

Loving You In Secret By Debbie Meza 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.

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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 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!”