

Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 881

Chapter 881

In the hospital room, Vicky laid quietly on the bed with her eyes closed as if she was asleep.

The doctor examined her and found no serious physical injuries; the cause of her unconsciousness was attributed to an unknown stimulus. Tyler, with a cold glint in his eyes, stared at Aria. “What did you say to her?”

Aria lowered her head. “What I know is limited, but I told her how much you sacrificed for her... She has lost her memory and doesn’t remember anything, so she feels like she’s been bullied and oppressed throughout the years when you’ve endured far worse...”

Tyler interrupted her. “Miss Everly, we aren’t close enough for you to defend me.”

Aria looked up at him. “Tyler, over the years, the Hart family, including Old Mister Hart, neglected you because they wanted to test your abilities. Now, with Old Mister Hart personally coming to Stoneford City, it means your abilities have been acknowledged by him. If you return to the Hart family now, no one will have any objections.”

Five years ago, although Old Mister Hart had gone against opinions from other family members in objection to accepting Tyler into the family, he could not control Tyler’s rebelliousness and his actions that harmed the Hart family members and interests. Hence, the Hart family unanimously disagreed with him returning home.

After careful consideration, Old Mister Hart decided to let Tyler take over the family business of his foster parents to see how capable he was. If he turned out to be a prodigal son, they could just leave him be.

However, after four years, Old Mister Hart was impressed by the abilities Tyler demonstrated. At this point, no one could make any business action in Zendonía without Tyler's approval.

Throughout the year, Hart Corporation had grown stronger. Although they still could not rival the true Hart family, Tyler had clearly learned from the lessons of five years ago.

The power and connections he held in his hands were sufficient to keep even the most powerful family in the world from harming him in Zendonía.

Tyler furrowed his brow, but just then, Vicky whimpered and opened her eyes.

Without paying any further attention to Aria, Tyler hurriedly walked to Vicky's bedside. "Vicky, how are you feeling?"

A handsome and familiar face appeared before her.

Vicky blinked blankly, and tears began to scroll down her cheeks as she finally remembered everything.

When Tyler saw her tears, he assumed that she was feeling unwell and tensed. However, when he tried to go outside to call the doctor, Vicky grabbed the hem of his shirt to stop him.

He paused, and after a few moments of hesitation, he stayed and turned to Aria, who was standing by the side." Call the doctor."

Aria was stunned. "Huh?"

Tyler turned his attention back to Vicky. "Call the doctor."

Aria took one last look at Vicky before stepping out of the room.

Tyler reached his hand out to gently wipe away Vicky's tears. "Why are you crying?"

Vicky felt a lump in her throat, and despite all the words rolling on her tongue, she could not seem to find her voice. 'He has lied to me about so many things,' she thought.

Vicky felt both dumbfounded and amused.

“Are you alright?” Tyler asked, causing Vicky to snap out of her thoughts.

“I’m fine,” she whispered. “I just remembered some stuff.”

“Is that so?” Tyler did not seem surprised at all. “What have you remembered?”

Vicky’s gaze wavered. “Just things from the past.”

She had once lost consciousness for days and recalled her lost memories as a result before. Tyler kept his eyes on her and asked, “What things from the past, exactly?”

She lowered her gaze, and after a while, she summoned the courage to look at him again. “The poison you were drugged with... Has it been removed?”

Tension instantly rose, and Tyler’s expression darkened.

He knew what Aria had said to Vicky as there were only a number of things Aria knew.

The atmosphere in the room was suffocating, and Vicky knew she should not have asked about it.

She tried asking about the poison after they were married, but it only resulted in a fight, in the end, every single time.

Just when Vicky thought that Tyler would not answer her question, he said, “Yeah.”

Her lips quivered. “If I say that I didn’t poison you...would you believe me?”

Tyler looked at her. “If it wasn’t you, who poisoned me?”

“...” Vicky suddenly fell silent, realizing that she had rushed it.

After regaining her memories, she was eager to explain everything to Tyler, but she forgot that she had spent three years without uncovering the truth behind the incident.

There was no way for her to convince Tyler that she was not the culprit without any evidence.

Missus Hart and Aria were right. The trust between us ceased to exist years ago,’ she thought as she lowered her gaze and remained silent.

At that moment, there was a gentle knock on the door of the hospital room, and Aria entered with a doctor.

The doctor examined Vicky thoroughly, confirming that she was not seriously injured. After reporting the situation to Tyler, the doctors left.

However, Aria stayed behind and did not leave.

She glanced at Vicky, then at Tyler, as if she wanted to say something, but before she could speak, Tyler said coldly, "Miss Everly, you can leave now."

Aria let out a soft sigh. "Alright, I'll go now then."

Soon, Vicky and Tyler were left alone in the room, and tension rose once again.

Vicky was burdened with her thoughts and she kept her gaze on the ground without saying a word to Tyler. Still, his intense gaze remained fixated on her and was becoming hard to ignore.

Tyler suddenly spoke, breaking the silence in the room, "Vicky, besides all this, what else have you remembered?"

Vicky instinctively raised her head, finding his deep black eyes sharp like lightning.

Her heart skipped a beat, but she did not let any of her emotions show and said, "I haven't remembered anything else."

' Nothing at all?'

Vicky stared into his pitch-black eyes, a strange feeling flickering in her heart. "You don't believe me?"

She concealed everything well, and no one else should know about her effort of regaining her memories apart from Harvey. She did not believe that Tyler would know about it.

Chapter 883

Tyler stared into Vicky's eyes. "You seemed keen on regaining your memories a while ago, yet you've stopped going to the hypnotist altogether lately... Don't you want your memories back?"

She paled slightly, but before she had the chance to say anything, he continued casually, "It seems like you've regained some part of your memories on your own, though."

Her heart instantly sank.

Tyler walked over to her and bent down to meet her eyes with his dark, brooding eyes. "You just said that you weren't the one who poisoned me, is that right?"

Vicky did not understand why he was asking such a question but nodded anyway. "Yeah."

"If it wasn't you, who could it be?"

"I... I don't know..."

As a matter of fact, she managed to conclude that Tyler was poisoned by the pieces of memories she had. Hence, she called Harvey, seeking his help to look for experts in poison.

The expert Harvey found did call Vicky, but she did not have any memories of what poison was used and how Tyler was poisoned. In the end, she reached a dead end.

Though she finally managed to remember everything, she still had no clue as to how Tyler got poisoned.

At the time, Tyler had been with her the entire week, and no one else apart from Vicky seemed to have the chance to poison Tyler.

‘What exactly happened, then?’ she thought.

This question had plagued her for three years, and she still had not figured it out.

Tyler lowered his gaze, his handsome face devoid of emotion, making it impossible to gauge how much he believed her.

They were inches away from each other, close enough to see each other’s eyelashes, feel each other’s breath, and discern every change in their expressions.

Tyler reached out and gently caressed Vicky’s cheek. “Do you really want to start over with me?”

Vicky’s gaze flickered as she looked at Tyler.

After she suggested they start over, Tyler had not given her a direct answer. Since then, they had not discussed it further about the Hart family, Tyler’s parents, or Aria.

Before Vicky regained all her memories, she believed that her marriage with Tyler could work. However, after regaining her memories, she felt that there was an insurmountable distance between her and Tyler—a distance that could not be bridged.

No matter what the reason for their breakup was, she could not erase the hurt and betrayal that took place.

Regardless of whether she poisoned him herself, she must have been involved in some way. On top of that, she manipulated him into marrying her and lost their child when she tried to save Alex.

Before she lost her memories, their relationship was so astringed that she never considered the possibility of starting anew with Tyler. When she lost her memories, his attitude toward her changed somewhat, and she began to harbor a naive notion that they might be able to work on their marriage after all.

Vicky felt as though the scales in her mind were being gently pulled. Reason told her that they had endured too much pain and there would be no way for them to set the past aside, but her feelings said otherwise. As she gazed into his eyes that seemed capable of devouring souls, Vicky nodded dazedly as if she was caught under a spell.

In the next moment, she was gently embraced. At the same time, Tyler's voice, clear and as intoxicating as wine, resonated in her ear. "Will you give up on me again?"

"No," Vicky blurted out. "Never again."

"Will you bring up the divorce again?"

"Never."

"No matter what happens?"

Vicky's expression was resolute as she nodded. "Yes, no matter what happens."

She would never fall easily into the trap set by the Hart family again.

At this moment, the two of them embraced silently, unable to see each other's expressions while Tyler muttered in a low, gentle voice.

Chapter 884

"Alright."

Vicky's breath caught in her throat as she looked up at Tyler. "Are you serious?"

He lifted an eyebrow. "Aren't you?"

"That's not it." She stared at him hesitantly. "Do...you not mind at all?"

"About what?"

She opened her mouth to speak but did not know where to begin.

He seemed to see through her mind and pulled her into his arms before planting a gentle kiss on her cheek.

His voice was melodious and refreshing when he said,

"Since it's all in the past, we should let it go."

Vicky relaxed slightly, only to tense again when he added, "Besides, you've forgotten about most things that happened before, so let's not talk about them anymore."

Even before recovering all her memories this time, Vicky remembered most of the past events. However, she only achieved it without Tyler knowing, and he was unaware of her effort.

Tyler seemed reluctant for her to remember everything, and even up until this point, she could not understand the motive behind his actions.

'Did he hypnotize me to erase my memories just so that we can give our marriage another chance?' she thought. 'If that's the case, everything seems to make sense.'

"What about you and Miss Everly?" asked Vicky.

"I'm not close to her. We've only met a few times," Tyler replied.

Vicky looked at him. "She was your...former fiancée?"

"It was merely wishful thinking on the part of the Hart family; I've never acknowledged it," he clarified.

But you never mentioned her to me."

Tyler shot her a look. "We're already married. Why would I bring her up?"

Vicky fell silent and thought, 'That's right. We're already married, so it seems like there's no need to discuss exgirlfriends or former fiancées.'

"And what about the Hart family?" Vicky continued. "You never told me anything about them."

"It's not that I didn't tell you; it's just unnecessary," he said calmly. "The Hart family doesn't welcome me. Asking me to return to Zendonía is their way of exile."

Vicky remembered Aria's words. "So, if they're coming to find you now, does it mean that...they want you back in the family?"

"Probably."

"Well, what do you think?" she asked.

"They want me to come back, which naturally means they need me."

Tyler's dark eyes remained serene and profound, and every word he spoke was rational and sensible. "Now, it's time for them to show how badly they need me."

Vicky was taken aback at the realization that Tyler seemed to have any intention of refusing to go back.

The man he had become was no longer impulsive but someone who considered himself a qualified successor.

Any businessman would prioritize consideration over gains and losses, instead of their emotions.

Tyler was no longer someone who would readily abandon wealth and status for her sake.

Vicky knew that this change was a result of her actions, but for reasons she could not begin to explain, a faint sense of loss emerged in Vicky's heart.

Noticing Vicky's silence, Tyler assumed that she was worried about the Hart family's opposition to their relationship, so he reassured her, "Don't worry. No one can change the fact that you are my wife."

Vicky nodded. "Okay."

Tyler lowered his gaze to her. "Is there anything else you want to ask?"

"No."

"Since you have no more questions, then. It's my turn to ask," he said.

Vicky's eyes widened with panic. "What?"

'Has he discovered I've remembered everything?' she thought.

Chapter 885

Tyler's eyes were as dark as a starless night as he stared at Vicky. "Who was the person who has been helping you?"

Vicky relaxed at the question and said, "I swear, I don't know who he is. I don't even know his name."

"Have you met him before?" He pressed on.

Vicky hesitated.

Though she finally remembered everything, she had no clue as to who the mysterious man was, and she could not even confirm if the man she ran into before was the mysterious person who had been helping her.

After some time, she said, "No, I've never met him."

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened slightly, and he got up. "Do you want to rest in the hospital, or go home?"

Vicky disliked hospitals and said, "Let's go home."

Tyler nodded and lifted her from the bed.

The next day, Vicky appeared at the airport and was about to search for Gloria when someone tapped her on the shoulder from behind.

She turned around to find a devilishly handsome face before her.

"Vicky," greeted the man, his eyes glittering in the most alluring way.

"Harvey?" Vicky was shocked at first but soon came to a realization. "Are you here to see Gloria off?"

He shook his head. "No. I'm here waiting for you."

"Me?"

"Well, Gloria said she called you here today, and since I have nothing to do, I arrived a little early and decided to wait here.

"You didn't come with Gloria?" she asked in surprise.

"No."

"How is she now...? How is Gloria doing?" Vicky asked.

The last time she saw Gloria, she was in a horrible state, and her depression had almost turned into a mental illness under Tyler's 'care'. Harvey shook his head. "It's really bad. She suffers from insomnia and nightmares all night long, and she can barely maintain a stable mind with medication. That's why she's going abroad for treatment."

As they chatted, they arrived at the VIP lounge.

Gloria was already waiting there.

Her long hair was loose, and she wore a hat and a pair of black sunglasses that covered most of her face. Despite that, one could still faintly see the pallor that even makeup could not conceal.

Harvey did not accompany Vicky to join Gloria, but stayed in place instead, giving them space to talk.

Gloria remained seated and slowly looked up when she sensed someone's presence.

"You're here." She looked at Vicky. "Take a seat. Let's chat."

Vicky sat next to Gloria. "Will you come back again?"

' Maybe, or maybe...not," Gloria replied.

Vicky fell into silence.

Gloria turned to Vicky. "The reason I called you here this time is to thank you and...to tell you the truth about something."

"The truth?" Vicky frowned.

Gloria took off her sunglasses, her face riddled with exhaustion.

"The truth is that Tyler never loved me. I wasn't his unrequited love, and everything he did when he pursued me back then was fake..."

"Fake?" Vicky furrowed her eyebrows. "But you said that if I didn't get involved between you two, he would've married you."

"Maybe," Gloria said with a light, ethereal smile. "After all, my figure and profile are so similar to yours. He couldn't have you and had lost faith in love, so he decided to find a substitute. It was a consolation, in some way."

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Chapter 886

Gloria looked at Vicky and drawled, "Actually...I've always been your substitute."

Gloria had always been proud and was unwilling to admit certain things, even though she knew them to be true deep down.

She finally reached a point where she was willing to acknowledge the truth, which showed just how disheartened she was.

"In fact, I sensed this many years ago. Back then, when he had just returned to Zendonía and pursued me... Whenever we went out to eat, he always liked to sit beside me and look at me from the side. When he looked at me, there'd be occasional moments of distraction in his eyes, as if he was seeing someone else through me. His gaze was so focused to the point that I couldn't resist falling for him... But deep down, I managed to keep my guard up and never accepted him... Well, you know what happened next."

Gloria laughed bitterly. "I don't want to admit that Tyler never liked me. When I heard that your married life isn't going too well, I came back. As a result, I've made a fool out of myself."

Vicky listened silently, unsure of what to say. Gloria clearly saw Vicky as the winner in the situation, and Vicky knew that any attempt to console Gloria would only sound like she was gloating.

"Don't get too excited just yet, though." Gloria stared deeply into Vicky's eyes, her eyes sparkling with emotions. "Given how you treated him back then, he'll never forgive you."

Vicky, I advise you to stay away from him, or else...you'll end up even more miserable than I am right now. Here's a secret I want to tell you... Back then, Tyler didn't make a mistake when he looked for the woman playing piano in that garden. He was looking for you, that's true, but due to my misunderstanding, both you and Tyler thought he had made a mistake. I know you don't really care about this, but my point is that even though Tyler thought he owes me, he still showed me no mercy.

"Also, about that promise you made to never play the piano again, I was just frustrated at the time, so I didn't expect you to actually give up playing.

"Vicky, you can continue playing the piano now. The debt between us...has been cleared."

After leaving the airport, Harvey offered to take Vicky home, and she did not refuse.

She sat in the passenger's seat and stared out the window blankly without a word.

"Vicky." Harvey could not hold back and asked, "What did she tell you?"

"She told me that Tyler didn't find the wrong person back then. She also warned me to be careful of Tyler, saying that..." Vicky paused for a moment. "Tyler won't truly love a person.

A glimmer of understanding flashed through Harvey's eyes." And what about you? What do you think?"

Vicky fell silent.

She had just decided to leave behind the past and start anew with Tyler, so she could not give up so soon. She had given Tyler her promise to not abandon him again, and she intended on following through with her promise.

"Even if what Gloria said is true, I'm the reason why he can't love another person," Vicky said. "There's still a long way to go ahead." Harvey frowned as he realized what Vicky was implying." Have you made up your mind, Vicky?"

"Yeah."

"But I thought you said you won't make any decision before you have all your memories back."

She turned to look at him with a smile. "I forgot to tell you this, but I remember everything now."

Harvey froze, and the look in his eyes darkened with emotions. "Vicky, since you've remembered everything, you should know that too much has happened between you and Tyler, and I'm afraid..."

Vicky interrupted him gently. "I know. I was the one who made the wrong choice and gave up on him back then. He has every right to be mad at me. Since he's willing to accept me again, I'll try my best to make up for the mistakes I made.

Harvey had been Tyler's rival in the business world for years and knew that Tyler was far too obsessive for his relationship with Vicky to end well.

"Does Tyler know that you remember everything?" he asked. After a moment of silence, Vicky shook her head.

Chapter 887

"No."

Harvey's eyes narrowed. "Why didn't you tell him?"

"Didn't you find out before that Tyler was the one who caused my amnesia? I still haven't figured out why he wanted me to forget, so...I haven't told him yet. I'll inform him once I understand the reasons behind it."

There was one more thing Vicky did not mention: Tyler's change in attitude toward her started after her amnesia.

He did not want her to remember, and she wondered if it was because he did not want to confront their past and he had yet to let go of what happened.

She could empathize with that and was willing to give him time.

Harvey wanted to advise her against it but realized that Vicky was far too determined to accept any advice he had to offer, so he remained silent in the end.

Not long after arriving home, Vicky received a call from Tyler.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Upon hearing the man's voice, a faint smile appeared on Vicky's lips. "I went to the airport to see Gloria off and just got home."

Tyler showed no surprise upon hearing this news. "How is she now?"

"She's not doing great, so she decided to go abroad for treatment."

Tyler simply hummed in a calm tone without asking further questions and changed the subject. "Get ready, we have a family banquet tonight."

Vicky's face twitched. "A family banquet?"

“Yes. It’s hosted by the Harts.”

Every single member of the Hart Family looked down on Vicky, and she knew that she would be the laughingstock if she attended the family gathering.

Tyler seemed to sense her concern and spoke in a low voice, “Don’t worry, I won’t let them pick on you again.”

Vicky was moved and felt at ease in an instant. “Okay.”

Vicky examined herself in front of the mirror and nodded in satisfaction at her reflection.

She was wearing a tailor-made sky-blue backless dress, exuding a gentle and elegant aura while maintaining dignity. It accentuated her graceful and slender figure, and her every movement in the dress carried a captivating charm.

As a fashion designer herself, every gown she wore was custom-made to perfectly suit her.

Once she put on the dress, she found a pair of matching necklace and bracelet and put them on.

Just as she was about to leave, she spotted a towering figure in the mirror.

Tyler stood quietly behind her with his dark eyes fixated on her eagerly. The temperature seemed to rise in the room as he stared at her, and her cheeks flushed in response.

“Tyler.” Vicky wanted to break the awkward silence, but Tyler simply took a few long strides toward her and captured her lips with a forceful kiss. His fragrance filled her nose, and his kiss was demanding.

Chapter 888

“No... Mmph!” Before Vicky could finish, her words were all swallowed by Tyler’s kiss.

To attend the party looking her best, she spent two hours on makeup. Not only had Tyler smudged her makeup, but he even tore her dress! The sound of fabric tearing caught her in shock, but she soon snapped out of it. “Tyler, my dress!”

Tyler ignored her and continued to devour her with a relentless kiss. After being married to him for years, she knew what he was trying to do and tried to push him away. “No... We don’t have time. We’re going to be late...”

He planted kisses on her lips and neck before muttering hoarsely into her ear. “It’s fine.”

With that, he captured her lips once again, effectively stopping her from protesting.

By the time it was all over, Vicky's makeup and dress were all ruined. On top of that, they were late to the party.

She glared at the man stepping out of the bathroom.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

'What's wrong? He has the audacity to ask me what's wrong?' she thought angrily to herself.

Vicky pointed at her neck in annoyance and said, "Look at what you've done to my neck! How can I go out looking like this?"

Tyler calmly picked his shirt up to put it on before buttoning it up elegantly.

"Why can't you go out looking like this?" Tyler's voice was as gentle.

"Isn't it normal for a husband and a wife to be in bed? I*

"..." Vicky was irritated but had no words to counter him.

Her gaze swept over and landed on her dress, which had been torn to shreds and nearly turned into a rag.

Her eyes widened, disbelief flickering in her eyes, as she sorrowfully looked at her ruined dress on the ground.

"How could this happen?" she muttered.

This dress was her prized creation, requiring a great deal of effort and dedication. She used the best materials and received numerous awards for it, so she never wore it for casual occasions, fearing it might get stained.

Being invited to the Hart Family's banquet, she chose to wear this dress to look her best, yet Tyler simply tore it apart.

Vicky picked the dress up with trembling hands painstakingly.

Tyler, on the other hand, did not empathize and teased, "It's just a piece of clothing. Tomorrow, I'll have the latest dresses of the season sent over." He paused and added, "Backless dresses aren't suitable for you, so don't wear them again."

Vicky was shocked by how heartless he was to complain about her dress after he had devoured her in the same exact dress.

If it genuinely did not taste good, that would be one thing, but he did not even leave a crumb!

"I like backless dresses, so I'll wear a backless dress." Furious, she declared coldly, "I have plenty of backless dresses in my wardrobe. I'll just find another one."

As she spoke, she moved to get out of the bed.

Suddenly, the world spun around her, and before she knew it, Tyler had pinned her down.

He lowered his gaze to study her alluring features while uttering, “No way.”

“You’ve ruined my dress, and now you won’t let me change into something else? Do you want me to go wearing this torn rug of a dress?”

Chapter 889

Tyler scowled. “Don’t wear any backless dress. I don’t like it.”

“It’s fine. I like it.” “No.”

Vicky stared into his eyes. “And if I insist on wearing one?”

Tyler looked at her unblinkingly for a while before saying, “It looks like we won’t be attending the gathering after all.”

She froze. “What do you mean?”

He narrowed his eyes dangerously and brushed his lips against her cheek. “Are you sure you want to seduce me again, Vicky?”

Realization finally dawned on Vicky. “You’re the one who can’t control yourself, yet you blame it all on me,” she muttered. “You accuse me of seducing you, then say that I don’t look good in backless dresses...”

“I never said you don’t look good in one,” Tyler said.

Vicky wanted to argue but instantly realized that he was right.

It was already rude of them to be late to a family gathering, and it would be atrocious for them to not show up at all.

“Fine. I won’t wear a backless dress.” Vicky caved. “Just get off of me.”

Instead of getting up, Tyler requested, “I’ll pick what you wear.”

Vicky thought that he was offering to help out of guilt for tearing her dress apart, so she nodded. “Sure.”

Tyler went into the closet, and after searching for a long while, he finally picked something.

When Vicky saw the clothes he picked, she blurted out, “Tyler, have you gone mad? Why are you taking my pajamas out?”

“It suits you.”

“Are you trying to embarrass me at the party, Tyler?” Memories of the past crossed her mind, and her expression darkened. “Do you want others to laugh at me for wearing something like this?”

“No one will dare to laugh at you with me around,” he said.

Vicky's heart fluttered slightly, but she shook her head regardless. "No way. Even if they won't laugh at me to my face, they'll all think that I'm crazy."

Seeing how determined she was, Tyler went on to pick out a set of exercise attire. "This one, then."

"... I can't wear a jersey and yoga pants to a party."

"It's a family gathering. You don't really have to get all dressed up," he said.

Though it was a family gathering, Vicky did not see the Harts as her family.

Vicky had accompanied Valencia to numerous social gatherings and even attended a few so-called 'family banquets', which were nothing more than occasions for flattery and degradation.

At these gatherings, young ladies of high status and elegant women would compare themselves to one another relentlessly.

Vicky, with her own respectable background, had witnessed such events before. However, it was not until she attended these banquets with Valencia that she truly understood the extravagance of top-tier aristocratic gatherings.

Everything from clothes, shoes, and handbags, to the jewelry adorning their bodies was put on display for comparison.

Anything that could be seen with eyes was considered a flaunt of one's status. Hence, attending such an occasion in sportswear would not only subject Vicky to ridicule, but people would also consider her mad.

"No." Vicky refused to wear such hideous attire to the family banquet, no matter what.

The two of them reached an impasse.

In the end, they compromised and chose a moderately fashionable and casual outfit that would not be too eye-catching at the banquet, yet still avoided making Vicky look out of place.

The family banquet was held at Old Mister Hart's traditional mansion, a place Vicky had been to before.

When they arrived at the venue, everyone was already seated and engaged in conversations.

As soon as they saw Tyler and Vicky enter, the chatter abruptly ceased, and the atmosphere became unnaturally quiet.

Chapter 890

All the people looked at both Vicky and Tyler with an indescribably unsettling gaze.

In the past, Vicky had accompanied Valencia to numerous social gatherings, encountering various types of people and incidents. At that time, she was young and incapable of rivaling Valencia's level of cunning.

She eagerly sought Valencia's approval and endured many unfair treatments as a result. Unfortunately, Vicky had no choice but to swallow her pride and accept the abuse as she was facing Tyler's relatives. Vicky could not help but feel somewhat uneasy when she saw all the familiar faces again.

Valencia had traumatized her, and in moments like these, she found herself yearning for the days when she was oblivious to the past without her memories.

Tyler seemed to sense her unease. He gently held her hand and spoke in a soothing tone. "No need to be nervous. I'm here."

Vicky calmed down at the sound of his voice and smiled at him. "Alright." Then, a chilly voice cut through the crowd.

"Indeed, an uneducated barbarian can never rise to our ranks. Even young children nowadays know not to be late.

As an educated adult, how could you be so late, making everyone wait for you two? This is ridiculous."

The voice was familiar, and Vicky's eyebrows twitched as she followed its direction.

The woman's name was Isabella, the eldest daughter of the prestigious Hart family. Her relationship with the bloodline led by Orion had never been peaceful.

There were conflicts of interest between the bloodline she was in and the one led by Orion, and she considered anyone on Orion's side her enemy.

She was one of the strongest opponents against Tyler's return to the family. Valencia and Orion held a certain extent of power in the family, so Isabella dared not to speak ill of them at that time. However, when it came to Tyler and Vicky, she did not care about maintaining civility of any sort.

Over the years, Tyler rarely came home, and Isabella had only seen him a few times, so she knew nothing of his temperament. Deep down, she

never held Tyler in high regard and only felt even more contempt for Vicky.

Several years ago, Valencia brought Vicky to attend a few high-society events, and Isabella had taken every opportunity to bully Vicky.

Taking advantage of her status, Isabella had even once poured a drink over Vicky's head, making her look disheveled and pathetic in front of everyone.

In the midst of it all, Valencia watched silently, not uttering a single word in Vicky's defense, and because of that, Isabella took her silence as approval to continue.

From that moment onward, she joined forces with her group of girlfriends, finding pleasure in tormenting Vicky and causing her a great deal of suffering.

The most outrageous incident nearly resulted in Vicky's death.

At the time, Isabella thought that Vicky would never dare to fight back, but to her surprise, Vicky slapped her several times and even grabbed her by the hair before trying to drown her in a water basin. Had Isabella's friends not called security in time, Vicky would have drowned Isabella to death.

The feud between Vicky and Isabella solidified after that event.

Valencia soon realized how unpredictable Vicky could be and was afraid that Vicky might actually do something harmful to her, so she stopped bringing her to social gatherings altogether.

Tension rose as the two women who considered each other enemies met once again.

Vicky's gaze turned cold as she saw Isabella, but she refrained from confronting Isabella directly under the current circumstances, so she simply turned her head indifferently as if she had not heard anything. Tyler had only encountered Isabella a few times, and she had made snide remarks and sarcastic comments towards him every time they met, so he could not be bothered to pay attention to such a simple-minded woman.

He did not even deign to look at her, let alone try to explain himself to her.

He held Vicky's hand and casually addressed Old Mister Hart, "Apologies, something unexpected came up at the company."