

Loving You In Secret By Debbie Meza Chapter 6

An expression colder than snow adorned Tyler Hart's handsome face, and his voice was just as cold as he sneered, "Try it, then."

Vicky scoffed and walked away proudly.

After taking the elevator, she returned to the banquet hall. She looked around to locate Cece when all of a sudden, a glass of red wine spilled onto her evening gown.

The waitress, with a tray at hand, seemingly did not notice her, causing her to bump into Vicky and spill the wine from the tray in the process.

The waitress frantically stammered, evidently on the verge of tears, "Missus Hart, I'm sorry... I'm really sorry!"

Seeing this, Vicky said, "It's fine. I'm just going to change into a clean outfit."

She thus went to the elevator to go upstairs to change into a new outfit.

Ding! The door to the elevator opened and a tall man walked out of it elegantly. Glancing at her, he was rather surprised to see the wine stain on her evening gown.

Vicky's breath halted when she saw the look on Tyler's face. She slowly made her way to enter the elevator before the man moved in front of her, effectively stopping her.

His lips curled into a sarcastic smile. "What's wrong with your outfit, Missus Hart?"

Vicky balled her fists tightly. Every time this jerk spotted her, only mockery and sarcastic comments would follow suit!

Alas, it seemed God had an affinity for antagonizing her.

She sneered, "Mister Hart, do you remember that you're the CEO of Hart Corporation? You have a prestigious status. Don't you feel cheap by having such a gloating look on your face?"

"Oh, so caring for my wife is cheap?" He gave her a once-over and pretended to be curious. "Then, does Missus Hart think of herself as a cheap woman too?"

The door to the elevator was about to close while they were talking, and no one else had entered. Having nothing to retort with, the annoyed Vicky silently stormed into the elevator.

Since she was about to get a divorce from Tyler, she thought they could end things peacefully instead of winding up in a difficult situation. In spite of that, every time he spoke, he could precisely light up the fire in her body and make her want to beat the living hell out of him.

When the elevator door closed automatically, his annoying—though evidently still charming—face disappeared from her sight.

As the elevator slowly ascended, Tyler also looked away and looked at the waitress standing beside him, saying, “Well done.”

Looking in the mirror, Vicky was dumbfounded by the reflection of the outfit she had just changed into.

This was a long sleeve top and long pants. Theoretically speaking, the banquet would prepare different sizes of evening gowns for emergency purposes. With that, she quickly looked at the other outfits in the closet. These evening gowns that matched her size were just too...ugly. It was old-fashioned, out of style, and—

One word appeared in her mind, and it was exactly the word Tyler said before. Grottesque.

It was summer, and this meant it was hot and dry. It felt hot even in short sleeves, tops, and shorts, not to mention how hot it was to be wearing long sleeve tops and long pants. If she was to walk out in this outfit...

She could scare the hell out of people just by walking on the street, what more attending a birthday party! It was Senior Hart’s birthday party today. Many prestigious and powerful guests attended the birthday party. If she were to attend the party in this outfit, she would become the joke of the night!

Somehow, the way Tyler smiled evilly popped into Vicky’s mind when he saw the wine stain on her evening gown before she entered the lift. By then, she pieced the information together, and her eyes widened.

“It’s that jerk!”

She had reason to believe Tyler had instructed the waitress to spill red wine onto her and purposely made her wear such an ugly outfit, just to make a fool out of her at the birthday party!

“Ugh, he’s insane!”

Just because she had embarrassed The Mistress Duo, this was how he took revenge for them?

Vicky was infuriated and prepared to change back to her previous evening gown. Suddenly, her phone rang.

She took out her phone and noticed it was Cece calling. The moment call, however, her friend’s frantic voice came from the other end of the line.

“Vicky, save me! I—ah!” Cece did not manage to finish her sentence before her phone seemed to have dropped to the floor, much to Vicky’s horror.

“Cece! Where are you—?”

Before she could finish, the busy dial tone beeped. She tried to call back, but no one answered.

She quickly strode out of the room to look for Cece and did not care about changing back to her previous evening gown.

As she left the room, she noticed a commotion in the hallway. Most people were heading toward a room and were gossiping.

“Is it real? Was the fight that fierce?”

“Heck, yeah. We can hear the sounds, even with the door closed.”

“So indecent to have this happening during Senior Hart’s birthday party!”

“I wonder who that shameless woman is...”

A terrible gut feeling arose within Vicky when she heard the gossip. She noticed a huge group of people standing in front of a room, and she quickly walked toward them. As she pushed through the crowd, she was stunned to see Cece in the room.

Cece was looking at a place, visibly stunned as her fear and panic filled her eyes. Her face was pale, and her expression looked stiff.

Vicky looked in the direction Cece was looking, and her pupils shrunk.

A wealthy-looking young adult was lying on the floor with his eyes closed and his head bleeding. His blood dribbled down his forehead and stained the white carpet, making this a scene that would have come out of a crime scene.

The first thing Vicky did was check on the man’s pulse, and she felt rather relieved to discover he was alive. After that, she took out her phone to call 911 and applied simple treatment to stop the guy from bleeding. Only then did she take the time to look at Cece.

She asked, “Cece, what happened?”

Cece finally snapped out of her stunned daze. She tried to muster a response, but it came out feeble and incoherent as she spoke, “A... A waiter came to me just now. She said you were waiting for me at the lounge, but when I got here, I—I realized that a stranger was here instead of you, and he...he attempted to molest me!

“I fought and struggled, but I accidentally injured him...”

At that time, she tried to call Vicky to get help, but the guy snatched her phone and smashed it to the floor.

Cece, having never experienced such a terrifying moment, picked up the table lamp and smashed it into the guy to knock him out in her panic.

When Vicky knew the whole story, she knew someone had plotted this to set up Cece.

This was the first time Cece attended a dinner party with her. There was no bitterness between her and the other guests.

Her eyes flashed as a thought appeared in her mind. She lifted her head to look at the onlookers at the door.

Her sharp eyes fell onto Sasha, who stood in the crowd.

Guilt flashed past Sasha's eyes, but before she could refute this claim, someone pushed her way through the crowd.

It was a graceful and poised woman.

When she saw the unconscious young adult lying on the floor, she reeled back in shock for a brief moment before she rushed to his side and began to wail.

"Hector! My precious! What happened to you?!"