion that she made up on her own.

The truth was that Cameron had already found himself a new woman outside; he had already been with that woman even when Jenny was still around. Furthermore, that woman's face looked nearly identical to Jenny's... Even an idiot can tell what Cameron's thinking about! The person he loves is Jenny.

However, he was too afraid to be with Jenny, so he decided to find another girl who looked just like her so that he would be able to fulfill his desires...

“Hahaha...” Rachel abruptly broke into laughter then. I’ve been with this man for my whole life. I can’t believe it took me so long to realize how stupid I’ve been! “I bet you’ve been planning our divorce for a while now, huh? You’re going to marry that woman after that, right? You don’t need to worry...” She shifted her gaze to the TV. The video had finished playing, but the image on the screen had stopped on the final scene, which was just an image of the woman and her daughter. The mother and daughter had their heads resting against each other’s, and they both had faint smiles on their faces. They look so happy. They are going to be really happy soon, but what about me?! My daughter isn’t close to me, and my husband is cheating on me!

“I’m not here to chit-chat, Cameron. I just want you to know that I have proof of your infidelity. But of course, I’d rather we end things in a civilized manner,” she uttered emotionlessly. “I don’t want any of the Stark Group shares anymore; I just want 50 million. Give me the money, and I’ll make sure that Kris and I will never appear in front of you again.” Rachel knew that the Stark Group was in a tricky situation, and she didn’t want any of their shares as she wasn’t certain if the company would be able to survive. Her shares would be meaningless if the business fell apart, and she knew that it would only create more trouble for her. She might not even get anything by the time Cameron actually handled the shares she held.

Moreover, Rachel knew that he had a secret stash of money, and she now knew what he wanted to use that money for! Therefore, she decided that she would take that money and leave him once and for all! She had sacrificed all of her youth for him after all, so she thought she deserved that amount of money as compensation!

“You must be out of your mind!” Cameron widened his eyes as blood rushed to his face. “50 million? Don’t you think I would have already thrown that money into the Green Palms Project if I actually had 50 million? You’re too money-minded! We can get a divorce, but the most I can give you is a piece of property. Nothing else!”

“A piece of property?” Rachel sneered. “Do you think I’m a beggar? I’ve wasted more than 20 years of my life with you. Do you think you can get rid of me by just giving me a house? You may have been a powerful and influential man, Cameron, but you’re nothing more than a has-been now! What do you

think will happen to the Stark Group if I decide to publicize our divorce and expose your infidelity in court?! What do you think the court's ruling will be?"

"Rachel!" Cameron's face had turned into a sickly pale shade. I already have enough to worry about after seeing the footage in the USB that Sean gave me. I don't even know what Sean's intentions are yet, but I can't believe Rachel—this greedy witch—is giving me more trouble on top of that by asking me for such a huge sum now! "You've eaten my food, spent my money, and treated yourself with all these branded items for the past years. You sleep in a mansion, and you drive a luxurious car! But what have you ever done for this household?! You should know where you stand! You're not going to get everything you want in life just because you're married to me!" He felt a burning rage in his chest as he yelled those words out loud.

"You're right. I've never managed to get everything that I wanted. I always just thought that you were too desperate to be in power, but the truth is that you've never thought of giving Stark Group's shares to us, right?! You hid a woman outside all along, and you were planning to leave all your belongings to her after you die! Am I right?" Rachel tugged her lips into a sly smirk. "It's a shame that a liar will always stay a liar! Jenny is long dead, and Myra will never acknowledge you as her father! You can continue to lie to yourself for the rest of your life, but the truth is that you're nothing but a failure! You were afraid to give Jenny any power, so you came up with a plot to force her into a dead-end! Then, you found a woman who looked like her. But how could a look-alike share the same aura as Jenny? All you've gotten yourself was a shell that's hollow on the inside! You'll never win the heart of the one person you long for, and it's all your own fault!" After releasing all her agony, what followed her sense of liberation was a mellow sadness.

"That's enough!" Cameron's face was twisted into a frown. "I'm warning you right now, Rachel—don't push your luck. You know how ugly things can get if you continue to test my patience!"

"Oh yeah? What's going to happen?" Rachel continued to smirk as she no longer cared about anything by now. "Are you just going to kick me out of the Stark Family without giving me anything? Ooh, I'm so scared... Are you going to lock me up in jail? Don't you forget about the 'mental illness' Jenny had in the past. I only got involved in that because of your orders!"

Cameron's expression changed into one of shock. "Rachel! I don't know what nonsense you're talking about. Nothing happened back then. You are the one who sounds like you're losing your mind right now!"

“What’s this? Are you trying to label me as some crazy person as you did with Jenny? Are you going to throw me into an asylum and lock me in there forever?!” The muscle on Rachel’s face twitched as she seemed to recall something. “I’m not Jenny. I have a plan set up for myself. You’re going to spend the rest of your life in prison if you dare lay a finger on me!”

“What do you mean?!” He shot her a stern glare.

“Does the drug Thioridazine ring a bell?” She wore a cunning smile as she spoke.

An alarmed look flashed across his face the moment he heard what she said. “What are you trying to tell me?”

“Do you think an antipsychotic drug as powerful as Thioridazine should be administered so carelessly?” Rachel didn’t explicitly expose him for anything, but she knew that he understood what she meant when she saw the look on his face.

“Get out!” He pointed a shaky finger at the door of the lounge.

“Cameron...” Her voice turned gentle and warm all of a sudden as she turned to look at him. The act she put on right then only reminded Cameron of how great she was at acting. It even reminded him of the time she tried to harm Jenny...

Rachel curled her lips into a faint smirk when she saw how dazed he looked, but she quickly returned to her gentle tone. “How did we get to this point, Cameron? We could just go our own separate ways if you gave me the money I asked for. You won’t have to worry about your deeds being exposed...”

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“You can continue living the life you wish for. You can get married to that woman and move in with your beloved daughter. You all will be a warm and loving family...” Rachel used to work as a host, so she had her way with words. Her speech was constructed in a manner that targeted Cameron’s emotions. Indeed, he felt tempted for a moment, but any hint of weakness or struggle had left his gaze once he blinked and opened his eyes again.

Instead, he narrowed his eyes and gave her a threatening glare. “It’d be bad for someone to eat an excessive amount of antipsychotics, but what has that

got to do with me? Rachel, you should know that there's no way out of your wrongs once you've committed an unforgivable sin. How are you going to benefit from sending me to jail?" His words had a hidden meaning to them, and he couldn't stop himself from cackling after he was done with his sentence. Without taking another glance at Rachel, he simply walked out of the lounge. Did she think she's the only one who can hold something over me? She did plenty of things to Jenny too, didn't she? I simply didn't bother to intervene back then. She had always been vigilant with me, so did she think I was any less careful when I was with her?!

While he was walking away, other thoughts flashed across his mind. Jenny did the same thing in the past. Even Jenny, who was once willing to sacrifice everything for me, had ended up contacting a few of the company's major shareholders just to get some of Stark Group's shares. How could Rachel possibly love me more than Jenny did? I naturally had to come up with a plan from the start just to avoid any undesired outcomes!

Rachel's face darkened as she charged forward in an attempt to block Cameron from leaving. However, since they had revealed their true colors with one another, he no longer bothered to act gentlemanly in front of her, for he simply shoved her away. She gasped in pain when her arm struck against the corner of a cabinet. Her jaw was so tightly clenched as she watched Cameron leaving that she felt like her teeth were about to shatter in her mouth!

"I'm going to make you regret everything you've done to me, Cameron!" Her hands were balled into fists, and her nails dug deep into the skin of her palms.

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On the other hand, Myra and Tony were greeted by Sebastian's wide grin the moment they returned to the Hart Residence. Sebastian had been in a good mood then, and he excitedly brought Myra a bowl of pumpkin soup once he saw her. "You're finally back, Myra! Come here; I got the housekeeper to prepare some pumpkin soup for you. This soup's really great for your skin and your overall health!"

Myra was used to Sebastian's acts, and she took the bowl from him before she gulped it down. Often, she wondered if the baby in her belly had taken pity on her. The baby was a strong survivor, yet it didn't seem to give her any trouble throughout her pregnancy. She even felt rather frustrated when she

saw how the other pregnant ladies seemed to suffer from a bunch of side effects.

After dinner, Tony wrapped an arm around Myra's waist as they went out for a stroll in the garden. Sebastian and Lisa stayed indoors, and Sebastian sighed as he watched the couple taking a walk outside. "I've never expected this day to come for Tony. I used to be so worried that he would neglect his love life because of his career, and I was afraid he would just pick a random woman off the streets to get married to her. I feel relieved now that I see how in love they are."

"I know my grandson well. All along, I knew that he hadn't dated anyone not because he wasn't interested in women, but simply because he hadn't found the one that he loved." Lisa gave him an eye-roll.

"I guess so. I was just the same as him, wasn't I? I had been putting relationships off until I met you, Lisa. I would have ended up as a single old man otherwise!" He chuckled. Lisa's lips curled into a faint smile when she saw the sweet look on his face.

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While they walked around in the garden, Myra rested a palm on her belly. She was full after having eaten such a huge meal earlier. When Tony saw what she did, he reached a hand out and mimicked her actions by placing his hand on her belly. He then gently massaged her stomach. The rough calluses on his palms made her itch a little as he stroked the surface of her belly.

For a moment, Myra attempted to suck her belly in a little. However, she couldn't hold it in for long, and she eventually gave up and allowed her belly to relax. Tony broke into laughter immediately. His footsteps came to a halt when he saw her blushing shyly, and he then lowered himself to place his lips against the surface of her belly. From there, he looked upward to gaze into Myra's large, dark pupils. "Why do you still get shy with me even though we've been together for so long now?"

Two clouds of red had formed around Myra's cheeks as she watched Tony lowering himself to her belly. Right then, she looked into his eyes with a mixture of bashfulness, fondness, and a hint of flirtatiousness that she herself wasn't aware of. "My face is only red because we walked so much just now!"

In response, he let out a deep chuckle. “But I’d also like it if you would continue to be shy in front of me...” His voice had turned unusually hoarse as he leaned his body closer to hers before reaching over to her ear. Then, he gently nibbled on her earlobe.

“Don’t do that, Tony...” Her eyes were glistening under the moonlight, and the sight of it only made his expression darken more than before. “I truly feel like I’m being tortured by that little one in your belly nowadays.” He nibbled her ear again before he feigned a stern demeanor. “Promise me that three months from now, you’ll come here with me, and we’ll engage in some activities that are good for the mind and the soul, okay?”

Activities that are good for the mind and the soul... Myra’s face grew even redder once she heard his shameless words. “Tony! This is the Hart Residence! If your grandfather catches us—”

“They would never come to the garden in the middle of the night.” Mischievous sparks danced in the man’s eyes, and the night sky around them seemed to enhance the charm in his gaze.

“Okay.” Myra felt like her brain had shut down for a moment when she agreed to him. By the time she returned to her senses, it was too late, for Tony had already wrapped her into his arms. “I feel like all the barriers you’ve once put up are now disappearing when you’re with me. Should I be happy about this?” He chuckled.

“Tony! You seduced me with your looks!” She was furious. This man has been using his good looks to charm me into obedience recently, and he keeps pushing his limits nowadays! I make it easier for him because I actually feel enchanted by his looks. I can’t believe I’ve always let him win me over! “You men are all creatures that think with the bottom half of your bodies! Men are always fooling around when there isn’t anyone else around him and a girl!” She was speechless over what had just happened.

When he heard that, he let out another soft chuckle. “I only fool around when I’m with you,” he uttered with a hint of joy in his voice. The two of them continued to bicker playfully as they made their way back into the villa.

Right then, Sebastian walked over with Myra’s phone in his hand. “Myra, there was an unknown number who gave you a call earlier.” She frowned when she heard that it was a number she hadn’t saved. It must be Sean calling me

again. “You don’t have to pick up such calls in the future, Old Master Hart,” she uttered.

Sebastian was surprised to hear this. “Why? There was a young girl on the other end of the phone earlier, and she sounded like she was only 12 or 13 years old. She said she wanted to speak to you, and she said she’d call you back after I told her that you went for a walk. I’m worried that something might have happened since she sounded like she was tearing up earlier.”

Myra was stunned to hear this. The voice of a young child? I don’t think I know anyone who’s 12 or 13... Why would a child ask for me? Right as she took the phone from Sebastian, it began to ring again, and Sebastian hastily glanced at the caller ID. “This is the number. This is the young girl who called you earlier.”

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Myra was puzzled. Did Sean come up with some new trick just to try to contact me? However, she decided to pick the call up after she heard what Sebastian said. “Hello?” She frowned as she spoke into the phone.

A light, breathing sound came from the other end of the line. It sounded as if the other person didn’t know what to say, or it could also be that the person was contemplating whether to say anything at all. For some reason, Myra felt an uneasy feeling in her chest. She somehow sensed that the other person wasn’t Sean.

“Hello? Who is this? Is there a reason you’re calling me?” Myra continued to speak on the phone, but the line was cut the moment she finished her sentence. She froze when her words were met with the beeping sound of the call being ended.

“Who was it?” Tony asked.

She shook her head as she stared at Tony and Sebastian confusedly. “I don’t know who it was. The person ended the call without saying anything.”

“That doesn’t make sense. She said that she wanted to speak to you earlier. Why would she end the call after she managed to contact you?” Sebastian shook his head before he shot the couple a glare. “You guys didn’t go around bullying someone else’s daughter, did you?”

“Do we look like we’d have the time to do such a thing?” Tony gave his grandfather a look of amusement.

To that, Sebastian scoffed before he headed off for the stairs. “What an odd thing to happen...” he mumbled as he left them.

Myra found the situation rather odd as well, but she didn’t overthink about it. She figured that the person would call her again if there were an emergency. On their way upstairs, both Tony and Myra received a call from Cameron; he had phoned one of them before the other. Both of them didn’t have to exchange words to know that neither one of them would pick the call up. They didn’t care if Cameron had actually met Sean that day; both Tony and Myra felt a strong sense of contempt for Cameron regardless. They figured that Cameron was trying to see if he could fish for any benefits from Sean before he returned to the both of them, but how could Cameron expect everyone to be so generous with him?

Just before Tony and Myra got into bed, Tony pressed a key into Myra’s palm. It was a vintage-looking key with complicated, jagged patterns that made it look exquisite. There was a light blue crystal dangling from the keyring, and the crystal looked gorgeous as it glowed under the light.

“What’s this?” Myra asked. Why is he giving me a key out of nowhere? She eyed the key for a while more and found herself liking it the more she looked at it. More importantly, she was glad to receive such a gift as it was rare for Tony to buy her any jewelry. However, she had been mistaken—the key was more than an accessory.

“I want to take you to a place tomorrow.” Tony simply smiled without giving her any explanation.

“You’re acting so mysteriously. Did you prepare some sort of surprise for me?” she asked in a playful tone. He simply beamed without saying anything else. “Did you actually prepare a surprise for me?” She was shocked by his silence.

“You seem really energetic today, huh? Why don’t we do some healthy, bedtime activities then?” He narrowed his eyes to give her a cheeky look, and she had a bad feeling about what he was about to do. As expected, he no longer waited for her reply, for he merely pinned her onto the bed before he flipped over and got on top of her.

His gaze darkened as his voice grew hoarse when he said, “Why don’t we roleplay a situation where a female robber troubles a meek schoolboy?”

She glared at him speechlessly.

...

The young girl ended her phone call before she gazed at the mini-garden in front of her. She was sitting out on the balcony of a small hospital. Her eyes were red and swollen; it was evident that she just had a crying fit. The streetlamps had been turned on outside, but the light didn’t reach onto the balcony, so her figure seemed like it was about to be eaten up by the darkness around it.

“Your mother’s awake, and she’s looking for you, Olivia. You should go visit her.” One of the nurses hastily approached her when she caught her sitting there alone. There was a hint of pity in the nurse’s eyes.

The young girl responded with a dry cough and a nod before she hurried off into the toilet. She pulled out some foundation that she had sneakily purchased, and she applied it all over the red skin that surrounded her eyes. Then, she cleared her throat before she strode over to one of the wards.

She pushed the door open to reveal a shared ward with three beds lying in one row and a passageway in the middle of the room. Soon, the girl walked over to a rather young-looking woman before flashing the woman a smile. “You’re finally up, Mommy. Are you hungry? Do you need water? I’ll go get you some water.”

“It’s fine.” The woman reached out for the young girl’s hand as she looked at her surroundings. “Why did you send me to the hospital? I only fainted because I was too tired. It wasn’t a big deal. We shouldn’t waste our money like this. Let’s go home now.”

The young girl hastily pressed her mother’s shoulders down when she saw that her mother was trying to get out of bed. After that, she gave her mother a smile that seemed too mature coming from someone of her age. “The doctor said that there’s some excess blood in your brain that has to be removed. It’s not clear how this occurred, but you’ll faint again if you don’t undergo surgery. Your mind might even be impacted if you choose to delay it for any longer. But it’s not a major surgery, and it won’t cost a lot of money, so we can just go

home after your surgery is done.” The girl put on a perfect and well-composed expression.

The young woman froze upon hearing this. She reached up to touch the right side of her head; there was a spot that she had accidentally hit when she bumped into something a while ago. I didn’t hit my head too hard, but I guess I’ve been feeling some pain after that accidental bump. Was that the cause of the excess blood in my brain? I’m surprised I actually fainted today. But regardless, it’s still costly to get surgery nowadays, and... we don’t have a lot of savings left.

The woman frowned. She was afraid to get herself a proper job as she was worried that the man would hunt them down. All she could take were part-time or one-off jobs that didn’t provide her with much money. She only had enough for her daughter’s school fees, their daily expenses, and rental fees for the house. They had moved into this town for nearly a year then, and they felt much happier than they did in Springdale City, despite the financial struggles they faced there.

I might have no choice but to look for that man if I’m going to need a large sum of money, but... I don’t want to return to my old life. I was able to live a simple life with my child back when I didn’t know anything about that matter, but I have been in a constant state of pain and agony ever since I found out about it. I don’t want my daughter to return to the suffering she had to endure when she was younger... “Did the doctor tell you how much the surgery would cost?” the woman asked the girl.

“Don’t worry. The doctor said that it would only cost around 2,000 to 3,000. Don’t worry about the money, Mommy. We’ll be able to afford it. We can leave after you’re done with the surgery, okay?”

2,000 to 3,000... The woman heaved a sigh of relief. “Alright. Can you arrange for the doctor to get the surgery done as soon as possible? The cost of staying an additional night in the hospital is a lot. Each night will add a few hundred to the bill. I have to pay for your piano class fees soon, and I don’t even know if we’ll have enough money left for that then. I’ll just have to find another part-time job if we don’t have enough. We’ll be able to pull through...”

Olivia Stark felt warm liquid gathering in her eyes, but she brushed her tears off while maintaining her calm demeanor. “We have enough, Mommy. You should rest a while longer. I’ll go speak to the doctors.”

“Okay. Remember to tell the doctors that I want it done as soon as possible.”
The woman reminded her once more.

Standing before Love Chapter 367

“How much is my mother’s treatment fees going to cost, Doctor Randall?”
Olivia bit onto her bottom lip worriedly.

“I can’t give you an exact sum. The surgery and chemotherapy will cost about 600,000, and there will be extra charges for staying in the hospital as well.”
The doctor, Alvin Randall, was aware that this was a large amount of money to ask from any regular family. He knew that Olivia’s family might not have enough savings, but there was nothing he could do to help.

“Actually... Olivia, I told you about this in the afternoon. Your mother only has a 5% chance of recovery, so you’ll have to prepare yourself mentally.” Alvin finally gave her this reminder after some hesitation. He was trying to suggest something with his words, but the ultimate choice lay in the hands of the family members—they would have to decide if they wanted to proceed or give up with treatment. In such situations, the patients would often opt for giving up. However, Olivia had requested to hide the truth from her mother as she didn’t want her mother to know about her own illness.

“I know. But I’m not going to give up!” Olivia tightened her jaw. Alvin gave her a faint smile. It was the second time he had reminded her about this matter, but she had given him the same response both times—he liked and respected the young girl for that.

Olivia glanced at her phone after she left the doctor’s office. She heard the woman’s voice on the phone earlier. It was a gentle and warm voice; Olivia recognized it as it sounded like the voice of the woman she had stalked. She felt a sudden ache in her chest then. I wouldn’t want to trouble her if I actually had a choice. I don’t want her to hate me. But Mommy’s sick... and I can’t afford to wait any longer...

...

Cameron couldn’t sleep that entire night. He made calls to both Myra and Tony, but neither of them picked his calls up. He even gave Conan a call and attempted to ask about the Ritz Carlton shares that had been handed to Myra, but Conan was a wise man—he simply refused to answer any of Cameron’s

questions. Cameron felt like he was losing his mind as he couldn't come up with a plan at all.

He even gave that woman a call. He hadn't contacted the mother-daughter pair ever since they disappeared a year ago, but he found himself feeling worried for them after he saw the video earlier. I can tell that the video was taken a while ago, but she should be careful since she has a kid with her. Sean's impressive—I can't believe he managed to find that tape.

Cameron spent the whole night in his study. He checked the photo frame and realized that the photo had disappeared, but he didn't take too long to figure out who had taken the photo away. Rachel... I don't know what got into me when I first brought her into the Stark Family all those years ago.

After spending all those years with that woman, I genuinely wanted to hand her a position, but I was worried that she might turn out like Jenny or Rachel. I longed to have a regular life with her, where I'd get to see her delighted expression whenever I gave her a surprise. It's a shame that God decided to let her find out the truth about me. I'm both surprised yet shocked that she didn't—as Jenny and Rachel did—try to change her life for the better but instead chose to run away from me. It's been a year, yet I still don't know where she is.

Cameron pressed a palm against his forehead as he suddenly thought about Jenny. He had truly fallen for her in the past, but the woman he loved changed as time went on, and their relationship grew stale... He spent the night reminiscing about his past, and he felt like new strands of gray hair had grown out of his scalp by the time dawn arrived.

...

Myra woke up the following day and washed up before she went down for breakfast with Tony. A mailman arrived with a parcel that was meant for her. She was surprised—she had received a tiny box with something inside. She hastily opened it to find a USB inside.

Sebastian raised an eyebrow when he saw the USB, and he quickly took it away from her before he strode toward the TV in the hall. Myra found herself getting nervous as Sebastian inserted the USB into the port and turned the TV on. No one knew where the USB came from or who sent it over to them.

“Tony...” Myra tugged onto Tony’s sleeve as she felt her heart rate increasing rapidly. He pulled her close to him as they walked toward the hall. “Don’t worry. I’m here.” His deep voice was like a calming stream that calmed the anxiety she felt.

The contents of the USB had been revealed on the TV by the time they got to the hall. There was only one short video clip in it. Myra’s eyes watered the moment the video clip was played. “Hello, my cute little baby. Hehe. Although you haven’t fully formed in my belly, I still have a feeling that I’m going to see you soon. I’m your Mommy, and I’d like to tell my future baby a few things. Do you see the dark circles under my eyes? It’s because both your Daddy and I are working really hard for our future baby. If you turn out to be a boy, we’d have to work hard so that you will be rich when you get yourself a wife; if you’re a girl, we’ll have to work hard to save up for a sizable dowry! The Stark Group is growing larger and larger now, and it’ll be our present for you in the future. Do you like it, my baby? Regardless of whether you do, I really like it—I like the way I’m living now. I’m working hard, and I’m living a happy life. You’ll have to make sure to take care of the company—it’s your Mommy and Daddy’s hard work. No matter what happens in the future, you’ll have to keep a positive mindset and strive for the best.”

The video continued to play, but Myra no longer paid any attention to it as her tears streamed uncontrollably down her cheeks. The woman in the video was her mother, Jenny. It was a video of Jenny when she was much younger. Jenny looked a lot like Myra did, though she seemed to be more jubilant and cheerful. She looked extremely lively and energetic in the video, and her joyful aura was almost contagious even through the screen.

Myra received a call then. She didn’t ignore the call after she saw the caller ID this time—instead, she tightened her grip on her phone before she picked the call up. “Did you see the video?” Cameron’s voice was extremely hoarse on the other end of the line. It didn’t sound like his usual, annoying voice—his voice no longer had its usual cold and arrogant tone. “Myra, your mother was the one who built the Stark Group into what it is today. I’m sure you can tell how hard she worked...”

Myra fell silent as her gaze continued to linger on the woman in the video. Jenny was still rambling on about how happy her life was. “Myra, I thought about it a lot last night. What’s the purpose of me clinging onto the Stark Group when your mother’s no longer around? After a night’s worth of contemplation, I’ve decided to sell off the Stark Group. I’d rather hand it over

to someone than have it destroyed in my hands. At least it'd still be around, even if someone else might change its name and claim ownership over it..."

Right then, Myra's emotions were still all over the place after she saw the video of her mother. She couldn't stop herself from questioning her father once she heard what he said. "Who are you going to sell the Stark Group to?"

Tony frowned upon hearing Myra's words, and he reached an arm out to give her a nudge on the shoulder. She bit her lip as she shifted her gaze to him. He felt his heart aching when he saw the hurt and sorrow in her gaze, and he decided to take her phone away from her.

"Are you going to sell the Stark Group?" Tony addressed the man on the phone.

"That's right." Cameron narrowed his eyes as he replied in a calm tone.

"Who are you selling it to?" Tony gave Myra a gentle peck on her cheek to get her to calm down.

Cameron tugged his lips into a smirk. "Since the Stark Group has a few joint projects with the Walton Family, I believe there will be a number of companies who wish to take over the business even if the Green Palms Project doesn't work out. But right now, I've decided on selling it to the Bridgers Family. Hmm, I'm not sure if you remember, but you were once matchmade with the Young Lady of the Bridgers Family."

Standing before Love Chapter 368

Tony had a good memory—he quickly recalled who Cameron was referring to in the Bridgers Family. Sebastian had once matchmade Tony with Belle, the Young Lady of the Bridgers Family. However, Tony had intentionally called Myra over just to keep Belle away from him back then.

"Make sure he doesn't sell it..." Myra tugged onto Tony's sleeve as she glanced at him frantically. The longing in her gaze that surfaced after she looked at her mother's face in the video made one thing clear—Myra's mind was an utter mess after she watched that video. All she thought of then was how guilty she'd feel toward her mother if Cameron were to sell the Stark Group off. Her breath quickened as she repeated herself. "Make sure he doesn't sell the Stark Group off..."

Sebastian had been in a state of confusion as he watched everything happening, but he quickly realized what was going on when he heard what Myra said to Tony. Cameron was the one who sent this USB over, and he was also the one who just called moments ago. He may have claimed that his call was to tell them he's about to sell the Stark Group, but he clearly has hidden motives. If Cameron had truly decided to sell the Stark Group, why would he have to send Myra such a video just to get her all emotional? "Calm down, Myra. Let Tony talk to him," Sebastian uttered as he patted the back of Myra's hand while throwing Tony a look.

Tony narrowed his eyes. "So, you ended my call last night and spent the whole night thinking, only to come up with such a plan?" Tony's gaze darkened as he let out a scoff. "In that case, I'm afraid I can't come to an agreement with you, President Stark. Of course, you and the rest of the board members may proceed to decide who the Stark Group is sold off to. Don't worry; Myra is very supportive of this decision. Just let me know once you have discussed and decided on the details with Bridgers Corporation. I'll contact them to negotiate a price for the shares that Myra owns after that."

Cameron had voiced out his final plan in a well-practiced manner, and he had begun to feel a sense of excitement when he heard Myra losing control of herself on the other end of the call. He thought that he was about to succeed with his plan then, but he hadn't expected Tony to completely ignore Myra's feelings and agree to sell the Stark Group. His heart was pounding as he tried his best to speak in a calm voice. "Shouldn't you ask Myra about this, President Hart? The shares belong to her, after all. She might blame you if you didn't allow her to make the decision, and I don't want to be turned into the villain when that happens."

Tony raised an eyebrow. "Are you going to change your mind about selling the company if you get Myra's opinion on this?"

Cameron nearly choked on his spit as a ball of rage formed in his chest. He had initially planned on forcing Myra into a situation where she would have to beg Tony to save the Stark Group. However, now that Tony had asked him such a question, he would completely expose his secret plan if he told Tony that he was open to changing his mind. Yet, if he said that he wasn't going to change his mind, he was certain that Tony would just end his call on the spot. Any relief or joy that Cameron had felt moments earlier were gone, and the look on his face had turned into one of hatred and anger. Veins popped out of the back of his hand as he clenched onto his phone.

“Myra definitely supports your decision since you’ve already come to a conclusion, President Stark. I guess there’s no need for us to bother you anymore now,” Tony uttered before he ended the call.

Cameron’s face was twisted into a look of fury when he heard the beeping noise from the other end of the phone. With a single, abrupt motion, he slammed his cell phone against a corner of the room. The phone struck against the wall and split into pieces. “F*cking Tony! F*cking Myra...” Cameron shut his eyes. He felt a desperate urge to lose his temper and go crazy, and it took him a long while to finally calm his emotions down. All that was left on his face then was a look of exhaustion. This is my very last plan. If it doesn’t work...

...

Myra seemed to have calmed down a little while Tony and Cameron were talking on the phone, but she still approached Tony with a look of concern after he finally ended the call. “Is he really going to sell off the Stark Group?” Myra didn’t mind if the Stark Group faced financial struggles, as she trusted that Tony would be able to do something. But that didn’t mean that she was okay with seeing the Stark Group being sold off to someone else. She hadn’t expected Cameron to come to such a conclusion. If he really sold off the Stark Group... Myra felt her chest tightening at the thought of it.

“Hmph.” Sebastian scoffed before he stroked his beard and spoke in a wise and calm tone. “Do you think he’s going to sell the Stark Group off? Why would he send you this video if he was actually planning to do that?”

“Why?” Myra looked utterly lost for a moment. Her heart was still aching from the sight of her mother’s bright and twinkling eyes in the video. If only my mom were still here...

“You idiot. Why would he send you this video and get you to stop him from selling the Stark Group if he genuinely wants to sell it off?!” Sebastian gave up on Myra. This girl looks completely soulless after she watched that video—she probably wouldn’t even know if I sold her off to someone else right now! He flashed her a look of disappointment. “Cameron’s sending you this video because he wants you to stop him from selling the Stark Group. I can bet you that he would’ve demanded loads of stuff from you in return for not selling the Stark Group!”

Myra froze for a second before she turned to the man who had just gotten off the phone call. Tony knitted his brows into a frown as he glared at Sebastian. He then let go of Myra's phone to wrap an arm around Myra and pull her closer to him. "Watch your tone," he said to Sebastian.

Sebastian looked like he was about to choke as his face turned as red as a tomato. He didn't know what to say in response to Tony, who was clearly protecting his woman despite her shortcomings. Was I even being rude to Myra? I might have been a little impatient with her. But how could Tony give me such a stern glare when I barely said anything to Myra?! He finally rolled his eyes at the couple. "I'm done talking to the both of you."

Once he finished his sentence, he straightened himself and headed toward the stairs while mumbling words under his breath. "My kindness is always taken for granted. I spent the whole night preparing soup and worrying over them, but what was all of that for...? My own grandson sides with outsiders now that he's all grown up... There's no point in keeping a grandson like him around..."

Myra couldn't help but chuckle when she heard the old man's words. However, sadness welled up in her again when she saw the video on the TV. "Do you think there's a possibility... I mean, do you think he might actually sell the company if he finds no other ways—" She spoke to Tony in a whisper.

"No." Tony gave her a faint smile as he replied in a firm voice. With an arm around her, he led her up the stairs. "Cameron is a greedy man, and he has a huge need for power. I once suggested for him to hand over 10% of Stark Group's shares, and he couldn't even agree to that. How could he possibly agree to hand the entire company over to someone else?"

After considering Tony's words, Myra finally heaved a sigh of relief as she agreed with his point. It's true; I know how Cameron's like as well. I was just too emotional because I saw the video of my mother. If it weren't for Tony and Old Master Hart, if I had been alone earlier, I might have fallen for Cameron's trick. She let out another long sigh before she turned to Tony. "What is he going to do next?"

Tony narrowed his eyes. "He's just going to drag things on."

"What?" She eyed him puzzledly.

He kissed her on the forehead. “All he can do now is to send you news about the Stark Group every day. He wants you to witness the Stark Group falling apart in hopes that you might give in and change your mind. He would have to give up his power over the Stark Group otherwise.”

“I understand now.” Myra pushed their bedroom door open and shut it behind them. “I won’t give in, and I won’t allow things to go his way. I guess we’ll just have to see who’s better at holding their stances now.”

“You’re such a smart girl.” Tony curled his lips into a fond smile.

“Well, how’s my father going to defeat me when I have a cunning businessman who’s telling me what to do? I will simply have to wait for the day of my victory!” Myra feigned a wicked laugh before she turned to give Tony a peck on his cheek. “I’m so glad to have you around, my military advisor!”

Standing before Love Chapter 369

“I’m clearly better than Sean—you know that now, don’t you?” Tony casually gave Myra a sideways glance. She was taken aback for a short moment, but she quickly giggled in response to his words. “Are you still troubled by the fact that I used to like Sean?”

He raised an eyebrow, but he was relieved when he saw the playful look in her eyes. He was afraid that Myra would still be sad over her mother’s video, but he realized then that it didn’t take her too long to regulate her emotions.

“I wonder how some heartless, ungrateful woman rejected me multiple times for the sake of a useless man like him.” Tony pinched Myra on her cheeks. He still felt a hint of anger whenever he recalled how Myra had rejected him a few times in the past. He lowered his gaze before he bit onto her lips then. “I can’t believe you even mentioned things about you enjoying a married life with Sean just for the sake of infuriating me.”

Tony’s bite didn’t seem to hurt Myra at all, for her gaze was still filled with amusement as she looked up at him. She then stuffed her face into his chest. “It felt like I was stuck in a dead end back then. I can’t even imagine how things would have turned out if you hadn’t been there for me.” I would have probably been tortured by Lyla and Sean if I remained in that miserable marriage, wouldn’t I? They would be happy, but I wouldn’t.

“Why did you fall for me, Tony?” A muffled voice came from the woman leaning against his chest. Tony was careful not to press on the baby in her belly as he shifted around while sighing. “I fell under your magic spell, and I couldn’t seem to fix my gaze on any other woman after that.” As he uttered the last few words of his sentence, he pushed Myra slightly further away from him so that he could look into the woman’s warm and gentle eyes. He was thankful that Myra hadn’t blamed him for his stubborn faults in the past, and he was glad that she didn’t seem to mind about all the things that he had once been terrified to tell her about. Nothing mattered to him as long as they were together. “You should bring me to visit your mother, Myra. You should introduce me to her, right?”

Myra blinked twice before she beamed and nodded. “Yeah.”

...

The both of them headed to the Hart Group building. Myra hadn’t planned to go to the office initially, but Tony insisted for her to follow him over as he said he wanted to bring her somewhere. He went through his usual documents and meetings in the morning, and Myra had some of her own work to do.

After they arrived at the company, Myra received numerous phone calls from a few of the Stark Group’s board of directors. The Stark Group was in a critical condition, and Cameron was unable to provide anyone with a perfect solution. Everyone on the board of directors was therefore panicking, and they all came to a single conclusion. They decided that Myra might be able to do something since she was a large shareholder and a potential heir of the company. Myra was a powerful individual herself, and she had Tony’s support, so the board of directors knew that they would feel safer if she was willing to help them out.

The shareholders on the board hadn’t informed Cameron of their decision to seek help from Myra, for they simply proceeded with their plans. They seemed to have realized something after they saw how Myra hadn’t stepped forward to support Cameron when the Stark Group was threatened. Furthermore, although Myra and Cameron appeared to get along on the surface, the board knew that they secretly had a hostile relationship with one another. The board’s intentions were clear the moment they approached Myra for help.

“Miss Myra, we’ve decided to host a shareholder’s meeting in response to the financial issues that the Stark Group is currently facing. We are proposing to have a new chairperson for the Stark Group.” Finally, it was one of the most powerful individuals, a person who had once been Jenny’s subordinate, who

informed Myra about this. This shareholder had engaged in multiple arguments with Cameron in the past, and he had already approached Myra once when she first returned to the Stark Group. He had already indirectly made the same suggestion in the past. Back then, Myra was reluctant to agree to anything and was too afraid to make any rash actions—she felt too uncertain about the situation then.

“I’m not going to go around in circles with you, Myra. I’m sure Old Master Stark must have had a will, right? I believe he must have named you as the owner of the company. He allowed your mother to build the Stark Group, and he brought her up as a businesswoman in the past. After that, he handed his shares in Stark Group to you and even left half of the Ritz Carlton’s shares for you, so I’m sure he must have planned to hand the company to you. Since the company’s struggling right now, I believe your father no longer has the ability to lead the Stark Group, and I hope you take this chance to step forward just like your mother did in the past. You need to reinvigorate the business.” The man on the other end of the line spoke in a serious tone.

Myra paused for a moment after she heard what the man said. “I understand what you mean, Mr. Baker. I’ll think about it.”

“Alright. I hope you come to a decision soon.” Myra massaged her temples after she got off the phone with the man. She hadn’t gotten much rest in the past few days, and she felt especially drained whenever she thought about the company’s matters. After some contemplation, she finally headed out of the lounge for a stroll. Right then, someone rang the bell to Tony’s office, and Leo walked into the office moments later.

He pushed his glasses up the bridge of his nose as he directed his gaze, not to Tony but Myra instead. “Miss Stark, there’s a young lady called Olivia Stark who would like to see you,” he uttered with a rather thoughtful gaze.

“She’s looking for me?” Myra was surprised. She was in Tony’s office then, and any visitor who arrived usually asked for Tony. It was rare for anyone to visit the Hart Group in search of her.

“Hold on. Mr. Clark, what did you say her name was again?” Myra narrowed her eyes.

“Olivia Stark.” Leo took a glance at his boss and quickly understood his boss’s intentions when he saw that Tony had nothing to say. “Perhaps you should

come out and meet her, Miss Stark. She looks like she's only 12 or 13 years old, and I think she might have something important to talk to you about."

"A 12 or 13-year-old girl... Olivia Stark..." For some reason, Myra had a weird feeling about this. She instinctively turned to look at Tony. Tony had made his way over to her and reached out to hold her hand then. "What is it?" he asked gently.

"Why's this young girl asking for me?" Confusion gathered between Myra's brows.

"You'll find out when you go out and ask her about it." Tony gave her a light-hearted chuckle.

"But..." Myra wasn't sure if she was just overthinking, but she felt like the girl, Olivia Stark, might be related to her somehow. But my father doesn't have any siblings, and Olivia Stark... Her surname's Stark... She frowned a little as she seemed to realize something. Right then, she turned away from Tony as her face turned pale. "I don't want to see her."

Tony felt sorry for her when he saw the pained expression on her face. He pulled her close and pecked her on her forehead. "I know what you're thinking, and your guess is right. Olivia's your biological sister. I think I owe you an apology—I've found out about their existence for a while now, but I haven't told you about it."

"...Why?" Myra's voice was hoarse. Ever since she found out about Rachel, she felt like her heart had been scarred and would never heal. Rachel's existence came as a huge blow to Myra and her mother, and it was the main reason Myra refused ever to forgive Cameron. Myra knew that Tony was well aware of this.

"Olivia and her mother seem to be victims as well, Myra. Your father is too much of a hypocrite, and it was too late for them when they found out about this. Olivia and her mother had been attempting to escape from your father's grasp for a long while, but they only managed to get away from him last year." Tony pulled her close and looked into her eyes as he was afraid that she would get angry. "They're victims as well. Furthermore, the mother has a brain tumor. She's in her final stages of cancer, and they're suffering because they don't have much money."

“Why don’t they have money? Didn’t Cameron give them any?” Myra’s tone of voice was still rather hostile. She couldn’t help but feel angry toward all the women who had been with Cameron. It reminded her of how Cameron had betrayed her mother, and how much her mother had suffered because of it!

Tony let out a long sigh and gave her a hug when he saw the look of distaste in her eyes. “I can just get Leo to send the young girl off if you really don’t want to see her.”

Standing before Love Chapter 370

Tony was worried that Myra might regret or feel guilty over something, and he wanted to make sure that she didn’t feel that way. Olivia is her sister, after all. I’ve run an investigation on Olivia and her mother’s personalities, and they are much better than Kris and Rachel. I wouldn’t have told Myra about Olivia otherwise. But I can’t do anything if Myra rejects this idea; I’ll just have to find another method to deal with that matter.

He placed an arm around her shoulder as he gave Leo a look. “You can send our lunch to the lounge. We’ll eat here. I’ll also need you to deal with the young girl outside.”

“Okay.” Leo nodded and turned to head out while Myra and Tony strode over to the lounge. Right before they stepped foot into the lounge, Myra halted her footsteps. Her expression was one of conflict and indecisiveness. She bit onto her lip before she looked up at Tony. “Are you saying that they didn’t know who Cameron was in the start? That Cameron had lied to both of them?”

Tony froze for a moment, but a hint of amusement quickly flickered across his gaze as he nodded. “Yeah. Cameron approached them under the disguise of a regular man, and he even had a child with that woman. I’m sure of this because I looked into this case myself.”

“Did you say that the woman’s brain cancer is in its final stages?” Myra took a deep breath.

“That’s what the medical reports have indicated so far. But the woman still doesn’t know about it—I guess the girl must have hidden it from her mother. She’s probably here today to ask you for help,” he replied.

Myra clenched her fists and pressed them into the sides of her thighs as a series of complicated emotions filled her gaze. I’d feel like I’m betraying my

mom if I helped Olivia and her mother, but... Myra heaved a long sigh. "Fine. I'll go out and meet her." She wouldn't have felt compelled to do anything if it hadn't been for the fact that the woman had brain cancer. She wouldn't have cared about the quality of their lives at all. However, the thought of them hiding from Cameron while struggling to pay for their medical fees...

"Maybe I won't go out at all. Just give her the money and tell her... to go back and take good care of her mother." Myra changed her mind after some more hesitation.

Tony burst into laughter when he saw how conflicted she looked. "Olivia came today, mainly because she wanted to ask for help for her mother's expensive medical bills. You don't need to see her if you can't bring yourself to do it—I'll just get Leo to wire her the money needed. I'll also tell Olivia to contact Leo if she needs anything else. How does that sound?"

"...Good." Myra lowered her gaze. She felt like all her thoughts were still jumbled up.

Tony gently massaged her temples as he led her into the lounge. "You were on the phone for so long this morning. Who were you talking to?" He was worried that Olivia's appearance would ruin Myra's mood, so he attempted to shift her attention away.

Myra simply shook her head when she thought about the calls she had been on that morning. "It's just a few of the Stark Group's shareholders. They're asking to re-elect the chairperson of Stark Group, and they are all supportive of me taking over."

"What do you think about that?" Tony smiled.

Myra frowned a little. "There's no use. Even if we combined all of our shares, we still wouldn't have enough to go against Cameron's power."

"This is all temporary," Tony uttered in an oddly calm voice. Myra didn't sense anything odd about his words, and she nodded when she assumed he was trying to cheer her up. "I know. We'll see how many of the Stark Group's shareholders switch over to my side as time goes on."

Tony stroked her hair fondly. "You should get some rest after lunch. I have a meeting in the afternoon, and I want to bring you somewhere once I'm done."

She thought about this for a moment before she pulled out the key that had been in her purse. "Is this the place that you're bringing me to?" she asked as she swung the key in between their faces. He held onto her hand and kissed the back of it, all while fixing his gaze on Myra's dark and twinkling pupils. "Yeah." He smiled.

"You're really getting naughtier nowadays, Tony. Isn't it just a normal place? Why are you acting all secretive and mysterious? Are you giving me a villa or something?" She eyed the key. It was the only possibility she managed to think of.

He raised his eyebrows as a curious expression formed on his stunning face. "Do you want a villa?"

"I was just making a random guess. Why don't you tell me where we're going?" she asked.

Joy seemed to leak out of Tony's gaze as he gave her a wide grin before leaning in toward her. "Why don't you kiss me? I might tell you the answer if you do."

She pouted for a moment as she considered his offer. Right then, a figure reached closer to her, and a kiss was planted on her lips before she even realized it. "That didn't count because you weren't the one who kissed me. You'll know where we're going once we get there later," he said with a cheery grin.

She eyed the man in front of her. He's getting sneakier and sneakier these days. He just enjoys fooling around with me, huh!

...

Olivia felt herself getting nervous as she stood alone in a small meeting room. She had Myra's phone number saved in her phone, but she felt the need to talk to Myra in person. She heard that Myra was usually in the Hart Group's office, so she decided to visit her here.

Initially, the front desk had rejected Olivia's request to give a call to Tony's office, but she then bumped into a man who claimed to be Tony's assistant. He was the one who brought her up and left her in the meeting room. She felt anxious about the visit, especially since she and Myra shared the same father. Their awkward relationship with one another was the reason she felt ashamed

to see Myra. However, her mother couldn't afford to wait any longer, so she had no choice but to return to Bradford City and seek Myra for help. Olivia would be out of ideas if Myra refused to help her.

Instead of sitting down, Olivia paced back and forth in the room as she waited for Myra. She hastily spun around when she heard a noise from the door, but the person outside wasn't Myra; it was the man she had bumped into earlier.

"Did she..." Olivia's voice was hoarse as she glanced at Leo dejectedly. "Did she... not want to see me?"

Leo gave her an apologetic smile. "Miss Myra's a little occupied right now, but she told me to hand you this card. The pin number is six 6s, and there's enough money in it to pay for your mother's fees. Also..." Leo held out his name card along with the bank card. "This is my number. If you need more money for treatment, or if you need any help with the hospital, you can just give me a call."

Olivia was a smart girl. She immediately understood that Myra was unwilling to see her since Myra had sent the money over without coming out herself. She felt a surge of disappointment as she took the cards from Leo. "Thank you..."

"No worries. You should give her some time. She only found out about who you are today." Leo gave her a kind smile.

Olivia looked up in one swift motion as she stared at Leo with an alarmed look on her face. "You know who I am?"

He laughed when he saw how she had become as alert as an animal in the jungle. "Don't worry. I simply followed my boss's orders to do some research on you and your mother. We don't have any ill intentions; we're only doing this for your sister."

She froze for a moment before she lowered her head again. "I'm sorry..."

"Don't worry about it. You're going back into town, aren't you? I've already prepared you a ride that will send you directly to the hospital." The same, gentle smile was still spread across Leo's face.

“No, no. It’s fine. I can just take the bus.” She was ashamed by her own hostile reactions when she heard that Leo had been thoughtful enough to get her a ride.

“It’s no big deal. The faster you get back, the sooner you’ll be able to go and take care of your mother, right? Also, President Hart has suggested shifting your mom over to Glendale Hospital in Bradford City. He’ll pre-inform the hospital about your mother’s case,” Leo uttered in a warm tone. The young girl in front of him was only 12 or 13, yet she seemed too mature because of all the things she had experienced from a young age. She didn’t look like the young, innocent child that she was supposed to be.

“Well... I... Thank you so much.” Olivia couldn’t find a way to reject him. It was true that her mother was waiting for her in the hospital right then, so she nodded in agreement to Leo’s words after some contemplation.

...

After getting one of the staff members to send Olivia out, Leo returned to his desk. From where he sat, he watched as Ivy stepped out of the elevator. She looked worn and disheveled, as if she hadn’t slept the whole night. Dark bags had formed under her eyes. She paused for a moment when she saw Leo, and she then placed a leave application form on his desk.

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“I would like to take a month off, and this is my application. Please pass it to Director Hart later.” Ivy took a glance at her application form with listless eyes, and a wry smile tinged the edges of her lips for a split second, but she recovered her composure again very quickly.

At first, Leo was surprised, but he understood it quickly and breathed a sigh of relief silently. With a curious look, he asked, “Where are you going?”

Taking a deep breath, she answered, “I’ll just go somewhere, anywhere, for a vacation.” As though something came into her mind, she smirked and added, “Looks like I’ll be missing Director Hart’s wedding, so you don’t have to send me the invitation.”

Seeing how she appeared to be defeated, Leo couldn’t help but feel a little sorry for her. Sighing softly, he asked, “Did you straighten out your thoughts?”

With a sarcastic chuckle, she said, “What else can I do besides coming around about it? Am I going to cling on to him?” Staring at her application form which she had placed on Leo’s desk, she smiled bitterly. “Director Hart won’t fall for me even if I cling on to him, and someone needs to retreat before I fall out completely with him and you. I have to admit that I’ve lost, and while it’s true that I lost to Myra, I can’t send them my blessings.”

“Ivy—”

“Don’t try to advise me. It’s not that I can’t get over it, but I’m just reluctant to let go.” At this point, her eyes had already turned red, and she spun around before heading toward the elevator. “I’ll see you in a month, Leo.”

Let’s meet up in a month, he thought, chuckling wryly in his heart as he watched her walk away. Hopefully by then, you’ll return to the Ivy you used to be.

...

After his meeting in the afternoon, Tony left the office with Myra, but they didn’t take the car and were taking a walk together instead.

The weather in autumn was cool, and there weren’t many pedestrians outside because it was working hours. Thus, it was comfortable to be walking on the streets.

“Are we going somewhere nearby?” Myra asked casually. “We’re not even taking the car.”

Holding her hand, he raised his brows and asked, “You don’t want to take a walk with me?”

“Don’t try to change the topic. I’m just curious,” she said, casting him a glare from the corners of her eyes.

He chuckled softly, his laugh charming and alluring. Since he was good-looking and stood out in a crowd, many people turned their heads at them as they walked along the streets, attracting looks of admiration and envy.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, they stopped in front of a retro-looking store. Many different types of expensive fresh flowers decorated the first floor

of the store stylishly without overcrowding the place. The entire store was very retro, and it wasn't so big. In fact, it wasn't even obvious that this was a florist.

Situated in the heart of the city, the store was located on a street behind a high-end apartment. So there weren't many people passing by, and they were mostly dignified people who did without turning to look in curiosity at the store.

When she reached the store with Tony, Myra instantly understood why he had brought her here. "You set up a store for me?" she asked, her eyes gleaming as she gazed at the fresh flowers.

"What do you think? Do you like it?" he asked in a whisper next to her ear.

His voice was deep, and his breath hot, tingling her as it sent blood rushing to her ears. Spinning around, she hugged him around the waist and exclaimed, "I like it very much!"

Chuckling softly, he placed his arms around her. "That's great. I was worried that you'll be bored staying in my office all the time, but you can come here if you do. There's already a florist and security officer working here, so you can just stay on the second floor to do your stuff."

Then, he led her into the store holding her waist, and sure enough, a florist was arranging some fresh flowers, and a security officer was sitting on a chair in a corner.

Seeing them, both the security officer and florist came over and greeted, "Hello, Director Hart."

Composedly, Tony acknowledged them and pointed at Myra with his chin, saying, "She's your boss from now onward, Miss Myra."

"Hello, Miss Myra," they greeted her.

Feeling a little embarrassed, she smiled at them and replied, "It's okay. You don't have to be bothered by us. Just do your job."

Since they both had already been briefed before, they spread out and continued with their job while Tony brought Myra upstairs.

Upstairs had also been nicely decorated. Although it wasn't spacious, it was very cozy. Thick carpet covered every inch of the floor and fresh, green plants

could be seen everywhere as the sunlight poured through the balcony windows, giving the space a cozy and romantic touch.

“The workers downstairs have been briefed earlier. Without your permission, they won’t come up here to disturb you, and neither will they allow anyone here. Once I’m done with work, I’ll give you a call and come pick you up to go home together.”

The phrase “going home together” struck Myra as extraordinarily satisfying and warm. Touched, she smiled and said, “I love this place!”

It was clear that Tony had given it a lot of thought; without so many people around here, she wouldn’t be disturbed, but neither would she be isolated from the crowd. While this place was quiet, it didn’t feel lonely.

“So from now onward, will you be placing the orders for the fresh flowers in your office from my store, Director Hart?” Myra asked mischievously.

Bursting into laughter, he kissed her eyes which were crinkled from her smile and said in a serious tone, “Will you give me a discount?”

Pretending to hesitate, she then said, “Well, I’ll still have to show my respect to Director Hart, so I’ll give you a twenty percent discount. What do you think?”

“I’ll pay double the price so that the lady boss will do the delivery personally. What do you think?”

“In your dreams!” she said, casting him a look.

Then, he kissed her on the lips softly, as gentle as the wind. It was just a simple, lingering kiss, and he released her after a while.

Blushing, she buried her head into his chest, murmuring, “The happiness I’m feeling recently is so intense. It almost feels like a dream.”

“Yeah. If it’s a dream, then I’ll be waking up together with you,” he whispered, stroking her long hair.

Suddenly, his cell phone started ringing, and he picked up the call after glancing at the caller ID. Although Myra didn’t know what was said on the call

and Tony's expression remained the same, she saw a sharp light flashing in his eyes for a split second.

After he ended the call, she asked in concern, "What is it? Did something happen?"

His eyes narrowed as he replied, "The Walton Group recently just snatched two of Hart Group's important projects."

"What?!" Myra exclaimed, shocked.

Patting her assuringly on the shoulder, he said, "It's alright. The Walton Family had just arrived in Bradford, and they need to establish prestige and an image for themselves." With this, many companies would approach the Walton Family. After all, the situation was a little unpleasant between the Waltons and the Harts previously, and the Waltons had to let people see what they were capable of, or else it would be difficult for them to get a firm foothold in Bradford.

"Then what are you going to do?" There was some bad history between the two families, so had the Waltons decided to bring everything down with this? Having just arrived in Bradford and offended the Harts, what made the Waltons so confident that their future undertakings would be smooth here?

"I'm not doing anything. Let them have it," Tony replied calmly with raised eyebrows.

"You..." Her words trailed off as she scrutinized the man in front of her, having a hunch that he already had a plan in his mind as he wasn't a man to be walked over.

"Don't worry. It'll be fine if the Waltons don't play any tricks. But if they do, I don't even need to intervene," he assured with a soft smile and narrowed eyes. Leading her downstairs, he added, "You don't have to worry about the Waltons. All you have to do is take care of your store quietly."

Seeing that he seemed to have a clear plan of action, Myra stopped worrying because she knew that with his abilities, there was no way he would be the one to lose out.

...

In the hospital, Gemma could finally calm down recently, but her grandfather, Edward, had arranged a few blind dates for her.