

## Loving You In Secret By Debbie Meza Chapter 5

The hallway was quiet and vacant where both Vicky and Tyler walked, with Vicky walking ahead.

The floor was covered with carpet, so there was no sound even when Vicky's heels clicked against the floor. Nonetheless, her brow was scrunched tightly, and she looked uneasy.

As the tall man followed behind her, she could not fail to ignore the glaring look that fell onto her body, and this stressed her beyond relief.

She abruptly stopped walking and turned toward him, coincidentally looking into his deep, dark eyes in the process.

She raised her eyebrows. "Mister Hart, do you enjoy what you see?"

Tyler was not embarrassed about being caught staring at Vicky red-handed. His gaze did not shift to another place or wavered out of shyness; his eyes were as haughty as before and calm as always.

Majestic and elegant, as he was born with.

His thin lips moved, and a single word was uttered. "Ugly."

Vicky found it so annoying that she was amused. "Then, why are you staring at me like you haven't seen a woman before?"

Many of the party's attendees looked at her with various emotions: contempt, malice, and agitation were among them. Nonetheless, the most uncomfortable look she received was from Tyler.

She wondered if she had the wrong impression that she vaguely sensed plunder and possession flashed by in his eyes when she unexpectedly looked back at him. When she tried to look closer, his eyes were as tranquil as a lake.

Tyler said calmly, "Missus Hart had worn such grotesque attire. Aren't you trying to attract attention?"

Grotesque? She looked at the evening gown she was wearing. The claret evening gown suggested elegance and grace. The strapless design revealed her charming collarbone and slender neck. It also exhibited her curvy, slim figure.

When she put on the evening gown, she recalled how Cece exclaimed, "Vicky, you're definitely the most stunning and beautiful woman tonight, end of discussion."

Why did Tyler say she looked grotesque? Was the man blind?

Vicky said, "Oh, I almost forgot! Mister Hart always has a taste different from the rest; only the Mistress Duo matches Mister Hart's aesthetics and taste. Still, let me give you a word of advice: No matter how eager and

keen you are, you should just wait for a few more days. I mean, it's bad for you and Miss Young to appear in public together before we're divorced."

"Oh, right..." Vicky smiled as she thought of something. "I heard that Miss Young is a public figure. If some righteous media company decides to shed some light about this to the public, her future will be ruined."

Tyler squinted upon hearing this. He walked forward and overshadowed her with his strong body. The air pressure seemingly dropped, too.

"What did...you just say?" Tyler asked.

It shocked Vicky that her instincts told her to take a few steps back as though there was danger afoot.

What was happening? She already agreed to get a divorce and had just made a harmless comment. Why was she able to feel that he was angry? Could it be...he accidentally misunderstood that she was using Sheila's future to threaten him?

Before Vicky could explain, a door not far from them opened. It broke the tense moment between the two of them.

An old butler with gray hair walked out of the room. He saw them and smiled. "Sir, Missus, Senior Hart was just talking about you two. Hurry in now."

Tyler nodded and made a simple response before he moved toward the room. His lean, long legs carried him forward.

An old man with gray hair was present in the room. His face looked aged, yet he seemed to be high-spirited. He was sitting on the chair enjoying his tea, and when he saw Tyler, a smile adorned his face. "Tyler, you're here."

Tyler gave his birthday present to his grandfather and said, "Happy birthday, Grandpa."

Senior Hart accepted his present with a smile. When he saw Vicky, who was behind Tyler, his smile disappeared, and his eyes turned cold.

Vicky then handed Senior Hart her birthday present for him. "Happy birthday, Grandpa. I wish you a happy and long life."

The room became unusually quiet. Senior Hart did not reach out his hand to accept Vicky's present. Instead, he looked at her with his aged, cloudy eyes and expressed his dislike.

Vicky's hand froze mid-air. She looked at Tyler, hoping he would say something to help her get out of this situation. Nonetheless, he pretended not to see it and stood emotionlessly, ignoring her.

Vicky bit her lip. She knew she could not count on Tyler. As she composed her feelings, she smiled. "Grandpa. This is your birthday present from me."

Senior Hart replied remotely, "Missus Hart, I can't accept your present. Please take it back."

A trace of doubt emerged in Vicky's heart. What kind of heinous crime did she do that had Senior Hart treating her like this?

She tried to ask, "Grandpa, do you really hate me that much?"

Senior Hart opened his eyes. "Don't you know the things you did in the past?"

"Do you hate me just because I married into the Hart family?" Vicky closely monitored Senior Hart's expression. "Nevermind. I'm about to divorce Tyler soon, anyway."

Senior Hart's eyelids fluttered when he heard the word 'divorce'. It was as though it was some kind of unbelievable news.

Noticing something was wrong, Vicky wanted to raise a question before Senior Hart waved his hand at them. "I'm tired. Both of you may leave now."

Tyler left the room emotionlessly while Vicky felt rooted on the spot for a good few seconds before she, too, left the room.

There was something wrong with Senior Hart's attitude. Her marrying into their family must not have birthed his hate toward her, it seemed.

As they walked out of the room, Vicky first thought of looking for Cece when all of a sudden, she heard Tyler's voice, husky and alluring.

"Change your outfit."

Vicky returned a perplexed look to him and coldly refuted, "No."

"Change it," insisted Tyler firmly.

She decided to ignore him and turned to leave before Tyler quickly grabbed her by the wrist.

Tyler shot her an intense stare and repeated, "I'm asking you to change."

"What does it have to do with you with what I wear?" Vicky asked.

His perfectly thin lips parted as he uttered coldly, "Ugly."

Just because he thought it was ugly, she had to change out of this? Was she too obedient and did as she was told in the past that he got used to such a bad habit?

She flung away his hand and scoffed. "You're crazy."

Not walking too far off, Tyler's voice came from behind. "Vicky Shaw, this is the last time I'm asking you. Change your outfit!"

She looked back with a rebellious look. "What if I don't?"