

## Standing before Love Chapter 522

Heather pondered on her qualities. While she liked to consider herself as well-accomplished and an example of the perfect woman, she shuddered at the thought of being romantically pursued by someone whom she knew actively hated her. She briefly wondered if Matthias had suffered head damage from the accident, because it was the only logical explanation behind his feelings for her.

“I like the challenge of turning the impossible into reality,” Matthias said defiantly even after his pleading was to no avail. He knew that Heather wanted more than just a lover—she wanted someone who could thrive in the same league as her own.

“Stop grinning like that. It’s freaking me out.” She eyed him warily, recoiling at the wicked smile that played on his lips.

If that grin on his face was anything to go by, he looked like he was more than eager to take up the challenge of romantically pursuing her. She bristled and began to question what it was about her that spurred him on. Then, as her mind raced to figure out his, a sudden thought seized her.

“Do you actually like me or do you like the idea of conquering me?” She stared at him, willing him to answer.

“The former,” he replied with firm assurance.

“Men are all liars,” she said pointedly as she shot him a displeased look. She thought about asking Myra for her opinion on this. It would do her no good to dwell on such complex matters without another woman’s insight.

In the end, Heather announced imperiously, “Drive me home now. I don’t want this date to go on, so let’s just call it a day.” Truthfully, she was worried that one thing might lead to another if they were to carry on with this date. What if he gets some weird idea and wants to take things to the next level?

She shuddered, then tossed aside the strange and unwarranted thought as soon as it popped up in her mind. Stop thinking about how it would feel if he kisses you, she chided herself, repressing the urge to retch.

“I hate to break it to you, but this road is strictly one-way so I can’t turn the car around,” Matthias pointed out in resignation. To a certain extent, he had

accomplished his mission for the day, having made his feelings known to her. No, you didn't, the voice in his head countered sadistically.

"Did you really drop by the Langston Residence today so you could talk about the business partnership?" Heather asked. In retrospect, the reason for his visit earlier today had been rather suspicious and she wanted to talk to Robert about it, having noticed his odd behavior during Matthias' visit.

"Of course. Believe me, I was equally surprised when Old Master Langston called me up this morning." In all honesty, Matthias couldn't quite grasp the situation just yet. All he knew was that the old master had had a change of heart and called him up that morning with the prospect of a partnership.

She scoffed upon hearing his answer. "I thought perhaps you might have made some shady backdoor deal with him." By that, she meant that she had been inclined to believe that Robert sold her off to Matthias but as it turned out, she was reading too much into the situation.

"Seems a bit inappropriate to talk about your grandfather that way, don't you think?" Matthias berated gently, though he secretly envied the bond she shared with Robert.

"It's none of your business how I describe my grandfather. Can you please drop me home now? I don't want to see you for a moment longer than necessary," she snapped irritably and without thought. Then, upon recollecting herself, she peered at him worriedly from the corner of her eye and saw that his expression had darkened considerably.

However, he sounded placid as he replied, "Fine, I shall drive you home this instant. Wouldn't want you to have to see this repulsive face of mine for the rest of the day."

Heather's heart twisted with guilt as she lowered her head. It was as if all the sophistication disappeared from her lexicon whenever she was in his presence. She felt bad for saying such hurtful things to him and she knew she sounded like a spoiled and unreasonable aristocratic brat.

Regardless of how wounded he might be, Matthias was still a man of his word. He stepped on the accelerator as they cruised down the road and when she saw the speed at which he was driving, she began to worry that they might run into trouble with the traffic police.

After a while, she noticed that he was still angry and the car was gaining speed under his maneuver. Matthias' sullenness translated into reckless driving, and there were even a few times when they were inches away from bumping into the other cars on the road.

"Slow down, Matthias. Getting into an accident is not part of my to-do list," she snapped, once again hurting him with her sharp choice of words.

"I highly doubt being a safe road-user is on your to-do list either, seeing as you've crashed your car into mine twice before this," he retorted sarcastically, unable to help his sour mood. She's being brash with me because she thinks I like her too much to put her in her place.

Frustrated by his sudden change in temperament, Heather sputtered, "Are you serious? This is no time for you to be sassy, Matthias!" What did I do to him this time?

This only seemed to spur him on. He stepped on the accelerator and the sports car revved as it sped down the road. Fear flashed in Heather's eyes as she felt inertia pushing her into her seat. The vehicle might come with state-of-the-art safety features, but that doesn't mean he can be so reckless with our lives!

"Unless I've misunderstood your instructions, I'm just doing what you told me to," he countered, not backing down. One could hardly reason with him when he was being stubborn like this, and this probably had something to do with Heather injuring his pride.

Heather grew terrified when she saw how maniacal he was and she quickly surrendered. "Okay, okay—I'm the one who's in the wrong, not you. I'm sorry. Can you please slow down before we crash?"

It wasn't until he had calmed down that she retracted her piteous gaze. She had to admit that he easily outdid her when it came to being ruthless.

She got down from the car when it finally rolled to a steady stop outside the Langston Residence. Then, she turned to address him somberly, "You have obsessive tendencies and I'm far too stubborn—the both of us would only anger each other. I suggest you think about it before you delude yourself into believing we could ever work out."

There was a certain truth to her words that even Matthias could not deny. He did have strong obsessive tendencies that bordered on a personality disorder, but he had always brushed those off as part of his character. He remembered Evan urging him to see a therapist but he had unfortunately paid no heed to that suggestion, either.

At the rate at which Matthias was going, it would only be a matter of time before he bit off more than he could chew. However, he did not think of the consequences that might come and was instead focused on getting Heather to reciprocate his feelings. He wanted her to look back at him and give him the assurance he craved.

The regret leftover from his pursuit of Myra seemed to weigh on his feelings for Heather. Seeing as he had missed his chance with the former, he was adamant to make things work with the latter.

It was no easy feat for him to fall in love with someone and when he did, he would not so much as spare other women a second look.

Sometimes, Matthias wondered if his feelings of affection came from the constant interaction between himself and the woman he loved, be it Heather or Myra. However, as he dwelled on the likelihood of this theory, Lara's presence disproved it.

Given that she was his assistant in the workplace, his interaction with her was on a daily basis, yet he had never seemed to develop any romantic feelings for her. On the contrary, he saw her as nothing more than a loyal subordinate or an endearing younger sibling.

He thought about how these years had gone by. Affection and sentiments were empirical in their existence and there was little use in trying to rationalize them. He could say that Myra was the source of his determination up to this day, but it was much more accurate to admit that Heather was the reason for his present glory.

Heather had asked him why he had not come to Bradford City much earlier and instead chose to move over with the rest of the Locke Group. Had he not anticipated for Myra to fall in love with someone else? Why would he gamble on that prospect and decide to only move into the city after he had reached the peak of his success?

More importantly, he had chosen to relocate to Bradford City before Heather's return, and it was clear that she was the intended audience for his magnificent comeback. Just then, a bold presumption came to Matthias' mind—perhaps Heather was the one he had fallen for from the very beginning and he had merely been too scared to admit it.

Maybe his residual attachment to Myra's warmth had misled him into thinking he had actual feelings for her, but Heather had always been the one who amazed him and try as he might, he could never get her out of his mind.

Matthias spent the days and nights that followed this realization thinking about Heather's haughty expression more than he did Myra's warm smile.

It was not too far of a stretch to say that he could pick Heather out of a crowd, and this was the case when he had been in Italy all those years ago. He had been on stage then, and one look was all it took for him to spot her among the audience. However, he had felt inferior to her back then and dared not reveal himself to her, which made him even more resolved to only show up in front of her once he could lord his superiority over her.

"Give me ten more minutes," he pleaded now, hastily getting down from the car and reaching out to grab her hand. When Heather saw how earnest and serious he was about this, she relented.

"Fine, but we can't be seen dawdling outside the house." With that, she began to shove him back into the vehicle. "We'll talk inside the car."

That was a close call. If anyone in the house saw us... Heather gazed out the window uneasily. Matthias, on the other hand, was watching her from where he sat behind the wheel while his brain tried to recompose his words into something coherent.

"Well, what is it that you wanted to tell me? Come right out with it," she demanded incredulously as she felt the sudden urge to throttle him.

Is he doing this purpose? Did he plan on putting on some flamboyant show in front of the Langston Residence? She couldn't think straight right now and her mind was in chaos.

"My falling for you could very well be love at first sight," he murmured slowly, not wanting to be too forthcoming.

Upon hearing this, Heather stiffened and for a moment it was as if her brain had imploded—the words “love at first sight” echoed in her headspace. She found herself growing exasperated and helpless that he would spring something like this on her just as they were about to part ways.

Her words came out in a flurry as she retorted, “I don’t want to hear your explanation nor anything else you have to say.”

Despite being met with cold rebuff, Matthias continued, wanting to clarify all that he was feeling at the moment, “I admit that I was infatuated with Myra and her gentle compassion. I liked how her smile could light up an entire room.” He paused, seemingly entranced by the memory, then went on to say, “I saw her as my saving grace.”

“Yes, yes; I know, and I was the devil who split the both of you up with my wicked schemes,” she interjected impatiently. A chill ran down her spine when she saw his lips curve up in a peculiar smile.

“No, you were a beautiful angel—the most gorgeous girl I’ve ever seen.” It was as if Matthias was transported back into their younger days and even the smile on his face a wistful one.

Heather had been about to get down from the car when she heard this. No longer sure if he was telling her the truth, she asked in a flustered tone, “I’m sorry, but is your memory warped? I was ‘an angel’ and ‘the most gorgeous girl you’ve ever seen’?”

“I thought it was pathetic of me to have fallen for you back then. Do you remember how you used to look at me? You treated me like I was some foul-smelling beggar or an ugly street cat.” There was a sour note in Matthias’ voice as he recounted this. If only Heather had shown him some compassion, maybe he wouldn’t have felt so unworthy and been terrified of confessing his love for her.

He sounded like his reasonable self once more as he further elaborated, “I’ve been thinking about it for a while, and I had this epiphany that maybe I was never in love with Myra at all. Maybe I’ve only ever loved how warm and kind she was to me. I don’t even know what she’s like as a person nor have I seen her dark side—or any other side, for that matter.” If he did not know her well back in those days, then it was impossible for him to claim he was anything other than clueless about her now.

Presently, the only person he wanted to know was Heather. In fact, he wanted to get to know her better, so that he might touch the deepest part of her soul.

“And how about me? Do you know me at all? Have you seen all sides of me, especially the darkest ones? You don’t have to know someone to fall in love with them,” Heather argued. She still couldn’t come to terms with the fact that Matthias was in love with her, let alone his proclamation that it was love at first sight.

He dared not look her in the eye any longer and he tore his gaze away. Seeing this, Heather thought that she might have finally cracked his pretense and she waited for the chance to catch him out.

However, Matthias was plaintive as he said, “Looks like I was wrong—I’m still not worthy enough to confess my love for you and I should have kept my pathetic thoughts to myself.” The light in his eyes dimmed at that moment and as it turned out, today was yet another miserable day for him.

## Standing before Love Chapter 523

Heather felt her heart twist with an inexplicable sense of guilt and she turned to look at Matthias in frustration. She hadn’t been mocking him earlier, but he was making it sound as though she had deemed him unworthy, and perhaps his over-the-top reaction had something to do with his fragile pride.

“Look, I don’t know why you fell for me in the first place, but I hope you can understand that we are incompatible. You know as well as I do that nothing good could ever come from such incompatibility.” She needed to cajole him by breaking things down logically, but she had a feeling that her words were falling on deaf ears.

“Does compatibility truly matter when it comes to falling in love?” Matthias retorted defiantly. Love would not be quite so infuriating if one could make a rational choice on whom to fall in love with.

“Maybe it doesn’t for others, but it does to me. It’s pointless to be in a relationship if I can’t see a future with the person. I need to know that the person is someone whom I could spend the rest of my life with,” she explained, giving him a contemplative look as she did so. Heather was more concerned about equality than she was about love—the relationship would be futile if there was a lack of compatibility between the couple, or if one of them was better than the other.

“How would you know that I’m not that person you could spend forever with? You’ve come to that conclusion before you even gave us a shot. I’m not a fickle person, Heather, and if I’ve made up my mind to be together with you, then I’m in it for the long haul.” Matthias disagreed with the reason behind her rejection of him, and he couldn’t help but feel indignant. She is convinced that forever would never work out for us and she refuses to give us a chance.

“You and I are two peas in a pod—we have far too much pride for our own good. I’d cross your line and you’d hurt my pride. Besides, we’re both too headstrong and competitive to ever make things work out between us.” Once upon a time, Heather had thought about looking for someone who shared her qualities as well but that notion was sanded down to nothing over the years, and she realized that she would much rather be with somebody who could complement her.

“If you and I are the same, then why shouldn’t we be together?” He was baffled by her argument, much like how she was by his.

“I don’t want to talk about this anymore. I’m going home now,” she declared. She didn’t want to dawdle in the car either. It didn’t seem fair that she had to become collateral damage to his insanity.

Matthias, on the other hand, was adamantly clinging onto his rhetoric. He was sure that Heather had feelings for him, however little they might be, which meant that he still stood a chance with her. “I hope you’d consider what I’ve said today. Chemistry and affection are the tenets of a relationship, and you shouldn’t have to think about anything else when you make your decision,”

She merely hummed in response, impassive as she made to barrel out of the car. She could not spend another moment with him in this car, not while it was idling right outside the Langston Residence.

Matthias, too, did not stop Heather as she opened the door and stepped out of the car. She cast him a sideways glance. She had thought she knew him well enough but as it turned out, they were as good as strangers. After a series of calamitous events, she learned that there was a depth to him that she had yet to explore.

Presently, Heather straightened as she walked through the front door of her family home. Knowing that Matthias was staring at her from where he sat in the car, she refused to turn around. Out of all the possible scenarios that she



had imagined might happen between them, his affection for her was not one of them.

After all, who could ever love an enemy? Her head was close to bursting and Robert appeared to have played a central part in her current predicament. At the thought of this, Heather recalled something important—she must demand an explanation from Robert for the incident today.

With that in mind, she quickened her pace and made a beeline for his study, knowing that he would be there brushing up his fine arts at this hour.

The door to the study slammed open with violent force, and a somber Heather marched into the room with the purpose of confronting her grandfather.

However, Robert was not angry at her intrusion and instead, he beamed at her as he greeted cheerily, “Heather!” Upon hearing that, she cringed, finding his disposition a suspicious one.

“You owe me an explanation, Grandpa,” she said stonily. Judging from the way he had acted earlier today, it was clear that he had plans to set her up with Matthias.

She hoped that she was reading too much into the situation but if Robert were to start putting his foot into this, things would only get messier. He had basically cleared a path for Matthias and if the latter was free to pursue her, she would only have a much harder time avoiding him.

“An explanation for what?” he asked, and she was angered that the older man was feigning innocence even now.

Irritated, she demanded, “Why did you suddenly agree to partner up with the Locke Group? And why did you invite him over in the first place?” She wanted nothing more than to leave the Langston Group at that moment.

If her family were to start working together with the Locke Group, then it would only give Matthias the chance to pester her by visiting her daily at the Langston Group under the guise of a blooming partnership.

Unable to imagine such a happenstance, Heather silently vowed to leave the company should Robert really have plans on pushing her and Matthias together.

“There’s been a change of circumstances that warrants the proposal of a partnership,” the old man answered straightforwardly, having thought of a response beforehand.

Puzzled, she pressed further, “What happened to taking advantage of the strife?” It was strange that Robert would abandon his initial plans without notice after all the time he had spent curating them, and it looked like he had made up his mind on it too.

“I’m afraid that’s no longer a viable option, seeing as we can no longer stand on the sidelines. It would be ideal for us to form an allegiance with another in the industry before the Moriartys intervene, and you know that our family could never work together with the Hart Family, which leaves the Locke Group as our next best choice,” he explained slowly. However, as well-structured and sensible as his argument was, Heather still found herself completely dumbfounded by it.

She could tell that her grandfather was hiding something beneath his elaborate reasoning, and she wanted him to be forthright with her. “Grandpa, there’s no need to beat around the bush here. I have the right to know the truth,” she urged as she marched up to him with a look of grim determination.

“The Moriartys are not easily dealt with and neither is the Locke Group. It makes sense for us to curry favor with the latter at the moment,” he replied somberly, then placed his stationery down and settled into his chair.

“The Moriartys’ stronghold is all the way in Leisfeld! I hardly think they have much say in Bradford City,” Heather countered exasperatedly. She was beginning to think that her grandfather was being melodramatic. As things stood, even if the Moriartys had taken over the whole of Leisfeld, they still wouldn’t wield much authority over Bradford City.

“Don’t underestimate them, Heather. They have their own enterprise in Atrigall City as well, and they’ve slowly infiltrated the Bradford City market,” he warned, believing that Heather had little to no knowledge of the Moriartys and their formidability, which he thought accounted for her lack of fear of them.

“I’d be a fool to underestimate them, but why is it that we’ve never heard of the business empire they’ve built in Atrigall City? Surely that means they’re not as powerful as you say they are,” she protested. The subtext of her argument was clear, in that she did not believe the Moriartys were strong enough in the business world to trifle with the Langstons’ enterprise.

“That’s because there hasn’t been any word of their activities thus far and their business expansion has been kept off the grid. Nonetheless, the reality is that they’ve dominated most, if not all, of Atrigall City’s market and they’re working towards monopolizing the commercial scene there.” Robert, too, had been taken aback when he first caught wind of the Moriartys’ ruthless climb to success. While Atrigall City was comparatively smaller than Bradford City, it was no hamlet.

“Where did you even get the intel?” Heather doubted the accuracy of this information. Which of the Moriartys have been disrupting the business circle in Atrigall City if the rest of them were thousands of miles away in Leisfeld?

“The news came from a reliable source. Don’t you trust me at all, Heather?” This was not the first time Robert had been exasperated with his granddaughter’s line of questioning. She was so inherently suspicious of everything and she would not relent until she had gotten the whole truth.

“Grandpa, even if the Moriartys are as rich and powerful as you say, could we not stand on our own against them? Must we form an allegiance with another?” Heather couldn’t help but feel as if Robert had an ulterior motive for wanting to work together with the Locke Group, and she wanted him to explain what it was rather than hear him talk about the Moriartys.

“Of course we must. We might even have to collaborate with the Hart Family as a desperate measure,” he said solemnly. He couldn’t let his guard down when it came to the Moriartys. He didn’t want to have to work together with the Hart Family either, and he wasn’t even sure if he had the courage or the humility to partner up with them.

Upon hearing this, Heather felt as though her mind had imploded. The situation was dire indeed if it could make Robert contemplate a partnership with the Hart Family. She thought about how stubborn the old man was and how he would never willingly choose to be acquainted with them. Looks like the Moriartys are a terrifying entity indeed.

“Could the Moriartys dominate Bradford City if they wanted to?” She felt oddly frustrated and her skin prickled at the thought of Caleb’s menacing face.

“It’s hard to say, seeing as no one knows about the strength of their forces here in the city. They’re not to be trifled with, and desperate times call for desperate measures.” A dark look passed over his face as he thought about the heavy blow the Moriartys had dealt against the Langstons all those years

ago. He wasn't sure if his family could take another hit should the former choose to strike again.

Just then, Heather asked, "Why are they coming after us?" She had gone to the root of the mystery, making Robert falter. It seemed as if he had said something he shouldn't have earlier.

He stammered, "W-Well..." He had wanted to talk to her about this the day before, but she had left so abruptly that he couldn't get a word in with her. Now that she had asked about it, he was suddenly having a hard time composing an answer.

Finally, after a moment of hesitation, he declared, "It's a long story, so let's just leave this conversation for another day. Besides, it's almost time for dinner." It was going to be difficult for him to explain the Langstons' feud with the Moriartys and if he were to be precise in his narrative, it would be even harder to bypass the Hart Family's role in the whole thing.

Heather did not try to force an answer out of her grandfather as she was in no rush to learn about what had happened in the past. It must have been a dark time, one which revolved around a feud between their families, and it was likely a feud that could not be resolved even in her time.

"If the Moriartys are more foe than friend, then why were you so courteous with Caleb yesterday?" She was puzzled by how civil Robert had been the day before, particularly when it came to dealing with a supposed enemy. Unless...

"Surely you would have figured out the stakes in this whole situation," he remarked with a meaningful smile. Putting on an act was part of the business world survival guide, and it was a common strategy for one to be civil with the enemy before striking.

Alas, Heather was not one to be humored. "Grandpa, I've never seen you treat anyone the way you treated Caleb, not even when you were dealing with business elites," she pointed out, standing her ground as she tried to force him to tell the truth.

"It's dinner time now. I'm sure the others are waiting for us to join them in the dining room," he said, glancing at his watch. She had been the one to ignore him when he tried to tell her about the feud with the Moriartys, so he didn't see why he shouldn't hold out on her now that she was so desperate for the story.

However, Heather's hand shot out and grabbed Robert's arm before he could leave the study. "They won't mind waiting just a bit longer, Grandpa. Just tell me what in the world is going on here."

She tugged at his arm like a little girl asking for candy, all the while coquettish and relentless. Robert, on the other hand, gave her a look of mute despair as the both of them stood in silence. At last, with a sigh of resignation, he promised, "We're going to need more time if you want to hear the whole story. We'll talk about this again tomorrow, alright?"

Having thought that he would spill the details, Heather grew disappointed that he remained adamant on humoring her. Disgruntled, she pouted and eyed him with childish resentment.

"Stop pouting. You look like a duckling," he said affectionately as he gently brushed his finger over the tip of her nose, much like how he did when she had been younger.

It was as if they had both returned to the good old days, when a single pout and puppy eyes from Heather were all it took for Robert to compromise. She had been a proud and determined child back then, foreshadowing the adult she would grow to become.

## Standing before Love Chapter 524

The years flew by and Heather grew up to be a rose with thorns, prouder and more headstrong than she had been as a child, and with a will that was forged in steel.

"Please just tell me the story, Grandpa. I'm really, really curious about it," she pleaded, her eyes bright with the same eager spirit she had as a child whenever she came upon something new.

"I'll tell you all about it tomorrow, so just be patient until then," he cajoled affectionately, patting her hand to soothe her. "Now, shall we head downstairs for dinner? It's getting late and they won't start dinner without me."

Upon hearing this, Heather let out a sigh of resignation. It looked like he had made up his mind to leave this conversation for the next day, so she was left with no choice but to wait. Now that she thought about it, it wasn't as if she was desperate to learn the truth before the day ended. I'll just have to be

patient, even if it means learning the truth much later than planned, she convinced herself.

With that in mind, she linked arms with her grandfather and they made their way downstairs. She liked knowing that she was there to help him down the stairs, though the butler did it most of the time. Robert was no longer young, after all, and he had to be extra careful when it came to descending the staircase. She hated to think of the grim consequences if he were to slip and fall down the steps.

Meanwhile, the rest of the family were already seated and waiting for dinner when they turned to glance at the two figures wending down the staircase. Blake clenched his fists at the sight of Heather holding onto Robert and he cursed deep down, Of course dinner is delayed because of her. Why does everything circle back to her?

When he saw how she was joking with the older man, he grew even more displeased. Heather had been working in the Langston Group for a while now, but he still couldn't find a way to crack her sickening perfect façade.

It wasn't as if he could make a big deal of the little mistakes she had made by confronting her. Besides, Robert would always side with her, and Blake doubted if the mistakes she had made were significant enough for him to accuse her of being incompetent.

He had been waiting for the chance to humiliate her, and he wanted to deal a blow so harsh against her that retaliation would be impossible on her part. However, being patient was a futile effort when he realized he had missed all the opportunities to bring her down. Much to his dismay, Heather was thriving now and had worthwhile suitors courting her—one of whom was Matthias, the director for the Locke Group and the other was Caleb, the general of Leisfeld.

That being said, Blake was the first to be incensed to see how well Heather was doing, and he vowed to find some way to make her fall from her pedestal.

Presently, Heather and Robert entered the dining room together, and he made her take the vacant seat next to his. The seating arrangement at the Langstons' dining table went according to age, with the oldest in the family naturally seated at the head of the table. Under normal circumstances, the grandchildren would never be seated next to Robert, but he had clearly made an exception for Heather today.

Heather, on the other hand, wasn't sure why she was given such a privilege. Growing slightly uneasy at this, she hesitated to take the seat that was otherwise meant for her uncle; even she knew better than to take away an elder's seat at the dining table.

"Well, aren't you going to sit down? The kitchen won't bring out the food until we're all seated, you know," Robert said, beckoning her to take her seat. Heather frowned and did as she was told, albeit unwillingly.

While this was happening, Blake was staring daggers at her, looking as though he wanted to cut her to shreds. She, on the other hand, had never cared for the murderous looks he gave her and she flashed him a triumphant smirk, knowing it would enrage him.

As expected, bitterness rose through Blake when he caught that defiant look on her face, and the anger curbed his appetite. She used to compromise with him just so she wouldn't get into trouble, but now it seemed as if she thrived in trouble and she had no qualms with offending someone as petty as him. It wasn't as if she could win his favor by staying in line anyway.

While dinner was in progress, Robert made sure to ladle Heather's plate with food. It had been a while since he had done this for her, and she recalled how she would grumble about the food he gave her back in her childhood days. It's been so long, she mused at the memory.

Nonetheless, she couldn't ignore the fact that her grandfather was behaving rather oddly, and the alarm bells began to chime incessantly in her head. She had an inkling that something bad was about to happen to her. Meanwhile, Blake was close to breaking his utensils as he watched Robert's interaction with Heather. Seized by wild jealousy, he gritted his teeth as he thought, She's an adult, for God's sake! Why is he still spoiling her like she's a child?

However, Heather and Blake were both so engrossed with their own thoughts that they did not notice the jealous and envious gaze that had fallen upon the former. There had been a shift in Everly's demeanor from the very moment she laid eyes on Caleb, and she only became more twisted after all the nonsense Blake had fed her.

Truth was, Everly was nothing more than a pretty face in the Langston Family, and she had neither extraordinary talent nor outstanding achievements. With her quiet disposition, she was often overlooked in the family and she would have been as good as invisible if it weren't for her beauty.

Unfortunately, the Langstons were all handsome creatures, and Everly's beauty formed part of the general aesthetic of the family. That being said, she had never felt like she belonged in the Langston Family, seeing as everyone else paid more attention to Blake and Heather than they did her. She was painfully aware that most in the family were envious and jealous of Heather, and she so happened to be one of them.

While the Langstons did not interact with Heather much, they still kept an eye on her, though her haughty and icy demeanor kept them from approaching her.

Everly longed to be just like her—accomplished enough to be worthy of Robert's attention. However, she lacked the talent and ruthlessness to emulate Heather's traits. On the contrary, she was timid by nature, and was so demure that she was better off blending into the background.

She wondered how long it would take for her to be as bold and sharp-witted as Heather. Perhaps these were innate qualities that she could never hope to attain.

Before this, she had always looked upon Heather with admiration and envy; the jealousy only came after Caleb entered into the scene. Everly had never believed in love at first sight until she saw him, and having fallen head-over-heels for him, she found that there was little she could do about such sentiments.

She remembered the subtle smile that had played on Caleb's lips when his eyes first fell upon her, and it was that very smile that made her head spin.

Alas, she was nothing more than an interlude to him and when he looked at her, he had regarded her with the same interest as one might have when looking at a pretty bird.

Anyone could tell that he only had eyes for Heather, who seemed to have captured his attention without having to lift a finger, while Everly struggled to even get a word in with him. Given the latter's demure nature, she had a damsel-in-distress quality that could make men fawn over her if she tried. Sadly, Caleb had barely spared her a second glance.

The resentment that had pent up in her afterward snowballed into what she came to know was jealousy. She had never been jealous of Heather before that, regardless of how brightly the latter shone in the family.



Following that, Everly found herself growing ambitious. She wanted to outshine Heather so that Caleb might finally take notice of her, and she wanted his gaze to linger on her and nobody else.

She had seen Heather getting down from Matthias' car earlier that day, which prompted her to recall the articles that had once been written about them. Indeed, there was even a time when she had believed that the two were meant for each other.

Regardless of how things had turned out, it seemed as if Heather was impassive toward Caleb. A man who was so sorely out of Everly's league was as good as a small fry to Heather, and the thought of this made the former's heart twist with spite. When wild jealousy seized her like that, it was hard for her not to think about what Blake had told her.

"Don't you think Heather has outshone us for long enough, Everly? She's always been the brightest in the room and everyone gravitates toward her. How could you possibly be satisfied with remaining in her shadow? For as long as she is around, the rest of us are irrelevant."

His words had resonated with her. Every woman would wish to shine as brightly as the sun, the golden center around which people orbited. Surely no one would want to be plain and unimportant for the rest of their lives.

Unaware of the jealousy and resentment that threatened to consume Everly, Heather continued to see her as a quiet and withdrawn young woman. She couldn't stand most of the Langstons but she had never felt any animosity toward Everly.

Instead, she had always seen Everly as a child, but little girls wouldn't stay little forever. They grew up in the blink of an eye and while there were a myriad of reasons that could account for such growth, falling in love remained a prominent one.

Maybe Heather had played a role in Everly's abrupt shift in behavior, and after what felt like a long time, she found herself torn between thanking her and hating her for it.

Everly would seize onto even the slightest glimmer of hope that Caleb might one day see her, and she clenched her fists as her gaze flickered over from Heather to Blake.

She was outright staring at him. When he finally noticed this and turned to meet her gaze, it was clear to see that they had reached a consensus.

Ah—the crazy things one could do in the name of love, Blake thought when he saw the determined look in Everly’s eyes. He would be sure to use this pawn wisely. Her parents did not have much standing in the Langston Family; they might be good and honest folk, but a family business such as theirs had no room for those who stuck by the rulebook.

As such, Everly’s parents did not hold significant roles in the running of the Langston Group. This translated into the girl’s low self-esteem, which in turn led to jealousy, and the terrifying and destructive power of jealousy was such that it drove one to hurt others.

At that moment, it seemed as if everyone at the dinner table was scheming. Heather had no intention of becoming the center of attention in the family, but Robert’s gestures had obviously turned everyone against her.

No one knew of his ulterior motives and when dinner was over, he sauntered over to the backyard with Heather. Upon seeing this, the rest of the Langstons exchanged bewildered looks. Dinner had been dismissed much earlier than usual, and this came after Robert had spent a better part of today behaving erratically.

The backyard featured elements that were at odds with the outlook of the entire villa and with the newly-installed pavilion, the entire landscape mirrored that of an ancient, imperial garden.

Presently, the evening breeze was caressing Heather’s face as she sat gracefully in the pavilion with Robert next to her. He was recounting her childhood days, his voice drifting in and out of her ears like how waves lapped on a shore. She nodded as he spoke and occasionally interjected with an anecdote or two.

Then, he heaved a sigh as he said, “I’m getting old, Heather. I won’t be able to take care of you like how I did when you were a kid.” There was sorrow in his voice when he said that. These days, he found it harder to carry out even the most mundane of tasks, and he grew worried that his time might come abruptly. He hated to think that Heather would be all alone without him.

Heather never should have been dragged into the feud between their family and the Moriartys, and Robert wanted to make sure that he could protect her, so he needed to tell her the truth behind the strife while he was still around.

“You don’t have to worry about me in your old age, Grandpa. I’m all grown up now. I can take care of myself and I’ll make sure to take good care of you too.” She was slightly surprised by the turn their idle conversation had taken, and she wondered why her grandfather had become so sentimental all of a sudden. He looked so careworn from these past few years of worrying over the Langston Family.

Her eyes fell on the white streaks that ran through his grey hair and she felt her heart clench. It was only then that she realized how far along he had advanced in his old age. When she was a child, she had always heard him grumble about how useless his sons were, which was why he had placed all his hopes on his grandchildren.

Unfortunately, Blake was only focused on staying in power, and he wasn’t bold enough to partake of the warfare that was rife within this industry. Conversely, if Heather were to be in charge of the Langston Group, they could very well thrive among their competitors and reach new heights of success.

Heather had never been in the running to succeed Robert, who had spent these years training the heir to the Langston Group. With all the sons in the family, it was impossible for the torch to ever be passed down to a woman.

Having given careful thought to his choice of successor, Robert came to the conclusion that Blake made for the best male candidate. However, there had been many occasions in which the former wanted to be stubborn and leave the company to Heather, but every time he wanted to make such a decision, the courage seemed to drain out of him.

“Blake isn’t a bad person. Should there ever be a day when the company has a crisis, he’s going to need your help to turn things around.” He was no fool. He knew all the tricks Blake had pulled over the years under the belief that Robert did not love him more than he did Heather, when in reality, the older man had always seen Blake as his successor and had trained him so that he might one day take over the company.

Despite the favor that Robert had shown him, Blake still thought of his affection as inadequate. Heather was so much more accomplished than he was and he felt inferior to her. He had always resented her for being better

than him in every way but he had never asked himself why he remained second-best to her, and that lack of self-awareness eventually became his fatal flaw.

## Standing before Love Chapter 525

Nevertheless, Heather would never wash her hands off the Langston Group, and she knew where her duties lay without Robert having to emphasize on them. That being said, Blake had nothing to do with her resolve. She was dedicated to the company, and protecting it was something she would do without question.

“Grandpa, you know how important the Langston Group is to me. I will never let the company fall into a crisis,” she said as she gave him a small smile. Taking care of the company was but one of the ways she could show her gratitude to Robert, who had showered her with unconditional love all these years.

Even as he heard this, a grim look still passed over his face. He had been sullen ever since Caleb came into the scene. Just then, a sudden thought seized Heather. If the Hart Family was also embroiled in the feud between her family and the Moriartys, then she ought to relay to Tony all the information she could glean.

Robert had said that an allegiance with the Hart Family would be a last resort. This could be a turning point and while Heather could see hope in such an opportunity, she could also see that it was prefaced by the possibility of a crisis.

If the Moriartys could make Robert fret over the future of the company, then they were indeed a force to be reckoned with, and they had certainly put in the effort of remaining incognito which explained the many gaps in Leon’s research yesterday.

Her thoughts were clearing up as she sat with Robert in the pavilion, the evening breeze enveloping them in a cool embrace while the sky darkened overhead. She could see that the worried creases in her grandfather’s face were smoothing out, replaced by something like warm affection.

It was a quiet night and they were far away from the rest of the Langstons’ clamor. She breathed in the cool air, grateful for the respite, and she could feel the breeze on her skin as well as tousling her hair.

Robert broke the silence when he suddenly asked, "Do you remember this pavilion?"

Upon hearing this, Heather gazed around the pavilion, but nothing about its architecture rang a bell. Knowing that she would answer in the negative, he broke into a warm smile as he prompted gently, "This is the Old Toper's Pavilion. Do you still remember it? You were only a child when you told me you wanted to visit the real pavilion so I figured, why not bring the pavilion to the backyard instead?" He looked pleased with himself after having stood guard over her childhood wish all these years.

"That was such a long time ago!" Heather exclaimed in surprise. She didn't think he would hold something so trivial and forgettable close to his heart, not when her own memory of her childhood days were already fuzzy.

He beamed at her and reached out to ruffle her hair affectionately. "It's as if you've grown up in the blink of an eye," he remarked plaintively. Sometimes he wished she was still a child; alas, growth was but a necessary part of life.

This was the granddaughter whom Robert had kept close to him all these years. He thought about how his love and care for her had led to the others' hostility toward her. Unable to stand the inexplicable animosity, she had gathered her bags and left the Langston Residence at a much younger age than one would expect.

Robert felt as if he owed her an apology for having done so little for her as she grew up over the years.

"Grandpa, you've been really sentimental lately," Heather pointed out. She wasn't used to having her hair ruffled like this, and she thought she had become strong enough to resist physical affection after all these years.

He gazed into the distance before turning his eyes on her once more. "You shouldn't be dragged into the calamity of the Langstons," he said grimly. He knew of her contributions to the family these past few years, but the family had given her nothing but trouble in return.

The Langston Family could take no credit for Heather's accomplishments, and she could very well be on her way to make a name for herself now if she weren't bound by them. The rest of the Langstons were always so obsessed with whatever scrap of power they held in their hands that they could not see

the big picture. All that Heather had done for the family and the company far outweighed what she received in return.

“Don’t say that, Grandpa. Whatever happens in the family is my business too,” she countered and she raised her brows as she gave her grandfather a puzzled look. She didn’t like how somber he sounded.

Robert knew his words made little sense so he did not add anything further. When he saw how serious she looked, he couldn’t help but be relieved.

The breeze was beginning to get chilly as night approached. He had been feeling unwell for the last few days so he could not risk catching a cold now.

Rising from her seat, Heather looked at him solemnly and said, “Grandpa, it’s getting cold. We should head back into the house now.” When she reached for his hand and felt the cool tinge to his skin, she knew that they should hasten indoors.

“There’s no need to rush. You know how noisy the others can be, so why don’t we sit out here for a while longer?” He didn’t want to go back, and Heather knew how stubborn the old man could be.

As such, she sat down patiently next to him. They were both quiet, neither one feeling the need to speak.

She wasn’t sure how much time had passed when he abruptly asked, “Would you like to have a pet, Heather?”

Surprised, she turned to look at him and saw that he was serious about it. Rubbing her temples, she replied ruefully, “I won’t have the time to look after it, Grandpa.” It was true. She was already swamped with work and getting a pet would only be an act of animal cruelty on her part.

He shook his head and chuckled in amusement at her unexpected answer. Truth be told, he was the one who was rather keen on getting a pet. He used to have a dog in his younger days, but he hadn’t had any pets after it was lost.

Now, he had plans on getting a cat but he didn’t trust himself to look after it well enough, which led to him asking Heather the question earlier.

Perhaps he wanted a pet because he was lonely. He wasn't getting any younger and as days passed, he could feel age settling into his bones and dusting his hair with chalk.

"You've been acting strange lately, Grandpa. I'm concerned," she admitted. She had noticed the change in his demeanor. Gone was the imposing man he used to be, and in his place was a kind and affable elderly gentleman.

"Don't dwell on it too much. Let's go back in." With that, he rose from his seat and marched steadily across the yard, and she trailed after him.

Following their peaceful evening in the backyard, they both returned to their respective bedrooms. It was as if Heather had turned into an entirely different person the moment she stepped into her own space, and her expression softened as the familiarity of her room embraced her. She could feel the tension draining out of her shoulders.

She was always mindful of the way she carried herself in front of others, but she could let her guard down once she was all alone. Presently, she was lying on the bed tiredly when her skin prickled at the sudden chill in the room.

Autumn came early this year, and there were those who would have brought out their winter wardrobe to fight against the dropping temperature. Heather had burrowed beneath the covers and as she lay there in the warmth, she hurriedly dialed for Myra's number. It felt like a century had passed since she last spoke to the girl.

Meanwhile, when Myra saw that Heather was requesting for a video call, she pondered on this for a moment and decidedly hung up. The subway was no place for video-calling, after all.

Following this, Heather texted her and as Myra took note of the bunch of question marks that popped up on her screen, she replied instantly, 'I can't talk right now but I'll call you back in an hour.'

On the other end, Heather shrugged and did not reply to Myra's text, seeing as the latter couldn't talk at the moment. She then got down from the bed. Regardless of how cold the weather might be, she still needed a bath before she could jump into bed. She stepped into the tub after running a hot bath and as soon as settled into the hot water, she began to relax.

The steam from the bathwater blurred her vision. She closed her eyes and lazed in the tub, letting the water work on the knots in her shoulders. As her body loosened, she started to drift into sleep and it wasn't until an hour later that she woke up.

She stepped out of the tub, only to find that her skin had turned pruney from the hour-long soaking. How could I have fallen asleep?

Having toweled herself and proceeded to hide beneath the covers once more, Heather picked up the phone she had tossed on the bed earlier. True enough, Myra had requested for a video call with her mere moments before this, and she mused at the other girl's punctuality. She said she'd call me back in an hour and she did.

Heather sent her a simple text, asking, 'Are you still there?'

It wasn't long before Myra replied, 'What were you doing just now?' She was relieved to see Heather's text. In all honesty, Myra had been worried that something might have happened to her friend, though she wasn't sure what, and she began to wonder if she was being paranoid.

'I was taking a bath,' Heather explained. She would never tell Myra that the bathwater had lulled her to sleep in the tub.

Without waiting for Myra to respond, she hit the video call button, and the call was put through seconds later. Myra, on the other hand, was happily tucked in Tony's embrace, and she smiled warmly when Heather's face appeared on the screen.

"Are you rubbing your relationship in my face?" Heather accused teasingly, her mood taking a turn for the better at the sight of Myra's pleasant smile.

"Of course not," Myra answered with a laugh as she tried to very subtly pull away from Tony. However, his arms were tightly wound around her, trapping her in his embrace.

"I've called to tell you something important," Heather said, not wanting to waste time on small talk. "There's a guy by the name of Caleb Moriarty who has recently arrived at Bradford City, and he's definitely someone with an interesting backstory."



Tony frowned, somewhat displeased when he heard the name 'Moriarty', while Myra merely blinked at Heather with a puzzled look on her face. She had never heard of Caleb before.

"The Moriartys are mostly based in Leisfeld and Caleb happens to be the general of the Leisfeldan army," Heather continued, briefly elaborating on his identity.

Upon hearing this, Tony seemed to have grown curious about the Moriartys as he interjected, "What's Caleb doing in Bradford City?"

"I'm not sure, but it probably has something to do with the Moriartys' business. They've been quietly expanding their forces in the country for the past few years, and they've nearly monopolized the entire market in Atrigall City. It makes sense for them to infiltrate Bradford City's commercial scene."

"Monopolized?" Tony was skeptical, thinking that she might be exaggerating.

Heather ignored his question and countered instead, "Wait—do you know who the Moriartys are?"

"I've heard of them. They were one of the more prolific families in Bradford City once upon a time." Tony had heard Sebastian mention the Moriartys before. They did not seem like a family who could be trifled with, and the Hart Family was said to have been in a feud with them back in the day,

"Then why did their clan migrate all the way to Leisfeld? And how did an immigrant like Caleb make it as a general in the army? I don't know a lot about the Moriartys, but what I do know is that their existence is not a friendly one. Grandpa told me that the Langstons have an old grudge against them." Heather was hesitant on telling Tony the whole truth, seeing as his family and hers were not on talking terms.

"I'm not too sure about that either. All I can say is that if the Moriartys hadn't left Bradford City in the first place, then the business scene would be entirely different right now. The entire family seems to have an innate talent for business, much like the Jews," Tony said. He could still remember the way Sebastian had winced when he brought up the Moriartys, as though they were some terrifying entity.

"Well, then, does this mean they have returned to Bradford City so that they could revive their former glory?" Heather asked, trying to fish an answer out

from Tony. If the Moriartys hadn't left Bradford City, then maybe the Hart Family would never have been able to reign over the business world.

"Maybe," Tony allowed, somewhat frustrated by the news. "Looks like things are getting complicated in Bradford City." The Locke Group had been ambitious from the very beginning and with the addition of the mysterious Moriartys, Bradford City would be the stage for a most interesting showdown, indeed.

"By the way, when are you both coming back?" Heather asked casually. She hoped they would come home sooner, but she couldn't bring herself to tell them this.

Myra and Tony exchanged a meaningful look and after a while, the former finally replied, "We'll go back as soon as we can. The stalker doesn't seem to have any malicious intent, but we just want to be sure before we buy our tickets."

Tony narrowed his eyes at this, and he waited until Myra had hung up before he asked darkly, "Is that what you think? Didn't we agree that we shouldn't disrupt this honeymoon of ours?"

## Standing before Love Chapter 526

After being in a stalemate for a while, Myra glanced at Tony guiltily as she thought of her promise to him the other day. After searching through her memories, she could see why Tony would come up with such a question.

She averted her gaze and dared not meet his eyes as she figured out ways to get away with it. Geez, how could I say that with him being next to me? I was being too courageous.

"Don't you smile like that. Answer my question," Tony spoke firmly, not taking the bait. To him, this was not an issue that could be passed off with just a smile.

"Something's happened again in Bradford City, so it isn't a bad idea to return earlier," Myra announced determinedly. Well, since everything had been said, she might as well just lay everything on the line.

Eyes narrowed into slits, Tony replied with a rather unsatisfied tone, "This is not what you promised a few days ago." Although Myra was originally

indecisive, this response of his had strengthened her decision on going back to Bradford City.

“Tony, stop being so stubborn. We can travel anytime we’d like to. It’s such a critical period now and I’m not quite in the mood even while we’re on vacation.” Just as she said, she was not in the mood to go on the trip these few days. After all, her mentality was not as strong as Tony’s.

“Alright, then; whatever you say,” he said with a change in his tone, effectively stumping her.

She looked at him, whereas he raised his eyebrows at her before asking, “Not satisfied with this answer?”

Myra immediately shook her head but she still felt that Tony was enraged. As this thought popped up in her mind, she had a concerned expression on her face.

“Tony, are you really not mad?” she asked carefully. Her thoughts went against Tony’s wish, therefore it was certain that she would feel anxious deep down.

“I won’t ever get mad at you.” he answered with a cordial smile, as if his anger just now was an illusion.

“Tony, I know I’m not in the right for this, but I’m really worried about the situation in Bradford City. I’ll feel anxious if we continue to stay here,” Myra reiterated once more. Worried that she would upset him, she tried to calm him down with her words.

“Let’s not talk about this anymore. We’ll head back after three days.” Similarly, he had also noticed her anxiousness as he spoke. As soon as he realized it, he knew it was time for him to take a step back.

No matter how dogmatic and relentless Tony was, when it came to Myra, he would still be concerned and take her thoughts into consideration. After weighing both of their reasoning, Tony felt that it was not a big deal to return a few days later after all; he had his own plans too.

Furthermore, there was also some news coming in from the Hart family these days. By connecting to those issues which Heather brought up earlier, Tony suspected that all these strange cases were related to the Moriartys.

In fact, he felt that the Moriartys had a very high chance of being involved. After all, to be able to get such an organisation running errands for them, it would take a strong political background to get things moving.

On top of that, with their financial resources that could compete with a country's wealth, Tony was even sure of his thought that the Moriartys were linked to the cases. If that family were really manipulating things behind their backs, everything would surely get troublesome.

"Three days later? Where will we be going in these three days then?" Myra asked joyfully as Tony gave in without being stubborn. In all honesty, most of the time it was actually him who would first compromise.

As soon as she thought about this, Myra felt as though she was fully surrounded with happiness. Tony was such a proud man but he had always listened to her thoughts willingly, because the love he had for her was truly overwhelming.

"I want to take you someplace," he murmured mysteriously.

His words successfully piqued her interest, so she asked, "Where to?"

"We'll fly there tomorrow. You'll know when you get there." Tony didn't want to tell her about the place just yet. With him being secretive, he felt that it would be a lot more surprising for Myra.

However, she insisted on knowing about their destination. "Where are we heading?"

"Massachusetts," he announced loudly.

Stunned by his reply, Myra spaced out for a little while before she recovered from the surprise and asked, "We're heading to the United States?" She had never expected that their last destination of the trip would be the States, and so she was a little astonished to hear that.

"Yes, I'd like to bring you to a place. You'll love it there." Tony sounded full of confidence as he spoke.

Where could that place be? Question popped up in Myra's mind as she thought, Will it be somewhere filled with his memories? As soon as she thought that, her mood lightened up because of his change in his attitude and

she smiled even more brightly. Upon seeing that, Tony adoringly fixed his gaze on her, his own mood seemingly good as well.

Suddenly, Myra took the initiative and asked, "Should we head out?" After all, he had already taken a step back so she should show her gratitude.

For the past few days, Myra did not want to go out. However, she was in a good mood today, all thanks to Tony agreeing to return earlier.

"Where would you like to go?" Tony closed the distance and he embraced her from behind.

Oh well, women should be obeyed! As he thought about this, traces of resignation could be seen slipping out from his smile. He saw that Myra's smile had seemed a little compelled before this but now, it was as bright as the sun and she looked energetic as ever.

"Let's go shopping," Myra responded cheerfully. A person in a good mood would be excited about doing anything, just as she looked like right now. It was as though she could not wait a second longer.

Naturally, Tony agreed with everything she said. "Alright."

In fact, Myra actually preferred shopping back on home soil. Though there were numerous beautiful and picturesque streets overseas, the wide varieties of shops were not attractive enough to catch her attention.

Moreover, it was a little weird that she was not partial to shopping, and her desire to shop was not as strong either. But today, she seemed a little different; the shops that she would normally not step into, she merrily dragged along Tony to have a look inside.

As usual, she did not have the desire to get anything. There were a lot of things that Tony wished to buy for her but she refused to accept them.

As they browsed through the shops, there were a lot of things that looked nice but Myra did not want any of it, which left Tony feeling a little confused. Most women would wish to possess all these beautiful things, but it was the total opposite for Myra. Therefore, most of the time, it was Tony who would forcefully buy things for her.

“This handicraft looks nice; should we buy it?” Tony asked for Myra’s opinion. After being together with her, there were countless occasions where he would seek her suggestions before doing something. Eventually, it was only when Myra nodded her head that he would proceed afterward.

“Nah, it would be a hassle to carry it around. Handicrafts are sold everywhere too.” Though Myra agreed that the craft looked exquisite, she thought that it looked extremely fragile as well. It would be a pity if it was broken when they carried it along on their trip.

After listening to her words, Tony asked with a touch of helplessness, “Why does it seem like you aren’t interested in anything?” In the past, he would purchase anything which he fancied without hesitation. But now, he could only glance and appreciate it from afar as Myra would not allow him to buy it at all.

“I’m interested in everything but it’s not a must for me to own it.” Myra was also fond of beautiful things, but it was already enough for her to just appreciate it without owning it.

“Anything that you fancy should be owned.” Tony could not make clear what she was thinking. After all, the both of them held a very different viewpoint on this matter.

“We have different opinions. You can buy it if you like it a lot,” Myra acquiesced as she already realized their opposing views from the start. Moreover, it seemed a lot more obvious during this honeymoon trip of theirs.

It would be quite troublesome when two people had different opinions because one of them would certainly have to compromise. In fact, Tony had respected Myra’s opinions throughout the trip. As this thought came to her mind, she was thinking that she should also respect his point of view. Perhaps she would also agree to buy something after all.

“The one that I love the most is already here by my side,” Tony murmured as he clasped Myra’s hand tightly.

“Alright, alright. Do you still want to shop?” Truth was, Myra felt a little speechless when she heard that. It was as if his mouth was coated with honey and these sugary words of his would constantly pop up out of nowhere.

She had no idea where he picked up all his sweet lines from, and he would always make her heart go pit-a-pat with his sudden attack. On top of that, he had insensibly become a master at pick-up lines.

“I’ll just look around. If there’s anything I want, I’ll buy it,” Tony replied as he knew Myra was actually compromising.

Before this, he had already shown her his strong buying desires. Once he spotted something that he wanted, he would get it instantly without negotiating the price. Moreover, he would just buy anything he wished without giving it much thought, and he would still feel very happy even when it was an impulsive purchase. In fact, there were a lot of things that were actually unnecessary for him to get, which sometimes led to him regretting it immediately after purchasing something.

Their baggage was getting heavier and heavier along the way. When they were halfway through the streets, Tony even had to give away some of the gifts he bought at a high price. Looking at such a situation, Myra simply could not understand his purchasing behavior. Honestly, I think he can compete with Heather. Geez! The both of them should exchange their thoughts on it if they have the chance someday.

As Myra’s mind drifted away for a moment, Tony was chatting delightfully with the shop owner and she barely registered what they were saying. With a smile on his face, Tony turned to her and said, “We can make handmade rings at this shop. Let’s make a pair.”

Before this, she did not realize that Tony had such a great interest in things that he had not done before. After they left Bradford City, he seemed interested in everything and he wanted to try doing a lot of things that he had never done before.

“I’m afraid that I will mess it up.” Myra was a little worried as she would not want to end up making a flawed ring. If that was the case, she would not even want to wear it on her hand.

“Everything can be done well when you’re with me,” Tony assured confidently, as he was quite handy indeed.

In fact, he excelled in almost every aspect; there was nothing that he couldn’t do. As Myra glanced at him, she hesitated for a moment before she agreed.

In the end, the shop owner taught them personally. Throughout, Tony was totally absorbed in it and Myra managed to secretly take a few photos of him. A man looked the most handsome when he was being serious, let alone Tony, who could easily turn Myra into a fan of his when he looked solemn.

“I’ll make yours and you’ll make mine. It’ll be more meaningful this way,” Tony said to her. The teaching process was not really difficult to follow, but Myra was zoning out a moment before, which led her to stare at the materials in her hands, feeling bewildered.

In the end, she decided to ask Tony for help. “Tony, the boss spoke too fast just now and I couldn’t catch everything.” Since it was a ring specially made for each other, she would not want her ring for him to end up looking ugly.

And so, Tony patiently explained every detail of the process to her again. His ability to pick up things was relatively strong. Therefore, he was able to comprehend most of the knowledge the boss taught them just a while ago.

After the explanation, Myra was still in doubt and she hesitated before she started. Right then, Tony encouraged, “Do it with me step by step. Believe in yourself, Myra. You will definitely end up making a beautiful ring.”

Myra nodded earnestly upon hearing his words. With his thorough explanation, she felt that it was not so much of a difficult task anymore. And just like that, Myra started on the mission and she would turn to Tony when she was in doubt about anything. Nowadays, Myra came to rely on Tony exceptionally.

## Standing before Love Chapter 527

Tony had never thought that he would be doing these things—these ordinary things which seemed not worth mentioning. Though he was being teased by Myra who was saying that he had fallen in love with making handicrafts, he was actually ecstatic deep down. To him, she had made his whole world wonderful.

The earnest look of his had caused Myra to fix her gaze on him repeatedly. Noticing this, Tony couldn’t contain himself anymore and he asked, “Haven’t got enough of staring at me yet?”

As she smiled mischievously, Myra praised, “You did so well! If you’re not a director in the future, you can make handicrafts for a living.” Her eyes glittered



brightly when she spoke, as she thought that Tony's almighty self was admiring yet lovable.

"Ha! A craftsman to-be!" Tony chuckled and he played along with Myra. It seemed a little funny to him that she could think of this. Even if he wasn't going to inherit the Hart Group, he was still a double PhD holder in economics and management from Harvard University.

With his capabilities, he wouldn't have to be so down and out that he had to make handicrafts for a living. With this thought on his mind, he could not help but glance at Myra, thinking that she was getting much more adorable.

"You'd better pay attention to making the ring. Don't make it look hideous," he said with a straight face, as he knew she would start slacking again if he was not stern enough.

"I'm all thumbs with this," Myra grumbled as she stared at the tools. As a designer herself, she couldn't believe that she could not come up with great ideas.

Truth was, she wasn't serious about her being 'all thumbs' with the crafts, as designers were all pretty good with their hands after all. However, when it came to comparing with Tony, she felt that she was far worse than him.

"Think well and use your head more," Tony mused as he patted Myra's head gently. Perhaps pregnancy would really make a person go a little silly, as he felt that she had really become a lot more slow-witted.

"I'll draw a blueprint first then," Myra bubbled and started to get busy.

A shape materialized on the paper not long after; starting with such a step was her usual working style. While she drew, Myra constantly came up with new ideas and the design of the ring that she would like to make for Tony formed in her mind.

After she was done, she placed her paper and pen down, while Tony paused his actions and leaned over to take a look at her drawing.

"Do you like it?" Myra beamed, her smile as stunning as a blooming flower.

As Tony nodded, he turned his gaze back at his incomplete ring and considered making some modifications. Since it was a couple rings, it would

definitely look better if their rings complemented each other. Upon having this thought, he contemplated in silence.

“You have to wait for me! I’ve fallen behind for so long,” Myra said as she tugged on his arm.

“Alright; I’ll wait for you. There’s no hurry and we have plenty of time,” he replied, still pondering about modifying his ring. Initially, he wanted Myra to design based on his ideas but in the end, it seemed like he had to work accordingly on her ideas instead.

As Myra began to work on her ring, Tony would occasionally take a glimpse from the side. Her work seemed very meticulous as she did it slowly and with care.

The couple worked restlessly until night. Rubbing her sore neck, Myra took a glance at the time, not knowing that it was already so late. Right beside her, Tony was playing around with his ring, as he had finished it ahead of her. He gazed upon her patient look and a joyous feeling surged through him.

At this moment, he clenched his fist tightly, with the ring resting right in the middle of his palm. Meanwhile, Myra delightfully handed over her newly made ring to him, looking excited as she showed it to him.

“Look, Tony! Isn’t it almost the same as what I drew on the paper?” Her eyes filled with anticipation as she spoke and she was hoping to receive an affirmation from him.

“It looks exactly the same,” Tony agreed as he praised her. “Let me see, are you the legendary Picasso? Even the details look the same! If you are all thumbs with this, I guess no one would ever proclaim themselves as skillful anymore.”

During their time together, Tony had never run out of ideas for complimenting Myra. Only god knew how he could come up with such words all the time. Moreover, when these sugar-coated words came out of his mouth, it sounded very convincing. Even if it was something that sounded frivolous and exaggerated when others said it, it would sound different if those words were coming out from his mouth.

“You’re exaggerating!” Myra exclaimed, looking embarrassed from his compliments. However, she continued to smile sweetly.

At this moment, Tony unfolded his palm and presented his ring to her. “What about this ring that I made for you?” As Myra looked at the ring on his palm, she felt a sense of surprise.

After looking at her own ring and the one on Tony’s palm, she thought that their rings looked quite identical in terms of design, as though it was truly a pair of couple rings.

“Do you like it?” Tony watched as Myra’s gaze turned from looking surprised to pure joy. He wanted to give her the world. After being together with her for such a long time, he had turned into an interesting soul indeed.

“I do.” Myra reached out her hand, wanting to take the ring. Since this was made by Tony personally, nothing would be as meaningful as it was.

Right at this moment, he clenched his hand once again, keeping the ring to himself. Seeing that Myra had failed to reach for it, he smirked at her as he had something else in mind.

“I can’t give you my ring so easily. This ring is made of magic.” His voice was rich and vibrant, as though he was saying something that seemed true.

“Alright then; what should I do to own this magic ring?” Myra followed his pace and asked.

“You have to use something similar to exchange for it,” he responded earnestly.

“What about this ring that I have? Can I use this?” she asked again while she carefully handed over her ring to him.

Upon hearing this, Tony pretended to consider for a moment before he conceded, “Alright then; let’s exchange our rings.”

Myra burst out laughing. “But there isn’t any magic in this ring of mine.” She teased him, wondering when he became so playful like an innocent child.

“In that case, I will grant magical powers to it,” Tony answered solemnly, looking like he would not get tired of this game.

The both of them exchanged their rings and they helped each other put the ring, which symbolised their overwhelming sincerity for each other, on. After

that, Tony gently stroked the ring on Myra's hand before adding seriously, "Once this is on, it cannot be taken off. This is the magic of this ring."

After listening to his words, Myra nodded with a soft smile. "I won't take it off then." When she looked at this rare side of Tony, she felt a sense of regret to go back home in such a hurry.

In fact, in Bradford City, it was impossible for Tony to act as freely as he was right now. Moreover, there were also a lot of things that were inconvenient for them to do back there. Since they came to an unfamiliar place filled with strangers and unfamiliar things, both of them had become different from their usual selves.

It was pretty late when they went back to their hotel. And so, Myra and Tony quickly took a shower before they lay on the bed, feeling a little weary. They would be leaving the next morning but Myra could not fall asleep. A pregnant woman's sleep schedule was pretty weird; sometimes she could sleep for a very long time but sometimes she would just toss and turn all night.

"Go to sleep, Myra. We have to wake up early tomorrow." Tony comforted her, as though he was talking to a child.

"But I can't," she muttered. As she rested her head on his strong arm, she gazed at his side profile adoringly, looking like a fan of his.

"So you decided to stare at me like this instead?" he asked as he caressed her head and looked into her shining eyes while he smiled gently.

"You're good-looking so I'll have to keep staring at you." Myra giggled. She was afraid that it would be chaos when they were back in Bradford City, so she wanted to cherish her time here as much as she could. Their time here was passing too fast and it was as though a few hours would go by in just a blink of an eye.

"Go to sleep. If you don't have a good sleep, how will you get on the plane tomorrow?" Tony convinced Myra as he stroked her face fondly before facing her. Right now, she seemed like a cheeky little kid who needed a little push to act nicely.

"I'll just sleep on the plane then." Myra blinked at him, not feeling sleepy at all. She decided to just peer at him as she did previously.

“Naughty girl,” he purred, brushing her nose lightly with his index finger.

“Do you feel sleepy?” Myra’s eyes were shining brightly as she stared at him. A slight anticipation could be caught in her gaze.

“Nope.” With her looking at him that way, Tony would surely feel wide awake even if he was sleepy.

“Let’s have a chat then.” Truth was, Myra rarely behaved willfully, but this capricious side of her had all been shown to Tony.

“What would you like to talk about?” Tony inquired and he kissed her on her cheeks. Since they were not going to sleep, they would have to come up with something to do.

After thinking for a long while, Myra frowned as she still couldn’t think of what to talk about. Moreover, it was also a little difficult to forcefully think about a topic.

Tony looked at Myra, who was in deep contemplation, and he thought that perhaps it was not a good idea to interrupt her. In the end, it took a long moment for her to finally speak.

“Aren’t we going to randomly talk about what we have on our minds? Who would even ask this directly?” she muttered with a protesting look on her face, as she felt that Tony was making fun of her.

“I’m just asking it casually, though.” He immediately brushed it off as he couldn’t say that it was Myra who was being a little silly.

To show her dissatisfaction, Myra turned her face away while Tony embraced her tightly from her back. His hand tenderly caressed her stomach and he held his breath, as though he could feel the heartbeat of his child.

After what seemed like a long while, Myra fell asleep. When Tony noticed this, he stopped and he leaned over to whisper softly in her ears, “Goodnight, baby.”

It was late but there were still people who were wide awake because of different reasons. Tony fixed his gaze at the soft spot of light in the bedroom. It looked so faint, as though he could touch it with a flick of his wrist.

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The next morning, Tony woke up punctually whereas Myra was still sound asleep. He had intentionally booked a flight scheduled at around eleven in the morning so that she could get sufficient sleep.

Unlike ordinary people, the amount of sleep a pregnant woman needed would drastically increase. Looking at Myra, who was sleeping soundly, one could hardly deny that she looked adorable.

“Myra, have you already guessed where I’m taking you?” Tony whispered tenderly to her while she was still sleeping.

All of a sudden, she turned her body. A sense of anxiousness flashed across Tony’s expression as he was worried that she would squashed her belly unconsciously. However, there was not a single time when she hurt her pregnant belly. She was protecting her child well even in her sleep and perhaps this was the instinct of a loving mother.

“I’ll wake you up when the alarm goes off,” he continued to whisper to her even though she couldn’t hear a word.

When one was in love, they would love the other party even when they were asleep. With such a thought in mind, Tony caressed Myra’s face tenderly. Such soft and slight movements would not wake her up so he got a little bolder with his actions, but Myra continued to be sound asleep.

As she slept on, a sweet smile played around her lips. She must be having a good dream, Tony mused. After he got dressed, he couldn’t resist it and climbed onto the bed. There was only a quilt separating him and Myra. Suddenly, she turned and moved herself toward him as he looked on at her with his dotting gaze. His body was a little cold, so he carefully kept a distance from her.

## Standing before Love Chapter 528

By the time Myra opened her eyes, it was already past 9 in the morning. The moment she tilted her head aside, she could see Tony lying on the bed in his clothes, but because his upper body was leaning against the headboard, she could only look up at him while he looked at her from above.

“You look so scary staring at me like that.” These were the first words she uttered as soon as she woke up. Immediately, Tony smiled as he knew that his face looked very stern when it was emotionless.

“Since you are awake, it’s time to get up. I’m taking you out for breakfast.” In fact, he had been staring at her like a fool for a while now.

“Did I miss the plane?” She spoke as she rubbed her eyes, sounding a little distressed.

“The plane will depart in two hours. We still have time,” he replied to her directly. Before we went to sleep yesterday, I did ask her to get up early to catch the plane, but she probably didn’t know that the departure time isn’t actually that early.

“I thought the plane would be leaving at 8 or 9.” The moment she opened her eyes, the first thing she had thought of was that they had missed the plane. Although she knew that they were definitely late since she woke up by herself this morning, she didn’t take Tony’s consideration into account.

“You’ve become dumber since your pregnancy. I think I should watch after you more closely. Otherwise, someone might just abduct you,” he said teasingly.

“Hey, I’m not dumb at all,” she refuted. Of course, she had also noticed that her intelligence was actually deteriorating.

After a while, she slowly got out of bed, and Tony followed her. Seeing how blurry she looked after waking up, he was afraid that she would collapse on the floor at any time.

“Be careful.” He carefully reminded her from behind. Previously, I never realized that she can be such a sleepy head. Now, it’s becoming more and more obvious to me.

While brushing her teeth in a daze, Myra looked as though she had not woken up from her sleep even though she had already slept for more than 8 hours. Hence, he supported her from the back and asked tenderly, “Do you need me to help you brush your teeth?”

Finally, she came back to her senses and shook her head. “Nope.” Then, Tony placed his chin on her shoulder while leaning forward, which made his body look especially crooked.

“You’re so heavy.” In reality, he didn’t put much weight on her, but she wasn’t used to his posture, so she shrugged her shoulders while complaining.

Therefore, he lifted his chin and wanted to continue ‘harassing’ her, but resignedly, she pushed him out and said firmly, “Stop wasting time. Let me brush my teeth in peace.”

After being pushed out, Tony tidied his clothes and reverted back to his serious self as if nothing had happened. Sometimes, Myra would wonder if she was hallucinating since it was rare to see Tony’s flippant side, hence why she couldn’t help but doubt herself.

Quickly, she cleaned herself up, and when she was done, more than 30 minutes had passed. She thought, Looks like I don’t need to rush anymore. There’s plenty of time for us to catch the plane.

Meanwhile, Tony had called for room service, so a knock on the door was heard right on time. After opening the door, the waiter came in with a set of rich and nutritious breakfast he had ordered for Myra.

After the waiter left, Tony pushed the breakfast to Myra, who had a good appetite recently. “How punctual of you,” she remarked with a smile.

“Well, that’s because I’m smart,” he boasted.

“I’m so hungry. I’ll start eating now.” Even if she wasn’t hungry, the child inside her belly would still need to consume nutrients whenever it was time.

“You should eat more.” As for Tony, he wished that he could make her round and chubby so that he would feel more comfortable hugging her during his sleep.

“I can’t finish all of this.” Every day, he would prepare breakfast for her that was enough to feed four people, which was very wasteful.

Heather is also another wasteful person. I admit that on this part, she and Tony are really alike. After so many years, I’m still unable to correct this problem of hers, so I probably won’t be able to correct his too.



When they finished their breakfast and exited the hotel, she suddenly felt a chill even though the weather here was much warmer than that in Bradford City. However, the temperature had dropped on this day, and Tony regretted not preparing some thicker clothes for her when they went shopping the day before.

“Are you cold?” While holding her waist, he tried to give her some warmth.

“Not really. It won’t be cold once we get in the car and head to the airport.” Looking at his distressed expression, she was a little touched. He does look after me really well. I’m so lucky to be loved by him. Deep down in her heart, she believed that the two of them would never be separated again. When she reminisced about everything they had been through, she couldn’t figure out why she had fallen in love with him, but at the same time, she was attracted by his every aspect.

When they arrived at the airport, the two of them went into a lounge while Tony looked around vigilantly. After all, he already had the stalker’s face deeply imprinted in his mind, thus he wanted to see whether the latter was among the crowd.

As for Myra, she remained relaxed with the situation. Then, he whispered next to her ear, “Don’t worry. Even if the person is still following us, we need to act naturally.”

This time around, he was extremely alert toward the stalker as he couldn’t allow someone to follow them unnoticeably yet again. After scanning through the crowd, he couldn’t see any sign of the stalker. Instead, he found out that the people who were secretly protecting them were boarding the same plane as them.

Having bought first-class tickets, the two were led to the first-class cabin while those who were on their side were placed in the economy-class cabin. Since they were protecting the couple in secret, they couldn’t make themselves stand out.

In the end, they safely arrived in Massachusetts before reaching their final destination—Cambridge. Immediately, Myra could already guess where they were heading to.

Just as she expected, Tony brought her to his alma mater—Harvard University. This was his first time coming back to the school since his graduation.

On the surface, it didn't seem like there was anything special about Harvard University as it felt old and simple, but the moment they stepped into the campus, the atmosphere was incomparable to that of ordinary universities.

“This is where I've spent the best years of my youth.” While remembering the years of his twenties, he was reminded of how passionate he was as well as how little he had known about the society back then. At that time, he more or less had the dream and optimism of a young man.

This was where he left a mark during the best years of his life, so he smiled faintly while looking around. As Myra stood next to him, their presence attracted the eyes of many people since he had always been eye-catching.

“Bring me around,” she suggested.

Therefore, he led her all the way across the campus. In recent years, Harvard University had undergone many changes, but he could still point out the department and dormitory that he stayed in back then.

While quietly listening to him as he recalled his past, she realized how extraordinarily smart he was since he had joined the university at a very young age, which explained why he was a lot younger than his classmates back then.

“Were you homesick when you were alone abroad?” she asked curiously.

At first, he shook his head, but just a second later, he hesitantly nodded his head.

“I have already forgotten how I felt back then.” Frankly, he wasn't certain whether he was actually homesick at that time.

“Didn't you feel a little uncomfortable when you came here all alone to further your studies as a rich young heir? You had to do everything yourself.” Having tried to put herself in his shoes and learn what it must have felt like to him, Myra was surprised that he actually lived in a dormitory at that time.

“If I could do it myself, I wouldn’t need to burden others.” However, he didn’t feel uncomfortable at all back then. Before, he didn’t need to do anything at home, but when he came to the United States, he was required to do everything independently. This made him realize that not everything in life was as simple as it seemed.

“That’s a pretty good mindset you have there,” she praised him. His adaptability is much better than mine.

The two of them chatted while strolling through the campus. Harvard University was a big school, so after a while, she grew a little tired.

Upon noticing this, Tony asked considerately, “Are you tired? Why don’t we find a place to rest for a while?” Somehow, he always made the right choices whenever she felt uncomfortable; it was as though he could read her mind.

The day turned out to be a fulfilling one for the two of them. While walking around his old school, she felt as if she was accompanying him on a trip down memory lane.

On the way to the hotel, Tony said, “I want to bring you on a journey to my past.” Ultimately, he wanted to tell her everything about him as he wished to be one with her as a person.

“Then, should I tell you about my past too?” Despite the fact that they had been together for so long, she rarely mentioned her past. Even though she had a close relationship with Heather, she didn’t talk much about it in front of him either.

“You should tell me when you feel like it. You don’t have to force yourself.” After all, Tony had only taken the opportunity to tell her about his past since the ambience could not be more suitable.

In fact, she was actually joking with him just now; granted that she would often think of her past recently, but she just couldn’t bring herself to tell him. Somehow, she felt that she had missed an important part that she just couldn’t remember, but she didn’t dare to think about it, lest any messy images start popping up in her mind.

While they still had a day left to spend on their trip, she wasn’t sure what Tony wanted to do with it since most of his ideas were spontaneous. Without

deviating from the general direction, he would suddenly come up with an idea before tirelessly turning it into a feasible plan.

Almost every day, they would stay at different hotels and even in different cities, which was a refreshing feeling that she liked. However, she would also miss Bradford City from time to time. Even though they were on a trip, she still missed her hometown because they were so far away.

“Where do you plan to go tomorrow?” Usually, he would plan tomorrow’s schedule the day before.

However, this time, he hadn’t had anything planned out yet. Perhaps he didn’t want to plan anymore. “Tomorrow is the last day of our honeymoon. I’ve been thinking about how to conclude our trip perfectly.”

Needless to say, Myra, too, wanted to know what excitement he would bring to her this time, but it seemed like he didn’t even know it himself.

“Why don’t we let ourselves run wild one more time?” At the same time, he took out a world map that she didn’t know when he had bought.

“We can go anywhere in the world. You just have to close your eyes and point to a place on the map. We’ll go there tomorrow.” The world map he bought was very big and detailed. As he spread it open, it took up almost half of the bed.

Immediately, she stared at him as if he was joking with her. Is he seriously asking me to simply point to a place on the map? What if I point to a place where it’ll take us one day to arrive? Won’t we end up spending the whole day on a plane?

“Are you sure?” Inevitably, she felt a little worried because it didn’t seem like he was joking with her.

## Standing before Love Chapter 529

Even though it was a casual suggestion, Myra was somehow moved by it. Since we are returning to Bradford City and our usual life, we should take this opportunity to run wild one last time. As for where they were going, she closed her eyes while her finger moved across the map.

Meanwhile, Tony stood aside with his arms crossed, waiting for her to open her eyes. The moment she did, she realized that she was pointing at Birmingham, England.

On the surface, it looked like a great destination since she had never been to England before, but it would take a long time for them to reach there. We are going to spend a lot of time on the plane tomorrow, which means that we'll be flying straight to Bradford City the moment we arrive there.

"It's a bit too far," she murmured. However, Tony didn't seem too bothered about it.

"Then that's where we'll be going. We can return to Bradford City from there." He insisted on his own idea, thinking that since he'd made her a promise, he must do his best to keep it.

Therefore, she nodded her head in agreement. Even though she didn't feel comfortable taking the plane, she had nothing to say when she saw the excitement on his face.

Unexpectedly, he regretted his decision the very next day. Early in the morning, Myra woke up and blinked her eyes before asking him, "Is it time to leave?"

"We are not going anymore." While speaking, he placed his ear on her belly as if someone was talking to him. "Our child says that it doesn't want to keep on flying around but wants to return home as soon as possible."

When he woke up early in the morning, he had recalled the conversation they had last night and suddenly felt that it wasn't a good idea. Myra is currently pregnant, so previously, we would stop at a place for a few days to give her some time to rest before continuing with our trip. Therefore, I'm afraid that she won't be able to handle traveling to England when we just got here yesterday.

Tony had overlooked this problem, having been too excited yesterday. Hence, he was determined not to make the same mistake again, so even if she insisted on going to England, he would not agree to it. Of course, she didn't argue with his sudden change of mind as she didn't want to fly around for an entire day in the first place. Besides, it was already difficult for her to walk around Harvard University right after getting off the plane the day before.

Squinting her eyes, she said with a giggle, "Then I'm going back to sleep."

This time, she slept for a long time before waking up again in the afternoon. During that period, there were many times that Tony wanted to wake her up to eat, but upon seeing her sleeping so soundly, he couldn't bear to wake her up.

In the afternoon, the two of them went to the best local restaurant for a meal. During the meal, Myra couldn't stop praising the restaurant's dishes, but then again, she was probably hungry for anything. Toward the evening, they took a train to Boston so that they could experience the night life in the city. They had fun into the night and Tony, who had been very cautious when it came to her health, had even allowed her to have some supper.

Last night, they were talking about going to Birmingham to perfectly conclude their honeymoon, but in the end, their final destination was changed to Boston instead.

It was the capital and biggest city of Massachusetts, a city of literature and arts that combined modernity and tradition. The most famous university in the city was the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Furthermore, Boston was a special city to the United States because this was where the Boston Tea Party took place and sparked the famous American War of Independence.

Needless to say, Myra and Tony enjoyed the cultural atmosphere of the city. There were many places that they wanted to visit, including the famous Boston University, but sadly, there wasn't much time for them to visit all of them.

At night, they stayed awake by walking down the streets of the city and cherishing the last moments of their honeymoon. Since Tony had said before that they would be returning to Bradford City in three days, he wasn't planning to delay the schedule even for a day.

When they got back to the hotel, Myra called Heather on the phone. On the latter's side, it was already afternoon, and when she received the call, she could hear Myra's familiar voice coming from the other end.

"Where are you now?" Heather smiled and asked. Knowing that the couple had been to so many places, she couldn't tell where they were at the moment.

"We are in Boston," Myra answered.

“That’s a great place. You should definitely visit Boston University. I really like that school.” In fact, Heather had been to Boston before as an exchange student, and she enjoyed her time at the university.

“I’m afraid that we can only visit there next time. We are heading home tomorrow,” Myra replied with a sigh. It must be a great place to visit if Heather really likes it.

“That’s quick. I thought you two are only halfway through your honeymoon.” Heather was a little confused. Isn’t it too early for them to come back?

“Have you forgotten what I told you a few days ago?” Myra reminded her about the reason why they decided to come back. Due to the complicated situation in Bradford City, the two of them weren’t able to enjoy their trip peacefully.

“Alright. It’s great that you are coming back early. Without you here, I have no one to accompany me to indulge in delicacies,” Heather said in a casual tone. Since they’ve already decided, I should loosen up a bit.

“Then wait for my return.” After that, they started chatting about their daily routine while Tony was doing his work on the side, not knowing when they would end the call.

After hanging up the call, Heather stared at her phone thoughtfully. I didn’t expect them to come back so quickly. Looks like Tony has compromised with her. Actually, she knew all along that Myra wanted to return early. After all, Locke Group had begun their aggressive attack on Hart Group, so Tony needed to return quickly to deal with such a powerful and proactive opponent.

As for Myra, she understood the situation clearly too, so she always wanted to return early, but she didn’t expect him to be this stubborn. Ever since he left, Locke Group became even more aggressive with their attack, and Heather tried a few times to talk to Matthias about it, but she never got the chance. Even so, she still couldn’t do anything about the situation as it was impossible to change Matthias’ mind, so she pretended to not know about it.

However, something stranger happened afterward. While abroad, Myra was surprised that someone had been stalking them all this time, which made her more determined to return home.

On the other hand, Heather knew all along that the couple's honeymoon wouldn't go on smoothly, and sure enough, they were coming back earlier than expected. She didn't head to work on this day. Ever since the Lantern Festival, she had been staying at home as if she had made a tacit agreement to stay put.

Even Blake had stopped calling her to work, so she didn't know that he had already assigned all of her work in Langston Group to other management. Nevertheless, she also wanted to take this chance to simply skip work as she had already planned to start her own career. This is a great chance for me to leave Langston Group.

As for Robert, he had tacitly agreed to her decision and even hinted to her that she didn't need to work at Langston Group anymore. Secretly, he had even informed Blake that she didn't need to come to work. Even though Blake was unwilling to accept it, it was still Robert's orders, so he couldn't say much about it.

However, he was still observant enough to understand that Robert was planning not to let Heather back to Langston Group. Also, he noticed that the former had changed a lot ever since Caleb showed up. Needless to say, the latter had piqued the old man's interest.

If I want to find out who Caleb is, I must use Everly to do so. She can definitely seduce him to let his guard down. After making up his mind, he decided to talk to her about it sometime the next day. I'll look for her at the university tomorrow afternoon.

When Myra and Tony returned, Heather was at the airport to welcome them, just like how they had welcomed her back then. This time, they had told only her about their early return, so there was no one else at the airport to welcome them.

Initially, they wanted to match her with Lucas by creating a chance for them to be together while waiting for their plane to arrive. However, Lucas had a high fever that prevented him from coming out of the house. What are the odds?

When the two of them arrived, Heather could see Tony holding a suitcase that was fairly small. I can't believe they brought so little luggage for such a long trip. Little did she know, they had packed a lot for the trip, but all of it was checked in for shipment. As for the luggage that Tony was holding, it only contained his daily clothes.



“It feels like you were gone for a century,” Heather said as she went up to them.

The moment Myra saw her, her eyes immediately lit up. Leaving Tony behind, she ran up to her excitedly.

“Have you two been taking exaggerating lessons together?” Feeling doubtful, Myra pointed at her before pointing at Tony. The two of them sure do like to exaggerate things.

However, Heather looked at her confusedly as she couldn’t understand her humor, but when she looked toward Tony, she could see him turning his finger in circles next to his head. Silently, he mouthed the words to her. “She has gotten dumber since her pregnancy.”

Immediately, she understood what he meant and tried to hold back her laughter. Seeing this, Myra looked back at Tony in puzzlement. As soon as she turned around, he reverted back to his cold expression, so she didn’t know that he was actually making fun of her. Meanwhile, Heather noticed that after their trip, the two seemed to have changed significantly.

Being as keen as she was, she could sense that they were now much different when compared to the first time they met. Tony’s face always looks indifferent and isolating, but he isn’t as cold as he seems. His smile is actually very heart-warming, and he is a very considerate husband to Myra. As for Myra, I somehow feel that she is much different than before. Maybe Tony was right; maybe she has gotten dumber since her pregnancy. I would rarely see her this laid back before. Ever since she graduated, she changed a lot by forcefully getting rid of her many personal problems, but now, she looks more like the Myra that I first met. Under Tony’s care, she is now slowly revealing her true self. Her heart has always been strong yet soft, so when she meets someone who truly cares for her, she will become an obedient kitten who likes to be affectionate from time to time.

“I’ll be your host today. Where do you guys want to eat?” she asked after a while.

Then, Myra looked at Tony, asking him to make a decision. “Let’s dine somewhere nearby.” The former hadn’t eaten much on the plane, and he was afraid that she would be hungry. Hence, he wanted to find a place to have a proper meal as soon as possible.

“Why don’t we go to that previous restaurant we went to?” Heather suggested as she thought that the restaurant was just around the airport.

“I’m fine with it.” Myra quickly agreed since she was starting to feel hungry. In the past few days, she had a really good appetite and could eat up to four or five meals a day. Therefore, she was slightly worried that she would gain a lot of weight in the end.

Not only that, but Tony even kept on asking her to eat more every day. There were a few times that she wanted to weigh herself behind his back, but in the end, she had given up because she was afraid that it might ruin her appetite.

### Standing before Love Chapter 530

The three of them entered the private room one after another. Then, Myra and Heather eagerly started chatting with each other about the interesting events that happened during Myra’s trip. As it seemed that the two ladies were not going to place their orders any time soon, the task of ordering food fell into Tony’s hands.

Myra and Heather sat together, while Tony sat opposite them. The two ladies were so close to each other that it even made Tony a little green with envy.

“Heather, I reckon that the gifts will be delivered to you by tomorrow. Remember to check if you receive it.” When Myra was in the United States, she had packed the gifts that she bought for Heather along the way and delivered them to the Langston Residence.

“What gifts?” Heather was a little surprised as she never heard Myra mention it.

“I picked some pretty and interesting items for you during my trip.” Myra would think of her whenever she saw something she liked, and she wished to share all the good things she had with her.

“I suppose I will be receiving a large parcel tomorrow then,” Heather replied jokingly. It was somewhat unexpected and she was pleasantly surprised.

Since when did Myra like to give surprises? she thought. I guessed that she must have been unconsciously influenced by Tony. Similarly, when Heather saw something that she liked, she would think of Myra. Therefore, she had

sent countless interesting trinkets to Myra when she had been abroad in the past.

Truth was, Myra seldom bought things during their trip. It turned out that all that she had bought were for Heather. Even Tony was not aware of this. He assumed that Myra bought those things because she liked them, but now that he thought about it, he realized that some of them did not seem like something she would fancy.

“Apologies for the intrusion.” After a while, the waiter served them their food.

Only then did Myra and Heather quieten. Myra darted a look at Tony, who was looking at his phone with his head bowed. He then put down his phone, which was probably because he took notice of her gaze, and raised his head before beaming at her.

Heather quietly observed their interaction. Sure enough, when couples stayed together, bachelors and bachelorettes would suffer tons of damage. The little details and interactions between Myra and Tony were so enviable that Heather, who was used to being single, couldn't help but want to date someone just to experience the affection as well.

It was a good dining etiquette to not speak while eating, so the three of them stopped talking and began their meal with grace. Myra's large appetite astonished Heather. While she soon had her fill, Myra had eaten twice of her portion.

When Myra finished her meal, she wiped her mouth with a napkin. Under Heather and Tony's watchful eyes, she was too abashed to eat anymore. Although Tony was glad to see her with such a good appetite, Heather had something else in mind.

After that, they left in a car. Myra sat in the backseat together with Heather, while Tony took the wheel. During their journey, Heather whispered in Myra's ear, “Myra, do you eat that much every meal?”

Myra did not expect Heather to bring this up, but she nodded, and Heather worriedly advised her, “You should control your appetite. It would be difficult to deliver a big baby.”

In fact, this was the main reason for the mushrooming of cesarean delivery. If the baby obtained an exceedingly large amount of nutrients and grew too big, it would make normal delivery impossible.

Myra twiddled her fingers as she thought, This is so embarrassing. If Heather finds out that my appetite is actually larger than that, it might give her a fright.

“Okay, I will try my best to control it.” Myra had long wanted to control her ‘catastrophic’ appetite, but Tony, the true culprit behind all this, kept coaxing her to eat more.

When Tony saw in the rear mirror that the two of them were whispering among themselves, it aroused his curiosity and made him wonder what they were talking about.

Their voices were as soft as a mosquito’s humming, but he saw that Myra’s expression kept changing, making him even more curious about their conversation. However, to him, it was more important to drive carefully as they were approaching an area with a high accident rate.

“Speaking of which, you guys seemed to have traveled to many places during your honeymoon trip. Are you exhausted?” Heather asked in concern.

Myra shook her head. She was still mentally excited; the half-a-day flight did not affect her and she was not sleepy at all.

“Jet lag is a problem now.” They departed from Boston in the morning, but it was still daytime when they returned to Bradford City. They were supposed to be in bed by now, but they had just taken their lunch earlier.

“I had jet lag for a couple of days when I returned from Italy. I couldn’t sleep well because of it.” It reminded Heather of how she felt when she had just returned to the country.

“I’ll be tired if I don’t sleep well, and it won’t do any good to my baby,” Myra replied worriedly.

“Then, you should stay up in the afternoon and hang on until nighttime. You will surely have a good night’s sleep by then.” That day when Heather returned, she had washed up and gone to bed upon arriving at the Langston Residence. She had then slept till the next morning, which caused her a hard time falling asleep the following night.

“I planned to do so.” Myra had the same thought as well.

“I will keep you company in the afternoon since I don’t have work.” Heather offered to accompany her.

Meanwhile, Tony attentively listened to their conversation. He heard that Myra agreed to Heather’s suggestion, so it seemed like he would have to change his plan although he had something else in mind before this.

“You are not working at Langston Group anymore?” asked Myra in surprise. Before she left the country, Heather had worked tirelessly, but now that she had returned, the latter had unexpectedly stopped working.

“Yes, it’s my plan to become jobless.” Heather joked casually. Robert’s words seemed to imply this as well, and she could finally focus on building her own company.

“Congratulations on the early resignation.” Heather’s resignation was indeed earlier than she had expected. She had been worried before this because she did not know when she would be able to leave Langston Group, and now, she was finally free.

Tony, on the other hand, thought of something. He suddenly became very eager to meet someone as soon as possible.

Thus, he went straight to the point and asked, “Heather, you mentioned the hacker, Leon, the other day. Can I meet him?”

His sudden question interrupted Heather’s train of thought—she was contemplating where to go with Myra later. She had casually mentioned Leon that day, so she did not expect that Tony would still remember it. If I bring a few people to visit Leon, he will definitely welcome us with open arms. However, the problem now is that he dislikes being addressed as a hacker and he doesn’t want anyone to know about it. This contradicts Tony’s current focus of getting to know a hacker.

As Heather was a little hesitant, Tony continued, “I know a couple of things that you guys had no knowledge of, so I need Leon’s help. Caleb’s appearance worries me.” It was rare for Tony to reveal his own thoughts, but his words inexplicably made Heather feel uneasy as well.

Caleb's appearance made not only Robert unsettled but also Tony. Inevitably, this aroused the question of what could be the reason behind their reactions. Heather was afraid that the truth was far worse than she could ever imagine.

"Leon doesn't like people knowing his hidden identity as a hacker, so I'm not sure if he wants to continue helping you," Heather explained cautiously. The situation was giving her a headache.

If Leon were to find out that she had revealed his hidden identity to both Myra and Tony, he might blow up on the spot.

Hearing this, Tony remained quiet for a moment before he replied, "Please convey my message to him." He believed that Heather was trustworthy. Since he couldn't speak with Leon face-to-face, he could only have her help him to convey his message to Leon.

"Leon is busy with his new company, so I'm afraid that he won't have much time to investigate other matters," Heather replied tactfully. She did not want Leon to get involved with the rest of the matters since the latter had already helped them a lot.

"I understand." Tony was rather surprised that neither way worked. It seemed like he had to investigate the rest of the matter on his own now.

"Leon mentioned Caleb's intel was Leisfeld's national classified information. So, it won't be easy to investigate Caleb—it's something that even Leon can't do." Heather longed to uncover the truth as well, but it seemed quite unlikely to happen based on the current circumstances.

Leon had once suggested to Heather to take action on Caleb himself. It sounded easy, yet it was, in fact, the most impracticable method. At one glance, one could tell Caleb was a veteran with many life experiences, hence nobody could tell which of his words were true and which were not.

"Old Master Langston should know more than us," Tony remarked in an adamant tone.

Heather, of course, knew about this as well. However, Robert didn't tell her much and only briefly touched on the incident that happened years ago. What she managed to find out from him was that Robert had a younger sister named Claris, who had lost her life due to the incident back then. The

Moriartys had lost their successor, which was probably the reason they still held grudges against the Langston and Hart Families.

As for why the Hart Family had been involved in that incident, she was still clueless. Since Tony suddenly brought this up, she thought that she might as well try to find out from him.

Therefore, she told Tony what Robert had told her, and he fell silent momentarily after listening to her. The car sped along the highway aimlessly, and nobody knew when it would stop.

“Can you tell me how the Hart Family offended the Moriarty Family?” Heather questioned in puzzlement. From the surface, the Hart Family seemed to have nothing to do with that incident.

“It was because the person your grandaunt fell in love with was my grandfather. She had always respected my grandmother as his spouse, but at the same time, she thought that she would be his fiancé.” Tony revealed a shocking truth.

It was rather unexpected but it instantly explained how the Hart Family offended both the Moriarty and Langston family. It turned out that it was a family feud that arose from the relationship entanglements of the older generation. Falling in love with someone who didn't love you back was surely one of the greatest fears—not only would one end up in misery, but it would also get their entire family involved.

Myra kept quiet and listened to their conversation, though she was confused. This incident was not a simple one indeed; it was very complicated, and even Heather couldn't make head or tail of the benefits and conflicts behind it.

“So now, Caleb came for revenge?” Heather was worried about this the most. With the Moriarty Family's background, it would be difficult for the Langston and Hart Families to stop them if the former were to seek trouble with them.

“I'm not sure. Even Grandpa isn't clear about it, so I don't know much. He was very hesitant to tell me about it, and the pieces of information that I got confused me.” Similarly, Sebastian didn't explain it clearly to Tony, so nobody knew what the two old men were hiding from them.

“We are in the suburbs now,” Myra gently reminded them. The two of them were so engrossed in the conversation that they didn’t realize that they had driven all the way to the eastern suburbs of the city.

When Tony focused his attention back on the road, he realized that they were really far away from the city; it was a foolish mistake for someone as sharp as him. It seemed like the feud between the three families was not something that could be made clear with a word or two. Hence, he and Heather simultaneously dropped the topic.

“I will make a U-turn in front. Where do you two want to go?” Tony asked.

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As they couldn’t think of anywhere to go, both Heather and Myra remained quiet. Upon seeing their reaction, Tony continued to speak, “Since we are in the eastern suburbs, we might as well drop by at the newly opened hot spring resort.”

The word ‘hot spring’ sounded especially tempting under such weather, so both Myra and Heather agreed to it. There was a new high-end hot spring resort in the eastern suburbs. It had just begun its operation not long ago, but Tony somehow knew about this place although he had been abroad when the resort started its business.

It seemed like he still cared about Bradford City despite not being physically present in the city; he paid attention to everything that happened in the city, no matter how big or small it was. This showed that he didn’t really let himself loose during the honeymoon trip, which explained why he insisted on sticking to the original plan. Although he was not physically in Bradford City, he still knew the city like the back of his hand.

After arriving at their destination, Tony’s tall and sturdy figure alighted from the car. He opened the door for Myra while Heather got down on her own on the other side. After all, she was single and did not have a man to treat her as nicely.

Heather followed Myra and Tony from behind. Spending time with the two lovebirds for too long actually made her unconsciously long for romance. Tony placed an arm around Myra’s waist and slowed down his steps to match with her pace. Behind them, Heather lowered her gaze, wondering if there would be a day for her to have a man to pamper her too.



When they were walking up the stairs, Tony's thin lips were pressed into a hard line. He paid extra attention to Myra as a pregnant woman must not slip.

Heather slowed down her steps behind them as well; her figure seemed strong yet fragile alone. They entered the hot spring resort one after another, but before they even arrived at the actual hot springs, they were shrouded in fog that made the place seem dreamy.

The hot spring resort adopted a vintage style in its design. Heather noticed that there were screens everywhere to partition the space. The clothing provided by the resort to the customers to wear when soaking themselves in the hot springs was not swimwear but vintage style bathrobes. The staff stressed that the nice-looking bathrobes had great water-proofing abilities despite not being tightly fitted. They recommended not wearing undergarments when soaking in their hot springs; just wearing the bathrobes provided by them would do.

The bathrobes were designed to resemble a yukata, and wearing undergarments underneath them would easily wet the undergarments. As the bathrobes provided in this high-end resort were all designed for single use only, they were all brand new. The customers were free to leave with the bathrobes or they could just discard them. Therefore, the practices were pretty hygienic.

Moreover, the cleanliness of the hot spring was guaranteed, and even pregnant women could use the facilities without any worries. Of course, a temperature too high would have negative effects on the baby, so they also had a special zone for pregnant women.

The special zone had a much lower water temperature. As Myra was in the middle stage of pregnancy, soaking herself in a hot spring was actually beneficial to her body. Her tired body required some release to relax her tensed and exhausted muscles.

However, to Heather's surprise, she actually bumped into Matthias here and met his gaze midair. It's such a small world, she thought.

Before Myra went abroad, she had come across the news about Heather and Matthias, so she had pestered Heather for an explanation. If it was not for their sudden encounter with Matthias, she would have forgotten about this. However, she still remembered the unpleasant incident between Locke Group and Hart Group, which made her feel wary of him.

Matthias was equally surprised to see them. Bumping into Heather was not surprising, but the sight of Myra and Tony behind her was. The four of them had changed into the bathrobes given. Heather was wearing a red bathrobe, while Tony chose to wear a black one, which was his favorite color, and Myra had a white one on her.

On the other hand, Matthias was wearing a dark blue bathrobe. They bumped into one another in the small corridor, and the three of them looked at Matthias at once. Tony appraised him and found that the latter was much leaner than him; Myra, on the other hand, stared at Matthias with a complex look in her eyes.

This was not the first time she met him, but when she saw him this time, an image of the past popped up in her head—it was a teenage boy in a white shirt. When she squinted her eyes in an attempt to take a proper look at his face, she found that she couldn't see his face clearly.

It was as if Matthias' face matched the teenage boy with a blurred face from her memory. She tried her best to recall the face of the boy, but her efforts were in vain.

When Matthias took notice of the hint of sorrow in Myra's eyes, he couldn't take his eyes off her. It was as though there was a force driving him to do so, and he didn't know what was wrong with himself. Even if Heather was on the verge of skinning him alive with her gaze, he still found it hard to avert his intent gaze.

It made Heather disappointed. Matthias claimed that he had let go of the past and even confessed his feelings to her, but in the end, he still ironically ate his words the moment he saw Myra.

Tony noticed the unusualness as well, so he glared at Matthias in anger. This was the first time anyone had the guts to stare at his wife so brazenly.

Without hesitation, he led Myra away, leaving Heather and Matthias rooted to their spots. After a long while, Heather made herself move forward. She whispered to him when brushing past him, "Stop lying to yourself. The person you like is not me." This time, she was certain that Matthias was still in love with Myra, and she would perceive his crazy behavior in the past as nothing but his wicked pranks.

Matthias extended his hand to grab her but retracted it midway—he had no right to stop her.

“You are as childish as a high schooler who made a bet with his peers to chase a girl.” With that, Myra hastily left. What she said was not an uncommon occurrence in high school, but it was a childish act that she especially despised. After giving careful thought to his past actions, one would find them of little difference.

Green veins slightly popped up on Matthias’ hands, but he was not able to give any proper explanations for his earlier actions. It was as if there was a spell that glued his gaze on her.

He had noticed a glimmer of hope in Myra’s eyes, as if she could remember him at the next instant. However, it was all for nothing, and he even hurt Heather. Despondently, he thought to himself, I’m the worst.

In the interim, Myra soaked herself in the warm water of the hot spring and even dipped her head under the water. However, Tony pulled her head up. He suspected that her unusual behavior had something to do with Matthias, which worsened his impression of the man.

When Heather arrived, she happened to witness this scene. Myra’s gaze was so piercing that it shocked her. She was the one who separated Myra and Matthias back then. If Myra recalled everything... Heather couldn’t begin to imagine what would happen.

Soon, Myra looked to the side, and Tony took notice of the trace of hatred in her eyes. He was clueless about the agony in her heart. Amidst the fragments of memories, she seemed to hear a male voice repeating himself, “It was Heather who caused us to be apart; it was Heather who ruined our relationship.”

She had no idea where these pieces of memories came from. Though she seemed impassive on the surface, she was actually suffering on the inside. Heather inched toward Myra as she also noticed the latter’s hostility toward her, making her exchange glances with Tony.

“Myra, what’s wrong? Are you alright?” Heather’s voice was unbelievably gentle; Tony had never seen this gentle side of her.

“I’ll leave Myra to you for now. I’ll be right back.” He had to go and look for Matthias to find out what was going on.

Meanwhile, Matthias was soaking in the hot spring in the VIP private room by himself, unaware of Tony’s arrival until the latter approached him.

When Tony noticed the distant look in Matthias’ eyes, which was pretty similar to Myra’s, the puzzlement in his heart grew.

“Who exactly are you?” Tony asked directly.

His question snapped Matthias back to his senses. Matthias looked up at Tony, who seemed as if he was going to throw his fist at his face at any time.

“An illegitimate child of the Langston Family and the Director of Langston Group,” he replied neither humbly nor arrogantly, which also served as a reminder to Tony that he couldn’t possibly tell the latter about their past.

If Tony really wanted to know, he had to investigate the matter on his own. Matthias used to regard Tony as someone who got in the way of his relationship with Myra, but now, Tony annoyed him more than he used to. Hence, he felt that he did nothing wrong by attacking Hart Group, be it due to private or business reasons.

“Why did Langston Group provoke Hart Group?” Tony threw him his second question.

“Because Hart Group is the best corporation in Bradford City. If Langston Group would like to take its place, we have to start off by taking down the leader.” Matthias continued to answer Tony’s question honestly.

“You knew Myra before this?” Though it was a question, Tony’s tone was adamant. Since Matthias had long known Heather, it would be quite likely for him to know Myra as well.

“Hah!” Matthias chuckled and said nothing, which made Tony really want to break his set of neat white teeth.

“This is my private area for now. Director Hart, please leave,” Matthias unabashedly said to Tony, but his expression remained unchanged.

Tony narrowed his eyes, exuding a menacing aura. Matthias had really angered him this time. He had never been enraged by their business competitors—even if unscrupulous means had been used. However, when Myra was involved, he swore that he would never let things slide.

“Myra is my wife. You’d better keep that in mind.” After saying that, Tony rose up from the hot spring and looked down at Matthias from his height.

Matthias remained quiet, coldly watching Tony as the latter left. After that, he immersed his whole body into the warm water that smelled like sulfur. Things were moving in an unpredictable direction.

When Tony returned to Myra and Heather’s side, Myra’s emotion had stabilized. Thus, he intended to take her away but was stopped by Heather.

“Myra seemed exhausted. The resort provides a place for customers to rest, so you can just carry her there later,” Heather murmured as Myra almost dozed off.

“What do you know about Matthias?” He gave off an intimidating air. A hint of fluster flashed across Heather’s eyes, and her hesitation confirmed his suspicion that she indeed knew something that he didn’t

“Why mention Matthias all of a sudden?” she asked as she avoided his gaze.

“There is something dangerous about him. I don’t know what was his purpose for targeting Hart Group. I suspect that he was actually targeting me instead,” Tony enunciated. He could feel Matthias’ hostility. This inexplicable hostility gave him a headache, so he was eager to find out the truth.

“Targeting Hart Group is the same as targeting you and vice versa.” Heather’s words sounded confusing. She knew that Tony must have realized that something was off, but he was, in fact, the person she could never talk to about the past.