

Loving You In Secret By Debbie Meza Chapter 4

Vicky blinked upon hearing this and looked back.

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

Vicky frowned. "You are...?"

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

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

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

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

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

Sheila sensed something and looked over. Her eyes flashed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sheila rested her eyes on Vicky's face and explained with a when I first got here. I hope you won't misunderstand."

Vicky looked at Sheila and said nothing.

With her alluring voice, Sheila continued, "I heard

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

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

“Amnesia?” Sheila looked at Vicky and

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

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

Sasha cackled. “She said she had amnesia before,

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

Cece was a protective person when it came to the heard Sasha mock her, her anger flared. When she was about to quarrel with Sasha, Vicky stopped her.

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

That comment seemed to have stepped on Sasha’s toe. She had pointed at Vicky’s nose and snarled sharply, “Who are you calling a mistress?”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sasha was flustered and exasperated.

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

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

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

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

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

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

He was talking to Vicky.

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

Vicky frowned and knew she should not violate the etiquette.

"Cece, I need to wish Grandpa a happy birthday. Wait here, I'll be right back."

After some hesitation, she continued, "Don't wander off. If something happens that bothers you, call me."

Cece nodded obediently. "Alright. Just go. Don't worry about me. I'll be fine."

Only then did Vicky leave with Tyler.

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