

## Read Novel Loving You In Secret Chapter 1131

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1131-Vicky knew Valencia's apology was hardly sincere; it was just a way to brush things aside. However, what confused her was how Lincoln convinced Valencia to even apologize.

With this in mind, Vicky asked, "May I ask what Lincoln said to you that made you come and apologize to me?"

Valencia glanced at her and softly replied, "You are quite astute to guess that Lincoln spoke on your behalf."

"It must be more than just intercession. What did he do?"

Valencia looked at Vicky for a moment, then suddenly smiled. "That's right. For your sake, Lincoln even defied his mother... It's the first time I've seen him go to such lengths for a woman." Despite her smile, her gaze was cold. "Lincoln was afraid that I'd hurt you again, so he insisted on moving to his grandfather's place to protect you. He said he'll bear your responsibility and be punished in your place. His gunshot wound hasn't fully healed, and the rash on his face hasn't subsided after all this time... He can't withstand this kind of torment..." Valencia grew colder as she spoke. "He's using his life to protect you. What more can I do to him?"

Lincoln was the son she had raised since childhood, and her emotional investment in him was different from her feelings toward Tyler.

No mother in the world would heartlessly gamble with her son's life.

Valencia continued, "I had no choice but to agree, but I also made a demand of him. He cannot cancel the engagement with Avery for the time being. During this period, Avery will stay with us to take care of him and, incidentally, foster their relationship." She did not hide anything and revealed all the truth to Vicky. "However, I request that you keep your distance from Lincoln in the future. I'll say it again: You'll never marry into our family!"

Vicky fell silent for a while and replied coldly, "I've received your apology, so you may leave now."

Valencia took out a bottle of ointment from her bag and enviously said, "This is the ointment Lincoln had someone prepare for you overnight after he learned about your injury... He asked me to give it to you."

Vicky looked at the tube of ointment in Valencia's hand and silently accepted it. "Please thank the Second Young Master for me."

Valencia snorted coldly. "That won't be necessary. Just heal your face quickly so Lincoln won't worry about you all the time."

After Vicky finished bathing that night, she applied the ointment Lincoln sent to her face, and the cool sensation eased the burning pain on her face. i

As Vicky had delicate skin and Valencia's strikes had been harsh, leaving her face swollen and red, the imprint of Valencia's five fingers was clearly visible.

After applying the ointment, the pain and swelling subsided to some extent.

Vicky looked at her reflection in the mirror, hesitated, and took out her phone to send a thank-you message to Lincoln.

[The ointment is very effective. Thank you.]

Lincoln had likely been waiting for her message, as he replied almost instantly.

[Good to know you like it.]

Vicky needed to express her gratitude but knew she needed to keep her distance from Lincoln.

After reading his message, she stopped replying, but a few minutes later, her phone vibrated once again from another message.

[Vicky, I'm close to getting all the arrangements in place to get you out of this country. Just bear with me for a while longer. I will get you out of here once Tyler lets his guard down.]

Vicky perked up upon reading the message, but just as she was about to reply, a hand reached over and snatched her phone away.

Stunned, she looked up.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1132-Tyler had appeared behind Vicky without her noticing it, and he stared at her phone with a scowl.

His expression darkened when he saw Lincoln's name on the screen.

When he entered the room, Vicky, who had always been extremely alert, did not notice him even as he approached her.

Curious, Tyler decided to grab her phone to see what she was looking at. To his surprise, Vicky was texting Lincoln.

When he saw that Vicky was the one who initiated the conversation, Tyler pursed his lips and glanced at the ointment on the table darkly.

The next instant, he narrowed his eyes at the sight of the next message.

Vicky's anger surged, and she immediately stood up and went to snatch her phone back. "Tyler, give me back my phone!"

It was intrusive enough for him to enter her room without permission, but to brazenly look through her phone was crossing the line.

Tyler chuckled in anger, his voice dripping with sarcasm as he read the text message from Lincoln aloud.

"Vicky, I'm close to getting all the arrangements in place to get you out of this country. Just bear with me for a while longer. I will get you out of here once Tyler lets his guard down."

His fingers tightened around the phone unconsciously.

Veins bulged on the back of his hand, betraying his barely contained anger.

"Are you trying to run away with Lincoln behind my back?"

Vicky remained composed, unaffected by being caught off guard as she stared at him emotionlessly. "Even if I was running away with someone, it has nothing to do with you."

Tyler froze, clearly taken aback by her unexpected attitude. "What did you say?"

Vicky repeated each word, emphasizing her stance. "I said it's none of your business."

With that said, she reached out to snatch her phone back.

Instead of pulling away, Tyler looked at her pointedly, his eyes exuding a dangerous aura.

“None of my business?” His voice grew cold, and his gaze hardened. “I dare you to say that again.”

Vicky’s lips twitched, but in the end, reason prevailed as there was no need to let her frustration get the better of her and make herself suffer, so she remained silent.

However, her silence did not ease the tension on Tyler’s face.

The thought of Vicky exchanging flirtatious messages with

Lincoln while he was at work ignited a blazing fire in his chest, and jealousy and anger gradually consumed his rationality.

“Tell me, what are you plotting with Lincoln?” he demanded.

He forcefully grabbed her wrist and glared at her with bloodshot eyes.

Vicky’s heart skipped a beat, and she instinctively avoided his gaze.

Tyler abruptly grasped her chin to prevent her from looking away. “Are you scheming to poison me? To escape from my side?”

While his expression remained relatively calm, his gaze was piercing. His trembling fingers and erratic breath were enough to indicate his dangerously volatile emotions.

Vicky remained calm, knowing better than to provoke him by speaking in anger. However, she refused to explain herself and remained silent.

In Tyler’s eyes, her silence was an affirmation.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1133-Rage overwhelmed the last bit of Tyler’s senses.

He pinned Vicky against the dresser roughly and said, “You want to leave with him? Dream on! You’ll never get away from me unless I die.\* He sneered sinisterly. “Even if I am to die, I’m going to make sure you die with me as well.”

The skin care products and bottles on the dresser fell onto the floor loudly, and Vicky's back slammed against the hard surface of the dresser. A sharp pain shot up her body, but Tyler showed her no mercy.

He lowered his head and bit onto her lips viciously.

The long night stretched on as if dawn would never come.

After a night of torment and suffering, Vicky finally fell into a coma.

In the last moment before losing consciousness, she felt a sense of relief.

She did not know how long she had been sleeping when the sounds of arguments faintly reached her ears.

"Tyler, Vicky has had a high fever for so many days. Why won't you take her to the hospital and keep her locked in the room instead?!" The voice was familiar but carried a stern, hostile tone that should not belong to the speaker.

His voice should be gentle and deep, like a spring breeze,' Vicky thought dazedly.

"The medical team is currently treating Vicky. It's best for you to mind your business, Lincoln," another voice, low and cold, responded.

Even though Vicky's mind was muddled, she recognized that this was Tyler

"Medical team?" Lincoln looked at the man blocking the door, preventing him from entering to visit, and chuckled coldly. "Are you really trying to help Vicky, or are you planning to intentionally make her go crazy and lose her memory again, just like last time?"

Tyler remained silent for a few seconds before responding coldly, "Her fever has subsided."

"If the fever has subsided, why hasn't she woken up yet?"

Tyler turned his head and looked at Vicky, who was lying on the bed in a deep sleep.

Sunlight streamed through the glass window, casting a pale and lifeless hue on her face. Her eyes were tightly shut, giving her an appearance of a lifeless doll.

Tyler's gaze became obscure.

That morning after their night together, Vicky developed a high fever.

At first, it was just a common fever, and Tyler called the family doctor to administer intravenous fluids to Vicky.

However, Vicky's fever did not subside after that.

Realizing that something was amiss, Tyler called in a professional medical team.

After finally managing to bring her temperature down, Vicky still failed to regain consciousness.

In the end, the doctors concluded that the reason Vicky had not regained consciousness was due to mental and psychological issues, and unfortunately, there was no cure for a broken heart.

Lincoln's frostily insisted, "Perhaps Vicky refuses to wake up because she doesn't want to see you. Tyler, let her go."

Without hesitation, Tyler withdrew his gaze and replied, "That's impossible."

"If this continues, you will end up killing her!"

Tyler's tone was cold and ruthless. "Even in death, she can only belong to me."

Tyler remained firm in his stance and had stationed several guards at the door.

Lincoln could not get anywhere near Vicky. He visited every day to see Vicky, but Tyler refused to let anyone in.

Not only did he deny Lincoln access, but he also turned away Old Mister Hart when he came to visit Vicky, as though he feared that Vicky would be taken away from him if he let anyone through the door.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1134-The expression on Lincoln's face was stern. "Tyler Hart, you truly are a selfish man. You've always cared about yourself with no consideration for others. You know better than anyone here

as to why Vicky came down with a high fever. She doesn't want to be with you, so how much longer are you going to bend her to your will?"

Lincoln's words were so similar to what Vicky had said years ago.

'Tyler Hart, we've already broken up. When will you stop pestering me?'

Tyler's breath grew heavy, but his gaze hardened as he sneered. "Do you think I should selflessly hand over my woman like a saint?"

"Tyler, don't get it wrong. Vicky isn't your woman."

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "If she's not my woman, is she yours, then?" Before Lincoln could speak, Tyler sarcastically remarked, "Avery Yeager, your fiancée, is currently living here. Lincoln, aren't you exhausted from dividing your attention between women like this?"

At that moment, footsteps could be heard from the other end of the corridor.

"Lincoln!" Avery spotted Lincoln from afar and hurriedly ran toward him.

She grabbed Lincoln's arm possessively and complained, "Lincoln, why didn't you tell me before leaving? I couldn't find you anywhere."

Lincoln's face had not fully recovered, so he covered himself completely with a hat, sunglasses, and a mask to cover his face.

Lincoln coolly pulled his arm out of Avery's grip. "Is there something you need?"

Lincoln's coldness made Avery feel somewhat aggrieved. "Lincoln, it's already lunchtime. I came to find you to have a meal together..."

Lincoln's voice was low and pleasant, but it carried an undeniable indifference. "I've eaten. You should go ahead and eat."

"But I cooked for you. Please, at least have a taste."

"I don't need it." Lincoln continued to refuse. "I've eaten."

Avery's eyes reddened. "Lincoln..."

Avery wanted to say something when suddenly, a whisper came from the room.

Both Tyler Hart and Lincoln turned their heads to look.

They did not realize that the unconscious Vicky had slowly opened her eyes.

Upon seeing Vicky awake, Tyler disregarded Lincoln and quickly walked toward her. "Vicky, are you awake?"

Vicky saw a familiar figure despite her blurry vision. Before she could react, she was tightly embraced.

Having just regained consciousness, Vicky felt as though she was suffocating and struggled uncomfortably. However, she had no strength left, and her feeble resistance could not move Tyler in the slightest.

Just then, a deep voice rose.

"Tyler, you are hurting Vicky," said Lincoln.

From the moment Vicky woke up, Tyler's attention was focused solely on Vicky, and he no longer bothered to stop Lincoln from entering.

Lincoln took the opportunity to enter the room, and Avery followed.

It was only at this moment that Tyler noticed the agony on Vicky's face, so he immediately let her go and stared intently at her. "Vicky, how are you feeling now?"

Vicky massaged her own head and asked, "What happened to me?"

Her voice was hoarse, so one could not hear what she was saying unless they paid extremely close attention.

Tyler immediately poured her a glass of water and moved it closer to her lips gently. "Take a sip."

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1135-Sure enough, Vicky was thirsty and finished the glass of water quickly.

"Do you need more?" Tyler asked.



Vicky nodded, so Tyler poured her another glass.

Avery, who watched the scene unfold, frowned as she glanced between Vicky and Tyler, who fed Vicky water gently.

After staying in the Harts' mansion for a while, she encountered Tyler a few times and came to know him.

If Lincoln was the perfect example of a gentleman, Tyler was the opposite of it because he was a very aloof man.

Avery learned from Valencia that Tyler and his family members were emotionally distant, as if he were born without human emotions. Yet, at this moment, Tyler was tenderly feeding Vicky water, which once again subverted her perception of Tyler Hart.

After all, she was made to believe that a man like him would never care about anyone.

Avery stared blankly as she was captivated by the scene before her.

After drinking two cups of water, Vicky finally had enough, and the haze in her mind finally started to lift.

Vicky turned her head and looked around, slightly taken aback when she saw Lincoln standing quietly not far away.

"Second Young Master," she called out.

Tyler, who had just placed the empty glass back on the table, was instantly upset that Vicky noticed Lincoln before anyone else.

He returned to Vicky's bedside, his tall and upright figure blocking her line of sight. "Vicky, this isn't the best place for you to recover. I'll take you home later."

Tyler wanted to take Vicky home from the moment she came down with a fever, but she would instinctively struggle and resist whenever he tried to carry her away, even when she was unconscious.

Eventually, Tyler had to give up after a few attempts.

Since Vicky had woken up and Lincoln had arrived, it served as a reminder to Tyler that he had to take Vicky home.

Upon hearing Tyler's words, Vicky paled. "I'm not going anywhere with you."

Tyler approached her and coaxed her gently, "Vicky, it's not convenient for you to recover here, so it's best that you come home. When you're better, I'll take you on a trip, okay?"

Him being close made Vicky shrink toward the other side of the bed. "I don't want to go back." She shook her head. "I don't want to go on a trip either."

Tyler seemed to ignore her refusal and lightly stroked her hair. "Rest a little longer. I'll have someone pack your things."

Vicky started to panic and was about to speak when Lincoln, who had been silent all this time, spoke up. "Tyler, Vicky said she doesn't want to go back. I won't let you take her away."

Tyler disdainfully glanced at him. "And you are going to stop me?"

Lincoln's tone was resolute like never before. "Yes, I am going to stop you."

Tyler smirked. "I'd like to see you try."

Their gazes met, and tension rose in the air.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1136—"Um... Can I say something?" Avery's voice broke the silence. She glanced at Lincoln and Tyler, before continuing, "Ms. Shaw is ill right now, and she can't be exposed to the cold again. She clearly doesn't want to leave, and if you take her away against her will, it won't help her recovery. After all, a healthy mind makes it easier for her body to head. If she's upset, she won't be able to recover." She smiled and stared at Vicky. "I'm studying to become a doctor, so I'm not lying."

Tyler scowled.

Vicky had fallen into a coma and remained in it despite her temperature going down.

The doctors mentioned that it was caused by Vicky's mental issues, and if he took her away at this moment, she might fall ill once again. She might not be willing to wake up the next time.

Tyler instantly became agitated as he did not want to admit that Vicky was unconscious because she did not wish to see him.

He could not possibly get angry at Vicky, so he vented his anger at Lincoln and Avery instead by ordering them to leave. "Vicky needs to rest. Please leave."

Lincoln furrowed his brow and was about to protest when Avery held his arm.

"Lincoln, Ms. Shaw has just woken up and needs to rest.

Let's not disturb her for now." She continued in a tone tinged with a smile, "Otherwise, Mister Hart here might have to take Ms. Shaw to a quieter place if he feels that you're getting in the way of her recovery."

Avery's words were more tactful, but Vicky understood the underlying meaning: If Lincoln persisted, Tyler might actually take Vicky away in anger.

Avery was advising Lincoln to stop while he still could and withdraw.

Vicky could not help but glance at Avery with newfound respect.

Lincoln fell silent for a few seconds and eventually nodded." Vicky, I'll leave for now. Rest well, and I'll come to see you tomorrow."

Vicky responded with a soft hum.

Before leaving, Avery deliberately held onto Lincoln's arm and waved at Vicky. "Lincoln and I will come to see you tomorrow, Ms. Shaw."

After Lincoln and Avery left, the room returned to silence, and only then did Vicky raise her gaze to look at Tyler.

At that moment, Tyler was also quietly staring at her.

Vicky lowered her gaze, avoiding the man's eyes wordlessly.

Tyler's expression darkened as he strode toward her. However, as he neared, Vicky's body reflexively flinched, and she instinctively moved aside.

She was fully awake and remembered everything she experienced before she fell unconscious.

Tyler's gaze grew slightly heavy, and he was about to approach when knocks were heard at the door.

Knock, knock, knock!

The doctors' cautious voices came from outside the door." Mister Hart, we've come to examine Mrs. Hart."

The doctors conducted routine check-ups on Vicky every day, and it happened to be the time for the examination.

Tyler paused and went to open the door. "Come in."

Several female doctors entered one after another.

Tyler's possessiveness over Vicky had been so extreme that all the doctors who attended to Vicky had to be women.

Seeing Vicky awake, the doctors were momentarily surprised but quickly showed expressions of delight.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1137-"Oh my, she's finally awake!" the doctors exclaimed.

Tyler Hart nodded gently. "Examine her."

The doctors surrounded Vicky and began the examination. Half an hour later, they finished the check-up.

One of the doctors said, "Her temperature has gone down, and she has completely regained consciousness. Generally speaking, there shouldn't be any major issues. However, her body is still weak at the moment. If she accidentally catches a cold or drafts, her condition could easily relapse. She needs to be extra cautious. Also..." The doctor hesitated, struggling to find the right words as she glanced at Vicky, and then at Tyler.

Tyler's voice turned slightly cold. "What else?"

Seeing that Tyler seemed displeased, the doctor confessed, "During this period, you should avoid any intimate activities..." After stealing a glance at Tyler, the doctor whispered, "The high fever Missus Hart experienced was caused by the previous inflammation in her private area... So, until she fully recovers, I'm afraid that..."

The air instantly grew quiet.

Tyler remained silent for a long time before finally speaking. "I understand. You may leave."

The doctors left the room as if they were granted amnesty.

Once the door closed, they all breathed a sigh of relief.

As they walked away, they whispered to each other.

"I used to think that women who married into wealthy families were very fortunate, but now that I've seen everything, I realize it's not quite like that at all. These wealthy men never really regard women as people..."

Another female doctor sighed as well. "This lady actually developed a high fever because of being treated roughly in bed. It's truly despicable..."

"I don't really agree with what you're saying. These past few days, Mister Hart has been tirelessly taking care of his wife. He personally handled everything and hardly stepped out of the room... It doesn't seem like he doesn't care for her."

"Yeah! When I went to administer the IV drip, I saw the way Mister Hart looked at her. It was so full of deep affection... It's like she's the only person in his eyes, and no one else exists."

"Oh, I had a similar experience. I don't know if it was just my imagination, but I kind of feel unsettled by the way he looked at her."

"Unsettled?"

"Yes, it's like he's staring unblinkingly... Almost as if he's trying to swallow her whole with his gaze alone."

"Sigh! The world of the wealthy is just beyond our understanding..."

After all the commotion, Vicky was indeed a bit tired. After the doctors left, she closed her eyes, preparing to rest.

Just then, the steady and familiar sound of footsteps approached. Vicky's eyelashes fluttered, but she refused to open her eyes.

Tyler covered her with the blanket. "What do you feel like eating? Should I make something for you?"

Vicky did not respond and pretended to be asleep.

Tyler knew that she was not asleep, as her eyelashes continued to quiver out of fear.

"I'm sorry," he said in a hoarse voice. "I... was wrong that night."

He kept pouring cold water over her and lost control of his anger, so he was extremely rough with her.

Vicky remained silent but trembled even harder.

He studied her slim and pale face, feeling his heartstring tugged. Unable to control himself, he planted a gentle kiss on her forehead.

Vicky's eyes widened. "What are you doing?" Fear filled her eyes, and she shivered like a leaf. "I'm still sick, and I don't think I can take it anymore..." she whispered. "Can you...at least wait until after I recover? If you really can't hold it in, can you...sleep with someone else for now?"

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1138-Tyler only meant to kiss Vicky and did not have anything else in mind.

As he looked into the fear in her eyes, he laughed angrily." Vicky Shaw, do you really take me for an animal?"

Terrified of provoking him, Vicky did not say a word, but Tyler could easily tell from the wary look in her eyes that she did think of him as an animal.

He clenched his fists but managed to suppress his anger in the end and got up. "Rest. I'll get you some food."

With that, he strode off in a hurry as though worried he might hurt her again if he stayed another moment.

Tyler could distinctively sense that he was losing control over his emotions.

Half an hour later, Tyler brought the meal he personally prepared. The bodyguards stationed at the door greeted him respectfully before opening the door for him.

When Tyler was not around, he always arranged for bodyguards to guard the entrance.

Upon entering the room, he found Vicky was not asleep but staring blankly out the window, lost in her thoughts.

Tyler walked over. "Why didn't you go back to sleep?"

Vicky ignored his words and continued staring out the window without any reaction.

Tyler furrowed his brow and patiently persisted. "Have something to eat."

Since Vicky had just woken up, her stomach could only handle some chicken soup.

Tyler tested the temperature of the soup and brought it to Vicky's lips upon confirming that it was warm. "Open up."

Vicky remained motionless.

Tyler's gaze turned cold in an instant.

He had never been this patient with anyone except Vicky, but she showed no gratitude at all.

Just as Tyler was about to get angry, he caught sight of Vicky's thin and haggard face, and he ultimately held back.

In a low voice, he said, "Have something to eat first. It'll help your body recover."

There was no response.

"Vicky, I told you to open your mouth. Can you hear me?"

Still, Vicky refused to react.

"Vicky!"

Before Tyler could finish his sentence, she spoke hoarsely though calmly, "Leave it for now. I don't have an appetite at the moment. I'll eat on my own later."

Tyler wanted to argue, but he refrained from threatening her upon seeing Vicky's feeble appearance.

Just then, Tyler's phone rang.

He glanced at Vicky and answered the call.

It was Harry calling.

Recently, Tyler had been devoted to taking care of Vicky and had not been able to go to the office, so most of the important matters had to be reported through phone calls.

As Harry provided updates, Tyler's expression grew increasingly solemn.

After a long while, he finally said, "I understand. I'll be there right away."

Harry let out a sigh of relief on the other end of the line.

After hanging up the phone, Tyler looked at Vicky. "I have some urgent matters to attend to. I'm going out for a while."

Silence lingered, and there was no response.

Tyler knew she did not want to acknowledge him, and in a low voice, he said, "Remember to finish your meal."

Tyler stood there for a while, waiting for Vicky's response, but it never came and his mood soured. "Vicky..."

"I understand," Vicky spoke before he could warn her. "Go and take care of your business."

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1139-Tyler was frustrated at how cold Vicky was toward him but could only remain calm as he landed her in this position in the first place.

He bent down and planted a gentle kiss on her cheek. "I will be back soon."

Vicky remained silent.

With a final glance at her, Tyler turned and stepped out of the room.



After closing the door behind him, Tyler said to the guards outside the room, "I need to leave for a while. Call a few more men over to guard the room. No one is to step foot inside without my permission, understood?"

"Yes, Sir."

After a moment of hesitation, Tyler added, "Vicky is not allowed to leave the room either."

The guards nodded in unison. "Understood."

With that said, Tyler finally left.

After handling urgent matters at the company, Tyler rushed back.

Upon receiving confirmation from the bodyguards that Vicky had not left the room and nothing unusual occurred, he

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finally relaxed.

Pushing open the door to the room, he found it quiet inside. He was concerned that he would disrupt Vicky's rest, so he walked lightly.

As he entered the bedroom, he spotted her lying on the bed, soundly asleep.

The moment he laid eyes on her, his heart finally settled, and he felt himself relaxing.

Despite knowing that no one could take Vicky from him given his current arrangements, he could not help but feel anxious when she was out of his sight.

This sense of anxiety only disappeared completely when he saw Vicky.

Silently, Tyler walked to her bedside and gently pulled the blanket over her, not even noticing how gentle he was being.

At that moment, his eyes inadvertently swept over a bowl placed aside.

The steam that once filled the bowl had already dissipated, and the soup inside remained untouched.

Tyler was first taken aback, then a hint of annoyance appeared on his face as he considered waking Vicky up.

However, just as he was about to touch her, his hand froze mid-air. After a brief moment of hesitation, he slowly withdrew it.

In the end, he did nothing but continued to fixate his deep gaze on her unblinkingly.

After some time, Vicky was awakened by thirst and reached out for the water glass on the table.

Her head was still a bit dizzy, and her body felt feeble, so even reaching for the glass seemed extremely difficult.

Suddenly, a hand reached out and picked up the glass from the table before gently bringing it to her lips.

It was only then that Vicky noticed that someone sat by her bedside. She was momentarily stunned when she laid eyes on Tyler but quickly recovered to take the glass and drank the water silently.

“Do you want more?” Tyler asked.

Vicky shook her head. “No, thank you.”

The man placed the glass back on the table.

The sun was setting, and the room grew progressively darker as no lights were turned on. Tyler’s sophisticated features were shrouded in dim light, making it difficult to discern his expression clearly.

Vicky felt the atmosphere becoming somewhat heavy and noticed that Tyler seemed to be in a bad mood.

Unsure of who might have provoked him, she remained silent and chose not to speak.

Silence lingered, and the room seemed to grow colder.

Vicky had no intention of breaking the silence, and in the end, it was Tyler who spoke first.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1140-“Why didn’t you eat?” Tyler questioned sourly.

Vicky was initially confused but did not bother to raise any questions. “I didn’t have an appetite and wanted to eat later, but I ended up falling asleep instead,” she explained hoarsely.

“Did you really not have an appetite, or did you simply not want to eat the food I prepared?” he asked.

Shocked, she asked, “You prepared it?”

Vicky had not taken a single sip of the soup, so she assumed that it was prepared by the servants.

Tyler studied the sincerity on her face, and the look in his eyes darkened at the realization that Vicky did not even know that he cooked for her.

For some reason, he could not bring himself to cheer up.

He suddenly remembered a saying. ‘True indifference is not about never meeting again or avoiding discussions, but rather, it is when seeing or speaking to each other stops affecting one’s mood.’

This saying seemed to be aligned perfectly with Vicky’s current state as she grew more emotionally detached from him.

It felt as if a heavy weight was pressing against his chest, making it difficult for him to breathe.

Sensing the ominous aura oozing off of him, Vicky concluded that Tyler was indeed in a poor mood.

She knew by heart just how insane Tyler could be, and angering him would mean endless suffering; just like how she ended up on bed rest, unable to get out of bed on her own.

She did not know why he was upset, but she could guess that it was likely because she failed to touch the soup he made for her.

“I didn’t know you made this, and I didn’t intentionally avoid eating something you made,” Vicky said thoughtfully. “I’m a bit hungry. Could you heat the soup for me?”

Hearing her words, Tyler was somewhat surprised.

Ever since Vicky regained consciousness, her attitude toward him had been exceptionally indifferent.

Knowing that he was the only one to blame, Tyler was slightly more patient with her than usual.

He could tolerate if Vicky scolded him or threw tantrums, but he could not stand her ignoring him.

Despite the fact that Vicky explained herself without him demanding it, it made him feel even more stifled as he had no way to vent his frustration.

Tyler silently stared at her for a long moment before picking up the bowl and leaving the room.

Half an hour later, Tyler returned to the room and switched on the lights, dispersing the darkness in the room. He helped Vicky up, placing a pillow behind her back to support her on the bed.

The aroma of food wafted through the air, causing Vicky's stomach to growl.

When Vicky saw Tyler picking up the bowl from the table, she instinctively reached out to take it. However, Tyler avoided her hands and instead scooped up a spoonful of soup before bringing it to her lips to feed her.

Vicky stared at the spoon, and after a few seconds, she opened her mouth and accepted it.

The soup's delicate, comforting taste filled her mouth, and she instantly concluded that it was indeed prepared by Tyler.

Tyler scooped up another spoonful of soup and offered it to her.

Vicky looked at him and asked, "Did you remake another portion?"

Freshly cooked soup and reheated soup would taste different, and Vicky, who often cooked herself, was well aware of this distinction.

"Yeah," he replied calmly.

Vicky did not pursue the matter any further.

After taking about half a bowl, she was finally full.

“I’m full.” She shook her head, declining the spoon offered by Tyler.