

## Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 521 – 530

### Chapter 521

Startled by what she heard, Vicky stopped walking.

Miscarriage? I had a...miscarriage?' she thought shockingly.

Suddenly, she remembered the things Sheila told her. Sheila said the only reason Tyler married her was that she lied to him that she was pregnant.

Harvey also mentioned she used to contact a mysterious person before she lost her memory, and whoever it was played a great part in helping her become Tyler's wife. Thus, she always thought the baby never existed.

However...

"If she takes care of her body from now on, does she have any chance to be pregnant?" rang Tyler's voice, mature and distant.

"There's a possibility, but the chances aren't very high..."

For a very long time, Tyler did not say anything.

Unconsciously, Vicky placed her hand on her abdomen.

Tyler has had the idea of having a child with her ever since he pretended to be the masked man, so he never used any protection during their intercourse. He was so vehement that he replaced her contraceptive pills.

Over the last few months, Vicky was disallowed to leave the mansion. Naturally, she also did not use or adopt any birth control measures, and they had many intercourses during that period. It was surely a strange situation that Vicky was not pregnant.

No wonder Tyler would bring her to the hospital to do a check-up.

While Vicky was still submerged in her thoughts, the door in front of her opened. The tall man appeared in front of her.

Tyler did not look surprised to see Vicky standing outside the door. He glanced at her faintly and walked past her, creating a breeze.

She wondered if it was an illusion, but she had a feeling that the way Tyler felt for her was less passionate than before.

This was normal, however, as producing offspring had always been important for men. Maybe he would even be willing to divorce her because of this reason.

However, she did not feel relaxed or joyful. Instead, her heart was in pain, and her chest felt suffocated.

She looked at his cool, tall back and asked, "How did...I lost the baby?"

Tyler stopped walking, but he did not look back. "How?" His tone was infused with a touch of heavy sarcasm. "You should ask yourself that question."

"I forgot," Vicky replied.

Finally, Tyler looked back at her coldly. "Losing your memory is such a good excuse. You can forget every sin that you did in the past."

His eyes became cooler and more indifferent as if he had thought of a bad memory.

Vicky was saddened by that look. 'It's that look again.'

He could be so nice to her that she thought he actually loved her, yet he could also be so merciless to let her know for a fact that he was just treating her as Gloria's substitute.

Tyler felt a rush of pleasure to see Vicky's pale and lost face. However, that only lasted for a while as an indescribable hateful feeling appeared.

It was not supposed to be like this. He once imagined letting bygones be bygones if they had a child, yet Vicky ruined everything.

That thought struck his mind, and the way he looked turned colder. With a stone-cold face, he turned around and left.

The hate and anger were too much for Tyler to contain in his heart. Vicky felt his feelings, and it felt like someone was choking her heart so tightly that she could barely breathe.

It was different from the fear that he induced in her during this period. This pain was a pain that was hidden deep in her memory.

Vicky smiled sardonically. "If you hate me that much, why do you want to be with me?" "Why, indeed," Tyler replied coldly. "I can't exactly remember why too."

Chapter 522

Tyler refused to look at Vicky anymore and gradually walked away until he faded from view.

The miscarriage seemed to have Tyler recall unhappy moments. He started to be less passionate about Vicky and also refused to touch her.

Not long later, he returned to the stage where he seldom returned home.

Vicky remained trapped in the mansion, which at this point looked more like a prison or a cage. She stood in front of the window and gazed outside. Sometimes, she could remain in that position for hours.

One day, Jade came knocking on her door.

"Ma'am," Jade said softly, "you're free to go anywhere from today onward."

Vicky, watering the flowers at the moment, paused upon hearing Jade's information.

"What did you say?" Vicky reconfirmed.

Jade smiled and repeated, "You are free to go anywhere from today onward."

Vicky asked curiously, "Tyler permits it?"

Jade nodded.

Without Tyler's permission, no one dared to allow Vicky to go out.

For some reason, Vicky thought of something. "What has he been busy with lately?"

Jade shook her head. "Ma'am, we don't know anything about that."

"Alright. I understand," Vicky said.

Followingly, Jade passed a file to Vicky. "Ma'am, this is your identification card and your phone."

'He's giving my identification card back to me,' Vicky exquisite design bracelet on her left wrist.

"Can I ...take off this bracelet?" she asked.

Jade felt awkward and said, "Mister Hart didn't say anything about this."

"Okay. I understand," replied Vicky and said nothing else.

Maybe Tyler was reconsidering their relationship because she could not be the mother of his children. Unconsciously, she touched her abdomen. There was a gratifying feeling among the sadness she felt.

Maybe, just maybe...she was about to be freed from this jail.

The first place Vicky went was her studio after she regained her freedom. Although she had been stuck at home, she

took some time to read books about design. Every time she had an inspiration, she would go to the studio to draw out her design.

She did not inform Cece and Jennifer in advance that studio, she noticed they were inspecting a design.

“Jennifer, I didn’t know you’re so good with male attire design, too!” gushed Cece.

“Vicky and I aren’t good in this area. Now that we have you, the studio can expand into designing clothes for men!”

Jennifer smiled shyly. “I’m as good as you and Vicky at designing women’s clothes. Luckily, Vicky still decided to hire me.”

Vicky’s studio focused mainly on high-end couture, and they had a high demand for design and detail. Generally, Jennifer’s design was considered top-class among general designers. Alas, she was on the moderate level in the high- end couture field.

Just then, Vicky spoke up, “What are you guys looking at?”

Cece and Jennifer were so focused on the clothing in front of them that they did not notice Vicky was there. They were dumbstruck when they first heard her, and they looked back and saw Vicky.

“Vicky!”

Both women joyously rushed to her side.

“How are your legs? Have they recovered?”

“You made us worry sick... Luckily, Mister Sparks told us that you’re fine and asked us not to worry.”

Vicky’s eyes wavered. “Harvey Sparks?”

Cece nodded. “We tried to contact you, but we couldn’t reach you. Then we remembered that you’re quite close to Mister Sparks, so we tried to ask him about you. He said you hurt your leg and had trouble walking, so you’re resting at home.”

Chapter 523

As a matter of fact, there was not much relation between Vicky taking time to recover her legs and how Vicky was out of reach. Still, Cece and Jennifer were smart enough to ask about the details.

Jennifer asked, “Vicky, are you coming back to work now?”

Vicky nodded.

Due to the issues with her fertility, Tyler gave her the cold shoulder and, in turn, her freedom. Based on how well she understood Tyler, she was sure he was considering a divorce.

It was not a secret to Cece and Jennifer that Tyler and Sheila got caught sleeping together a while ago. They presumed Vicky and Tyler must be in the process of a divorce settlement at this point. Worrying it could upset Vicky if they asked about the details, neither of them talked about it.

To shift Vicky’s attention, Cece said, “Vicky, I’ve accepted an order recently, and we’ve set up a meeting in the afternoon. This is a big order, and I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to handle it alone. Thank god you’re here, though! I’ll hand it to you, then.”

After being trapped in the house for far too long, Vicky was hoping to drown herself in her work. Thus, she smiled. “Sure.”

Cece shared the location of the meeting with her. “I think this client is an artist. She’s requesting a couture outfit to wear during her performance. This client is normally busy

with her work. She placed this order a week ago, but she only has the time to meet up after lunch today.”

Cece took out her notebook and added, “She places an order for around ten outfits. I think it’s going to take the whole afternoon to discuss the details. The client has another work schedule later, so you’ll have to use the spare time the client has to discuss the details with her.”

This sort of order was very troublesome. It was even more exclusive than designing an outfit. This order fell under the VIP bespoke services. In this world, 90% of people worked to earn money. If the price the client was willing to pay was worth it, no one would turn down the job.

Cece continued, “The client paid a hefty deposit. Once the details are discussed, she’s going to pay eighty percent of the total bill.”

This client was the type of client Vicky and Cece liked.

Once Vicky reconfirmed the address and contact number with Cece, she left the studio.

Vicky arrived half an hour early at the restaurant Cece agreed with the client. She expressed her reservation to the waitress, who then smiled.

“Miss Shaw isn’t here yet, but she has informed us about this meeting. Please come with me, and you can wait inside the room.”

The client had the same last name as hers, but Vicky did not think it was a weird thing. She had engaged with many customers, and a lot of them shared the same last name. Since she was in the haute couture field, most of her clients were women from notably wealthy families and celebrities. It was quite common for an artist to engage with them as well, so Vicky did not think too much about it.

Half an hour later, she heard footsteps and voices near the door.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know you were going to ask me out for lunch today. I have set an appointment with a fashion designer for a meeting and I can’t turn her down now, so…”

“It’s fine.”

While they were in the midst of their conversation, they opened the door to the room.

Vicky got on her feet and put on her friendly and polite smile.

“Hi, Miss Shaw. I-” Before she could finish talking, she froze.

Gloria was surprised too. “Vicky…”

Vicky looked at Gloria, then at the handsome man beside her. She lowered her head a little. “Pleased to meet you, Miss Shaw. I’m the fashion designer assigned to discuss the details of your order.”

“Fashion designer…” Gloria looked at her. “You’re a fashion designer now?”

“Now?” Vicky was puzzled.

“Sorry. I forgot that you’ve lost your memory,” Gloria said faintly. “Before I left the country, you were also a pianist.”

Everyone knew Gloria was talented in everything, but Vicky was not too shabby at all, too.

Chapter 524

As the daughter of the Shaw family, Vicky was known to be just as talented and pretty as Gloria. She was not just an airheaded pretty girl, too. The problem was that Vicky’s beauty leaned on the sexier side. Her beauty was so noticeable and aggressive, so to speak, that other women saw her as a threat and were jealous of her. This thus blinded them to her other talents.

As time passed, the only thing people remembered about her was her beauty. Vicky blinked and glanced at Tyler once. He was still his usual cool, indifferent self. There was no expression on his handsome face. He did not greet her or look at her. He acted like she was a stranger to him. Gloria looked at Tyler and said, "Tyler, let's sit." Elegantly, he walked to a chair and sat. Following, Gloria looked at Vicky. "Vicky, come and sit, too. M Vicky was good at differentiating personal and business matters. Since the studio had accepted this order, she would not leave just because of her personal matters. Gloria had ordered 10 outfits instead of one, so it would be a miracle if they could finish discussing the details in an afternoon. Such a short break during lunch could not even promise a detail on one outfit. Vicky picked a seat not too far yet not too close to Gloria and Tyler to sit. "Miss Shaw, I heard you're placing the order for outfits to wear during your performance. Do you have any ideas on the type of outfit and color?" Vicky asked while taking out a notebook she brought along. Gloria was slightly absent-minded to see a different side of Vicky. As a competitive person, she had lost many times to Vicky. They were supposed to be close to each other because they were cousins. Probably destiny was making a joke with them as it did not turn out that way. Although they were not close to each other, they were still relatives and not at the stage where they could not get along with each other. If Vicky did not fight her and take what was hers one too many times, they would never be at this stage. Miss Shaw?" Vicky asked again when Gloria made no response. Gloria recovered and looked at Vicky. "Theoretically speaking, I'm your cousin." She smiled faintly with her red lips curled up. "Isn't it a little too distant for you to call me Miss Shaw?" After a few seconds of silence, Vicky said, "I'm sorry. Maybe I don't remember anything about you." Gloria was not insistent. "If that's the case, just call me Gloria." Gloria was Tyler's true love. Vicky only had herself to blame because she failed to capture her husband's heart. For some reason, she felt like there was a wall between her and Gloria. This wall did not disappear even when Gloria was nice and polite to her. After a few seconds of silence, Vicky nodded. Right then, the waitress came in to take their orders. After Tyler and Gloria finished ordering their food, Gloria looked at Vicky. "Hey, Vicky, why don't you order some food as well?" Vicky refused. "It's fine. I'm not hungry." Gloria insisted, "I set this meeting at this hour intending to talk and eat with you. Plus, it'll be awkward if you're just watching me and Tyler eat." Vicky knew better than to reject the offer, so she took the menu to take a look. While Vicky was doing that, Gloria asked Tyler, "You asking me out for lunch is a little sudden. Is there anything you want to talk to me about?"

Chapter 525

After a few seconds of silence, Tyler said faintly, "I've found the composer you asked me to look for."

Gloria, who was always self-controlled to look elegant and gracious, looked surprised. "Really?" she asked.

Tyler nodded.

This time, Gloria could not contain how excited she was. "I've been looking for Mastro Warner for a long time, but he's too mysterious. I did whatever I could and used up my connection, yet I didn't get to find him. I didn't know..."

Gloria gazed into Tyler's eyes fondly, and her voice reflected the softness. "Tyler... Thank you."

"It's no big deal," Tyler replied.

With Tyler's identity and status in society, it was a piece of cake if he wanted to track down someone. Just like he said, it was no big deal.

Gloria was looking forward to meeting the composer. "Where is Maestro Warner now?"

"He's checked into a hotel in the city already," Tyler answered. '

Gloria had an extraordinary passion and persistence in her career. Her learning ability and sharpness in playing piano were exceptional among the other pianists. At a young age, she had accomplished a lot. However, she did not get

complacent about her achievement. Instead, it motivated her to train even harder.

Her eyes twinkled. "When is he free to meet?"

"He has other arrangements scheduled, and he's flying off to Molivia tomorrow," Tyler said.

"That quick?" Gloria's eyebrows furrowed as she said, "He's an eminent composer; surely he's a busy man. I guess that leaves this afternoon..."

She turned to look at Vicky hesitantly. As a person who always honored her word, it would be rude to cancel her meeting with Vicky, especially when Vicky was already here. Moreover, her schedule was very packed for the next few days, and it would be hard for her to make time to meet with Vicky again.

Vicky could see the dilemma Gloria was in. She thus said, "Since you have an urgent matter to attend to, we can take a rain check."

Gloria looked back at her. "To tell you the truth, I'm going to be very busy for the rest of the week. of the schedules aren't confirmed yet, I still need to arrange my tour and train. I don't think I'll have much free time. Also..."

She continued, "I have a performance at the end of the month. If we can only meet next week, I'm afraid there won't be enough time for you to finish my outfit..."

Gloria performed very frequently, and this was not the first time she ordered an outfit for her performance. She might even be more familiar with the timeline and process than Vicky was.

Vicky looked back and said, "I can accommodate your time. Even if you're free only at night, I can still meet with you."

After much thinking, Gloria said, "If you're free today, why don't you come with us?"

'Us...' Vicky looked at Tyler.

From the start, he sat still with an indifferent expression, and he did not look at her even once. It was as though she was a stranger to him.

Even when Vicky expected this treatment, she still felt slightly upset. After a moment, she nodded lightly. "Alright."

After lunch, the three of them left the restaurant.

Tyler and Gloria stopped in front of a black car, and Vicky recognized it was Tyler's car. Gloria looked at the front passenger seat and the backseat, troubled. When she came over, she sat in the front passenger seat. Yet, with Vicky here...

Regardless of everything, Vicky was Tyler's wife. If Gloria ignored Vicky and sat at the front passenger, it might look like she was provoking Vicky. She was never a person who would care to do such a low-class act.

Just as she was about to open the door to the backseat, Tyler went over to open the front passenger seat door for her.

Chapter 526

"Get in," said Tyler to Gloria, who was caught off-guard.

She unconsciously looked at Vicky.

Vicky lowered her head, trying to hide her emotions and pretending she did not see this.

"Tyler..." Just as Gloria was about to say something, Vicky opened the door to the backseat and got inside.

"We're in a hurry, aren't we? Get in." Tyler's voice sounded deep and cool. There were no other emotions on his handsome face.

Even if Gloria was slow to catch something, she could sense an odd shift between Tyler and Vicky. This was how Tyler treated Vicky the last time, too.

After standing in the same spot for a while, she eventually sat in the front passenger seat.

The car drove off.

The ambiance in the car was cold and stagnant, and no one spoke. Theoretically speaking, Vicky should make use of the time to discuss with Gloria about her outfit. For some reason, however, she did not say anything and merely watched the view passing by out the window instead.

It was Gloria who broke the silence by saying something. "Tyler, are we...going to pick up Maestro Warner?"

Tyler said faintly, "Why do you want to look for him?"

"I want to obtain his approval on some of his songs..."

Maestro Warner is an eccentric person, and he'd never allow anyone to perform his song. He even said once that he'd rather have no one play his song and doesn't wish to let those who amended his song contaminate the audience's ear. Those who aren't good with music are often those who got rejected by him..."

Gloria smiled and continued, "To have his permission to play his music, you need to play it for him to hear before he gives you the green light."

Maestro Warner was a renowned and influential person in the music composition industry, having dedicated his whole life to music. He was a truly respected person by every artist in the world.

Gloria wanted to perform songs from Maestro Warner, so she had been trying to find him in the hope she could get his permission.

Maestro Warner did not care if the performer was willing to pay him a lot of money to play his song; he would still reject the performer if the performer was not skillful enough. On the other hand, if the performer could move Maestro Warner during their performance, Maestro Warner would give his permission solely to that person without accepting even a dollar.

Tyler understood. "So you wish to obtain his permission."

Gloria nodded. "There are a few songs of his that I like very much, so I'm hoping I can obtain his approval."

"You want to play for him?" Tyler asked.

"Yes. If I can obtain his approval today, I can perform his songs at the concert at the end of this month," Gloria said.

"Where do you normally train?" Tyler asked again.

"In my private piano studio," Gloria answered.

"Where is that?" Tyler asked.

Gloria told him the address.

Calmly, Tyler said, "I'll ask someone to send Maestro Warner there. We're going straight to your studio now."

Just when Gloria wanted to ask if that would be rude, she thought of something. How could she forget that she had to discuss with Vicky about her outfit when they reached the studio? It could save a lot of, and make good use of, the time she had.

Gloria looked up at the rearview mirror.

Vicky was still gazing out the window at the scene; it was as though she did not hear the conversation.

Gloria thus said nothing else.

Half an hour later, the car stopped outside Gloria's piano studio. Gloria was ready to get down the car and unfastened the safety belt, but her long hair got caught by the safety belt's bucket.

With her hair tugged, she shrieked, "Ahh!"

Tyler looked over and asked, "What's wrong?"

Chapter 527

Gloria was in so much pain that tears brimmed her eyes, and she could not even lift her head.

Seeing this, Tyler quickly helped her untangle her hair.

Click! He helped Gloria to unfasten her safety belt.

With the pain relieved, Gloria exhaled lightly. It was so embarrassing for Gloria that she felt awkward. When she lifted her head to express her gratitude, she noticed how they were very close to each other.

They were so close that they could see each other's eyelashes.

She could even smell the fragrance from Tyler. They were so close that...their lips would touch if they moved just an inch more.

Her heart pounded so fast and hard like the beat of the drum. She had a hard time keeping her cool and calm. For a moment, she was absent-minded.

Tyler saw Gloria's expression and thought her hair was still entangled with the safety belt. Thus, he looked down and asked, "Are you alright?"

Gloria had a hard time recovering.

Tyler's alluring voice rang just beside her ear, and his handsome face was right in front of her face. His scent was familiar yet new to her altogether.

'Miss Shaw, do you know what you lack? Being aggressive.'

'Gloria, can't you just try to fight for yourself once? Even if you didn't get the outcome you want, there's nothing for you to feel sorry about. Are you really happy with the current situation?'



Adam and Selene's voices appeared in her mind as if they were devils trying to trick her mind.

'Happy? Of course not. But what else can I do? The day I made the wrong choice, I deserved to bear this consequence today,' she thought.

At this moment, however, butterflies fluttered in her stomach. They were so close that she could see how Tyler was worried about her. She lifted her head and tried to get closer to him—

Slam!

Suddenly, the car door slammed, causing the car to shake a little.

The slam snapped Gloria out of her trance, and she sobered immediately. 'What was I thinking? What was I doing?' she gasped internally.

Tyler peeked at Vicky from the corner of his eyes. His eyes darkened while a demeaning glint appeared in his eyes for a moment.

Vicky, who just got out of the car, took many deep breaths. She glanced into the car as if what she just saw was a scene from a romance drama. A sarcastic smile appeared on her face.

Tyler and Gloria looked like they were going to kiss. No, it was not a theory nor a question—they were going to kiss each other.

At that moment, even an outsider like her could sense the ambiguous and lustful moment, what more the two people who were creating that moment.

Vicky knew very well the current situation with her relationship with Tyler. Despite their crumbling marriage, however, they were still a married couple.

No woman in this world could ever tolerate what just happened in the car.

Maybe she was too overwhelmed by her emotions, but she did not control her strength when she closed the door, causing the door to slam very audibly.

The window of the car was specially designed. People on the outside could not see the inside, but those from the inside could see what was outside.

Vicky did not know if they were kissing each other in the car. Alas, it had nothing to do with her.

Just when she was imagining things, the driver's door opened.

Tyler got out of the car and glanced at Vicky wordlessly.

Chapter 528

After a while, Gloria too got out of the car. Her hair was slightly tousled after it got stuck in the safety belt's bucket, but what was more disconcerted was her eyes. She did not dare to make eye contact with Vicky, and her tone sounded feeble when she said, "My studio is there... Let's go in."

Despite resenting Vicky for stealing Tyler from her, Vicky was Tyler's legally married wife. No matter how treacherous Vicky was, Gloria had lost the place to fight over Tyler.

Seconds ago, in that very car, she nearly became the type of person she hated.

Vicky did not say anything and walked forward with a stone-cold face.

Gloria's mind was in a trance, most likely because of what happened in the car. In such a state, she accidentally misstepped on a stair. Before she could fall, Tyler caught her just in time.

A rosy color appeared on her cheek. "Thank you..."

Gloria was an aloof person. No matter who she talked to, she would maintain the elegance of a well-groomed woman and keep her distant. Every movement she made, every smile, or the way she talked was perfect, just like someone from royalty.

It was rare for a noble goddess to smile like a little girl.

What was the difference between her and the siren? No man could ever resist the temptation.

Vicky felt like something struck her heart, and her subconscious told her to look away.

Tyler let go of Gloria. "Be careful."

Gloria was visibly flustered at this point. She always thought it was disdainful to attract men with those pathetic acts, yet it happened to her by accident twice today. To make it worse, Vicky was there to witness it. It felt like she was doing it on purpose to show off to Vicky.

She took many deep breaths to calm herself and steeled herself from making silly mistakes.

Before long, the three of them entered Gloria's piano studio.

Her studio was large, equipped with bright lights. In the corner was where she placed her beautiful piano. The black and white keys shone brightly under the sunlight.

With one look, Vicky could tell it was a high-quality piano.

Gloria's studio was very stylish with expensive flowers placed at the window and a few paintings by various famous artists on the wall.

Suddenly, Vicky noticed a shelf on one side of the wall in Gloria's office. There were many trophies and awards on it.

Gloria noticed Vicky was looking around, and she smiled. "Vicky, you're free to look around."

Indeed, Vicky was very interested in the studio, so she nodded. She went into Gloria's study. There were many books on the bookshelves, many in different languages as well. She noticed most of the books were related to music.

She looked to the side and noticed on another bookshelf were many trophies and awards.

"I can't believe you're a fashion designer now." rang Gloria's voice beside her, unexpected as it was. Vicky looked to the side to see Gloria.

Gloria was standing beside Vicky, but she was not looking at Vicky. Instead, she was looking at her trophies and awards.

"You played almost as well as I do now. I thought you'd continue to play. It never occurred to me that you'd give up just like that."

After a pause, Gloria continued, "But it's not too weird either. You're very smart and a fast learner. Not only were you good at playing the piano, but you were also very good at drawing too. But..." 2

Gloria turned her head to look at Vicky, and a cold glint flashed through her eyes.

"No matter what, you've always had a limited passion for hobbies and people too." 2

Vicky's eyes wavered as she looked at Gloria.

Gloria did not look away as she said, "Vicky, you've disappointed me."

Chapter 529

"Disappointed?" Vicky's eyes were crystal-clear as she smiled. "Aren't you supposed to be happy? No matter how I take it, it'll never belong to me. It's time for me to return it to the rightful owner."

With a different expression, Gloria said, "If you don't harbor a grudge, why did you stab Tyler? You should know he didn't do anything wrong to you. It was you who has been hurting him. I know you've forgotten everything, but that won't change what has happened."

"Are you fighting for him?"

"No matter what grudges you have, you shouldn't have hurt someone with a knife," she said, her tone adamant. "Vicky, no matter what, he is still your husband."

"What you see is not necessarily the truth." Vicky could not be bothered to explain in detail and instead said, "He's still my husband, yes, so as my cousin, it's inappropriate for you to interfere with our marriage."

Gloria's eyes bore into Vicky's and said, "Vicky Shaw. Tyler isn't a tool for you to have your revenge."

Vicky furrowed her brow. This was not the first time she heard this from Gloria. The last time, Gloria had said the same thing when Tyler was sent to the hospital after she stabbed him.

"Do you think I'm using him to have my revenge on you?" Vicky asked.

"Are you not?" Gloria smiled faintly. "The boy you liked confessed his love to me. Ever since then, you've been imitating me, insistent that you must have everything I have, even wearing the same clothes as I did... If I'm close with a guy, you'd try to get close to him too."

Even when she was a student then, she did not have much interest in having a relationship. More often, she preferred to be alone. Over these years, the only guys she was close with were just Harvey and Tyler.

"Why would you become Harvey's fiancée when he was pursuing me? And how do you explain why you ended up marrying Tyler in the end?" Gloria questioned.

There was no way Vicky could explain...or maybe the truth was just what Gloria said—that she stole everything from her due to jealousy.

Gloria looked at her and said, "I won't ruin your marriage. You can either continue to be with Tyler or have a divorce. I don't care. But there's one thing you mustn't do, and that is to hurt Tyler."

"Who are you to be telling me this?" Vicky asked.

"A friend," Gloria answered.

Vicky said faintly, "Don't you think you're way over the boundary to be a friend to come and tell me these things?"

Gloria held her breath.

Vicky looked away. "Did you bring me here to talk about this? Do you still want to discuss your outfit for your performance?"

Obviously, Vicky was unwilling to talk more with Gloria. Just as Gloria wanted to say something else, Tyler walked in after finishing talking on the phone. Gloria had no choice but to discuss her outfit.

Neither of them was aggressive like they were minutes ago, and neither of them mentioned anything about what they just talked about.

Around 40 minutes later, someone knocked on the door. Gloria went to open the door. In came the smiling Selene. "Gloria, you said you were going to practice here for two hours. I was just in the area, so I thought of coming over to visit you."

She looked and there she saw Tyler in the room. Immediately, her smile faltered. “Oh no, this doesn’t seem to be the right time for me to visit. Nevermind! I just remember I have something else to do. I’ll get going, then...”

Gloria grabbed her from leaving. “Selene, Tyler is bringing me to meet with Maestro Warner today.”

Selene’s eyes sparkled. “Are you referring to the Maestro Warner I’m thinking of?”

Chapter 530

Gloria nodded.

Selene got excited. “I heard Maestro Warner is a mysterious guy and a difficult person to invite. I didn’t know...”

She said flirtatiously, “How nice of Mister Hart to approach the great Maestro Warner just because of you and to have invited the Maestro here in the city. Gloria, have you thanked Mister Hart after the effort he has done for you?”

As she talked, however, she saw Vicky walking past in front of her.

Stunned, she blurted, “Why is Vicky here?”

Vicky was holding her notebook to write down Gloria’s request for the outfit. She looked up after hearing that. “I’m Gloria’s fashion designer. I’m here to design an outfit for her performance.”

Anger rushed through Selene. “Vicky, why are you still the shameless person from way back? You’re ruining Gloria’s date, and now you purposely came to be her fashion designer? Are you trying to do the same thing you did before to get close to the guy who likes Gloria?”

Gloria reprimanded softly, “Selene, stop with your nonsense.”

“I’m nonsense? Do you still remember when you were on a date with Tyler, she shamefully barged in and—”

Before Selene could finish her sentence, the door that was half-opened opened again. This time, Adam walked in with an elderly-looking man.

“Mister Hart, Miss Shaw. Maestro Warner is here,” Adam said.

Gloria gave Selene a warning look before she looked at the old man with a kind smile.

“Hi, Maestro Warner. My name is Gloria Shaw.”

Maestro Warner was an old man that was near his seventies. He had a walking stick to help with his walking. His eyes were sharp and looked aloof.

“I heard of you.” Maestro Warner wasted no time. “Play the song you wish to play during the recital for me to hear. I’ll decide if you have my permission once you’re done.”

“Yes, sir.”

Gloria nodded at Maestro Warner and sat in front of her piano. Usually, she was a very elegant and well-mannered person. When she sat at the piano, she became a different person. Even her eyes had a different look to them than usual. She was extremely focused and serious as if the only thing left in this world was her piano.

After a few minutes of adjustments, she hit the keys to make the stream and harmonious.

Vicky never heard such a beautiful mellow sound before. Even Nikki paled in comparison.

Vicky used to play the piano too, yet she knew she could never play such music as Gloria did. It was fair to say Gloria was the best pianist she had ever heard. Period.

With Gloria's piano placed beside the window, the warm sun shone through the clear window and on Gloria's beautiful, fair face. It felt like she was encompassing a warm soft golden ray.

The mellow music became sweet and rich as she played with her finger. It sounded so beautiful, just like the pianist herself. People who would hear this would be submerged entirely in the music.

Looking at Gloria playing, Vicky could not help but enjoy the music.

Suddenly, she remembered something and looked back at Tyler.

He was quietly standing in the corner and gazing at Gloria's beautiful body. His eyes were deep just like how Vicky remembered.

After all, that was the way he used to look at her.