

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 161

Even when Tyler was called away during the middle of the night, he would still return home no matter how late it was.

Vicky received no replies from Tyler, even many minutes later.

The rain was pouring heavily, and the visibility was sparse. It was dangerous to be driving on the road in this weather.

She thought of calling him, but she was worried it would distract him if he was driving, so she decided against it. Nonetheless, she could not possibly fall back to sleep in this state, so she picked up her book and started to read it.

The words were in front of her, yet they barely registered in her mind. Even several minutes in, she did not turn the page.

An hour later, she took her phone and opened up various apps without any meaning. And that still did not help to calm her mind.

It was already two-something and Tyler was still not back yet. Although sometimes he had to leave in the middle of the night, it was very rare for him to stay out late. After some thinking, Vicky finally decided to call him.

Beep, beep, beep!

Oddly, the dial tone sounded like it was drawled, much longer than last time.

For some reason, she felt restless with the phone in her hand. Suddenly, a remote notification voice came from the other side of the phone.

“The number you dialed is unavailable. Please try again.’

Vicky frowned. It was a notification that no one picked up the phone. She thought he could be in the middle of an important meeting or he was on his way back home, so she did not call again.

An hour later, however, Tyler still had not returned nor did he reply try again. 1

This time, there was no dial tone. The system’s cold female voice was heard from the other of the phone instantly.

“The number you called cannot be reached. Please try again later.”

Vicky tried a few times, yet his phone was unreachable.

It rained for the whole night. Vicky sat on the sofa and read the book for the entire night until the sky started to light up.

The rain had not stopped, but it did grow lighter. clouds left the feeling of suffocation, as though they were pressing down on the people below them.

Due to the rain, the sky was still dark even when it was already seven in the morning.

Vicky looked at the time and put down the book to freshen up. After that, she went downstairs, where breakfast was already prepared by Nanny Paterson.

After breakfast, Vicky was just about to leave rang. She answered it.

“Are you awake?” Tyler asked, his deep, cold

“Yes.”

“I’m sorry. My phone ran out of battery last night.’

Vicky looked at the unknown number on her screen and asked, “What did you do last night?”

“Another batch of people sneaked into the hospital.” His indifferent voice sounded tired. ‘Those people nearly kidnapped Sheila. I’ve been dealing with it since then.’ 1

“I see.” There was no weird feeling or emotion detected in Vicky’s voice.”

Are you going back to the office or back home to rest?’

“I’m going straight to the office.”

“Okay,” Vicky responded and did not ask further.

After she hung up the phone, she did not go to her studio. Instead, she
drove to the hospital.

Ever since Sheila was hurt, Vicky had not been to the hospital. ‘It seems like Sheila is badly hurt after being stabbed. Though, she should be doing fine after resting for so long,’ she thought.

After she enquired the nurse about Sheila’s ward number, she headed straight to the ward. When she was at the door, she heard people talking
inside.

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“Sheila, have you talked to Mister Hart about that?’

That voice sounded very familiar. Vicky quickly recognized this voice belonged to Sheila’s manager, Maggie.

“What about?” Sheila asked, her soft and gentle voice.

However, it did not sound as feeble as Vicky imagined.

“Sheila, don’t you feel bad for Mister Hart?” Maggie sounded disappointed.”

He has to go to the office and come here every day... Wait, scratch that.

He has to go to three places every day. He has to go to work, come to see you, and go back home. I’m sure you see how tired he is. Last night, he

had to stay in the hospital for the whole night until his phone ran out of

battery. This morning, he went directly to his office. He didn’t even have the time to rest...

“If he keeps it up, no matter how strong he is, he’ll eventually collapse! Didn’t I tell you the last time? Why don’t you ask him to send you back to his home and arrange a medical team in the house to protect you? In that case, it won’t be so easy for those people to sneak in like when you’re here.

“Not only is your safety guaranteed, but Mister Hart also won’t have to that killing two birds with one stone?”

After a moment of silence, Sheila said, “Tyler is married. If I move into his house, it’ll affect his image once someone gets hold of the news. Vicky probably won’t agree with it, either.’

Maggie disagreed. “Mister Hart literally rules this city. Mister Hart would be with Vicky, who used despicable methods to get him to marry her, forever?

“Vicky disagreeing? Who gives her the right to disagree? You’re hurt because of Mister Hart. You nearly died because of it, and you can only lie on the hospital bed every day while she continues her life as a rich man’s wife.... Ha! There’s no free lunch in this world!”

“It’s only natural to pay off the debts you owe. If it weren’t for Vicky, your hand won’t be ruined. She owes you!”

After hearing that, Sheila frowned. “Maggie...”

The door suddenly opened.

Vicky walked inside with a straight face. “Based on what Miss Perez said, I should hand over my position as Missus Hart too for being too in debt to Miss Young.”

Sheila and Maggie were shocked to see Vicky.

A few seconds later, Maggie reacted first. She looked at Vicky with a cold smile, and her eyes showed how contemptuous she was. “Are you daring enough to do that?”

Vicky smiled. “Why not?”

Maggie crossed her hands at her chest. “Miss Shaw, do you know how to be true to your word and keep it?”

“If you don’t believe it, you can use your phone to record what I said. When I don’t admit it, you can play it to the public.”

Vicky looked at Maggie and said plainly, “But I don’t know if Miss Young had the audacity to take it.”

Maggie frowned. ‘What does this have to do with Sheila?’

“Didn’t you just say I should let Miss Young be Missus Hart? Since I need to give it to her, we’ll have to go tell Tyler about this together.”

Vicky smiled coldly. ‘It’s only natural to pay off the debts I owe. Since Tyler and I are indebted to Miss Young, we need to compensate her one way or

another. I'll give her my place as Missus Hart to clear my debt, and Tyler will marry Miss Young for the debt he owes."

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Maggie sneered, "Vicky Shaw, what else can you do except play pity with Mister Hart?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," Vicky replied.

"You don't?" Amused by Vicky's naive facade, Maggie's gaze hardened like ice. "Aren't you going to tell Mister Hart Sheila is forcing you to want a divorce?"

Vicky smiled. "Miss Perez, there's something you've misunderstood. First of all, I don't want to have a divorce with Tyler, and Sheila can't force me to do that. Secondly, you're the one who said Tyler and I are in debt to Miss Young, and we should pay our debt. Last of all, Miss Young wants to be Tyler's wife so badly, yet she refuses to be the bad person here... She certainly plays a good game for being the good person who gets what she wants without getting her hands dirty."

She looked at Sheila, who was leaning on the headboard. Sheila's face did look pale, but overall, she was in good spirits. It looked like she had recovered a lot recently.

Vicky smiled coldly. "Even if you push all the blame to me and create a pure, clean image for Miss Young, do you think Tyler will believe that? Do you think Tyler is that dumb?"

Maggie was infuriated by Vicky's sarcastic words. "Vicky Shaw! Don't you come here and swagger! If Sheila's condition worsens because of you, do you believe-

"Oh, I do, don't worry. I know you'll tell Tyler. I also believe Miss Young's condition will worsen because I showed up here uninvited and said many horrible things, provoking Miss Young.

"How pitiful Miss Young is, though. Because of Tyler, you have to endure so much pain. Not only did Missus Hart not understand it, but she even came all the way here to swagger. So inconsiderate, so cruel, and so heartless."

Maggie was so angry that she did not know what to say. Sheila's face also looked terrible.

At that moment, the ward fell dead silent. Vicky stood there, but she was not jealous, angry, or infuriated. She was not embarrassed, crazy, or hysterical after what happened recently.

Every word she said pricked Sheila's heart like a needle. After a "Since you're here now, you must have something you want to tell me."

“That’s right,” Vicky admitted honestly. “I just want to see to do the right thing at the right moment.”

“Panicking? Are you talking about me?” Sheila was amused. “If you’re not panicking, would you have come?”

Vicky stood still and looked at Sheila from a condescending angle.

“Miss Young, you’re hurt because of Tyler. That’s why I didn’t come to look for you when you looked for him even when it was in the middle of the night. I didn’t say a word about it. Nonetheless, there’s a point where enough is enough. You always know the limit, even when you and I had some contradictions before. Since it is already in the past, I won’t mention it. But...” i

She lowered her head and stared at Sheila dead in the eye. Her gaze was sharp and ferocious as if they were her deadliest weapon.

“Miss Young, the smartest way is to let him feel sorry for you forever and not waste the guilt he felt. I believe not many men—in fact, not many people -would like to be asked to come with just a phone call when he wants to rest after a tiring day. I also believe no person would like to wake up by a call during his deep sleep and not rest for the whole night.

“No man will like a woman who keeps fussing, too. Am I right? And...”

Vicky smiled. “There are some things Tyler isn’t in the position to say, but I can. Do you understand?”

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Sheila’s eyes stilled, and so did the expression on her face.

Maggie could not tolerate how proudly Vicky displayed herself and sneered. “Vicky Shaw, it’s easy to despise something you can’t easily get. Everyone knows how nice Mister Hart treated Sheila. We’ve seen many women who pretended not to be jealous when in fact, they were so jealous that they were going crazy. What did you say just now? Getting what she wants without getting her hands dirty, is it?”

Vicky merely smiled, showing no signs of being irate. “Miss Young does have a charming personality. Not only do many men are willing to do anything for her, but it’s also the same with the women. She had Sasha, who got sent to jail previously, and now you, the loyal Miss Perez. This charming personality is certainly beyond my reach.”

Maggie was not an idiot like Sasha who only knew how to fight back. She understood exactly what Vicky said. She said coldly, “Vicky, I suggest you save your time. This trick of yours is only good with Sasha.”

Vicky looked indifferent. “I always thought you were a smart person, but now, I think I overestimated you. I just want to remind you, Miss Perez, that it’s better for you to stay away from matters between me and Miss Young.

Sasha is a good example for you. After all, regardless of the relationship between Tyler and me, I'm still his wife. As for Miss Young...

"Tyler will still support her no matter what she says, but you, Miss Perez, are just her manager. It's very easy to remove you. Are you sure Tyler will help you to undermine me when it's between you and me?"

Infuriated, Maggie opened her mouth to fight back, but no words came out of her. After a while, she finally managed to find words to form a sentence. "I just can't stand seeing you bully Sheila!"

She looked at Vicky's calm face and clenched her fists tightly. "Vicky, it's your problem if you can't keep your man to yourself. Why do you have to come making trouble for Sheila? If you have what it takes, go talk to Tyler and ask him to stop coming here!"

Vicky said calmly, "I can ask him not to, sure. Well, Miss Young, can you promise me that you'll never call Tyler, even when you are about to die? Can you also prohibit your friend here from telling Tyler anything? If he still persists in coming here, then it is really my problem. I didn't have what it takes to keep a man's heart."

Maggie did not know what to say at that point. She unconsciously looked at Sheila and hoped she would say something to reprove Vicky. To her dismay, Sheila just sat there quietly with her head lowered.

Vicky was right. Maggie was the one who deliberately exaggerated Sheila's condition and said his enemy had sneaked into the hospital when she saw someone suspicious.

If Tyler did not visit Sheila after he finished working, she would call Tyler in the middle of the night to show Vicky how important Sheila was to Tyler. In her mind, she reckoned Tyler should visit Sheila because she was hurt because of him. She even persuaded Sheila to steal Tyler with this opportunity and became his wife.

When Sasha was against Vicky, she said she did everything for Sheila. However, everyone knew what her true intention was.

On the other hand, Maggie was different. As a manager, she knew how to weigh the pros and cons. Before she met Sheila, she was already a good manager in the industry, though she was still far from being the best.

As the best manager, she needed more than her work performance. She needed a network and strong support. All these times, she did not have someone strong to support her. Although she was known as a good manager, she could never be the best.

After she took Sheila in, her status leveled up. She even became the best manager instantly. Everyone in the industry respected and admired her.

With Tyler's support, she had all the connections and resources she wanted. For her own sake, she desperately hoped Sheila could grab hold of Tyler.

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Therefore, Maggie had been feeling smug lately and even got a little carried away. She even forgot Sasha was sent to jail because she had been causing trouble for Vicky.

It was hard to say if Vicky was as important as Sheila at this moment. Regardless of that, it did not mean Vicky did not hold any position in Tyler's heart. This thought shocked Maggie tremendously and sobered her up. She said nothing, and so did Sheila. It was as though the argument between Maggie and Vicky had nothing to do with her.

Sheila always had many people willing to be her shield.

In the end, Vicky took a look at Sheila and was ready to leave.

"Miss Shaw," Sheila suddenly called out, 'can you wait for a moment?'"

Vicky looked back.

Sheila said to Maggie, "Maggie, I'd like to have

Maggie's pupils flashed as she instinctively wanted to say something. The words were at the tip of her tongue, yet she could not say them. As an outsider, she should not interfere too much. The only unlucky person in this was her if Sheila and Vicky ended in a fight.

"Okay." Maggie nodded and left the room.

Sheila's eyes darkened as she watched Maggie

When Maggie left the room, she was very thoughtful to close the door shut.

Since there was no outsider, Vicky became frank. "Miss Young, what do you want to say to me?"

Sheila did not explain what happened during this period, and neither did she have the intention to brag. She looked at Vicky's face. 'Miss Shaw, have you fallen in love with Tyler again after you lost your memory?'"

Vicky had heard a similar question from Sebastian.

She looked back at Sheila. "Is there any meaning for you to ask this question now?"

Sheila's eyes became misty. 'I want to know if my decision...was wrong.'

"Your decision?"

"Yes. I rejected you when I wanted to compete with you. Thinking back now, I was such an idiot... You lost your memory and didn't remember anything. Your feelings for Tyler were less, too. What's the point even if I win?" Sheila said.

It might have looked like she won, yet Vicky was right; in truth, she had lost. She was not that important to Tyler-at least not to the point where Tyler would forgive her and clean up her mess for her no matter what she did. She continued, "It seems like getting you to give up on him isn't possible, now that you're in love with him."

Vicky's eyebrows furrowed. "What are you trying to say?"

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Sheila smiled. "There's another person in Tyler's heart. Maybe I'm just a shadow of that person. To be honest, I don't know if he ever liked me, even as we speak."

She then looked at Vicky. "He can be very good to me-so good that people think that I'm his first love, his true love, and regret because he couldn't have me. Only I know deep down in my heart, I know it's two different things between being good to me and loving me."

"Miss Shaw, maybe you think I'm trying to brag to you by telling you this, but he doesn't have a place for me in his heart, so why should I be pleased about it? What is there for me to brag about? I see no difference between when he's nice to you and when he is nice to me. At least, you're his wife and you can legally enjoy it. I'm nothing to him."

'There is no difference between when he was nice to you and when he is nice to me...' Vicky repeated this sentence mentally.

Vicky's eyes wavered. "What you're trying to tell me is that Tyler doesn't love me, right?"

Sheila was surprised to hear that. "Don't tell me you think he's in love with you?"

Vicky felt like something had stabbed her heart. A woman was extremely sensitive when it came to love. She was the only one who knew if the man truly liked or loved her.

After keeping quiet for a while, she asked, "Do you know who that person is?"

"I'm sorry, but I don't. Even when I was with Tyler, I didn't find any information about that woman. However, a woman's instinct is unreasonable. I can sense that his heart isn't with me."

Sheila sighed sadly. "An enemy that you can see isn't your enemy; the enemy that you can't see is the scariest. Miss Shaw, I admit that I'm very greedy, and I can't help but wish to see him all the time. However, if he didn't give me that chance, like what you said, it won't have any effect no matter what I do."

"Actually, you don't have to mind me that much. Tyler had told me that he won't. It's very hard to change the decision he made, so..."

Sheila then added, albeit rather spitefully, "You don't
She seemed to have remembered something and
Vicky looked at her. "Everyone's telling me I seduced him."
A wave of emotions appeared in Sheila's eyes.
Vicky's eyes widened. "Perhaps there are some secrets I didn't know?"
Sheila felt conflicted. "Do you really think you can threaten him because of
that incident?"

"That incident isn't enough?" Vicky asked in return.

Sheila said plainly, ' Do you think you'll be able to control a man like Tyler
because of that incident, especially when you purposely did it to him? Not
just that. My hand...

"Vicky, have you ever thought of why you

Vicky felt like she was suffocating. Of course, she thought of this question
before, and she found it rather peculiar as well. She was the culprit who
caused Tyler to break up with his first love and also ruined Sheila's hand.
Not only did Tyler not blame her, but he even married her.

She did wonder if Tyler was trying to have his revenge by marrying her.
Although, after getting to know Tyler, she did not think he was such a
fatuous, childish person.

Marrying her so he could have his revenge also meant he had to break up
with his first love. Was it to have his revenge on her, or he was trying to
have revenge on himself and Sheila?

She was relieved to know Tyler did not truly like Sheila that much after
hearing what he said. It all made more sense to know he did not like her
that much.

However, based on Sheila's current attitude, the truth was not as simple as
she thought.

She looked into Sheila's eyes. "Then, why did he marry me?"

Sheila shook her head. "I'm sorry, I can't tell you that. It's between you and
Tyler. If you want to know, why don't you go ask him?"

Vicky thought Sheila was acting weird. However, Sheila refused to
elaborate on the matter, no matter how she persisted.

Vicky went to her studio upon leaving the hospital. However, she had a
hard time concentrating. Her mind was full of the information Sheila told
her.

Sheila was powerful to have gotten many people to speak and act on her
behalf. However, she was also not someone who would keep hiding behind
others.

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This day was an example. Sheila only told her two things, yet those two things stunned her to the core.

Bee, beep! A text message notification went off.

Vicky picked up her phone and opened the message.

[Miss Shaw, you're not forgetting you are returning my shirt to me today, right?]

It was a message from Mister Kirby.

Yesterday, Vicky reminded herself of this, but she totally forgot about it after a night. Nevertheless, it was fine because she had set a reminder with her phone. It would ring during the afternoon to remind her.

Vicky replied, [No. I was going to contact you after I finish with my work.]

Mister Kirby replied, [I thought you'd forget about it if I didn't remind you.]

[What time are you free today? Where should I meet you?] replied Vicky.

Mister Kirby texted back instantly. [I'll share the location with you later.]

Vicky replied, [Ok.]

A few seconds later, Mister Kirby shared a location with Vicky. Before she clicked open to see the shared location, she tapped open his profile to look. It was empty. Even his profile picture was just a rose, the kind that elderly people liked to put as their profile picture.

Shortly, Mister Kirby sent another message over to inform the time of their meeting. [I'll see you at 7:30 p.m. tonight. Room 3202.]

Only then did Vicky take a good look at the shared location. It was Neon Club.

She had been to that place plenty of times. The time Mister Kirby set was neither too late nor too early. A good time that would not create any trouble.

Vicky replied, [Ok.]

At 7.30 p.m. on the dot, Vicky arrived at Neon Club. Vicky brought Cece along in case something should happen.

She knocked on the door of the room when they reached Room 3202.

When she opened the door, she noticed the room was already full of people. There was a mixture of males and females; most of them were very young.

As she showed up in the room, everyone gazed at her and unanimously smiled ambiguously. One of them whistled and looked at a corner.

"Guess you're not lying to us this time. You really got yourself a girlfriend!"

"I gotta say you do have good taste. Your girlfriend is very pretty!"

Vicky and Cece exchanged looks with each other. Just when they wondered if they were in the wrong room, a man's deep voice rang from a corner of the room.

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“Vicky, over here.”

The man’s voice was deep and melodious, much like the sound of a cello. Instantly, Vicky recognized that voice. It was Mister Kirby.

Vicky walked to the corner where he sat...and he looked rather suspicious. The light in the room was not very bright. Mister Kirby was leaning on the sofa in a very elegant posture with a hint of laziness.

Vicky then said, “Mister Kir-“

Suddenly, the man reached out and pulled her to his side, much to her shock. Before she could struggle and protest, his husky voice rang next to her ear. “Miss Shaw, please do me a favor.”

He tried to talk softly and lightly. Although he was very close to her, he still maintained a distance that would not bring discomfort to Vicky. “Can you pretend to be my girlfriend?”

Vicky realized something was not right. “Did you call

He said in a low voice, “Miss Shaw, do you see those women over there?”

Vicky glanced and noticed a few beautiful women with good temperaments. They did not look like they were escorts.

“It was supposed to be a gathering between me and my friends,” explained Mister Kirby, “but they kept it from me and brought women over, insisting on finding me a girlfriend.”

After a pause, he continued, “Before this, they kept on asking me to get a girlfriend, and I tried to avoid them. So, they did a sneak attack by bringing those women. They insist that I should choose one today.

“I have no interest in those women and told them I have a girlfriend. They kept pestering me, however, and asked me to show them my girlfriend. That’s when you came. They automatically thought you were my girlfriend when they saw you.”

Vicky was speechless.

He said again, “Miss Shaw, can you please help me? I owe you once...

Please? Don’t worry. I won’t touch you, and I won’t let them trouble you.”

His angular handsome face was not very clear under the dim light.

Vicky was surprised and thought differently of him when he did not use the incident where Vicky broke his button to threaten her.

Cece was beside Vicky, but she had no idea what was happening. As she did not see Vicky showing any reluctant expression, she stood quietly.

Suddenly, Mister Kirby noticed she was there, and he curled up his lips into an innocent smile. “Hi, are you Vicky’s friend?”

Cece curiously looked at the man. He was very handsome, though seemingly impish altogether. The way he spoke and moved suggested he was a gentleman from a prestigious family.

This explained why Vicky was so sure Mister Kirby was not a fake when she questioned her about it. This man did not look like that kind of person based on the way he talked and moved.

Cece smiled at the man politely. "Hello, Mister Kirby. My name is Cece. I'm Vicky's assistant and friend."

The man showed her a welcome sign. "Please sit. Since you're Vicky's friend, it means you're my friend too. My friends are quite rowdy, though. I'm going to apologize first if you're uncomfortable being together with us." Cece glanced at the other people in the room. Those men were not bad-looking. They were dressed in branded attire and looked like playboys, but they were not perverts and did not touch the woman beside them. Their conversations were not crass, either.

As the saying went, birds of a feather flocked together.

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One could tell what kind of a person another man was by observing what sort of people he made friends with. In this case, Cece thought Mister Kirby was not bad.

While Vicky debated on helping Mister Kirby, Cece already started to talk to him.

Cece was outgoing and lively, and she enjoyed talking to people. Mister Kirby, on the other hand, had a high EQ, hence how they both got into a good conversation.

Vicky was speechless.

Mister Kirby noticed Vicky was looking at them. He smiled and asked, "Miss Shaw, what's your answer?"

Although Vicky had compensated him and sewed the button back on the shirt, the fact remained that she still did damage. Regardless of the compensation, it could hardly compensate, especially since the shirt was very important to Mister Kirby. Moreover, he did not look like he was a person who needed money.

Vicky thought for a while and whispered, "I can help you, but you don't owe me anything. As for the shirt... Let's just say we don't owe each other anything anymore, alright?"

Mister Kirby smiled. "Deal.*"

At that time, Mister Kirby's friends were discussing something among themselves. When they finished the discussion, one of them said, "It's the first time our bro brought a girlfriend to our gathering. We should have a toast for that!"

After that, the man took two glasses of wine and walked over to where Vicky was, and she instantly tensed. She did not know those people so she would not eat anything on the table and, needless to say, drink with them. Just as she was about to reject, Mister Kirby took the glass of wine away.” Ethan, my girlfriend doesn’t drink wine. Let me drink it on her behalf.” Without sparing any time, he finished the wine in one go. Ethan and Vicky were shocked.

Mister Kirby gave the glass back to Ethan. “Here you go.”

For the rest of the time, Mister Kirby kept his word. He did not touch Vicky, and he stopped all of his friends who wanted to drink with Vicky.

As time passed, Cece was starting to be fond of Mister Kirby. She treated him as Vicky’s good friend and even exchanged contact with him.

Vicky sat by the side and watched Cece and Mister Kirby conversed. Her eyes flashed. If Mister Kirby had to request her to be his fake girlfriend, he must be single. Cece, on the other hand, was single, too.

‘Is there a chance...that these two can be together?’ she thought.

As such, she tried to use another point of view to look at Mister Kirby.

Mister Kirby looked like a gentleman with a good look that was not too far off from Tyler. Moreover, he possessed a good personality. At least he did not try to do anything to her just because she was his fake girlfriend. He also did not let his friends try to get her drunk.

At that moment, Mister Kirby sensed something. His almond-shaped, seductive eyes turned her way. His eyes were also very deep, but it was different from Tyler’s cold and indifferent type of feeling. Instead, he always looked like he was in a good mood and had this peculiar twinkle of mischief.

“Why are you looking at me like that?” His voice was deep. He stared back at her with his dark, smiling eyes. “Don’t tell me...you want to make this real and be my girlfriend?”

Vicky looked at Cece and smiled. “Mister Kirby, you’re very handsome and can certainly make a person’s heart throb, but I have a husband, thus disqualifying me. I see that you and Cece have the same interest. Why don’t ...you consider her?”

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Mister Kirby’s smile froze. “It’s not funny.

Vicky deadpanned. “I’m not joking. I’m serious.”

He looked helpless. “Although I hit it off with Cece right away, there is nothing else for us except being friends. There’s no spark between us. If you don’t believe me, you can ask her.”

They were talking very softly. From another angle, it looked like they were whispering intimately. Vicky did think Cece and Mister Kirby matched perfectly. However, they only knew each other for a short time and they still did not know each other that well.

Besides, today was not a good time to discuss this either. Thus, Vicky said nothing else.

About an hour or so later, Vicky said she needed to leave. Mister Kirby looked at the time and nodded, not wanting to force her to stay. "Alright, I'll send you two off."

After that, he informed his friends and said goodbye to them.

His friends did not trouble him. They smiled and bid goodbye to Vicky.

"Bye, Vicky!"

"Come play with us again next time!"

Vicky nodded politely and walked away with Mister Kirby and Cece.

When they were outside of the club, Cece's phone rang just as Vicky was about to bid goodbye to Mister Kirby. They did not know what Cece heard, but her expression soured.

"You're in Stoneford City? What? That jerk actually..."

After she hung up the phone, she looked at Vicky. "Vicky, my friend is here. I'm afraid I need to go meet her."

Vicky saw Cece's serious face and asked, "Do you need me to go with you?"

"It's not a big deal. I can handle it."

Vicky nodded and did not insist. "Alright. If you need help, remember to call me."

Cece responded affirmatively and left in a hurry.

After Cece left, Mister Kirby, who stood beside Vicky, said, "Come on, I'll send you back."

Vicky looked at him. "It's alright. It's not too late. I can get a taxi."

It was almost nine at night. The nightlife was just about to start in a busy city like Stoneford City, so to say it was late was not entirely true.

Mister Kirby frowned. "It's very dangerous for a young lady to go back home alone at night."

Vicky smiled. "Mister Kirby, this city is quite safe. Under normal situations, there won't be any danger. Plus, I've been working overtime until quite late previously, and nothing ever happened to me."

His voice was very relaxed and deep. "That's your problem if nothing happened to you when you worked overtime, but I don't want to bear any responsibility if anything happens to you because you came to find me."

“Don’t worry, Mister Kirby. It won’t concern you if anything happens,” Vicky stressed.

He flicked his eyebrow high and looked at her with his long and almond-shaped eyes. “Miss Shaw, I’m not afraid to bear any responsibility. I just don’t want to let anything happen.”

“Mister Kirby, what you said might not happen...”

He interrupted Vicky by cutting her off, “Might not happen doesn’t mean it won’t happen. Miss Shaw, can you guarantee there are no chances of it happening?”

Vicky was lost for words. She could not guarantee it. Although the chances were not high, no one could possibly be one hundred percent sure.

She had married. There were things she needed to do to avoid arousing suspicion. Letting a man whom she just met twice send her home was inappropriate.

Vicky insisted on rejecting, “It’s alright. I can go back by myself.”