

## Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Chapter 41-50

### Chapter 41

According to Vicky's understanding, other than Sheila, Tyler's first love, **no other woman** could make him

fall for her.

If that was the case, who was the person that Tyler saw in her?

Without thinking about it, Vicky asked, "Tyler, other than Sheila, have you ever liked anybody else?"

Tyler's dark expression suddenly fell back into normalcy. He lowered his eyes and collected his emotions." Why are you suddenly asking me this?"

Vicky replied, "I have to understand who I'm going up against. I want to know if I have any other competition other than Sheila."

Since she had signed the agreement, Vicky was open about her intentions. For the past three months, she had tried to make Tyler like her, so asking such a question was not considered strange.

did not answer her, however. He merely closed the documents in his hands.

rest."

up and left the

at the man's long, slender figure. Her brow furrowed

Tyler was trying to avoid her question.

feelings for

returned to his bedroom.

on the other side of the bed, felt a little nervous. The last time Tyler returned, his words seemed to have conveyed to

back then, she strongly suspected that he would

truly felt

thought, Vicky felt rather unsettled.

husband, he was only slightly better than a stranger, at best. She found it hard to accept if she were to have

and laid on the other side of the

be asleep, but her body was

If he wanted it, according to their agreement, she could not refuse him. After all, she was the one who suggested that they be a normal couple.

Once in bed, Tyler switched off the lights by the nightstand.

The room was in darkness and silence. Vicky could even hear her heart beating wildly.

A few minutes later, the sound of Tyler's even breathing came from next to her, much to her confusion. Was

Tyler...asleep?

The next day, Tyler woke up on time due to his biological clock. Opening his eyes, he realized that the woman who slept next to him was long gone.

After washing up, he headed downstairs where he found her placing breakfast on the dining table.

Seeing him coming down the stairs, she looked up at him and gave him a gentle smile. "Breakfast is ready. Come and have some."

Afraid that he would refuse, she added, "Nanny Paterson said you have stomach complications, so it's more the reason you can't miss breakfast."

Spread the love

Chapter 42

Tyler glanced at her and sat by the dining table to quietly eat his breakfast.

In the following days, Vicky would get up earlier in the morning to prepare breakfast for Tyler and would also cook dinner at night. She tried her best to be an eligible and great wife.

That day, Tyler worked late. When he returned home, it was already slightly past midnight.

He pushed open the door to the bedroom and was surprised to find that the lights in the bedroom were still

Vicky had a routine. She would usually go to bed by 10.30 p.m.

Hearing the sound of the door opening, Vicky, who was by the bed reading, smiled at the man who just returned home. "You're back."

Tyler looked at her. "Why aren't you asleep?"

"Waiting for you, of course."

say you could sleep

him. He knew he was going to work very late that day, so he told Vicky beforehand that

wall shone on Vicky's quiet and pleasant face. Under such lights,

gentle. "You didn't say that you did not want to return, so I wanted to wait for you to

be working late for the next few days,

I want to wait for you."

usually go to bed right on time? You've been up and

and do other things. Furthermore, it's only normal for a wife to wait for her husband to return home. I don't want you to see

such a huge mansion, Vicky staying alone was indeed

home at night, facing the dark and empty mansion, would

matters, but he had no idea why this thought came to

in his study. When he saw how Vicky waited for him until the late hours of nighttime, however, he instead went to bed after his

very busy. He

almost

for him every day. Sometimes, she accidentally fell asleep

days he came too late and she could

for him, she would still leave one light

for him.

Time passed by quickly. Soon, a month passed.

It was a dark night, and everything was silent.

Amid her sleep, Vicky suddenly picked up the sound of labored, uneven breathing. Her lashes fluttered, and she opened her eyes.

She realized the sound was coming from next to her. Brow furrowed, she switched on the lights by the side of the bed which dispersed some of the darkness in the room.

Tyler's handsome face was scrunched up as though he was in pain, and beads of sweat riddled his forehead.

Vicky was frightened. "Tyler, are you alright?"

Tyler slowly opened his eyes. His low **voice** turned hoarse due to the pain as he muttered, "Did I wake you?"

Vicky touched his forehead. "What happened? Are you having a fever?"

"No, it's only my stomach. It hurts a little."

Tyler indeed had a serious stomach condition; Nanny Paterson was the one who told her that. This was why whenever she cooked, she tried to avoid spicy foods.

Spread the love

## Chapter 43

Previously, Tyler was not as busy as he was that night. He returned home on time every day and would regain his strength quickly with Vicky looking after him.

Recently, however, he was so busy that he did not have the time to eat. He resumed his irregular eating habits once more, so his stomach condition flared up again.

"Hold on." Vicky put on her slippers and got out of bed. "I'll go get your medicine."

A few minutes later, Vicky brought a glass of warm water and a few pills. She fed Tyler the medicine.

After taking his medicine, Tyler's stomach pains decreased.

Eventually, they returned to sleep once more.

The next afternoon, Vicky stood in the lobby of Hart Corporation and dialed Tyler.

Beep, beep, beep!

someone answered the call, and Tyler's low, cold voice rang out,

would never call Tyler and disturb his

you

few seconds of silence, Tyler

lobby. Send someone to get

few minutes later, Harry came out from the elevator. When he saw Vicky waiting by the lobby, he greeted her

to wait here."

receptionists and said calmly, "Will it be okay even if I never

heard what Vicky

smiled and said, "You're Missus Hart. You don't

take note. This is Missus Hart, and she doesn't need an appointment in the future. She

Corporation many times, but the receptionists never once let her head upstairs, even going as far

the receptionists saw Harry escorting Vicky in person and looking

shocked that

was Missus Hart after all!

silently. She did not need to care about them. They were just doing their

understood where they came

However, those condescending remarks were uncalled for.

Regardless, she had already taught them a lesson. They also apologized to her, so she did not pursue it any further.

Vicky looked at Harry. "Let's go."

Harry welcomed her with an open gesture. "Missus Hart, after you."

After Vicky left, the receptionists looked at each other. At the same time, their eyes were filled with nervousness and disbelief. Their clothes were long drenched with sweat.

Harry took Vicky to Tyler's office.

The style of Tyler's office was almost like his study at home. It was noon at that moment, and the sun lit the room brightly.

Vicky saw a pile of documents stacked on Tyler's desk. She walked over and placed a lunch box on his desk.

"It doesn't take long to eat. Have some food for now, and you can resume your work afterward."

Tyler's darkened gaze landed on her. His angular face was stunning under the sunlight. "You came here today just to bring me food?"

Spread the love

#### Chapter 44

Vicky did not deny Tyler's question. "Last night, your stomach condition flared up. You can't continue destroying your body this way. Since you always forget to eat, I'll bring you food on time."

Then, Vicky opened the lunch box. "I've learned a few dishes that are good for the stomach. Try and see if you like them."

Although Tyler's character was rather aloof, that did not mean he was unsympathetic.

Vicky must have been busy the entire morning to have prepared lunch and brought it for him.

Enter title...

He picked up his utensils when he suddenly thought of something. He asked, "Have you eaten?"

"I'll eat when I head back."

Tyler furrowed his brow and made an internal call.

"Send some food up." Then, he ordered a few of the dishes that Vicky liked to eat. Looking at Tyler's natural and unhesitant way of speaking, a strange feeling blossomed in her heart.

After hanging up, Tyler realized that Vicky was looking at him with a strange look, and his gaze darkened. "What is it?"

"How do you know what I like to eat?"

His gaze darkened further. "Is that strange?"

Vicky nodded. "Very much so."

Tyler calmly offered an explanation, "We've been eating dinner together a lot recently. Wouldn't it be normal that I know about what you like?"

"But..." Vicky looked at him. "There are some dishes that I've never made before."

"Vicky." Tyler did not have much of an expression. "In the past, even if I rarely returned home, that doesn't mean that I never did. That also doesn't mean that we've never had a meal together before."

Vicky was speechless. She almost forgot that they were married for almost three years. Knowing her likes and dislikes was not considered anything strange. Moreover, Tyler was not blind. A man like him who was great in business and wanted to understand another person would find this almost second nature to him.

The things that he did not know were only because he did not want to understand. After lunch, Vicky did not stay for long and left soon after.

However, at six in the evening, there was a knock on Tyler's office door once more.

Tyler thought that it was Harry sending documents over, thus calmly said, "Enter," when someone pushed the door in.

An intricate lunchbox, whose style did not fit in with the office, appeared on his desk.

Tyler lifted his head.

Vicky greeted him. "Mister Hart, I brought you food once more."

Traveling from home to Hart Corporation would take about 40 minutes. A trip to and fro would be more than an hour and a half.

Tyler looked at the lunch box on his desk. His gaze moved a little. "You made them on your own again?"

Vicky nodded and the moment she opened the lunch box, the aroma of food wafted out of the box. It looked delicious too.

Tyler looked at Vicky once more. His handsome face had an ambiguous smile. "You spent your whole day on me, making me food, then bringing it to me. Don't you find it troublesome?"

"I haven't started work yet, so I have a lot of time. I'm not doing anything anyway," Vicky said with a smile. "I'll soon be busy, too. I'm afraid I won't have the time to bring you food. Also..."

Tyler raised his eyebrow and looked at her silently.

Vicky blinked. "In this way, I can show my sincerity, and I could win you over easier."

#### Chapter 45

"Are you that eager to win me over?"

"Yes. Otherwise, why would I rather use your promise to fight for another three months?"

Tyler's gaze darkened. It was as if he was at the bottom of a lake, dark and cold.

"You've planned this for a long time all because you like me?"

Vicky smiled. "First, once I'm divorced, I'll be a divorcee. A divorced woman will

find it harder to get married again. Second, my family has fallen from grace. With my current status, I won't be able to marry a man better than you. It's only human nature to seek advantages. If I can be the high—and-mighty Missus Hart, why would I want to go out and suffer? Lastly..."

Vicky looked at Tyler's deep gaze. "I held on so tightly previously unwilling to divorce was probably not only because of the benefits. There might be a deep liking too. To be able to marry for love and gain materialistically is the best of both worlds. So, no matter how I see it from any angle, continuing this marriage with you is the best choice."

Tyler was not a man who was easily fooled. Vicky told her reasons very honestly and realistically.

Tyler looked at her in a mysterious way. "Even if another woman has my heart?"

Vicky's gaze was a little flustered, but she quickly recovered.

"If you don't want to divorce me, that proves that I also have a place in your heart. I don't believe that the next few decades of companionship won't compare to that few years with your dream woman."

Tyler looked at her with some ambiguity in his gaze, but he said nothing else.

Tyler did not stop Vicky from bringing food to him, so she religiously brought him his meals.

They both had breakfast at home, so Vicky did not need to send him food. Vicky would usually send lunch.

over.

In the first few days, Vicky would return home to make dinner before sending it to Tyler once more, but that was too troublesome for her. Later, Harry specifically set up a small kitchen in the canteen of Hart Corporation for her.

After lunch, if Vicky had nothing to do, she could shop nearby or stay in Tyler's office and read. When it was time for dinner, she would head straight to the small kitchen and prepare her and Tyler's dinner.

When she was home, she would usually wait for Tyler to return before retiring to bed together, which was why she would wait for Tyler in the office and head home with him.

Actually, an assistant like Harry could order food or remind Tyler to have his meals, but Tyler hated it when others disturbed him when he was working.

Sometimes, Harry would order food and send it to Tyler, but since Tyler was busy working, he would soon forget about it.

Harry could not be like Vicky, not doing anything and solely watching Tyler have his meals. He could not

remind or urge Tyler either. After all, Tyler was his superior.

Gradually, Tyler no longer worked late in the office as frequently. If there was work he could take home, he would.

That day, Vicky and Tyler had just finished lunch when there was a knock on the door.

Harry entered with something in his hands. "Mister Hart, Missus Hart's gown is ready."

Vicky was stunned. "Gown?"



Tyler calmly said, "There's an event we need to attend tonight."

"An event?"

Tyler glanced at her. "You don't want to go?"

"No." Vicky looked at Tyler. "I'm only curious what sort of event it is."

"Missus Mills' birthday banquet." Tyler looked at her. "Did Sebastian not invite you?"

Vicky replied, "I haven't been in touch with Sebastian for a very long time."

A dim sparkle flashed across Tyler's eyes. It was so quick that one could barely notice it.

At 8 p.m., Vicky and Tyler punctually arrived at the event. When they entered, they attracted the gaze of everyone there.

## Chapter 46

Naturally, the striking and attractive duo attracted everyone's attention. That was not the most important issue. What shocked everyone was seeing Tyler actually bringing Vicky to the dinner parties because he hardly brought his wife to this sort of dinner party in the past.

Many people started whispering to each other and gossiping after seeing both of them showing up together.

Vicky and Tyler did not mind the attention and entered the banquet hall without any changes to their expression.

The first person who greeted them was Sebastian.

Enter title...

"Vicky, you're here," said Sebastian.

Vicky smiled back at him. "Sebastian, it has been a while."

He nodded back and looked at the tall man beside Vicky.

Tyler had put on a black bespoke suit. His perfectly sculpted, handsome face was remote and calm. His blue eyes had the same color as the ocean. A man with a noble and elegant temperament, just like a god.

Sebastian's face looked less affectionate when he saw Tyler. Albeit that, he remained polite and well-mannered.

"Mister Hart," he greeted.

Tyler nodded in response with a plain attitude.

"Sebastian, there are guests over there waiting for you. Why are you here?"

They looked over where the voice was from. An elegant and lavishly dressed woman was on her way over. Her facial features had similar traits to Sebastian's. The well-maintained face had a faint smile on it suggesting that she was a sophisticated woman.

There was no need for an introduction. Vicky had guessed the identity of this woman. She was none other than Sebastian's mother.

Missus Mills was first shocked when she saw Vicky and Tyler. Immediately, she expressed how happy she was to see the two people.

"Oh, Mister Hart and Missus Hart are here." She pretended to be close to Vicky as she grabbed Vicky's hand. "Vicky, It's been a long time since I last saw you. How are you doing? I heard you were in an accident. Are you alright now?"

Sebastian's father was the current leader of the Mills family. Their family was one of the most famous families in Stoneford City. As the leader's wife, Missus Mills was not about to throw a normal birthday party for herself.

When some people saw Missus Mills talking to Vicky and holding Vicky's hands, they started whispering to each other.

"It's so funny. I remember the Shaw family was not any worse than the current Mills family back in the day. Too bad business is as fierce as war. Who would have thought the Shaw family would enter bankruptcy on such short notice."

"I heard most of them left the city and went to other countries after that. Only Vicky stayed here."

"She's lucky too. Just after her family crumbled, she married Tyler Hart and continued to live the life of a wealthy missus..."

"I heard her ex-fiance was from a well-off family too and quite handsome. No wonder she did not choose Sebastian and chose..."

"You better stop talking."

Someone interrupted the conversation immediately. The person looked around and saw no one had noticed them. Only then did the person feel relieved.

"You need to watch what you're saying. Have you forgotten that it is prohibited to talk about this in this city? What if someone heard what you were saying? I can't imagine the consequences you'll have to deal with."

The other person realized the mistake she nearly made and quickly shut her mouth tight. Vicky's ex-fiance was indeed a prohibited topic in the city. He tried to make changes to the business industry in the city by himself. Yet, on the very last step of the changes, he failed.

Missus Mills continued to grab Vicky's hand with a kind expression on her face.

"Vicky, I haven't seen you in a while. Do you have time to catch up with me alone?"

## Chapter 47

Sebastian furrowed his brows and gave it some thought before speaking, "Mother."

Missus Mills gave him a reproachful look. "Vicky's mother and I were best friends when we were young. I also saw Vicky growing up since she was a baby. Even though we did not have the chance to make Vicky my daughter-in-law, I still see her like she is my daughter. Do you think I will do anything to harm her?"

There was nothing wrong with the first part of the things Missus Mills said. It was the later part...that sounded a little off.

Enter title...

If Tyler were not there, it would be fine for Missus Mills to say those things. Since Tyler was here, it did not seem appropriate for her to say those things. Like she was implying something and even more trying to sow discord.

After saying those, Missus Mills looked at Tyler again. "Mr. Hart, would you mind if

I borrow Vicky away from you to catch up?"

As usual, Tyler looked calm and remote, without any expression. No one could tell what he was actually thinking. "Do whatever you like," he said before leaving.

Missus Mills looked at Vicky gently. "Vicky, shall we talk?"

"Mother..." Sebastian still felt the need to stop his mother.

On the other hand, Vicky answered the question and stopped Sebastian from talking further. "Sure."

Missus Mills gave Sebastian a warning look before walking away with Vicky as they held hands together.

In the lounge, Missus Mills started talking while she made tea. "It looks like the relationship between you and Tyler is getting better. You two actually attended this party together today."

The way she brewed the tea looked so elegant and clean. There was a feeling that no one knew how to describe.

Everyone knew Vicky and Tyler were not exactly having a happily ever after type of marriage. Even when they had to attend the same event, they never arrived together.

The fragrance of the hot tea emitted into the air.

Vicky sat on the chair and said, "You should be happy that my relationship with Tyler is getting better. Who knows, maybe your son might feel hopeful of rekindling back with me if I have a divorce... I bet that's the last thing you'll like to see."

Missus Mills was pouring the tea into the cup as Vicky was speaking. Her finger shivered, and she accidentally spilled some tea on the coffee table. She cocked up her head to look at Vicky's beautiful and exquisite face. "I heard from Sebastian that you've lost your memory after the car crash. Guess it was just something you said to fool that stupid boy."

It was impossible for Vicky to tell the irony in her words. She just smiled.

"Losing my memory does not mean I can't think. There are many things that I can know just by looking back at old news—like how you treat me with kindness.

However, after my family fell, you started to stop.

your son from being close to me and even started a scandal to get me to cut ties with him..."

Her eyes turned cold as she looked at Missus Mills while still keeping a smile on her face. "Am I right, Missus Mills?"

Missus Mills looked into Vicky's eyes and suddenly smiled. "I was wondering if you really had lost your memory or you were just pretending to lose your memory. From the looks of it...you really don't remember anything."

"What are you trying to say?" Vicky asked.

Missus Mills sighed. "People said that I fawn upon the rich and powerful. You might say I am a vain person. Be close to your family before it fell down, and immediately draw a line after your family was down like I never knew any of you. Even if I'm really this type of person, how hard is it to put on a fake show?"

Vicky's pupils shook. "What do you

mean?"

"You're a smart girl. There are things that I don't need to say." Missus Mills took a sip of the tea. "But since you've lost your memory and do not remember anything, I think I should warn you."

She looked at Vicky with a serious face. "Vicky, I didn't help you out because I was a cruel person. The Mills family could not afford to risk it because of the people you offended. Look at how your family turned out. Look at the families that were close to your family. None of them survived. And..."

She paused for a while before continuing, "And your ex-fiance with such an amazing talent. Think about how he ended up."

## Chapter 48

Vicky furrowed her brows. "My ex-fiance? I used to have...a fiance?"

Missus Mills said, "Your family was a prestigious and notable family in this city. And you are the most popular girl because you are from the Shaw family."

Vicky was born into a prestigious and wealthy family. She had great looks and a smart brain. She graduated from a well-known international university. Ever since she was born, she had been in the limelight—the

most talented daughter among all the other daughters of the Shaw family.

Four years ago, Vicky was twenty-one years old, the prettiest girl in the city. Men who wished to marry her could form a line from one end of the city to the other  
Enter title...

end of the city. The rich, elite kids and powerful people would splurge and think of all methods just to put a smile on her face.

"Your parents passed away too early. Your grandpa and your eldest uncle were the ones who decided your marriage. At first, your eldest uncle wanted to have his own daughter marry the man, but the man did not want her. He specifically requested you."

"His power and authority were way above your family. Any daughter of the Shaw family who married the man was definitely living on another level. That man was good-looking and talented. He was a dream lover among all the socialites.

Everyone dreamt about marrying him, and they all envied you. If the man did not like

your uncle's daughter, you would never end up being his fiancée."

"Even when Sebastian is my son, I have to admit that he is not as good as your fiance. It was totally understandable that you would choose him over Sebastian."

Vicky frowned. "Are you saying that I agree with that marriage?"

Missus Shaw nodded. "That's right. That was not all. I heard you were the one who volunteered to get to know him."

Vicky noticed Missus Shaw had never revealed her ex-fiance's name. She was starting to get curious. "What is his name?"

Missus Shaw stayed silent for a while before answering, "Harvey Sparks."

'Harvey Sparks...' Vicky murmured the name, but it did not ring a bell.

While she was thinking deeply, Missus Mills warned her, "But I suggest you don't mention that name to

Tyler.”

Vicky looked at her and asked, “Why?”

“The Hart Corporation nearly went into bankruptcy because of him. Someone was about to buy out Hart Corporation. When Tyler’s parents were on the way to sign the contract, they went into a car crash and died. The buyout did not happen.

After Tyler came back from his study, he single-handedly brought the corporation back to its normal stability. That was why Tyler hated him. Anyone who dared to mention the name in front of him is doomed to be unlucky. The Hart family is now the largest family in this city. Who would dare to poke their fingers at him?”

Missus Shaw paused for a while and said, “Even the media did not dare to offend him easily. If you try to search Howard Sparks’s name on the internet, you will end up with no result.”

Vicky mumbled, “So that’s why Senior Hart hates me, and Tyler wants to divorce me... It’s not just because of Sheila. It was because I was the fiancée of the person he hated the most.”

Missus Shaw replied, “Maybe.”

Vicky looked into Missus Shaw’s eyes and asked, “Then I have one last question. Where is Harvey Sparks now?”

After Vicky left the lounge, she was overwhelmed. At first, she thought Tyler hated her because she was the reason he could not be together with Sheila. The information from Missus Shaw suggested it was not that simple. No wonder Senior Hart hated her so much.

As she was drowning in her thoughts, she accidentally knocked on someone. The person did not notice her and fell down because of the accidental crash. She was furious. “Watch where you’re walking. Are you blind?”

Vicky was being pulled back to reality, and she quickly apologized. “I’m sorry.” She helped the young girl up to her feet. “Are you alright, Miss?”

## Chapter 49

“You?” The young girl looked at Vicky curiously. “Vicky Shaw, don’t you remember me?”

Vicky’s eyes twinkled when the young girl could call out her name. “Who are you?”

“Who am I?” The girl examined Vicky a few times before saying, “So you are not just blind, but your brain is not working too?”

Vicky’s loss of memory had caused her many troubles. It was not that bad normally. However, the troubles were more obvious when she attended dinner parties. She did not know what sort of relationship she had with the young girl in Enter title...

front of her. Nevertheless, the cold and unfriendly way the young girl looked at her made her realize they were not good friends.

She did not want to explain to everyone that she had lost her memory, especially to those who were not on good terms with her.

After she helped the young girl up, she let go of the young girl’s hand and said coldly, “I don’t have to remember everyone who I have no business with.”

She did not stay and walked away.

After she went downstairs, she walked around to search for Tyler. Before she could find Tyler, someone screamed out. The weeping and sad noise sounded very awkward in the banquet hall

“Oh my god! My bracelet is missing... It was still there a moment ago!”

Her voice attracted everyone’s attention. She lifted her thin wrist. Her eyes were reddened as tears rolled in her eyes.

“Although the bracelet only cost just a few hundred thousand dollars, it... it was given to me by a very special person. Did anyone see it? Can you please give it back to me?”

Vicky looked back and saw the girl who was crying. Once she had gotten a clear look, she had a bad hunch. The girl was exactly the girl whom she accidentally knocked over just now.

It seemed like all the other girls there knew who she was. They started to ask her a series of questions.

“Why would your bracelet go missing without a trace?”

“Miss Sparks, think carefully. Did you knock over someone just now?”

“That’s right. It’s impossible the bracelet will just fall off.”

After listening, she pretended to think for a few seconds. Slowly, she looked around and finally stopped when her eyes were fixated on Vicky.

“Miss Shaw, did you happen to see my bracelet when you knocked me over just now?”

The hand Vicky used to hold her purse gasped tightly as she had probably understood what was going on. The girl...was after her!

Before she could say anything, Maria’s tears started dropping. “Miss Shaw, please, I beg you. Please give the bracelet back to me. I have more expensive bracelets at home. If you like...you can take all of them. I know you like the bracelet a lot. When you were in my house, you always wanted that bracelet. But that bracelet is

really important to me... I just wish that you could give it back to me.”

Unlike the previous arrogant person she was, she wept and begged Vicky to return the bracelet.

After that, someone realized something and asked, “What? She had her eyes on that bracelet when she was in your house?”

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Maria nodded with her reddened eyes. She wept, “I’m sure all of you know how close my brother and I are. He gave it to me as a present for my birthday. But...” She peeked at Vicky and continued to weep. “She liked it and wanted me to let her have it. We had a fuss. about it, and everyone in the shopping mall knew about it.”

“Oh, I think I remember it. I was there too that day and I saw Miss Sparks and Vicky fight because of the bracelet. In the end, it was... Miss Sparks’ brother stepped in and ended the fight,” the girl who said that suddenly thought of something, and her voice became lower in the later part.

Enter title...

As that was said, everyone gave Vicky a weird look. The weird part was that no

one dared to discuss it.

Three years ago, she was still the most famous girl in the city. Her past was not a secret. Yet, there was a thing that was prohibited from being talked of in her past. The entire city was under Tyler's control now. Who dared to go against him? Even when that person's name could not be mentioned, it did not affect the others from suspecting Vicky.

After a few seconds of silence, someone asked softly, "Why does Vicky love that bracelet so much? Could it be ...that bracelet meant something to her?"

"Didn't you hear what Miss Sparks said? That bracelet is worth over a hundred thousand dollars. I mean Vicky is Missus Hart now, but everyone knows she's now the daughter of a fallen family, and she's not exactly loved by her husband either... Look at the bag she's holding. It's worth less than one thousand and five hundred dollars. Whereas Miss Sparks' bracelet is worth more than a hundred thousand dollars."

"I also heard Sheila had just returned not long ago... I bet Vicky's good days are about to end. It's not weird that she's trying to get as much money as possible before Tyler divorces her."

"Yeah. If Tyler and her get a divorce, there is a high chance that it will happen in the future."

It was not a secret that Vicky and Tyler's marriage was on bad terms. Now that Sheila had returned, the chances of Tyler divorcing Vicky... were pretty high. At first, everyone was shocked when Maria's bracelet went missing. Now that they had figured something out, they were eager to see what would happen next. Vicky's life was too good. Before they could see how bad she would turn out to be, she ended up becoming Tyler's wife.

No matter how they discussed her in the back, no one actually dared to do anything to her because she was Tyler's wife. Now that they had the chance to step on her, the prettiest girl and most sought-after girl in the city. It truly intrigued and excited many socialites who were jealous of Vicky.

Someone said, "Miss Shaw, the bracelet is really important to Maria. Why don't you return it to her? It's Missus Mills' birthday dinner tonight. It's not good to cause a scene. Even if you don't consider the others, you should at least think about Mister Hart."

Vicky was surrounded in the middle. Everyone had their eyes on her like many sharp needles pricking at her skin.

She said without any emotion, "I didn't take it."

Someone said instantly, "Do you think we believe you? You can't tell a person is bad just by looking at his

face. No bad person would actually admit that he is bad."

Suddenly, a person looked at the purse she was carrying. "If you said you didn't take it, then let us look inside your purse."

Vicky's heart sank