

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 171

Glancing at Vicky, the pieces of information clicked in Mister Kirby's mind, and it was visible how it looked like a light bulb lit up in his head.

"Are you afraid your husband might misunderstand us?" He smiled gently. "Fine. Call your husband and ask him to come to pick you up. Neither of us has to worry."

Vicky remained silent for a few seconds. "It's not necessary. I can go back by myself. He's busy, and he's probably still working."

"No matter how busy his work is, it isn't as important as the safety of his wife." He put his hands into his pocket. A shadow of his body was reflected on the ground. "Miss Shaw, you have two options now. Either you call your husband and ask him to pick you up, or I'll send you back home."

Vicky was unable to reason with the man and felt rather helpless. She had no idea why this man was so responsible. After giving it a thought, she decided to call Tyler.

Beep, beep, beep!

No one answered the phone. After the call got disconnected automatically, she looked at Mister Kirby. "He's probably too busy to answer."

"It's alright." Mister Kirby was not bothered by it. "I'm free now. I can wait with you."

After a few minutes, she tried to call Tyler again, but just as before, he did not answer. With Mister Kirby glaring at her by the side, she said helplessly, "My husband might be having a meeting at the company. Why don't you send me to his office? I'll wait for him there."

Mister Kirby thought for a while and said, "Alright."

He took out his key to unlock his car and opened the passenger's door gentlemanly.

Vicky wanted to sit in the backseat, but when Mister Kirby opened the door, she had no choice but to sit in the front passenger seat. She put on her seat belt and said, "Hart Corporation."

With that, Mister Kirby started the engine and drove off. His car was a modified SUV, and judging by the car's appearance, it was no normal car.

The city was bright and shimmering at night.

As Mister Kirby drove swiftly, the plants and buildings outside the window were nothing but a blur.

Vicky took a look at the speedometer and asked, "Do you like to race cars?"

"I did like it before." His slender, clear fingers clasped around the steering wheel. He added, "But I'm too old for that. I seldom race now."

'Too old?' Vicky checked him out. 'He looks like he's around twenty-five or twenty-six. Is that old?'

She made no remark of his age and instead asked, "Since you don't like to race anymore, can you perhaps...drive slower?"

They were in the city area, and the number on the speedometer was nearly a hundred.

Mister Kirby slowed down and said, "I thought you were in a hurry, so I drove faster."

"Even if I am, it's important to drive safely," remarked Vicky.

Mister Kirby smiled and said, "You're right."

Hart Corporation was situated in the best area in the central business district, and it only took 20 minutes for them to arrive.

After Vicky got out of the car, she thanked him, saying, "Thank you for sending me here, Mister Kirby. It's quite late. You should head back and rest."

Mister Kirby, not planning on staying, answered, "Alright. You should go up."

Vicky nodded and entered the building.

Once she was inside, however, she looked back. Mister Kirby's car was still parked at the same place. He rolled down the window to look at her.

Although he was quite a rebellious-looking person, his eyes were peaceful and quiet with no other emotions. Just like what he said, he was just doing what he could.

Vicky looked at him and said, "Mister Kirby, you can go back now."

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Seeing Vicky staring at him, a smile graced Mister Kirby's handsome face, twinkling with mischief. "Fine. I'll head out now."

He thus started the car's engine and drove away, all while Vicky watched on.

Vicky took out her phone, hoping to check should there be any update, but there was no response from Tyler at all. She tried calling him again, but alas, it was for naught.

She remained in the same spot for a while before deciding to take the lift to go to Tyler's office. 'Since I'm here, I might as well go up and take a look,' she thought. She assumed Tyler was busy with work and was too busy to look at his phone.

After all, he had spent the whole night at the hospital where Sheila was, and Vicky did leave her a little...warning this morning. Sheila was no fool, either, and she ought to know it was fine to fuss a little sometimes.

However, if she did it every day, it would only make Tyler disgust her more.

Since Tyler had not slept last night, Vicky doubted Sheila would trouble him persistently.

When she was upstairs, she knocked on the door of his office. No one answered. She thought Tyler probably was having a meeting somewhere else, so she opened the office door with her fingerprint and entered.

It was pitch-black.

If Tyler was having a meeting, he could not have switched off the light in his office.

Vicky switched on the light. Tyler's table was nicely organized and tidy, free from documents. The monitor screen was dark too. She looked around and noticed Tyler's car key, blazer, and phone was not in the room. All of the signs showed that Tyler left the office.

Vicky switched off the light and left the room. After she left Hart Corporation, she hailed a taxi to head home.

The sky was dark, but there were many pedestrians on of loneliness that she never had before.

It would take 40 minutes from Hart Corporation to the mansion, and during the ride home, Vicky felt a wave of drowsiness. After all, she had not slept last night and felt worn out after a busy day.

Suddenly, she woke up after sleeping for some time.

Her eyes opened. She looked at the time and realized she had slept for half an hour.

Theoretically speaking, the taxi must have entered the mansion area after driving for half an hour. However, she was unfamiliar with the scene outside of the taxi. She had never seen this place before.

She noticed the road they were on was very remote. The surrounding was pitch-black without any street lights available.

She panicked and realized she was in imminent danger. Unconsciously, she looked to the front at the driver. At this point, the driver had not noticed that she was awake and was concentrating on his driving.

She took out her phone from her purse quietly. After she opened her contact list, she immediately called the first person in the contact list without wasting much time. The person she called was Tyler.

When people were in danger, they would often think about the person who was the most important to them.

Beep, beep, beep!

It was a quiet night, and the dial tone sounded much more amplified than ever. She was so nervous that her fingers were trembling, and her breathing grew labored.

The wait was always very long, especially at a time like this.

Just when Vicky thought Tyler would not answer the call, the dial tone stopped as the dreadful familiar automated voice came through the phone's speaker.

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"The number you have dialed is unavailable. Please try again."

The call was terminated; that was what this meant. The automated voice would have stated something else if the call was not answered at all. It would have said, "The number you have dialed cannot be reached. Please call again or try later."

Plus, the dial tone only rang five or six times.

At that moment, the driver realized something. He looked up and used the rearview mirror to look at the backseat. His face changed when he saw Vicky was awake, and he realized Vicky's phone, which was in her hand, was lit up. He asked angrily, "What are you doing?"

Vicky panicked, but she tried hard not to show it on her face and remained calm. "I should be the one asking this question."

While she was talking, she tried to call Tyler again. "This is not where I want to go. Where are you taking me?"

Since Vicky knew what was happening, the driver sneered, "A place where you should be!"

She attempted another call, but it was hung up after just three rings.

She was devastated. She was not the type to call repeatedly just because the other side hung up on her. If it was not an emergency, she would not have bothered to call.

This was different. She was in danger, and she had no idea where the driver was taking her. Her subconscious told her to seek help from Tyler.

The third time she tried to call Tyler, his phone was turned off.

"The number you have dialed is not in service. Please try again later."

Vicky was heartbroken. Her anxiousness was banished by disappointment.

Suddenly, she calmed down. "Isn't it better to call the police instead of calling Tyler?" she thought.

Just when she was about to call the police, the driver abruptly stepped on the brake, and Vicky, caught off-guard, lost her grip on her phone, sending it hurtling toward the front seat.

When she looked up, she saw several men standing in front of the car.

The driver picked up her phone and smiled evilly. "We're here."

The door to the backseat was opened as the man dragged Vicky out of the car. It was a desolate place with no tall buildings or residences in sight. The only thing present was a deserted warehouse.

It was already half past 9 p.m. at this point, and there was barely any light to light the area—just like an abyss. The warehouse in front of them was the only light that existed in the darkness.

Vicky's face was pale, but she contradicted herself as she calmly offered, "I'll give you lots of money if you let me go. I—"

"Are you going to tell us that you are Tyler Hart's wife? And we shouldn't do anything to you?" interrupted a burly-looking guy.

Vicky's eyelashes quivered. "You...know?"

The muscular guy chuckled. "Of course! Why do you think we brought you here?"

At that time, the taxi driver who had Vicky's phone with him said, "You're rather sharp, Missus Hart. You didn't shout and scream when you woke up. You took the chance to call for help when I didn't notice. Too bad, you called the wrong person. If you call someone else, we would've been in trouble!"

The driver saw Tyler's name on Vicky's recent contact list. Soon, he switched off Vicky's phone.

At this point, Vicky had rein back her nerves. "So all of you are...Tyler's enemies?"

"You're smart, Missus Hart."

"Why did you take me to this place?" Vicky asked.

The muscular guy answered, "What else do you think we want with you other than using you to threaten Tyler?"

After that, the muscular guy said to his mates, "Call the boss. Tell him we got Tyler's wife!"

The other muscular guy took the phone and said, sounding oddly surprised, "Tyler's security in the hospital was impenetrable. Before we could get near the hospital, we were already discovered. He is so afraid that we'd kidnap the woman in the hospital! Yet, for his wife..."

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The muscular guy looked at Vicky. "How are we able to kidnap his wife so easily? Do you think it's a trap to get the boss to show himself and capture all of us?"

The driver started to doubt himself upon hearing this. "I don't think so.

There's nothing weird when I saw her leaving Hart Corporation."

"Look at how the media and the latest news says Tyler had reconnected with his wife and even taught those people who bullied her a lesson. He even invited her to have the first dance on his birthday, showing the public how much he treasured his wife. There was no gossip related to him during this period. News related to him was how he loved his wife..."

"Love her? She'll only die sooner. The more they displayed their affection, the more fake it was. Don't you know how rich people work? They looked like a perfect couple to the public, but their personal lives are a mess!" scoffed the muscular guy.

"That's true..." the driver muttered. "Hey, do you think Tyler used her to distract us?"

"Distract us? What do you mean?" asked the muscular guy.

“Using this woman as bait to distract us when the real person he wants to protect is that woman in the hospital,” the driver said.

“What? Is he that cruel of a person? I mean, she is his wife...”

“Tyler Hart is always a ruthless person; he doesn’t care if his wife dies or whatnot. If he wanted it, he could have many wives. It’s not like you’ve never seen the way he did things...” the driver continued.

“Oh, I remember now! When the boss investigated Tyler, he said Tyler had a bad relationship with his wife and that he hated his wife. At that time, the boss even thought of cooperating with his wife to trap Tyler. It seems like it was not long ago, and the tide has turned. Don’t you think it’s weird?” the muscular guy asked.

“It does sound strange when

“Yea... Oh, the boss answered the phone!” The ‘Boss, we’ve captured Tyler Hart’s wife! When are you coming back...”

Before he could finish, his expression darkened as he heard something.

A few seconds later, he hung up the call.

The other thought his expression did not look good and asked, “What’s wrong? What happened?”

The muscular guy looked at Vicky ferociously. ‘Tyler did use her to divert our attention!

The boss said there’s a fight over at his side and asked for backup!”

After hearing that, the others’ expressions darkened. Some hurried to call for reinforcement while some rounded up their mates. It was a mess.

No one was paying attention to Vicky. Previously, they did not tie Vicky up because they knew they were out in the wild. Even if Vicky tried to run, she had nowhere to go. The situation had changed, however, because they knew Vicky was not as important as they thought.

Vicky took a deep breath, looking at those kidnappers who were too busy to pay attention to her. Her fingers were still shivering, but her brain was clear. Since she was not that important, perhaps she could escape.

At that moment, someone finally remembered Vicky’s presence. ‘Hey, what should we do with her?’

The muscular guy who called his boss said, “The boss didn’t say anything. He only asked her to go help him as soon as possible.”

The other muscular guys exchanged looks with each other. One of them said hesitantly, ‘Why don’t we leave her here? We don’t need her anymore, and it’s troublesome to bring a rich man’s fragile wife with us. What if she only creates trouble for us?’

“Why don’t we just kill her to teach Tyler Hart a lesson? Tyler Hart doesn’t care about her anyway, so it doesn’t matter if she’s alive or dead. At least we could have revenge for the boss.”

” I don’t think that’s a wise move. What if Tyler loves her? We might screw up the boss’ plan if we kill her. Besides, if Tyler doesn’t care about this woman and is only using her, he probably will thank us for doing him a good deed if we kill her.”

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“You got a point! I heard a man like Tyler Hart cares about his reputation the most. If he wants to get rid of this woman and doesn’t want to dirty his hands, he’s probably hoping we can do it for him... We’re not going to fall into his trap!”

“Then, what should we do now?”

“Bring her with us. If the boss needs to use her, he can use her. If not, we can free her and let her settle with Tyler herself. If this woman can force Tyler to marry her, she’s probably capable of something. Let his backyard burn so he has to spend time putting it out. . . It’ll be a good thing for our boss, too.”

The muscular guys did not even care about Vicky’s presence as they talked about either sparing her or killing her.

In the end, they decided to bring her along and have their boss decide her fate.

As such, Vicky was forced back into the taxi she came with. She cooperated with them and stayed quiet; different from other women they have kidnapped before.

Her calmness changed the muscular guys’ view of her. While in the car, they sat beside Vicky, forcing her to sit between them, as they conversed with her.

“Missus Hart, we’re forced to do this to you. Tyler has crossed the line this time!”

“Come to think of it, I pity you. The husband you married doesn’t care about your life and even does everything he can to protect another woman!”

“He’s a jerk! Hey, why don’t you work with our boss? You can vent your anger too.”

Vicky looked down and remained quiet. No matter what, she refused to talk.

After the muscular guys were ready, they left together in three cars. Vicky was in the middle car, protected by the others. The cars moved quickly in the pitch-black wilderness.

After a while, there was a huge shake followed by a terrible sound.

Boom!

Before Vicky knew it, the car in front of them got knocked away by another car out of nowhere. The road was remote and dark. The other car did not have the lights on, and it suddenly appeared from the woods. No one had enough time to react.

The two muscular guys beside Vicky were caught off-guard. “It’s an ambush!”

They had their driver stop the car before they got out of the car with guns. Without any delay, they fired at the car that appeared out of nowhere.

Bang, bang, bang!

The screech was awfully piercing in the dark, quiet suburb, and to their surprise, the car’s windshield did not shatter at all. The bullets merely left a few bullet marks!

The muscular guys’ expressions darkened. “It’s bullet-proof glass!”

In the meantime, the car was coming after the two guys. The cars behind Vicky’s car saw this and thought they were ambushed. They did not stay to fight and turned the steering wheel to drive off in another direction.

The two muscular guys who fired at the car knew this was not a fight they would win.

They looked at each other and quickly fled to the woods beside the road. The driver, too, deserted the car and ran after the two men.

In the end, the only person left in the car was Vicky.

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Soon, the ambushed car stopped in front of the car where Vicky was in. After a while, a handsome tall man walked out of the car.

Vicky stayed in the car for a few seconds before she decided to come out.

The man looked at her and asked, “Are you hurt?”

“No.” Although she looked pale, she seemed fine for the most part, and her clothes were intact.

The man raised an eyebrow and smiled impishly. 'Miss Shaw, didn't I tell you it's very dangerous for a young lady to go out at night? You refused to listen to me.'

Vicky stayed quiet for a few seconds and asked, "How did you find me?"

She had worked till late at night before, and nothing happened to her then. Thus, she did not take into consideration his reminder.

After Tyler's late night out and Sheila calling in the middle of funk. That was why she forgot about Tyler's enemy.

Mister Kirby took out a cigarette and lit it up. The smoke from the cigarette dispersed around his handsome face added a twinkle of devilishness to him.

"My friend called me when I was about to leave, so I stopped the car by the side and talked with him. After a while, I saw you leaving the company alone in a taxi."

He smoked the cigarette elegantly and exhaled the smoke from his mouth. His tone was languid as he continued, "When I first dropped you off, I already saw the taxi parked by the roadside. After you came out, the taxi drove to where you were... I sensed something wrong and decided to follow." 1

He glanced at her. "I didn't know the exact situation in the taxi, so I couldn't get to you. I can only follow behind the taxi. I only knew you were in danger when I saw you being pulled out of the taxi as I hid secretly. After that, well ...you know the rest."

After hearing everything, Vicky felt a complicated feeling of guilt and gratitude. She said softly, "Thank you.'

How ironic. The person she was guarded against turned out to be her savior. The person she trusted the most had his phone switched off when she was in danger.

Mister Kirby did not say anything else. He finished his cigarette and said, "Come on. Let's go get you checked in the hospital. If you're fine, I'll send you home."

"I don't need to go to the hospital," Vicky said, "I'm fine."

His deep gaze bore into her eyes. "Miss Shaw, have you forgotten what happened when you said you don't need my help?"

Vicky was speechless.

"It's better to check it out in the hospital." He mumbled to himself, "If I knew I'd be in so much trouble because of the shirt, I'd rather get someone else to fix it myself."

Vicky felt even more apologetic to have heard this. She owed him for spoiling his shirt. He saved her when she had just compensated him, leaving her indebted to him once more. In addition, she felt like he could predict the future accurately. Thus, she did not dare to bet against what he said anymore, i

"Alright. Let's go to the hospital," she conceded.

Once they got into the car, Mister Kirby called his friend and told him the location and the situation with the car he crashed to get his friend to handle it. He then switched on the light and started the engine.

When he was following Vicky, he was afraid the taxi driver spotted him. Thus, he did not switch on the car light and maintained a safe distance.

Mister Kirby was a mysterious man. Based on what Vicky knew, there were no prestigious, notable families in Stoneford City with the surname Kirby.

Vicky was not sure if he was from here, but she was smart enough not to ask.

40 minutes later, they arrived at the nearest hospital.

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Coincidentally, the hospital they were headed toward was the one Sheila was staying at and the one Vicky came to this morning. Since Tyler was not in the office, there was a high chance that he was here.

Vicky thought sarcastically, 'Maybe I'll even meet him in the hospital.'

However, for some reason, all bad things happened in one single day.

Just as she just entered the hospital, she noticed many doctors standing at the entrance with gatch beds and many first-aid items.

Mister Kirby raised an eyebrow and curiously asked, "Is a VIP coming to the hospital to get treatment?"

A split second later, he heard heavy footsteps from the door followed by a few men entering the hospital.

"Doctor, he's shot! He needs surgery immediately!"

The doctors ran over to check the patient's situation. Vicky unconsciously glanced in their direction, and she was petrified at the sight, i

The unconscious man covered in blood was Tyler!

She noticed many people were around him.

At that moment, Sheila looked terribly embarrassed, and she was disheveled. Her cheeks looked swollen with dirt, and her dirty hospital gown was stained with blood. It was obvious how her eyes were wavering anxiously. Her face was as pale as a ghost, and she was trembling in fear. Tears were rolling down her face.

This was the first time Vicky saw Sheila into fists and walked toward them. "How did Tyler get hurt?"

Sheila's voice trembled when she heard Vicky's

Her gaze looked...peculiar. It was

There was hatred, anger, and vengeance.

Before Vicky could react, Sheila raised her hand and slapped Vicky.

Smack!

Sheila seemed to use every last strength she had and nearly fell. Luckily, Mister Kirby was behind her and caught her in time.

Vicky was dazed. Her cheek was swollen after that slap.

"How dare you show up here, Vicky?!" Sheila looked at her with eyes burning with hatred and anger.

Vicky covered her burning hot cheek with her hand. It took her a while to recover from the dizziness.

She raised her head and noticed Sheila was not the only one who was looking at her that way. Harry and the men in suits were also giving her hostile glares.

Since Tyler was in a serious condition, they ignored Vicky and sent Tyler into the operating room. Sheila did not follow them and remained where she was.

Vicky looked at Sheila with a straight face. 'Miss Young, the way you're looking at me is as if I killed your father.'

That sentence seemed to be the funniest joke in the world to Sheila.

She laughed out loud, but she did not seem to be amused with it. Her eyes were still cold.

"Why are you asking that question when you know the answer, Vicky? Don't you know what you did?"

Vicky touched her aching cheek softly. "I don't know anything."

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Anger burned the last rational thought in Sheila's mind when she saw Vicky acting innocent, as if she did not know anything.

She raised her hand and tried to slap Vicky again, but her hand was caught mid-swing. A deep melodious voice like the sound from a cello rang, "Miss, either you talk nicely or you fight. Don't just try to slap someone while you're talking. It's spiteful for you to do that."

Sheila was so distracted by Vicky that she never realized there was a man beside Vicky. As she heard the voice, she raised her head.

The man looked extremely handsome. His almond-shaped eyes were mesmerizing. His thin lips curled into a smile as his hands were in his pockets. While he stood relaxedly, there was something noble about him that people were slightly intimidated by.

Sheila frowned and said sarcastically, "Hi. It's better that you don't act like those annoying women and stay out of the way like a man."

Instead of being provoked, Mister Kirby smiled faintly. "I'd never butt in if you girls are in an argument or a fight, but I can never stand to see someone attacking another."

He paused for a while and scoffed, "Hmm... Maybe I'm a hero to the good guys and an annoying person to the villain. Oh well, I can't help it when I'm such a righteous person."

Sheila tried to pull her hand out. It seemed like the man in front of her did hold her hand. Albeit, Sheila felt like her hand was clamped down, and she had trouble shaking off his hand.

She looked even more terrible.

"Let go of me!" she snarled, gritting her teeth.

Mister Kirby smiled. "As long as you

Sheila, still infuriated, could not possibly make such a promise. Thus, she tried to pull her wrist off of Mister Kirby's hand. Despite using all of her strength, Mister Kirby did not bulge at all. Instead, he was watching her amusingly like he was watching a movie.

It was late at night. There were not many people in the hospital, yet those present spotted them and watched them curiously.

Sheila reddened upon realizing this. After struggling

"Alright. I promise I won't slap her anymore."

Mister Kirby kept his word and let go of her.

Vicky looked at how hysterical Sheila was and

Sheila's eyes turned red when she recalled what happened. She looked at Vicky with hateful eyes. 'If you didn't keep on calling Tyler, he wouldn't have gotten exposed and got shot!'

Hearing this, Vicky felt like an invisible

'Tyler is shot...because I called him?' she thought.

At this point, Sheila had calmed down, though the intensity of her voice remained.

"They're trying to save Tyler now. I must be out of my mind to be wasting so much time with an incompetent woman like you!"

She ignored Vicky and got into the elevator.

Sheila vanished from view when the elevator door closed.

Vicky was rooted on the spot. The cool light shone on her and pulled her shadow long, making her body look slim and weak.

"Vicky."

On the way to the hospital, Mister Kirby started to call her by her name instead of 'Miss Shaw'.

Mister Kirby saved her, and she thus viewed him as her friend.

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Mister Kirby looked at Vicky and asked, "Are you alright?"

Vicky blinked and tried to force a smile. "I'm fine."

He stood beside her. "You were kidnapped. There's nothing wrong with you calling your husband for help. You don't have to blame yourself. But that woman..."

He chuckled. "The way she accused and lambasted you, makes me think like it's her husband who got shot."

Vicky looked at him. "Mister Kirby...thank you for saving me today, but I'm afraid-'

He knew what she was going to say before she finished her sentence. "I understand.

Since your husband is hurt, you'll need to stay here. I'll get going now."

He looked like he was a very casual person, but he was, in truth, thoughtful and caring. Most of the time, he could read her mind.

She gazed at him gratefully, more so than ever before. "I'll treat you to a meal when I'm free one day. Call me anytime if you need me."

"Sure." He waved at her. "Bye."

"Be careful on your way.

Mister Kirby raised his eyebrow and

Vicky thus went upstairs.

At that moment, the atmosphere at the

Ding! The elevator door opened, and Vicky walked out from it.

Everyone looked over when they heard the sound. The way they looked at Vicky was cold.

A tall, thin, young man stood out and stopped Vicky.

"Vicky! It's enough that you're the reason why Mister Hart got shot. What do you want, showing up here?!"

Vicky was uncomfortable with the way he looked at her, yet she remembered she was indeed the reason why Tyler was shot-all because she called him repetitively. Thus, she tried to explain calmly, "I'm sorry, I am at fault. I didn't know you guys were in a situation."

The man looked at Vicky with high alert and vigilance like she was some sort of hoodoo.

"So you don't know Tyler's enemy is in the city?"

Before Vicky could answer, Sheila sneered sarcastically. "Of course she knows. She knows it better than anyone else. Otherwise, it doesn't make sense for her to show up in the hospital this morning. She warned me and told me not to look for Tyler or trouble Tyler anymore, even if I was near death."

Harry had been quiet the whole time until this moment. He asked, "Miss Young, is that why you didn't ask for help or leave any tracks when you were kidnapped?"

Sheila did not answer; her smile was more than enough as an answer.

Right then, Maggie, who just came not long ago, snapped, "Who else can it be other than Vicky? The people Mister Hart arranged to protect Sheila must've seen Vicky coming to the hospital to look for Sheila!"

Tyler's men had been protecting Sheila in the hospital. They would never allow any stranger or dangerous people to be on the level where Sheila was staying.

However, Vicky was Tyler's wife, and she certainly was not a dangerous person. Thus, they did not stop her.

Harry looked at Vicky, and it was evident he placed at least an ounce of blame on her, too. "Missus Hart, did you say that to Miss Young?"

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Before Vicky could answer, Maggie butted in, unable to stand idle, "She certainly won't admit it if you ask her. She-"

"Yes, I did say those things," interjected Vicky curtly.

Adam, the man who stopped Vicky from walking toward the operating room, asked, "Why did you say those things to Miss Young? Do you know how much trouble you caused for Mister Hart because of what you said?"

Although the others did not say anything, the ways they looked at her were showing dissatisfaction with her too.

"Why?" Vicky looked at Adam and said coldly, "Because I'm Tyler's wife, and I don't want to see my husband being busy because of another woman! "

Maggie interrupted, "Sheila was hurt because of Mister Hart. Isn't it normal for Mister Hart to care for her? Since you self-claimed to be Mister Hart's wife, you should understand his difficulties!"

Self-claimed to be Mister Hart's wife... What an interesting, meaningful sentence!

Vicky glared at Maggie coldly. "Tell me then, Miss Chance. Why does Sheila ask for Tyler and not the doctor every time she has a fever when Tyler isn't a doctor?"

Adam sneered. "So that's the reason why you put Mister Hart in a bad position. You were jealous?"

Vicky turned and glared at Adam. "I'm not Tyler's enemy, and I'm not the one who kidnapped Miss Young. Are you trying to gloss over how incompetent you guys are by putting all the blame on me?"

Adam clenched his fists tightly when he realized Vicky did not realize her error. "But you're the one who warned Miss Young from contacting Mister Hart, and you repeatedly called Mister Hart when he was hiding! Don't tell me you think you're innocent!"

"I am innocent." Vicky smiled faintly. "I can't predict the future, and I don't know what you guys are doing. The things I said aren't any orders that everyone will listen to. On normal days, she can call Tyler because she's feeling uncomfortable. Can you blame me for calling Tyler when I was in life-threatening danger?"

Maggie barked, "Vicky Shaw! If you didn't come to the hospital to warn Sheila in the morning, Sheila wouldn't have-"

"So it seems Miss Young will listen and do everything I said," scoffed Vicky. "If that's the case, can you please get the hell out of here? I don't want to see you anymore, and please don't show yourself to Tyler anymore, too."

Vicky looked at Sheila and said, "Miss Young, you may go."

The irate Adam was already at his edge. When he heard what Vicky said, he erupted, "You're too much, Vicky Shaw!"

Vicky looked at Adam. "Excuse me, but who are you, and on what grounds do you have the right to speak to me about that?"

Adam looked at Vicky, and he wanted nothing more than to kill her at that moment. He heard that ever since Vicky lost her memory, her temper had gotten better, and it was

easier to get along with her. From the looks of it, however, Vicky did not change at all. She never changed!

She was still arrogant and proud, and she did not care about other people before and after she lost her memory.

Adam wanted to say more, but Harry stopped him. "Adam, she's Mister Hart's wife. You're just Mister Hart's assistant. Don't be rude."

Adam was infuriated. "Look at her! She thinks she's innocent! If she didn't keep calling, Mister Hart would've never been shot!"

Vicky's voice was cold like ice as she sneered, "Didn't Tyler get shot because he was rescuing Miss Young, who got kidnapped? He didn't rescue me, so what does that have to do with me?"

Adam's eyes widened at this. Vicky was unreasonable!

"Harry, look at her! She thinks-