

## Read Novel Loving You In Secret Chapter 1461

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1461-'Tyler brought up Noah again. Didn't Isabella tell me Tyler's condition was improving? Why would he suddenly have an episode? Was Old Mister Hart right? Does the mere sight of me trigger some kind of disturbance, leading to memory confusion?' she thought.

Before she could make sense of it all, the sound of the door opening reached her ears from the entrance.

A man dressed in black clothes and black trousers, carrying a tray of food, approached her with a stern expression.

Catching a glimpse of his menacing demeanor, Vicky's eyes widened, and she involuntarily shrank back.

She had fainted the day before. Furious with her, Tyler had slept with her, and upon discovering she was not a virgin, he became even more enraged, convinced she slept with Noah.

She fainted at some point, and she found herself here when she finally woke up.

The scene before her was familiar. She even experienced it before as Tyler's first reaction to this sort of situation was always to hide her away where no one could find her.

"Eat," Tyler commanded.

Thinking about Vicky's past encounters with other men filled him with murderous intent. He could not bring himself to harm Vicky, yet he could not bring himself to give up. After

much contemplation, he started planning to eliminate Noah.

At this moment, Noah, who was bathing a cat, felt an ominous feeling wash over him. He had not been impersonating anyone's boyfriend recently, so nothing bad was supposed to happen to him.

Two figures surfaced in his mind: Tyler and Anthony. Both equally sinister, equally ruthless, lacking any trace of humanity.

Noah vowed he would never pretend to be anyone's boyfriend again in this lifetime.

Lost in his thoughts, he did not even notice the cold water coming from the showerhead. It was not until the black cat he was bathing let out an annoyed meow that he snapped back to reality.

The black cat he was bathing was the same black cat Tyler had given him.

The next day, after Noah woke up, he routinely checked on his beloved feline companions and noticed the black cat seemed listless.

A quick examination confirmed that the cat might have caught a cold from the cold water yesterday.

Noah immediately took the cat to a nearby pet hospital for treatment.

Halfway through, Noah realized he was being followed, but whenever he turned around, he could not seem to find anyone behind him.

Clearly, he was being followed by someone skilled.

Being the heir of a wealthy family, Noah had experienced countless kidnappings and assassinations in the past and had a great sixth sense, so he immediately sped up.

The person following him sped up as well.

Since he was about near his house, Noah managed to escape the assassin based on his knowledge of the area.

Just as he sighed a breath of relief, the black cat in his arms hissed.

At the same time, a sharp object pierced through the air and flew toward him.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1462-Noah's reaction was equally swift. He sidestepped, narrowly avoiding the strike.

Noah's father had served in the military for years and disliked those who lacked strength. Despite Noah's preference for the arts and his usual display of gentility, he was trained in combat skills and remained unscathed so far despite all the things that happened in his life.

However, the opponent's skills seemed to surpass his.

Another knife was sent at a tricky angle, aiming directly for a vital organ.

Noah, who evaded the first attack, had no time to adjust his posture. Just as the knife was about to pierce into his body, the cat in his arms emitted another piercing scream.

In a flash, the cat pounced toward the assailant, who evaded the attack. The knife directed at Noah deviated slightly, leaving a streak of blood on the black fur of the cat

The blade flew past Noah with a tint of blood on the blade.

Noah was momentarily stunned, his eyes reddening with distress. "Ruby!"

The black cat had saved his life at a critical moment.

Noah loved cats and had a few of them at home. However, he was sentimental and could only care for a few within his capacity. Hence, he had not brought home new cats in years.

This black cat Tyler offered to him as a gift was indeed very much to his liking. Of course, it was because it was from Tyler that he had reservations.

Ever since he had brought the cat home, he had to take responsibility and care for it well, but since it had not been with him for very long, it had not developed the same level of attachment to him as his original cats.

What he least expected was for the cat to save his life.

Noah could not spare time to think about anything and rushed over to check on the cat's condition.

The cat's gaze, however, remained fixed on the assassin. Though it had pounced toward the assailant, its attack was far from fierce. Its hackles had not risen, and its fur had not puffed up in alarm. Instead, it regarded the assassin with a gaze of puzzlement.

Noah sensed that something was wrong and turned to look at the assassin.

As he took in the situation, he paled and exclaimed, "Bloody hell! Tyler?!"

The person attempting to kill him was Tyler.

Noah gaped at the man before him in disbelief and thought to himself, 'I haven't contacted Vicky recently, so why on earth is Tyler going crazy on me again?'

In the past, Tyler's tactics never escalated beyond leaving him battered and bruised, so it was a first for Tyler to actually show the intention of killing Noah.

Not daring to provoke a madman, Noah said hastily, "Tyler, do we have a misunderstanding or something? Didn't Vicky explain our relationship to you? You understood and even gave me this black cat as a truce because you know I like cats."

Hearing Noah's words, Tyler hesitated for a moment and looked toward the ink-black cat on the ground.

The cat, despite having been wounded by Tyler's attack, displayed neither alertness nor anger and simply batted its eyes at him, its head tilted inquisitively.

After Tyler left, Vicky remained locked in the cold, dark basement. There was no window in the basement, and there was only a light bulb hanging on the ceiling.

Vicky carefully observed her surroundings.

Though it was dark, the basement was clean as a clean freak like Tyler would never tolerate living in a space that was not spotless.

The bed she was sleeping on was soft and comfortable. There was no strange scent in the air, and there was even a faint fragrance.

She had been locked up before, so she did not panic and obeyed Tyler completely.

After feeding her, Tyler did not do anything and simply left with the plates.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1463-Vicky had no idea where Tyler had gone.

Being in a dim environment for an extended period tended to induce drowsiness, and her consciousness quickly started to blur.

Just as she was on the verge of falling asleep, Vicky heard the door opening, and her senses sharpened instantly. She raised her head and turned her gaze toward the door.

Footsteps drew closer, and a tall figure soon appeared in the doorway.

Tyler's silhouette was cast upon the wall as he entered the room with his head hung low. His black attire made it look as though he blended into the darkness.

Instantly realizing that Tyler was in a foul mood, she could not help but worry about him. "What's wrong?"

Upon hearing her voice, Tyler's footsteps paused for a moment. He slowly lifted his gaze to look at her, his eyes tinged with confusion.

Feeling uneasy from the unusual look on his face, she asked, "Is something wrong?"

Tyler approached her and embraced her.

Vicky was taken aback as he whispered into her ear, "Vicky, I'm sorry."

She tried to observe his expression, but he held her so tightly that she could not see his face at all.

Her heart skipped a beat as she quickly realized what was going on. "You..." She hesitated before asking, "Have you remembered something?"

No matter how she explained herself the night before, he did not believe her and thought she was concocting stories. Not just any stories either but highly implausible ones.

When Old Mister Hart took Tyler away, he removed every trace of Tyler from the mansion, including their wedding photos, so Vicky had no way to prove that they had been married and lived together for many years.

Witnessing Tyler's despondence, Vicky sensed that he might have regained his memories.

Tyler held her tightly in silence, but it was evident that he was admitting to it.

Vicky sighed a breath of relief and did not blame him. "My muscles feel sore from being tied up. Can you untie me?"

Tyler remained unmoving. "Why do you want a divorce?"

Vicky fell into silence.

Tyler was sane when he first found her, and he wanted to know why she wanted a divorce.

In response to her silence, Tyler's melodious voice rose again. "I know that I've done a lot of hurtful things to you recently." He tightened his arms around her and continued,

"It's my fault. Vicky, don't divorce me. You promised you'd never leave me again."

Tyler knew it was normal for Vicky to want to leave given his mental state. Whenever he came to and remembered what he did to her during his episodes, the anxiety within him grew.

With all the pain he inflicted, she finally grew tired of it and wanted to leave.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1464-Vicky did not know what to say.

After a few moments of silence, she said gently, "Untie me first."

Vicky's reluctance to answer his question sounded like an affirmation to Tyler. Instead of letting her go, he pulled her closely into his embrace and became agitated. "No! I won't let you leave me."

Sensing something was wrong with his tone, she frowned in concern and said, "Tyler..."

Before she could say another word, Tyler lowered his head and sealed her lips with a kiss.

In the bathroom, Tyler held Vicky and gently lowered her into the comfortably warm bathwater. Vicky kept her gaze lowered, her emotions hidden from view.

Tyler opened his mouth to speak a couple of times but ultimately remained silent.

His movements were cautious and hesitant with the weight of knowing he had once again forced himself on Vicky.

When his fingers made contact with her body, Vicky reflexively flinched for an instant, but she did not continue to shy away.

Steam wafted through the bathroom, blurring their faces.

After a while, Tyler's hoarse voice broke the silence of the bathroom. "I'm sorry."

Vicky's eyelashes fluttered, and she lifted her gaze to look at him.

His features lay an air of desolation and melancholy, filled with regret over what transpired moments ago.

Intimacy was not always about pleasure. It could sometimes be a means to exert power over the other party, driven by Tyler's urge to keep her hidden out of fear someone might snatch her.

Studying Tyler's expression, Vicky's heart softened in an instant.

Clearly, Tyler still struggled to control his emotions despite having regained clarity.

'Is my presence truly poisonous to him?' she thought, feeling somewhat lost.

She could not deny the immense joy she felt when Tyler came to find her. When she discovered he had regained his memories, she was over the moon. She even harbored hope that perhaps she could be with Tyler again.

Alas, reality dawned on her. At this very moment, she finally understood why Old Mister Hart had not shown any urgency or concern when Tyler came looking for her. He must have foreseen that, upon seeing her, all the progress in Tyler's treatment would be erased, and they would return to square

one.

He was showing her the harsh reality, urging her to relinquish unrealistic fantasies.

With that realization in mind, Vicky lowered her head, her blood running cold.

“Tyler, I’m so tired of this,” she said hoarsely. “Now that you’re awake, you should understand that my patience with you has worn thin. You know that I can’t keep living like this.

I can’t keep living with your daily episodes and how you constantly hurt me. I’ve been living each day in constant fear of being strangled to death one day...”

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1465-Tyler grabbed Vicky’s hand and held onto it for dear life as though that was the only way to prevent her from slipping away.

His dark gaze was fixated on her face as he tried to think of ways to explain himself. In the end, all thoughts boiled down to a single sentence. “I can...get treated.”

He hated doctors and never accepted treatment on his own accord. In the past, he merely tolerated treatment when Vicky proposed them.

He clearly ditched his pride and admitted he was mentally ill by accepting treatment, and Vicky came close to relenting.

At the very last moment, she snapped out of it and reminded herself that agreeing to his request would hurt him in the end. She was never the cure to his illness nor his salvation. She was the poison that pushed him deeper into despair and pain.

“Come back to me when you’re fully recovered, then.” She forced a bitter smile. “Just look at yourself. You’re back to your old self from five years ago! You locked me in this pitch -black basement, forced yourself on me, and hurt me. If this carries on, you’ll drive me crazy before you recover.”

Tyler gazed at her silently.

He truly wished that, in such a moment, she would remain by his side, but he knew she was right. He would only bring

her harm.

Despite his reluctance, Tyler conceded. “Alright. After I’m cured, I’ll come find you.” Before Vicky could process her surprise at Tyler’s unexpected acquiescence, he spoke



again in a resolute tone, "But don't even think about divorce."

Vicky instantly realized Tyler's intention. As long as they were not divorced, no matter how long his treatment took, they could still be together once he returned. However, if they were to divorce at the moment, there was no telling what the future might hold.

Agitated by her silence, he roared, "Vicky, don't tell me you're considering divorcing me!"

Vicky continued to stare at him, her gaze unwavering. "How long do you expect me to wait for you? One year, two years, or perhaps three to five years? A woman's youth only lasts for a few years. I've consulted doctors, and they all tell me that your illness is severe. Recovery is out of the question for the next year or two, at the very least."

Tyler wanted to argue, but Vicky cut him off. "Alright, let's say you do recover within one or two years, but what about the possibility of a relapse? What if this happens again?"

What if you never fully recover? Am I supposed to dedicate my entire life to a lunatic?"

Tyler clearly had not expected her to use the word 'lunatic' and was left stunned.

Her words stripped away his defense and pierced his heart.

Throughout his life, he had heard countless insults and curses directed at him, even from his own family and his parents. He had been unfazed by it all, but a few words from Vicky were enough to fill him with misery.

Vicky clenched her fists under the water and her expression remained indifferent. "I did promise you I wouldn't leave you again, but that was based on the premise that we have a future-that we can live together normally. At the moment, I don't see a future with you at all.

"Tyler, I know you might think I'm heartless, but just look at yourself. You imagine that I'm betraying you every day and even came close to killing me a couple of times. Just how forgiving do you think I am to put up with such torment? I'm not a masochist; I don't enjoy feeling this way."

'If love can't heal him, then...I'll make him hate me,' she thought.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1466-Tyler gazed longingly at Vicky and fell into silence.

Tension filled the air and loomed over the two.

"One year," Tyler finally spoke. "Give me one year. If I haven't recovered by then, I'll let you go."

Vicky smirked. "Tyler, haven't you stalled enough? It's a year now, but when that time comes, you won't be willing to let go."

Tyler's frustration rose. "Do you have to divorce me?"

"You want me to wait for a year? Sure. Once I give you my word, I'll definitely wait. Even if we're divorced by then, I won't go back on my word." Vicky's tone remained indifferent. "After one year, I'll still need to observe you for a while. What if you haven't truly recovered and simply lied to me about being cured, only to stall again? What would I do then? Of course, Mister Hart, with your immense power and influence, I won't have any means to divorce you if you won't agree to it. Haven't you done that before?" she said mercilessly.

Forcibly seizing something was only necessary when the other party was unwilling.

After having experienced mutual affection, Tyler could no longer endure unrequited love. He relented because he did not want to ruin this relationship, yet she seemed eager to escape him.

Tyler pursed his lips and panted. He wished he could throw the woman before him onto the bed and give her a stern lesson. He wanted to make her cry, make her beg for mercy, and make her incapable of uttering such words ever again.

However, looking at the pitiful state she was in, Tyler forcefully suppressed his anger.

He still wanted to be with her and work on their relationship. He could not do anything that would push her away, or give her more reasons and excuses to escape him.

“A year might seem long to you, so how about ten months?”

Vicky shook her head. “Ten months and a year; what’s the difference?”

Tyler’s jawline tensed. After a few quiet seconds, he spoke, “Six months, then.”

“Tyler, we’re not in a business transaction. We shouldn’t be bargaining like this, should we?” Vicky said with resignation.

Tyler fell silent once more. After a while, he said, “You can think of other conditions. I can accept anything apart from a divorce.”

He did not relent further and Vicky knew that they had reached an impasse, so she decided to remain silent.

After the bath, Tyler carried her out and set her down on the bed.

“I don’t want to live in the basement,” Vicky said.

Tyler paused before saying, “Alright.”

After getting her dressed, he sent her back to the mansion. He did not bother to tie her up or limit her freedom again as though trying to prove he never meant to hurt her.

It had been some time since Tyler showed up at Hart Corporation, and soon, he was called to the office over business matters.

Feeling insecure, he called Jade over and had her guarding the first floor.

Vicky did not protest it.

As she watched Tyler’s car leave the mansion, she took out her phone and made a phone call.

The call was answered, and the voice of an old man came through.

“Ms. Shaw.”

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1467-Vicky stared at the reflection in the window and said calmly, “I’ve seen everything you wanted me to see. What do you want me to do next?”

“Tyler’s condition is mainly caused by you. He’ll become normal again once he forgets about you.”

Vicky recalled the words Isabella had once said, and she began to piece things together. “So what’s the specific plan?”

“I’ll arrange for a hypnotist to work on Tyler. Hypnosis won’t succeed if he resists. It’s only possible if he willingly accepts the hypnosis from the hypnotist.” Old Mister Hart continued, “When he forgets you, the hypnosis Avery has done on Tyler will lose its effect as well. Even if she tries to control Tyler with drugs or hypnosis, it’s unlikely to work.”

After a moment of silence, Vicky simply replied, “I understand.” With that, she ended the phone.

Vicky then dialed Isabella’s number. This time, she talked to Isabella for almost half an hour before finally ending the call.

Just as she was about to rest, Vicky received a text. Surprisingly, it was from Noah.

Noah had been afraid to contact her, fearing Tyler’s retaliation. Hence, Vicky was quite surprised he initiated contact. Once she clicked on the message, however, she learned why he messaged her.

It turned out that not long ago, Tyler planned to assassinate Noah. In the text, Noah delicately expressed that Tyler should consider seeing a doctor.

Though he tried his best to not be blunt, one could easily guess what he was implying.

If even an outsider like Noah could sense that Tyler was ill, Tyler’s enemies would not be oblivious to it, either. If this condition was not treated promptly, it could potentially become Tyler’s fatal weakness.

At that moment, Vicky realized there was no room for further delay.

Tyler returned around eleven in the evening to find Vicky still awake, much to his bewilderment.

“Why aren’t you asleep?” he asked.

Vicky leaned against the headboard and watched him as he entered, her eyelids lifting to meet his gaze. "I've been waiting for you." Before Tyler could react, Vicky continued, "When will we finalize the divorce proceedings?"

Tyler's heart instantly dropped. The look in his eyes darkened, his tone resolute as he said, "I told you that I can do anything except divorcing you."

Vicky did not insist and asked, "Are you sure about that?"

Assuming that she changed her mind, his expression eased slightly. "Yeah."

"Accept hypnosis and forget about me, then."

Tyler jolted in shock. "What?"

"Forget about me. That way, your feelings toward me will fade, and you might accept the divorce. You agreed to divorce me once before, didn't you?"

"Are you asking me to undergo hypnosis just so you can divorce me?!"

Her gaze wavered, but she continued regardless, "Tyler, I've thought things through. You are obsessive and act like you can't be without me, but are you obsessed over me because you truly love me? Or is it just a result of your illness? No one knows the answer to that."

Finding the idea ridiculous, he said, "Are you questioning my feelings toward you?"

"Yes," she said bluntly. "Loving someone means more than an obsession. There's also respect and freedom, but you never seem to understand that."

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1468-"I assume you remember what you did to keep me around in the past. It's been so many years now, yet you haven't changed. Moreover, our marriage was nothing but the result of your schemes. Logically speaking, you should've hated me at that moment-despised me even. It wouldn't surprise me if you wanted to torture me as revenge, yet you chose to marry me. I then suspected you were stuck in the past. You can't stand that I left you, and it hurt your pride. Your desire for conquest is at play, and you can't accept this outcome."

Vicky's words flowed calmly. "I know that obsessive-compulsive disorder is also a form of mental illness. Perhaps you won't be so fixated on me once you

recover. While you're still ill, it might be impossible to get a divorce. However, once you're hypnotized and forget about me, you should be able to accept the divorce."

They were not that far from each other, yet Tyler felt so distant from her.

"Everything I've done for you is all just my obsessive-compulsive disorder; is that what you're suggesting?"

Vicky's breath caught at the weight of his question. A trace of pain flickered within her, yet she maintained an air of detachment and uttered, "Yes."

Tyler's expression darkened once he realized Vicky had completely denied the genuineness of his feelings.

"Vicky," he said in a tense tone. "You are heartless."

With that, Tyler turned and walked out of the room.

Vicky instinctively pulled back the covers to follow him out, but she regained composure once her feet touched the cold floor.

Since a decision had been made, there was no going back.

Vicky closed her eyes, resettling herself in bed.

Tyler had not left the mansion, as Vicky could not hear the sound of a car engine outside the house.

Feeling slightly more at ease, Vicky lay in bed, struggling to fall asleep. She wondered if Tyler would forget all about this exchange the next morning.

The next day, as Vicky descended the stairs, she noticed Tyler sitting on the couch in the dining room, reading a newspaper.

Upon hearing her approach, he flinched slightly but did not look up.

Instead, he directed his attention toward the kitchen and ordered, "Bring the breakfast up."

Finding the usual cold, detached look on his face, Vicky was bewildered. "You... You haven't forgotten?"

Tyler's expression darkened slightly and he mocked, ' Disappointed?'

Vicky fell into silence and sat across from Tyler.

His displeasure grew in response to her silence. "You'd love it if I forget about everything forever, wouldn't you?"

As he spoke, a servant approached with breakfast.

Not wanting to engage in a dispute in front of the servant, Vicky simply said, "No."

She did not say another word after that and made it clear she did not want to continue the discussion.

Tyler was frustrated, while Vicky ate her breakfast absentmindedly.

'Tyler didn't forget about what happened. Does that mean he's getting better?' she thought.

Noticing the dark gaze that was fixed on her, she flinched.

Judging from the way he looked at her, she hardly thought that he recovered.

She looked away in silence and continued to eat.

Her silence was interpreted as disgust toward him from Tyler's perspective, and the anger he suppressed since the night before finally burst.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1469-He set down his spoon with a firm 'clack'.

Vicky looked at Tyler with a hint of lingering fear in her eyes.

Tyler's gaze darkened. "Don't even think about divorce. As for hypnosis... That's never going to happen either."

With those words, he stood up-leaving his breakfast untouched-and walked away.

As she watched him leave, Vicky fell into deep thought.

After Tyler's departure, Vicky immediately dialed Isabella's number.

“Since Mister Hart had an episode after seeing you, it indicates his condition hasn’t improved,” said Isabella.

To call it a ‘condition’ was not entirely accurate, but to solely attribute it to hypnosis would be wrong as well. Tyler had indeed been hypnotized, but the influence of drugs could not be dismissed.

Hearing Isabella’s words, a trace of disappointment seeped into Vicky’s heart. “So, his clarity was just a random occurrence?”

“It wasn’t random.”

Vicky was taken aback. “What was it, then?”

“Missus Hart, did you and Mister Hart argue yesterday?”

Vicky began to piece things together and muttered hesitantly, “Yes.”

“There you have it.” Isabella sighed lightly. “Missus Hart, do you remember what I mentioned to you before?”

“Yes.”

“Before this, you and Mister Hart never argued when he didn’t suffer from an episode, right?”

Vicky paused for a few seconds to recollect her memories.” That’s right.”

“Missus Hart, you should observe him in the next few days. If he shows no sign of memory loss in the next few days, it means resentment toward you indeed keeps him sane.” Isabella’s tone held a tinge of regret.

She was undoubtedly empathetic to their situation, as she knew that regardless of what happened, Tyler and Vicky could never be together.

“Alright,” Vicky agreed and was about to hang up.

“Missus Hart,” Isabella called out.

“Is there something else?”

“Don’t waver, and don’t hesitate. You and Mister Hart have no other options left.”



Isabella's choice of words, given her time in the Hart family, suggested she discerned something.

Vicky's grip on the phone tightened. "I understand. Thank you for reminding me."

Isabella did not say anything else and hung up after saying goodbye.

Staring at the screen of her phone, Isabella glanced at the night outside the window. In Molivia, it was already nighttime.

The depth of the Hart family's troubles far exceeded her imagination. Regardless of Tyler's condition, if he continued to stay with Vicky, the Harts would continue to manipulate Vicky and Tyler by threatening one with the other. To make matters worse, Old Mister Hart would not protect a grandson who held no value to him or the family.

As Isabella requested, Vicky observed Tyler for the next few days.

Except for the first day when he slept in another room, he returned to the master bedroom the next day.

Vicky did not chase him away and went over his phone while he was in the shower, suspecting Tyler was trying to act normal by journaling his day.

After checking his phone, Vicky realized that not only did Tyler stop journaling, but all past entries had been erased as well.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1470-'Tyler remembers me without resorting to any aids?' thought Vicky, feeling overwhelmed by various emotions.

Vicky put his phone back where it belonged before Tyler finished his shower.

The bar's lights flickered wildly, accompanied by booming music that reverberated in the ears.

Vicky leaned against the couch in her booth, holding a glass of wine.

She absentmindedly sipped on it while watching the performances on the stage.

Sitting opposite Vicky, Jennifer and Cece exchanged glances and read the concern in each other's eyes.

“Vicky, it’s getting late. Aren’t you going back?” Jennifer whispered gingerly.

Vicky’s gaze shifted slightly, and she glanced at the time on her phone. “It’s only ten…” she murmured. “It’s still early.

Let’s stay a bit longer.”

As soon as she spoke, Vicky’s phone buzzed.

Seeing the incoming call number on the screen, Vicky averted her gaze indifferently and ignored it.

The phone rang for a long time before the call was automatically disconnected.

After a couple of seconds, the phone rang again.

As she had done so a few nights in a row, Vicky did not answer or end the call, and the cycle repeated.

Cece and Jennifer exchanged a few hesitant glances. In the end, they decided against saying anything and silently accompanied Vicky as they enjoyed the performance.

In the past few days, Vicky deviated from her usual routine. Not only did she stop working overtime, but she also frequented nightlife spots, often returning home quite late at night.

With nothing much to do, Cece and Jennifer decided to join her on these outings, worried Vicky might be taken advantage of in bars.

As the lights flickered, the performance on stage came to an end. Soon, the next performer was preparing to take the stage.

Vicky poured herself another glass of wine and sipped it leisurely.

Jennifer looked at the empty glasses on the table and sighed.

The stage lights went completely dark. After about 10 seconds, they gradually brightened again.

Compared to the previous boisterousness, the next act was much quieter, and the lights were softer.

One minute later, the soothing sound of a piano emanated from the stage. The lights synchronized with the music, gradually brightening with every second.

Seated at the piano was a graceful and elegant figure, and Jennifer and Cece exchanged glances at the sight of the figure.

Vicky would always leave after listening to the young man's piano performance.

As a lady from a noble family, Jennifer was educated at the piano as well and could tell the man was a skilled pianist.

Vicky majored in playing piano when she studied abroad, so it seemed normal that she would admire such a man. On the other hand, Cece was worried because there was more to the story.

Vicky straightened her back, and the dazed look in her eyes was instantly replaced by attentive focus.

After the song, the young man won a standing ovation.

Cece sighed. "Who would have thought that the assistant from all those years ago could play such a beautiful melody?"

Jennifer turned to look at her in confusion. "Assistant?"

Cece, do you know that guy?"