

Standing before Love Chapter 382

As Myra looked at the document in her hand, a feeling of restlessness surged up within her. Then, she stuffed the document back in Sharon's hands and said, "Can you run an errand for me, Sharon? Send this back—I know the address of that man's company."

Meanwhile, the florist named Sharon looked somewhat ill at ease. "I can do it for you, but the person predicted that you'd send this back, Miss Stark. He said that the document in it has come into effect, so you must go to him personally if you want to amend it..."

Myra opened the brown paper bag speechlessly. As Tony mentioned, it contained individual shares of the Stark Group; Sean had listed her as the beneficiary after buying them. Myra pressed her lips together, took out her cell phone, and dialed a number. When the call finally picked up, she asked, "Mr. Kennedy, what procedures do I need to go through in order to return the Stark Group's shares given by someone else?" When she got the answer from the other end of the phone, she looked somewhat glum. "I got it. Thank you," she said politely before hanging up. With that, Myra turned to look at Sharon helplessly. "I'm going out, so please watch over the shop for me."

"It's okay, Miss Stark. Don't worry about it and go ahead with your stuff; I'll watch over the shop." Sharon waved to her.

Myra let out a sigh and picked up the document. Then, she turned around and left the flower shop.

Sean was a lunatic, and Myra had to go to him this time despite knowing that he deliberately wanted her to do so. She didn't want to accept any gifts from him without rhyme or reason, for this would make her feel very upset.

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Meanwhile, Eve stormed into the Chase Group's building. When the receptionist noticed her arrival, she quickly stood up and greeted her by shouting, "Good afternoon, Madam Eve!"

However, Eve turned a deaf ear to it and walked directly toward the elevator.

At the sight of the scene, the receptionist immediately called Richard to tell him what had happened.

On the other hand, Sean was on the phone with someone. Now that the Stark Group was in danger of collapsing, many of its shareholders were interested in selling the shares they were holding. Sean had already bought quite a lot of the shares, but he was still contacting people ceaselessly.

The person on the other end of the line happily sold his shares to Sean at the price Sean quoted. After the two of them agreed on it, the person couldn't help but ask, "Please excuse me for speaking bluntly, Director Chase. You know as well that the Stark Group is in a bad situation right now, and the slightest carelessness can cause the company to fall into a bottomless pit, so why would you want to get involved in this mess? Of course, I'm very grateful to you for buying up the shares I hold in the Stark Group. I'd be reduced to poverty and ruin if you don't do so."

Sean attempted a smile as he recalled a past memory. It seemed that he wanted to smile, but he only managed a faint smile in the end. "I just want to help a person."

"Who do you want to help? Could the person be Miss Stark, our general manager?" asked the person.

Some emotion seemed to flash across Sean's eyes as he muttered softly, "Mm-hm."

The person sighed. "I heard about the matter between the two of you. I thought you divorced her because you didn't want to be with her anymore, but it seems that there are still many things that I don't know. Nonetheless..." The person on the other end of the line hesitated for a moment. Then, he couldn't help but continue, "I'm giving you a few words of reminder for your own good, Director Chase. There are limits to helping someone, so don't ignore everything else for her sake... After all, she may not appreciate the favor you're doing for her."

Everyone already knew that Myra was together with Tony, the Hart Group's director and future heir. Now that there was a comparison, no one believed that Myra would dump Tony and get back together with Sean. Meanwhile, Sean's reckless acquisition of the Stark Group's shares would put a strain on the Chase Group's cash flow. If anything happened, what Sean gained wouldn't make up for what he had lost, for Myra would definitely not appreciate his kindness.

Of course, the person didn't say that in such an offensive way. After all, it was a good thing for him that Sean wanted to buy his shares.

Sean replied flatly, "Me helping her is my own business, so you just have to agree to sell the shares you're holding, Mr. Sutton. I have lost many chances when it comes to her, so I don't want to lose the last chance to persuade her to stay with me."

When he saw how determined Sean was, the person on the other end of the line could only joke around. He said, "Since you think so, Director Chase, I can only wish that you manage to hold your beloved woman in your arms as soon as possible."

"Thank you," Sean replied.

Before he could hang up, the door to his office suddenly swung open. Eve looked as black as thunder, and she was followed by Richard; the latter's helplessness was written all over his face as he nodded to Sean and said, "Madam Eve is here, Director Chase."

Once he hung up his cell phone with a poker face, Sean gave Richard a wave and looked at Eve. He greeted impassively and said, "Mom."

Eve was almost overwhelmed by the sadness within her as she looked at the apathetic-looking man before her. Her son had been so apathetic toward her ever since he overheard her conversation with Lyla last time. It was as if the two of them had become strangers; he wouldn't go home to visit her, nor would he call her on his own initiative. Instead, he had silently done a lot of things for that b*tch!

"I have a meeting in a while, so I won't be keeping you company if you have nothing to talk to me about, Mom," Sean said. Then, he casually took a document from his desk and walked outside, but Eve stopped him halfway.

"Did you divert our family's part of the emergency funds, Sean?!" Eve felt extremely unhappy upon hearing Sean's words, for she knew that he simply didn't want to be in her company. However, some matters had to be resolved!

At the same time, she looked as miserable as sin.

“Yeah. Something urgent happened to the company, so I needed to divert that part of the funds to cope with the situation. I’ll return the money when things smooth over.”

The Chase Family had kept some money in reserve ever since it recovered from its previous woes, but these funds could only be used when the Chase Group was in crisis. Recently, Eve discovered that their family’s emergency funds had been diverted. Not only that, the emergency funds were diverted for the purpose of...

“Really? In that case, tell me about the emergency that’s happening to our company. I’ll see if we need to find another way.” Eve’s hands clenched tightly into fists by her sides. She didn’t expect that her son had become so crazy about Myra. Was he going to lose the entire Chase Group if she hadn’t discovered what he was doing?

“It’s not anything serious, so you don’t have to be worried, Mom.” Sean frowned impassively before attempting to walk past Eve and go outside.

However, Eve grabbed his arm this time. “Stay where you are!” She gritted her teeth. Eve was no longer able to restrain herself, and she thundered at him, “Did you use the Chase Group’s emergency funds to buy the Stark Group’s shares, Sean?!”

A trace of emotion quickly flickered across Sean’s eyes, but he remained calm. “There’s no such thing. Who did you hear this from?” he asked. He tried to get Eve’s hand off him, but when she wouldn’t let go, he furrowed his brows. “I said that I have a meeting to attend, Mom. Just tell Richard if you have anything to say; he’ll convey it to me.”

“We are mother and son, Sean—have we come to the point of depending on outsiders to deliver messages to each other?!” Eve had panic and determination written all over her face. “I know that you bought the Stark Group’s shares with the money! You’re buying the Stark Group’s shares during such a time to give them to Myra, right?! Did she come to you? Did she demand the Stark Group’s shares from you?! I’m telling you, Sean... You mustn’t treat her in such a way! She’s simply an ingrate who bites the hand that feeds her. Now that she’s together with Tony, she won’t come back to you even if she accepts what you’ve given her!”

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“Well, do you know why she won’t come back to me, Mom?” Sean’s face darkened the instant he heard Eve’s words, and he stared at her without concealing the fierce glint in his eyes. “Would Myra and I have come to this point in our relationship had you not kept being secret about the matter with Lyla’s baby?! Aren’t you the one who caused all this, Mom?!”

“I know that you hate me, Sean, but what happened is already in the past... Now that Myra doesn’t want to return to your side, she won’t come back to you even if you give the Chase Group to her!” Eve’s heart was full of desolation and fear as she saw her son behaving in such a manner. She was afraid that the Chase Group would be reduced to ruins in such a way, and that they would go back to being poverty-stricken as they were a few years ago. “Listen to me, Sean—don’t do anything stupid. Now that you guys have divorced each other, you two are no longer related. Don’t put the Chase Group in jeopardy for Myra’s sake. The Chase Group is the result of you and your father’s hard work, so how could you have the heart to do this?!”

“The former Chase Group is already finished, and the current Chase Group... Mom, you know very well who should take the credit for the Chase Group’s restoration to its current state. Myra wants the Stark Group, and this is her only chance.” Sean didn’t avert his eyes as a flicker of determination flashed across them.

“Even if Myra should take the credit, you guys have squared up whatever should be squared up between you two during the divorce! This isn’t her only chance; even if it is, it has nothing to do with you! As far as I know, Tony is completely infatuated with Myra, so she’ll definitely take advantage of him. With the Hart Group stepping in, you don’t have to help her at all. Listen to my advice, Sean. Calm down—”

“I have never been so calm...” A trace of anguish crept into Sean’s heart as he knew what his mother was thinking. However, he deeply realized these days how unbearable it was to live without Myra. The tenderness and affection that she once showed him cut his heart cruelly like knives. It was said that one would never know how important a woman was to them until she left completely, and Sean was deeply aware of it now. Not wanting to say anything else to Eve, he rudely shoved her away.

As a result of the hard push, Eve bumped into Sean's desk, causing unbearable pain in her elbow. However, she couldn't care less about the pain and yelled at her son, "You'll regret it, Sean! That woman isn't worthy of you treating her like this at all!"

"Whether she's worthy of it or not is my own business. You'd better stop coming to the company, Mom," Sean replied coldly at the door before leaving his office right away.

Eve gritted her teeth behind him. It never occurred to her before that Myra would have such a great influence on her son! Myra was about to get married, yet her son was still unwilling to give up!

"It must be her! Myra must have done something to Sean!" Eve's heart was so full of hatred that she was burning with rage. Her family never had peace for a moment ever since Myra married her son; she had a hard time sending this scourge away, yet she didn't know what this scourge had done to her son!

Eve was at her wits' end. She wanted to stop her son from making decisions, but she wasn't in charge of the company right now, so she couldn't do anything at all. As she headed downstairs, she saw the familiar woman in the Chase Group's lobby. In an instant, her eyes filled with rage, and she walked toward the front desk furiously.

...

Myra used to work at the Chase Group, but there was no trace of nostalgia within her when she came back to this building. She asked the receptionist in a businesslike tone, "Sorry to trouble you, but I'd like to see Director Chase."

Of course, the receptionist knew Myra as well. Upon hearing Myra's words, she thought for a moment and called Richard upstairs. After getting the order from above, she hung up and looked at Myra with a smile. "Director Chase would like to meet you upstairs, Miss... Stark."

"Thank you."

After expressing her thanks, Myra turned around and was about to walk upstairs when someone suddenly grabbed her long hair from behind with tremendous strength. Myra was caught unprepared, and her scalp was so painful that she trembled all over.

Then, she heard a woman's shrill and venomous voice from behind. "How could you have the cheek to come to the Chase Group, Myra?! I have caught you red-handed this time, haven't I?! I'm telling you—don't think that I don't know what you're up to right now. You'd better stop what you're doing; don't covet anything belonging to the Chase Group, for I won't give you even a coin!"

Myra came to her senses and immediately swung her hand backward to hit the person behind her, and it resulted in a loud slap across Eve's face.

When Eve felt the pain, she let go of Myra; the latter promptly stepped back to keep a safe distance from the woman.

"Are you insane, Mrs. Chase?" Myra's scalp hurt terribly, and her face darkened instantly at the sight of Eve. Meanwhile, the older woman looked as mad as hell.

"You'd be the one driving me crazy if I'm insane!" Eve covered the slapped part of her face while glaring at Myra with a look of bitter hatred. "How could you be so shameless, Myra? Not only did you seduce my son while seducing Tony, you even shamelessly asked my son for money! Are you so short of money?!"

Myra's eyes were full of mockery. "Who seduced your son, and who asked your son for money?! Don't talk nonsense and make some trumped-up charges against me, Mrs. Chase."

"Didn't you do so?!" Eve let out a sneer. "Do you think I'm unaware of that? If you didn't do so, why would you come to my son's company to see him?! He divorced you long ago, and you got engaged to Tony way back! Why are you meeting him if you have no business to do with him?!"

"You should ask your son about that." Myra didn't want to see Eve, but she knew she couldn't flinch at this moment, so she directly tossed the brown paper bag in her hand to Eve. "Mrs. Chase, may I trouble you to advise your son not to come to me again or give me something odd? You know as well that I'm engaged, so it won't be good if word spreads about this, don't you think so?"

"That's bullsh*t!" Eve was so angered that she unintentionally blurted out an expletive. When she saw the look of disgust in the receptionist's eyes, her chest heaved up and down in anger. "You're the one who's pestering my son!"

Myra, is it not enough that you have Tony? Why must you keep clinging to my son?! What a shameless woman you are!”

“You’d better watch your mouth, Mrs. Chase.” Myra’s eyes darkened in an instant. She had seen how crazy Eve could be a long time ago; had she known Eve was at the Chase Group today, she wouldn’t have come to meet Sean directly.

“Are you asking me to watch my mouth? In that case, don’t open your legs in front of my son!” Eve’s face flushed crimson with anger; she couldn’t sleep all night when she thought of how Myra kept bewitching her son since her divorce. “Don’t think that I don’t know you have carried on with Elliot before getting together with Tony. Can you count how many men you’ve slept with?! Now, don’t think of—”

However, a loud slap interrupted Eve and caused everyone around her to stop what they were doing; everyone looked this way in shock. As she covered her face as best as she could near the front desk, Eve looked at her son in disbelief. “Sean... Y-You...”

“Send my mother back, Richard. She isn’t in her right mind today.” Sean glanced at Eve with a stony expression as if he wasn’t the person who had raised his hand and slapped his mother across the face just now.

Eve still wanted to say something, but Richard knitted his brows and dragged her outside with all his might. “Please don’t be impulsive, Madam Eve. Just leave the rest to Director Chase.”

“I’m not leaving! Why should I leave?! This is the Chase Group—it’s my family’s company! What a nerve you’ve got, Richard! Hurry up and let go of me...” Eve’s angry voice gradually faded away despite her struggle.

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Myra looked at the man before her with an apathetic expression as though she didn’t see anything just now. She merely said impassively to him, “I have given Mrs. Chase the document you gave me, Director Chase. I won’t accept the share transfer agreement; I may have my attorney cooperate in the follow-up procedures after you amend it. I just hope that you won’t bring us into more trouble by making such issues again in the future.”

With that, she turned around and left the Chase Group right away. She believed that with Eve's current hostility toward her, the latter would do everything she could to force Sean to take back the document after she read it—this would save her a lot of trouble.

However, she had just taken two steps when her arm was grabbed from behind. "Myra, wait—"

"Let go of me!" She reflexively broke free of Sean's grasp and looked at him warily.

Sean felt a bit sad when he saw the look in Myra's eyes. Then, as if the apathy he displayed toward Eve just now no longer existed, he said to Myra with a pained expression, "Myra, I'm already in the process of divorcing Lyla. I'll go through the formalities very soon—"

"This is none of my business." Myra shook her head. Back when she loved him, she hoped that he could transfer his affections for Lyla to her. However, she no longer had feelings for him right now. Even if Sean offered the entire world to her at this moment, she wouldn't be swayed anymore.

"I only hated your guts back then because of her concealment!" Sean no longer touched Myra, but his hands clenched tightly into fists at his sides. "Had I known back then that she was lying to me, I wouldn't have been so cold toward you for so many years, Myra—"

"You've said these words to me before, Director Chase," Myra interrupted him impatiently. Then, she lowered her head and pretended to check the time. "I have something else to attend to later, so I'll be leaving first."

Sean stood in front of her right away. "Wait a minute!"

They were in the Chase Group's ground floor lobby, so many saw their dispute as they came and went. Myra felt deeply uncomfortable, for she didn't want to give rise to any slanderous gossip; even if there was nothing between them, she didn't want Tony to get involved in this and be remarked on. When Sean tried to stop her, she took out her cell phone right away. "I have nothing to talk to you about, Director Chase. If you don't get out of my way, I can only call the police."

Sean had a hurt and remorseful look in his eyes. "Myra, do you really want our relationship to come to this point?!"

“You’ve misunderstood me, Director Chase—I don’t have any other purpose. I just want to leave, that’s all.” Myra looked emotionless before she continued, “It doesn’t matter if you want to talk to me about our past or Tony, Director Chase; none of this is necessary. Also, stop keeping my affairs in your mind. Don’t do what you did with the Stark Group’s shares again, for I don’t want anyone else to misunderstand that there’s something between us.”

“Misunderstand? Did Tony misunderstand you?” Sean asked immediately.

Myra let out a faint sneer, though one didn’t know whether it was a sneer of ridicule or a sneer with emotion. She looked Sean square in the eye. “He has always believed me. Perhaps you’re unwilling to admit it, but the days I’ve spent with him are the happiest days of my life. I love him, Director Chase.”

I love him... I love him... I love him... Sean had been hearing this sentence a lot recently, for Myra explicitly said she liked and loved Tony. Myra was right; he just didn’t want to admit it. He thought that there was still a chance for them to get back together...

“Myra, you were the one who single-handedly saved the Chase Group. If you want it, I’m willing to transfer the entire Chase Group under your name—”

“I don’t want it,” Myra interrupted him again with an expressionless face. “I don’t want something that isn’t mine—especially when it’s yours, Director Chase.”

With that, she left right away amid Sean’s stupefaction.

Sean opened his mouth and tried to say something, but he felt that he had never known Myra so well at this moment. Myra had always been such a woman; back when she was still together with him, she stayed by his side without hesitation and was never afraid that she might be implicated if the Chase Group went bankrupt. Moreover, she never demanded anything undue from him except for his love.

But now, she no longer needed his love when he was willing to give it...

A strong feeling of grief and remorse enveloped Sean, for he suddenly realized that Myra had really left him. She didn’t love him anymore, and she had found another partner with whom she would live happily ever after. She would gradually forget everything she used to share with him. She’ll slowly forget about me, won’t she?

Sean had never been so sober as he watched Myra walking out of his sight and his life; he had really lost her this time.

He didn't notice Lyla, who looked at all of this apathetically from a short distance away.

The ups and downs in Lyla's life over the years and the days she spent adrift had made her see through the ways of the world a long time ago. She slowly became materialistic, but what she experienced these days made her feel as though she had reached the end of her journey through life.

She was really tired of living in this glorious social class behind different masks of hypocrisy, so she agreed to get a divorce without taking much of the Chase Group's fortune. She took only two million, which was probably the money she used to spend in less than a few months. However, she no longer cared about it; it was as if she was merely going through the formalities for the divorce.

She turned around and left the Chase Group. Then, she hailed a taxi outside and headed for the Walton Group where Gideon was.

...

After leaving the Chase Group, Myra went back to the Hart Residence instead of returning to her flower shop.

When Sebastian saw how early she had returned that day, he cast her a sidelong glance. "Did you two have a quarrel?" he asked before looking over her shoulder incredulously. However, he didn't see the man, so he clicked his tongue twice. "This is so strange; the pair of Siamese twins have actually split up."

Myra was amused by Sebastian's description, but she gave him a glare. "Tony and I aren't some Siamese twins, Old Master Hart."

"You're really becoming more and more unruly now; you even dare to glare at me. Tell me then—you two stick together every single day, so what are you if you're not Siamese twins?" Sebastian asked right before the fixed-line telephone in the living room rang. He went over and picked up the receiver; upon hearing the voice on the other end of the line, he instantly turned to look at Myra speechlessly. Then, he said in resignation, "She's home. Don't worry; what else can happen to someone at her age... She looks fine with a ruddy

complexion... All right, that's enough. I shan't waste my breath talking to you. You want to talk to her, don't you?" Then, he beckoned to Myra. "Hurry up—it's a call for you."

"Is it a call from Tony?"

Sebastian rolled his eyes at Myra. "Who else other than him would call immediately to ask about your whereabouts when you've only been away from him for a short while?"

Myra's face blushed slightly as she took the receiver. She then greeted, "Hello, Tony?"

"Uh-huh." Tony had just returned to the Hart Group after a discussion he had outside, but when he called the flower shop, an employee told him that Myra had left. Upon hearing the employee's run-down of what had happened, he figured that Myra went to the Chase Group to return the document given by Sean. However, he learned from the Chase Group that she had left the Chase Group's premises, but he didn't see her returning to the Hart Group. Hence, he simply called the Hart Residence.

Myra felt uncomfortable while speaking, for she saw Sebastian staring at her from the side. "Why didn't you call me on my cell phone?"

"Your cell phone has been switched off." Tony's flat voice could be heard over the phone; even his voice alone made Myra feel incredibly relieved. She immediately searched through her handbag—which she had placed on the sofa next to her—and took out her cell phone. Indeed, it had been switched off. "Oh, that's right. My cell phone was running out of battery when I was leaving the flower shop. After that, I went to the Chase Group and was held up for some time." Since she had nothing to hide from Tony, she told him what happened when she went to the Chase Group; she did so because of the trust they placed in each other.

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Tony didn't ask her why she went to the Chase Group. "Well, it's good to go back and rest early. I'll go back early tonight."

The corners of Myra's mouth turned up slightly when she heard his reply. When he finished his sentence, she immediately asked, "Aren't you going to ask me why I went to the Chase Group?"

“Why else would you have gone other than to return the share transfer agreement that Sean gave you?” Tony replied nonchalantly as if he didn’t give a damn about this matter or Sean himself.

Myra smiled. “You actually guessed it right. All right then, come back early tonight.”

“Okay.” Tony hung up directly without saying anything else.

When Myra hung up and turned around, Sebastian was still standing beside her. Once she put down the receiver, he glared at Myra and snorted. “You’re about to get married, yet you keep going to the Chase Group. Aren’t you worried that your fiancé will be jealous?”

“Tony isn’t jealous at all; he didn’t even ask me what I was doing there,” Myra replied with a smile. “He trusts me, so you’ll trust me as well, won’t you, Old Master Hart?”

“Did I say that I don’t trust you?” Sebastian gave Myra another glare with a stern expression.

Myra gave a soft smile. “Even so, I should tell you what happened, Old Master Hart. Sean bought a lot of the Stark Group’s shares recently, and he transferred them under my name. Hence, I went there today to return the shares to him.”

Sebastian’s eyes widened at once. “What?! Is that brat still pestering you?!”

“Well, you can say that.” Myra sat down on the sofa and massaged her sore feet.

“Hmph! What a thick-skinned man he is!” Sebastian was displeased at the thought of Sean, for it felt awful that someone kept thinking about his granddaughter-in-law. He looked at Myra seriously and said, “Now that you’ve decided to be together with my grandson, you mustn’t transfer your affections to someone else again. Do you get it? You’ll never find someone else like this grandson of mine in the future no matter how hard you try.”

“Don’t you dislike Tony, Old Master Hart?” Myra feigned puzzlement as she winked at Sebastian. “You used to wish that you never had a grandson like him, but now you’re praising him to the skies.”

Sebastian gave a snort before retorting with a straight face, "Since when did I dislike him?"

Myra was somewhat speechless. At last, she knew from whom Tony inherited his shamelessness.

In the evening, Myra went to the kitchen to help with dinner preparations. Suddenly, her cell phone rang. When she ran over and picked up the phone, she saw that it was a phone call from Elliot.

Elliot's usually casual-sounding voice became somewhat solemn, and it was quite rare. "Myra, Tony might be home later tonight; something came up at the company at the last moment. By the way, he asked me to tell you that you guys don't have to wait for him to have dinner. He'll order some takeout with us and have some food to fill his stomach."

When she heard Elliot's tone, Myra surmised that something serious had happened to the company. Thinking that it wasn't good to eat takeout, she suggested, "Would you like me to deliver dinner to you guys? Where are you all? Are you guys at the Hart Group?"

Elliot thought for a moment before turning her down. "It's not necessary, Myra. Something might happen tonight, so don't leave the Hart Residence. Tony will probably go back tonight."

"What's going to happen?" Myra had her heart in her mouth the instant she heard Elliot's words. Elliot was seldom so serious; he wouldn't speak in such a tone unless something serious would happen. "Did anything happen to Tony? Why are you the one calling me? Where is he?"

"Don't worry, Myra. Nothing happened to Tony; he's now helping Shawn deal with some matters. Let's put it this way—the matter tonight is very important. If things go smoothly, the Walton Family, the newcomer to Bradford City, will suffer heavy losses tomorrow afternoon." Elliot knitted his brows. He knew that he couldn't tell Myra the whole story; if she insisted on coming to the Hart Group, he would have nothing to compensate Tony with once anything unexpected happened midway through this and something happened to her. Besides, they hadn't gotten their hands on key evidence to bring a lawsuit against the Walton Family, though Lyla was already working hard on that. As long as they obtained the evidence, it would be easy to sue the Walton Family.

Myra couldn't help herself and thought deeper into it; she felt that the manner in which Elliot spoke was too serious. "Will you guys be in danger?"

"It's okay. The Walton Family should be still unaware of what we're doing, but for safety reasons, you'd better stay at home, Myra."

"All right. Be careful then," Myra reminded warily.

She was in no mood to prepare dinner after hanging up. After taking off her apron, she went to Sebastian's study and told him what Elliot had told her over the phone just now.

However, Sebastian looked very unperturbed and continued to focus on his painting after listening to her words. "What are you getting into a panic about? They know what to do, and they know very well what they should take precautions against."

"Should we send a few bodyguards to protect them?" Myra would come up with some half-baked ideas whenever she was nervous.

Sebastian shot a sidelong glance at her. "Won't we give ourselves away? Aren't we telling the Walton Family plainly that they're going to make a big move if we do so?"

"But—" Myra was afraid that the Walton Family might do something desperate once they learned something. After all, Elliot told her just now that the Waltons would suffer heavy losses if everything went smoothly.

"Just read a book if your mood fluctuates that much. My grandson still has this bit of capability, so you should trust him."

Since Sebastian didn't seem to be in the mood to talk about this again, Myra could only drop the matter. "All right."

Myra ate little for dinner that evening since she was worried about Tony. When Lisa asked her about it, she merely said that she didn't feel like eating.

Even so, Lisa brought her a bowl of chicken soup after dinner. "Even if you have no stomach for dinner, you must drink this soup," she said. When she saw how worried Myra looked, her expression softened considerably. "I know that you're worried about Tony, but please rest assured. He has handled a lot

of such matters with Shawn and Damian in the past, so you don't have to be worried. He'll be okay."

"Okay." Myra finished the chicken soup in one gulp since she didn't want the old woman to worry about her. She choked for a moment while drinking it, but she soon drank it to the last drop.

However, her stomach began to churn after Lisa left; Myra ran to the bathroom and vomited the chicken soup she had just drunk. She had never felt so tormented while waiting for someone to come home. Even when she was still married to Sean in the past, she never wanted Sean to come home so urgently despite her one-sided love for him. However, she didn't dare to call Tony at this moment, for she was afraid of disturbing him or keeping them from their affairs.

Time went by slowly, and every hour felt like an hour to her. At last, the sound of a car driving in could be heard downstairs outside the window in the wee hours of the morning.

Myra was in such a hurry that she didn't even have time to wear slippers as she ran outside. Sebastian opened the door at the same time, but she could no longer notice him. On the other hand, Sebastian was appalled to see her running downstairs. "Be careful! Don't run..."

Myra only heard someone talking behind her, but all she could think about right now was the man outside. As soon as she ran to the hallway, the door was opened from the outside.

As she stood by the hallway in a daze, she watched the door open little by little before the face she missed very much finally appeared before her. For some reason, she felt an inexplicable twinge in her nose, and her eyes reddened instantly.

Tony opened the door and was startled to see the woman standing at the door. When he noticed her reddened eyes, his heart melted all of a sudden; he walked up to the woman before him and took her into his arms. "Why are you crying? Didn't I ask Elliot to tell you that I'd be coming back later?"

At the mention of Elliot, Myra immediately freed herself from Tony's embrace, grabbed his arms, and eyed him up and down for a long time. She then asked anxiously, "Did anything happen to you? Did you get injured?"

“What happened to me? Why would I get injured?” Tony asked puzzledly.

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Myra asked three questions in succession. “Didn’t Elliot say that something might happen tonight? Weren’t you guys going to expose the Walton Family’s crimes? Won’t they become angry and attack the few of you?”

Tony narrowed his eyes at once, and his gaze darkened somewhat. Well done, Elliot; I just asked him to bring Myra a message, but I didn’t expect him to shoot his mouth off, he thought to himself. After letting out a sigh, he took her back into his arms. “I’m fine. They’re still unaware of what we’ve done tonight, so everything is going smoothly. You don’t have to be worried,” he reassured her. Then, as his gaze fell on her bare feet, he knitted his brows instantly. Tony scooped Myra up in his arms at once, and he walked upstairs with his heart aching for her. “Why did you come out without wearing a pair of slippers? The weather is cool now, so you can’t risk falling ill.”

“That’s right. She dashed out of the house as soon as she heard your car driving in; I couldn’t stop her at all,” Sebastian remarked in resignation in front of them.

When she heard what Sebastian said, Myra felt somewhat embarrassed; she buried her face in the chest of the man before her. “I’m just worried—”

“All right, that’s enough. Now that you’re back, hurry up and comfort your wife, Tony. She was on tenterhooks all night for fear that something might happen to you, and no one could soothe her,” Sebastian urged before becoming the first person to walk upstairs.

Tony then carried her back into their room and sat her down on the bed. Then, he crouched down and took a towel to wipe her feet.

Meanwhile, Myra retracted her feet and said, “Don’t do that. I can do it myself.”

“Don’t move!” Tony grabbed her foot without allowing her to retract it.

Myra watched as Tony painstakingly helped her wipe the sole of her feet clean; she could even see his long and thick eyelashes from her angle. He was always imposing in appearance, but there were times when he was so tender and affectionate. When he finished wiping the soles of her feet clean,

she immediately retracted her feet under her quilt. “Don’t do this for me anymore. It feels weird.”

“What are you feeling weird about? Is there a part of your body that I haven’t touched?” Tony raised his brows. Then, he tossed the towel away and went to the bathroom immediately to take a shower.

It wasn’t until she heard the sound of running water in the bathroom that Myra actually heaved a sigh of relief. Nothing happened to him, so it seems that I over-imagined things.

When the man came out of the bathroom, she couldn’t stop herself from pestering Tony with questions about what had happened that night. “What’s going on? Why would you want to inflict heavy losses on the Walton Family all of a sudden?”

“I’m not doing that all of a sudden.” Tony’s heart ached somewhat, but he was inwardly pleased when he saw Myra being so anxious about him. After lying down, he took the woman into his arms; the two of them enjoyed a cozy moment of their own. “I have been aware of the Walton Family’s movements long ago; I had no evidence back then, so I could only let the Hartwell Group withdraw first. It was fine when they weren’t in Bradford City, but now that they have arrived here, it’s better to have a peace of mind by wiping them out as quickly as possible to prevent more trouble in the future. Besides, Shawn has a mission to carry out, and I just cooperated with him.”

“What crimes did the Walton Family commit?” Myra asked curiously. Since she was pregnant, she couldn’t lie face down on top of Tony, so she burrowed into his chest as he held her in his arms.

“They engage in smuggling and drug-trafficking.” Tony’s face grew grave as he spoke of this. “They went back to Springdale City to dispose of stolen goods and launder money, and they’ve also done it numerous times.”

“Oh my God!” Myra exclaimed. She disliked the Waltons very much, but she never expected them to be so bold! She asked, “Does everyone in the Walton Family have a part in it?”

“This isn’t clear for now, but the three men in the Walton Family are all involved; whether or not Mrs. Walton and Gemma are involved depends on future investigations.”

Myra felt somewhat uneasy; the smuggling and drug-trafficking rings she saw on TV were wicked, merciless, and brutal in their means, and they were especially so to those who stood in their way. As she held Tony's hand, she asked worriedly, "Nothing will happen to you, right? Will they do anything to you because they bear grudges against you? Or is what you've done really unknown to everyone? Would they have a source of information telling them that you guys know what they've done?"

Tony pinched her hand and signaled her not to worry. "Judging from our current understanding of the situation, they shouldn't be aware of it. If things develop smoothly, an arrest warrant will probably be issued tomorrow afternoon."

Myra looked up and kissed him on the chin. "In that case, don't make me worried by letting anything happen to you, okay?"

Tony couldn't help but laugh; as he held Myra in his arms, he kissed her on the lips. "Don't worry, nothing will happen to me."

Myra took a deep breath. "Okay."

The two of them then fell asleep in each other's arms since a fierce battle would be waiting for them the next day.

Myra insisted on going to the Hart Group with Tony the next morning since she was unwilling to stay in the Hart Residence and wait for news about him. Since Tony couldn't talk her out of doing so, he could only nod his assent.

Fearing that the outlaws would risk their lives and do anything terrifying, she was highly vigilant along the way—it annoyed and amused Tony at the same time.

It wasn't until they arrived safely at the Hart Group that she heaved a sigh of relief. Moreover, when she specifically turned on the radio in the car, she didn't hear any breaking news about Bradford City, so she thought the Walton Group might not hear any news yet.

As they were on their way up in the elevator, she kept standing in front of Tony intentionally or unintentionally. Not knowing whether to laugh or to frown, Tony pulled her over and took her into his arms. "Even though I'm deeply moved when my wife protects me in such a way, my wife is a woman. As a man, how can I let a woman stand in front of me?"

Myra was somewhat embarrassed by what he said, but she straightened up her neck and retorted, "I'm not protecting you; I'm just walking a little fast today."

"Slow down your pace. We don't have to clock in and out on time." Tony held her in his arms with a smile while exiting the elevator.

Elliot and the others had arrived, and they were doing their own stuff. When he saw that Myra was here with Tony, he shouted in surprise, "Hi, Mrs. Hart!" However, he nearly lost his balance when he got a stern gaze from the man next to her. Only when they left did he whisper, "How did I provoke Tony again? Didn't I merely call Myra 'Mrs. Hart'? He used to like us calling her 'Mrs. Hart' the most."

Lucas shot a sidelong glance at him. "How could you be in the mood to think about those things? Hurry up and analyze the data; Shawn wants to use them."

"All right." Elliot took the statistical report and began to analyze it carefully.

...

No one came up to the floor Tony was on that morning except Leo, and the atmosphere was somewhat tense throughout the morning. Myra tried her best to relax by watching variety shows, but she couldn't stop herself from worrying. Hence, she would look downstairs every once in a while. Even though she couldn't see anything downstairs from the height of the floor she was currently on, she felt as though doing so could ease her nervousness.

It was soon past 11.00AM, and a few people on the floor had their cell phones ringing like crazy. Their cell phones rang urgently one after another as if something serious had happened, but they simply turned a deaf ear to it.

Finally, Myra's cell phone rang as well. When she glanced at her phone's screen, she saw that it was a call from an unfamiliar number, so she ignored it without a second thought.

Myra didn't want to answer the call from an unfamiliar number no matter whether she would mistake the caller's identity or not. However, soon after her cell phone stopped ringing, it registered another incoming phone call. Myra glanced at the screen once again and realized that it was a call from Cameron this time.

When she saw Cameron's phone number, Myra suddenly recalled that the Walton Group had injected funds into several big projects that the Stark Group formalized since they were in a collaboration; the Stark Group even invested a lot of money into a few projects under the Walton Group's name.

As soon as she saw the phone call from Cameron, Myra thought she might have figured out why he was calling her.

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Tony told her that the Walton Family was suspected of engaging in smuggling and drug-trafficking activities. Even though they might not have done those things after arriving in Bradford City, they had undoubtedly laundered money. Cameron was on friendly terms with the Waltons whilst they were in the process of laundering money; even if their relationship probably fell apart because of what happened to Kris, their interest-based partnership still existed. Once charges were brought against the Walton Family, Cameron would never escape being investigated. Furthermore, the Stark Group could have continued on at first, but it could possibly collapse at once when the Walton Family's crimes were exposed.

Cameron panicked, so he probably called her to ask Myra for help.

However, Myra answered the phone at this moment. She knew that this matter was very serious, so much so that the Stark Group might be convicted of colluding with the Walton Family. If that happened, the Stark Group would be in disgrace as long as it existed.

"You've answered my phone call at last, Myra! Hurry up—is Tony next to you? I'd like to talk to him." Cameron called for Tony as soon as he spoke.

Myra frowned slightly. "You have Tony's phone number, don't you, President Stark? You may call him directly. His cell phone hasn't run out of juice, nor is he on the phone with anyone."

"It's too late!" Cameron's voice was full of fear and panic. "Be a good girl, Myra. Hurry up and hand your cell phone to Tony. Don't you want ten percent of the Stark Group's shares? I can even give you 20 percent of the shares—just hurry and give Tony your cell phone."

Myra narrowed her eyes. "I won't give my cell phone to Tony unless you tell me what has happened."

“You!” Cameron seemed infuriated, but he couldn’t do anything else since the matter was urgent. He had gotten word that he might have to go to prison with Gideon—the swindler—a while later! However, how could he resign himself to this when he had just reached the pinnacle of his career? It’s all the Walton Family’s fault! I wouldn’t have collaborated with them had I known they were such people! Cameron nearly spat blood in anger when he thought of the money he had just received from the Walton Family. “Myra, the Stark Group will be doomed if you keep wasting time! I won’t beat around the bush with you this time. Something bad has happened to the Stark Group, and Tony’s the only one who can help me right now. If Tony doesn’t lend a hand, the Stark Group—which your mother spent her entire life working hard for—will be finished completely! Myra, please show mercy and help your father and your mother’s company. Hurry up and persuade him to help me, okay? He knows what will happen to the Stark Group!” He tried to sound as sincere as he could.

Myra let out a sneer, though. “You’ve finally come to realize that you can only ask for his help, right? Why didn’t you do it sooner? Just you wait to be investigated by the police this time, Cameron!”

Cameron raised his voice. “Do you know what has happened?”

“I’m guessing that everyone in Bradford City has probably learned of it at this point.” Myra let out a sarcastic sneer and continued, “I won’t let Tony help you, Cameron. Just pray for yourself!”

With that, she hung up right away without waiting for Cameron to say anything else, as if only by doing so could she give vent to her inner grievance.

Even though she treated Cameron in such a way, she knew that she wouldn’t abandon the Stark Group. However, she also knew that she could only let the police do a complete and thorough investigation on the Stark Group at this moment. The cancers must be removed, and she believed that it wouldn’t be too hard to restore the Stark Group with her current capabilities even if she didn’t rely on Tony. Besides, Tony was already involved in this; even though she knew that Tony wouldn’t let anything happen to her as well, she wouldn’t let him or herself fall under suspicion by asking him to help whoever was involved in the crimes.

The few men were taking a rest on the sofa when Myra came out of the lounge. When they saw her come out, Philip and the two others smiled at her. “Myra, let’s go to Zion Club this noon to celebrate, shall we?”

Myra nodded hesitatingly.

At this moment, this floor had been restored to its original state. The ones who were supposed to be working on this floor had returned, and those who were here to report their work had arrived as well.

Philip's proposal wasn't made implicitly, so quite a few people heard it. Elliot even called Zion Club and mentioned the number of the room they had always reserved as he walked outside, telling the club to have the room ready as they would be there in a minute.

Myra felt that this was somewhat inappropriate, but she didn't say so at this moment. She thought they must have a plan in their minds, for they weren't the kind of men who would get carried away by their success.

With that, the five of them went to the underground parking lot before heading toward Zion Club in two cars. After getting out of the car, they swaggered into the private room they had reserved in advance.

Soon, the waiter brought in some food that had been prepared beforehand. When she saw that everyone else was busy eating, she picked a few dishes and put them into Tony's bowl.

Just then, Elliot cut in and teased Myra by saying, "Wow, Myra—are you feeling sorry for Tony?"

Myra blushed slightly, but she felt much less nervous upon hearing Elliot's remark. She then muttered, "Judging from how busy you guys were today, all of you must be hungry."

"We're hungry, but we can't eat much for this meal." Elliot touched his belly while looking at the delicious food on the table with regret. Then, he stood up from his chair. "We'd better save them for tomorrow."

Myra looked at him in surprise. "What's wrong?"

Elliot pointed outside and mouthed, "Someone's outside."

Myra nodded, for she had a rough idea of what Elliot meant. They must have become someone else's target after swaggering all the way here. Now that the Walton Family had suffered a setback this time, how could they not retaliate brutally against them?!

Just then, Myra's hand was held by the man next to her; he dragged her toward the small living room next to the dining table.

The small living room and the dining room were connected to each other, so it took only two steps for them to arrive. Then, the few men behind them caught up and worked together to drag the sofa away, revealing a trap door underneath!

Myra was already too surprised to speak. The few of them already knew what was going to happen; is that why they're deliberately trying to lure whoever wants to harm them out here?

This tunnel was probably designed a long time ago for alternative escapes, but it wasn't expected to come in handy at this moment.

After the few of them emerged from the tunnel, they walked downstairs before going up again. Soon after that, they reached another room.

They didn't forget to lock the door to the tunnel when they emerged from it. Not long after staying in the room, a waiter came over and knocked on the door, telling Elliot that everyone in the previous room had been arrested.

Elliot looked somewhat glum. "Don't hand them over to Shawn first. Hand them to my men and tell them to interrogate them slowly; make sure to pump something out of these people."

The waiter took the order and left.

Myra suddenly realized that this club of Elliot's might not be simple at all. She used to have discussions with her clients here, yet she didn't know what the Zion Club's behind-the-scenes backer was like. Perhaps none of the four men standing in this private room were simple individuals at all.

When Myra suddenly looked up at him, Tony seemed to know what she was thinking. Lowering his head, he kissed her on the forehead and asked her in a whisper, "Are you afraid?"

Myra asked in reply, "Will you let anything happen to me?"

Tony couldn't help but laugh, and he held her in his arms directly regardless of the fact that there were other people here. "Nothing will happen to you even if something happens to me."

“In that case, I’m not afraid.” Myra raised her face, her faith in Tony written all over it.

She then heard Elliot’s mischievous voice yet again. “Oh, dear! You’re so good at saying sweet nothings, Tony. Just look at how good you’re with her... Shall the three of us stop playing gooseberry here?”

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Everyone relaxed a little now that the matter was solved for the most part. Myra darted Elliot an angry look, prompting Tony to hold her tighter.

...

Myra didn’t know how things were going, but the news was soon updated on her cell phone. The money-laundering activities carried out by the Walton Family of the Bradford City had been exposed. Moreover, it was reported that the Walton Family was suspected of smuggling, drug trafficking, and even murder, so the police had launched an investigation.

It took less than two months from the moment the Walton Family made the preparations until the moment they executed their plans, yet they recklessly created a lot of disturbance in Bradford City, this caused everyone in the city to feel insecure for a moment. Many of those who had contact with the Walton Family started to dissociate themselves from the family, and it was even reported that the three men of the Walton Family had been taken to the police station for questioning. The big family that had been expanding rapidly in Bradford City collapsed in a short time, and all its funds were frozen.

Upon reading these news reports, Myra learned why Cameron would be so panic-stricken. This was because it was later reported in the news that Cameron had been detained for questioning as well. Not only that, Kris and Myra—his daughters—were dragged into this because of him. Even though Myra was only mentioned as Cameron’s eldest daughter and the current fiancée of Tony Stark, the director of the Hart Group, such a brief description was sufficient enough to cause a lot of trouble. If Tony and his friends hadn’t been secretly helping Shawn with this case, both Myra and Tony would’ve probably been taken to the police station for questioning too.

...

At this moment, Edward, Samuel, and Gideon were taken to the police station.

Gemma, who had just learned of the news, was totally clueless about what had happened. She only knew that the three of them had been planning something, but she thought that they were working hard to expand their company's business. She didn't know that they were involved in something like this!

"Mom, Mom... What should we do?!" The gauze on her face had been removed, but her wounds looked extremely terrifying since they hadn't healed completely. However, she couldn't care less about whether her face was good-looking or not at this moment.

Shelly's face was full of panic and fear as well. Her daughter didn't know these things because they had concealed this from her; after all, they feared that she couldn't keep anything to herself with her temper. However, Shelly was aware of these things. Even so, they had always been steady and left nothing to chance, so what exactly had gone wrong?

Either way, I'll have to seek help right away no matter what. As she tried hard to maintain her composure, she held her daughter's hand. "Don't get into a panic. Hurry up and call Ernie, your boyfriend, and see if he can do anything!"

Truth be told, Ernie and Gemma had only known each other for a few days; Gemma knew that her relationship with him had not progressed to the point where he would help them at such a time. However, she could only turn to him first at this moment.

She immediately called Ernie. Since they had a bit of an argument last time, she assumed an extremely mild manner this time. "Are you free right now, Ernie? Something has happened to me over here, so I'd like to ask you... Hello? Hello? Hello?" Before she could finish her sentence, the other end immediately disconnected the call—she could no longer get through to him when she called him again. She looked at her cell phone in disbelief and said, "Mom, Ernie hung up on me and is refusing to answer my phone calls!"

Upon hearing Gemma's words, Shelly slumped to the ground at once. "Oh, no! We're finished! Gemma... we're really doomed this time..."

Since marrying into the Walton Family, Shelly slowly learned a lot about the history of how the Walton Family built up its wealth, of which smuggling and drug trafficking were naturally inevitable aspects of it. However, the Walton Family had been concealing it very well. On the outside, the family's company

looked just like a typical large company, so no one could get anything on the family at all.

Shelly was a woman with insatiable greed and a false sense of pride. Even though she was aware of the Walton Family's criminal activities, she kept them a secret as well for the sake of her own future. This time, they came to Bradford City to rid themselves of the suspicion they had fallen under back in the United States and make a fresh start. However, making a fresh start required capital, so they used a lot of dirty money. There had never been an accident before, but they didn't expect that something wrong would happen in such a short time when they were in Bradford City!

"Don't scare me, Mom!" Gemma's hands trembled as well. "Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon won't do that kind of stuff. I don't believe it; perhaps there's a mistake!"

"No... There isn't a mistake... It's true," Shelly replied. Then, she got up from the ground and dragged Gemma upstairs. "Come on; let's pack our stuff together. Hurry up and get out of here!"

Gemma shook Shelly off, though. "Are you crazy, Mom?!" She looked at Shelly in disbelief. "Where can we go now that Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon are still in the police station?! Nothing has happened to them yet! Besides, where can we go now that all our funds are frozen?!"

"I have some legally earned money of my own. Listen to me, Gemma—we must go abroad and lie low for a while at this moment! Your Grandpa, your Dad, and Gideon are finished this time, but you're still all right! Come with me; we can't let them drag us into this!"

"Are we still all right? Just look at me, Mom—which part of me is all right?!" Gemma pointed at her face. "I know that you have some money, but it's not enough to cover the costs of my treatment! Mom, I don't want to spend my entire life being so useless! I want to wait for Grandpa, Dad, and Gideon to be released; I believe that they'll be released!"

"Come with me, Gemma!" Shelly pulled Gemma harder. Only she knew what money laundering meant. Moreover, the Walton Family wasn't clean at all. Once the dirty money was discovered, other clues would be found soon after that. Eventually, the two of them would only be brought into trouble. Besides, I have taken part in this... At the thought of this, Shelly dragged Gemma upstairs even harder no matter whether she tried to resist or not.

Gemma's arm was injured in the first place, so she couldn't stand being pulled so hard by Shelly as the latter dragged her upstairs. While she shoved everything into suitcases, Shelly quickly packed their luggage; then, she found her and Gemma's passports. However, just as she was about to grab Gemma, the latter—who couldn't accept the fact that her mother was a person who wanted to abandon her family and run away on her own—ran away from home by herself. Shelly ran after her, but she failed to catch up with her after a few steps. Then, as she heard the car engine being started up outside, she bitterly threw her suitcases away with a slight change in her countenance. "You'll get me killed sooner or later, Gemma!"

Gemma drove one of the family's cars and went outside. She didn't know where to go, but she knew that she couldn't leave. She would still be the Young Lady of the Walton Family if she stayed, but she would be a nobody if she left. Besides, how was she going to live her life in the future with her face looking like that?

She didn't believe that her grandfather, father, and brother would engage in smuggling and drug trafficking activities; she thought that there must be a mistake about all of this. Right now, the Hart Family was the only family who could stop everything. Shawn, who was Tony's brother, had some influence in the city council. Meanwhile, Tony was capable of ensuring her family's safety. If he was willing to help at this moment, she wouldn't have to face the misery of having her entire family ruined!

With this thought in mind, she made a U-turn and drove to the Hart Group.

Meanwhile, Myra and Tony went back together to the Hart Group first. He had wanted to send her home first, but she insisted on following him around and promised that she would behave herself and avoid disturbing him. Feeling helpless, he could only take her to the Hart Group with him.

As soon as they entered his office, Leo delivered him a message. "Miss Walton is now making a scene downstairs as she was stopped there. She said that she must see you; otherwise, she'll kill herself at the Hart Group's entrance."

"Just give her a knife," Tony replied expressionlessly.

Leo couldn't help but snort with laughter, for his boss's answer was not far from what he had predicted. Gemma was incredibly stupid; even if the Hart Group didn't help wipe out the Walton Family, it wouldn't let itself come under

suspicion by getting involved with the family at this very moment, let alone helping her.

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“I’ll deal with her right away.” Leo immediately headed outside. The receptionists probably wouldn’t be able to handle Gemma if she caused a scene, so the only way was for him to deal with her personally.

...

Meanwhile, Myra’s phone was spammed with incoming calls as soon as she resumed her work at the Hart Group. This time, a handful of the Stark Group’s shareholders were calling her at the same time; after one issue was resolved, another was waiting on the line. They were all begging for her to find a way to save the Stark Group. At the same time, they were also hinting at her to get Tony to help with the Stark Group’s current predicament.

When Tony came in, she was still on the phone; her phone was already heating up and running out of battery as well. When he saw the situation that she was in, he hastily grabbed her phone from her hand and snapped into the receiver, “Myra is pregnant—she’s been advised by the doctor to stay away from harmful radiation.”

Then, he bluntly ended the call with Hansen.

Myra looked up at him in resignation. “The Stark Group isn’t holding up anymore; Mr. Baker only called because he’s worried.”

“Something like this can easily be settled in a few words, but he’s been babbling on for almost an hour... Do you even spend this long on the phone with me?” Tony gave her a sideways glance before he handed her a file of documents.

“What’s this?” Myra accepted the file and flipped it open to have a look—it was another one of the Stark Group’s company equity transfer agreements.

Her eyes were filled with helplessness as she said, “I haven’t used my share of money from the Chase Group; I was planning to use it and acquire some of these stocks, but as usual, you’re already one step ahead of me.”

“Is there really a need to compete between us?”

Tony squeezed her hand out of slight dissatisfaction before guiding her toward the bed. “I told Leo to bring back some refreshments; you didn’t eat well today, so tell me if you’re craving anything and I’ll give Leo a call right now.”

“I am, actually.” Myra gave it a thought as she licked her lips. “I don’t know why, but I’m suddenly craving for something sour. Can you get me some sour plums?”

Tony smiled at her with a pampering look in his eyes. “Of course, I’ll have him bring home some sour plums; fruits are good for your health, after all.”

As he said that, he stared fixedly at the woman before him; Myra was three months pregnant, but she didn’t look too out of shape since she was being taken care of very well at home. Nevertheless, her figure couldn’t be further from her slim and petite build from before; she’d gained quite a few layers on her waist, her face, and her legs. She was a little plumper, but she looked nowhere near ugly. Instead, she emanated a faint motherly charm—her eyes glowed with a certain tenderness, and her facial features had softened considerably. It made her look soothing to the eye.

Myra was a little embarrassed from the way that Tony was staring at her. She turned away slightly and muttered, “What are you looking at?”

“You’ve gotten a lot more beautiful these days.” Tony wrapped her in his arms and let out a low chuckle in her ear.

There wasn’t a woman in the world who didn’t like to be complimented, especially when it came from the man she loved. Myra’s ears reddened in embarrassment and she glared playfully at him. “You’re saying that I’ve gotten a lot fatter, huh?!”

“You’re not fat; you’re just a little plump. You’re a lot prettier like this—you used to be too skinny.” Tony was telling the truth, for he felt that Myra couldn’t be considered fat at all. Instead, she was much healthier with a little more meat on her; her complexion had improved as well, and she truly looked like she was glowing from within.

“I just think you look better like this,” he said. With that, Myra looked down at her own body helplessly. Since she was indeed pregnant, she could only eat regardless of how she felt.

The couple hugged for some time before Myra suddenly looked up and asked, “The amount of shares I own are catching up to Cameron’s, but when he gets released from the police station, he’d still be able to fight against me for the position of the Stark Group’s general manager. I was talking with Mr. Baker about this on the phone earlier, but you interrupted the call.”

“Are you putting the blame on me right now?” Tony raised a brow, and he squinted at Myra with a playful warning in his eyes.

Myra tiptoed and planted a kiss on his cheek. “As if I’d blame you, bigshot Director Hart! When I was talking to Mr. Baker, he told me that Cameron doesn’t seem to own all of the shares in his hand; he speculated that Cameron only has the power to manage it, and it might be because he’s given a portion of it to someone else.”

Tony’s eyes flashed momentarily at her words. Then, he pecked on her forehead with a smile and said, “If that’s the case, you don’t have to worry about Cameron anymore.”

Myra nodded. “I’ll get someone to investigate it soon.”

“Have you thought about how you’re going to manage the Stark Group when you finally take it back?” asked Tony all of a sudden.

Myra shook her head without a second thought. “I haven’t thought about it—actually, it’s more accurate to say that I’ve never wanted to manage the Stark Group.”

She smiled when Tony responded to her reply with a raised brow; she then wrapped her arms around his neck and said, “This is where you come in! I plan to merge the Stark Group with the Hart Group. What do you think about that? You’re already managing so many companies—one more wouldn’t be a problem, right? I’ll provide the funds while you do the managing; teamwork makes the dream work, they say!”

Tony pinched her nose playfully and he couldn’t help but laugh. “Big words indeed, Miss Billionaire. Do you know how much the Stark Group needs?”

“Yeah, I do; Mr. Engelhard told me.” Myra paused as she stared fixedly into Tony’s eyes. “I’m planning to sell the Ritz Carlton’s company shares that Grandpa left for me. In addition to the funds from the Chase Group, it’ll be enough to sustain the Stark Group.”

Seeing that Tony had something to add, Myra quickly stopped him with a kiss.

Naturally, Tony didn't resist her sudden attempt to shut him up; he even took control of the moment and deepened the kiss between them. It wasn't until the woman was huffing and panting for air did he let her go.

Before Tony could say anything else, Myra beat him to it as she tightened her arms around his neck. "I know what you're going to say, but you've already helped me a lot, Tony. I'd like to make things right on my own—after all, I'm partially responsible for the Stark Group. Besides, didn't you say that there's nothing to divide between us? What's mine is yours anyway, so what's the difference between using my funds and yours?"

Tony pulled her closer by the waist. "Have you made up your mind?" The Ritz Carlton stocks had been a remembrance left behind for Myra by her grandfather, and she wouldn't have decided to use it if she didn't have any other choice.

"I've made up my mind." Myra nodded sincerely. "Grandpa wouldn't want to see the Stark Group on the verge of bankruptcy, and you shouldn't be the one to clean up the mess that Cameron made. Besides, I'm sure that Grandpa would understand my decision."

"I'll support you as long as it makes you happy." Tony kissed her forehead tenderly.

...

That afternoon, they were all quite busy in the office.

Because of the Walton Family, a lot of following-up had to be done. Tony, Elliot and the others were buried in work, not to mention Shawn as well. Shawn was commended for his performance in the company, but he naturally didn't involve Tony and the other three. Even though the news was meant to be kept private, it somehow managed to make its way to the public.

Before long, the public reputation of the Hart Group received yet another boost.

When Myra was heading home with Tony at night, a dark figure suddenly dashed out from a roadside bush and stopped right in front of their car. Although Tony immediately activated the emergency brakes, it was too late;

there wasn't enough distance between the intruder and the car. Seconds later, a loud thud sounded as the car slammed into the mysterious figure. From her seat, Myra watched as the person collapsed from the momentum before they tumbled toward the front and passed out on the ground.

In an instant, her face turned as white as a sheet; she clutched the man next to her by his arm. "Tony!"

Tony's expression darkened unbelievably as well. He looked around from his seat to check if there were any CCTVs in the area. Then, he turned his head and reminded Myra, "No matter what happens, just stay in the car, all right?"

Myra bit on her lip and nodded hastily—she didn't want to add on to the trouble.

After that, Tony opened the door and got down from the car; he diligently locked the doors as well.

When he took a few steps forward and stopped beside the person on the ground, the look on his face darkened even more.

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As it turned out, the person he had crashed into was a woman; her face was covered in cuts which made her look absolutely terrifying. Meanwhile, Tony couldn't be more familiar with the woman lying on the ground—Gemma.

She looked miserable from head to toe; there were open wounds on her arms and legs, and fresh blood was seeping out of her wounds through her clothes. Not only that, the corner of her lips were also oozing with blood.

She seemed to be in agonizing pain. Even though she was borderline unconscious, she was groaning softly while her brows were locked together in a tight line.

Tony immediately called the ambulance on the spot before he dialed Leo's number next; he then informed Leo of his current location and updated him on the situation. Then, he told Leo to bring some people over to take care of the matter.

"T-Tony..." Gemma, who had passed out earlier, seemed to be regaining her consciousness. Due to the immense pain that she was in, she turned her

head with great difficulty to the man standing next to her, grimacing as she did so. “You’re... so heartless...”

Tony stared coldly at the woman before him. “Stop talking if you don’t want to die; you don’t want to waste your energy.”

“Aren’t I... as good as dead... right now?” Gemma recalled the things she found out about her family—the man in front of her had pushed the Waltons down a bottomless pit of hell! She wanted nothing more than to kill him right then and there!

“Tony... y-you’ll regret it!” Just then, a splatter of blood escaped her mouth as she coughed, and she squirmed in pain. “Since you’ve hit me with your car; I w-want to... sue you!”

“I’m afraid I can’t agree to that, Miss Walton.” Sarcasm filled his heart as he stared at the woman whose life was hanging by a thread. Gemma had probably been overprotected or pampered all her life, so she always had a skewed perception of the world around her. Even so, did she really think that the police were stupid?

“I’ve installed a dashcam in my car, so there’s evidence that you ran over and collided with my vehicle on your own initiative. I understand that you’re eager to save your family, Miss Walton, but I won’t wrongly accuse someone of knocking me over and intimidate them into bailing out your family like what you’re doing now. Now that everyone knows the Walton Family is suspected of being involved in money laundering and many other crimes, aren’t you going too far by doing so, Miss Walton? Have you thought of the families that were brought to ruins and destroyed by the Walton Family?”

At that moment, Tony deliberately turned around slightly to make sure that the dashcam was recording every second of their conversation.

Gemma’s chest rose and fell furiously at the sound of Tony’s words. “My grandfather... my father... a-and my elder brother... they’ve never done any of those things!”

“It’s the police’s job to find out whether they’ve done it or not.” Tony simply stared at her with a hostile look in his eyes; this made it seem like Gemma was nothing more than garbage.

Meanwhile, Gemma was overcome with pain at the moment; she felt like death could gobble her up at any time.

At this point, she didn't have a choice but to mould the public's opinion and convince them to be on her side—it was all in effort to paint Tony as the villain and drag him down in the process. However, she had failed to anticipate the possibility of him possessing the dashcam footage!

She struggled to pick herself off the ground, but her arms and legs were limp like jelly. It was as if she was slowly losing her senses, including her perception of pain.

“Save me...” This wasn't the first time that Gemma had been in an accident; she clearly knew what it meant when she was losing control of her arms and legs. After all, she had just suffered a serious injury on her arm; if she were to thoroughly lose her arm from another heavy blow this time... At that moment, regret flashed across her mind—if she had rushed out from the bush just a fraction earlier, Tony would have had enough time to stop his car. That way, even if he crashed into her, she wouldn't have suffered an injury as serious as this. However, she hesitated for a short moment—when she finally made up her mind, his car was already in front of her. If she had rushed out just a millisecond later, she would've flown quite a distance from the momentum.

“Save me... I-It hurts...” At that moment, Gemma's eyes were clouded with fear. If she couldn't frame Tony and had to suffer a huge repercussion in return, it wouldn't be worth it at all. However, when she noticed the cold and merciless look in Tony's glare, she couldn't be more sorry for her actions. She wanted nothing more than to turn back time—how she wished that she had gone overseas with her mother! Instead, she was stuck in such a devastating state...

She could only watch as fresh blood flowed steadily from the wounds on her arms and legs. Right now, fear was eating her up rapidly—it filled her brain with panic.

“I've already called for an ambulance,” Tony replied coldly before he turned around and walked toward his car.

They were on an uphill road leading toward their villa, so there weren't many passing vehicles.

All of a sudden, a red sedan came to a stop right next to Tony's car and Sasha came down from it. She took a look at what happened and her expression hardened a little as she turned to ask Tony, "What happened?"

Tony's voice was casual when he answered, "Someone's in a hurry to die."

Even though he said it leisurely, his words carried a pressuring weight that could send a chill down one's spine.

Sasha stiffened up momentarily, and her gaze shifted to the passenger seat of Tony's car where a woman was seated. As she pieced the story together herself, she managed to have a rough idea of what went down here. Nonetheless, she didn't want to comment much on Gemma's foolishness either.

"Do you need me to send Miss Stark home?" asked Sasha. After all, the area would be swarmed with people in a while and it'd become noisy and chaotic. Sasha knew that Myra was pregnant, and she didn't want the latter to be affected due to such circumstances. Besides, ever since Myra had helped her out some time ago regardless of the way Sasha treated her in the past, the latter had always been grateful to the couple.

Tony glanced at the time; considering the fact that the ambulance and Leo needed more than 10 minutes to arrive, he nodded and knocked on the passenger seat's window.

Myra wound down the window and stared at him with a look of cautiousness and doubt. "The person from earlier who got hit—was it Gemma?"

Tony nodded; the look in his eyes was now a lot softer than his cold demeanor when he faced Gemma. "Don't worry; the dashcam has everything recorded, so I'll be fine. I've called for help and they'll be arriving soon; you should leave ahead with Miss Hay. I'll handle the situation here, all right?"

Myra hesitated for a moment before she replied, "All right." Then, she opened the door and said to Sasha, "Thank you."

"Oh, it's nothing to worry about." When Sasha noticed that Myra wasn't looking too good, she softened her voice comfortingly and said to her, "Don't worry about it; Director Hart will deal with it smoothly. The Waltons are already in a difficult spot right now, so Gemma is only asking for more trouble for what she did. He'll be fine, and nothing bad will happen."

Myra nodded and turned around to face Tony. Then, she gave his hand a squeeze and said, "Okay then. Come home earlier tonight."

Myra felt a lot more relieved after learning that Tony had evidence backed up. However, what remained was the hate for Gemma's bitter resentment; the woman actually devised a plan as despicable as this to set Tony up!

"Okay." Tony gave her a quick hug before letting her go. He then nodded at Sasha and said, "Thanks."

"You're welcome."

Sasha felt both envious and relieved as she watched the couple's interaction. In the past, she had also pursued this man with all her heart; sadly, her feelings weren't returned at all. Since then, she tried countless times to gain his attention with various low and dishonest methods, but fortunately, the couple was still willing to help her after all of that.

Soon after, Sasha drove Myra back to the Hart Residence.

Just as they got down from the car, Old Master Hart and Old Madam Hart came rushing out from the house. They held Myra worriedly and looked her up and down frantically. "How are you feeling? Did something happen? Are you hurt?"

Myra knew at once that the two had found out about the car accident when she saw their panic-stricken faces. A warm feeling filled her heart and she replied gently, "Tony and I are both fine; he has to stay back and deal with the aftermath, so he told me to come home without him."

"It's good that you're fine. You can't help much if you stay there anyway, so as long as nothing bad happens, it should be all right. Reporters will be rushing to the scene soon, so it's better for you to come home early." Then, Old Master Hart let out a sigh of relief before he snapped angrily, "That Gemma is utterly barbarous! She's not getting away this time—the Harts won't let her off!"

Back then, he felt that it was too much for a woman like her to be sent to prison on her own; after all, Tony didn't suffer much injuries from the incident. Instead, her face was permanently scarred for life.

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Being disfigured was already a devastating blow to a lady. If she was sentenced to jail in addition to this, she would be finished for life. While Sebastian was not hard-hearted enough to let this happen due to his advanced age, he didn't expect the woman to become even more insatiable after he gave in!

Myra comforted him and said, "Please don't be mad, Old Master Hart. Tony said there's evidence recorded on the dashcam, so the court will give a fair ruling later on."

"I know that." Sebastian patted her on the shoulder. "Are you scared? I'll have Lisa bring you a bowl of bird's nest essence upstairs later; you should go up and get some rest."

"Okay." Myra nodded before heading upstairs.

...

This time, it was a rather easy matter to resolve. Not only did Gemma fail to drag Tony into the mire, what Tony said later made everyone see the light all of a sudden. "I've installed a dashcam in my car, so there's evidence that you ran over and collided with my vehicle on your own initiative. I understand that you're eager to save your family, Miss Walton, but I won't wrongly accuse someone of knocking me over and intimidate them into bailing out your family like what you're doing now. Now that everyone knows the Walton Family is suspected of being involved in money laundering and many other crimes, aren't you going too far by doing so, Miss Walton? Have you thought of the families that were brought to ruins and destroyed by the Walton Family?"

This speech, imbued with a sense of justice, threw Gemma into an abyss right away. Even though it was Tony who knocked Gemma over while driving, everyone already learned that Gemma deliberately threw herself in front of his car to intimidate Director Hart—the head of the Hart Group—into using his ability and means to bail her three evil and merciless relatives out of the police station. Such behavior was intolerable in the eyes of everyone and the law. Tony's words were later confirmed when the video recorded on his dashcam was made public. Not only was Gemma's faint hope of punishing him shattered at once, her previous deliberate attempt to run him down with her car was uncovered as well. Some even doubted if she actually had a mental

illness, and it resulted in strong demands that an open psychiatric evaluation was carried out on her.

Since the police department could not bear the pressure, they sent experts to the hospital to evaluate Gemma's mental condition. Now that the Walton Family had neither power nor financial resources, they couldn't do anything at all. Therefore, it was discovered that Gemma didn't have schizophrenia at all. She was soon prosecuted for multiple offenses this time.

Now that four out of five Waltons were under police investigation, Shelly—the only Walton left—came into the spotlight. It was a no-brainer that no one in this family could be innocent, but when the police went to the Walton Residence to serve an arrest warrant on her, she was already nowhere to be found; it was said that she had gone abroad. Her going abroad made the Waltons seem guilty, so the police department investigated them with much greater intensity.

...

When Kris saw all of this, she was afraid, gloating, and worried at the same time. She had almost lost everything now; even though she had obtained her mother's forgiveness, they had no one to depend on for support as Cameron was also summoned under investigation. Almost all the past relationships that Rachel had nurtured between her and some shareholders came to nothing, for those people turned to Myra; they supported the notion of promoting her to the chairman of the Stark Group's board of directors.

Kris and Rachel knew that the Stark Group was now in dire straits. Unless Myra took action, the Stark Group would be declared insolvent right away; in other words, they would get nothing in the end. Therefore, they didn't step out and argue with Myra at this moment.

Rachel's idea was to go back and take a share of the profits after the Stark Group's recovery. After all, Kris was also Cameron's daughter; it was impossible that she wouldn't get any shares in the Stark Group at all!

Kris agreed with Rachel's idea, for she couldn't think of another idea apart from this. Nonetheless, she could hardly reconcile herself to her current situation whenever she thought of how Tony spoiled Myra.

With Gideon as her fiancé, she could have fought with Myra to prove who was better, but who would have predicted what happened afterward? However,

she felt lucky that the incident back then caused her to break with the Walton Family. Otherwise, she would be unable to deny any involvement in the Walton Family's money laundering this time.

The thought of Gideon made her think of Hayden. Even though Hayden was also nice to her, it was only human nature to never be content with one's lot. After all, Hayden was far from being Tony's match.

At the thought of this, Kris quickly dismissed Hayden as someone considerably inferior. She bit her lip and hesitated for a moment. Nevertheless, she picked up her cell phone and sent Tony a text message that read, 'Are you asleep, Tony?'

She was still unwilling to give up; she would rather be Tony's mistress than Hayden's wife, for this would make her see some hope for the future at the very least! Didn't her mother take the place of Myra's mother—Cameron's first wife—and become Cameron's legal wife herself? She believed that she had plenty of ways to drive Myra away from Tony as long as she was given enough time!

Soon, she received a text message which simply read, 'What?'

However, this word alone was all it took for Kris to sit up in bed instantly with joy and surprise gleaming in her eyes! She never expected that Tony would text her in response after she sent him a text message to sound him out. It was only one word, yet it made her see hope. After all, he didn't even want to say a word to her in the past!

Her hands almost trembled as she texted, 'I am still awake. I'm... thinking about you now...' After taking a deep breath, she quickly sent the text message; it was as if she was afraid that she'd regret it.

The wait was endless; even three mere minutes felt like three days to Kris. She feared that her text message would be met with aversion; she was also scared that everything just now was merely her illusion, for Tony still had no feelings for her at all!

She got out of bed and took a sip of water while she was waiting. When she lay down again, she finally got a reply. It read, 'Where are you?'

The corners of Kris's eyes crinkled when she saw this sentence, and she was almost certain that Tony had taken the bait this time. I just know that no man

is able to resist my temptation! I'm prettier than Myra, and my body is still slim even though I'm pregnant right now, she thought to herself. She got out of bed and unbuttoned her pajamas in front of the full-length mirror beside the bed. What a perfect figure and a perfectly gorgeous face...

She chuckled. "You think that you have found the perfect love, but you're actually no different from that stupid mother of yours, Myra. Just you wait; I'll snatch away everything you have one day!"

She picked up her cell phone, thought for a while, and sent a text message containing the address of a hotel. Soon, she got a reply. It read, 'Wait for me there. I'll be there in an hour.'

Kris's eyes were filled with joy. After finding a sexy nightgown in her wardrobe, she put it into her handbag. She got dressed, opened the door of her bedroom, and walked outside.

At the same time, Rachel happened to open the door outside. When she saw Kris coming out dressed to the nines, she asked with a frown, "Where are you going, Kris?"

"I'm going out first. Hayden said he has something to talk to me about," Kris replied while feigning nonchalance.

Rachel's expression softened a bit when she heard that it was Hayden who wanted to see her daughter. Fearing that Kris would drive Hayden away with her thoughtlessness, she advised her with patience and sincerity by saying, "Now that Hayden is your only bargaining chip, you must hold on to him first. Don't make him angry again, Kris; everything will be better once we get through this period of time."