

## Read *Loving You In Secret* by Debbie Meza

### Chapter 891

Vicky narrowed her eyes.

Tyler clearly said there was a work-related matter to take the blame for. Although it was indeed because of him that they were late, Vicky was touched that he came forward to defend her in front of the entire Hart family.

Old Mister Hart glanced at Vicky and smiled faintly. "It's just a family dinner. No big deal. Work is still the priority." He waved at the two of them. "Take your seats quickly."

Gatherings at the Hart Family were different from ordinary parties. Ordinary parties were held like buffets, while family gatherings were when all family members gathered at the same table to dine together. Old Mister Hart, with the most seniority and highest status, sat in the central seat.

On his left and right sides, in descending order, the seating arrangement followed the hierarchy of seniority.

At this moment, everyone at the banquet had taken their seats, leaving only two empty seats next to Orion and Valencia.

Tyler and Vicky walked over together.

Orion and Valencia had a strong dislike for Vicky, but in front of everyone else, they were careful not to make a fool of themselves by uttering snide remarks at her.

Valencia smiled warmly. "Tyler, Vicky, here you here. Come take your seats."

Vicky had already experienced Valencia's hypocrisy many years ago; she was deceived by the beautiful picture Valencia painted and manipulated into enduring hardship because of it.

Later on, Vicky gradually understood that Valencia would never acknowledge her.

After Tyler and Vicky took their seats, Old Mister Hart signaled the start of the meal.

Vicky observed the surroundings briefly and noticed that there were not too many people present today.

Isabella and her family sat across Vicky, and next to them sat a mid-aged couple and a strange young man that Vicky did not know.

There were unfamiliar faces all around her, while Lincoln and the rest of the Hart family were nowhere to be seen.

Vicky did not find it strange as the Hart family's main residence was in Molivia, so it was normal for most of the members to not come to Zendonía.

The servants brought out plates of food and placed them on each table.

This family banquet was inclusive, with each table having different dishes, encompassing different cuisines and Vicky concluded that the food must have been prepared according to everyone's preferences and tastes, reported in advance.

However, upon seeing the dishes in front of her, Vicky froze.

All the food before her was seafood.

Vicky was allergic to seafood and never touched them.

Tyler scowled.

There were a lot of servants in the Hart Family, and with several servants assigned to each section, the dishes were served efficiently.

Once all the dishes were served, Old Mister Hart said, "Since this is a family gathering, there's no need for formality. I'm sure you are all starving. Let's dig in."

Everyone was about to start dining when a loud 'bang' was heard in the quiet hall.

The others turned to the source of the sound and saw Tyler slamming his glass hard onto the table with a cold expression.

Everyone gaped at him, and Old Mister Hart asked, "What's wrong, Tyler? Do you not like the food?"

"Vicky is allergic to seafood, yet you prepared nothing but seafood. What is the meaning of this?" Tyler asked.

Chapter 892

"Allergic to seafood?"

Each family was to inform the host ahead of time about their dietary requirement.

Old Mister Hart glanced at Valencia and Orion, who paled as none of them expected Tyler to point it out so bluntly.

Old Mister Hart instantly realized what had happened and called the butler over. "Take all the dishes at Tyler's table down and check with Vicky to see what she wants, then tell the kitchen to make other dishes." The butler dared not to delay and urged the servant to take the dishes down.

The others were distracted from their meals and turned to look at Tyler and Vicky, all the while whispering among themselves.

"What a drama queen to cause a motion over a few dishes..."

"Isn't that right? She was already late to the gathering and kept us all waiting. Now, she is causing a scene over the food. Does she really think that this is her house?"

"I heard that her family background is only slightly better than ordinary people, and after her family declared bankruptcy, she managed to get to where she is now by seducing men..."

"How disgusting..."

The chattering sounded familiar like the one Vicky heard years ago.

In these people's eyes, once they developed a prejudice against someone, that person's existence alone would be a mistake.

Vicky had been condemned by so many across the years that she had grown numb toward it, so she remained seated expressionlessly.

As the crowd criticized Vicky, Isabella felt immense satisfaction and could not resist making sarcastic remarks. 'A woman who can't bear the slightest grievance and lacks any sense of propriety is truly embarrassing. She should just go back to where she came from and get a divorce, sparing the Hart family any further shame!"

After all, Old Mister Hart was present, so Isabella could not be too harsh with her words and assumed Vicky would continue to silently endure as she had done in the past.

However, Tyler, who sat next to Vicky, suddenly turned to face Isabella.

"What did you say?"

Isabella did not have much interaction with Tyler in the past, but her distaste for everyone on Orion's side of the family—including Tyler—had tainted her impression of him.

In her memory, this cousin of hers, who had been mistakenly taken into a different family, seemed to possess no redeeming quality apart from his looks.

The Hart family boasted a long and prestigious history, with an abundance of talent and excellent genes. All progenies not only

possessed good looks regardless of their gender but also had exceptional intelligence; even the distant parts of the family were filled with top-notch professionals in various industries. Hence, it was exceptionally difficult to stand out in such a family

Given their equal talents, the descendants of the Hart Family competed in terms of looks as well.

Lincoln was considered one of the three best-looking men in the family along with Isabella's brother, which had always been a sore point for her. Lincoln, Morgan, and Robin were all considered extremely good-looking, but Morgan had long passed away, and to Isabella, Lincoln was hardly a match for her brother, Robin.

Later, when she heard that Lincoln was an adopted child and not a true member of the Hart family, she reveled in joy for a long time, thinking that it was laughable for an adopted child to compete with her brother. When Tyler was reintroduced to the family, she found herself in a depth of frustration.

After all, Lincoln was only considered equal to her brother, while Tyler managed to surpass Robin. Because of that, Isabella had not refrained from speaking ill of Tyler in public gatherings.

#### Chapter 893

Rumors had it that Tyler had done many foolish things for Vicky and even wanted to sever ties with his family, which only deepened Isabella's contempt toward him.

How can a man who has nothing in mind but romance achieve any success in life?' she thought.

Soon after that, Tyler left the Hart family, and there was little news about him.

At that moment, as she faced Tyler's pitch-black and icy- cold eyes, Isabella suddenly felt a chilling sensation all over her body, slightly intimidated by the menacing look in his eyes.

Isabella had always been spoiled, and Old Mister Hart had indulged her, which only caused her wilfulness to escalate. Thus, she would never allow herself to be intimidated by a cousin who had been cast out and abandoned since childhood.

With that in mind, Isabella steadied her mind and lifted her proud chin.

"I'm talking about your wife, of course. Your wife is degrading our status and reputation with how lowly her status is and how barbaric her actions

are. She is a nobody yet acts like a princess. Does someone like her really have the right to be picky?"

Isabella pouted. "Why keep a woman like her around? It's better to divorce her directly and be done with it—"

Before Isabella could finish her words, Tyler interrupted her. "Say it again."

Isabella instinctively turned her head and met a pair of deep and brooding eyes that were staring at her with a cold and penetrating gaze as Tyler exuded a chilling aura from his body.

Under his intimidating gaze, Isabella felt as if her neck was being firmly grasped by a large hand, making it difficult to breathe.

'How can he be so intimidating? He's even scarier than my brother, Robin. This has to be an illusion or something!' she thought.

Isabella calmed herself and shouted, "I said that you two should divor—"

"Alright. Stop it," an authoritative voice interrupted Isabella.

"An allergy is not to be taken lightly as it can easily kill. If Vicky can't eat seafood, it's not that big a deal to change the dishes." Old Mister Hart smiled at Vicky. "Vicky, Orion and Valencia didn't know that you have an allergy. Please forgive them."

None of the members of the family knew that Tyler had married Vicky, so it seemed reasonable for Orion and Valencia to not know much about Vicky.

Vicky fell into silence as Valencia knew about her allergy.

There was once when Valencia forced Vicky to eat seafood, and Vicky ended up in the hospital for three whole days.

"Old Mister Hart," Tyler said.

Vicky immediately stopped Tyler by shaking her head at him, to which he scowled, reluctant to let it go.

She squeezed his hand tightly, and after a while, Tyler finally gave up.

Vicky realized that anyone who suggested Tyler a divorce would provoke him.

Tension rose in the air, and the people who were gossiping about Vicky earlier quieted down.

A while later, the servants returned with the new dishes.

Chapter 894

The atmosphere continued to be awkward during dinner, and though the others did not say another word, they kept looking over. Their judgemental gaze pierced through the air like blades.

Tyler ignored them all, and when Vicky did not start eating, he calmly served food onto her plate. "What's wrong? Don't you like these?"

She snapped out of it and said, "No, it's not that."

"Then eat up," he said. "I thought you said you were hungry."

After what had just happened, Vicky had lost her appetite, but she knew that Tyler would order the servants to make other dishes if she refused to eat.

To prevent others from thinking that she was spoiled, she picked up her spoon.

Not far away, Isabella scoffed. "How shameless."

After dinner, it was time for casual conversation and tea where people formed into small groups to chat.

"Tyler." Old Mister Hart called out. "Come. There's something I want to discuss with you in person."

Old Mister Hart clearly did not want Vicky to be there, so she stepped aside and said to Tyler, "Go ahead. I'll go make tea."

Tyler glanced at her and nodded. "Call me if you need anything."

"Sure."

The family banquet was hosted by Old Mister Hart, and no one would dare to cause trouble in front of him. Even Valencia and Orion had to resort to tempering the food menu to pick on Vicky.

They assumed that Vicky would continue to endure as she had in the past, but Tyler, unexpectedly, decided not to stay silent and exposed everything in front of everyone. Although no one said anything, they all knew that it was Valencia and Orion were the ones who planned the menus.

Tyler's action undoubtedly amounted to publicly humiliating them.

Valencia and Orion already disliked Vicky to begin with, and since their son had humiliated them because of Vicky, they simply could not be more frustrated.

Vicky did not want to make things difficult for herself, so she went to the kitchen to make tea.

Just as the water was boiling, the kitchen door was pushed open.

"Hey, Vicky. It's been a few years, but you've certainly risen in status, huh? You've finally learned to get a man to speak on your behalf, huh?"

Vicky turned her head to see a proud figure, strutting toward her like a peacock.

Isabella first examined her from head to toe, and let out a disdainful sneer. "How can someone with your taste think that you can be a fashion designer? Tsk, tsk, tsk! I guess women who are skilled in the art of seduction are different from the rest of us. No matter how hard others work, they can't surpass your accomplishment by crawling onto men's beds. Indeed, your skills in that aspect are impressive... I suppose it's a talent in some way..." As if remembering something, Isabella revealed a malicious smile. "Or should I say, it's a profession."

Vicky frowned in disgust.

Isabella lacked ambition, had no real aspirations, and had an incredibly simple mind.

Her thoughts were practically written all over her face, and because she posed no threat to the Hart family, the other family members were rather fond of her.

Isabella would occasionally cause trouble, but it was never anything significant, and the issues were easily resolved without affecting the Hart family.

It was considered normal for a wealthy young lady to have a bit of a temper and be a little wilful, so even Old Mister Hart indulged his granddaughter to a great extent.

Back in the day, when Vicky was still young and Isabella had just come of age, Isabella took pleasure in tormenting Vicky all the time.

Chapter 895

Once, Isabella even tricked Vicky into the cold storage room and adjusted the temperature to its lowest, nearly freezing her to death. If a waiter did not happen to walk by at the time, she might have died in the cold storage.

The fact that a young girl could harbor such malicious thoughts sent a chill to the depths of one's heart.

It was after that incident that Vicky decided she had enough and taught Isabella a harsh lesson.

It was said that Isabella spent over a month in the hospital after that, but Vicky no longer cared because Valencia stopped inviting her to the gatherings.

The sight of Isabella filled Vicky's heart with disgust. She gave Isabella a cold glance and turned to ignore her completely.

Vicky took the kettle off the stove and poured the water into the teapot slowly.

Seeing that Vicky disregarded her, Isabella was furious.” Vicky, I’m talking to you! Why aren’t you answering? Are you deaf or mute?!” Vicky replied indifferently, “And who are you? Why should I bother answering you?”

Isabella was momentarily stunned, but then she revealed a cold smile.

“Right, Aria told me that you’ve lost your memory... Oh, you’re quite good at pretending. To keep your man, you’ve sunk so low that you’re willing to use this sort of dirty trick!”

Vicky paid her no attention and calmly brewed the tea leaves.

“Vicky, a bumpkin like you has no place in this family. Got it?! If

Vicky blocked out her voice and rinsed out the first brew.

“Vicky, do you remember when you embarrassed yourself at the banquet years ago and became the object of ridicule? Let me tell you, I still have that video. Once I upload it online, you will become a laughingstock worldwide! Of course, as long as you kneel before me and beg, I can consider sparing you... Don’t you people in Zendonian bow and kneel all the time in your culture? Use your grand Zendonian etiquette to beg me, then,” Isabella spoke smugly, only to find that Vicky not only ignored her but did not even spare her a glance as well.

In the time it took for Isabella to speak, Vicky had finished brewing the tea and was about to carry it out.

Isabella instantly erupted in anger. She pointed at Vicky’s face and angrily shouted, “Indeed, we’re not family. You and your b\*stard husband are the same and both lack manners! Neither of you was taught by your mothers how to act around your superior!”

Vicky initially had no intention of paying any attention to Isabella, but upon hearing her mention of Tyler, she stopped in her tracks and turned sharply toward Isabella, her glare piercing. “Who are you calling a b\*stard?”

Isabella did not see Vicky as a threat and showed no fear.

Seeing Vicky’s change in expression, Isabella became even more pleased with herself. “I’m talking about your husband, Tyler Hart! If he wasn’t a b\*stard, why would his parents despise him? I heard his adoptive parents aren’t too fond of him either... Oh dear, it’s truly pitiful. What’s the point of someone living like that, unloved by his parents? If I was him, I would’ve killed myself a long time ago...”

Vicky could not help but interrupt Isabella. “Shut up!”

The more frustrated Vicky got, the more excited Isabella was.



Like a snake that had caught the scent of its prey, she continued to attack viciously; each word uttered through her red lips was venomous. “He’s a b\*stard that no one wants! His parents don’t want him, nor does his family. Everyone hates him, so he is destined to be alone forever! What’s the point of living like that? He might as well die and save himself the embarrassment-“

Smack!

Before she could finish, she was slapped across the face harshly. In the room, Old Mister Hart and Tyler were talking when their conversation was interrupted by someone knocking on the door.

“I remember saying that no one is allowed to disturb us,” Old Mister Hart said in annoyance.

“Old Mister Hart, something bad happened,” reported the servant anxiously.

Chapter 896

Everyone gathered at the doorway of the kitchen where Isabella lay among the shattered fragments. Her feet, wrists, and cheeks were cut by the sharp pieces on the ground, and blood was splattered everywhere.

“Oh my goodness, Isabella... Isabella, what happened to you? ” A middle-aged woman pushed through the crowd and ran over, her eyes welling with tears.

Soon after, a middle-aged man followed suit. “What’s going on?”

The couple were Isabella’s parents.

Someone pointed toward Vicky, who stood to the side, and whispered, “Someone saw her pushing Miss Hart down.”

Isabella’s parents turned their gaze toward Vicky. They already held a grudge against Orion’s family, and after witnessing Vicky injuring their daughter, their disdain for her reached its peak, and none of them were willing to let it slide.

Isabella’s mother pointed at Vicky, her voice filled with anger. “Someone, capture this murderer! I will not let this slide!”

The summoned bodyguards glanced at each other but did not step forward. Vicky was Tyler’s wife, and none of them dared to lay their hands on her.

Isabella’s father realized what the problem was and furrowed his brow. It seemed unlikely that they could punish Vicky, so they could only seek justice and demand compensation from Orion’s family. If they could not vent their anger, they could at least gain some benefits.

He glanced at his wife, who immediately understood what he meant and wailed, “My daughter, my Isabella... What did she do wrong? How could something like this happen to her? N

Just then, Orion and Valencia arrived after hearing the news and walked in.

Valencia was taken aback when she saw Isabella lying in a pool of blood. “What... What happened to Isabella?”

Isabella’s mother glared at Valencia. “It’s all your daughter-in-law’s fault!”

The people who knew the truth began discussing the sequence of events, each adding their version.

“Isabella went to the kitchen to brew tea and somehow got into an argument with Tyler’s wife. We don’t know what was said, but Tyler’s wife slapped Isabella. Isabella tried to retaliate but was pushed to the ground... That’s pretty much what happened.”

Orion turned to Isabella, who was sobbing in her mother’s arms.

“Isabella, is that what happened?”

Isabella, who was proud and smug earlier, put on a mask of an innocent little girl and nodded while sobbing.

Valencia looked at Vicky. “Vicky, is that true?”

Vicky was pale, but she remained calm and glanced at Isabella. “Yeah.”

Isabella’s mother was further enraged. “She admitted it! She admitted it herself! Orion, Valencia, I demand that you make this right for my Isabella!”

Orion had always known Isabella’s parents to be bothersome and entitled people, who would often cause a scene over minor matters.

He scowled. “Is there some kind of misunderstanding? It’s not like Vicky would hurt Isabella for no reason at all, right?”

Isabella blurted out, “She was the one who started it. I didn’t even hit her! You can ask the others if you don’t believe me... They’re all my witnesses!”

“Yeah, I saw that Tyler’s wife started it.”

“I was around the kitchen when it happened, and I saw them as well...”

Chapter 897

Everyone started speaking one after another.

Though they genuinely looked down on Vicky, no one was willing to lie at a time like this.

Orion and Valencia's expressions turned incredibly grim. After exchanging a glance, Valencia said, "Since it was Vicky who is at fault, she should apologize to Isabella. We're all family, and there shouldn't be any lingering grudges, right?"

Orion added, "Vicky, regardless of the circumstances, it's never right to resort to violence. Why don't you apologize to Isabella?"

Isabella's mother was not buying into this. "Orion, Valencia, my daughter has suffered such severe injuries with her face disfigured. It's uncertain if she can marry into a good family or even get married at all. An apology...? Do you think you can just brush it off as if nothing happened? It's laughable!"

Isabella's cheek was indeed grazed by the fragments of the teapot, but the wounds were shallow, and at this point, the blood had already coagulated, so it was unlikely to leave any scars.

Her mother was using it as an excuse to punish Vicky, who could not be excused for resorting to violence.

"Well... It's up to the younger generation to resolve their matters. We as their seniors can only offer advice. After all, they're already adults with their world and lives," Valencia said.

Valencia's casual remark clearly conveyed the message that they were not going to be scammed and were not willing to get involved.

Isabella's mother sneered. "Fine, since you're not getting involved, then let's seek Old Mister Hart's judgment!"

Before long, Old Mister Hart and Tyler were summoned by the servants. When Old Mister Hart saw Isabella covered in injuries, he was taken aback. "What happened to Isabella?"

Tyler only gave Isabella a brief glance before his gaze fell on Vicky.

"Vicky, what's going on?"

Vicky's lips moved, but she could not utter a word. Once the others recounted the events, Old Mister Hart displayed a disapproving expression and turned to look at Vicky. "Vicky, is this true?"

Vicky remained silent for a few seconds and nodded.

Old Mister Hart continued, "What's the reason for this?"

"She... She said some hurtful things, and I couldn't control myself," she said.

Neither Isabella's parents nor Tyler's parents bothered asking Vicky what happened as the reason for Vicky's action did not matter to them.

Old Mister Hart narrowed his eyes. "And what did Isabella say?"

Vicky fell into silence.

She did not bother remembering what Isabella said about her, but she did not see how she could repeat all the horrible things Isabella said about Tyler in public.

On top of that, Vicky was the one who resorted to the violence.

When Isabella's mother saw that Vicky quieted down, she became more certain of herself. "She just dislikes Isabella and hurts her because of that! Besides, even if Isabella said something wrong, she didn't have to beat my daughter up so badly. Old Mister Hart, Isabella grew up under your nose, and you should know what kind of a person she is... She's now injured and has a scar on her face... How is she supposed to find a good match in the future?" She burst into tears. "Her life is ruined!"

"Old Mister Hart, the Yeager came to us asking to marry their son with Isabella, but that son of theirs is really picky about looks. With a wound on Isabella's face, the engagement might be called off and our firm's corporation with the Yeagers might go south as well... This is costing us a great deal!"

Chapter 898

Old Mister Hart understood their intentions and turned to Valencia and Orion. "Orion, Valencia, what do you think?"

Orion sighed. "Young people have their ideas, and as elders, we should respect their choices. How to handle this matter can only be determined by the parties involved."

Although Orion's words sounded eloquent, his attitude made it clear that he wanted no part in this and that he did not wish to interfere.

There was nothing wrong with his actions, but the fact that he was not willing to defend his daughter-in-law sent chills down everyone's spine.

Isabella's father sneered inwardly. If it had been Lincoln who had suffered instead of Isabella, Orion, and Valencia would have hysterically demanded that the culprit be punished instead of remaining out of the way to prevent all responsibility.

Isabella's father looked at Tyler. "Tyler, it's not that I, as your great uncle, don't respect you, but your wife has indeed gone too far in today's matter. We're all family here, and the old mister is here with us now, so I won't beat around the bush. Let's consider the contract we discussed last time. You can give up an additional five percent, and we'll let this matter rest. Otherwise..." He gave Vicky a cold glance. "There are

national laws and family rules. Our Hart family's rule is that we cannot harm each other or resort to violence among kin. Those who violate it...will face family discipline. Since she's your wife, she's a member of the Hart family and will have to face our family's discipline."

Tyler's mother added, "Tyler, you experienced the family discipline firsthand before. Not only did you have to kneel in the prayer hall for a day and a night, but you also received a caning. Your wife is so delicate; she probably won't be able to endure it... It'll be horrible if she suffers any long-term damage to her body. You can make money again, but one's health cannot be compromised."

Vicky's heart sank and thought to herself, 'So the Hart family had such rules? Was that what Tyler endured by hurting Lincoln apart from being tortured by Valencia?'

Before Tyler could speak, Vicky spoke up, "I am willing to accept the punishment."

"Vicky." Tyler's gaze darkened slightly. "Let me handle this matter."

"Each person is responsible for their actions. Even if I am Tyler's wife, it is up to me to decide whether I want to

accept the punishment or agree to the compensation." She turned to Old Mister Hart. "Old Mister Hart, don't I have the right to make a choice?"

Old Mister Hart was placed in a difficult position.

They were all in Zendonía, and if they forcefully punished Vicky, Tyler cared too much for Vicky to let those who were involved go without suffering as well.

All things aside, the Harts had come to Zendonía to accept Tyler back into the family but also because they had encountered difficulties and needed Tyler's connection to resolve them. Hence, enraging Tyler would not do them any good.

Old Mister Hart cleared his throat. "This is just a quarrel between two young ladies, so I don't suppose this will warrant such harsh punishment. The wound on Isabella's face isn't that severe. I will summon a few doctors to ensure that her face recovers without a scar."

Isabella's parents paled. "No way-"

Old Mister Hart waved them off and stopped them from protesting.

"Vicky will apologize to Isabella, and that's the end of it."

"But..."

Isabella's parents wanted to argue, but Old Mister Hart scowled, and histone became stern. "What? Do you all feel like you don't have to listen to me anymore?"

Though Old Mister Hart had retired, he was still respected and feared by many.

Isabella's parents instantly fell into silence, and Old Mister Hart smiled gently to look at Vicky.

Chapter 899

"Vicky, no matter what, violence is never the right choice. Why don't you apologize to Isabella and we will put all this to rest?"

Vicky had not anticipated that Old Mister Hart would be on her side without requesting that she be punished or make compensation.

An apology seemed like the perfect solution.

Though she did not mind being wronged, she did not want to trouble Tyler or cause him any loss, so she nodded.

Old Mister Hart was satisfied and commented inwardly, 'She is flexible and sharp. It's no wonder that my grandson is head over heels for her. If Tyler isn't returning to our family, Vicky would be a perfect match for him. However, with his current status, Vicky is nothing but a deadweight to him.'

"Alright, it's settled, then," Old Mister Hart declared. "Vicky, go apologize to Isabella."

Vicky was about to apologize when someone grabbed her by the arm.

At the same time, a cold, melodious voice pierced through the air. "Hang on."

The others turned to look at Tyler in confusion, and he continued, "We haven't gotten to the bottom of this, so Vicky can't apologize."

"..." Everyone gaped at Tyler, not knowing why he would obsess over the truth.

It all boiled down to a heated argument, and no matter how harsh their words had been, the one who resorted to violence would be in the wrong. Since Old Mister Hart was interfering, Vicky would only need to apologize. There seemed to be no need for an investigation.

Vicky also felt that there was no need to continue the conflict and gently tugged at Tyler's sleeve before shaking her head at him. "I was the one who made the first move and caused her injury," she whispered. "I should apologize to her."

Tyler looked at Isabella's parents. "Vicky is my wife, and I know her character better than anyone. She wouldn't just attack someone for no reason."

Isabella's parents were already frustrated that they did not get anything out of it and were further enraged that Tyler attempted to look into who was in the wrong.

"Tyler Hart, are you saying that your wife is not at fault, but Isabella is?" Isabella's father questioned.

Tyler's tone remained calm. "That's right."

Isabella's father laughed with frustration. "Tell me, then, where did Isabella go wrong?"

Tyler glanced at him indifferently. "Why would Vicky attack?"

Isabella's mother's face turned red with anger. "No matter the reason, it's wrong to resort to violence!"

Tyler's tone turned cold and sarcastic. "According to your logic, even if I curse your whole family with death and extinction, I wouldn't be wrong as long as I don't resort to violence, right?"

Men tend to value their legacy. Isabella's father had a son whom he was extremely proud of and had great chances of inheriting the family business. When Isabella's father heard what Tyler said, he was furious. He glared at Tyler with bloodshot eyes as he reached for his gun and pointed it at Tyler.

"Tyler, who do you think you are cursing? Don't think that I won't kill you!"

Tyler smiled. "Uncle, I thought that you said resorting to violence is wrong. Are you...trying to resort to violence now?"

Chapter 900

Isabella's father was on the verge of losing his sanity as he pointed the gun at Tyler. "Tyler Hart, try repeating what you said again! I dare you!" Isabella's father's sudden action startled everyone. They scattered and retreated, fearing that they would get caught in the crossfire.

Tyler, on the other hand, remained calm and showed no trace of fear.

Vicky's eyes widened, and she instinctively stood in front of Tyler.

Old Mister Hart was also taken aback when he saw his son reaching for a gun, but he was not an ordinary man and quickly regained his composure.

“Mike, what do you think you’re doing?! Are you planning to commit murder here?!” Old Mister Hart’s voice brought Mike back to some sense of reason.

Mike retorted angrily, “Father, you heard what Tyler just said, didn’t you? Robin is my only son, yet Tyler cursed our entire family to die and wished for our lineage to end. Just how vicious can he be?”

“Even so, that’s no excuse for you to reach for a gun!” Old Mister Hart scolded. “Put that gun away immediately! How dare you brandish weapons at a family banquet?!”

Upon hearing Old Mister Hart’s words, Mike finally noticed the strange and fearful gazes of the people around him.

Indeed, it was highly inappropriate to wield a gun in front of Old Mister Hart, and if someone with ill intentions spread rumors, they might even think he intended to kill his father.

Mike regained some clarity. He glared harshly at Tyler and retracted the gun. In a malevolent tone, he demanded, “Tyler must apologize for what he just said!”

Old Mister Hart’s face twitched, but before he could speak, Tyler intervened. “I can apologize.”

Mike’s expression eased slightly, and he was about to make another demand when Tyler continued, ‘ But before that, your daughter, Isabella, should offer her apology first.’

The crowd fell into a momentary silence, and Vicky raised her gaze to Tyler.

Tyler maintained a calm and serene demeanor as if he was merely discussing the weather.

The others finally realized at this moment that all the words Tyler said had been for the sole purpose of seeking justice for Vicky.

Valencia and Orion exchanged a soulful look.

Isabella’s father snapped out of it and laughed angrily. “You cursed your own family for the sake of a woman. Tyler, don’t you know what a jinx is?”

“A jinx?” Tyler’s lips curled into a smile. “Are you trying to make my words a reality, Uncle?”

Finally getting what Tyler was implying, Isabella’s father jolted and paled, thinking to himself, ‘Crap! I was so angry that I forgot that we aren’t in Molivia. We’re in Zendonía, Tyler’s territory. It’s no wonder that Old Mister Hart took Tyler’s side. I should’ve thought about this.’



His lips trembled, but he failed to say another word. He was still Tyler's senior, after all, so caving before a junior was a pain worse than death to him.

Just then, Orion interfered. "Tyler, how can you speak to your senior that way? Isabella is injured, and we aren't asking for much. Vicky agreed to apologize. Are you trying to start a fight with your uncle?" He turned to Vicky and said coldly, "Vicky, you started all this. Hurry up and apologize to Isabella already!"

Mike sneered inwardly in response to his words.