

Standing before Love Chapter 392

Despite her impatience, Kris walked outside as she replied, "I got it, Mom!" She then thought to herself, What does she mean by saying that Hayden is my only bargaining chip? The tide will turn when I manage to carry on with Tony!

...

When Myra came out of the bathroom, she saw that her man had just finished taking a shower. With a bath towel wrapped around his waist, he sat on the edge of their bed and tinkered with his cell phone while baring his strong and sturdy upper body.

When she went over, she happened to hear the sound of a screenshot being taken. She lifted an eyebrow, walked up to him, and took a glance at his cell phone's screen. "What are you doing?"

Tony froze slightly at that moment, but he quickly locked his cell phone in an unperturbed manner. Then, he held her in his arms and took a deep sniff of her neck. He said with a chuckle, "You smell so nice, honey."

"Who were you texting just now?" Myra noticed from the fleeting glance earlier that Tony was chatting with someone, and he seemed to have texted the person that he would arrive in an hour. She kissed his chin and smelled the scent of aftershave—her favorite scent. As she wrapped her arms affectionately around his waist, she looked up and stared at him. "Are you going out? You just came back after finishing your work."

"Who says that I'm going out?" Tony laughed. Holding Myra in his arms, he sat her on his lap, took the towel on the side of the bed and helped her dry her damp hair. "I'll dry your hair for you."

Myra had seen him texting the person about going out, but since he insisted otherwise, she decided to believe his story. After snuggling up in his arms obediently, she held out the hairdryer in her hand.

It was a hassle to tidy Myra's wavy waist-length hair, but Tony did so with painstaking care. Seeing that she wanted to comb her hair after he finished blow-drying it, he took the comb from her and carefully helped to brush her hair out.

Myra was still thinking of what she saw just now even when she lay down. “Are you really not going out?” she asked. Then, she paused for a moment and continued, “Actually, you don’t have to care about me if you have something to do. I’ll wait at home until you come back.”

Tony laughed. He gave her a kiss on the forehead before taking her into his arms. “Do you really want me to go out that much?”

“No, I don’t want you to go out at such a late hour, of course. I’m just worried that I might keep you from something.” Myra felt incredibly relieved while nestling in Tony’s arms, for there was a scent around him that put her mind at rest.

“Nothing is more important than you.” Tony tightened his arms around her. “We’ve been busy all day long today, so let’s sleep.”

“Are you telling me to sleep so that you can go out after I fall asleep?” teased Myra, but as soon as she finished her sentence, she saw the danger in Tony’s eyes. She quickly closed her eyes and said, “I’m so tired and sleepy—I’m going to sleep.”

“Good girl...” Tony chuckled in a deep voice.

Myra was indeed tired after following Tony around the whole day, so she soon fell asleep while nestling in his arms. After she fell asleep, he took his cell phone while keeping an arm wrapped around her waist. Then, he sent someone the screenshot he had taken just now.

After that, he switched off his cell phone and went off to dreamland right away with his beloved woman in his arms.

...

Meanwhile, Kris was staying at the hotel she had informed Tony about via text message. After taking an aromatic bath with essential oils in the room ages ago, she gave off an intoxicating scent through every pore. When she came out, she wore the sexy nightgown she had prepared beforehand. The fishnet nightgown covered none of her private parts; instead, it accentuated a kind of suggestive temptation!

Feeling satisfied, Kris sprayed perfume in the room and climbed in bed early. As she pondered in bed over how to seduce Tony, she even laughed smugly.

When there was a knock on the door, Kris's heartbeat quickened at once. "I'm coming," she shouted while taking a quick glance in the full-length mirror at how perfect she was dressed up. She took a bath towel, covered herself partially with it, and headed toward the door. "Is that you, Tony?" Her voice sounded so coquettish that it almost dripped water. I must enjoy myself tonight! she thought to herself. She knew that Tony had a hot figure, and the thought of this alone made her feel as if her whole body was going limp.

"Mm-hm..." A deep male voice characteristic of Tony's indifferent demeanor could be heard from the outside.

Kris was so pleasantly surprised that she opened the door right away without thinking. However, the instant she opened the door, Kris stood there in a transfix—it felt as though she had been struck by lightning. She stared in disbelief at the man standing outside who wasn't Tony. "Hayden... W-Why are you here?!"

"Who else were you expecting, if not me?" In complete contrast to Kris's expression, Hayden looked stony and full of gloom; it looked as though a furious storm was brewing inside him. He had driven all the way here at full speed after receiving that text message from Tony. The thought of Kris seducing another man everywhere again filled his heart with such unbearable anguish as if he was put to a slow, painful death with a knife!

This woman! I have given her one chance after another. However, she never repents and mends her ways—she's even going from bad to worse instead! Does she think I have no idea how many men she used to date at once? Does she think I'm clueless about the affair she had with Gideon a long time ago? Does she think I'm unaware that she even has designs on Director Hart now?! She is so... unforgivable!

Kris's face was immediately full of panic. She didn't know why Hayden would be here, but the glum look on his face made her feel extremely guilty. "No, I'm not expecting anyone else. I have been unable to have a good rest at home recently, so I thought of staying at this hotel for a night. I rented the place with my mom anyway, so wherever I stay makes no difference to me, you know."

"Why would you move out of my place if wherever you stay makes no difference to you?" Kris had moved into Hayden's place with him some time ago, but she found out later on that he seemed to have a tendency to be paranoid. Moreover, he was increasingly rough with her when it came to sex; one night, he was so rough with her that her mouth was red and swollen for a

long time. His original gentle and mild demeanor could no longer be seen, and such a side of him scared her somewhat. Therefore, she moved out on the pretense of keeping her mother company.

“You know why I moved out...” Kris wanted to say that she moved out to keep her mother company, but the fact that she was now in a hotel while her mother was at home rendered her momentarily at a loss for how to explain herself. She was so anxious that cold sweat broke out on her forehead.

“Kris, shouldn’t you explain to me why you asked if it was Tony just now?” Hayden’s face grew even colder when he saw that Kris couldn’t offer an explanation. Suddenly, he shoved her into the room and stepped inside. Then, he closed the room door behind him and locked it.

“You misheard me just now, Hayden...” Kris nearly fell and had a hard time steadying herself when Hayden shoved her, but she saw no sign of worry on his face. Since she was pregnant with his baby right now, she knew that he cared about this baby very much; he’d probably use other methods than penetrating her for real even when he couldn’t resist the urge to sleep with her. However, he had nearly shoved her to the ground just now!

“Did I mishear you? In that case, could I have seen it wrong too?” Hayden’s mouth suddenly curved into a faint smile, but there was no trace of it in the depths of his eyes. Instead, the cruel and chilling glint in his eyes was so aggressive that Kris couldn’t help but shiver. However, when she wanted to ask him what he meant, he showed his cell phone’s screen in front of her.

Displayed on Hayden’s screen was an image that looked like a screenshot. When Kris saw the conversation in the screenshot at a glance, her heart skipped a beat; she stretched out her hands to grab his arm. “Listen to me, Hayden—that’s not me! Someone must be playing tricks to drive a wedge between us! I’ve never said such things at all!”

Standing before Love Chapter 393

“How would that person know you’re in this room at this hotel if you didn’t tell him so?” Hayden’s face was somewhat distorted. “Do you know what I did in the lobby just now before coming up?”

“What did you do?” Kris asked subconsciously.

Hayden smiled with a trace of cruelty and concealed agony. “I spoke to the hotel attendant and asked when this room was booked; I also asked if it had been reserved beforehand. Guess what the attendant said to me?”

A sense of dread rose in Kris’s heart. She asked in a quavering voice, “What did they say?”

“According to them, the guest did not reserve the room beforehand—in fact, this room was booked half an hour ago.” Hayden suddenly stretched out his hand and lifted Kris’s chin. He stared straight into her eyes, tightened his grip on her chin, and suddenly shook her off. “How could you be so cheap, Kris?!”

Since she was unprepared this time, Kris fell heavily to the ground. She only felt a pain in her belly, but what frightened her even more was that the bath towel on her spread wide open as she fell just now, revealing the skimpy nightgown underneath completely.

Hayden’s eyes widened in disbelief before they were ablaze with rage. Suddenly, he walked up to Kris—who had fallen to the ground—and picked her up. Then, he roughly tossed her onto the king-sized bed behind her. “Don’t you want Director Hart to sleep with you? Can’t you live without men? Do you want money or power? I’ll f*cking give you everything you want!” After throwing her onto the bed, Hayden took a dozen of one-hundred-dollar notes out of his pocket and hurled them at her. “Do you think I have no idea that you’ve always been jealous of your sister’s relationship with Director Hart?! You have seduced him more than once, haven’t you?! What am I to you, Kris? How many chances have I given you?! I thought you would repent and mend your ways this time, but everything is just f*cking bullsh*t!” He suddenly pounced on her and tore at her nightgown with all his might.

When she realized that Hayden seemed like a different person again at this moment, Kris was utterly terrified. She began to struggle desperately, but the pain in her belly made her unable to summon the strength to push the man on top of her away. “Let go of me, Hayden! Don’t touch me! Aaah—don’t touch me!” She was in excruciating pain; to make matters worse, she felt that something was flowing out of her body...

After what seemed like an eternity, Kris almost passed out from the pain. The bed was already stained red with blood when Hayden pulled out, but he acted as though he didn’t see it at all. He took her clothes, wiped his body, and got out of bed with a frosty look on his face.

Instead of leaving the room, he picked up his cell phone and dialed a number. “Joel, find me a gynecologist and take them to my apartment with some medicine and tools. I’ll send a miscarrying woman there right away.” Then, he rolled Kris up in the quilt and carried her directly to the parking lot. When he closed the car door, he looked at the woman behind him—whose expression glazed over—and let out a sneer. “You’ll never step out of my apartment again from now on! I have given you the chance, Kris; you abandoned it yourself,” he said. Then, he turned that extremely glum face of his around, started the engine of his car, and drove out of there right away.

...

Myra had just gotten up the next morning when Tony moved up close to her and kissed her forehead. He said softly, “Hurry up—go and freshen up. There’s a guest asking for you.”

“Who is it?” Myra rubbed her eyes in a sleepy haze as Tony dragged her out of bed and carried her to the bathroom. The toothbrush in the tooth mug had toothpaste squeezed onto it, so she took it directly and brushed her teeth, whereas the man beside her stood next to her and brushed his teeth in the same way. When she looked in the mirror and saw that their hair was slightly messy from having just woken up, she couldn’t help but snort with laughter. “We look pretty much like a couple this way.”

Tony raised an eyebrow and chuckled before he turned on the tap to rinse his mouth. When Myra finished rinsing her mouth as well, he suddenly turned her face toward him and kissed her passionately on the lips. After that, he looked at her with an innocent expression. “It’s you who seduced me early in the morning just now.”

Instantly, Myra’s face blushed crimson in the mirror. After glaring at the man, she went out to change her clothes; she couldn’t keep someone waiting since a guest was asking for her. Besides, it was rare for Tony to give himself a day off and keep her company at home on the weekend.

When she went downstairs, Lisa was in the kitchen, whereas Sebastian was sitting in the living room and reading the newspaper. Seeing that she was coming downstairs, he threw her a look over his glasses and shot a meaningful glance at the ‘guest’ on the side.

Myra saw the so-called guest at a glance as well. It was a girl who looked no more than 13 years old, but for some reason, Myra felt a sense of kinship

when she first saw her. Such a feeling caused her brows to furrow slightly because she figured out who this guest might be.

Just as she paused halfway down the stairs, her shoulders were held by the man walking downstairs after her. “Don’t resist her; try to talk to her first. I’m not asking you to accept her immediately, Myra, but she’s here to help you this time,” Tony whispered in her ear. Then, seeing how she remained motionless, he said in resignation, “Just come upstairs with me if you don’t want to see her. I’ll go downstairs and talk to her later.”

Myra shook her head, though. “It’s all right. Didn’t you say that she’s here to help me? It seems impolite to chase her off directly.”

Myra had mixed feelings toward Olivia. Even though she hated Kris, she seemed unable to bring herself to hate Olivia. After giving an inward sigh, she snuggled up in Tony’s arms and walked downstairs.

“Myra!” Olivia had noticed the two people on the stairs when she heard someone coming down the stairs behind her. At first, when she saw how Myra stopped halfway down the stairs, she was afraid that the latter was unwilling to see her. Luckily, though, Myra was willing to come downstairs and meet her in the end. Biting her lip in an extremely jumpy manner, she immediately rose from the sofa when she saw Myra walking up to her. Not knowing where to place her hands, she just handed a document on the coffee table in front of her to Myra. “Tony said that you needed this document, so I brought it to you after a discussion with my mom, Myra.”

Myra’s eyes shone with surprise; she didn’t even have to look at the document to know what Olivia was handing over to her. Naturally, what she needed at the moment were the Stark Group’s shares. She knew very well that Rachel and Kris had endured humiliation for more than 20 years because of the Stark Group’s shares, yet this little girl before her and her mother gave her the shares they had without the slightest bit of hesitation.

Standing before Love Chapter 394

Despite the complicated look in Myra’s eyes, she didn’t put out her hand immediately. “This document...”

When she saw that Myra seemed unhappy, Olivia became nervous at once. She thought to herself, Would Myra think that I’ve gone too far by doing this? I sent the document over despite knowing that it was never mine and my

mom's in the first place; would she misunderstand me because of this? "I don't mean anything else. Myra... Miss Stark..." Fearing that she might have addressed Myra in an overly familiar way, she addressed Myra in a more formal way despite her disappointment. Then, she held the document out further to Myra. "This isn't mine and my mom's in the first place—this is yours. I'm only bringing this to you in hopes that this might be of help to you..."

As she noticed how the little girl's face flushed and blanched by turns in trepidation, Myra felt sorry for her for a moment. After all, this girl and her mother were innocent. After looking at this document, she gave a sigh. "Just keep this document yourself."

Upon hearing this, the few people next to her were startled for a moment. In particular, Olivia's eyes reddened slightly in a matter of seconds. Since she didn't know what to do, she only stared at Myra. "I'm sorry... I thought you needed it... I just... I just want to help you; I don't mean anything else... Really... I'm sorry... Miss Stark..."

Upon seeing Olivia's response, Myra was somewhat dumbfounded. It wasn't until she turned around and saw the look of resignation in the eyes of the man next to her that she seemed to realize that the little girl in front of her seemed to have misunderstood her. Feeling both amused and saddened, she pulled out a piece of tissue and handed it to Olivia. "I don't mean anything else as well. Since Cameron has given this document to you two as a present, you guys should keep it. Your mother is ill, isn't she? Besides, you two need to live your lives in the future. The Stark Group is now in a predicament, but it will slowly get better very soon, so your lives could be better."

"We don't need this... Really!" Olivia didn't blame Myra upon hearing the woman's words. Her face cleared instantly, and she took the tissue and wiped her face carelessly. However, she insisted on giving Myra the document. "My mom and I are doing well, so we don't need to make any changes in our lives using this document. Myra..." After calling Myra by her first name, she looked up nervously. Then, she asked timidly, "Can I call you 'Myra'..."

Myra found it hard to describe the twinge in her heart; she felt as if someone had grabbed her heart and clenched it. She took a deep breath. Sensing that the man suddenly held her hand in a tight grip, she looked at Olivia and nodded her head slowly. "Yeah."

Upon hearing Myra's reply, Olivia looked much happier. Even her speech sounded breezier as she looked into Myra's eyes and said sincerely, "My

mom and I aren't as well-off as before during the year we spent living outside, but we're very happy, Myra. We aren't from a wealthy and influential family in the first place, so we don't have to take these things and live the kind of life that we are unaccustomed to. You and Tony have helped us greatly, so we can't keep this document to ourselves, Myra." After that, she looked to Tony for help.

Tony hummed and wrapped his arm around Myra's shoulders. Then, he whispered in her ear, "Actually, you don't have to accept this document, Myra."

Upon hearing this, Olivia got a little anxious. She wanted to say something, but Tony immediately stopped her from saying what she wanted to say. "Putting this document at your sister's disposal will produce the same effect. She won't be at ease if you give this to her, so why don't you two meet each other halfway?"

Olivia bit her lip. "We don't need this document, though..."

"Your sister doesn't need it either." Tony smiled kindly. "Your sister has me on her side. Can't I make up for that document?"

When he heard this, Sebastian—who had been watching the drama from the side with great interest—looked at that shameless grandson of his. He was speechless.

Olivia hesitated for a moment, but Tony comforted her and said, "Your mother has to spend money, Olivia. She has been hospitalized right now, and she might develop complications or other symptoms in the future. Even if she makes a full recovery, she will need to recuperate—that'll cost a lot of money. With this document, your mother will have some relief every time she spends money." Seeing that she still wanted to say something, he shook his head and continued, "Trust me. She doesn't want to be your burden, and the money you make by doing odd jobs can't even cover her medical expenses."

Olivia's face reddened slightly. Not knowing what to do for a moment, she could only look at Myra again.

Myra took the document in Olivia's hand. "Let's do just that; I'll manage the shares on your behalf. This way, I'll gain more advantage over Cameron. You don't have to worry since he has lost the Stark Group."

“I’ll go along with whatever you say, Myra.” Olivia looked as though she would obey whatever Myra said, which nonplussed Myra somewhat. However, Myra didn’t show much of it; after all, she was an adult and had someone comforting her by her side. She merely asked, “Have you had breakfast?”

“As it happens, Lisa just made an extra serving of breakfast. Just stay around and have breakfast with us, little girl,” Sebastian said at the right moment; Olivia looked like she wanted to stay around and have breakfast with them, but was afraid she might disturb everyone. This made Sebastian take pity on her, so he patted her on the shoulder and said, “Just go and have a seat.”

Olivia looked at Myra; despite not looking friendly, Myra softened her expression somewhat. Hence, she followed Myra toward the dining table.

Olivia was rather nervous at the beginning of breakfast, but she slowly discovered that there was nothing to be self-conscious about. Therefore, she opened up a little and occasionally answered some questions Sebastian asked her.

When Olivia mentioned that she had dropped out of school to take care of her mother, Myra knitted her brows slightly. However, she said nothing, for Olivia looked as if she didn’t find this very regrettable.

Later on, Tony had the chauffeur of his family send Olivia back to the hospital after breakfast. After Olivia’s departure, Myra took her cell phone and called Estelle. “Find me a junior high school. Don’t find a school that’s too unorthodox; a public junior high school will do,” she said with a vague feeling of awkwardness, but Estelle didn’t sense it. She asked in surprise, “For what? Who will be attending the school?”

Myra let out a dry cough. “It’s for the child of a friend of mine.”

“Oh, this is easy. Just give me one day.”

After hanging up the phone, Myra looked up and saw Tony looking at her with a faint smile. As she blushed slightly, she said as if trying to hide something, “It’s improper for a little girl who’s no more than 13 years old to be out of school.”

“Yeah. Indeed, Olivia finished top in every exam and was selected as a merit student back in school. Her teachers found it hard to part with her when she

said she wanted to drop out of school,” Tony replied as if agreeing with her words without blowing her cover.

Myra curled her lips while shooting him a sidelong glance. “I don’t mean to care for her. I just think that this is inappropriate.”

“Did I say that you care for her, Myra?” Tony asked in reply with his eyes full of profound amusement.

Myra’s shoulders drooped in frustration. “All right, I did feel a little sorry for her just now...” She paused for a moment. Then, she continued in a whisper, “Who doesn’t yearn for a father’s love? This is especially the case for someone of her age, yet she tore herself away from Cameron’s paternal love for her because of me. I can’t turn down such feelings...” She looked up at the man in front of her while biting her lip. “Tony, I felt a vague sense of satisfaction when she called me ‘Myra’ just now...”

Myra had been Olivia’s age. She learned of Rachel and Kris’s existence at that time, so her feelings toward Cameron were extremely conflicted. She wanted to get him to stay with her family, but she knew she couldn’t do so, so she was unbearably anguished and heartbroken. In the end, she forced herself to hate Cameron, for she couldn’t get him to return to her family. On the other hand, Olivia was different. Cameron must have been nice to Olivia; he was willing to give her and her mother shares of the Stark Group, which he was unwilling to give to Rachel and Kris. It must’ve been agonizing for Olivia to force herself to reject her father’s love under such circumstances.

Standing before Love Chapter 395

Furthermore, Olivia was only a kid no more than 13 years old, so it was undeniable that Myra felt somewhat sorry for her.

As he ignored the look of annoyance in Sebastian’s eyes, Tony took Myra into his arms and kissed her forehead. He then comforted her and said, “My Myra is very kind-hearted. Olivia is a good kid, so you’ll come to like this younger sister.”

In truth, Tony also thought that Myra was severely lacking in familial affection. He wouldn’t expect that father of hers to show her a bit of familial affection, whereas both her mother and grandfather had passed away; besides, none of her mother’s relatives had ever come to her. Even though she looked tough

on the outside, she was very vulnerable on the inside. She also longed for familial affection and her family's company.

"Well, I could tell that she's nice." Myra paused for a moment. "Did you bring her mother to Bradford City?"

"Yeah, I did." Tony nodded. At the mention of this, his expression was slightly grave. "Her mother's illness must be treated immediately; we can only reduce the risk greatly by having the operation in Bradford City."

"I..." Myra looked up. "Let's find some time so that I... can visit her mother."

"Okay, I'll arrange for that as soon as possible."

...

Meanwhile, Cameron was released from the police station by Monday. The police did a scrupulous investigation on him and found that he was involved in the Walton Family's money-laundering activities. However, they couldn't prosecute him for the time being because they weren't able to find any evidence of him colluding with the Waltons. Soon after his release, Cameron managed to locate Alicia and Olivia's whereabouts. When he arrived at the hospital with a scowl on his face, he saw Alicia—who was being protected by several bodyguards—as well as Myra, who was sitting in Alicia's ward while having a pleasant chat with Olivia, his youngest daughter.

His expression changed instantly, and so did the expressions of the three people inside when they saw him.

"Alicia, Olivia..." Cameron was the first to soften his expression as he looked at the three women in the ward with a benign expression. He had spent more than a year looking for the mother-daughter duo, but the fact that they had come into contact with Myra caught him by surprise. Not only that, the three of them seemed to be on good terms. This reminded him of something, and his heart sank as he forced a smile. "Why didn't you tell me that you're staying in the hospital? Do you know how anxious I was when I learned about your hospitalization? Also, Olivia..." He turned his gaze to his youngest daughter, who was sitting on the side of the sickbed. "Olivia, don't you miss your father after not seeing him for more than a year?"

Both Alicia and Olivia looked at Myra with guilt and shame in their eyes, but Myra smiled faintly and said to them, "It's all right. The three of you probably

have something to talk about, so I'll go out for a while. I'll come in and visit you again later, Mrs. Parks."

Alicia nodded softly to her. "Thank you, Myra. You're a good kid."

Olivia nervously took a look at Cameron before turning to look at her mother. Then, she looked at Myra and gritted her teeth. "I'll go out with you, Myra. Mom will talk to... him."

Myra nodded, upon which Olivia followed her out of the ward. When Olivia walked past Cameron, she seemingly wanted to say something, but she said nothing in the end.

On the other hand, a fierce glint flashed across Cameron's eyes when he saw Olivia leaving the ward with Myra. When he and Alicia were the only ones left in the ward, he gave a sigh and—looking as if he had aged ten years in an instant—stared at Alicia tenderly and affectionately. "Why did you leave me, Alicia? Why didn't you tell me anything about that? You know that there are reasons behind what I did. I swear that I love no one else but you and Olivia; you two are the only ones that I regard as my real family."

"Oh, is that so?" Alicia was initially flustered about having to stay alone with Cameron. After all, she loved this man and had been together with him for so many years—they even had a daughter together. She didn't wish for Cameron to be rich and powerful; instead, she just wanted her family to stay and live together with peace of mind. However, the moment she learned of his real identity, Alicia—who had been honest and well-behaved for many years—was furious for the first time. This was the first time she hated a man so much! She looked at the man before her. He had a legal wife at first, yet he kept a hidden mistress outside, who later replaced the legal wife and became his wife. So what about me? What am I? Am I the third mistress? She laughed at the thought of this, but her mockery was written all over her face. However, her gentle disposition made it seem that she was slightly colder than usual even when she was feeling ironic. "Perhaps I owe you a word, Cameron—you and I are through. Olivia will stay with me. Don't you have Kris by your side? She's your daughter too."

Cameron was stunned. His face darkened instantly, but his voice remained steady. "Do you know what you're talking about, Alicia?"

"How could I not know what I'm talking about?" Alicia's eyes were calm. "Cameron, you think that we're leading a happy life, but our life isn't happy at

all! Olivia and I are a joke, for you ruined our lives! No, you ruined my life, but Olivia can still be saved! You and I aren't legally married in the first place, and we'll no longer be related from now on; put that in your pipe and smoke it! Olivia and I will never go back!"

"Alicia!" Cameron called Alicia's name in anger, his chest heaving up and down slightly as he tried hard to keep his composure. He then continued, "I know what you care about. I have asked Rachel for a divorce, so it won't take long before I can marry you legally. I'll even have Olivia—our daughter—legitimized."

"Legitimized..." Alicia couldn't help but sneer when she heard this. "Oh, right—you reminded me that you pulled some tricks back in the Civil Affairs Bureau, didn't you? I can't possibly get married to you, so our marriage license is fake!" She became increasingly emotional as she spoke. "I really hate myself for misjudging your character and falling in love with you back then! It's not too late to regret it now, though. I don't want to say anything else to you, Cameron. Just get out of here."

"I'm not leaving!" Cameron's chest heaved up and down. "Now that everything is beginning to progress in a good direction, why won't you be together with me? Did Myra say something to you? Are you believing her instead of me?!"

"So what if I believe her instead of you?" Alicia couldn't stand such a side of Cameron. "I have enough judgment to know who I should believe. Besides, I don't have to believe anyone. What threat will it pose to you even if I believe Myra?!"

"Threat? Have you forgotten what I gave you five years ago before you left?!" Veins stood out slightly on Cameron's forehead. "That's the greatest threat to me!"

Alicia looked at the man in front of her with a mirthless half-smile. "You've said this at last..."

Even though she had despaired of the man in front of her a long time ago, she had loved him deeply; she wanted to know what he truly cared about at last. She had some shares in the Stark Group in the first place, and Cameron's words proved that he had always loved his interests more than anything else, not to mention that she and his first wife looked so alike!

Cameron noticed how frosty Alicia looked after he barked out that sentence. Realizing that he had said something he shouldn't at the wrong time, he took a deep breath and tried to calm himself down. "Listen to me, Alicia. Myra is a crazy woman; not only does she refuse to help her own father, she even teamed up with Tony to set me up! Don't let her deceive you, for all she wants is the Stark Group—the company that I want to leave to you and Olivia. Trust me; I'll be nicer to you and our daughter."

"That's enough!" Alicia looked at him with a stony expression. "If you want the Stark Group's shares that you gave me, I'm sorry about that. I have already left the shares at Myra's disposal."

"What did you say?!"

Standing before Love Chapter 396

Cameron instantly looked hopping mad as he stared at the woman in front of him in disbelief. His Alicia used to be such a meek woman by his side, yet she became so steely only a few days after befriending Myra! "Don't joke with me, Alicia. This matter is very serious. I—"

"Does it look like I'm joking with you?" Alicia lifted the corners of her mouth while looking at the man in front of her; his face looked as though the sky had collapsed. "Today is Monday, President Stark. You have to go back to your company for a meeting, don't you? As it happens, it appears that the Stark Group will be holding a shareholders' meeting. Let's see how many shares Myra can produce by then."

"You!" Cameron took a step back in shock as he felt he couldn't understand the woman in front of him anymore. When he came to his senses, he suddenly pounced on Alicia. "You crazy woman! Are you trying to ruin me?! Is this how you repay me after how I've treated you in the past?!"

Alicia was shocked after being suddenly choked by Cameron, and she immediately knocked a glass of water off the cabinet nearby. The noise startled those outside the ward, and several bodyguards were the first to rush into the ward before they pulled Cameron away from her.

"Alicia, you b*tch! Do you want to betray me like the others?! Didn't you say that you loved me? Didn't you say that you wanted to spend your life with me?!" Cameron's face was livid. He wanted to pounce on her, but he was held down by the two bodyguards next to him.

Olivia and Myra's expressions changed when they heard the noise inside. As they came in right after the bodyguards, they naturally saw the scene just now.

Olivia's face instantly turned as white as a sheet before she threw herself at Alicia. "Are you all right, Mom? Did he do anything to you?!"

"I'm... I'm all right..." Alicia answered weakly.

Myra also looked as miserable as sin. She looked back at Cameron, who was still swearing like a trooper. "I was going to leave some shares for you, but I've changed my mind now, Cameron. I'll let the Stark Group hit rock bottom before acquiring it! Don't think about keeping a single share of the Stark Group in your hands!"

"Myra! I knew it! You're the one pulling tricks behind my back! You learned of their existence long ago, am I right? You even found them in secret! I'm telling you this—you won't get what you wish for! You want to use them to deal a blow to me, but I won't let you have your way! They're my people, after all; aren't you afraid that they might go back on it?!"

"We've given our shares to Myra, so it'll be useless even if we go back on it, right?" Olivia's heart ached as she took a look at her mother. Then, she turned to dart a furious glance at Cameron. "I'll take it as my mom and I have never met you! We won't help you!"

"Olivia! Olivia..." Cameron clenched his teeth. "I'm your father... "Haven't I loved you and doted on you since you were little?" The look in his eyes became doleful. "How could you treat me like this? I have never done anything wrong to you—"

"Isn't my existence a mistake in itself, though?" Olivia's words could scarcely be heard, but they made Alicia's heart ache for a while. Myra, who was standing next to Olivia, subconsciously held Olivia's hand, only to feel embarrassed when she realized what she had done. However, she found it rude to let go of Olivia's hand suddenly, so she could only tighten her grip. Tony is right; I have come to like this little girl, and I'm glad that she's my younger sister. Olivia is innocent no matter what, so I should try to get along well with her.

When he saw how the three women stood together, Cameron was overwhelmed with a rage that he had never felt before, and he fixed his eyes

on Myra. “Didn’t you find out who that woman looks like?! Have you forgotten how your mother died?! Can you really get on with them, Myra? Stop fooling me—you can’t fool me even if you can fool them! You’re so vicious and vengeful, so how could you let them off? Didn’t you make the lives of Rachel and Kris a misery?”

Myra looked at Cameron indifferently. “What became of Rachel and Kris is the result of their own wrongdoings. You don’t have to sow discord among us, for I have nothing to lie to them about. Also, you should take the blame for my mom’s death. Don’t shift the blame onto someone else!”

Cameron laughed. “You’re putting on quite a show!”

“Myra doesn’t have to put on a show. I was the one who went to her on my own initiative, and I willingly gave her the shares.” Olivia clenched her teeth. “Don’t think that everyone is like you! We don’t welcome you here!”

“Do you know whose child you are? How dare you talk to me like this?!” Cameron’s features turned ferocious in an instant, and it scared Olivia a little. After patting the little girl on the shoulder, Myra dragged Olivia behind her and looked at the two bodyguards. “Send President Stark out of here, and never let him in whenever he comes again in the future.”

“Yes, Mrs. Hart,” replied the bodyguards before they dragged the still-yelling Cameron out of there right away.

When silence returned to the ward, Myra looked at Alicia and said, “Please take good care of yourself. I’m going back to my office first. I’ll be here again in the afternoon to take Olivia to school.”

“Thank you... so much, Myra... You and Director Hart have done so many things for us, and we truly have no idea how to express our gratitude to you. Olivia is young, so she didn’t tell me about my condition since she was afraid that I’d be upset. Thank you for helping her. I have no idea what would’ve become of my daughter and me without you two...” Alicia tried to get up, but Myra stopped her.

“You don’t have to say that. Olivia is... my younger sister, so I ought to look after her,” Myra said. Then, she turned around and looked at Olivia. “Take good care of your mother.”

Olivia nodded. “Have a safe trip, Myra.”

“Okay,” Myra replied before leaving the ward. The Hart Family’s chauffeur had been waiting at the hospital’s entrance. After she got into the car, she took out her cell phone and said to Hansen on the other end of the line, “Let’s cancel the meeting today, Mr. Baker. We’ll relaunch the plan B that we talked about before.”

...

The car soon arrived at Myra’s flower shop. After getting out of the car, she worked on some fresh flowers in the shop with the florist for a while, for such a beautiful job could indeed uplift one’s mood gradually. After working with the flowers for a while, she received a call from Tony; he probably found some free time in his schedule. His voice was low, but Myra felt calm and at peace upon hearing it. “I heard from Leo that you canceled the Stark Group’s shareholders’ meeting today.”

“Yeah, I did.” Myra smiled while looking at the colorful tulips in front of her. “I suddenly feel that Cameron cannot be let off easily. Rather than leaving him an opportunity to make trouble once he makes a comeback, I’d prefer to root him out in one step.”

“Won’t you regret it?” asked Tony; he knew that Myra was easily moved to pity.

“No, I won’t.” Myra shook her head. “He made me give up on his nature for good today. You know what? He asked Mrs. Parks for the shares, and when she refused to give them to him, he nearly choked her to death. Such a man has long been neither my father nor my mother’s husband. He’s only a paranoiac and an *sshole!”

“In that case, don’t show him mercy.” Tony nodded. He then asked, “Are you in the flower shop right now?”

“Yeah, I’m here to keep my mind off things. I’ll take Olivia to her school this afternoon to register her with the school.” Olivia thought for a moment. “While I’m at it, I’ll go to the hospital for a prenatal checkup. Didn’t the doctor inform me to have a prenatal checkup once I’m three months pregnant?”

“Well, call me after you send Olivia to school. I’ll come and take you to the hospital.”

“Okay.” Myra didn’t turn Tony down. No matter how busy he was, he was the father of the baby in her womb. As Myra stroked her belly, she suddenly felt immensely blessed. Tony was unlike Cameron or Sean, for the meticulous care he gave her was visible to everyone. She was only glad that God left a window of opportunity open for her after closing all the doors in her life. Moreover, the baby in her womb would be born in a few months’ time; by then, the lives of their family of three would be even happier, wouldn’t it?

Myra smiled at the thought of this.

Standing before Love Chapter 397

Myra looked forward to the future, and she worked with the flowers as she pleased. Since she was a designer, she possessed some talent in this aspect.

Time flew by as she worked with the flowers while letting her mind wander, and it didn’t take long before it was lunchtime. Thinking that it was boring to have lunch alone, she packed her lunch and brought it to the hospital, for she planned to have lunch with Alicia and Olivia.

Alicia’s mental condition had improved a little, whereas Olivia was delighted about Myra’s arrival. Secretly, she was eager to be close to her sister. “Sorry for troubling you, Myra.” She was very courteous.

Myra looked at Olivia with gratification; she even thoughtfully brought a nutritionally rich soup here since Alicia needed to build up her health. “You don’t have to stand on ceremony with me. You have to take good care of yourself as well.” Seeing how thin and frail Olivia looked, she thought that Olivia needed some nourishment as well. Olivia is growing up, so she mustn’t suffer from any diseases due to malnutrition.

After the three of them had lunch, Myra took Olivia to the school right away. Then, they went to the school principal’s office before afternoon classes began to discuss Olivia’s schooling issues.

Myra was explicit about her intentions—she wanted Olivia to attend school as soon as possible. After all, Olivia hadn’t attended school for a long time, so no one knew how far she lagged behind in her studies.

At the school principal’s repeated assurance, Myra accompanied Olivia to Class 7-C. Standing outside the classroom, she watched as Olivia introduced herself in front of the blackboard in a natural and poised manner. Finally, I can

breathe a sigh of relief this time. Now that Olivia's schooling problems are solved, the rest will depend on Olivia herself.

With that, she turned around and left; she was in a rush to go to the school's entrance since Tony's car had been waiting there. The fact that he would always show up at the right time made her feel particularly comfortable. As she walked out of school, she looked at Tony's car with a smile on her face; it looked as though she hadn't seen him in ages. Inwardly, she was a bit delighted.

As the car window rolled down, Tony gave Myra—who was a short distance away from him—a faint smile. Indeed, his handsome face had a charm that made one's heart palpitate. After getting out of the car, he thoughtfully opened the car door for Myra in a clear display of concern and care. "Did everything go well?" His attractive voice rang as soon as they got into the car.

"Yeah, Olivia likes this school very much." Myra had always believed in Tony's taste, and this school did have a nice learning environment.

"Well then, I'll take my baby's mother to the hospital for a thorough checkup after this." Tony's smile broadened. Before he realized it, the baby was already three months old.

As she stroked her belly, Myra hoped that no problems would arise during her checkup. The baby must take in nutrients and grow up healthily in its mother's womb, she thought to herself.

They had made an appointment beforehand with a specialist, and Myra was examined in a very meticulous manner. On the other hand, Tony and Myra were very patient, for they wanted to know more about the baby in her womb.

After the checkup, the specialist asked them to wait for a while; it took some time before the results came out. Even though a special lane had been opened to them so that priority would be given to the couple, the results couldn't possibly come out at once.

Myra and Tony sat casually in the specialist's office. There wasn't a lot of verbal exchange between them, but when their eyes met occasionally, they would look at each other with a sweet smile.

The medical test results came out soon after that. As they expected, the indicators were within their normal range, meaning that the baby was in a

good condition. This was worth celebrating, and Tony looked even happier than Myra. He kept wearing a faint smile on his face as if the baby would be born the next day.

When they got back into his car, Myra said to Tony, “Are you going back to your office now, Tony?” He had been unusually busy lately, and accompanying her to the prenatal checkup had kept him for a long time.

Tony looked at Myra meaningfully as his mouth curved into a playful smile. “Are you reluctant to let me go back, Myra?”

“No, that’s not the case. I’m just afraid that I might have kept you for too long,” Myra replied sincerely. She felt a bit guilty since Tony was so busy, and she couldn’t help him at all.

“Don’t think too much about it.” Tony seemed to have read Myra’s thoughts, for he reached out and patted her head with deep affection in his eyes. Then, he pretended to say unintentionally, “I have to give myself some time off this afternoon after busying myself day and night these days.”

Puzzled, Myra looked at Tony. She didn’t know what he was up to again, but it was apparent that Tony had set aside some time to keep her company. “What about your company?” she asked cautiously. She couldn’t help feeling that Tony shouldn’t put off his work because of her, yet she hoped that he could spend more time with her. What a paradoxical state of mind this is!

“Don’t worry, there’s no problem. The company will operate as usual without me, so let me be lazy once in a while,” Tony replied while starting up his car. He then continued, “Next, we’ll be going to the northern part of the city.”

Myra blinked her eyes. She didn’t know why Tony suddenly wanted to go to the northern part of the city, and this made her think that he was hiding a little secret from her that day. “Why are we going to the northern part of the city?” she asked in puzzlement.

“You’ll know once we’re there,” Tony replied while keeping her in suspense.

Tony drove very steadily along the way at a moderate speed. After all, it was inappropriate to drive too fast with a pregnant woman in the car. Tony had always paid great attention to such details, and it was precisely how he won Myra’s heart.

Myra tried to pump some clues out of him along the way, but he said nothing—this made him even more curious. “Why are you taking me there, Tony?” Myra almost died of curiosity, yet he kept wearing a trace of a smile that looked secretive.

“You look quite curious today,” Tony replied in amusement, for he seldom saw Myra behaving in such a childlike manner.

“You must be doing this on purpose,” Myra retorted in dissatisfaction while guessing what exactly Tony was up to.

“Don’t be hasty; good stuff always shows up at the very end.” Tony gave an ambiguous remark that confused Myra even more.

Then, the car stopped in front of a store selling high-end custom-made quality products in the northern part of the city. When Myra got out of the car in puzzlement, Tony gleefully took her hand and entered the store.

Myra couldn’t figure out why Tony wanted to bring her here. She thought to herself, Is Tony bringing me here to buy some tailor-made clothing?

The saleswoman received them warmly. As soon as Tony mentioned his name, she stepped back with reverence and awe; then, she informed the store manager to come out.

“Did you make an appointment with this shop long ago?” Myra looked at Tony in bafflement. She thought that he was seized by a whim, but it seemed that he had planned to bring her here today a long time ago.

“You’ll like it,” Tony replied confidently.

Just then, the saleswoman’s loud and clear voice could be heard from the inner room. “Mr. Hart, our store manager would like to invite you to come in.”

“Let’s go inside!” Tony seemed to be in an unusually cheerful mood as he took Myra’s hand.

When they stepped inside, Myra saw an attractive woman dressed in a well-cut one-piece dress; her gentle temperament and fair skin gave her an ethereal air. When she saw that they had come in, she immediately stood up and greeted, “Nice to meet you, Mr. and Mrs. Hart. Please have a seat.” The smile on her face made one feel very comfortable.

“May I know how your preparations are going, Miss Murray?” Tony looked Lucia Murray straight in the eye; he had discussed some things with her early that morning.

“We already had everything prepared since yesterday, and we’ve been expecting you,” Lucia replied with a smile while occasionally sizing Myra up.

On the other hand, Myra was still ruminating over the words ‘Mrs. Hart’ that Lucia had addressed her with. Even though her marriage to Tony was already a sure thing, this was the first time she had been called ‘Mrs. Hart’ in such a formal manner; it made her feel a little shy.

“Sorry for troubling you then,” Tony responded politely.

When Myra finally came to her senses, she was even more bewildered by the conversation between Tony and Lucia, for she had no idea what they were talking about. I can’t keep on being left in the dark like this, she thought to herself since she wanted Tony to explain this clearly. When Lucia turned around, she whispered in his ear, “What exactly are you up to? We’re already in the shop, yet you’re still hiding it from me.”

Tony looked down at Myra and found that she looked quite adorable when her cheeks puffed up in anger. If it weren’t for the outsiders who were present, he would have pinched her face which had become a lot chubbier. He decided to stop keeping her in suspense and answered in a whisper, “This shop has a special service.”

“What sort of service?” Myra was even more puzzled. Can’t Tony finish his sentence in one breath?

Tony raised an eyebrow at her while answering briefly and concisely, “Do-it-yourself service.”

“What? Do-it-yourself? Do you mean making things by hand?” How could Myra have thought that this shop, which sold high-end custom-made quality products, actually provided such a service? This mystery was getting more and more mystifying, and it was like a snowball increasing in size!

“You’re a designer, so I don’t think making something by hand will be a problem to you,” Tony replied confidently; he believed that Myra would give him a satisfying outcome.

“So you brought me here to make something ourselves?” Myra looked at Tony incredulously, for she didn’t know whether she should be dismayed or delighted by the surprise he gave her.

However, Tony was still smiling with an unperturbed expression as he waited for her to ask the next question. As he expected, she asked again when he gave no response, “What exactly are we going to make ourselves?” This question was the key.

“Clothes for a baby,” Tony uttered with a pause after each word.

“Clothes for a baby?” Myra repeated after him in disbelief.

“As parents, we can make clothes early for our baby as a token of our regard. I think you’ll like it,” Tony explained while moving closer to Myra. On the other hand, Lucia quietly had her back to them as if specially giving them room to enjoy some sweet and cozy time.

Myra knitted her brows slightly, for Tony’s surprise was rather astounding to her. Of course, she was a little delighted deep down inside.

When he noticed Myra’s signs of reluctance, Tony continued, “Don’t worry. I’ll make the clothes with you, so you don’t have to worry that you’ll do a poor job of it. A man like me certainly can’t make handicrafts that match yours.”

Myra snorted with laughter. “No, I’m not going to make clothes with you. We’ll make the clothes separately and see which one of us makes prettier clothes.”

When she saw Tony’s seriousness, Myra suddenly had a moment of enlightenment. It was a rare opportunity to see him making clothes for the baby with his own hands, so she would really like to see what the clothes made by the all-around Tony would look like.

Standing before Love Chapter 398

After the two of them had a brief discussion, Myra and Tony both changed into the casual clothes that the store had prepared beforehand. This was the first time Myra saw Tony in such clothing.

“Focus. Don’t keep staring at me.” The corners of Tony’s lips lifted as he basked in Myra’s gaze.

Her gaze had shifted to him; he looked oddly adorable dressed in such whimsical, youthful clothes with that face of his. Not only that, the tiny teddy bears printed on his shirt were just so cute. Myra wished to hug Tony, for it was rare to see him so adorable.

As she retracted her gaze, Myra decided to listen attentively. They would need to start making the clothes later, and she didn't want to embarrass herself.

Meanwhile, Tony's gaze swiveled to the side. Myra was dressed in a blouse like his shirt, and the teddy bear print brought out the youthfulness of her face. She was a gorgeous beauty with a nice smile.

Lucia proceeded to carefully explain everything to them. She was a competent teacher, and she broke down each step into digestible pieces. Myra nodded, her forehead screwed up tightly as her brain whirred with effort.

"You're both smart people, so I believe that you'll get the hang of things soon enough. If you have any questions, feel free to ask me. I will help you throughout everything." Lucia was well and perfectly polite.

Myra and Tony smiled and nodded. Needless to say, they were both pleased with Lucia's lesson. Myra had always trusted Tony's tastes; whichever location Tony picked naturally had its own special charms.

Once the lesson was over, the pair began to turn their attention to the objects before them. Tony's forehead was tightly furrowed as he picked up the scissors and ruler, unsure of where to start.

On the other hand, Myra seemed confident in herself. Seeing how Tony was stuck, Lucia walked over and whispered something to him.

It was like Tony was suddenly struck with inspiration, and he immediately got to work. There was always a first time for everything, and people eventually got better with practice. He believed that he was capable of this.

Time flew by instantly; at times, DIY projects were a good way to pass the time. Myra had a pair of deft hands, so her final product wasn't bad.

However, Tony was in a bit of a bind; this proved that there were certain things that Tony was not skilled at. He had a mind filled with creative ideas,

but alas, his hands could not bring the thoughts in his mind to life—his final product was an absolute mess.

Myra had made a dress for a young girl, whereas Tony made a pair of pants meant for a boy. Compared to what Myra had made, Tony's choice of clothing item was far easier to make.

He turned his head to the side and noticed that Myra was nearly finished with her dress. Meanwhile, he was still struggling with his project. Lucia covered her mouth, giggling sneakily from where she stood by the side.

The afternoon passed by in this sweet, warm atmosphere. A tranquil smile hung on Myra's lips, her entire being emanating a motherly radiance.

At some point, Myra finished her handiwork, and she quietly approached Tony. As she watched Tony work haphazardly, the corners of her lips unwittingly quirked up.

"Do you want me to help you, Tony?" Myra's lips were now curved into a small smile.

"No need," Tony said stubbornly. He wanted to personally finish those pants, for he didn't believe that he would be tripped up by this kind of small thing.

Under his insistence, Myra sat by the side and waited for Tony to finish his handiwork. Lucia would give some pointers to Tony from time to time, and Myra enjoyed this rare moment of Tony being awkward.

After much torture, Tony's handiwork was completed at last. Myra curiously pressed closer; upon seeing the pants that Tony held in his hands, the smile on her face widened.

Meanwhile, Tony said with a straight face, "Actually, that wasn't so hard." His gaze bore straight into Myra, who was standing next to him. Judging from the look on his face, he clearly wanted Myra to praise him.

"Yep, that wasn't hard at all. You're awesome!" Sometimes, men could be like children—they needed unfiltered praise and compliments from their beloved.

Lucia watched the pair's interaction and felt touched. She reminisced about her own youth; love was something that couldn't be obtained through force.

Unfortunately, it was easy to fall in love but difficult to maintain those loving feelings most of the time.

Myra and Tony were the envy of many people; the two of them firmly trusted each other, and they were both devoted to each other with their love.

Love should be like this—a beautiful sight to behold with no interfering third party. Sharing one's life with their partner until both were old was a nice, peaceful life to have!

“Will our son like it?” Tony asked in all seriousness, making Myra unable to stop herself from laughing.

“Of course. His own father made it, so he'll definitely like it,” Myra said in admiration. She had even sneakily filmed some short video clips of him earlier.

Tony truly was captivating when he was absorbed in his work. Regardless of what he was doing, he always looked so elegant; it was a pleasant sight to enjoy. To Myra, Tony was someone who was close to perfect. She must have saved the galaxy in a previous life to be able to be loved by him.

The pair of them soon walked out of the shop with their own handiwork, pleased. Tony rather liked the dress that Myra carried in her arms.

Meanwhile, Myra was enamored with the tiny pair of pants that Tony had made. They both had contented smiles on their faces, as though they had the entire world in their hands.

“It'll be a few more months before the children can wear these,” Myra said, a brilliant smile on her face. She imagined how her children would look, assuming that they'd have Tony's features.

“No rush. We can keep these clothes nice and safe until then,” Tony said as he helped Myra to open the car door.

As they returned home while feeling satisfied with their trip, the pair chatted and laughed with each other. By the time they returned home, the day was no longer young. Meanwhile, there was a pot of soup simmering away on the stove. Myra had been nourishing herself well every day, and her figure was fuller than it had been before.

After they had a simple dinner, Tony eagerly pulled Myra into their bedroom. The intent in his eyes was clear.

“You should get some exercise after dinner.” Tony looked straight at Myra, his eyes conveying a smouldering look.

“I’m tired after the day’s activities. I want to sleep.” Myra pretended not to understand what he was saying between the lines.

“The doctor said that the babies are developing well, and it’s already past the three-month mark. We can do husband-and-wife activities,” Tony said, laying things out bluntly. As he spoke, he pressed in close to her.

“No, I’m really tired.” Myra had a pleading look on her face as she attempted to deflect Tony’s eager, amorous advances.

“Today’s a good day. We should celebrate.” Tony was unphased. How could he easily let Myra go?

“No.” Myra hastily took a few steps back so that Tony wouldn’t get his way.

“Don’t tell me that you like playing cat-and-mouse?” Tony’s expression was teasing, looking as though he wouldn’t give up as long as he didn’t get a taste.

“There’s still plenty of things for you to settle at work tomorrow. Let’s forget about tonight,” Myra said in all seriousness. She was a true, good wife.

“Tomorrow’s work shall be left for tomorrow, but we shouldn’t procrastinate when it comes to things that should be done today.” Myra felt that she had no way to run with each step Tony took toward her.

With no way to escape, Myra was swept straight into Tony’s arms. He held her tightly and let out a tiny sigh.

Tony treated Myra like she was a priceless treasure; the fragile person in his arms was the woman he loved the most—the woman he wanted to spend the rest of his life together with.

Myra was unable to breathe normally in his arms. Even so, she still felt touched. As she breathed in Tony’s scent, she felt somewhat drunk; perhaps it was because the air felt too perfect.

The next moment, she was swept into a princess carry by Tony. Somehow or other, she ended up lying on the bed. Before she could make sense of her surroundings, Tony was already pressing himself on her.

“Myra.” Tony passionately called her. His heart was about to melt as he gazed at Myra below him.

Before she could answer, his lips were already on hers.

The temperature around them gradually rose, and lust filled the room. Myra felt she was about to be suffocated; Tony had sucked out all the air in her lungs, as though he had sucked the very life from her. She felt dizzy, and her vision was starting to blur. This ethereally handsome man before her was her beloved!

Piece by piece, her clothing was peeled off from her body. Myra clung tightly to Tony’s back, her entire body leaning against him. She was somewhat eager for what was about to come.

After ending the kiss, Tony lifted his head and pressed a kiss to the tip of Myra’s nose.

“Every part of you is dazzling,” Tony exclaimed, saying such blush-inducing love talk out of nowhere.

“Don’t be like this.” Myra couldn’t stand Tony’s sweet nothings being whispered into her ear with that low, sensual voice of his.

“Well, what do you want me to do?” Tony asked with a teasing smile, unwilling to ease up on his whispering.

“Don’t... speak... by my ear.” Myra’s voice was coming out in pants.

“Where do you want me to speak?” Tony’s flirty tone made it harder for Myra to contain her body’s desire.

“I...”

Before she could finish, her words were swallowed up by Tony’s mouth. He wished for nothing more than to swallow her right down as he admired Myra’s lovely looks.

Standing before Love Chapter 399

The next day, the sun was hanging high in the sky when Myra opened her eyes lazily. Tony was no longer with her in the room, but she took a sniff of the scent that he'd left behind on the comforter and smiled into the sheets contentedly.

As she stretched, she reminded herself that it was a new day; any day with Tony by her side was worthy to look forward to.

Time ticked by as Myra cleaned herself up just like always. She had woken up quite late today, and she felt a little embarrassed when she saw Old Master and Old Madam Hart downstairs.

Moreover, Myra wanted nothing more than to bury herself in a hole when the two elders gave her a knowing smile.

“Come, let's eat—it's getting late,” said the old lady as she smiled lovingly; she was getting more and more fond of this granddaughter-in-law of hers.

Nonetheless, Myra liked living with the Harts—she could truly feel the warmth of a family in this household. Even though she was still feeling embarrassed, she didn't want to drag on any longer and rushed over to have breakfast with the seniors!

The three of them chatted casually at the table; Myra told them some interesting stories of what had happened recently as they had a peaceful meal together.

From time to time, Myra still found herself not getting used to the warm way that the Old Master and Old Madam were treating her; it was all because they'd been giving her the same love and affection as they gave Tony.

Soon, it was getting late and morning passed in the blink of an eye. Myra planned to visit the florist shop in the afternoon; at the same time, she was constantly paying close attention to the Stark Group's affairs as things wouldn't always go according to plan. However, she had much time on her hands as she waited for the result.

In the florist shop, Myra was getting help from the florist on some basic techniques when tending to the flowers—she liked to take care of the gardening-related work around the shop. The shop was a place where she

could feel relaxed and free, and it helped with her overall mood, making her feel happier and lighter.

When her phone rang with an incoming call from Tony, Myra was coincidentally thinking about the man; the couple seemed to be in sync with each other.

“Are you at the florist?” Tony had a guess that she might be there. His voice was deep and magnetic on the phone and it was pleasant to the ear.

“Yeah, we had a busy day too,” Myra said with a smile.

At the same time, the sweet memory of their passionate night flooded back into her mind; indeed, Tony had been too wild last night. Otherwise, she wouldn’t have woken up so late today.

“Remember to prioritize your health—don’t push yourself.” Myra was always flattered by Tony’s tender voice whenever he expressed his concern for her.

“It’s just some simple tasks. Besides, exercising is also important during pregnancy, you know.” Myra was very proud of her labor today, so she didn’t feel like there was anything wrong with that.

“Okay.” Tony’s tone wasn’t anything different from the usual. Nevertheless, it left a warm feeling in Myra’s chest, making her heart flutter with glee.

Following that, the line was silent for a moment; neither of them had anything to say until Tony was the one to break the silence.

“Have you heard about anything on that matter with the Stark Group?” After giving it some thought, Tony decided to tell Myra about the sudden change in the Stark Group’s situation—things were now different from how they originally were.

“What do you mean?” Myra had a feeling that something bad had happened—this couldn’t be a good sign.

“I don’t know where to start.” Tony sounded quite helpless. This wasn’t something that Myra should be worried about to begin with, but from his understanding of her personality, it wouldn’t be easy to explain himself once she found out that he’d been hiding the truth from her.

“Is there a problem with purchasing the Stark Group?” Myra tried to probe for an answer.

“More or less.” Tony was careful with his words; he had no idea about the mysterious new businessman either.

Another family was intervening just after the Waltons had been dealt with—it was so sudden that Tony had yet to find out the newcomer’s identity.

“How’s the Stark Group’s current situation?” asked Myra worriedly. She couldn’t lose her chance of acquiring the Stark Group; nothing must go wrong in every step of her pursuit.

“Someone is purchasing a large number of the Stark Group’s shares,” Tony answered calmly.

Just then, a deep frown appeared between Myra’s brows. She pondered for a moment before she asked, “Is it Sean?” She couldn’t think of anyone else.

“No, it’s someone called Matthias Locke.” As he spoke, Tony stared fixedly at the man’s photo printed on the document at his desk. He tried to recall the man’s identity, but he simply couldn’t remember where he’d seen him before.

“Matthias Locke?” The unfamiliar name put a fear in Myra’s heart. She didn’t have an inkling of who the name referred to, but what did it mean by the man’s sudden appearance?

“Do you have any idea who he is?” Tony was thinking that perhaps this man was related to the Stark Family.

Myra tried her best to search her memory, but even as she recalled the clients or collaborators acquainted with the Starks throughout the years, the name didn’t ring a bell.

“How old is he?” Myra wanted to know more about this man.

“He’s around 30; he’s a young and successful businessman,” said Tony as he squinted, his eyes never leaving the photo of the man.

“He’s so young... Who could it be?” Myra muttered to herself before she quickly asked Tony, “Do you have a photo of him?”

“Hold on, I’ll send you a picture.” Tony immediately positioned his phone at the document to take a photo.

Myra knew very well how Tony handled things—he was always particular with finding out the most about his opponents as he believed that it was the best way to succeed. That was why she asked for a photo of Matthias from Tony.

As Myra looked at the photo that Tony had sent her via Messenger, she fell into deep thought. The man—who was wearing a pair of black shades—looked a little familiar, but she couldn’t recognize him no matter how hard she tried.

The feeling of a thought slipping the mind was frustrating indeed—Myra couldn’t tell if he was a friend or a foe. She also wasn’t sure if this sudden change had anything to do with Cameron.

“What should we do about it?” A look of uncertainty hung over Myra’s face.

Tony hadn’t thought of a countermeasure at the moment. Matthias had appeared out of the blue and his moves were slick—a huge portion of the company’s stocks were already in his hands. In other words, things weren’t looking good at all.

“We’ll see how it goes.” Tony’s answer was quite ambiguous, but right now, their best move was to play the waiting game.

When the call ended, Myra started to worry about the Stark Group again. No doubt, a new storm was brewing just after another one ended; it was difficult to tell where things were going.

Myra spaced out for some time as she stared at the flowers in her hands. Her good mood was now ruined, and she could no longer enjoy her free time leisurely regardless of how she tried.

“What are you looking at, Miss Stark?” Sharon’s voice rang brightly from Myra’s side.

With that, Myra snapped out of her daze. She turned to the florist and smiled at her politely. “It’s nothing. Where were we?”

Myra had the habit of finishing whatever she started. Since she still had unfinished work on her hands, she didn’t want her pleasant state of mind to go

to waste; she decided to put the unhappy discussion in the back of her mind and continued the lesson with Sharon. At the very least, she could use the time to learn something practical.

Myra finally left the florist shop in the evening. Meanwhile, Tony was thoughtful as well; he drove his car to the front of the shop and waited for her so that they could head home together.

Myra felt a sudden boost of energy as soon as she saw Tony; to see his car being parked by the side was such a beautiful and welcoming sight to her.

“You don’t have to go out of your way to pick me up,” Myra said as she walked up to Tony. She would soon become a lazy, loafing woman who couldn’t feed herself if Tony continued to spoil her like this.

“Let’s say I was on the way, then.” Tony opened the door for her like a gentleman as a slight smile graced his face. His eyes typically grew much softer whenever they were on Myra.

“You can’t always be on the way.” Myra stepped into the car. The evening breeze was gentle and the air was a pleasant temperature; it was unfortunate that they couldn’t see the sunset.

“You visit the shop a lot these days,” Tony said to Myra as he turned to face her after fastening his seatbelt.

“It makes me feel at ease.” Myra put on a huge grin; she wasn’t shy to express her appreciation for the florist shop that Tony had gifted her.

“As long as you like it.” Tony stared at her with doting eyes as he caressed her cheek lightly.

The two never once mentioned Matthias throughout their ride. After all, things in the corporate world were never meant to be set in stone, so a few surprises here and there weren’t unusual.

It wasn’t until late at night did Tony bring up the topic of Matthias upon noticing that Myra wasn’t falling asleep after some time.

“Are you worried about the Stark Group? You’re still wondering about Matthias Locke, aren’t you?” Tony saw through Myra’s troubles right away. He wanted

nothing more than to lighten the burden on her shoulders, but due to her persistence and personal reasons, he couldn't step in too much.

"This is an odd battle—I don't know anything about him, but I bet he knows much about us," said Myra anxiously. She felt that her opponent had the upper hand as he knew a lot more than she did.

"How much of the Stark Group's shares does he currently own?" It was what Myra wanted to know the most.

Tony stared quietly at Myra; he couldn't tell for sure since he hadn't found out about it himself. It all happened too suddenly—all eyes were on the Waltons just moments ago. Who would have thought that someone was acquiring the Stark Group's shares in secret?

"I'm not sure," Tony replied truthfully.

"Do you think we should meet up with him?" Myra asked Tony for his opinion.

Tony glanced at Myra as his own thoughts lingered between his brows. He did reflect on whether or not they should meet with the man, but now that the question was blatantly asked, he was suddenly at a loss for words.

That night, they didn't come to a conclusion on how to solve the issue. Tony told her some things about Matthias, but the information came from indirect sources; its credibility was unknown either.

However, as it turned out, luck seemed to be on their side—as they were considering their next step, an invitation from Matthias arrived at the Hart Residence.

Tony felt a bit strange when he received the invitation; indeed, nothing was impossible in this world, and no one knew what would happen next.

Since they were deciding whether or not to arrange a meeting with Matthias, the way he took the initiative to invite them actually made their job easier.

Apparently, Matthias was hosting a glamorous banquet in his mansion in three days, and Tony was cordially invited to attend.

With all things considered, the invitation seemed a little ill-willed, though. Myra read the words over and over again; she couldn't help feeling that the phrases didn't sound natural at all.

"What do you think, Tony?" Myra tossed the invitation aside. She'd heard some rumors regarding Matthias for the past few days—it seemed like he was a strong-willed and decisive businessman.

"It might be a trap, but I'll attend it," Tony said nonchalantly. He had a feeling that Matthias wasn't targeting the Stark Group, but the Hart Family instead.

"Will you be taking me?" Myra blinked at him as a smile played on her lips. It looked as though she was telling him a joke.

"He invited us both. Tell me, am I taking you or not?" Tony's eyes darted to the invitation on the table; he was curious whether the invitations were phrased the same way to Matthias' other guests, or the man had specially prepared it this way for them.

Standing before Love Chapter 400

On the night of the banquet, Myra and Tony were dressed glamorously for the event—a sophisticated presentation was the best weapon on such occasions. The couple put on a solemn expression as they entered the venue. They knew that this invitation couldn't be as simple as it seemed, so they had to be prepared to handle any situation seriously.

Tony stole a glance at Myra who was beside him; she was wearing a turquoise dress which brought out her bright complexion wonderfully, making her look more beautiful than ever.

Even though her waist wasn't as slim as before, her current supple and full figure added a touch of womanly charm! The gown accentuated her elegant posture, and every move she made was filled with charisma befitting of a young mistress.

Myra was able to recognize Matthias in the midst of the huge crowd after seeing his photo beforehand. She asked Tony in a low voice, "Should we go to him?"

Tony was exchanging greetings with his fellow attendees, so he took a half-hearted glance in Matthias' direction. When he saw the man in person, it felt like their subject of conversation for many days had finally come to life.

The couple weren't far from Matthias, so the man was bound to notice them sooner or later. Moreover, a nobody like Matthias wasn't worthy of Tony to initiate their greeting.

In actual fact, Matthias had felt Tony's eyes on him for some time; he simply didn't react to it. He'd heard that Tony had a unique way of handling things, so he was eager to have a go at him.

Nevertheless, Matthias was still waiting for the right time to make his move. After all, it was no laughing matter to be enemies with the Hart Family in Bradford City.

Moreover, the Waltons had just been completely trampled on and ruined by the Harts not too long ago; the way Matthias simply picked a fight with the Hart Family considering their current power and influence proved just how ambitious the man was.

Thus, the two parties waited for one another in silence. Eventually, Matthias made his way to Tony; after all, the former was the host of the night, whereas the latter was a guest. Thus, it was basic etiquette for Matthias to take the initiative this time—he had already anticipated this to happen when he sent Tony an invitation.

Right now, things were going in Tony's way; he faced the situation confidently and naturally, whereas Myra maintained an elegant composure by his side. Matthias observed the woman as he approached the couple since he already had a detailed understanding of Tony's background. On the other hand, Matthias didn't pay attention to Myra's background; as a woman who had caught Tony's interest, though, Matthias was quite interested in her abilities as well.

"Director Hart." Matthias' voice had an inexplicable charm to it. If only he put more effort in his articulation and tone, he could very well be a qualified TV announcer.

He was lean and had a clean and sculpted appearance; it made him appear scholarly and neat. No one would have guessed that Matthias was affiliated with shady business just by looking at him.

“Director Locke,” Tony returned his greeting politely. Next to him, Myra smiled courteously as well.

“Miss Stark,” Matthias’ eyes lingered on Myra for a while; a deep, incomprehensible look filled his gaze.

Matthias’ way of addressing Myra made the two feel a little uncomfortable—she was Tony’s fiancée, after all. Not only that, the blunt and unreserved look in his eyes as he stared at Myra was quite rude as well.

“Good evening, Director Locke.” Myra’s smile stiffened a little. She wasn’t fond of the way Matthias looked at her at all, for it seemed like he was sizing up a prey.

“Please excuse the lack of hospitality. I’m truly honored to have the two of you here tonight.” Matthias finally looked away from Myra; he turned to Tony and gestured to them politely as he spoke.

“You have quite a beautiful home, Director Locke.” Tony looked around casually. Matthias had quite a taste in furnishing and decoration, so Tony’s compliment wasn’t all empty praise.

“I just moved in not too long ago, so the decorations are simple. I heard that Miss Stark is more of an expert in this field.” Matthias wasn’t short of things to say; it seemed that he was quite well-prepared.

“You flatter me, Director Locke.” Myra’s expression was getting unnatural, for Matthias’ behavior and tone of speech was very disturbing to her.

“It’s good to be humble, but I’d still like some ideas from you, Miss Stark.” At this point, Matthias had completely ignored Tony; he continued the conversation with Myra alone, acting all boastful and arrogant.

Tony stepped closer to Myra without missing a beat and wrapped an arm around her. As he pulled her close, he stared at Matthias in an unfriendly manner.

“You’ve been quite active as of late; what are your plans, I wonder?” Tony asked him directly. Needless to say, he didn’t want to beat around the bush anymore.

“Naturally, I’m hoping that the Locke Group could collaborate with the Hart Group.” Matthias gave him a genuine smile. It seemed like he was truly interested for the two companies to work together.

“The Hart Group always welcomes new collaboration partners to grow our reach, but we place a huge priority on our partners’ capabilities. There’s no need for us to work with a company with no potential,” Tony replied, his words carrying a hidden meaning to it. Since Matthias wasn’t holding back with his words, Tony decided to attack him verbally before resorting to other measures.

“Of course—the Locke Group only collaborates with capable, leading companies as well.” The smile on Matthias’ face grew triumphant as he returned Tony’s eyes confidently.

Myra watched the two men from the side. Their behavior was similar to two lions who had trespassed on each other’s territories, both not backing down without a fight.

“Would you like some juice?” Just then, Tony looked to his side at Myra as he gave her a glass of juice. He wasn’t affected by Matthias’ words at all.

“Sure,” Myra was a little uncomfortable; she still wasn’t fond of being treated so dearly in public.

Myra couldn’t get used to being part of a public display of affection. Moreover, it was just a second ago that Tony was engaged in a hostile conversation with Matthias.

Why was he suddenly shifting his attention to her and asking about how she felt? As a result, Myra couldn’t even look into Tony’s eyes which were overflowing with deep affection.

Myra would always blush in embarrassment whenever Tony looked at her this way, and she’d feel as though she was a teenager experiencing her first love once again.

The smile on Matthias’ lips stiffened a little as he watched the couple’s interaction. Tony’s disregard toward their discussion was clearly a means to openly mock Matthias.

“I have other guests to take care of, so please enjoy yourselves, Director Hart. Let me know if you need anything.” Matthias didn’t want to stay between them any longer and endure the couple’s display of endearment; perhaps due to the fact that he had been single for a long time, he couldn’t bear it when couples acted lovey dovey in front of him.

With that, Matthias’ grudge for Tony deepened even more. As a long-standing bachelor himself, Matthias was hungry to ruin Tony’s life with his own hands. After all, Tony had it all—he was successful in terms of family and work.

After meeting Matthias for the first time, Tony could tell that he was no ordinary businessman. It might seem like Matthias had all his intentions written on his face, but this could also be a part of his well-planned disguise.

Now that things were getting more interesting, Tony was curious as to how the matter would unfold; he hadn’t figured out Matthias’ true goal just yet. After getting to know his mannerisms and conduct, Tony couldn’t be more unsure of what he was going after—there was still much to discover.

Meanwhile, Myra watched as Matthias left. The man was very tall; he was at least 6 feet tall, which was a considerable height amongst the attendees of the banquet. However, his tall stature paired with his lean figure made him appear awfully skinny as a man.

He was tall and lanky like a plank, and his skin was perfectly clear—it was even smoother than a woman’s, not to mention his complexion was pearly and fair. With everything combined, he seemed quite feminine.

A look at him gave off a feeling that he was a little weak and feeble; people like this were said to be easily clouded with unseemly thoughts and principles. After all, one’s appearance could always reflect their heart.

“Do you think there’s something off with him?” Tony asked Myra directly.

Myra shook her head. She couldn’t tell what was wrong with Matthias—some of his actions and words did seem too scripted and planned, so it was indeed suspicious. She couldn’t be sure if the man was a friend or a foe, but she had a feeling that he probably didn’t mean well.

“I’m a little worried.” Myra expressed her concern truthfully. She couldn’t allow any mistakes when it came to the Stark Group’s matter. However, there was a

sudden new competitor in town which could introduce new problems for her—her troubles were endless!

“Don’t worry, for I won’t let him threaten you.” Tony’s eyes were still on Matthias—he wouldn’t let anyone harm Myra.

“I’m a little worried, Tony.” Myra had a bad feeling about this. Moreover, upon her first meeting with Matthias earlier, he had become more and more familiar to the eye. Nevertheless, she couldn’t remember where she’d seen the man before.

“I’m here, so nothing will go wrong.” Tony raised a brow at Myra with a confident look on his face which made him look like a yuppie; Myra could never get sick of staring at his attractive face whenever he did that.

“I’m afraid that his target is actually the Hart Group.” Myra felt that Matthias displayed an unusually hostile attitude toward Tony; it could only mean that something bad was going to happen.

“You noticed it as well.” Tony didn’t deny it—Matthias’ hostility toward him was incredibly obvious. Tony was unsure whether Matthias had deliberately made his opinion known, or if it was just a cover-up for his scheme.

“Since the Hart Group sits at the top of Bratford City’s corporate ladder, we naturally have the skills and power to sustain our place. There’s no need to worry about something like this.” Tony was confident of the Hart Group’s abilities; he didn’t believe that anyone out there would be able to bring them down.

Myra took a sip of the juice in her hand. She didn’t have much to say anymore; it wasn’t wise to sing praises about her opponents and forget about the abilities on her own side. After all, there wasn’t anything that Tony couldn’t do. She could always be at ease with him around, and she believed that the Hart Group wouldn’t be defeated this easily.

“It’s pretty noisy here; we can leave ahead if you’re feeling unwell.” Tony wasn’t very interested in such events. Moreover, he was more worried about Myra’s health.

“We’re already here; it’d be bad to leave so soon!” Myra said with a smile. Tony was practically treating her like a little doll—clearly, she wasn’t as weak and easily bruised as one.

“We’ll stay for a while longer, then. Who knows? Matthias might do something unexpected while we’re here.” Tony looked around at the surrounding attendees. Sure enough, Matthias was able to invite many of Bradford City’s renowned and respected names.

Such a grand gesture must’ve been made with intention; either that, he probably had a huge announcement to make tonight. Otherwise, all his painstaking efforts to prepare such a glamorous banquet would go to waste.

“What do you think he’s planning?” asked Myra as her gaze followed Matthias, who was busy attending to his guests in the crowd. He was like a butterfly, fluttering here and there to engage in various small talk—from his appearance, it was evident that he wasn’t a man of pure intentions.

“I can’t say myself; I only know that he used to be active in Tasia City, but he moved to Bradford City all of a sudden. It’s all a big mystery.” Tony thought of a few possibilities for the sudden move, but he still couldn’t be sure of Matthias’ true motive.

“I guess we can only go with the flow. We’ve been too passive this time.” They weren’t prepared for Matthias’ forward behavior at all, so Myra was rather emotionally affected during their entire meeting. Because of that, they weren’t able to take control of the situation in time; they could only proceed with caution from now on.

“Sometimes, being passive isn’t necessarily a bad thing,” Tony said coldly as he stared at the wine glass in his hand.

With many years of experience in corporate mind games, Tony had realized that fact a long time ago. Nothing was impossible, so there was no saying in how things would end up before the very last second.

Standing before Love Chapter 401

Just as Tony had predicted, halfway through the banquet, Matthias suddenly grabbed a microphone and the lively hall instantly fell so silent that only Matthias’s voice could be heard.

“Thank you everyone for taking the time to attend my dinner banquet. I have been in Bradford City for some time now, and I would like to thank you all for your care. I love this city and I am planning to move the Locke Group from Tasia City to Bradford City. I hope that we can continue to be great friends. I

have lots to learn from all of you in the business world,” Matthias said tactfully in a humble tone. However, the cheeky smile on his face was an eyesore.

After hearing Matthias’s speech, the crowd clapped loudly. Tony joined in, but he looked at Matthias with his eyebrows raised. Turns out that Matthias is planning to move the Locke Group to Bradford City. That’s big news.

On the way home, Myra and Tony sat in the backseat. Tony had drunk alcohol and couldn’t drive, so they called the Hart family’s driver to pick them up.

“Tony, do you think that Matthias’ sudden decision has something to do with...” Myra asked worriedly.

Tony directly interrupted her. “No matter what his goal is, I will have a way to deal with him.”

Matthias’ provocation that night was obvious, so Tony could tell that he didn’t have good intentions. However, it wasn’t anything serious. Every year, the Hart family would encounter countless competitors, but Tony had never been scared of anyone. Instead, he treated it as a challenge. After all, challenges and opportunities had always been symbiotic.

“I don’t like the way Matthias looks at me, and I have a feeling that I have seen that gaze before,” Myra muttered anxiously.

“You’ve met him before?” Tony turned to Myra doubtfully. It’s impossible that Myra and Matthias have met each other in the past.

“I have a strange feeling that I know him from somewhere. His aura makes me feel uneasy.” Myra tried her best to recall, but she couldn’t remember anything. In her eyes, Matthias was someone dangerous.

“You’ve probably mistaken him for someone else. It’s clear that he is a dishonest trader, so it’s normal if you think he seems familiar.” Tony didn’t take Myra’s words too seriously because he had also met someone else who had a sinister aura like Matthias.

“No, I feel like I met him when I was young!” Myra said after giving it some thought.

However, as soon as she finished speaking, she shook her head and disagreed with herself. "But that doesn't make sense. No child would have such a foreboding aura. Where have I seen him before?"

Looking at Myra's troubled expression, Tony wrapped one arm around her shoulder intimately and said, "You're pregnant, so you shouldn't waste too much of your energy. If you can't remember it, don't force yourself to recall."

Naturally, Tony didn't want his wife to think about other men. He couldn't help but clench his fists the moment he thought about Matthias' enthusiasm toward Myra at the banquet.

Tony wanted to have Myra all to himself, so he wouldn't tolerate anyone else coveting her. The more he thought about it, the more tightly he wrapped his arms around Myra. No matter what, Myra belongs to me and no one can take her away from me.

"Tony, I'm hungry." Pregnant women got hungry easily. Besides that, a pregnant woman's appetite was unstable. There were times they had a good appetite, and there were times that they didn't feel like eating anything at all.

Myra didn't eat much at the banquet, but all of the sudden, her appetite was back and she was craving all kinds of food.

"Let's go home and see if there's anything in the kitchen." Tony naturally wouldn't let Myra eat food from restaurants. After all, the foods sold by restaurants were not as clean as home-cooked food.

"I want to eat lamb skewers," Myra said coquettishly. At that moment, she was craving something heavy.

"You are being a bad influence to the baby," Tony pinched her nose and said. "Pregnant women are not allowed to eat lamb skewers," he said righteously. It's hard to predict a pregnant woman's temper.

"I know that I'm not allowed to eat lamb skewers, but can't I at least dream about it?" Myra mumbled in dissatisfaction. I'm starving!

"You can't even think about it. It's bad for the baby," Tony replied with a smile, obviously teasing Myra.

“Tsk! Babies are not so easily influenced!” Myra turned her back against Tony and didn’t believe a thing he said.

“Hahaha...” Tony roared with laughter. Myra is so adorable.

“How can you laugh so heartily when the baby and I are starving?” Myra rolled her eyes at him. What is he thinking about? He has a strange sense of humor.

It was a bumpy ride home because they were in a rush to head home, but at the same time, Tony warned the driver to drive safely. He loved Myra dearly and wanted to give her everything she wanted.

As soon as they stepped into the living room, Tony asked Myra to sit on the couch while he headed to the kitchen. As he did, Myra tugged on his sleeve and said softly, “It’s late, so there is nothing left in the kitchen. You don’t need to go.”

“I can ask the chef to wake up and cook something up for you.” Tony naturally wouldn’t let Myra and his child starve.

“Don’t. It’s not nice to wake the chef up in the middle of the night.” Myra hurriedly stopped him. Being a chef is tiring so we shouldn’t disturb his sleep.

Tony glanced at Myra, then at her belly. “But we can’t starve the baby.”

He’s right. I can bear the hunger, but it won’t be good to let the baby starve. After giving it some thought, Myra said, “Well then, I’ll just cook something up myself.” After all, she was truly starving.

“You want to cook yourself?” Tony looked at Myra with a face full of concern. He was worried about Myra’s cooking skills.

“The food that I cook will definitely taste better than yours,” Myra said with a delightful smile.

“I’ll help you.” Tony winked and said to her.

With that, the two of them happily started cooking in the kitchen. Myra was a pretty good cook, so Tony obediently followed her orders. The couple had a joyful time. As long as two people loved each other, they would have a great time no matter what they did together.

As they cooked, they tried their best to keep quiet. After all, it was the middle of the night. They even deliberately lowered their voices. Tony thought that it was interesting and felt like they were sneaking around like they were having an affair.

After a lot of work, they finally poured the food out of the pot. Smelling the fragrant food, Myra suddenly felt even hungrier. She then began to eat by herself. After watching her for a while, Tony felt hungry and joined her.

“Are you hungry too?” Tony ate a lot at the dinner banquet just now. Why is he feeling hungry again so soon? Urgh, he’s stealing my food.

“After seeing you enjoying it so much, I feel like having a taste.” Tony smiled brightly. She looks beautiful even when she’s stuffing food into her mouth.

“That is your reason for stealing my food?” Myra glared at Tony in disdain. After staring at each other for a while, the two of them burst into laughter.

It was a heart-warming and beautiful moment. At that moment, both of them wished to spend the rest of their lives together because they believed that they were destined for each other. A lover’s embrace was the safest harbor that was more magical than the stars in the universe. The atmosphere slowly grew tense.

Tony wanted to lean close to kiss Myra’s lips and make out with her. The two of them slowly leaned close toward each other, and Myra couldn’t help but close her eyes. Her heart raced every time she was with Tony.

Tony’s breath brushed against Myra’s face. As she sensed his familiar aura, Myra’s heart beat uncontrollably, as if it was going to jump out of her chest.

Then, Tony’s lips pressed against Myra, and they kissed passionately. He wrapped his arms around her waist and realized that she had gotten a little chubbier. It felt so good that Tony couldn’t take his hands off her. He pressed his muscular chest against Myra and the sweet love in the air was intoxicating.

“You look beautiful tonight.” Tony didn’t hesitate to compliment Myra. At that instant, he wanted to make love to her.

Hearing that, Myra blushed. Tony often says sweet words at the right time to make me blush. He knows how to control my heart and whole being.

They didn't even bother to clean up the dishes. At that moment, Tony just wanted to carry Myra to their bedroom to have sex. All of a sudden, Myra was lifted by Tony. She gasped in shock and quickly wrapped her arms around his neck. Then, she looked into his eyes and saw that they were burning strong with desire as if he was about to eat her up.

"Tony, we have to clean the table." Myra was still thinking about the mess on the table.

"The maids will clean it up tomorrow," Tony muttered in a deep and sexy voice.

"Tony, it's not good to have sex every night." Myra bit her lower lip tightly because she knew what would happen next. After all, Tony was a perverted man.

"Is it because your body can't take it?" Tony grinned cheekily at Myra before he ran toward their bedroom.

"Let me down. Someone might see us," Myra said shyly. It will be embarrassing if someone sees us.

"Nobody will come out of their rooms at this hour." Tony was not willing to put Myra down. He was desperate to make love to her.

With a small kick, Tony opened the door and smiled as he glanced at Myra, who was in his arms.

It was the loudest noise that they had made that night, and Myra hurriedly hid in his arms and said nervously, "You'll wake someone. Hurry up and get inside." It's a silent night, but we just made a loud noise. If the elders see us, I will be utterly embarrassed.

"Looks like you are getting impatient. Well then, I will obey your wishes." Tony smiled sinisterly and carried Myra into the room. Then, he closed the door behind him with a bang.

At that moment, Myra was angry with Tony. He's acting like he wants everyone in the house to know what we are doing. Furious, she bit him softly on his arm.

Tony felt a slight sting, but he ignored it and continued to tease her. "I didn't know that you had such a kink. Was that an invitation?"

"You're a pervert," Myra replied angrily and regretted not biting him harder.

"Since you called me a pervert, I should do something that fits the name," Tony said seriously.

"No!" Under Myra's scream of surprise, Tony put her down on the bed and immediately lay on top of her.