

## Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 631 – 640

### Chapter 631

Vicky narrowed her eyes and, after a few thoughtful moments, made a phone call.

“Hello, Missus Jensen. This is Vicky Shaw.”

Missus Jensen was an extremely difficult customer who was arrogant and demanding. Everytime she was served, she would behave as though she was above everyone else.

“Oh, Miss Shaw!” Missus Jensen said enthusiastically. “Are you calling to arrange a session for taking my measurements? My house is quite far from the city area, so it might not be convenient for you to come over here.

When will you be free? I can drop by your studio.”

People who did not know Missus Jensen would think that she was a kind, passionate lady.

“You’re too kind. Coming to your house to take your measurement is within my duties. If there’s any other request you have, you can voice them out freely whenever you want.”

Missus Jensen seemed to panic slightly. “No, there’s nothing else. Your service has been wonderful, Miss Shaw. I’m a satisfied customer! I’m just annoying by nature and people usually don’t like me. My husband and kids, even my subordinates, all say that I’m having menopause... Please find it in your heart to forgive me for what happened before.”

Vicky smiled. “Missus Jensen, you found out about my husband, didn’t you? ft

“Ahem!” Missus Jensen cleared her throat sheepishly. “How foolish of me to not recognize the famous Missus Hart... But then again, ordinary people like me wouldn’t dream of being in the same social circle as you. I’m sorry for my past behaviors if I’ve offended you in any way.”

Vicky was not surprised. “I’d like for your help to keep this a secret, Missus Jensen. Please don’t tell anyone else about this.”

“Don’t worry, Missus Hart. I won’t say a word.”

After the conversation, Vicky ended the call.

Cece had been right by Vicky’s side during the phone call, so she heard every word of the conversation.

“I was wondering why it went so smoothly...so Mister Hart helped us out. He should’ve done it a long time ago so those perverts out there wouldn’t dare to lay their hands on us,” Cece said with a smile.

There was no joy or relief in Vicky’s expression.

If she was married to another man who helped her with the trouble she was having, she would be overjoyed.

However, she felt nothing but fear when it came to Tyler.

Tyler was a profiteer who would never do anything without asking for something in return, so she knew something bad was about to happen for him to interfere and resolve her issues.

She gave Tyler a call right away, and as soon as she opened her contact list, she realized that it had been a long time since she last called Tyler.

She made the call and the waiting tone seemed to drag on indefinitely.

Shortly after, the call was answered.

“What?” His voice was just as cold and distant as it was before.

Chapter 632

Vicky tightened her grip on her phone. “Thank you for helping with the conflicts between my studio and my customers.”

Despite being Tyler’s wife for years, she never enjoyed the privilege of being his wife work-wise.

At that moment, she felt no joy and only felt confused. It felt as though something she had been chasing after for the longest time suddenly fell on her lap.

Apart from the initial shock, novelxo all she could feel was a concern if this was all a trap.

Tyler’s response was cold. “Anything else?”

“Do you have time later?”

“Why?”

“I need to talk to you in person.”

After a few moments of silence, he said, “I’m in Hart Corporation.”

“Okay, I—”

Before she could finish, he ended the call.

An hour later, novëxo Vicky arrived at the Hart Corporation building.

She glanced at her bag and took a few deep breaths before entering the building.

The two copies of the divorce agreement were inside her bag.

Though the recent misunderstanding between them had been resolved, the gulf between them was the result of far more than a misunderstanding, and what happened with Gloria was simply the triggering point.

She knocked on the door of the office, and with Tyler’s approval, she went inside.

Tyler was reading a certain document when she entered the room. He did not bother looking up and said, “Five minutes.”

“Sure.” She sat down on the couch, and silence fell over the office with the exception of the sound of flipping pages.

A few minutes later, Tyler set the document aside. “Why were you in such a hurry to meet with me?”

Vicky clenched her bag and said, nvëlx.o “I’ve already...signed the divorce agreement.”

“Okay,” he said, his expression unreadable.

Not knowing what he was thinking, Vicky had no choice but to continue, “I’ve been busy lately...so we haven’t been able to file for divorce. When will you have time for us to start the legal procedures?”

He set his pen down. “Where’s the agreement?”

“In my bag.”

“Show me.”

She immediately unzipped her bag and took out the two sets of divorce agreements before walking over to hand them to him.

Tyler accepted the agreement and glanced through the pages, novëxo spotting both his and Vicky’s signature on the last page.

After checking the first copy, he proceeded to do the same with the second copy.

Vicky had thought Tyler was only trying to make sure that there were two signatures in both copies and did not think much of it.

She glanced through his desk and noticed a familiar-looking pen. It was her gift to him.

She noticed that the pen he had been using was old and decided to buy him a new one, which was his actively used pen at the moment.

Tyler's cold voice caused her to snap out of her dazed state. novel.xo "Alright."

She sobered and looked at him. "So..."

"I have a meeting later and other things to attend later this afternoon, so I'm not free today."

Vicky felt conflicted. "Another day, then."

She reached for the divorce agreement, but Tyler pinned her hand down to stop her from doing so. "Keep them here. I'll let you know when I have the time."

She paused for a moment before nodding. "Alright. Just call me whenever you're free."

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"Okay."

"I'll let you get back to work, then," Vicky said.

Tyler did not respond, and Vicky took the hint to leave the office.

As soon as the door shut behind her, Tyler picked up the agreement expressionlessly before tearing them in half. The copies were torn into shreds, and he carelessly tossed them into the dustbin next to him.

"Vicky, don't go."

"I'm sorry, I swear that this won't happen again..."

"Vicky, don't leave me."

"I'll never let go! Never!"

"If you dare to walk away from me, I'm going to kill you."

"Ah!" Vicky jolted awake from a strange dream.

For reasons she could not begin to fathom, she had been having the strangest dream. It was odd enough to dream of a time when she and Tyler were a loving, sweet couple, but she dreamed of something even more surreal this time.

She pinched the bridge of her nose and sat up from the bed.

"Was the man who begged me not to leave really Tyler?" she thought.

She would occasionally regain her memories in the form of dreams, but one simply could not accept everything that happened in a dream as reality. Vicky concluded that the dream she had earlier was merely a reflection of her frustration in real life.

Tyler had always been a dictator with absolute power before her, and he was the only one who could decide to go through a processed and finalized divorce.

Whenever Tyler took the side of another woman, Vicky would fantasize about stepping all over his pride one day.

However, even when Tyler was reluctant to end the marriage, he never stopped being prideful, let alone begging her for anything.

"Why would I dream of such a thing? It's ridiculous..." she mumbled to herself.

"What did you dream of?" the husky voice of a man echoed in the dark room.

She looked up dazedly and widened her eyes when she saw the dark figure standing by her bed. Her heart skipped a beat as she screamed, "Aah!"

The lights were turned on, and Tyler's enticing features came into her sight.

"Tyler..." She gaped at him. "W-What are you doing here?"

He seemed upset with her question. "This is my house. Where else am I supposed to be?"

"But you shouldn't have stood by my bed!" she protested as she came close to having a heart attack.

"I heard you screaming as soon as I entered the house. I thought something went wrong, so I came over to check on you."

Though the lights had been turned on, his face looked devilish in some way, and Vicky was suddenly reminded of the last words she heard in her dream.

'If you dare to walk away from me, I'm going to kill you.'

She had always thought that Tyler was a little twisted, but she rationalized that people with his status were likely all like him. She came to accept this.

But is he really that evil to me,' she thought, 'to the point that I subconsciously think that he'd kill me for leaving?'

Chapter 634

After finally calming down, Vicky stared at the man before her and asked, "Why are you here?"

Tyler narrowed his eyes in displeasure. "This is my house. Why can't I be here?"

She sobered. "That's not what I mean. I thought—"

"You thought, what?"

"... Nothing."

She delivered the divorce agreements to Tyler earlier that day, and since Tyler did not say anything against it, she assumed they had reached a consensus that the divorce was confirmed and all that was left was for them to proceed with legal procedures.

'Did he come home tonight so we can head out early tomorrow morning to file for divorce?' she thought. Deciding not to question any further, she said, "It's late. Let's just go to sleep."

He hummed in response and headed into the bathroom.

She heard the water running in the bathroom shortly after, but she struggled to go back to sleep because of the dream she had earlier.

Vicky had been struggling with quality sleep and would continuously dream of strange things; she could no longer distinguish dreams from reality.

The sound of water running stopped, and the bathroom door opened.

Vicky closed her eyes hastily and pretended to be asleep.

The other side of the bed sank, and Tyler got into bed.

The scent of shampoo filled the air, and as soon as she tensed, he moved closer and captured her lips.

"Tyler-mph!"

The man swallowed her words, and as her mind drifted, she heard his hoarse, husky voice.

"We haven't filed the divorce, so we're still married."

'What is he saying? He's trying to sleep with me as many times as possible before we finalize the divorce!' she thought.

In the following days, Tyler would return home every night only to sleep with her instead of filing the divorce the next day.

Vicky would wake up each morning to find that Tyler was gone.

When she went to wash up, she saw the dark circles underneath her eyes and clenched her fists.

'As expected of a profiteer!' she grumbled internally. 'He helped resolve the issue with the breach of contract, and this is how he made me pay for it!'

She kept having confusing dreams during the night, and after being tormented throughout the night by Tyler, she started feeling tired.

One day, Vicky simply could not take it any longer and called Tyler. "When exactly are we going to file the divorce?"

"I'm busy today," he said calmly.

"But—"

Beep, beep!

The call ended, and Vicky glared at her phone furiously.

'He doesn't have time to file the divorce but has time to come home every night to sleep with me?!' she cursed mentally. 'He was even late to work this morning because he wanted to do it again. We could've used that time to file the divorce!'

Suddenly, realization dawned on Vicky, and she immediately sent Tyler a text.

[Tyler, what are you trying to do?]

She did not receive any response until two hours later when her phone vibrated.

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Vicky took out her phone and came close to having a heart attack from rage when she saw his only response was a question mark.

[When are we going to file for divorce?] she texted.

In the next two hours, there was no response.

Four hours later, she finally received another text from him.

[I'm busy.]

[When are you free?] Vicky replied.

Tyler did not respond again, even after Vicky fell asleep.

Maybe he really is busy,' Vicky thought and glanced at the clock, noticing that it was almost midnight.

Since Tyler did not even have the time to respond to her texts, she assumed he would not return home and found consolation in that thought.

She turned off the lights and slowly drifted off to sleep.

Sometime later, she woke up to a forceful kiss, novelxo and everything felt like deja vu from the night before.

She felt confused at first, and it took her a while before she finally realized that the man who claimed to be so busy that he could not respond to text messages returned home.

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When she woke up, Tyler was again nowhere to be found.

She tried calling him again, and he simply said a few words before hanging up.

She had sent countless texts, but he would reply to a few on some days and ignore them all on other days.

Though he would return home every night, Vicky convinced herself that Tyler was truly busy during the day.

One day, Vicky and Cece arrived at a restaurant for dinner, and Vicky realized how naive she had been when she spotted a couple sitting by the window.

'This man just enjoys toying with different women at the same time! How despicable!' Vicky thought to herself angrily.

Cece noticed that novexo Vicky was staring in a certain direction and spotted the couple as well. "Vicky, should we...switch to another restaurant?" she asked gingerly.

Vicky smirked coldly. "No."

She had not done anything she was ashamed of, so she had nothing to fear.

With her eyes fixated on the couple, Vicky said, "Come on, let's go and say hello."

With that, she strode forward.

In the restaurant, nvêlx.o Gloria stared at the man sitting across the table and whispered, "Are you trying to tell me that there's no connection between Issac and Vicky at all?"

"He's just Vicky's customer."

"Who claims to be her boyfriend?" Gloria's gaze was cold. "Who stalked and followed me home, on top of that?"

"Gloria," Tyler said emotionlessly. "I've looked into the contact history between Vicky and Issac. Jennifer was the one in charge of contacting him before this, and it was after Jennifer left that Vicky reached out to Issac to talk about compensation for breaking their contracts. He only claims to be Vicky's boyfriend."

Gloria's usually gentle gaze sharpened as she questioned, "So why didn't Vicky deny it? She even invited us to dine with them!"

"She did, actually." Tyler looked at her. nvêlx.o "Issac, however, argued and said that they were in a fight."

Gloria stared at Tyler dazedly and blurted out, "Tyler, you don't want a divorce anymore, do you?"

His every word seemed objective, but it was apparent he was defending Vicky.

During what happened with Alex and when Vicky accidentally burnt Gloria's hand, he still defended Vicky.

Tyler scowled, but before he could respond, a figure approached them.

"What a coincidence. I didn't expect to see you two here."

Chapter 636

Tyler lifted his gaze at the woman before him.

Vicky looked at them with a smile with Cece, who looked sheepish, next to her.

"Cece and I happen to come here for dinner as well. novelxo Let's dine together, shall we?" said Vicky, and she sat down before anyone could react.

Though Vicky was not as serious about etiquette as Gloria was, she would rarely act in ways that might upset others, so her behavior shook Cece to her core.

Vicky looked up and saw Cece frozen in place. "What are you doing? Sit down."

Cece glanced at Tyler and Gloria before sitting down next to Gloria.

Since Tyler and Gloria sat across one another, Vicky sat down next to Tyler and called for the waiter. "Have you two ordered? Let's order together if you haven't. Oh, by the way..." She shot Tyler a smile and said, "Don't worry about the bill for Cece and me, Mister Hart. Let's split the bill later."

"..." Cece remained absolutely quiet and thought to herself, 'People like Tyler and Gloria wouldn't care about paying for a meal or two, so there's no need for them to split the bill considering the relationships between these three. Vicky's words are a direct insult to them.'

She glanced at Gloria, and as she had expected, Gloria's expression darkened. Tyler, on the other hand, remained absolutely calm.

Vicky ignored Tyler and Cece before grabbing the menu novel.xo and ordering two of her favorite dishes. She then handed the menu to Cece and said, "Cece, take a look." Cece felt as though she was stuck in an awkward situation but nonetheless ordered a random dish out of her trust for Vicky.

Once they had made their order, tension rose in the air, and the waiter caught onto it. "Sir, Miss, do the two of you need to order?" novel.xo the waiter asked gingerly. After a few moments of silence, Tyler handed Gloria the menu. "Order something." Gloria did not accept it and said, "It's fine. I'm not hungry." Tyler did not insist and proceeded to place a few orders.

Vicky noticed that the cold look in Gloria's eyes melted, and she took a few looks at Tyler when Tyler ordered a certain dish.

'Looks like Tyler ordered exactly what she wants,' Vicky commented inwardly. Tyler closed the menu and said, "That will be all."

"Of course." The waiter left with the menu.

While waiting for the food, Vicky asked, "Where are you two going after dinner?" "Tyler and I are going to a concert." Gloria stared at Vicky provocatively. "Why? Are you coming as well, Miss Shaw?"

Vicky looked straight into Gloria's eyes and chirped, "Can I truly come along?" "... " Gloria immediately choked on her words.

Cece came close to bursting into laughter.

Throughout the four years she had known Vicky, Vicky rarely showed such an unreasonable, novelxo wilful side of herself; Cece was not all appalled by it and was amused.

She quietly observed Tyler, who was looking at Vicky as well. His face remained expressionless as always, but there was a glimpse of emotions in the depth of his dark eyes. Alas, Cece simply could not put her finger on what those emotions were.

### Chapter 637

Instinctively, she could tell that Tyler was not upset and was even a little amused, so she could not help but wonder if she was imagining things.

In her mind, Tyler should have scolded Vicky with a dark look on his face before saying something along the lines of 'Vicky, even if you cling onto me like this, I will never love you' or 'What are you trying to do to Gloria now, you vicious woman? How dare you bully someone as kind as Gloria? Apologize to her right now!'. Cece's mind instantly ran wild with imagination.

Just then, Gloria said coldly, "It's your choice to go wherever you want."

Vicky nodded. "Where is this concert you're going to?"

Gloria informed her of the venue and time expressionlessly.

Vicky frowned thoughtfully. "It's quite a hassle to take a taxi there from here. Since you two are going anyway, why don't you give us a lift?"

"It's Tyler's car, so you should be asking for his approval."

Vicky looked up at Tyler. "Mister Hart, since you are going there anyway, do you mind giving me and Cece a lift?"

Tyler stared at her with his brooding dark eyes and said, "Why should I?"

Cece froze at how hurtful his words were.

Vicky did not get offended and simply smiled at the man next to her. "You should because I'm still your wife."

Cece applauded Vicky's response inwardly, while Gloria's expression darkened.

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened, but he did not respond.

Sometime later, the waiter served their dishes.

Vicky immediately pushed her steak toward Tyler.

Confused, Tyler asked, "What?"

"Cut the steak up for me," Vicky said confidently.

"Have you lost your limbs?"

"My hands feel sore. Cut it for me."

Their conversation sounded extremely strange.

They would sometimes act like strangers but would occasionally interact like an old married couple.

Seeing how Tyler did not move, Vicky reached out and grabbed the dish Tyler ordered.

He stared at her. "What are you doing now?"

"I'm too lazy to cut up the steak, and your dish looks great, so I want to have a taste."

Tyler studied her for a while before starting to cut the steak before him.

Cece did not know what Vicky was trying to do, but Gloria saw right through Vicky's intention and was livid.

A few minutes later, he finished cutting the steak into cubes and pushed the dish back to her. "It's done."

"Thank you," Vicky said and returned Tyler's dish to him.

Tyler lowered his gaze and saw a foie gras that had been taken a bite of, and pasta that had been stirred all over the place.

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When Tyler did not move, Vicky asked, "Why aren't you eating? Oh, I know. Do you want me to feed you?" She stabbed her fork into the half-eaten foie gras and presented it to Tyler. "Open up, hubby."

Even a fool could tell Vicky was trying to irritate Tyler and Gloria on purpose.

Gloria sneered coldly, while Tyler stared at the foie gras. He did not move away nor accept it.

Vicky's hand began to feel sore from maintaining the position and gazed up at him.

"No? Can it be that..." She paused. "You want me to feed you in a different way?"

"A different way?" He lifted an eyebrow with amusement. "Like what?"

She smiled. "Mouth-to-mouth."

Tyler pretended to be confused. "How exactly does that work?"

Vicky froze for a split moment, as she knew he no doubt understood what she was implying. She glanced at Gloria, who sat with a dark look on her face, before looking back at the man before her.

He looked at her quietly with an eyebrow raised as though he was truly confused, but Vicky could distinctively sense the mockery in his eyes as though he was certain she would not have the courage to do something so bold.

All hesitation vanished when she saw the faint amusement on his face, and she immediately bit on the foie gras before getting up to feed it into his mouth.

Cece's jaw dropped, and Gloria gaped in disbelief.



Worried that Tyler would pull away, Vicky went as far as to nibble on his lips to disgust him at her best effort.

Though she was disgusted by her own action, she cast all thoughts aside to humiliate the man before her.

Just as Vicky thought that Tyler would turn away in disgust, he opened his mouth and swallowed the foie gras.

Vicky was stunned.

Tyler studied the dazed look in her eyes and said, "Satisfied?"

She moved her lips, but no words would come out.

Tyler pointed at the sauce on the corner of his lips. "Do you want to lick this off, too?"

Vicky's breath caught in her throat, and she instantly cowered.

She overestimated herself, and underestimated Tyler while she was at it, for daring to be more shameless than him.

Vicky gave up and focused on her dish quietly.

The joy Gloria felt when Tyler ordered two of her favorite dishes faded without a trace and was replaced by jealousy as she had never known.

She once felt upset that Vicky took her place and frustrated that she gave Vicky a chance to get between her and Tyler, but she was never jealous of Vicky.

People would only be jealous of someone superior to them, and Gloria knew she did not fall short in terms of looks and talent when compared to Vicky.

Gloria was a renowned pianist and did not envy Vicky even when Vicky succeeded in marrying Tyler.

It did not matter that Vicky married the man she loved. After all, a marriage where the feelings were one-sided would never end well.

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Tyler married Vicky reluctantly, and Vicky had not gotten anything she wanted from the marriage, so Gloria had not felt any jealousy toward Vicky.

However, she could sense jealousy rising within her chest at this very moment.

Vicky looked up and saw Gloria looking at her dazedly. The look in her eyes darkened, but she chose to lower her gaze to hide the emotions in her eyes.

After the meal, Vicky paid for the food she and Cece ordered, and Tyler did not object to it.

Upon walking out of the restaurant, Cece glanced at Gloria and whispered, "Vicky, are we really going to the concert?"

"Yeah. Isn't that what I said?"

Tyler went to the parking lot to get his car, while the other three remained by the entrance.

Vicky and Cece stood next to one another, while Gloria kept her distance from them.

Tyler drove over shortly after, and before Gloria could react, Vicky went and opened the door to the passenger's seat and went into the car.

Gloria, who was going to sit on the passenger's seat, paused.

Cece glanced at Gloria and opened the door to the backseat. "Miss Shaw, we should let the married couple sit next to each other. Let's sit in the back.

"B

Gloria shot Cece a cold glare and went into the car, all the while thinking to herself, novëxo 'As expected of Vicky's assistant. She's just as good at being sarcastic as Vicky is.'

The car soon arrived before the venue of the concert, and as they got out of the car, Cece blurted out, "Vicky, we...don't have tickets."

Concerts required reservation ahead of time, novëxo and if the performer was famous, tickets would only be sold within a small community.

Tyler glanced at Vicky coldly with no intention of helping her.

He took out two tickets and headed inside with Gloria, leaving Vicky and Cece behind.

Cece watched as the two left. "Vicky, what are we going to do?"

Vicky fell into silence thoughtfully, when she suddenly heard a voice calling out to her.

"Vicky...? Vicky Shaw?!"

Vicky turned around and spotted a gentle-looking man staring at her with a pleasant surprise. novelxo "Vicky, it really is you!"

She stared at the man in confusion. "You are..."

"Seriously? The last time we saw each other was only a few years ago, and you've already forgotten about me?" The man gaped.

Sensing that the man might be a close friend of hers, Vicky explained, "I'm sorry, but I was in a car accident and lost my memories..."

"Car accident...? You lost your memories?" The man mumbled in disbelief. "D\*mn, that psychopath Tyler really lost his mind, didn't he? He went as far as to erase your memories?"

Vicky shot Cece a look, and Cece shook her head, hinting she did not know the man either.

"Sir, who are you?" Vicky asked.

He looked at Vicky and said, novelxo "Alright, I guess I should introduce myself. I used to study in the same school as you did. I was your senior, Noah Canyer."

Noah Canyer? Vicky thought. She did not recall the name, nor had she heard about the man from Harvey, Sebastian, or Tyler.

"What was the nature of our relationship?" she asked.

"Not bad, I suppose. Though..." Noticing the curiosity on her face, he cleared his throat and said, "All you need to know is that I was your senior, and we used to be quite close."

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Vicky nodded. "Noah, do you know Tyler?"

"Well, you were dating him, so I've met him a couple of times," said Noah before swiftly changing the subject. "Vicky, is this your friend?"

Cece smiled. "Hello. My name is Cece."

Noah greeted Cece with a smile and asked, "Are you two here for the concert? novëxo Why are you just standing out here?"

Vicky smiled sheepishly. "I... I don't have any tickets.'

"Oh, that's simple." He chuckled. "Come on, then. Follow me."

She looked at him and asked, 'Is that really okay?"

A concert that would draw the attention of the likes of Tyler and Gloria was bound to be rather exclusive, and money might not be the only criterion for one to obtain a ticket.

“My uncle is the one who organized this concert and the Canyers are the sponsors, novel.xo so bringing in a few quests is a piece of cake for me,” Noah said casually. Noah and Vicky used to study in the same art school.

The Canyers were a big family with members who excelled in medicine, n.ovë.x.o business, and other fields. Though the family suffered a great deal after the crisis that struck them a few years ago, they somehow managed to bounce back.

Vicky relaxed at his words and said, “Thank you.”

“Friends don’t need to thank each other.” Noah took them into the hall. “I wouldn’t end up here if you didn’t help me out all those years ago.”

“I helped you before?”

He nodded with a smile. novel.xo “My dad kept pushing me to study business, but I wasn’t interested in it at all, so I admitted myself into an art school in secret and managed to fool him for about a year before he found out...

He’s hot-tempered, you see, so he was going to destroy my hands when he found out that I lied to him.”

A musician’s hands were as important as his life, and he continued, “You were the one who showed up and stopped my dad.”

“Me?” Vicky was shocked. “Are you sure?”

“Yeah. It was you.”

“How did I stop him?”

“Well, my dad looks kind of scary and when you saw him beating me, you thought that he was a thug and called the police on him.” He chuckled. “My dad ended up being locked in the police station for a whole week before my family bailed him out.”

Vicky’s lips twitched. “You seem happy about it.”

“Of course,” Noah said. “My dad is so hot-tempered that he can do anything when he is mad. It was good that he was locked up for a few days. If he didn’t have time to cool down, he might’ve beaten me to death.” He smiled at Vicky and said, “Oh, you actually didn’t know that he was my dad up until now.”

It was precisely because of what Vicky did that Noah agreed to pretend to be her boyfriend, but that ended up causing him a great deal of trouble.

Vicky and Cece were brought to the best seats with Noah’s help.

Gloria, who was in a VIP seat, spotted Vicky right away.

When she saw the familiar-looking man next to Vicky, her eyes widened and she blurted out saying, “Tyler, isn’t that Noah Canyer next to Vicky?”

Noah used to be quite popular in the art school as he was born to be a musician with the capability of mastering any instrument he came across.