

Read Novel Loving You In Secret Chapter 1331

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1331-There were a lot of people around them, and they all felt obliged to say something.

“Tyler might be reckless, but...he’d never do such a thing if a certain someone didn’t exaggerate the truth,” said Valencia.

Orion agreed. “Yeah, this isn’t entirely Tyler’s fault. Had Vicky not told Tyler she was injured, how would he know?”

Instantly, everyone shifted the blame onto Vicky, and she simply remained quiet without arguing.

Tyler stood before her and lifted her bruised wrist. “What is this, then?”

Everyone was dumbfounded when they saw Vicky’s ‘injury’.

Mike sneered. “You call that an injury?”

“Isn’t it?”

Mike’s entire body trembled with anger. “Compared to what my son suffered, what kind of an injury is that? Tyler-“

His words were interrupted by Tyler’s ominous voice. “Vicky is my wife. Forget the bruises on her wrist now. Even if anyone dares to touch a single strand of her hair, it’ll be considered a direct insult toward me.” Tyler’s gaze was sharp as it swept across the faces of the crowd as he moved his lips. “I spared his life, and that’s already mercy...

Whoever dares to touch her, I’ll take their life.”

Both Valencia and Orion were stunned. Unable to do anything to Tyler, they wanted to target Vicky instead. They thought that if they managed to control Vicky, Tyler would obediently follow suit. However, they did not expect Tyler to boldly declare his claim in front of so many people.

“Tyler, are you willing to kill your kin for this woman?” Mike laughed angrily. “I’d like to see how you’ll retaliate if I kill this woman!”

Instantly, Mike pulled out a handgun and aimed it at Vicky without giving anyone a chance to react.

Having served in the military when he was younger, Mike was skilled in combat and had the habit of carrying a gun with him. During the incident with Isabella, he contemplated shooting Tyler but was stopped by Old Mister Hart.

However, Tyler had yet again injured another one of his children, and he could no longer hold back.

Bang! The gunshot resounded abruptly, giving no opportunity for intervention.

Tyler reacted swiftly and forcefully and pushed Vicky away.

The bullet missed its target.

Screams erupted, and everyone frantically ran to shield themselves.

Mike narrowed his eyes coldly as he looked at Vicky. Both his daughter and son had been injured twice because of Vicky, and he wanted her dead.

'If I kill this menace, Old Mister Hart won't punish me afterward,' he thought and aimed the gun at Vicky again, ready to fire.

Just as he was about to pull the trigger, a sharp noise sounded.

Bang!

Mike's wrist stung, and blood splattered as the gun fell from his hand, landing on the ground with a clatter.

Stunned, he turned to see Tyler holding a gun aimed at him. A thin trail of white smoke wafted from the black and frigid muzzle.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1332-Mike was dazed as he watched blood stream down his arm. "Tyler Hart... How dare you shoot me?!"

Tyler stared at him coldly, determined to eliminate him for trying to kill Vicky and take her from him. No one who tried to take Vicky away had the right to live.

With that thought in mind, Tyler pulled the trigger without hesitation.

Bang!

Despite his age, Mike's agility was still remarkable.

The moment Tyler pulled the trigger, he swiftly dodged the bullet. However, Tyler aimed his gun at Mike again and was determined to kill him.

"Tyler!" Old Mister Hart shouted, trying to stop him.

However, Tyler seemed oblivious to his words and pointed the gun at Mike's heart, preparing to fire another shot.

"Tyler, don't!" Vicky shouted and pushed his arm.

The shot veered off course and landed at Mike's feet.

Facing Tyler's chilling intent to kill, Mike, weakened by his previous injury, had little chance to evade. As death loomed over him, a distressed voice halted Tyler's hand.

"Tyler, that's enough."

He turned to see Vicky, who looked anxious and alarmed.

She shook her head at him. "Tyler, enough."

"He was going to kill you," Tyler muttered.

"I'm fine now." Vicky's voice quivered slightly.

"It would be too late for me to do anything if I wait until you're 'not fine'," interjected Tyler sternly.

Vicky remained silent for a few seconds, then walked slowly toward Tyler.

"Tyler, I don't want to stay here. Let's go back."

"We can go back," Tyler replied, glancing at Mike murderously. "But let's settle this score first."

Vicky paled. "Tyler..."

Just then, Old Mister Hart's voice broke in. "Are you planning to kill in front of Vicky?"

He leaned on his dragon-headed cane, striking the ground forcefully. His face was contorted with anger, his chest heaving.

This birthday celebration had not only seen gunfire but also spilled blood. Worse still, it happened between members of the Hart family. The fact that Old Mister Hart did not faint on the spot showed his remarkably strong mental fortitude.

Hearing Old Mister Hart's words, Tyler's brow furrowed. He lowered his gaze to Vicky, noticing how she was trembling in fear.

The coldness in Tyler's eyes subsided as he realized that

Old Mister Hart was right; he should not kill in front of Vicky.

Tyler lowered the gun and gently held Vicky's hand. "Let's go."

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1333-Vicky sighed in relief.

As soon as Tyler stepped forward, the onlookers instinctively made way for him. Though many people were present, they all remained silent, afraid of attracting the attention of this demon before them.

At this moment, people's gazes toward Tyler were filled with both fear and loathing.

There were numerous rumors about him, and most of them were far from favorable. For instance, he was known to be rebellious, ruthless, and disregarded family bonds when it came to taking action. Today, he openly aimed a gun at his uncle in front of everyone, so no one knew if he was capable of parricide if something else provoked him.

No one dared to stop Tyler and Vicky from leaving; even Valencia and Orion dared not utter a single word in Tyler's presence.

Only when the couple's figures disappeared did the crowd finally heave a collective sigh of relief.

"Father!" Mike gripped his injured arm and roared furiously, "Tyler wanted to kill me! We can't keep such a filicidal maniac in the Hart family!"

Old Mister Hart felt like he had aged 10 years in a single moment. He waved his hand in dismissal. "You should go to the hospital first for treatment."

“Father, Tyler has no regard for anyone. The Hart family can’t tolerate someone like him! You saw it yourself—he tried to kill me! Are you really going to take Tyler’s side on this matter?”

Old Mister Hart glanced at him. “If you hadn’t shot at Vicky, he wouldn’t have wanted to kill you. If it weren’t for Tyler pushing her away in time, she’d be dead by now.”

Mike was unwilling to give up. “Braxton almost got beaten to death because of that menace. Are you saying that her life is worth more than Braxton’s? Father, you need to settle this fairly, or I—”

Old Mister Hart became irritated. “What do you want, then? To go kill Tyler or sever ties with the Hart family?”

A sinister expression crossed Mike’s face. “At least I won’t just sit on my thumbs.”

Old Mister Hart sneered. “Have you been used to getting your way in recent years and become so inflated that you’ve lost your bearings? Look at where you’re standing now. Remember whose territory we are in! Do you think Tyler spared you today because he’s afraid of you? It’s just that he cares for Vicky and doesn’t want to hurt her! Even if he had killed you today, he’d be able to get away with it. You would’ve died a pointless death!

“When you are in someone else’s territory, you should abide by their rules. Tyler cares most about Vicky, yet you insisted on hurting her in his territory. Isn’t it only natural that you got injured?”

Old Mister Hart glared at Mike disappointedly. “He could simply sever ties with the Harts if he did end up killing you, but you would’ve lost your life for nothing. And…” He snorted. “What you should be worried about is not how to kill Tyler but how to preserve your life. After getting your wound treated at the hospital, you should hurry back to Molivia, or you might die. Don’t blame me for not warning you.”

Old Mister Hart did not want to deal with these vexing matters any longer and left swiftly.

The night was cool, and Tyler’s car sped all the way back home. Throughout the journey, his expression remained dark and tense.

Vicky hesitated to speak several times. However, upon seeing his increasingly rapid steps on the accelerator, she fell silent.

She stopped Tyler not because she pitied Mike but because she did not want Tyler to murder someone in front of so many people. Though Tyler felt nothing toward the Harts, they were still his family. She did not want him to murder his relative for her sake.

Upon arriving home, Tyler took Vicky's hand and took her upstairs wordlessly. He located the first aid kit and started applying ointment to her bruised wrist. His expression was dark, but his motions were gentle.

Soon, the burning pain on her wrist was replaced by a cool sensation.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1334-As Tyler's long fingers touched her skin, Vicky felt a noticeable tremor. Her breath hitched, and her heart softened as she gazed into his eyes.

"Tyler." She grabbed his hand. "Don't worry, I'm alright."

Her words had just fallen when Tyler pulled her into his embrace. He held her tightly to the point that it started to hurt; it was as if he feared she might disappear if he loosened his grip even slightly.

Tyler remained tense, and his anxiety about losing her brought him to the verge of snapping.

Vicky felt a pang of sympathy and gently held onto him. "It's alright, Tyler, I'm really fine-mph!"

Her response was met with Tyler's unexpected kiss. It was not like their usual affectionate ones, nor was it as purposeful. Instead, it seemed chaotic and without any defined pattern. It was as if even Tyler did not know what he was doing and was acting purely on instinct.

Vicky sighed silently and willingly returned the kiss.

In the middle of the night, Tyler silently sat up from the bed. The moonlight outside the window was hazy and serene, gently sprinkling over the man's perfect features.

In the darkness, Tyler sat at the edge of the bed, gazing at the sound-asleep Vicky.

Enveloped in darkness, his expression could not be clearly seen, but his deep black eyes occasionally flickered with an obsessive light.

After watching her for a while, he finally left the bedroom.

In the hallway, he picked up his phone and dialed a number.

“Send someone to the hospital where Braxton is being treated and cripple him,” commanded Tyler ruthlessly. “Make sure he’s never a man again.”

On the other end of the line, Harry spoke up in surprise, “But... Braxton is a member of the Hart family. Unlike the people who harassed Missus Hart before, the Hart family might interfere...”

Tyler impatiently interrupted, “Do it as I instructed.”

Harry dared not dissent any further. “Yes.”

“Also...” Tyler continued. “Immediately arrange for someone to capture Braxton’s father. If he resists...” A hint of murderous intent flashed in Tyler’s eyes. “End him swiftly.”

Harry was left speechless for a long time after Tyler finished giving orders.

He had long been aware of Tyler’s possessiveness toward Vicky. Even though Tyler had never treated her well throughout their four-year marriage, Vicky was not someone anyone could bully.

Those men who once harbored improper intentions toward

Vicky had been dealt with quietly behind the scenes by Tyler’s men. As for those who intentionally caused trouble for Vicky and bullied her, they were given the punishment they deserved without her knowing.

Tyler could bully Vicky, but no one else was allowed to.

However, targeting a member of the Hart family was undoubtedly unwise.

Tyler was calm and clear-headed, despite everything.

Harry sighed, knowing that offending the Harts would not mean anything good for Tyler.

Vicky noticed that something changed within Tyler ever since they attended Orion's birthday. If she went out of his sight for over five minutes, he would grow extremely irritated.

She used to wait in his office when he had meetings, but he insisted on taking her with him lately.

One day, he was absorbed in work, so she headed to the lounge to make him a cup of coffee.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1335-It only took Vicky a few minutes, but when she returned with the coffee, she saw Tyler hurrying out of his office anxiously.

He froze when he saw her, but his expression swiftly darkened. "Where have you been?"

Vicky showed him the cup of coffee in her hand. "You looked really busy, so I went to make you a cup of coffee..."

He raised his arm and slammed the cup out of her hand.

Thunk! The cup landed on the ground, spilling the coffee inside.

"Did I not tell you to stay where I can see you?!" he roared.

Vicky stared at the man before her, and her face turned pale.

Sensing that his behavior had frightened her, Tyler stiffened for a moment, and his anger gradually subsided. He subconsciously reached out, wanting to hold her hand.

Instinctively, however, Vicky pulled away from him.

His arm froze midair, and time seemed to have stopped.

Vicky's gaze flickered slightly, and she wanted to say something, but Tyler slowly retracted his hand. His long eyelashes drooped, hiding his emotions.

After a few seconds, Tyler strode past her.

Vicky watched his figure gradually recede and decided not to stop him from leaving.

Tyler had been acting strangely recently, and she knew that something had to change.

A trace of worry appeared in Vicky's eyes. After contemplating for a few seconds, she dialed the phone number of the hypnotist who previously hypnotized Tyler.

Tyler never returned.

Sometime later, there was a knock on the office door. Jade, the female bodyguard, walked in. "Missus Hart, I'll take you home."

Vicky glanced behind her. "Where's Tyler?"

Jade looked away. "Mister Hart still has some appointments to attend to, so he can't come back temporarily. That's why... n

Vicky could tell that Jade was lying. "Don't lie to me. Just tell me where he is."

Jade hesitated for a few seconds but eventually confessed, "He's at a bar."

In the dimly lit and empty bar, a handsome man sat at the counter, drinking one glass after another. The other patrons had long been evacuated from the bar, leaving the spacious venue with only Tyler alone.

Just as he was about to pour himself another drink, a slender and fair hand suddenly held onto the bottle.

His gaze flickered slightly, and in his dazed vision, he saw a familiar figure. "You... Why are you here?" he spoke, slurring slightly in his speech.

"I was a bit worried about you, so I came to check on you."

"Worried about me?" Something seemed to have struck his mind, and he smirked feebly. "Are you worried about me, or do you find me annoying?"

Vicky twitched slightly, surprised by his perceptiveness.

Vicky held his fingers, stared into his eyes, and finally asked the question she had kept buried in her heart. "Tyler, have you...remembered everything?"

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1336-Tyler looked at Vicky dazedly.
“Remember what?”

“The things you’ve forgotten.”

“No.”

She scowled and was about to say something when he interrupted her.

“Do you want me to remember?”

“You should remember everything that’s happened.”

“You aren’t answering my question directly.”

“Tyler...”

“You said that our marriage was never a happy one. Since I chose to forget about the past, it means that I don’t want to remember...” He stared at her dazedly and continued, “You like the Tyler from five years ago, and now that I’ve lost my memories, I’m still the man you love. Isn’t that a good thing?”

Under the dim light, his profound features hid in the shadows, giving off an aura of gloominess.

Vicky clenched her fists. But you won’t be complete without your memories!”

“But you don’t like me when I’m complete, do you?”

“No, it’s not like that...” Vicky held his hand, wanting to explain.

Tyler interrupted her once again. “Actually... I don’t like that version of myself either.”

Gazing at his face, Vicky softly said, “Tyler, you’ve had too much to drink. Just stop drinking.”

Tyler lowered his head, looked at the glass in his hand, and murmured, “I’ve noticed that I’m becoming annoying now.”

A strange emotion arose in Vicky’s heart. There was something fleeting in her mind, but she could not quite grasp it.

She took the glass from him and spoke softly, "I wasn't angry at you today. It's just that your sudden mood swing scared me...and I thought you were too busy, so I wanted to make you a cup of coffee."

Tyler was not himself today, so Vicky decided to coax him into going home first. "You've given me the share of your company, so I just wanted to help you in some kind of way, yet you left me alone at the company today and went off by yourself. Do you know how upset I was?"

Hearing her words, Tyler's lashes fluttered slightly as he turned to look at her. "Are you...very upset?"

Vicky nodded. "We've been together all this time, but today, you left me. I thought you went to see some other woman..."

"I didn't." He pulled her into his embrace, holding her tightly. "You're the only one in my heart."

"Yeah, I know." Vicky patted his back soothingly. "Stop drinking and come home with me."

Her warm touch melted his guard away, and Tyler gently nodded while holding her in his arms.

The next day, the two of them reconciled, and neither mentioned the events of the previous day as if everything was just a little episode.

However, a shadow continued to loom over Vicky's heart as she felt that Tyler had been acting strange lately.

Before, she had thought that Tyler might not have lost his memory at all but was just pretending to have amnesia to prevent her from leaving. However, the conversation with Tyler after he got drunk made her feel that perhaps he had truly lost all memories.

He had been denying his past self and memories all along.

Vicky tried to persuade Tyler several times to continue with hypnosis, but he always evaded the topic.

One day, Vicky accompanied Tyler to attend a business banquet filled with clinking glasses and luxurious extravagance.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1337-Despite Tyler's formidable power and authority in Zendonía, there were certain social occasions he could not avoid.

As they entered the venue, all eyes were instantly drawn to them. Tyler stood tall and handsome, exuding an air of nobility. Vicky was stunningly beautiful, captivating all with her radiance.

Beautiful things naturally drew admiration, and people could not help but steal glances at the couple.

Vicky had grown used to such attention and paid it no mind. However, Tyler's mood seemed to have taken a dark turn, and his eyebrows furrowed in displeasure.

Concerned, Vicky looked up at him. "Tyler, what's wrong?"

His deep, mysterious gaze fell upon her. "You look beautiful today."

Despite the compliment, what he was truly thinking was how much he wanted to gouge out the eyes of those other men who dared to lay eyes on her.

Hearing Tyler praise her appearance with such sincerity made Vicky's cheeks flush. "Thank you."

Tyler rarely said sweet words, so she felt delighted and cherished whenever he did.

Suddenly, he pulled her into his embrace, his possessiveness evident as he held her waist tightly,

shielding her from the crowd's gaze. "Let's attend fewer events like this in the future."

To him, she was his alone. He felt as if the others were sharing something that was exclusively his, even if they were only looking at Vicky.

Oblivious to his thoughts, Vicky assumed that Tyler disliked social gatherings and agreed, "Alright. If you don't like it, we'll attend fewer events like this."

Tyler's expression eased slightly.

As they conversed, several business partners approached, greeting them with the usual pleasantries and compliments.

“This must be Missus Hart, right?” Someone smiled. “Mister Hart has excellent taste. Missus Hart is truly beautiful and elegant. You two are a perfect match, destined to be together.”

“Oh, absolutely,” another chimed in. “Missus Hart is undoubtedly the most beautiful woman at the banquet!”

“We heard about Missus Hart’s beauty beforehand. Now that we’ve seen her in person, it’s no exaggeration to say she looks like a fairy.”

Vicky had often accompanied Tyler to such events, so she was accustomed to such flattery and sycophancy. However, she noticed that Tyler’s expression grew increasingly dark.

People exchanged puzzled glances, unsure of what they had said to displease Tyler as even the flattering compliments seemed to have had the opposite effect on his mood.

Curious, Vicky looked at Tyler and asked, “Tyler, what’s wrong?”

His gaze darkened, but as he led her away from the crowd, he seemed to have regained his composure. “It’s nothing.”

“Is something troubling you?” she asked worriedly, feeling like Tyler had been upset ever since they entered the event hall.

“I’m fine.” He lowered his gaze and changed the subject. “You haven’t eaten tonight. I’ll go get you something to eat.”

“Sure. Just get me whatever you want.”

“Alright,” he said. “Wait here. Don’t wander off. I’ll be back soon.”

“Sure.”

Vicky stood still and waited for Tyler to return when someone suddenly approached her.

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1338-“Missus Hart?”

Vicky turned and saw a blond, blue-eyed foreign man standing behind her. It did not take her long to remember who he was-Harold, one of Tyler’s business partners. She had met him during a contract signing with Tyler some time ago.

Vicky politely extended her hand. "Harold, it's a pleasure to see you again."

Harold held her hand and lightly kissed the back of it." Missus Hart, I'm delighted to see you again too."

Having lived abroad, Vicky understood this kind of gesture was mere etiquette, so she was not at all surprised and remained composed and graceful.

As she was about to exchange pleasantries with Harold, a dull sound was heard, followed by Harold's pained cry.

"Ah!"

Vicky was taken aback for a moment before she looked up.

Behind Harold stood a tall, handsome man. His face was refined, but his expression was downright intimidating. His pitch-black eyes seemed to emit chilling intent.

He seemed to have smashed the tray in his hand down onto Harold's head with great force, causing him to bleed.

The abrupt noise attracted the attention of everyone at the banquet, and they all looked in their direction.

"Tyler..." Vicky also stared at him in astonishment.

Noticing the shock and unease in her eyes, the look in Tyler's eyes darkened, and he instantly concealed all traces of hostility. His expression returned to its calm state as he explained, "I'm sorry, my hand slipped."

This explanation lacked sincerity; no one could accidentally hit someone so hard that their head started bleeding.

However, given Tyler's status, anything he said went.

Someone chimed in. "Haha, the tray must've been too slippery! Mister Hart just didn't get a good grip on it for a moment."

"That's right!"

“Mister Harold, you should be more careful next time so you can dodge it in time when someone’s tray slips.”

Amid the crowd’s remarks, Vicky felt incredibly embarrassed. Despite the others’ attempts to smooth things over, she sensed that something was off.

She glanced at Harold, who was clutching his head on the floor, then at the indifferent Tyler.

She approached Tyler. “Let’s go home.”

Tyler remained silent for a moment. “Okay.”

As they had not had dinner yet, Tyler did not take her home directly but brought her to a restaurant she frequented.

Watching him calmly peruse the menu, Vicky’s eyes flashed with concern.

“Tyler,” she said, “I’ve already arranged for a hypnotist for you. Let’s go together tomorrow.”

Tyler paused browsing and looked at Vicky sharply. “Do you want me to remember that badly?”

She looked away. “I just think that...”

“Are you starting to get tired of me again?”

“That’s not it. I just...” She was merely worried because Tyler seemed extremely agitated lately.

On top of that, Tyler was diagnosed with depression previously, and that was not something that amnesia could cure.

After observing him for some time, she felt that his condition persisted.

“Why insist that I remember, then?” he questioned coldly. “What exactly do you want from me, Vicky?”

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1339-Tyler slammed the menu onto the table and stood expressionlessly before leaving.

Stunned for a few seconds, Vicky then hurried after him.” Tyler, let me explain!”

He ignored her and walked through the door.

He took long strides, so it was challenging for Vicky to catch up to him. By the time she was out of the restaurant, he was already across the road.

“Tyler!” she called out anxiously.

She could tell Tyler had been odd, and she had to talk to him about it instead of letting it be. With that thought in mind, she ran after him.

Beep!

At that moment, a piercing horn resounded.

Vicky instinctively turned, only to have a blinding light shine on her face as a black sedan hurtled toward her.

Due to her anxious state, she had not paid attention to the cars on the road, and it was too late to run.

Vicky could only watch helplessly as the car rushed toward her.

“Vicky!” Tyler called out desperately, and at the same time, she was forcefully pushed aside.

The car brushed against her cheek and sped past, raising a chilling gust of wind that tousled her hair.

Vicky was still in shock as she looked at the car disappearing into the distance, visibly shaken.

Tyler pulled her up from the ground and led her to a nearby pedestrian area before scanning her up and down, seemingly checking if she was injured.

“Are you alright?” he asked.

“I’m fine.”

Under the orange streetlight, his handsome face was as pale as paper. He was panting heavily, and panic filled his eyes.

It was as if he had almost been the one hit.

Tyler rarely showed such nervousness and anxiety, so Vicky approached him and gently hugged him. "Tyler, I'm okay, really."

While hugging him, Vicky's heart ached for him when she noticed that his heart was racing, and his body was tense. She comforted him as one would comfort a small animal, and she gently patted his back. "I'm sorry, I was being careless. I'll be more careful from now on..."

"I'm sorry." Tyler held her tightly. His low, hoarse voice sounded in her ear. "Vicky, I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault; I didn't look at the road. It's not your fault that I almost got hit. I should thank you for saving me..."

However, he seemed to have not heard a word she said. "I shouldn't have left you. I'm sorry."

Caught in the panic of almost losing her, Tyler could not absorb a word she said.

Vicky gradually realized that something was wrong with Tyler and looked up at his face.

His eyes were vacant as if he had lost his soul.

"Tyler? Tyler? Tyler, what's wrong?! You're scaring me!"

Her familiar voice gradually brought him back to his senses, and he clutched her tightly. "Vicky, promise me that you'll never leave me again."

Loving You In Secret Chapter 1340-Unease overwhelmed Vicky's heart as she buried herself in Tyler's embrace, softly replying, "I promise you, I'll never leave you again."

These words seemed to finally comfort Tyler, and his emotions began to stabilize.

The next day, Vicky woke up early. Recently, she had been going out with Tyler every day, and she rarely cooked for him.

She knew Tyler enjoyed it when she cooked for him herself and said that it made him feel at home.

Thinking about Tyler's anxiety and fear from the previous night, Vicky's heart softened.

Skilfully, Vicky washed the fruits and started making oatmeal. The milky white steam rose from the pot, and the aroma filled the kitchen.

Mesmerized by the steaming pot, Vicky's mind was actually preoccupied with something else.

She had decided to start anew with Tyler, and there was no need to dwell on whether he remembered their past or not. However, his current behavior was peculiar, and she knew he must see a doctor no matter what.

As she racked her brains on how to persuade Tyler when she visited the doctor, a loud noise suddenly echoed from upstairs.

Bang!

Vicky, who was downstairs, was startled by the sound from above. She had no idea what had happened, so she quickly left the kitchen.

As she stepped out of the kitchen, she heard hurried footsteps coming from the direction of the staircase. Soon after, a tall and slender man quickly descended the stairs.

His perfectly sculpted jaw was tightly clenched, his expression was frighteningly dark, and his eyes were filled with fear and panic.

Tyler was still dressed in his pajamas as he rushed toward the door. Vicky had never seen him in such a frantic state before.

Puzzled, she called out, "Tyler! Where are you going?"

Hearing her voice, Tyler trembled slightly and paused. After a moment, he slowly turned and saw Vicky standing at the kitchen door in an apron.

"You didn't leave?" His voice was hoarse.

Vicky understood what he meant. "I just woke up a bit earlier and wanted to prepare breakfast for you. I didn't leave."

Her personal information was still on the airlines' blacklist, so she could not leave even if she wanted to.

The anxiety in his eyes dissipated as he briskly walked over to Vicky. He lowered his gaze at her to study her expression before asking, "Why did you wake up so early?"

Vicky stepped forward and held his hand. "I wanted to make breakfast for you."

As she held his hand, Vicky noticed that it was as cold as ice. She looked up and studied his face. "Were you...going to look for me?"

After a moment of silence, he said, "Yes."

She scanned the pajamas he was wearing with resignation. "Where can I go this early in the day?" She contemplated for a moment and said, "Tyler, don't you think that your emotions have been out of control lately?"

"Is that so?"

"Haven't you noticed?"

He narrowed his eyes and questioned sharply, "So? What are you trying to say?"