

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 531 – 540

Chapter 531

Vicky then scanned the room and noticed the wedding band on Tyler's hand. It felt as though someone was slicing her heart into pieces, and the pain of it pierced her body.

She lowered her gaze at her own ring and smiled bitterly, knowing that she was never the woman whom he truly wanted to put a ring on.

At that moment, even the beautiful melody of the piano playing seemed to have faded into the background.

She did not know how many songs Gloria played, but when it ended, she did not snap out of it until she heard a round of applause.

Maestro Warner stared at Gloria with approval and said, "Marvelous. Brilliant!"

Gloria stood and bowed elegantly. "Maestro Warner, which one of these songs would you grant me permission to perform?"

Maestro Warner, a foreigner who would express himself openly, said, "I love them all. You're the only one who managed to incorporate such a unique style into my songs, and I love it." He turned to look at Tyler, who remained silent the entire time. "Tyler, your wife is absolutely brilliant!"

Since English had become the universal language in modern society, Maestro Warner could speak the language fluently.

Gloria froze. "Maestro Warner, you're mistaken. I'm not Tyler's wife."

Maestro Warner was shocked. "What? You're not his wife? I recall that Tyler once said his wife was a brilliant pianist, and I thought..."

Selene looked around. "Oh? Did Mister Hart say that? When was it?"

"Maybe four to five years ago... It's been quite some time."

"Was Mister Hart married at the time?"

"No, but he said that he was going to get married at the time. ■

Selene glanced at Vicky with a contemptuous smile before sighing and saying, "Maybe that was true at the time, but you never know what happened... Dreams always fade when faced with reality. I guess it's just fate."

Maestro Warner glanced at Tyler and smiled. "Well, if Tyler went through the length to invite me here for her sake, I'm sure he cares about Miss Shaw."

"Of course. Gloria came very close to ending up with Mister Hart. They loved one another, but it's a shame that someone came in between them..." said Selene before covering her mouth and turning to look at Vicky on purpose.

Maestro Warner noticed her behavior and scanned Vicky before turning his attention back to Gloria.

"The two of you look really alike, especially from the side and the back..."

Vicky clenched her fists as she recalled that Tyler was standing on a spot that faced Gloria's back, and the photo she found in his study captured the back of a woman. Coming to think of it, the woman in the photo looked alarmingly like Gloria.

Though Maestro Warner mentioned that she looked like Gloria from the back, the woman in the photo was dressed in a more conservative fashion which matched Gloria's daily style.

The ring that did not fit Vicky was proof that she was not the woman in the photo.

Maestro Warner glanced at Tyler and asked, "Tyler, this is..."

"She's just a fashion designer," said Tyler after a moment of silence. 1

Gloria was slightly taken by shock, and Selene smirked smugly. On the other hand, Vicky remained expressionless.

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"I see." Tyler's response came off as peculiar to Maestro Warner, but he did not press on the subject. Moreover, he was a foreigner and was not familiar with distinguishing the faces of another ethnicity.

"I'm extremely pleased with Miss Gloria's skills, and I'm willing to give her the license to play my songs for five years. You know my name, so you know how I work. This contract is to remain confidential...so unrelated individuals will have to excuse themselves."

Selene grabbed Gloria by the arm and said, "I practically grew up with Gloria, and I won't breathe a word, so I can't count as an unrelated individual, right?"

Gloria shot her a look of resignation. "I know you're not."

"It's Mister Hart's effort that brought Maestro Warner here, and since you're close with Mister Hart, you won't have him wait outside, right? Maestro Warner and Mister Hart seem to be good friends."

Gloria glanced at Tyler and nodded, before turning to look at Vicky as well. "Vicky, you should stay as-

Before she could finish, Selene interrupted her and said to Vicky, "Miss Vicky, please excuse yourself."

"Selene." Gloria frowned. "Whatever happened, Vicky is-

"Mister Hart," said Selene smilingly, "it's not a problem for this lady to wait outside, is it?"

"Whatever," Tyler said casually.

Selene thus walked over to Vicky and smiled smugly. "Miss Shaw, please leave."

Vicky turned and left the room.

Because Gloria practiced her piano skills frequently and did not wish to disturb the neighbors, she rented a duplex studio. The first floor was her studio, and the second floor was a bedroom for her to rest in whenever she stayed up practicing for too long.

The discussion in the room went on for a long time after that because they needed to discuss each term.

Sometime later, the sky turned dark, and Vicky felt raindrops falling on her face.

She looked up and realized that it started raining.

Lightning pierced through the sky and as the sound of thunder echoed in the air, it started drizzling.

Though Vicky was under the roof, the wind blew the rain toward her direction. Not long after, her clothes grew slowly drenched.

She glanced at her watch and noticed that she had been standing outside for over an hour.

She turned her head and looked into the room through the window to find Gloria asking Tyler a question about the

document in her hands; Tyler listened attentively before nodding. Gloria smiled and presented the document to Maestro Warner, while Selene organized the paperwork while chatting with Maestro Warner.

Everything seemed so peaceful.

Thunder shook the ground, and Gloria finally realized that it was raining.

"It's raining." She walked over to the window and saw Vicky standing under the roof. She frowned and turned to look at Tyler. "It's pouring out there. Why don't we let Vicky in?" Tyler did not respond.

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Gloria instantly got the message and smiled at Maestro Warner. "Maestro Warner, it's pouring out there. Let's just let Vicky in."

Maestro Warner was an understanding man and nodded. "Let the lady in, then."

Gloria glanced at Selene. "Selene, go and invite Vicky in."

Selene was reluctant, but it was indeed raining heavily and Vicky was still Tyler's wife. She would be out of line if she insisted that Vicky remained in the rain.

"Vicky." Selene walked out and crossed her arms, lifting her chin proudly. "Gloria is a kind woman and didn't want you to catch a cold, so she pleaded for Tyler and Maestro Warner to let you in. You can go inside now. Have you finally realized how things are now, Vicky? You can only come in if Gloria lets you, and if she doesn't want you there..." She paused and scoffed smugly. "You can only stay out here in the rain." 1

"So you're saying I should be grateful for that, then?" Vicky asked.

"Of course." Selene contemptuously added, "Gloria is such a softie for being so kind to the woman who stole her man. If she had my personality, she would've slapped you in the face so you'd never show that arrogant face of yours before her again." i

Vicky chuckled. "That's right. People with your personality, Miss Rathborne, usually die within the first few episodes of television dramas." i

Selene's face flushed in anger. "Vicky Shaw, how dare you?!"

Vicky turned back and stared at the rain without another word, showing no intention of going inside.

Selene shot her a cold glare and went inside.

When Gloria saw Selene storming in, she asked, "Selene, why did you come back on your own? Where is Vicky? Why... do you look so annoyed?"

Because of what Vicky said, of course!" grunted Selene in frustration. "I asked her to come back in, but she didn't even appreciate it! She said something like not wanting to feel like your charity case or something, and that people with my level of intelligence won't survive in any television drama... Did she think that I didn't get what she was saying? She was mocking me for being simple-minded!"

Gloria frowned.

"Gloria, maybe it's just not enough for me to invite her in. Maybe she wants you, Mister Hart, or Maestro Warner to invite her in!" Selene added.

Gloria set the document in her hand down. "Alright. I'll go outside to check on her."

Selene stopped her and said, "Are you crazy? Vicky is holding a grudge against us for asking her to leave the room

and is waiting for us to beg her to come back in! You said that she's just your fashion designer, right? Isn't it normal for a customer to ask her designer to leave the room

under certain circumstances? Why does she always complicate things and insist on being the center of attention? Is she here to work, or to be the boss of everyone?" After a few moments of silence, Gloria said, "Regardless, it's raining out there, and we don't want her to catch a cold."

"If she doesn't take care of herself, are we supposed to be on our knees begging her to do so?" Selene questioned furiously.

"Selene, that's enough." Gloria was about to go outside, only to be stopped by Tyler.

"If she wants to stay out there, let her be," he said.

Gloria froze and turned to look at Tyler. "But—"

Selene interrupted her and said, "There's no 'but', Gloria. It's not like we didn't ask her to come inside. She openly

refused to come in. Besides, since Tyler says it himself, why should we care?"

She pouted and said in contempt, "The more you care for people like her, the more arrogant she becomes. Just leave her be, and she'll come in when she starts to feel cold."

Gloria wanted to argue, but Selene shot her a pointed look and lowered her voice.

"Can't you tell? Tyler doesn't want her to come inside... Maybe he's still mad that she stabbed him."

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Gloria jolted in shock and, seconds later, became indifferent. She always thought that Vicky had been too cruel to Tyler, but Vicky did not seem to regret it. i

Maybe she just doesn't care because she always gets what she wants,' Gloria thought.

Maybe she should be taught a lesson so that she learns that not everything goes her way.'

Gloria fell into silence.

The rain grew heavier as the sky went darker.

Maestro Warner wanted to say something, but he swallowed his words when he saw Tyler's cold expression.

He was no fool and realized that the woman who exited the room was more than a fashion designer. On Vicky's way out, he saw the wedding band on her hand, which resembled the wedding band Tyler was wearing.

'Can it be...that they're married? Does that mean that I misspoke?' he thought.

Raindrops fell onto the window as lightning struck the sky.

Even though they were in the room and knew that there was a lightning conductor in the building, they still could not help but jolt a little when they heard the thunder.

Gloria glanced at the time and noticed that another hour had passed, but Vicky still did not return.

'She's so stubborn,' Gloria thought.

Though Gloria did not like Vicky, she did not wish to take revenge on Vicky in such a way, so she said to Maestro Warner, "It's getting late. I'll get my assistant to confirm the other details with you tomorrow morning. Is that okay?"

Since all the important matters had been confirmed, Maestro Warner glanced outside the window and nodded. ' Sure."

Gloria smiled and said, "It's still raining out there, so you can rest for a while here, Maestro Warner. We'll send you home once the rain stops. I still need to take care of something, so excuse me."

Maestro Warner waved his hand. "Sure. Tyler is here with me, so go ahead."
Gloria nodded and walked out of the room.
"Vicky," she called out as she looked at Vicky, who was completely drenched. "I've already signed the contract, so come on in."
Vicky did not refuse.
Though the temperature was not cold, she had stood in the rain and wind for so long that her entire face was pale as she shivered.
"I usually rest on the second floor," Gloria said. "You're soaked, so why don't you take a hot shower and get changed? You'll get sick if you don't."
Gloria had thought that Vicky would not agree to it, so she was surprised when Vicky said, "Sure. Thank you."

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Vicky would never risk her health.
She only refused to go inside because unrelated individuals should not be in the room when they were signing the confidential contract. Had she been in the room, she would be the first suspect if the content of the contract was leaked in any way.
Vicky was an outsider who was not close with Gloria, so if something went wrong, she would be able to explain herself, so she stayed away altogether.
Apart from that, she did not like Selene's tone, which sounded as though Vicky had to be grateful to Gloria for being allowed inside. Vicky never liked being indebted, too.
Finally, she did not want to see Tyler and Gloria together. She knew what was going on between them, so she saw no point in making things harder for herself.
Since the discussion over the contract had ended, Vicky let go of her concerns.
Once they were on the second floor, Gloria handed her a fresh change of clothes. "It's from last year, but I've not worn it before. If it's okay with you, you can wear this."
Gloria was a lady and would never let others wear something that she had worn before as it would be rude of her to do so.
Vicky accepted it and said, "Alright. Thank you."
"The bathroom is that way. Go take a shower and let me know if you need anything."
Vicky nodded.
40 minutes later, someone came inside the room and Selene, who had been waiting, looked up immediately.
She could not understand a thing Tyler and Maestro Warner were saying, so she was bored.
When she looked up, she saw a figure in a white dress step in and hurried over to wrap her arms around the person's arm. "Gloria, you're finally here. Had I known that I'd have to wait so long, I would've left the room with you-"
She froze and gaped. "Huh? Vicky, why is it you?"
Vicky pulled her arm away and said, "Miss Shaw forgot her laptop and went back for it."
Selene stared at her from head to toe and scowled. "Why are you wearing Gloria's dress?"

Gloria's style leaned toward elegance, whereas Vicky tended to dress in a wider variety of styles because she was a fashion designer.

Vicky was dressed in Gloria's dress and did not tie her hair because her hair was not completely dried, which gave her a striking resemblance to Gloria.

When Selene walked over, Vicky sensed another pair of eyes on her which lingered on her intently.

She sneered inwardly and knew that Tyler had mistaken her for Gloria as well.

She looked up and met Tyler's eyes.

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Tyler's eyes were dark and mysterious as he stared at Vicky dazedly.

Vicky's blood ran cold as she thought to herself, 'Gloria is still here, and he's already looking at me this way simply because I dressed like her?'

Just then, they heard footsteps approaching, and Gloria stared at the two who were standing by the door. "Vicky, Selene, why are you two standing by the door?"

Selene shot Vicky a contemptuous look and walked over to grab Gloria by the arm. "I got the wrong person because you lent her your dress... Still, I think you look best in these sorts of dresses, and anyone else who wears them just looks like a clown!"

It was indeed true that suitable styles would outline one's beauty to the full extent.

Vicky ignored Selene's sarcasm and strode into the room.

Once Vicky and Gloria took their seats, they started discussing the details that would go into Gloria's dress.

Though Gloria often dressed in elegant style, a concert was a different occasion, so Vicky suggested, "During the performance, it's best to choose a dress that's more glamorous with brighter colors--"

Before she could finish, Selene interrupted her sarcastically.

"Glamorous? Brighter colors? Vicky, don't you know that Gloria has always gone with a more elegant and plainer style? Are you trying to get her to change her style, or are you simply plotting to make a fool of her at her concert?"

And you claim to be a fashion designer. I'm disappointed!"

"This is just my advice. You can take it, or leave it. Gloria does tend to dress more elegantly, but she is a high-born lady, after all, so wearing something more glamorous won't affect her image. I understand that Miss Rathborne doesn't have much knowledge regarding fashion, but I'm a professional, so please accept my advice as expertise in the field."

Enraged, Selene slammed her palms onto the table." Professional? Is arguing with your customer what you call professionalism? The service industry goes by one single rule, and that is to satisfy the customer! Haven't you heard that customers are always right? Vicky, I can file a complaint against you and make you pay for what you said!"

Contrary to her hysterical state, Vicky remained extremely calm. "Miss Rathborne, first of all, I serve Miss Gloria Shaw, not you. Second of all, customers are always right, but service providers are humans with pride as well. We will do our best to accommodate any reasonable request, but I simply cannot condone your subjective accusations." She kept her eyes trained steadily on Selene and drawled, "Service providers and customers are equals, and we aren't your slaves; the choice here is mutual. You can choose to employ my service, and at the same time...I can choose if I want to serve you."

Selene paled as she was rendered speechless.

Vicky turned to Gloria and said, "I can refrain from giving any advice as Miss Rathborne here requested, but if the concert turns out to be a disappointment. I'd like for Miss Shaw to not blame it on my studio."

After all the concerts Gloria had played in, she knew that Vicky was being truthful and could sense that Vicky was truly offering her professional advice.

"Selene, that's enough. If you're bored, you can go upstairs to rest. I'll tell you when the discussion is over," Gloria said.

"Gloria, I'm just trying to help!"

"Miss Rathborne, we don't have all the time in the world. If we drag this on any further, we probably won't be able to get this done by midnight. I own my studio and I can rest whenever I want, but you should know just how busy Gloria is. The more time you waste, the less time to rest. Are you sure that you want to waste any more of her time?" Selene clenched her fists and glared at Vicky with bloodshot eyes, but she could not find the words to argue with how reasonable Vicky was.

She was so enraged that she felt as though she was having a heart attack.

Maestro Warner, who witnessed the entire scene, laughed. "Tyler, your wife is someone special. I'm impressed that she can keep composure even when facing a difficult customer!" Tyler narrowed his eyes. "How do you know?"

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Maestro Warner smiled. "Judging from the wedding bands on your hands, it's hard not to notice."

Tyler froze and lowered his gaze to the ring on his finger.

Tyler sent Maestro Warner back to the hotel as soon as the rain stopped, while Selene remained on the second floor under Gloria's command. Vicky was able to swiftly make her notes without Selene's interruption.

It was already eleven at night when everything was finished, and Vicky got up to leave. "It's late now. Do you want to stay the night here?" Gloria offered as she had decided to rest in the studio.

No, thank you," Vicky said.

Gloria was not surprised by her answer and simply walked her to the door. "This is sort of a remote area, and you should call a taxi after walking down the road for ten minutes. That'll take you to the main road."

Vicky nodded. "Thank you. You should go back and rest."

Vicky and Gloria remained a certain level of civility, but both knew that there was far more to their relationship.

Gloria went inside after walking Vicky to the door, and Vicky proceeded to stroll down the street alone under the cold breeze.

Her silhouette seemed lonesome under the moonlight, and after walking for a few minutes, a car stopped next to her.

As the car window rolled down, Tyler's face appeared.

"Get in," he said.

She froze for a few moments before looking away and continuing on her path.

He scowled and drove alongside her. "Vicky, I'm telling you to get in."

'...' She did not respond or look at him.

Having lost his patience, Tyler stopped the car entirely before getting out of it to grab her wrist. "Vicky, I'm talking to you. Did you not hear me?"

She instinctively tried to pull away but gave up when she failed and stopped to look at him. "I heard you," she said. "Can you let me go now?"

"Get in the car."

"Thanks, but no, thanks. I've already called a taxi."

"Vicky." He lowered his voice. "Why are you throwing a tantrum?"

Amused, she questioned, "Not wanting to get into your car is called throwing a temper tantrum?"

"You don't want to get into my car?" He stared down at her. "You make it sound like you've never been in my car."

Vicky's heart sank at the memories of what happened earlier that day.

Tyler had been such a gentleman and even went to open the car door for Gloria, yet he had never done such a thing for Vicky in the past.

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"That was then, and this is now," said Vicky expressionlessly. "People change. I might want pasta today, and steak tomorrow. It's the same thing." She paused and added, "If you really want someone in your car... Gloria is still in her studio and hasn't been able to rest so far. I'm sure she'll gladly say yes if you offer to send her home."

"I'm not here for her."

Vicky looked at him and asked, "Is there something you would like to discuss, then, if you're waiting for me here late at night? Can it be that...the divorce paperwork has been finalized?"

He narrowed his eyes and tightened his grip around her waist. "Divorce?"

"Isn't that the case?"

"No."

She felt confused and asked, "So what is it, then?"

After a few moments of silence, he said, "I'm here to bring you home."

"That's it?"

"Yeah."

"That won't be necessary," she said coldly. "I'm an adult and I work late all the time anyway. It's not like I've never returned home at this time before, so you don't need to give me a lift."

"That's up to me."

"Sure." She chuckled. "But whether to get inside your car is up to me. Right now, I don't want to get into your car. Can you let me go now?"

"No."

Vicky began to feel frustrated. "Tyler, plenty of people would want to be in your car, and you don't have to bother someone who doesn't want to. Someone else would die to have the honor not far from here, so why would you waste your time on me?"

"I'll always get twice for what I've invested back." He stared at her darkly. "Vicky, if you don't want to waste time, get in."

"No."

"Then we will stay here."

"I don't care if we spend the whole night here." She stared at him mockingly. "You, on the other hand... If Gloria comes out tomorrow and sees us in this state, she might get the wrong idea."

He narrowed his eyes. "You keep bringing Gloria up... Are you jealous?" He smiled and asked, "If you are jealous, why would you push me toward another woman?"

"To be honest, if you're having a hard time forgetting about her because of what happened all those years ago, I can sympathize," Vicky said coldly. "But, if you are acting this way just to make me jealous... Well, you're just cheap.

However..."

She added as his expression darkened, "I know that you aren't someone who'd sink so low, so I assume that you just can't control yourself around Gloria. Still, don't you think that you and Gloria should at least try to hold back a little before I sign my name on the divorce paper? Even if you don't care about what I think, think about what others might say. Gloria is a high-born lady who has never been involved in any negative scandals before. Once photos of the two of you getting all lovey-dovey leak, she'll be called a homewrecker, and that's probably going to be the worst moment in her life. I mean, can't you do that kind of thing somewhere people can't see? Or do you just have a fetish for being watched?"

His expression hardened as she spoke. "Somewhere people can't see?" He looked at her with a mysterious expression. "Would you say that this spot is where people can't see, then? ■

They were five minutes drive away from Gloria's studio, so Vicky assumed that Tyler was referring to the studio.

"It's pretty quiet here if no one comes around, so yeah. It won't be a bad spot for you and Gloria to have your secret dates here-ah!"

Before she could finish, he grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her toward his car, opened the door to the passenger seat, and pushed her inside.

The thought that Gloria sat on the same seat and that she came close to kissing Tyler disgusted Vicky, so she struggled with all her might and even went as far as to bite him to break free, but he simply let the back of her seat down without warning.

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Vicky's eyes widened in shock when Tyler leaned closer." Tyler Hart, what do you think you're doing?!"

There was not much space in the car, and she was left with nowhere to run with Tyler's body pressed against hers.

He sneered at the fear in her eyes and said, "You were the one who said that this is a quiet spot perfect for a secret date, no?"

Without giving her the chance to respond, he captured her lips.

Sometime later, it started to rain again, and the sound of raindrops falling onto the windows echoed in the house.

Inside the bathroom, steam filled the room and clouded the mirror.

Vicky was rubbing her skin until it turned red, but she failed to erase the marks on her body. Still, she repeated the motion as though she felt no pain.

She felt disgusted like she never felt before.

What happened between Tyler and Gloria earlier that morning filled her mind, and though they did not cross the line, it was all the same to Vicky. Seeing them together in real life was far worse than hearing rumors and seeing photos of them.

She was already disgusted by the idea of sitting in the same seat as Gloria, not to mention being pinned against it by Tyler.

She gritted her teeth and clenched her fists before reaching for the shower gel once again to clean her entire body.

Just then, she heard some noises from the door, and before she had the time to wash off all the foam on her body, the door opened.

She immediately grabbed the robe to cover her body and stared at the door warily.

"How'd you get in?"

She locked the door before going into the bathroom and was surprised that Tyler still found his way in.

He shot her a look and said, "This is my house, so I can go wherever I want." He tossed the key aside and said, "This is our home, not a public venue, so don't lock the door again. I don't like it."

'He doesn't like it? How can he say that so righteously?' she thought in disbelief.

"Since this is our home, shouldn't I be able to do whatever I want? Am I supposed to follow some sort of rules in my own house?" Vicky questioned coldly.

"I don't care about anything else, but you just can't lock the doors."

She wanted to argue, but her heart sank when she saw him approaching and instantly knew that arguing would only lead to suffering.

She looked away."... I'm done, so I'm heading outside."

She was about to leave when he grabbed her by the wrist and pinned her against the wall.

Vicky was trembling in fear and disgust and muttered, "It's late... Just shower and go to bed. You have work tomorrow." She tried to change the subject, but there was not a hint of concern over Tyler's well-being in her voice.

He lowered his head, his feature clouded by the steam as he hummed hoarsely.

She grabbed onto her robe tightly and attempted to push him away.

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"I'm tired and I want to go to bed early..." Vicky lowered her eyes, not wanting to look at Tyler, but he lifted her chin and stared at her with his deep, dark eyes.

His eyes were like two bottomless pools of clear water that threatened to draw her soul in, and there were no emotions or lust in those eyes at all.

“Vicky, this is your duty as a wife.”

Duty?’ she thought bitterly. Married couples have the duty to stay loyal to each other, but did he do that?’

The steam in the bathroom made it hard to breathe.

“I’m not your pet, and I have the right to refuse. Besides...” Vicky’s eyes glittered under the light. “I don’t think couples that are about to get divorced should have to adhere to these duties, do they?”

“No?” The look in his eyes darkened. “Have you forgotten about what happened just now?”

Her expression darkened and he reached out to caress the skin on her neck. Her skin was fair, so the marks he left on her neck stood out.

“Besides, when have I ever mentioned that I want a divorce?”

Vicky smiled. “Tyler, we’ve known each other long enough. Do you really think that I’m that ignorant of your thoughts?” If he did not have the intention of divorcing her, he would have never allowed her freedom out of the blue...and neither would he keep a distance from her nor invite Gloria for dinner.

Vicky could not bring herself to believe that he would invite Maestro Warner to Stoneford City and arrange a meeting with Gloria if he did not mean to start a relationship with her, and how Gloria felt about him must have been reciprocated to a certain extent.

Vicky stared into his eyes and said, “Tyler, will you swear that you don’t intend on getting a divorce at all?”

He fell into silence.

Tyler could sometimes be a great liar, but he could be cruelly honest at times, too.

The steam in the bathroom faded, and Vicky leaned her back against the cold wall before pushing the man away. “I can tell she’s still in love with you... Since she’s back, it means that she’s prepared to let go of the past. I know that having amnesia doesn’t mean nothing has ever happened, and I’m sorry for what I’ve done before...”

She lowered her voice and continued, “I know that saying sorry won’t undo what’s been done, but we might as well right what’s wrong and start fresh when there’s still a chance...”

Seemingly provoked by her words, he moved closer once again. “Start fresh?” he repeated with a cold look in his eyes. “You’ve already ruined it.”

Vicky froze.

“That’s right. I have thought of getting a divorce, but I just realized that that’s just going to benefit you. I can never start fresh again, so you’ll never have a new life.”

Her lashes fluttered, and she felt her breath stuck in her throat. “Tyler, I can’t get pregnant! Have you forgotten that?”

She could sense that the mention of children seemed to be taboo for Tyler, but she was reluctant to give up after getting her hopes up when he admitted to wanting a divorce, only for it to be taken away when he said that he did not want it after all.

He narrowed his eyes emotionlessly. “The chances are slim, but it can happen.” He pinned her against the wall and continued, “You can start paying me what you owe me by giving me a child. Once that is achieved, I’ll consider letting you go.”