

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

- Chapter 203 – 210

Chapter 203

Vicky's emotions had reached their boiling point, and her senses were too numb to stop her from venting.

"Fine! I was the one who clung to you and refused to divorce you, but I've lost my memories now and I don't have to be with you. You could've gotten rid of me anytime you wanted..."

Before she could finish, he cut her off cruelly and leaned closer as he hissed venomously, "Vicky Shaw, do you really think that you get to live peacefully without any burden and pretend like nothing happened just because you lost your memories?"

Her jaw began to feel numb, but she maintained eye contact despite the pain. "If you can't let go of the past, why... bother starting over with me?"

"That's because Hart Corporation is in a delicate position at the moment, and I can't divorce you during this time,' he said. 'The rumors about our broken marriage have been hindering the company's growth, and since I can't divorce you, I thought that I could at least try to work on this marriage..."

His face stopped just an inch away from hers. "After all, an unpleasant marriage affects my mood as well."

A lump formed in her throat and tears welled in her eyes.

"You forgot about something else... Since you can't have the woman you love, it doesn't really matter who you are with or who you marry, right? If it's all the same to you, you might as well do what's best for your career, is that right?"

"Why would you bother asking me about it if you've figured it out?" he sneered.

Her eyes widened at this, and tears scrolled down her cheek.

He jolted ever so slightly at the sight of her tears and released her jaw." This is the first time you've invaded my privacy, and I'll let this pass." He placed the photo back into the wallet and reminded her coldly, "Do this again, and there will be no mercy for you."

Her sight blurred with the tears that welled up in her eyes, but the photo appeared in her mind distinctly.

A slim, young woman sat in front of a piano wearing was facing the camera, her face was not reflected in the photo.

She watched as he carefully placed the photo back to where it belonged and said, "Is this the woman you've been in love with yet could not claim as your own?"

He paused and said, "It's none of your business."

Another tear escaped her eye as she chuckled darkly, realizing how naive and foolish she had been to fall for the heartless man before her once again.

"So it's never been piano that you enjoy... It's the woman who could play it that you love. If I'm not mistaken, you found out that I could play piano as well...and that's why you've been putting up with me instead of divorcing me, is that so?"

He did not speak and the cold, expressionless mask on his face did not budge.

"Nikki, Sheila, and me... We're all just substitutes for her, am I right?"

Chapter 204

Tyler lowered his gaze to look at Vicky's eyes emotionlessly. "A substitute? What makes you think you qualify for that?"

She jolted in shock at how hurtful his words were.

Sheila was right. Though wounds would eventually heal as time passed, the scars that remained would still sting from time to time. Pretending that the past events never happened could not actually erase them from the past.

With a blank look in her eyes, she mumbled, "You're right. I'm not even qualified to be that..."

She had been arrogant.

She blinked, feeling her tears draining as she kept her eyes trained on the man before her. "I once asked if you believe in me, and you've been avoiding the question. Can you give me an answer now? You...have never truly trusted me...have you?"

He stared at her in silence, and she refused to look away.

After a while, he finally said, "Yes."

Though she knew the answer all along, his words still stung her. "If that's the case, why did you send your men to protect me?"

"Though you aren't the target, those people capture Sheila," Tyler said.

She clenched her fists, and the assumptions she had pushed aside in the past began to surface again. "Tyler, are you...using me as a decoy to protect Sheila?"

He scowled. "What are you talking about?"

"It's not a secret that we're getting past our differences in the past, and since we've been seen at all kinds of parties, everyone knows that you begin to acknowledge me as your wife. To make it even more believable, you even punished the people who bullied me and made sure that everyone knew I'm under your protection at your birthday party..." She chuckled darkly. "Not long after that, your rivals came."

He stared at her coldly. "What are you trying to suggest?"

"People who don't know the truth would think that you've changed your mind about me and that you've put your feelings for Sheila aside. If there was someone who wanted to hurt you, they would aim to kidnap the person you care most about... Technically speaking, they should've come at me instead."

Tyler began to see what Vicky was trying to say, and his expression grew you're right. "Why did they kidnap Sheila instead of you in the end?"

She stared into his eyes and drawled, "People who were just enjoying the show might be fooled by what's being shown on the surface, but if those people are set out to hurt you, they can't be that easily fooled. They aren't stupid, and since you've sent an army to protect Sheila, anyone who isn't blind could tell who you truly care about. All those speeches about starting over were just traps.

"Oh, I forgot. Hart Corporation is in a delicate position, and you were telling the truth about how a divorce would affect the company. Hence, your plan secures the reputation of your company, all the while providing you with a decoy to protect Sheila with... What a great scheme."

He narrowed his eyes angrily, his lips curling into a sneer. "Ha!"

He did not bother to explain himself and simply placed his wallet back into the drawer before walking out expressionlessly. 1

As soon as he stepped out of the room, all strength was drained from her body. All the heart-warming memories they shared between them over the past months felt like nothing but a joke at that very moment.

Tyler did not return home since.

Chapter 205

Not long after, the press published photos of Tyler seen entering a mansion with Sheila, and despite all the rumors circulating, neither Vicky nor Tyler attempted to explain the situation to the public.

People began to guess that Vicky and Tyler were growing apart once again, and some assumed that they would soon get a divorce.

Cece was furious when she saw the news and said, "Vicky, the press is only good at exaggerating things. Don't believe them! Those photos have to be fake!"

Vicky was in her work studio at the time and was ironing a shirt carefully. She paused for a moment at Cece's words before saying, "Well, they aren't exactly exaggerating."

Cece froze. "Vicky, are you and Mister Hart..."

Vicky kept her head lowered and said, "I guess we're going to get a divorce soon."

"What? Seriously?" Cece's eyes widened. "But you two were...quite close for a time."

Vicky did not respond to this, and Cece did not dare to speak when she noticed the gloomy look on Vicky's face.

Nonetheless, Tyler and Sheila were seen together on multiple occasions, and rumor had it that she was to be the next Missus Hart. From Cece's perspective, their actions were way out of line.

Worried that Vicky would be upset, Cece immediately changed the subject. "Vicky, is this for Mister Kirby?"

Vicky nodded. "Yeah."

Shocked, Cece asked, "But I thought you'd never make male clothing."

"He requested it." Vicky stared at the ironed shirt. "Buttons keep falling off, so he asked that I make another one that looks the same."

Mister Kirby had saved her once, and she owed him her life. Since she to begin with, she had no reason to reject his request.

Cece had been keeping in touch with Mister Kirby for a while and had a great impression of him.

"Vicky, say... Do you think it's possible that he received that shirt as a gift from his ex-girlfriend?"

"What makes you say that?"

"When we joined him in the gathering the time before, he said that he's been single for a long time and his friends were trying to introduce women to him. For a man with his looks and status, he couldn't be single that long unless he's in love with someone else."

Vicky thought about it and agreed that that could be a possibility, but she knew better than to ask Mister Kirby about it as it was his personal life. She looked at Cece and asked, "Cece, do you have plans tonight?"

"No. Do you need me to do something?"

"Mister Kirby's shirt is done, so let's deliver it to him together."

"Sure."

At night, Vicky and Cece arrived at the restaurant where they were supposed to meet with Mister Kirby, who had been waiting.

He sat by the window with a majestic air about him. His eyes glittered under the light seductively, and his looks attracted attention from all directions.

A few girls even went up to him to ask for his number, but he rejected them all with a smile.

Chapter 206

The girls did not leave until Cece and Vicky arrived.

"Hello, Vicky, Miss Lynn." He greeted them and got up to pull the chairs for them politely.

"Thank you." Cece smiled at him.

He returned this smile with his own. "It's an honor to be in the company of you two ladies."

Once the two took their seats, the waiter came with menus and Mister Kirby proceeded to place a few orders while they studied the menu.

Cece was shocked when she heard the names of the dishes he ordered." Oh? Those are all Vicky's favorite dishes."

Mister Kirby turned to look at Vicky. "Is that so?"

Vicky was taken by surprise as well and nodded. "Yes."

He chuckled. "What a coincidence."

Vicky never dined with Mister Kirby up until this moment and did not know much about his preference, so she was shocked to find that he had the same preference as she did.

The three began discussing their preferences and habits after Mister Kirby shared the same preferences in food and habits with her.

Cece blurted out saying, "Vicky is great with ball games and is the best at pool. I once went with her on a business trip and there was this rich playboy who insisted on playing a pool game with her. He even went as far as saying something along the line of removing a piece of clothing with each round lost. In the end, he would've walked out of there naked if only Vicky didn't go easy on him..."

Mister Kirby narrowed his eyes slightly. Ball games, huh? What about...golf and bowling?"

"Of course!" Cece said proudly. "Vicky is the perfect woman, and anyone who marries Vicky is the luckiest man on earth!"

He chuckled. "Indeed. Vicky is a brilliant woman. It's a shame that there are always ungrateful people."

Vicky twitched slightly at his words.

Reminded of what happened with Tyler and Sheila, Cece cleared her throat and changed the subject. "Mister Kirby, the shirt you had Vicky designed was made by hand. She didn't just draw a draft for the factory to produce it."

He lifted an eyebrow and studied Vicky intently. "Thank you, Vicky."

His voice was husky and melodious in the most gentle while trying to avoid eye contact.

"You've done me a great favor. Mister Kirby. This is nothing compared to that."

As they spoke, the waiter served the dishes they ordered.

After dinner, Mister Kirby went to the washroom to change into the new shirt as Cece advised and the shirt fitted like a glove.

Satisfied, he walked out wearing the shirt. They proceeded to pay the bill and as they walked out, Mister Kirby said, "There's an auction here in Stoneford City today. Would you two like to join me and check it out?"

“An auction?” Cece’s eyes lit up. ‘Will people bid on items by raising cards like how they play it on television?’

He smiled and nodded. “That’s right. It’s the first-ever auction in Stoneford City, and I heard that they’re selling quite a number of rare items. If you’re free, we might as well go.”

Cece had never been to an auction and seemed to be extremely excited with the idea, but she knew she needed Vicky to agree as well. “Vicky, do you want to go?’

Tyler had not gone home in recent days and since she would only return to an empty house, Vicky realized she could check out the auction.

She studied the look of anticipation on Cece’s face and nodded. “Sure.

Let’s go.”

Chapter 207

At half past seven, Vicky, Cece, and Mister Kirby arrived at the auction venue, which was a spacious event hall with two floors in total.

The first floor was for ordinary guests who would raise their number plate to bid for items, while the second floor belonged to the VIP rooms where the faces of the bidders were hidden and the staff who were situated in front of the rooms bid in their places.

The auction started at eight, and since they arrived early, there were not many guests in the hall just yet.

Cece had never been to an auction before; everything was new to her.

Though Vicky lost her memories, she had seen enough to know that the VIP rooms in the auction could not be bought with money alone.

She glanced at Mister Kirby, who happened to be looking at her as well.

She froze when their eyes met, and he smiled lazily. “What is it? Any questions for me?’

Mister Kirby was a mysterious man and up until this very moment, all she knew was his family name. Of course, everyone had the right to their privacy and secrets, so she did not intend to pry.

Vicky thought about it and said, “Nothing. Just curious. Are you here to bid for a particular item, Mister Kirby?’

He chuckled. “There is something I want.’

“What is that?” she asked curiously.

“You’ll find out soon.”

Since it was still early, they chatted and waited after entering the room.

10 minutes before the start of the auction, Cece stood to head to the washroom and Vicky was about to follow her, when Cece made a sharp turn and returned to the room almost as soon as she was out.

Her eyes darted around as she avoided Vicky’s eyes as my mind, Vicky. Let’s just go after the auction ends.”

Vicky frowned. “But the auction is to last for three hours.”

“It’s fine. I was just going to wash my hands and to start, I don’t think I want to go after all.”

Cece was never one who could hide her feelings, and since Vicky knew her all to a realization and turned to look outside the room with a dark expression.

The glasses of each of the rooms on the second floor had been processed in a way that the people outside would be able to see what was inside, but the people inside the room would get a clear view of the entire hall.

This way, the bidders' privacy was secured and they would be able to view the items clearly.

A slender, handsome man was stepping into a certain room, followed by a curvy, beautiful woman. By the time Vicky gazed outside, she could only see their backs.

Vicky was extremely familiar with the two figures in the distance and instantly recognized that it was Tyler and Sheila.

It was not a wonder that Cece did not want her to go outside as they would have run into Tyler and Sheila.

If anyone from the press photographed them, the headline the next day would be [When the New Lover Met the Ex].

Feeling numb, Vicky said, "Alright. Let's wait until the end of the auction, then."

Cece was about to console Vicky but stopped when she noticed that Mister Kirby was looking at them.

Ten minutes later, the auction started.

Chapter 208

The items sold at the auction were often jewelry and ancient artifacts.

Cece watched with interest and grew increasingly excited as the guests bid for their desired item.

"Vicky, I never knew that a flask of perfume could be sold for millions! Is it special in any way?"

Very often than not, items to be sold at an auction would be announced ahead of time to attract bidders.

Vicky glanced through the pages of the catalog and said, "Legend has it that this perfume was made by the mysterious fragrance expert, Y. Its scent is said to be out of this world and addictive, so a lot of companies that sell perfumes came for it, wanting to analyze the components of it and recreate the fragrance. If they manage to recreate the recipe, they'll earn thousands of millions with it."

Cece gasped in realization. "I'm too short-sighted. Here I thought that they were buying it for their own use."

The flask was small and contained only 50 milliliters, which would not have lasted long if one was to use it and each spray would cost millions.

After the perfume, items just as jade were sold, and soon, the auction was nearing its end.

Mister Kirby remained seated lazily and watched quietly.

Tyler, on the other hand, who was in a different room, had item: a bracelet.

The host first changed into a new pair of white gloves, which he had done for each item.

He carefully removed the bracelet from its box and introduced it. "This bracelet was named 'eternity' and was designed by the famous jeweler, Muses, for his late wife...

This is his best and last work, which symbolizes eternal love. We've chased this bracelet down after tremendous effort and kept this as the key item of this auction."

The host began to go into detail about the material used for the bracelet and the skills used in making it.

Vicky stared at the screen inside the room which showed the zoomed-in details of the bracelet.

Though extravagant in some ways, the bracelet did not contain complicated patterns. Decorated with black diamonds that scattered across the curves of the bracelet, it shone subtly in a majestic manner.

It was not at all impressive or unique at first glance, but one would sense how uncommon it was after looking at it for a while.

Cece's eyes widened. "It's such a beautiful bracelet! It'll match any clothing or purse." Just then, the introduction of the bracelet ended and the host continued with a smile, "I'm sure that everyone is anxiously waiting for the bidding to start, so let's begin. The starting price for this bracelet is seven million and each bid must be fifteen thousand or higher!"

Cece gasped. "The starting price is seven million, and fifteen thousand or higher... My goodness! Is that bracelet worth that much?"

All the other items were sold at the highest price of tens of thousands.

Some had no requirements on the bid that followed, while some required each bid to be one thousand or higher, yet the bracelet started off at the price of a whopping seven million.

The bid immediately began and someone from the audience called out, "Ten million!"

Cece was shocked once again and thought to herself, "It's going up! Just how high will this go? It's just a bracelet!"

"Thirteen million!"

"Fourteen million!"

"Fifteen million!"

The bracelet was unique enough to be the spotlight item of the auction, so there were a good number of guests who came for it.

Soon, the bidding price of the bracelet reached 21 million, and the number of bidders was reduced by half.

After all, it was a bracelet that symbolized love and was a perfect gift for one's partner, not an item with increasing value like jades and other gemstones. Though all the guests in the auction came from a wealthy background, they were no fools.

A few minutes went by, and the price shot up to 35 million.

"Any other bidder?" the host asked.

Silence fell over the hall as there was only a number of people who were still interested in the bracelet.

Chapter 209

"Thirty-five million, once!"

Just then, one of the staff shouted. "Room V001 bid fifty-five million."

The crowd stirred.

To bid 35 million over a bracelet would have been rather insane, not to mention bidding 55 million. It surpassed the value of the bracelet itself!

Mister Kirby, who had been silent the entire time, said to the staff standing next to him, "Seventy million."

The staff froze for a moment before speaking into the microphone in his hand. "Room V003 bid seventy million."

Cece turned and gaped at Mister Kirby, who was smiling mysteriously.

Another bid came.

"Room V001 bid a hundred and five million."

“Room V003 bid one hundred and forty million.”

“A hundred and seventy-five million.”

“Two hundred and ten million.”

“Two hundred and eighty million.”

“Three hundred and fifty million.”

Toward the end, even the host’s voice

In the V003 room, Cece tugged at Vicky’s sleeve. “Vicky, is that bracelet worth this much?”

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said, “No.”

Cece glanced at Mister Kirby gingerly and whispered, “Is Mister Kirby before scammed, Vicky?”

“No.”

Vicky glanced at the V001 room, and if

The rooms on the second floor were separated and the one Vicky was in was one of the VIP rooms.

The more influential the guests, the smaller their room number would be, and it would only be natural for a man of Tyler’s status to be arranged in the number one room.

At the same time, it was also proof of how powerful Mister Kirby was since he was arranged to sit in the third room.

As she was absorbed into her thoughts, the price of the bracelet had risen to 550 million.

Mister Kirby was about to bid again when Vicky said, “Mister Kirby, it’s best that you give up.”

He glanced at her. “Why so?”

She smiled with resignation. “No one rivals him here in Stoneford City.”

He lifted an eyebrow. “You know the person in room 001?”

She remained quiet for a few moments before whispering. “Tyler Hart is the person in room 001. I saw him walking inside just now.”

Mister Kirby narrowed his eyes. “Your husband?”

Mister Kirby had seen Tyler once when he was unconscious in the hospital and had heard about him long before that since he was a well-known man in all of Zendoncia; even families overseas knew about him.

Vicky nodded.

Mister Kirby chuckled. “Alright, then. Since he’s buying this for you, I won’t bid against him.”

Chapter 210

Vicky’s heart sank.

It was a bracelet that symbolized eternal love, and since Tyler seemed obsessed with the bracelet, anyone would assume that he was buying it as a gift to his wife.

However, since she had grown estranged from Tyler and he was seen frequently with Sheila, Vicky knew it was more likely a gift for Sheila.

Money meant nothing but a series of numbers to Tyler, and he would spend millions without a care as long as he wanted something.

Vicky did not say a word, and since Mister Kirby had stopped bidding, Tyler eventually bought the bracelet at 550 million.

Since the final item was sold, the auction ended and the staff hurried to the first room to serve Tyler.

Vicky, Cece, and Mister Kirby did not stay for long and got up to leave.

The air outside the hall felt far more refreshing, and the feeling that she was about to suffocate vanished.

Mister Kirby glanced at the time and said, "It's getting late. Let me send you back.1' Cece lived in an area that was closer in distance, so Mister Kirby sent her home first. It was close to midnight by the time Cece was home, and he glanced at the rearview mirror to find Vicky staring out the window dazedly.

"Are you in a bad mood?"

She stared at the dark sky blankly and whispered, "No. I'm just a bit tired."

"Are you fighting with Tyler Hart?"

She turned to look at him.

Both Vicky and Cece were sitting in the back seat earlier, so she could only see his side profile.

Seemingly clueless to the way she was looking at him, he said, "I'm sorry for what I said earlier."

"What did you say?"

He kept his long fingers on the steering wheel and explained, "I thought that he was bidding for that bracelet for your sake. I didn't notice that he was with his lover until I walked past his room on my way to the washroom. N

The scandal concerning Tyler had not been new to the city, but since the press was always great with making up stories, Mister Kirby did not pay the rumors much mind. However, seeing how Tyler was at the auction with the woman he saw from the hospital the time before, he finally comprehended the situation.

Not knowing what to say, Vicky lowered her gaze in silence, and he quieted down as well.

The street lights flew by outside the window as Mister Kirby asked abruptly, "Have you not thought of leaving him?"

As Tyler's wife, it was easy to look into Vicky's background. Just like how she had looked into him. Mister Kirby had likely done a thorough check on her.

She never enjoyed discussing how she felt, but perhaps she was holding back on her emotions too hard, or she was simply provoked by how Tyler spent 550 million without batting an eye for Sheila's sake, she said, "You should be asking if I've prepared myself for being dumped instead." 1

"Being dumped?" he repeated. "Being dumped and leaving on your own record are two different concepts."

"I know."

"So you'd rather wait to be dumped than leave?"

She gazed out at the sky. "Even if I do want to leave, I'd need his consent to do so-!"

Before she could finish, the car drifted and came close to hitting the fences.

Mister Kirby had always been a great driver, so she was startled by the sudden turn.

'What happened?"