

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Chapter 1

Chapter 1

[I've signed the divorce papers, and they'll be sent to you tomorrow.]

The text message displayed on Vicky Shaw's phone screen stunned her to the core. Her eyelids fluttered under the dim, flickering light of the candle.

She lifted her head to look at the candlelight dinner on the table; the food was already cold.

Situated at the heart of the dining table was a birthday cake with two unlit candles.

This day was, in fact, her twenty-third birthday. Instead of celebrating her birthday with her, she received this 'special' birthday present from her husband.

Ding, ding!

The latest news headline popped out of her phone.

[Breaking news! Sheila Young, the Best Actress winner, was seen having dinner with the CEO of Hart Corporation, Tyler Hart. Are they about to rekindle their old romance?]

The headline, needless to say, left her stupefied, but she somehow found herself opening the news.

A photo of two people having dinner was revealed. The image showed a gracious, beautiful woman sitting across from a handsome, well-groomed man.

Perhaps it was the lighting of the restaurant, or maybe it was the angle of the photo...but it suggested that both people were gazing at each other affectionately.

Vicky gripped her phone so tightly that her knuckles turned white. Her chest felt tight as though her breath was stuck in her chest.

This feeling lasted for a long time.

The winter wind was whistling outside of the house and brought scattered snowflakes to form a thick layer of snow on the ground.

Vicky put her suitcase in the trunk and drove away from the mansion.

Three years of her marriage went down the drain, all because his first love returned.

Suddenly—

Honk!

An ear-piercing car honk rang in the air, but it was too late before Vicky realized what was happening.

Another car came crashing into hers, ramming her car over, and she lost consciousness in the process.

...

A month later, in a VIP ward of a hospital.

Vicky was sitting on her bed and was going through her past posts in her Twidder account when someone came into the room.

Vicky sat upright and placed her phone on the side table. Smilingly, she looked up. "Cece, what delicious food have you brought me to...day..."

Vicky trailed off mid-sentence.

It was not who she thought had entered the room. Instead, it was a handsome man with thick eyebrows, long lashes, and appealing facial features. His dazzling, deep eyes were cold like the water collected from the well; chilling and aloof.

He was fitted in a well-fitted bespoke suit. With a tall and slender body, he was nearly 190 centimeters tall. He looked so majestic and striking that he encompassed a powerful aura that spread throughout the room just by standing quietly.

Currently, he was glaring at her from a condescending angle with a different expression in his eyes. Even so, his glare was so sharp and fierce that people did not dare to make eye contact with him.

As Vicky carefully examined this handsome man in front of him, she warily asked, "Who...are you?"

The man curled his thin lips into an indecipherable smile as his eyes gleamed coldly, suggesting incomprehensible sarcasm.

"It's fine that you want to play tricks, but risking your life in the process is just plain stupid. These are the divorce papers. I've signed them," he said.

He threw the folder to the bed and turned to leave the ward.

At this moment, Vicky finally realized who this man was. It was her jerk of a husband that had not shown up even once for the past month while she was admitted to the hospital.

This was Tyler Hart.

Vicky looked at her husband's tall, handsome figure. "I've lost my memory."

Tyler stopped upon hearing this. A playful look appeared on his face. "Miss Shaw, you lost your memory again?"

Again? Did she lose her memory before?

Before Vicky could ask, Tyler coldly added, "Self-torturing, loss of memory, car crash... Vicky Shaw, are these the only tricks you know to repeat?"

During this period, Vicky had more or less gotten to know about herself before the crash from her personal assistant, Cece. She also knew that she had used many stupid methods in the past to refrain Tyler from leaving her.

Nonetheless, the man's contemptuous tone and mocking eyes had triggered Vicky to indescribable rage. It was true that she had been acting stupidly in the name of love in the past...but it was also true that Tyler was an insufferable man!

"It'll never happen anymore," she replied indifferently. "Don't worry. Me losing my memory this time is not a trick that I'm using to stop you from leaving me. Once I'm discharged, we can file the divorce papers."

Tyler's eyes twitched as though he heard something unbelievable. His eyes darkened instantly, and he started to examine the woman in front of him.

She was a beautiful woman with exquisite, flawless facial features. Despite how pale she looked, her beauty was not diminished whatsoever.

Tyler looked at her and, with a dark tone, coldly said, "What did you just say?"

As Vicky made eye contact with him, her heart tightened inexplicably. Her memory was gone, but her instincts remained intact like she had a fear of this man that she could not explain.

Even though she lost her memory, she was roughly able to piece the story together from the news on the internet, the things Cece told her, and also her irregular diary.

Tyler had a childhood sweetheart, the first love he was about to marry before Vicky 'snatched' Tyler from her and became Missus Hart instead. For all the years they were married, it seemed like Tyler had always wanted to divorce her.

She, on the other hand, refused to fulfill Tyler's wish to agree to the divorce.

Most news reported on the internet were various rumors that Tyler went out dating or seeing other women. The others were the gossip about how Vicky fought with the women Tyler had rumors with. These fights often took place during dinner parties.

She was like the wife of a wealthy husband in a soap opera that employed everything she had to get the man to marry her, while the man only offered her the name of his wife and nothing more.

She even saw the text message where Tyler proposed to divorce her, as well as the news that he had dinner with another woman on her birthday. Perhaps these were blows so powerful that led to her car crash on that day, leaving her with a severe head injury.

She was unconscious for nearly a month and only woke up a few days ago. The aftermath was losing her memory.

During her stay in the hospital, her so-called husband never once came to visit her. When he finally came today, it was because he wanted to divorce her.

How ironic. How...hilarious.

Vicky looked into Tyler's deep eyes and said, "I agree to the divorce."

Tyler's eyes twitched for a moment because of the surprising answer. Nevertheless, his face fell to its usual flat expression.

He glared at her and watched her closely, wanting to see if she was lying.

It was seconds later that he replied.

Chapter 2

"When?" said Tyler Hart.

Vicky Shaw was caught off-guard by this response before she realized what he was asking about.

She said, "We can file the papers and proceed after I'm discharged."

"Very well," came his simple response as he then turned to leave the ward without feeling nostalgic.

He did not even ask how her recovery was nor the reason why she was admitted to the hospital. It was as though she was not her wife but an insignificant person instead.

...

After a month, Vicky was finally allowed to be discharged from the hospital. In the early hours of a particular morning, Cece busily packed Vicky's belongings.

"Congratulations on your discharge, Vicky! Let me treat you to a good meal today," chirped Cece.

The joyful look on Cece's face dispersed the gloomy feeling in Vicky's heart and made her smile. "I should be the one treating you. Thank you for looking after me while I was here."

Suddenly, Cece's expression faltered. "You shouldn't have! You saved me, you know. Without you, who knows where I'll be after being trafficked?"

Three years ago, an unhappy Cece ran away from home when she learned that her parents forced her into an arranged marriage. At the time, she had just entered society and was too sheltered by her family.

All of her money got stolen on the first day she ran away, and she nearly got scammed into being a victim of human trafficking, too.

Luckily, Vicky noticed this and saved Cece. When she found out Cece had no place to return to, she arranged a place for her to stay and even hired her as her personal assistant. This was why Cece felt very grateful to Vicky.

Suddenly, Vicky thought of something and asked, "Is there anyone else coming to visit me other than you? Don't I have any family or friends?"

Cece's gaze wavered. She answered vaguely, "Maybe...they didn't know you were involved in a car crash. After your marriage, you didn't contact your family very often."

The answer made Vicky wonder.

...

It was late at night, and Vicky leaned on the headrest to read her book.

Clack! Someone was opening her bedroom door. It was a peaceful night, so the sound could not be mistaken for something else.

Although the mansion had a remarkable scene and was designed by a great interior designer, she did not feel secure staying in it after having lost her memory.

She looked at the door alertly as a tall, slender, handsome man walked into the room.

Vicky asked, "Why did you come back here?"

Tyler noticed Vicky looking at him warily, and he curled his thin lips into a sarcastic smile.

“Are you trying...to play hard to get again?”

His voice was low, melodious, and clear like the water in a river. It was a beautiful voice, yet his sarcastic words created discomfort.

“Playing hard to get?” It sounded like a joke, and Vicky could not help but laugh.

“Mister Hart, I’ve forgotten everything, including the feelings I had for you. What makes you think that I’d still like you like I used to? Do you think it’s worth doing that to a husband that I’m about to divorce?”

Tyler squinted slightly. His pupils looked dark and gloomy. Thus, the way he looked at Vicky was nothing less than fierce.

Vicky felt rather intimidated by this gaze. She clasped her hands into tight fists and thought the way he looked at her was weird.

“Why are you looking at me like that?”

His eyes signaled he was examining and exploring her real intention. “To confirm that you’re not pretending to lose your memory as you did in the past.”

Vicky ignored his mockery and said, “Did you come back to inform me it was time to file the divorce paper?”

Tyler looked at her for a couple of seconds before he emotionlessly said, “It’s Grandpa’s birthday party tomorrow.”

“So?” Vicky did not get what he was trying to say.

“As Missus Hart, you’re required to attend it since we’re not divorced yet,” Tyler explained.

Today was the first day Vicky was discharged from the hospital, and Senior Hart’s birthday party was tomorrow. There was just not enough time to...get a divorce.

Besides, she did not have the plan to leave the marriage with nothing. It required time to divide assets.

Vicky looked at him and asked, “Does Grandpa know that I have amnesia?”

“No,” Tyler replied.

Vicky was at a loss for words.

After a few seconds of silence, she said, "What am I going to do when I don't know anyone at the dinner party?"

Tyler answered coldly, "That's not my problem."

Not wanting to talk to her anymore, he swiftly entered the bathroom.

20 minutes later, the handsome, tall man came out of the bathroom while drying his hair with a towel. Not bothering to wear a bathrobe, he merely wrapped his waist with a towel.

Water droplets dropped from his hair onto his toned body.

His figure was akin to a male model's, and his proportions were perfect. Added into the mix was his skin as fair as a rose. He even had sexy, downright attractive eight-pack abs that would make women drool over him. It was definitely a sight to behold.

Vicky was stunned, and perhaps her gaze was too keen that Tyler stopped drying his hair and looked at her.

A few seconds later, Tyler spoke, "Have you seen enough?"

Vicky quickly regained her senses and pretended to look at other places calmly.

Tyler saw the blushes on her cheek, though. His thin lips curled into a cool and arrogant smile.

"Missus Hart, don't you think you're too pretentious? It's not like you've never seen a man nor slept with one before. Who do you think you're fooling with this shy expression?"

Vicky was speechless. Every word that he spoke was challenging her tolerance level. Did he truly think she was the old Vicky Hart that would disregard her dignity just because she loved him? Narcissism was a type of disorder, and he should look for treatment.

Vicky got down from the bed and walked to Tyler. She winked and said flirtatiously, "There's no one here except you. Of course I'm showing it...to you."

'He hates me, doesn't he? I'm going to gross him out today!' she sneered inwardly.

She took a few more steps forward toward Tyler and stood on her toes to whisper into his ear ambiguously, "Didn't you say I'd try at everything to attract your attention? What? Didn't I try this before, Honey?"

The moment she said this, Tyler grabbed her by the waist, causing her body to lurch toward him, and hoisted her into his arms, effectively catching Vicky off-guard.

When she finally regained her senses, she found herself thrown to the bed, and Tyler quickly pinned her in place with his entire body.

Chapter 3

Vicky got the scare of her life as her pupils shrunk.

“Tyler Hart! What are you doing?”

Tyler’s handsome face sported an ambiguous smile. “What am I doing, you say? Why are you asking when you know what I want to do?”

Vicky felt tongue-tied by this response. Indeed, it was suspicious to ask such a question at a time like this. She placed her hand against his firm chest as she glared at him cautiously.

This was never the reaction she expected from Tyler, and she had to admit that she was a little flustered.

“What are you going to do to a woman that you hate and is about to be your ex-wife?”

His thin, alluring lips curled into a playful smile, yet his eyes did not match this. They looked calm and, in fact, rather aloof instead.

“Don’t tell me...you think you’re still a virgin?” he asked. He then lowered his head, bringing closer his handsome, perfect face slowly toward her.

Vicky felt like her breath was lodged in her throat, more so when his lips nearly grazed hers.

All of a sudden, he got up.

Vicky stared at Tyler in a daze as she could barely respond to the change.

“Do you really think I’ll be interested in you?” he teased.

After that, he stood up. When he was about to leave, he remembered something and stopped.

“I forgot to tell you. You were the one who took the initiative every time for the past three years, and...” Tyler paused for a moment and continued, “To stop me from sleeping in the other rooms, you’d throw away the beds in the other rooms while I’m away.”

This information surprised her. 'Did I...actually do that?'

Tyler ignored her and entered the bathroom. Not long later, the sound of running water was heard.

By the time he was done, Vicky was already sound asleep. He looked at her face with deep, dark eyes that seemed to house a gust of emotions.

'She's still the same heartless woman before she has amnesia,' he thought to himself.

...

It was 8 p.m., and Vicky, accompanied by Cece, arrived at Senior Hart's party on time.

The banquet hall was lively and well-lit with bright lights. Guests came in luxury and formal attires. They presented themselves with elegant mannerisms and lovely smiles as they chatted with each other.

When Vicky entered the hall, the high-spirited ambiance fell flat and silent instantly. Everyone was looking at her with bizarre looks. There was disconcertment, contempt, and also a hint of disdain.

Vicky's pupils dilated. She lowered her voice and asked, "Cece, why are these people looking at me weirdly?"

Cece shook her head. "I never attended this type of party with you before, so I don't know the reason behind it, but the last time you attended a dinner party, you quarreled with Sheila Young and ended up in the news. There was also one time you accidentally fell into the swimming pool and called me to bring you clean clothing. Those are the only things I knew when you attended this sort of party.

"You don't normally talk much about your private life to me," said Cece hesitantly.

"What I heard was you were pushed by someone when you fell into the swimming pool, but no one believed you, and there was no evidence to prove your claim, too."

Vicky asked, "What happened then?"

"Then...it just ended," Cece replied.

"What about Tyler? Did he do anything?"

Cece answered tactfully, "It's said the person who pushed you is Sheila's cousin."

Vicky finally understood. "So he loves her and her dog."

While they were talking, a commotion appeared at the entrance. A handsome, tall man walked in with a young and beautiful woman. The woman had perfect facial features and eyes that twinkled like the stars. She wore a black strapless evening gown that accentuated her figure, too.

Her hair was pulled back into a high ponytail to display her slender white neck, which was adorned by a black pearl necklace. With the gleam from the light, the necklace shone radiantly.

The man beside her wore a tailored black suit. He was tall and strong with sharp, eminent facial features that suggested one of the best works from god. With his cool and noble comportment, he brought a powerful aura into the venue.

The handsome and beautiful duo attracted much attention that got many people talking.

“As always, Mister Hart and Miss Young look so perfect together!”

“Yeah. If Vicky Shaw didn’t use a dirty trick to become Missus Hart, Mister Hart and Miss Young would’ve been married by now.”

“I agree. Hasn’t she done enough embarrassing things over these few years? She continues to cling to being Missus Hart and refuses to divorce. So shameful...”

“Shh...lower your voice. She’s here too. I just saw her!”

“What are you afraid of? Her family’s good days were over a long time ago. She’s no longer the young miss in the limelight. Yes, she’s married to Tyler Hart, but he doesn’t like her. Other than being called Missus Hart, she has nothing! How dare she be arrogant like before?”

Those comments reached Vicky’s ears.

Cece, worried that Vicky would be saddened by all this talk, comforted her and said, “Don’t listen to them. They don’t know how you and Mister Hart interact privately. How dare they decide that you and Mister Hart aren’t living happily together? If both of you aren’t fond of each other, how did your marriage last this long? If Mister Hart doesn’t like you, why did he marry you in the first place?”

Although Cece had been working with Vicky, she hardly heard her share her life, especially her marriage to Tyler. Thus, Cece was not sure about the situation of their relationship.

Suddenly, a woman’s voice rang out, “Vicky, how shameless can you be? Everyone knew the real reason why Tyler married you! If Sheila didn’t spend her time healing overseas, do you think you can be Missus Hart for so long? What’s stolen remains stolen as always.

“Now that Sheila is back, I suggest you get the hell out of her, or you may end up being dumped and losing your dignity!”

Chapter 4

Vicky blinked upon hearing this and looked back.

A young lady, dressed in a maroon mermaid hem dress, was glaring at her. Despite her appealing figure and beautiful face, her mean expression diminished her beauty.

Vicky frowned. “You are...?”

The young lady raised her chin proudly and glared at Vicky. In a contemptuous tone, she sneered, “What a faker! Are you faking memory loss again? What else do you have up your sleeves other than this?”

Right at that moment, Tyler stood at the entrance and glanced over, spotting Vicky instantly.

Her shining dark hair was pulled back, leaving a few curly strands hanging beside her slender and delicate neck. She had a flawless porcelain-like skin tone that complemented her fair, fine-grained body. Her lips were bright and red, which resembled rose petals. Her crystal-clear eyes were more beautiful and lucid than the best quality crystal.

She was so beautiful that she shook him to the core.

Tyler’s eyes darkened. As he laid his eyes on Vicky, he found himself unable to look away.

Sheila sensed something and looked over. Her eyes flashed.

The look from Tyler was so powerful that Vicky instantly felt it. She looked up and made eye contact with his cold, oppressive gaze. Subsequently, she saw Sheila talking to the man, and only then did the man look away. The pressure she felt disappeared, too.

Not long later, Tyler and Sheila walked over, and Sheila was the first to speak. “Sasha. When did you arrive?”

The young lady who just mocked Vicky answered, “Not long ago.”

Averting her gaze, her eyes brightened as she gazed up at the dashing tall man. Her personality shifted entirely into gentleness from her previous haughty self. She greeted, “Hi, Tyler.”

Cece explained in a low voice, "That's Sasha Young, the one who pushed you into the pool."

Vicky's eyes flashed. 'No wonder she's so arrogant; she's Sheila Young's cousin,' she thought.

Sheila rested her eyes on Vicky's face and explained with a smile, "Miss Shaw, I accidentally bumped into Tyler when I first got here. I hope you won't misunderstand."

Vicky looked at Sheila and said nothing.

With her alluring voice, Sheila continued, "I heard Tyler mention that you were in a car crash. How are you now?"

Only then did Vicky reply indifferently, "I'm fine."

Sasha raised a hand to her mouth and giggled, "Well, she's not badly injured, but she has amnesia again. This time, it's not selective amnesia, and she doesn't know anyone. She even asked who I was just now. Hahaha! Oh, how hilarious..."

"Amnesia?" Sheila looked at Vicky and asked hesitantly, "Miss Shaw, do you...truly have amnesia again?"

Sheila's attitude was not as arrogant as Sasha's. Nonetheless, it sounded so sarcastic when she said the word 'again'.

Cece, who was standing beside Vicky, thought it was very harsh as well, and she snapped, "Vicky really has amnesia this time!"

Sasha cackled. "She said she had amnesia before, too. Who knows if it's real or fake this time around?"

Finally taking notice of Cece, Sasha gave her a contemptuous once-over, which felt downright rude. She then sneered, "Who do you think you are? Do you think you're qualified to talk to us? Heh! Birds of a feather flock together. You make friends with people who are similar to you. Where are your manners?"

Cece was a protective person when it came to the people she cared about. She also had a short temper. Thus, when she heard Sasha mock her, her anger flared. When she was about to quarrel with Sasha, Vicky stopped her.

Vicky looked at Sasha and smiled. "Miss Young, you're right; birds of a feather do flock together. People who have similar characteristics tend to seek out and come together. Just like how mistresses like to make friends with each other and band together..."

That comment seemed to have stepped on Sasha's toe. She had a terrible look on herself as she pointed at Vicky's nose and snarled sharply, "Who are you calling a mistress?"

Vicky, on the other hand, was confused by her reaction. "I'm referring to a mistress. Why are you so worked up and agitated? Aren't you the one who said birds of a feather flock together and people who have similar characteristics tend to seek out and band together?"

Vicky paused for a while. "Did I say something wrong and accidentally touched a sore spot? Why don't you tell me, so I can be careful and not do it again in the future."

Sasha wanted so badly to tear Vicky's pretentious face!

No one liked a mistress, and scolding a scandalous woman of that nature was only understandable. If she disagreed with what Vicky said, it meant that she was on the mistress' side and also admitting she was a mistress herself.

Sasha could not find the words to refute her and started to be unreasonable and made a scene. "Vicky Shaw, you b—"

"Sasha, Miss Shaw was just talking," interjected Sheila curtly. "She didn't mean it."

Sasha was flustered and exasperated. "But she's obviously making oblique accusations..."

"That's enough." Sheila's voice felt cold.

Sasha could only keep her silence begrudgingly. She had a fire burning in her chest that she had no place to vent.

In that situation, Cece could not help but look at Vicky with admiration. 'Good comeback!' she mused to herself. She had long been displeased with The Mistress Duo. It was just too shameless for them to act so arrogantly and confidently when they were mistresses.

However, Vicky did not share the same joy of success as Cece did because... Tyler had been glaring at her the whole time. It made her feel so uncomfortable that she wanted to hide from him.

"Hey," she said to Cece, "let's go to the powder room—"

Before she finished, Tyler, who had been quiet the whole time, spoke, "It's time to give our birthday blessing to Grandpa."

He was talking to Vicky.

According to etiquette, Vicky and Tyler needed to wish Senior Hart well wishes for his birthday before the party started.

Vicky frowned and knew she should not violate the etiquette.

“Cece, I need to wish Grandpa a happy birthday. Wait here, I’ll be right back.”

After some hesitation, she continued, “Don’t wander off. If something happens that bothers you, call me.”

Cece nodded obediently. “Alright. Just go. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be fine.”

Only then did Vicky leave with Tyler.

As Sasha looked at Vicky walking away, an evil look appeared in her eyes.

Chapter 5

The hallway was quiet and vacant where both Vicky and Tyler walked, with Vicky walking ahead.

The floor was covered with carpet, so there was no sound even when Vicky’s heels clicked against the floor. Nonetheless, her brow was scrunched tightly, and she looked uneasy.

As the tall man followed behind her, she could not fail to ignore the glaring look that fell onto her body, and this stressed her beyond relief.

She abruptly stopped walking and turned toward him, coincidentally looking into his deep, dark eyes in the process.

She raised her eyebrows. “Mister Hart, do you enjoy what you see?”

Tyler was not embarrassed about being caught staring at Vicky red-handed. His gaze did not shift to another place or wavered out of shyness; his eyes were as haughty as before and calm as always.

Majestic and elegant, as he was born with.

His thin lips moved, and a single word was uttered. “Ugly.”

Vicky found it so annoying that she was amused. “Then, why are you staring at me like you haven’t seen a woman before?”

Many of the party's attendees looked at her with various emotions: contempt, malice, and agitation were among them. Nonetheless, the most uncomfortable look she received was from Tyler.

She wondered if she had the wrong impression that she vaguely sensed plunder and possession flashed by in his eyes when she unexpectedly looked back at him. When she tried to look closer, his eyes were as tranquil as a lake.

Tyler said calmly, "Missus Hart had worn such grotesque attire. Aren't you trying to attract attention?"

Grotesque? She looked at the evening gown she was wearing. The claret evening gown suggested elegance and grace. The strapless design revealed her charming collarbone and slender neck. It also exhibited her curvy, slim figure.

When she put on the evening gown, she recalled how Cece exclaimed, "Vicky, you're definitely the most stunning and beautiful woman tonight, end of discussion."

Why did Tyler say she looked grotesque? Was the man blind?

Vicky said, "Oh, I almost forgot! Mister Hart always has a taste different from the rest; only the Mistress Duo matches Mister Hart's aesthetics and taste. Still, let me give you a word of advice: No matter how eager and keen you are, you should just wait for a few more days. I mean, it's bad for you and Miss Young to appear in public together before we're divorced."

"Oh, right..." Vicky smiled as she thought of something. "I heard that Miss Young is a public figure. If some righteous media company decides to shed some light about this to the public, her future will be ruined."

Tyler squinted upon hearing this. He walked forward and overshadowed her with his strong body. The air pressure seemingly dropped, too.

"What did...you just say?" Tyler asked.

It shocked Vicky that her instincts told her to take a few steps back as though there was danger afoot.

What was happening? She already agreed to get a divorce and had just made a harmless comment. Why was she able to feel that he was angry? Could it be...he accidentally misunderstood that she was using Sheila's future to threaten him?

Before Vicky could explain, a door not far from them opened. It broke the tense moment between the two of them.

An old butler with gray hair walked out of the room. He saw them and smiled. "Sir, Missus, Senior Hart was just talking about you two. Hurry in now."

Tyler nodded and made a simple response before he moved toward the room. His lean, long legs carried him forward.

...

An old man with gray hair was present in the room. His face looked aged, yet he seemed to be high-spirited. He was sitting on the chair enjoying his tea, and when he saw Tyler, a smile adorned his face. "Tyler, you're here."

Tyler gave his birthday present to his grandfather and said, "Happy birthday, Grandpa."

Senior Hart accepted his present with a smile. When he saw Vicky, who was behind Tyler, his smile disappeared, and his eyes turned cold.

Vicky then handed Senior Hart her birthday present for him. "Happy birthday, Grandpa. I wish you a happy and long life."

The room became unusually quiet. Senior Hart did not reach out his hand to accept Vicky's present. Instead, he looked at her with his aged, cloudy eyes and expressed his dislike.

Vicky's hand froze mid-air. She looked at Tyler, hoping he would say something to help her get out of this situation. Nonetheless, he pretended not to see it and stood emotionlessly, ignoring her.

Vicky bit her lip. She knew she could not count on Tyler. As she composed her feelings, she smiled. "Grandpa. This is your birthday present from me."

Senior Hart replied remotely, "Missus Hart, I can't accept your present. Please take it back."

A trace of doubt emerged in Vicky's heart. What kind of heinous crime did she do that had Senior Hart treating her like this?

She tried to ask, "Grandpa, do you really hate me that much?"

Senior Hart opened his eyes. "Don't you know the things you did in the past?"

"Do you hate me just because I married into the Hart family?" Vicky closely monitored Senior Hart's expression. "Nevermind. I'm about to divorce Tyler soon, anyway."

Senior Hart's eyelids fluttered when he heard the word 'divorce'. It was as though it was some kind of unbelievable news.

Noticing something was wrong, Vicky wanted to raise a question before Senior Hart waved his hand at them. "I'm tired. Both of you may leave now."

Tyler left the room emotionlessly while Vicky felt rooted on the spot for a good few seconds before she, too, left the room.

There was something wrong with Senior Hart's attitude. Her marrying into their family must not have birthed his hate toward her, it seemed.

As they walked out of the room, Vicky first thought of looking for Cece when all of a sudden, she heard Tyler's voice, husky and alluring.

"Change your outfit."

Vicky returned a perplexed look to him and coldly refuted, "No."

"Change it," insisted Tyler firmly.

She decided to ignore him and turned to leave before Tyler quickly grabbed her by the wrist.

Tyler shot her an intense stare and repeated, "I'm asking you to change."

"What does it have to do with you with what I wear?" Vicky asked.

His perfectly thin lips parted as he uttered coldly, "Ugly."

Just because he thought it was ugly, she had to change out of this? Was she too obedient and did as she was told in the past that he got used to such a bad habit?

She flung away his hand and scoffed. "You're crazy."

Not walking too far off, Tyler's voice came from behind. "Vicky Shaw, this is the last time I'm asking you. Change your outfit!"

She looked back with a rebellious look. "What if I don't?"

Chapter 6

An expression colder than snow adorned Tyler Hart's handsome face, and his voice was just as cold as he sneered, "Try it, then."

Vicky scoffed and walked away proudly.

After taking the elevator, she returned to the banquet hall. She looked around to locate Cece when all of a sudden, a glass of red wine spilled onto her evening gown.

The waitress, with a tray at hand, seemingly did not notice her, causing her to bump into Vicky and spill the wine from the tray in the process.

The waitress frantically stammered, evidently on the verge of tears, “Missus Hart, I’m sorry... I’m really sorry!”

Seeing this, Vicky said, “It’s fine. I’m just going to change into a clean outfit.”

She thus went to the elevator to go upstairs to change into a new outfit.

Ding! The door to the elevator opened and a tall man walked out of it elegantly. Glancing at her, he was rather surprised to see the wine stain on her evening gown.

Vicky’s breath halted when she saw the look on Tyler’s face. She slowly made her way to enter the elevator before the man moved in front of her, effectively stopping her.

His lips curled into a sarcastic smile. “What’s wrong with your outfit, Missus Hart?”

Vicky balled her fists tightly. Every time this jerk spotted her, only mockery and sarcastic comments would follow suit!

Alas, it seemed God had an affinity for antagonizing her.

She sneered, “Mister Hart, do you remember that you’re the CEO of Hart Corporation? You have a prestigious status. Don’t you feel cheap by having such a gloating look on your face?”

“Oh, so caring for my wife is cheap?” He gave her a once-over and pretended to be curious. “Then, does Missus Hart think of herself as a cheap woman too?”

The door to the elevator was about to close while they were talking, and no one else had entered. Having nothing to retort with, the annoyed Vicky silently stormed into the elevator.

Since she was about to get a divorce from Tyler, she thought they could end things peacefully instead of winding up in a difficult situation. In spite of that, every time he spoke, he could precisely light up the fire in her body and make her want to beat the living hell out of him.

When the elevator door closed automatically, his annoying—though evidently still charming—face disappeared from her sight.

As the elevator slowly ascended, Tyler also looked away and looked at the waitress standing beside him, saying, “Well done.”

...

Looking in the mirror, Vicky was dumbfounded by the reflection of the outfit she had just changed into.

This was a long sleeve top and long pants. Theoretically speaking, the banquet would prepare different sizes of evening gowns for emergency purposes. With that, she quickly looked at the other outfits in the closet.

These evening gowns that matched her size were just too...ugly. It was old-fashioned, out of style, and—

One word appeared in her mind, and it was exactly the word Tyler said before. Grottesque.

It was summer, and this meant it was hot and dry. It felt hot even in short sleeves, tops, and shorts, not to mention how hot it was to be wearing long sleeve tops and long pants. If she was to walk out in this outfit...

She could scare the hell out of people just by walking on the street, what more attending a birthday party! It was Senior Hart's birthday party today. Many prestigious and powerful guests attended the birthday party. If she were to attend the party in this outfit, she would become the joke of the night!

Somehow, the way Tyler smiled evilly popped into Vicky's mind when he saw the wine stain on her evening gown before she entered the lift. By then, she pieced the information together, and her eyes widened.

"It's that jerk!"

She had reason to believe Tyler had instructed the waitress to spill red wine onto her and purposely made her wear such an ugly outfit, just to make a fool out of her at the birthday party!

"Ugh, he's insane!"

Just because she had embarrassed The Mistress Duo, this was how he took revenge for them?

Vicky was infuriated and prepared to change back to her previous evening gown. Suddenly, her phone rang.

She took out her phone and noticed it was Cece calling. The moment she accepted the call, however, her friend's frantic voice came from the other end of the line.

"Vicky, save me! I—ah!" Cece did not manage to finish her sentence before her phone seemed to have dropped to the floor, much to Vicky's horror.

“Cece! Where are you—?”

Before she could finish, the busy dial tone beeped. She tried to call back, but no one answered.

She quickly strode out of the room to look for Cece and did not care about changing back to her previous evening gown.

As she left the room, she noticed a commotion in the hallway. Most people were heading toward a room and were gossiping.

“Is it real? Was the fight that fierce?”

“Heck, yeah. We can hear the sounds, even with the door closed.”

“So indecent to have this happening during Senior Hart’s birthday party!”

“I wonder who that shameless woman is...”

A terrible gut feeling arose within Vicky when she heard the gossip. She noticed a huge group of people standing in front of a room, and she quickly walked toward them. As she pushed through the crowd, she was stunned to see Cece in the room.

Cece was looking at a place, visibly stunned as her fear and panic filled her eyes. Her face was pale, and her expression looked stiff.

Vicky looked in the direction Cece was looking, and her pupils shrunk.

A wealthy-looking young adult was lying on the floor with his eyes closed and his head bleeding. His blood dribbled down his forehead and stained the white carpet, making this a scene that would have come out of a crime scene.

The first thing Vicky did was check on the man’s pulse, and she felt rather relieved to discover he was alive. After that, she took out her phone to call 911 and applied simple treatment to stop the guy from bleeding. Only then did she take the time to look at Cece.

She asked, “Cece, what happened?”

Cece finally snapped out of her stunned daze. She tried to muster a response, but it came out feeble and incoherent as she spoke, “A... A waiter came to me just now. She said you were waiting for me at the lounge, but when I got here, I—I realized that a stranger was here instead of you, and he...he attempted to molest me!

“I fought and struggled, but I accidentally injured him...”

At that time, she tried to call Vicky to get help, but the guy snatched her phone and smashed it to the floor.

Cece, having never experienced such a terrifying moment, picked up the table lamp and smashed it into the guy to knock him out in her panic.

When Vicky knew the whole story, she knew someone had plotted this to set up Cece.

This was the first time Cece attended a dinner party with her. There was no bitterness between her and the other guests.

Her eyes flashed as a thought appeared in her mind. She lifted her head to look at the onlookers at the door.

Her sharp eyes fell onto Sasha, who stood in the crowd.

“It’s you!”

Guilt flashed past Sasha’s eyes, but before she could refute this claim, someone pushed her way through the crowd.

It was a graceful and poised woman.

When she saw the unconscious young adult lying on the floor, she reeled back in shock for a brief moment before she rushed to his side and began to wail.

“Hector! My precious! What happened to you?!”

Chapter 7

Sasha’s guilty panic-stricken expression vanished at that moment.

The wealthy-looking young adult Cece had injured was the only son of Larson Corporation, Hector Larson. The Larson family had only one son for generations, and Hector was born when his parents were in their autumn years, so they spoiled him terribly.

On regular days, Hector was an unruly child that caused trouble everywhere he went. Since the Larson family was wealthy and powerful, they used every means of measure to settle every trouble their darling son caused.

Over time, however, Hector worsened and became absolutely lawless. As a lustful person, he could not say no to any woman as long as they were beautiful.

Sasha, on the other hand, held a grudge against Vicky after she practically ridiculed her. Vicky was still Tyler's wife, and it was Senior Hart's birthday party today. Knowing all this, Sasha knew it was not time for Vicky to pay her due.

Nonetheless, she wanted to have Vicky suffer for the humiliation she felt, and this was why she took it out on Cece instead.

Her initial plan was to attract everyone to the room and have them witness Cece having intercourse with Hector. She wanted everyone to know Cece was promiscuous.

Vicky was the one who brought Cece to this birthday party, so embarrassing Cece was the same as embarrassing her. Nonetheless, what she saw when she opened the door was not what she expected.

Sasha smiled maliciously as she saw Missus Larson crying hysterically. She wanted to embarrass Cece, but who would have thought Cece would somehow injure Hector to the point he bled? What a pleasant surprise.

Sasha pointed at Cece and said, "Missus Larson, your son is hurt by that indecent woman..."

To this, Missus Larson's gaze turned fierce. Straightening herself, she walked toward the dazed Cece and brought up her palm, intending to strike her face.

Before her slap landed, however, Vicky stopped her by the hand.

Sasha's eyes twinkled impishly as she said, "Missus Larson, you should know Missus Hart is the one who brings Miss Lynn to this party."

Right then, Missus Larson noticed Vicky, who was standing by the side. "So you're the one who brought this shameless wench here and hurt my son?"

Vicky frowned. "Missus Larson, your son tried to molest Cece. She merely acted out of self-defense."

"Did he, or was she one who seduced him?" came Sasha's disdainful retort. "Who knows? I mean, as the only son of the Larson family, he could have any type of woman that he wants: celebrities, models, and socialites. So many choices are available for him to pick from. Is it logical for him to try his luck on this no-name girl instead?"

Everyone paid attention to Cece. Although she was not the type of ethereal beauty that would stun people at first sight like Vicky, she had exquisite facial features and clear eyes. Her young and spirited nature helped her to become the type of girl who looked more beautiful every time she showed up.

Hector had a thing for clean, pure girls, and Cece...was exactly the girl Hector would like. Nonetheless, no one would actually point that out.

Missus Larson pointedly stared at Cece as her face contorted contemptuously. "That's right. My son would never like this wench!" she declared viciously. "I bet this wench is trying to be Cinderella, but when her plan failed, she injured my son's head!"

Cece's clothing was torn into strips, and any sane person could tell what happened. Nonetheless, Missus Larson ignored that fact and pushed all the blame on Cece.

She thus said, rudely and unreasonably, "Vicky, I know you're the one who brought this wench here. Because of Tyler, I'll let you off the hook, but this wench..."

She pointed at Cece as her gaze burned furiously. "I need to have a say in how I want to punish her!"

Cece was an innocent girl, and this was the first time she was involved in such a situation. She knew she had hurt someone she should not have and caused big trouble for Vicky.

Her face turned pale amid her fear. "Vicky, I—"

"Don't worry," comforted Vicky, stopping her mid-sentence. "I'll handle this."

Cece's nose twitched, and she nearly began to weep.

Vicky looked at Missus Larson. "Your son tried to molest Cece, and Cece was just acting in self-defense. I'm sorry, Missus Larson, but I can't hand Cece over to you."

Sasha, however, was not afraid to make matters worse by adding more oil to the flame. "It's not up to you to decide if she deliberately harmed Hector or if it was self-defense. The truth had the final say."

Hector did not actually get to do anything to Cece. She said it was self-defense, but there was no witness. The current situation instead showed that Hector's head got smashed badly and was, in fact, lying on the floor, unconscious.

Even if many people knew Hector's personality, no one was willing to offend the Larson family. If it was necessary, some people might even stand out to testify for the Larson family to say that Cece was the one who hurt Hector.

Out of the blue...

"What happened?" rang a cold, husky, alluring voice.

The crowd made way for the tall, handsome guy to enter with his slender long legs, accompanied by Sheila who was walking beside him.

Sasha immediately told the story rather excitedly.

“Tyler, it’s Cece that wen—”

Sasha quickly stopped herself when she realized how crass her next words were, and she quickly backtracked and said, “Cece had bad intentions when you and Miss Shaw went to wish Senior Hart. She tried to seduce Hector but failed, so she got angry and smashed Hector’s head. Look, Hector is still lying on the floor!”

Tyler looked and saw Hector lying flat on his back with his head bleeding.

He asked, “Have you called the ambulance?”

Vicky answered, “Yes.”

“Mister Hart.” Missus Larson’s gracious face looked ugly and distorted in her anger. Obviously, she tried to suppress her anger when she looked at the young, handsome man, but the hostility in her voice never left.

“As the host of this party, you should give me an explanation since my son suffered this severe injury at your party, shouldn’t you?”

Tyler glanced at her, and his handsome face looked gloomy. He answered, “Don’t worry, Missus Larson. I promise I’ll give you an account of this matter. The top priority is to send your son to the hospital to get him treated and avoid delaying the treatment.”

Right at that very moment, the ambulance arrived. Missus Larson, too, prioritized treating her son. Thus, she glared at Cece hatefully and warned her before she left, “Just you wait!”

She also shot Vicky a pointed stare before leaving.

As Missus Larson left, Sasha intended on slandering Cece and Vicky even before, but Tyler did not even look at her.

His eyes instead fell onto the new outfit Vicky changed into.

He parted his lips.

Chapter 8

“Vicky, come with me,” said Tyler.

Vicky brought Cece to another room and instructed her, "Stay here for a bit. I'll be right back."

Just as Vicky was about to leave, Cece grabbed onto her sleeves. "I'm sorry, Vicky."

Cece was not stupid. She knew the wealthy young adult she had hurt came from a noteworthy background. Even when she was the victim in the case, to those guests, she was wrong for fighting back.

Vicky turned to look back and saw Cece looking unsettled, her eyes brimming with tears. "It's alright," she assured her. "It's not your fault."

She continued to comfort Cece for a while before leaving with Tyler.

...

In another room, Vicky told Tyler what happened in detail before finally saying, "Cece didn't do anything wrong. Sasha orchestrated this whole thing."

Tyler gazed at Vicky aloofly. "Are you telling me the one who hurt Hector Larson is Sasha?"

"Without Sasha in the picture, Cece will never be in a moment where she might get molested, and she'd never hurt Hector Larson too," Vicky explained.

Tyler opened his eyes and flatly asked, "How do you know it's Sasha?"

The question unsettled Vicky.

"Those people came to the room too quickly, like they knew where to go as soon as it happened. That means someone must have tipped them and deliberately lured them there. This is the first time Cece attended a party with me, and she had never offended anyone before. The only thing that happened was that she had quarreled with Sasha when we just arrived. Coincidentally, Sasha was among those who came to the scene, too—"

"So these are just your assumptions?" interjected Tyler before she could finish.

Vicky's heart plummeted, sinking into what felt like a bottomless ocean—slowly but surely—as she looked at the handsome man. "You don't believe me, and...you're going to protect that woman again, aren't you?"

Something seemed to pop into her mind. She smiled and yet, her eyes looked cold and harsh.

“Tyler, do you really have to? I get it if it’s Sheila, but are you really going to protect Sasha, the brainless and wicked woman? If she can plot against Cece today, she could also use a more despicable method to go against other people. She does have a good brother-in-law to clean up after her, after all.”

It was impossible for Tyler to miss the sarcasm in her tone. His gaze grew serious, and so did his tone as he spoke, “Vicky, nothing good comes out if you provoke me now.”

Vicky’s righteous eyes stared at him as she retorted, “If I don’t provoke you, are you willing to let the actual culprit be held responsible for the crime she committed?”

Tyler answered calmly, “The law doesn’t recognize speculation. Only evidence.”

Vicky wordlessly stared at the man’s indifferent expression, and her entire being grew cold from the coldness that stemmed from her heart. The blood in her veins, too, felt like it was turning to ice.

How could she forget? When Sasha pushed her into the pool, he did not side with her, either. Why would he help her since it was Cece who was in trouble? Even if she went to search for evidence, he would wipe them away before she could find them.

The atmosphere gradually became tense. Just then, loud footsteps were heard coming toward the door before knocks ensued.

Vicky went to open the door, revealing a waitress standing outside with a terrible expression.

She reported, “Miss Shaw, Miss Lynn has been taken away by the police for aggravated assault.”

Vicky balled her fists tightly.

At that moment, Senior Hart’s old butler came to them as well. This serious matter had reached the elder’s ear after all.

The old butler said, “Sir, Missus, Senior Hart is asking for both of you.”

Thus, they went to look for Senior Hart.

When Senior Hart saw Vicky, he could barely mask his disgust as he knocked his walking stick to the floor. “Vicky Shaw! Wasn’t it enough that you caused big trouble in the past? Offending the Larson family now... Are you only going to stop when my family is in ruins?!”

Vicky tried to explain, “Grandpa, it’s not what you think—”

“Does the Hart family owe you anything?!” he roared. “You...ack... Ack, ack!”

Senior Hart started coughing violently, possibly due to his anger. Vicky wanted to go closer, but she stopped when she saw the vicious stare Senior Hart gave her.

...

It was late when they left Senior Hart’s place. The night was chilly, and darkness had encompassed the earth.

Vicky felt her head hurting, and she was dizzy as well.

Her mind was so messy that she had a hard time knowing what to think of, and the way Senior Hart looked at her haunted her incessantly.

It was not a hateful look... It looked more like he was looking at his enemy.

“What does Grandpa mean when he said that?” rang Vicky’s question in the quiet night.

Tyler stopped walking momentarily. “Said what?”

Vicky lifted her head to look at him. “Did I cause big trouble for your family before?”

He sneered. “Don’t you find it weird? No one else other than your assistant came to take care of you when you were in the car crash, not even your family or friends.”

Startled, she hesitantly asked, “Why?”

He lowered his head to look at her. His words were ruthless, mean, and harsh.

“That’s because you did whatever you want just because you’re my wife. You disgust people, and no one dares to do anything to you because we’re married. However, you offended too many people. You implicated your friends and caused them to suffer.

“No one likes you, and no one wants to be friends with you.”

A thought crossed his mind, and his expression darkened even more. The way he looked at her was...crueler than before. “Vicky Shaw, you deserve everything for everything that’s happened to you.”

With that, he left, leaving Vicky rooted to the spot. It felt as though a hand was squeezing the life out of her heart.

‘So I’m that detestable...’ she thought.

...

The next day, Vicky went to bail out Cece with a lawyer. However, she was met with terrible news.

“I’m sorry, but Miss Lynn’s case is special. She’s not allowed to be bailed out.”

“Special case?” Vicky was baffled. “It was just self-defense...”

“Currently, there is no evidence to prove Miss Lynn acted in the interest of self-defense,” interjected the other party. “I’m sorry. I’m afraid you need to leave, Miss Shaw.”

Vicky took a deep breath and called Tyler.

Chapter 9

The dial tone rang, but no one picked up the phone.

Five minutes later, Vicky Shaw tried calling Tyler Hart once more. This time, the busy tone appeared once the dial tone rang once. Thinking he was busy with work, she decided to stop for a while.

...

She tried again half an hour later, but the result was the same. Tyler rejected her call without any hesitation. It was then Vicky realized Tyler purposely refused to answer her call.

After taking a deep breath, she called a taxi and decided to go to Hart Corporation to look for him. Frankly, she did not truly want to ask Tyler for help. Nonetheless, she could not just desert Cece as she was the only person who was nice to her after she woke up from the car crash.

From Cece, she knew she used to be a notable young lady. After all, the Shaw family used to be a reputable family three years ago, but for some unknown reason, her family collapsed in just one night.

Vicky tried to investigate the reason from her diary and published news. There were less than ten people on her contact list, and neither of them had the same family name as her. Since she lost her family, she did not know who else could help her other than Tyler.

When she entered Hart Corporation, two of the front desk women stopped her. One of them asked, “Hi, Miss. Who are you looking for?”

Vicky stopped walking. “I’m looking for Tyler Hart.”

The women's smiles disappeared as they looked at her curiously. "May I know what business you have with our CEO?"

Vicky looked at them and answered, "It's regarding a very pressing matter."

The other front desk girl frowned. "Do you have an appointment?"

Well, Vicky did not have an appointment. Since she was in a hurry, she straightforwardly responded, "I'm Missus Hart. Don't you know me?"

The front desk women exchanged looks with each other. Clearly, they never saw the legendary Missus Hart. News regarding upper-class society was never within the reach of white-collar classmen like them.

The front desk girl thought for a while and said, "We have an order from the CEO that no one is allowed to enter without an appointment. If you truly are Missus Hart, why don't you call our CEO? We have to go by the book and let you in only when he says so."

Without a choice, Vicky could only try to call Tyler again.

Beep, beep, beep!

No one picked up the phone like before. Soon, it got cut off automatically because it rang for too long.

The front desk women looked at her with contempt as though she was dirty.

One of them, having noticed Vicky's pretty face, grew jealous and sarcastically remarked, "What a joke. To think that Missus Hart can't even get Mister Hart to answer the phone... Who are you trying to fool?"

"Do you think you can meet our CEO as you wished? How cheap can a mistress be these days?"

"You think you can seduce our CEO just because you're pretty. I've seen many sl*ts like you, but none of them are so shameless to call herself Missus Hart."

Their voices were not too loud; just enough to let Vicky hear how they despised her. Vicky did not expect to be treated so rudely and disrespectfully when she was, in fact, Missus Hart.

It had been three years since she married Tyler, and not even the employee of Hart Corporation could recognize her.

Vicky asked, "Is he here now?"

The front desk girl coldly replied, "I'm sorry. The company prohibits us from disclosing our CEO's whereabouts to outsiders."

The other front desk girl scoffed. "You're Missus Hart, aren't you? How can you not know if your husband is here or not?"

Staring at how evidently they disliked her by their expressions, Vicky turned and went to sit on the sofa in the lobby. The front desk women had categorized her as a promiscuous woman who wanted to seduce Tyler.

Since Vicky did not have the intention to leave, their words became harsher.

"Hey, I suggest you leave here immediately. Mister Hart will never meet you."

"You'll only pollute the air by staying here."

"I'll call security if you don't leave!"

"Get out of here, now!"

At first, Vicky planned on ignoring them entirely. They were obliged to follow the company rules after all, so she did not want to make trouble for them. However, their attitude violated professional ethics, and they were solely venting out their feelings.

Vicky sneered when she saw how hostile these women treated her. It seemed like Tyler's charm was greater than she thought.

She looked back. "Oh? So this is the professional ethics of the front desk women working in Hart Corporation."

She took out her phone and pointed the camera at them. "I wonder if this video will make headlines if I upload it on the internet or sell it to a media company."

She smiled. "The caption is... 'The women at Hart Corporation's front desk acted like shrews. Is it because the quality of the Hart Corporation's employees is low, or is it the culture of the Hart Corporation?'"

"Do you think the shares of Hart Corporation will plummet if word about this gets out?"

The women turned pale immediately when they heard Vicky's words and were scared witless when she took out her phone to record them. Regardless of what type of woman Vicky was, their attitude and professionalism should not be affected.

If this video reached media outlets, it would affect Hart's Corporation's image, and they could not possibly bear that responsibility!

They panicked. Hart Corporation was well-known to pay well and offer better benefits. The corporation did not hire just anyone, even if it was just a front desk position.

The two women had worked with the business for far too long, which fueled them with a sense of superiority, and got a little carried away. This time, they provoked the wrong person.

One of them quickly pleaded, "I'm sorry for being rude, Miss. Can you not upload the video to the internet?"

The other woman, not wanting to lose her job, apologized as well. "I'm sorry for our bad attitude. According to the rules, you're not allowed to go up, but you can rest here in the lobby."

Vicky was not here causing trouble. Since they apologized, she put down her phone and said nothing.

...

Time passed. The sky started to turn dark, yet Vicky had not eaten anything for the whole day.

She was afraid Tyler would leave should she go out to get food.

It was already after-work hours, and the two women merely glanced at Vicky silently before leaving.

...

The sky was getting darker. Vicky leaned back on the sofa and felt sleepy. It was hours long when finally, steady footsteps appeared in the quiet moment. Startled, Vicky woke up and turned to look.

The tall, muscular man was making his way out as long legs carried him forward.

Chapter 10

Vicky stood up immediately to greet Tyler. "Tyler."

Tyler paused. "Why are you here?"

"Since you refused to answer my call, I can only come here to look for you," Vicky answered.

"Is there any problem?" he asked.

Ready to speak, Vicky said, "It's regarding Cece—"

"I'm not going to do anything about that," interjected Tyler indifferently, "and the same goes for you."

"But she's innocent."

"There are many innocent people in this world. Do I need to care about every single one of them?" he replied rather harshly.

Vicky was hurt by his indifferent attitude. "We're now divorced yet, so I'm still your wife."

He did not understand what Vicky was trying to get at. "So?"

She took a deep breath. "If you're willing to help, I'll agree to leave this marriage without taking anything and money."

"Leave this marriage without taking anything and money, you say?" His lips twisted into a disdainful smile. "Vicky Shaw, are you thinking of taking parts of my assets?"

"According to the law, the assets of the husband and wife are to be divided equally during a divorce."

Tyler chuckled. His eyes were cold like the stream water as he said remotely, "We have a prenuptial agreement. It stated that you're willing to leave this marriage without taking anything or money from the Hart family."

"What did you say?!" Her eyes widened in shock. 'Did water get into my brain or something? Why did I sign such an unfair agreement?' she thought.

It seemed like Tyler could not be bothered to talk with her as he raised his feet and left her. She did not realize the only bargaining chip she had was screwed by the old her.

Looking at the tall, lean man, she said loudly, "If you're willing to help me, I'll cooperate with you fully with the divorce! If you don't, then..."

She decided to cut off all means of retreat and shouted, "Don't ever think about divorcing me. Your sweetheart will forever be a mistress!"

This effectively stopped Tyler as he looked back and said coldly, "Vicky Shaw, are you threatening me?"

His cold eyes rested on her; it felt light and yet relatively substantial. It was so oppressive that one would not dare to look back.

Vicky's heart shrunk inexplicably. For some reason, she felt like leaving so he could not stare at her.

Then again, she thought of Cece. She thus forced herself to stay calm and mustered her courage to gaze back at him. "What if I said yes?"

Tyler looked at her quietly with his deep, dark eyes. The stare lasted so long that their souls seemed to be sucked into each other's eyes.

Vicky's heart quivered in insecurity. She knew she already agreed to the divorce and that it was unethical for her to change her mind. Nonetheless, she had nothing else to gamble on apart from that.

Perhaps she did, before she lost her memory. At this moment, she could not even remember most people, and the only person she knew that could help her was Tyler.

With a stone-cold face, he said, "Just you wait."

He turned and left. If he was easily intimidated, then he would not be the Tyler Hart he was today.

Vicky was stunned as she felt unable to move. After regaining her senses, she chased after him.

Tyler had already driven off by the time she got outside.

...

For the next few days, Tyler did not return home nor answered Vicky's call. She tried all sorts of methods and still failed to bail out Cece, not even having the chance to see her.

The Larson family was a powerful and influential family, and regular folk could never save Cece after she hurt Hector.

The sun was scorching hot when Vicky went to the hospital. This was the third day she came to the hospital, and she was hoping to talk with Missus Larson. However, she did not even get the chance to, let alone enter the ward where Hector was staying.

Two bodyguards stopped her from entering the ward and disallowed her from getting close. Obviously, Missus Larson did not wish to see her. After she left the hospital, she went to Hart Corporation again.

Cece was the only one who cared about her when she woke up from unconsciousness. No matter what it took, she vowed to save her.

As she arrived at Hart Corporation, the same two front desk women did not dare to say anything after seeing Vicky, having learned their lesson. Vicky also did not plan on making it difficult for them. She just sat on the sofa in the lobby and waited.

After what seemed to be ages, someone strutted in, walking in her high heels. Vicky lifted her head and saw a familiar face.

At the same time, Sasha saw her sitting by herself on the sofa too. She asked, "What's the deal with that woman?"

Clearly, the front desk girls knew Sasha. They still held a grudge against Vicky, but they did not dare to indulge in it. "Good day, Miss Young. This woman is here to see Mister Hart, but she doesn't have an appointment. According to the rules, we're not allowed to let her in."

The other front desk girl mumbled, "She claimed to be Missus Hart but can't even get through Mister Hart's phone..."

Sasha pretended to feel shocked. She smiled evilly and slowly approached where Vicky was sitting.

"Goodness me. Who is this? Isn't it Miss Shaw? Wait, I'm wrong." Lifting a hand to cover her mouth, she giggled and said, "Didn't you claim to be Missus Hart? Why are you sitting here and not upstairs?"

Vicky looked at Sasha's devilish expression and said nothing. This, however, merely fueled Sasha to be more haughty.

"Didn't I remind you to be smart and stop bothering Tyler? You refused to listen and invited humiliation. Tsk, tsk, tsk!"

Sasha smacked her own face lightly and exaggeratedly remarked, "Do your face hurt now?"

Vicky stared at her coldly. "You're the one who did this to Cece, didn't you?"

Sasha was so pleased with herself that if she had a tail, it would have been standing upright in the air.

"Yeah, it was," she replied haughtily, "but so what? It's your assistant who's in trouble. Even if it's you... Tyler won't blame me."

She giggled, having thought of something.

"Have you forgotten how you were pushed into the pool?"

Vicky's eyes shrunk and the expression in her eyes turned cold.

Sasha sighed like she was in trouble.

She turned around and asked both front desk women, "Oh, no, I dropped by all of a sudden today and didn't make an appointment. Will there be any problem for me to go find Tyler?"

One of the women smiled. "Based on your relationship with Mister Hart, you don't need an appointment at all. You're welcome to go now. Don't let us waste your time."

Sasha became cockier at this response. She looked at Vicky contemptuously and insinuated, "There're always shameless women who'll try their luck at seducing Tyler. Both of you have to keep your eyes open, and don't let these shameless, indecent women in."