

# Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

## Chapter 181 – 190

### Chapter 181

Vicky tucked her hair behind her ear and said, "If Tyler hadn't gone off to help Miss Young, he would've never gotten hurt regardless of how many times I called him." Cruel words continued to flow out of her red lips. "If I'm being honest, he deserves this. He wants to stay married yet wants to keep his first love around. This is the price he needs to pay for being so insatiable. If only he had stayed away from Miss Young, the kidnappers would've never targeted Miss Young to begin with."

She paused and stared at Sheila coldly. "Despite the fact that he has a wife, the kidnappers decided to kidnap you instead. Do you know what this means? Miss Young, you're far too close with a married man to the point that even outsiders think that you two are having an affair. No matter what happens to Miss Young and Tyler, I won't feel sorry for them at all because you had this coming. This is what it means to be a player and a homewrecker."

Silence fell over the crowd as everyone gaped at Vicky's words.

Tyler's men naturally sided with Tyler, but once they tried to consider Vicky's stance in the situation, she was not wrong.

Everyone knew that Sheila was Tyler's first love, but that had put Vicky in a place where everyone mocked her for not being cared for by Tyler.

Vicky was not a saint, and it was only natural that she resented them.

"Miss Shaw," Sheila broke the silence calmly. "Tyler is still undergoing surgery. If you are upset with me, you can say whatever you want about me. There's no point in saying such nasty things, is there?"

Vicky glanced at her expressionlessly. "I thought that you followed my commands with absolute obedience? Why are you still here, then? I thought I told you to leave."

Sheila's expression darkened and she growled, "Don't worry. Miss Shaw. stay for much longer. Once Tyler's surgery is a success, I'll leave."

"Looks like my words aren't that effective after all, huh? Here I thought that you're bound to my every word. Miss Young," Vicky said.

Sheila decided not to respond.

She was not a reckless person, and she would be a fool to leave out of frustration when Tyler had been injured because of her.

Eventually, there was not a single person who dared to condemn Vicky any longer. Though they outnumbered Vicky, all it took was a few words for her to render them speechless.

Sometime later, the door to the surgery room finally opened.

Harry and Adam hurried over. "Doctor, how is Mister Hart?"

The doctor removed his mask. "The bullet has already been taken out, so he's stable now."

Everyone sighed a breath of relief as Tyler was delivered to the VIP ward.

"We can't have too many visitors in the room since Mister Hart is still healing, so you should pick one person to stay and look after him."

Sheila took a step forward. "Tyler got hurt because of me. Let me stay and take care of him."

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Before Harry and Tyler's other assistants could respond, Vicky coldly interjected, 'Miss Young, I thought you said that you'd leave once we're sure Tyler is fine. You played the victim card and made it look as though you're being bullied, yet you've forgotten all about what you said within minutes?'

Sheila's expression darkened at Vicky's sarcastic tone.

Displeased, Adam said, 'Miss Shaw, you should know better than to be so forceful as Missus Hart. If Mister wakes up and finds out that you've been treating Miss Young this way, he might--'

Vicky interrupted him and said, "What Miss Young said downstairs is quite right. As a man, it's best for you to stay out of women's business."

Adam's expression darkened. "Why you-!"

"Forget it.' Sheila lowered her gaze and muttered calmly, "if Miss Shaw doesn't want to see me, I can just leave... Tyler is more important than this argument."

A distinct comparison formed between swallow her pride and compromise despite being bullied.

Instantly, all of Tyler's subordinates started to regard Vicky and Sheila differently.

Without further delay, Sheila turned to leave and said to Maggie, "Let's go."

Maggie scowled. "But..."

Sheila stopped her from saying anything. "Let's just head back and let Tyler heal. We'll handle what happens afterward later."

Sheila and Maggie soon left the hospital.

As Adam stared at Vicky, who stood her ground, he felt increasingly frustrated but did not say anything else as Tyler's health was their priority at the moment. Since Vicky was his legal wife, there was nothing they could do to her.

The sun shone brightly the next day, and after all the rainy days, the sky looked bluer than usual.

Tyler, despite having been shot and lost a lot of blood, possessed a strong physique that pulled him through. He woke up the next day and immediately found a woman next to him.

She propped her head on her hand as she snoozed.

His vision gradually grew clearer, and he had a better look at the woman before him.

She was frowning, and one side of her cheeks was swollen as she seemed to be half-asleep.

He instinctively reached out, wanting to smooth the frown between her brows when she jolted away and opened her eyes.

When Vicky met his dark eyes, she felt dazed for a moment but soon sobered. "You're finally awake.' She got up to press the button to call the doctor and asked gently, "Any pain?"

"I'm fine." His hoarse voice sounded seductive.

Vicky poured him a glass of water and moved it closer to his lips. 'Take a sip."

Once he finished the glass, Vicky asked, "Want some more?"

"No."

She set the glass down on the table and turned around, only to find Tyler staring at her unblinkingly.

His eyes were like two bottomless wells that threatened to suck her soul into them.

Chapter 183

Vicky's heart raced.

Every time she looked into his eyes, she would be overwhelmed by a strange feeling.

The look in his eyes seemed emotionless yet seemed to contain countless words at the same time.

Knock, knock!

Just then, someone knocked on the door, and Vicky snapped out of her daze before walking over to open the door.

"Missus Hart, do you need us for something?" the doctor asked politely.

"Tyler is awake. Please give him a checkup."

The doctors immediately leaped into action and hurried into the room. After the doctors said, "Mister Hart has stabilized, and all that's left for him to do is rest."

Vicky nodded. "Thank you so much."

"You're most welcome, Missus Hart. We're simply doing our job.\*

After reminding Vicky of certain things to look out for, the doctors left and Vicky called Nanny Paterson, telling her to bring over some food.

Throughout the entire time, Tyler had not taken his eyes off Vicky. Even if she refused to look at him, she could distinctly sense his eyes on her.

After ending the call, she turned to meet his eyes and said, "You were just shot. It's not like you lost your memories. Why do you keep looking at me? Don't you know me?"

He narrowed his eyes but continued to stare at her. "Why is your cheek swollen?"

Vicky touched her cheek. She had already applied ice to it and got some ointment for the swelling from the doctors. However, Sheila seemed to have struck with all her might and even after the night had passed, Vicky's cheek remained swollen.

Just as she was about to explain, she was interrupted by the knocking on the door as Sheila walked in with Maggie.

Sheila was unable to hide her excitement when she saw Tyler awake and well. "You're finally awake, Tyler!" She hurried over to stand by his bed and blurted out, "How do you feel, Tyler? Is your wound hurting? Do you need the doctor?"

"I'm fine. The doctors had already been here," he said calmly.

Sheila was still worried. "What did the doctors say?"

"They said that my condition has stabilized."

She sighed a long breath of relief. "Good, then."

Sheila then turned around to look at Vicky, who had remained quiet the entire time. "I know that you don't want to see me or for me to get anywhere near Tyler, but I've recovered for the most part and will be discharged today, so I've come to...apologize to you, Miss Shaw."

She seemed to have regained her composure and continued apologetically, "Miss Shaw, I lost my manners yesterday. No matter who was wrong, I shouldn't have resorted to violence... I'm sorry."

Sheila had phrased her words skillfully. When she said that she should not have resorted to violence no matter who was wrong, it meant that she was only wrong for hitting Vicky, but not for anything else, nor did it mean that Vicky was entirely innocent.

Vicky remained expressionless. "You were in a panicked state yesterday and almost got killed because of my phone call, so it's understandable for you to lose your cool, Miss Young."

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"Resort to violence?" Tyler repeated.

Sheila turned to look at Tyler with resignation. "I'm sorry, Tyler. I was hysterical last night and slapped Miss Shaw across the face..."

Maggie shot Vicky a look and muttered, "Miss Shaw keeps suspecting the nature of your relationship with Sheila and came to warn her not to trouble you no matter what happened, Mister Hart. Not long after that, Sheila was kidnapped and she was just a woman who hadn't been in such a situation before. She had no one and was on edge.

"When Mister Hart finally rushed to her rescue and they were about to escape, Miss Shaw kept calling and exposed them to the kidnappers.

That's how Mister Hart got shot while protecting Sheila..."

She paused and said, "Miss Shaw, what you said was right. Mister Hart would've never gotten hurt if he hadn't gone to rescue Sheila, and it has nothing to do with your call.

However..." She turned to look at Vicky in confusion. "What happened yesterday, Miss Shaw, for you to keep calling Mister Hart? Were you in trouble?"

Sheila and Maggie worked together perfectly, and what

Not only had Maggie informed Vicky that Tyler was shot for trying to protect Sheila, but her words also told Tyler that Vicky had visited Sheila the day before, asking her to stop bothering Tyler. Her words also conveyed a message that Vicky had blamed everything on Sheila and did not think that the accident occurred because of her phone call.

Vicky was impressed by how skilled the two were with their words.

Tyler did not seem to be provoked by what they said, nor did he try to confront Vicky.

He simply looked at her and asked, "Why did you call me last night?"

He knew that Vicky would have never

Silence fell over the room as the three all focused on Vicky.

Tyler simply wanted to find out what happened,

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said casually,

Time seemed to have frozen over, and different expressions appeared on the others' faces.

Sheila was shocked, Maggie's face was filled with contempt, while Tyler remained calm. His eyes remained trained on Vicky. "You were kidnapped?"

"Yeah."

"Ha!" Maggie could no longer hold back her laughter. "Miss Shaw, don't you think your explanation is a bit too...far-fetched?" She scanned Vicky up and down mockingly.

"Sheila was kidnapped, and now you're saying that you were kidnapped as well. All things aside, you're standing right now unscathed, and you want to say that you were kidnapped?"

The only injury Vicky suffered was the slap across the face, which was witnessed by many.

Sheila had also come all the way here in the morning to apologize to Vicky because of that, so Vicky could not claim that she was slapped by the kidnappers.

"It's the truth," Vicky said calmly.

She knew that Tyler might not believe her if she said that she was kidnapped because she was not injured at all, but for some reason, she felt like telling the truth.

Chapter 185

Knock, knock!

Someone knocked on the door, and Harry walked in with Adam.

The two were informed by the doctors that Tyler had regained consciousness and were both stunned to see so many people inside the room.

They were about to greet Tyler when he said, "Find who kidnapped my wife last night."

The two froze. "Kidnapped?"

They turned to look at Vicky, and Adam was completely dumbfounded. "Mister Hart, did she say she was kidnapped?"

As he wondered how Vicky could make up such a ridiculous excuse, Tyler narrowed his eyes coldly. "Go!"

Harry and Adam shot each other a knowing look, before leaving without further delay.

Two hours later, Harry and Adam walked into the room with the results.

Harry had a slightly odd look on his face, but Adam was never to himself and did not try to hide his contempt.

Though Adam had thought that Vicky's claim was ridiculous, he did not rule the possibility out completely and even suspected that Vicky was truly kidnapped the night before.

However, once the result of the investigation came, he felt foolish for believing Vicky even for a moment.

"Mister Hart." Harry handed the

Vicky and Tyler had finished their breakfast by then. Though Sheila and Maggie had not eaten, they did not leave and simply waited patiently for the results.

Tyler leaned back on the bedhead and he finished reading within minutes.

He looked up at Vicky and said, "You should come and have a look at this."

Vicky accepted the documents.

The investigation should be a simple one as they only needed to check the surveillance footage around the time of her phone call.

Since Vicky had been to Hart Corporation and her visit was witnessed by the security guard, it was even easier for Tyler's assistant to look into it.

The surveillance footage showed that she went into a taxi, and 10 minutes later, the taxi disappeared from the footage. At the end of the document, the assistants listed all the times of the calls Vicky made to Tyler.

"Mister Hart, during the time that Miss Shaw called you, the cameras didn't capture her or the taxi, and she simply showed up in the hospital out of nowhere an hour later/ Adam blurted out as he scanned Vicky in contempt and disbelief. "What kind of kidnapping ends within an hour?"

After a moment of silence, Tyler said, "Have you found the taxi?"

"We've already sent our men to look for it," Harry said.

Just then, Harry's phone rang, and he glanced at the caller number before answering it on speaker phone.

"Mister Gardner, we've found the taxi! It's been destroyed and has been sent to the scrap yard... The vehicle was destroyed last night, leaving nothing behind but the

frame. As for the owner of the vehicle..." After a pause, the person whispered, "The owner's license and ID are all fake."

#### Chapter 186

The voice on the phone was heard by everyone inside the room, and silence fell as they all turned to look at Vicky oddly.

"Miss Shaw, I know that you want to find yourself an excuse, but...you shouldn't have made up such a horrible excuse," sneered Maggie. "You might as well have said that you were lost or something."

Adam sneered. "You saw others getting kidnapped and felt the need to act like you were kidnapped as well to get attention. What a drama queen."

Harry was a more composed man compared to Harry, but though he did not speak, he was also looking at Vicky with disbelief and doubt.

Sheila, on the other hand, said gently, "Regardless, it's a good thing that Miss Shaw came back safely. By the way..." She turned to look at Tyler. "Tyler, why don't we call the doctor to check on Miss Shaw? I ran into Miss Shaw and her friend yesterday when you were in the surgery room. I'm guessing that she's probably here to treat her injuries, right?"

Vicky did not respond.

Tyler narrowed his eyes darkly and shot Harry a look. "Get a doctor to check on her."

"Yes." Harry walked over to Vicky. "This way, Missus Hart."

Vicky stood still for a few moments before leaving.

By the time the doctor was done checking her over, she returned to the room where Tyler waited alone.

After handing the medical report to Tyler, Harry left as well.

There was not a scratch on Vicky's body, and this put her at a disadvantage.

The kidnap ended too quickly, and the round trip itself would have taken an hour.

On top of that, the taxi had been destroyed and the driver was nowhere to be found.

Since Vicky was perfectly fine, it did not look as though she had been kidnapped.

Tyler leaned back onto his bed and watched while Vicky walked over to him. "The doctor said that you didn't get to rest last night. You should get some sleep."

He had not mentioned a single word about face. "You don't believe me, do you?"

The look in his eyes darkened. "I'll have them continue to look into this."

"And if they find nothing?"

"I'll arrange a bodyguard for you."

"You think that I'm lying as well, right?"

"Vicky, this doesn't contradict what I would do." He stared into her not Vicky was lying, he chose to investigate while assigning people to protect her.

"I know that." She stared back. "I just want to know if you believe me."

"What's the point of discussing this?"

She smiled. "Does it matter if there's a point to it?"

"If there isn't a point, why would you insist on getting an answer?"

"I think I've gotten my answer now," she said before standing and walking over to the door.

He scowled and asked, "Where are you going?"

She did not turn around and simply said, "I'm going home to bring over some living necessities."

“Get Nanny Paterson to do it.”

Chapter 187

‘Til get them myself. I don’t like others touching my things.’

“Wait.” Tyler grabbed his phone from the nightstand. “I’ll have my bodyguards send you.”

Vicky’s hand on the doorknob stilled as she said, “It’s fine. I can go home on my own. After all, I’m just acting like I was kidnapped, and it wasn’t even true. Why should I be afraid at all?”

There was one person who could prove that she was indeed kidnapped, and that was Mister Kirby. However, there was no point in mentioning him. Since they were determined she was acting, it would also make sense that she had bribed a few ‘witnesses’ into supporting her claim.

“I told you that I’ll keep looking into it,” he said emotionlessly. “Are you not going to be satisfied until I say that I believe you out loud?”

She turned around to meet his eyes before shaking her head. “What’s the point of saying it when you don’t mean it?”

“Why are you upset, then?”

“I’m not upset.”

He scanned her. “You basically have the word ‘upset’ written all over you.”

Her hand tightened around the doorknob. “Maybe...it’s just that frustrating to watch my own husband risk his life for another woman,” she said calmly.

He frowned and explained, “I’ve told you

“I know,” interrupted Vicky. “Miss Young also said that you’re just friends.”

He continued to stare at her with a scowl as she opened the door.

“Rest. I’ll go home to gather my things,” she said.

Once she stepped out of the room, she felt much more at was the scent on Tyler’s body every time he went home after visiting Sheila.

She stood and waited for the elevator.

Ding! The elevator door opened, and Adam stepped out.

She glanced at him and was about to step you upset that Mister Hart won’t believe you?”

Adam was the complete opposite of Harry.

Harry was great at hiding his own emotions no

The elevator door closed automatically since no one had entered.

Vicky did not want to talk to him and simply pressed the elevator button again.

As the door opened, Adam continued, “You must feel really sad that your husband doesn’t believe you, Miss Shaw. When you lie one too many times, people will think that you’re lying even when you’re telling the truth.

“Vicky Shaw, you don’t get to be upset about this. You deserve this because you are the one who caused this. This is just karma.”

Adam seemed to know a lot about the past and was appalled by Vicky to the point that he could not contain himself even in front of Tyler.

He shot her one final look of contempt before storming off.

After gathering her belongings, Vicky took a shower and changed her clothes.

By the time she was done, the sky was beginning to turn dark, so she packed dinner and brought it with her to the hospital.

She was about to head out after putting the food into a thermal box when her phone rang.

Chapter 188

Vicky answered the call and heard a man's voice come from the speaker.

"Is your husband better now?"

It was Mister Kirby.

She paused before walking over to stand in front of the window. "He's awake and mostly fine."

"Have you told your husband that you were kidnapped?"

Silence fell over the two, and tension rose.

"He doesn't believe you...does he?" he whispered.

Vicky narrowed her eyes. "What makes you think that?"

"I looked into the kidnappers' identities and found out that the car avoided all surveillance cameras except for when you got into the car. Even the car plate is a fake one."

What Mister Kirby found was similar to what Tyler found.

"Your kidnapping lasted far too short, and you weren't injured in any way," he continued.

"There's no surveillance footage to support your claim either, so it's hard to prove that you were kidnapped. Besides..." He paused. "Your call resulted in your husband getting shot, so he might not believe you and might think that you're just looking for an excuse."

Mister Kirby had a brief understanding of what happened from the conversation between Sheila and Vicky. Though he did not know all the details, he was a sharp man and comprehended enough on his own.

Vicky was rendered speechless as she watched the sun fade from the sky.

After a few moments of silence, she said, "Thank you for saving me."

He sighed. "If only I knew you'd be put into this position, I wouldn't have saved you."

The glass reflected the expressionless look on Vicky's face as she said, "No. You made the right call. Who knows what would've happened to me if those kidnappers had me at their mercy?"

Even if Tyler knew that she was kidnapped, he was injured and could suffer at the hands of her kidnappers.

"It's best to have your fate within your control," Vicky continued calmly. "People who trust you would believe in you without you having to prove yourself. People who don't will doubt you, even when you're fully capable of proving yourself right. Trying to win someone's trust by risking my own life is just too foolish."

Vicky already knew that Tyler did not believe her when he sent his assistants to investigate the kidnapping.

She knew that they might look like a loving couple on the outside, but it was all but an act.

Tyler was willing to continue the marriage with her, but he did not love her.

She might have forgotten about the past, but he had not.

Vicky did not mention the past, nor did Tyler, but the distance between them would always exist despite their effort in ignoring it.

Her relationship with Tyler was like a beautiful yet fragile building that could not be tested by storms.

She did not trust Tyler either.



She knew that Tyler was not in love with Sheila and no longer wanted to be with her. She even knew why Tyler was doing everything that he did, but she still felt miserable when Tyler was injured because of Sheila.

Her mind drifted away, but then she heard Mister Kirby chuckling. "I'm surprised that you would think that. I thought you would try everything in your power to make him believe you."

Chapter 189

"There's no point in doing so. He can believe whatever he wants to believe."

"Do you want me to stand as your witness?"

"No. This ends here."

Mister Kirby did not insist. "Alright, then. Call me if you need anything."

Vicky was about to thank him again when he said, "Don't thank me again. I'm getting tired of hearing you say that."

She froze for a moment before chuckling. "Okay. Goodbye, then."

After ending the call, Vicky headed back to the hospital and heard Tyler's door.

"Tyler, you're still injured. You need to eat your dinner."

"Set it down. I will eat later," Tyler responded.

"But Tyler..." Sheila wanted to persist when she heard the door opening, and she turned to find Vicky walking into the room.

Vicky scanned the two and saw the bowl of soup in Sheila's hand.

Sensing that Vicky was looking at her, Sheila explained, "I've been discharged and came to say goodbye to Tyler, only to find him alone in his room." She scowled in annoyance. "Miss Shaw, Tyler's condition has just stabilized and is in desperate need of someone to take care of him. I know that you're upset with me for what has happened and that you don't want to see me here, but..."

She looked into Vicky's eyes in all seriousness. "Miss Shaw, if you don't want me around, you shouldn't give me a reason to come here. If you're reluctant to take care of Tyler because he got injured for my sake, well... I can take care of him."

Vicky looked at her coldly. "You have a wild imagination, Miss Young. I'm impressed. Did Tyler not inform you that I've merely gone home to gather my things?"

"He did," Sheila said. "I thought you'd return soon, yet you've been gone for a long while." She glanced at the thermal box in Vicky's hand and said, "At least you didn't forget to pack dinner for Tyler."

Vicky did not want to explain herself to Sheila, knowing left for a few minutes, Sheila would have considered it negligence toward Tyler.

From Sheila's perspective, no one was qualified to take care of Tyler but herself.

"Since I'm already back, you may leave now, Miss Young."

Sheila did not protest. "I'll be leaving, then."

She knew that Tyler and Vicky would never eat the food she brought over, so she gathered whatever she brought into a bag, before walking over to the door. She paused for a moment and turned back to look at Vicky.

"It might be tiring for you to care for Tyler on your own, Miss Shaw. You won't be able to leave when you have to, either. Tyler is injured because of me, so I'll be staying in the hospital for the time being. If you need any help, please let me know anytime."

With that, Sheila left the room.

Vicky set the thermal box onto the table and poured out the hot soup she had brought with her.

"It was late by the time I'm done packing up, so I made you some soup to save Nanny Paterson the trip here," Vicky said, offering an explanation as to why she was late. She tested the temperature of the soup before taking a scoop and moving the spoon closer to Tyler's lips. 'Open up.'

Tyler leaned against the bedhead and stared at her wordlessly without moving.

Chapter 190

Seeing how Tyler was not moving, Vicky looked at him. "What is it?" "You're upset." She scowled. 'Am I supposed to be happy about the fact that my husband is injured and bed-bound?'

"You know that's not what I'm referring to."

"People don't always get what they want. It's fine." She remained composed. "Open up. My hand is getting sore."

He stared at her intently for a while before finally taking a sip.

After dinner, Vicky called the doctor over to ask about Tyler's condition before relaxing.

Later during the night when Vicky was about to drift off

"No way," she rejected his request instantly. "You can't come into contact with water."

Not only was he forbidden to take a shower, but even getting out of bed would risk ripping his wounds as well.

He scowled. "I can't sleep without taking a shower."

He would always shower before sleep.

"If you can't sleep, I'll get the doctor to inject sleep-inducing medication into your veins."

He looked at her. "I will want to shower anyway unless you keep me unconscious forever."

Vicky fell silent. For a moment, she marveled at how demanding the man was.

After a while of silence, Vicky said, "I'll do you a better one: I'll wipe your body with a wet towel for now. You can shower when you get better, okay?"

He scowled thoughtfully before nodding reluctantly.

Vicky had no experience in taking care of others,

Concerned she would graze his wounds, she made sure to avoid his injuries. As she cleaned him, her mind was taken back to the time she was admitted to the hospital.

Apart from the car accident, Tyler had been there to look after her every single time and though she requested so at the very beginning, she could not deny the fact that he was really good at taking care of others.

A thought naturally formed within her head. 'He can't be this good at taking care of others if he hadn't done so in the past, right? If that's the case, who was he taking care of? Sheila?'

A week passed by within the blink of an eye, and soon, Tyler's wounds had sealed. He no longer needed to apply ointment on his wound and could occasionally get out of bed. Naturally, he still could not shower as his wounds would be infected at any contact with water, and Vicky refused to let him take such a risk, so she wiped his body clean every night.

Sheila came to visit every day, and since she never stayed for long, Vicky had no reason to chase her out. She remained cold to Sheila and ignored her for the most part. Sheila did not mind and came every day like clockwork.

## Chapter 191

Vicky's work was flexible and she could design dresses while caring for Tyler, so she had not been to the studio in recent times.

After another week, Vicky received Cece's call out of the blue one day.

"Vicky, are you free to talk now?"

Cece knew that Tyler was injured and that Vicky had been taking care of him, so she had not called Vicky and only checked on her every day via messages to not disturb her.

Noticing Cece's odd tone, Vicky asked, "Did something happen, Cece?"

Cece sounded slightly hysterical. "Vicky, can you... Can you please help Jennifer? I... I can't hide her any longer."

"Jennifer?"

"The friend I went to pick up from the airport before. She's my childhood friend and was the one who lent me money to run away from my family. Something happened to her and she came to seek refuge with me...but the people who have been searching for her haven't given up and came all the way here."

Cece lowered her voice and explained, "I kept Jennifer in my place, but I realized that someone has been following me lately, and I'm suspecting that those people have found where Jennifer is..."

"Who is looking for your friend?" Vicky asked.

"It's Jennifer's scum of a fiance! He knew her since they were kids, but he fell in love with another woman... His family didn't approve of that woman and asked this guy to marry Jennifer to get him to give up, but..."

Cece paused for a moment, before continuing in frustration. "That scum is head over toes over that witch and wouldn't give up on her. He even proposed to marry Jennifer just to use her as a decoy and requested to divorce her once everything was settled.

"Jennifer has been in love with him for the longest time and accepted his unreasonable request, but...that witch is a goody-two-shoes! I heard that she got sick and needed a new kidney but haven't been able to find a matching one. After a long search, it turns out that Jennifer shared the same blood type as that witch! Jennifer might be willing to suffer for the man she loves but not for some homewrecker, so she ran out. This scum just keeps chasing after her to have her kidney! i

"If Jennifer is taken home, she's done for. That guy is really wealthy, Jennifer hidden..."

Cece's voice grew weaker by the moment.

She did not want to trouble Vicky and went to pick up Jennifer when she first arrived in Stoneford City. She had been hiding Jennifer in her apartment for the last two weeks. However, the person she was hiding Jennifer from was sick and started running a fever. Cece did not even dare to send her to a hospital out of fear that they would be found, and she only decided to call Vicky because she was running out of options.

Vicky listened to her patiently and asked, "Where are you now?"

"In the apartment I'm renting."

"Okay. Don't panic. I'll come over right now," Vicky said.

She ended the call and turned to look at Tyler, who was working. "Cece is in trouble, and I need to check on her."

During the time Tyler rested and recovered, his work piled up and since he was mostly recovered, he told his subordinates to send over some of the documents that needed

approval urgently since he would only be staring eye-to-eye with Vicky with nothing else to do otherwise.

Vicky had limited his working hours each day to two hours.

Tyler set the documents in his hand down and gazed up at Vicky. "Do you need help?" She hesitated for a few moments. "I want an apartment that's hard to find and with good security to hide Cece's friend with."

Jennifer's fiance seemed to be extremely powerful, and Vicky realized that she might not be capable of hiding her. However, Tyler was practically the king of Stoneford City, and even the most influential individuals in the world would have to submit to his power within the boundaries of this city.

Chapter 192

Tyler was a sharp man and had a brief comprehension of the situation right away.

Without another word, he made a call to make arrangements.

10 minutes later, Harry walked in with a file and keys. "Mister Hart, here are the things you asked for."

"Give it to Vicky," Tyler said.

"Yes."

Vicky accepted the items from Harry and turned to look at Tyler. "Thank you. I'll be going now, then."

Tyler nodded.

Vicky glanced at Harry. "I'll be back before dinner. Please look after him for a while in my absence."

Harry smiled. "Don't worry, Missus Hart. It's my duty to do so."

Vicky left and shortly after that, Tyler ordered, "Send a few people to watch over her."

"Yes." Harry immediately proceeded to make a few phone calls to make the respective arrangement.

Suddenly, Tyler blurted out, asking, "How did the investigation about the kidnapping go?"

Harry was stunned for a moment but immediately snapped out of it, replying, "I've looked into it but haven't found anything at all. The people who did it wiped away all evidence they might've left behind on that night itself, so..." he whispered.

The investigation basically reached a dead-end.

Tyler narrowed his eyes expressionlessly.

Harry observed the look on Tyler's face carefully and said, "Mister Hart, do you think that...Missus Hart was really kidnapped?"

The kidnapping seemed to be timed in a certain way that it could not be considered a coincidence, and there was no way of telling if Vicky was telling the truth at all.

Tyler had not expressed his stance on the matter at all, and

Tyler did not answer the question and simply said, "You may go now."

"But Missus Hart told me to-

Tyler interrupted him coldly. "Get out."

Harry knew Tyler after working for him for years, and seeing how Tyler was in a terrible mood, he left the room without another word.

Vicky soon found Cece and Jennifer and brought them to the new apartment before finding Jennifer a reliable doctor.

Jennifer was around Cece's age and was a beautiful young woman with delicate features.

At the moment, she was running a high fever and her cheeks were flushing a crimson shade, which gave her the impression of a fragile doll.

While the doctor placed Jennifer on an intravenous injection, Vicky said to Cece, "Cece, it's best that you don't come here for the time being. I'll have Nanny Paterson look after her here. If those people are following you, they might find Jennifer here."

It would be impossible for someone to try and kidnap Jennifer if she was under Tyler's protection. However, he was injured and had enemies out there looking for a chance to destroy him, so it would be best to avoid any type of conflict.

Cece was a smart woman and nodded obediently. "Thank you, Vicky," she said sheepishly. "I've caused you trouble yet again."

Vicky smiled. "We're friends, Cece. Don't sweat it."

Once Jennifer's condition stabilized, both Vicky and Cece left out of concern that their presence might expose Jennifer's location.

Three days later, Vicky walked into the underground parking lot with a bag of groceries.  
Chapter 193

Vicky had been staying with Tyler at the hospital but would occasionally head to the supermarket for groceries.

The underground parking lot was empty, and Vicky did not think much of her surroundings until two men in black suits and sunglasses stood in her way as she tried to get to her car.

Shocked, she blurted out, "Who ar—"

"Miss Shaw, our master would like to see you."

Before she could respond, her knees felt weak, and everything turned dark before her.

When she woke up, she realized she was laying on a couch inside a mansion. She rubbed her temples and sat up. As she scanned her surroundings, a voice echoed in the room.

"Are you awake?"

She turned around and found a handsome man sitting on the couch across from her.

His long legs were wrapped perfectly with the fabric of his black trousers as he crossed his legs elegantly.

It was an extremely beautiful man that sat before her. Each curve and angle of his features looked as though they had been carved into perfection.

Vicky studied his face and frowned. "Do I know you?"

The man before her did not look like a

The man shook his head. "No."

Vicky thought about it and asked, "Are you my husband's rival or something?"

He shook his head once again. "No."

"Who are you, then? Why did you bring me here?"

"My name is Anthony Yavner."

Vicky came to a realization. "Did

She had just been to the apartment the day before and though Jennifer's fever had come down, she was still frail.

Jennifer was grateful for Vicky's help and did not want so she told Vicky to hand her over if her fiance ever approached her.

The man before her must have caught onto what was happening.

Vicky scanned the man up and down and said, "Mister Yavner, if you can manage to find where Jennifer is and decide to come all the way here yourself, you must at least care a little about her."

If he did not care and only wanted Jennifer's kidney, he would not have to come.

The look in Anthony's eyes darkened. "Jennifer has misunderstood me, and I came here to explain myself to her."

"But she doesn't want to see you."

"I know." Anthony looked into Vicky's eyes. "Which is why I had my men bring you here, Miss Shaw."

"You want me to hand her over to you?"

After a few moments of silence, Anthony said, "If she does not wish to see me, I won't force her to do so. I just want to know how she's been doing."

A man of Anthony's status had no reason to lie, especially when he had already had Vicky at his mercy.

Vicky felt conflicted as she observed the man and said, "She was running a fever, but she's better now. Jennifer is still weak, though, so she's resting." 1

Anthony nodded. "Thank you for taking care of her."

As though reminded of something, he handed Vicky a black card. "Jennifer didn't take any money with her when she ran away. Please use the money in this card and let me know if you need anything." 1

Just as Vicky was about to say something, a servant hurried inside. "Sir, Tyler Hart is here! His men have surrounded the entire mansion! Our guys are trying to stop them, but they're outnumbered... They're about to barge in!

Chapter 194

Just then, they all heard footsteps approaching and a towering figure stormed in.

Dressed in a black trench coat, Tyler strode in with a cold, vicious look in his eyes.

When Vicky saw him, she muttered, "Tyler..."

The familiar face before her looked dangerous, and it was a side of him she had never seen.

It was a cold, devilish, yet extremely seductive mask.

Her heart skipped a beat as his eyes locked onto hers.

"Are you hurt?"

She shook her head. "No."

Scanning her from head to toe, he relaxed slightly once he confirmed that she was not injured before turning his attention to Anthony. "May I know why you kidnapped my woman, Mister Yavner?"

A group of men in black stood behind Tyler, which included Harry and Adam, who had been looking down on Vicky. They all stood tall, with their eyes glittering fiercely.

Anthony kept his composure despite being confronted by such a big group.

"I had some misunderstanding with my fiancée, and she ran away from home. Since she refused to see me, I can only ask Miss Shaw about her."

"And that requires you to kill the people protecting her as well?" Tyler questioned coldly.

"You're mistaken, Mister Hart. The two bodyguards protecting Miss Shaw have simply been knocked out. We'll return them to you once Miss Shaw leaves. As for why we had to knock them out..."

Anthony paused before continuing to explain, "I didn't want to do so at first, but they're on high alert and would've extracted Miss Shaw from the situation right away if anyone approached her. If that happened, I wouldn't have the chance to talk to her...hence, the result."

Vicky did not know that Tyler had sent his men to watch over her until this very moment, and her heart wavered as she studied Tyler's face.

Tyler scowled and turned to Vicky. "Is he telling the truth?"

Vicky remained quiet for a while before nodding. "Yeah."

Anthony had not done anything to her; he had not tied her up or forced her to hand Jennifer over.

Though their conversation did not last long, it was enough for Vicky to understand Anthony's stance, and he was about to hand her a card to pay for all of Jennifer's expenses as well.

Tyler decided not to press on since Vicky had agreed. Since she was within reach from where Anthony was sitting, her safety might be at risk if he continued to confront Anthony.

"If this is just a misunderstanding, well let this pass. However, I hope that this is the last time you invite a guest over like this, Mister Yavner."

Anthony agreed right away. "You're absolutely right, Mister Hart. I'll remember that."

Tyler walked over to Vicky and took her hand. "Let's go."

Vicky nodded. "Okay."

There were a few black cars parked outside the mansion, and Vicky followed him into one of them.

Chapter 195

As soon as they closed the car door, Tyler, who had been composed the entire time, paled.

Startled, Vicky asked, "Tyler, what's wrong?"

Both Harry and Adam went into the car as well, and neither of them seemed surprised by Tyler's state.

"I think Mister Hart's wounds might've reopened. Let's stop the bleeding,' Harry said.

Adam nodded and grabbed the medical box, before opening the door to the back seat and shooting Vicky a cold, stern look. "Miss Shaw, can you move? I need to stop Mister Hart's bleeding."

"Let me," she said.

"Are you capable of this?" Adam looked at her in contempt. "Stop trying to act like you can do this when you can't. You're not a professional doctor. Are you sure that you can handle this?" 1

Adam had paid Tyler a few visits before to make reports about work and had seen Vicky taking care of Tyler.

He could hardly bear to watch as she was so unfamiliar with the tasks that she would still accidentally brush past Tyler's wound when she re-applied ointment for him.

Adam could not help but suspect that she was doing so on purpose to vent her anger.

After a few moments of silence, Vicky moved out of the way.

Tyler was wearing a black shirt, so even if he was bleeding, one would not be able to notice; however, the scent of blood began to thicken in the air.

As his shirt was removed, she saw the blood-drenched bandage wrapped around Tyler's chest.

The bandage was soaking with blood, and Vicky felt

Adam's expression darkened as he immediately removed the bandage to replace it.

"Harry, start driving." Adam continued to work on the bandage and said, "Mister Hart's wounds needs stitches. We need to get him to the hospital right away."

Harry immediately started the car and the car darted toward the hospital's direction.

Tyler was soon rushed into the emergency room, and as soon as the door closed, Sheila rushed over after hearing what had happened.

"How is Tyler? I thought that he was recovering. Why is he in the emergency room again? What happened?"

Adam glanced at Vicky and said sarcastically, "Well, a certain someone was trying real hard to pretend like she was kidnapped and even hired someone to knock her bodyguards out so that it looks like she is in danger."

At the time of the incident, Harry needed to talk to Vicky's bodyguards and made a call to them. When they did not answer, he immediately realized that something was wrong and sent his men to investigate.

He soon found that Vicky and both her bodyguards had disappeared, which was often an ominous sign.

Not daring to hide it, Harry reported to Tyler about it right away.

"When Mister Hart found out, he ignored his injuries and hurried to her rescue."

Though Tyler's wounds were beginning to heal, he had not fully recovered and needed rest, yet his wounds had reopened over this.

Sheila got the general picture of the situation and narrowed her eyes dangerously as she turned to Vicky angrily. "Vicky Shaw, even if you need to prove yourself right, you didn't have to do this right now, did you? Are you that upset that he got hurt because of me that you won't give up until he gets hurt for you once as well?!"

Reading the message hidden between her words, Vicky scowled. "Are you saying that I planned this?"

Adam sneered. "You admitted that you weren't kidnapped. Why wouldn't you answer the call if you weren't kidnapped, then? Is this supposed to be some kind of revenge for when Mister Hart didn't answer your calls? Or are you doing so on purpose to make him think that you've been kidnapped?"

Chapter 196

Sheila clenched her fists and glared daggers at Vicky. "You can be angry or jealous, Vicky Shaw. All that, I understand. But you've disregarded Tyler's health and well-being over your own selfish need... It's an understatement to say that you're selfish!

"Vicky, you came all the way to the hospital and accused me of being pretentious, so what about yourself?!" Sheila was obviously getting confrontational. "Is it fun to hide and make others think that you were kidnapped? Aren't you getting too old for childish tricks like this?! Don't you have any other way to grab Tyler's attention? Is this all you can think of?!"

Vicky knew that no one would believe a word she said, and since Tyler was still treated, she did not want to waste her breath arguing with Sheila, so she remained quiet.

Indeed, it was hard to explain herself, and it was undeniable that Tyler's wounds had reopened because of her.



Seeing how she did not respond, Adam said sarcastically, 'Do you not have anything to say for yourself? What happened to all those great speeches about how players and homewreckers deserve what they get, huh? Why are you all quiet this time? I thought you were great at arguing! Hah!

"You mocked Miss Young for not calling for help when she was kidnapped, but did you? You didn't either, did you? You copied every single detail... Are you trying to be like Miss Young? What a shame! You'll never hold a candle to her, and she's far better than a vicious, evil woman like y—"

"Enough, Adam," Harry interrupted him. "Mister Hart is still being treated."

Adam shot Vicky a look of contempt and quieted down, and so did Sheila.

An hour later, Tyler's wounds were finally stitched up once again, and he was unconscious when he was moved back to his room due to the blood loss.

Tyler's wounds had reopened as soon as he stepped to convince him to stay in the hospital while they rescued Vicky, Tyler refused to listen.

They did manage to find Vicky in the end, but it turned out that she was never in danger. Not only was she safe, but she was exchanging a pleasant conversation with a 'friend' as well.

As the nurses moved Tyler back to his room, Vicky wanted to follow him in but was blocked by Adam.

"Miss Shaw, you're not welcome here. Please go."

Vicky, worried sick, said hastily, "Adam, I'm

Adam did not waver. "I've never seen someone's wife who treats her husband like her nemesis. You either call at the exact time to get him injured, or disappear on purpose to worsen his condition. Are you his wife, or his worst enemy?"

Vicky did not say a word.

She stood up for herself that time before because Tyler hung up on her when she was kidnapped, all because he was rescuing another woman.

Vicky was already frustrated at the time and was provoked into saying what she did when Sheila and Adam tried to blame her for it.

However, Tyler's condition had indeed worsened because of her this time, and she could not argue with that.

From others' perspectives, the kidnapping looked like child's play, and she could understand why they would be upset with her.

Instead of insisting on entering the room, she said, "Fine." She turned to leave and paused after taking a few steps. 'I'll rest in the lounge on this floor. Come get me when it's necessary."

Adam snorted, thinking that there would never be a need for her to return. However, the next day when Tyler woke up, Adam was proven wrong.

He could not begin to hide the displeasure and frustration on his face when he went to bring Vicky back to the room.

Chapter 197

Vicky, of course, was not bothered by Adam's displeasure.

As she walked into the room, she saw Tyler in bed. Despite the pale look on his face, he still looked as gorgeous as ever.

She walked over to him and asked, "How are you feeling? Are your wounds still hurting?"

Tyler seemed to know why she was not in the room with him and said, "Harry and Adam have some misunderstanding about you, so don't bother yourself over what they say."

Vicky was never going to feel upset over two assistants' opinions of her, but she instead asked, "What about you? Do you believe me?"

He met her eyes and said, "Are you referring to the kidnapping?"

'The kidnapping? she thought. 'Is he referring to the time before, this time, or both?

She stared at him for a while before saying, "I was knocked out and taken away by Anthony's men, so I didn't answer my phone nor could I call for help."

Vicky noticed that she still had her phone when

Tyler did not comment on it and said, "As long as you're fine."

Vicky had never prided herself on being sharp, but she was not stupid either and immediately caught onto the way he avoided her question. She stared at him dazedly and muttered, "Do you...think I've disappeared on purpose as well?"

He studied her face and responded in a composed in the past. There's no point in discussing this."

It was the same answer as before.

Her heart sank as she tilted her head to the side and studied his face." You've never really believed me at all, have you?"

She felt that he did not believe her when she said that she called because she was kidnapped, nor did he believe that this 'kidnapping' was nothing but a misunderstanding.

Though he did not say anything or blame her, she knew he did not believe her.

She did not know why she would feel this way, but it felt like instinct.

Tension rose in the air, and just when she thought that he would not answer her question, he said, "I believed you once upon a time."

Vicky froze and was about to question his answer further when they heard someone knocking on the door.

Harry walked into the room with a file and stilled when he saw Vicky. He smiled at her politely. "Missus Hart."

She nodded back.

Harry seemed to have come to report something and hesitated.

Vicky got up to leave, but Tyler said, "How did it go?"

Harry glanced at Vicky before saying, "We've pretty much comprehended the situation.

The man who took Missus Hart away was Anthony, the son of the wealthiest man globally... He started working in Yavner Group at the age of fifteen and is in charge of his family as well as the company at the moment. He might not be invincible here in Stoneford City, but he's more than capable of removing surveillance footage or hiring people to do what he wants."

Chapter 198

"Anthony hadn't left behind many traces of his activities in the city, so we can't find any evidence of his involvement."

Anthony said that he came to find his fiance, but no one knew if that was truly his intention or if he was related to the people targeting Tyler. Since he had 'kidnapped' Vicky, Tyler realized that there was a need to look into Anthony, but they had not found much and it appeared as though Anthony was truly here to find his fiance. 1

After Harry was done with the report, silence fell over the room and Vicky's heart sank.

After a while, Tyler said, "Okay. You may go."

Harry bowed respectfully and left.

Vicky had been told by Cece that Jennifer's fiancé, Anthony, was also a powerful figure, or he would not have the ability to find Jennifer within days -even though she was hiding in a city that was beyond his territory.

Anthony was not all-powerful in Stoneford City, but he was more than capable of destroying the evidence for Vicky.

Because of her connection to Jennifer, it would appear to others that she was close with Anthony somehow. Anyone could conclude that Anthony arranged the kidnapping on the taxi and destroyed all evidence afterward.

As she studied Tyler's face, what he said earlier echoed inside her head.

'I believed you once upon a time.'

'Believed me...'. She thought. 'What about now? Does he still believe me?'

She opened her mouth to speak but eventually decided against it.

Her question was soon answered.

Though Tyler's attitude toward her had

It was nothing but a faint feeling, and occasionally, Vicky would feel like she was overthinking.

A month later, Tyler had completely healed and was discharged from the hospital.

Vicky returned to work and her relationship with Tyler grew astringed.

Everything appeared to be the same, yet the distance between them was undeniable.

One day, Vicky received a call from Sheila.

"Miss Shaw, can we meet?"

"Can't you speak on the phone?" said Vicky calmly.

"You've been wanting to know why Tyler married you,

After a few moments of silence, Vicky asked, "You refused to tell me when I asked, so why have you changed your mind?"

Sheila chuckled. 'You seem to be quite upset about the fact that Tyler refuses to believe you. Miss Shaw, so I want to ask you out and tell you the story of how you got Tyler to agree to marry you.'

Vicky had looked into this before but could only find rumors of her plotting to sleep with Tyler and forcing him to take responsibility for that.

She had found nothing else, and even Sebastian thought that Tyler had only agreed to marry her because they had slept together. However, based on Sheila's tone, there seemed to be more to the story.

Vicky knew that Sheila was not offering her answers out of the kindness in her heart and was most probably trying to break her and Tyler apart.

The past should remain in the past, but she desperately wanted to know what happened. Her instincts told her that Tyler's distrust was caused by what happened in the past.

"When and where?" Vicky drawled.

Sheila proceeded to inform Vicky of the time and place to meet.

Night fell, and it was pitch-black outside the window.

Chapter 199

Tyler had a business meeting that night and had not returned home for dinner.

Vicky leaned back against the bed head with a book in hand, but she could not read a single word as Sheila's words echoed inside her head.

Thump!

Suddenly, a sound came from the bedroom door, which jolted Vicky as she looked up from her book.

Tyler stumbled in, and the scent of alcohol on him instantly filled the air.

He sat on the couch with a scowl, and she got out of bed to walk toward him. "Have you been drinking, Tyler?"

He rubbed the bridge of his nose and hummed in response.

It was normal for a man of Tyler's status to frequent parties or business meetings.

However, he did not enjoy drinking and would only take a sip or two when it was absolutely necessary.

There would not be a soul who would dare to force Tyler to drink, so she never saw him this drunk before.

He reeked of alcohol, and though his expression remained composed, he focusing, so she immediately knew that he was drunk.

"Go take a shower," she said gently. "I'll make you some herbal tea."

He hummed again slowly, and she headed downstairs Tyler was still dressed in his suit and had remained sitting on the couch.

Realizing that he had not gone to shower, she scowled and wondered just how drunk he was.

She set the tea on the coffee table and said, "Go change. You can drink the tea later while I run you a bath."

During the time he was injured, she had been taking become something she had grown accustomed to.

She found his pajamas and went to take his jacket off before proceeding to unbutton his shirt.

Though he was drunk, he had not acted hysterically and cooperated quietly, so she managed to help him change with ease.

Once that was done, she handed him the tea that had turned lukewarm.

"This tea will help with a hangover. Drink it, or you're going to have a hard time tomorrow morning."

He batted his eyelashes and looked at her blankly. "Why?" he asked in a hoarse, yet seductive voice.

"What?"

"Why are you so nice to me?"

She was taken by surprise for a moment. "You call this nice?"

Vicky thought that she was merely fulfilling the duties of a wife. "You took care of me when I was in the hospital as well," she said.

Since he had taken care of her before, she tried her best to care for him as well, even when he was injured from protecting another woman.

Suddenly, the world spun before her, and the cup of tea in her hand was knocked onto the carpet while she was pinned against the couch.

Chapter 200

Before Vicky could react, Tyler's kiss plastered onto her lips forcefully.

In the middle of the night, Vicky laid awake with her eyes wide open while the man next to her drifted off to sleep.

Her blood ran cold as she turned around to look at his face, and what he whispered into her ear earlier replayed in her head.

'Why? Why did you leave me?'

She had never seen a look like that.

In the depth of the dazed look in his eyes hid a complicated mixture of resentment and love.

It was hard to believe that a man as composed as Tyler could lose control of his emotions as well.

He seemed to be really in love with that woman.

The irony of her husband thinking about another woman while being intimate with her left Vicky's heart in the cold, and she could not go to sleep no matter how hard she tried.

The moonlight shone through

She sat up from the bed and glanced

She reached out to open the door but withdrew as soon as she touched the doorknob.

The same motion repeated again and again before she took a deep breath and opened the door.

She had been to Tyler's study room countless times and she remembered every detail of the room, yet this was the only time she had come inside without Tyler's approval.

She did not know what had prompted her to come, and she knew that she should not do such a thing, but Vicky simply could not remain calm after Tyler's drunken confession.

She hesitated for a few moments before opening the drawers of his desk.

The first drawer contained documents and the second drawer, she stilled.

There was an old ballpen, an old wallet, a watch, and a beautiful little box.

She recognized that it was the ballpen he had been new one, she had not seen him using the old one at work.

She picked up the watch and noticed some

The time on the watch remained frozen at a certain time, carved at the back.

[Forever love to Tyler Hart.]

She shivered and came close to dropping the watch when she realized that the watch was a gift from a woman.

Was it Sheila?

Vicky soon denied that possibility.

Though Tyler treated Sheila with kindness, he remained cold toward her. Since he could discard her with ease, he would not have kept her gift with such care.

Her thoughts drifted to the person Tyler had been in love with, the one who was mentioned by both Nikki and Sheila.

She had her doubts, but since both Nikki and Sheila had ulterior motives, she refused to believe them.

They had both only guessed that there was such a person and had no clue as to what this person looked like at all.

Chapter 201

Tyler never mentioned a woman that he loved and neither had the press caught onto any sign of such a person ever existing.

However, Vicky no longer had the excuse to lie to herself after what Tyler had said.

She regained her composure and placed the watch back before reaching for the box.

There was a pair of couple rings inside, and she instinctively glanced at her empty fingers.

Ever since she regained consciousness from the car accident, she noticed that she was not wearing a wedding band. Thus, she wondered if the rings were hers and Tyler's. Despite her thoughts, her instincts told her that the ring did not belong to her.

Not willing to give up, she picked up

It was extremely loose even when she placed it on her middle finger. It would not fall immediately but could easily be lost so it became clear that the ring did not belong to her.

She took it off and placed it back into the drawer.

At last, her gaze landed on the wallet.

She opened the wallet and froze

The edges of the photo

Vicky took out the photo and studied it when-

"What do you think you are doing, Vicky?" Tyler's cold voice interrupted her.

Startled, she dropped the photo and

His expression darkened when he saw what she

When he looked up, his eyes were as cold as ice, and his voice was like a sharp blade made of ice that stabbed into her heart as he spoke. "Are you going through my stuff, Vicky?"

She looked into his soul-freezing eyes and felt the tension rising around her as silence fell over the room. She never saw such a sharp look in his eyes even during the time when they hated each other.

"I..." She opened her mouth to explain but found herself at a loss for words.

She knew that she was wrong for going through Tyler's private life when he was asleep, and nothing would excuse her from that. In the end, she muttered, "I'm sorry."

Tyler held onto the photo and narrowed his eyes coldly. "Vicky Shaw, what gives you the right to go through my stuff?"

Vicky knew that she was at the wrong in this situation, but her breath caught in her throat as a sharp pain pierced through her heart at his words.

The emotions she had been trying to suppress exploded at that very moment and she looked up fiercely.

"Yeah, I have no rights at all. I have no right to stop you from risking your life for another woman, and I have no right to blame my own husband for saving another woman while I was being kidnapped as well. Better yet, I don't even have the right to know that you've been in love with another this whole time!" 1

She stared into his eyes. "I had no right to marry you to begin with had I not fooled you with the pregnancy, right?!"

Chapter 202

Tyler froze for a moment upon hearing what Vicky said, but he soon snapped out of his trance and glared daggers at her. "How dare you mention that pregnancy to me?!"

He reached out abruptly to grab her by the jaw, forcing her to meet his eyes with a dark expression. "If you've found out about the disgusting things you've done in the past, what makes you think that you have the right to confront me?"

She paled as she stared dazedly at his face, when memories of her conversation with Sheila filled her mind.

“Vicky, why do you think Tyler married you? Why didn’t he punish you for destroying my hands? Why did I have to leave? It’s all because you lied and said that you were pregnant! I could’ve turned a blind eye to the fact that you tricked him into sleeping with you, but I can’t ignore the fact that you were pregnant! Tyler married you and I left the country as you wished in the end. A year after that, I went and asked Sasha if you had given birth to a boy or a girl, and she told me that...you were never pregnant.’

Vicky, Tyler, and Sheila were the only people who knew about her’ pregnancy’ at the time. Since Vicky’s plot to sleep with Tyler had already been the talk of the city, none of them wanted to become the laughingstock of an unborn child.

Sheila became increasingly agitated as she spoke. “Vicky Shaw, do you have any idea what a horrible person you were? You used the pregnancy as your leverage to tie Tyler down! You even threatened to announce your pregnancy to the public if he refused to marry you. Since your situation couldn’t be worse, you didn’t mind letting others know. Even if I marry

Tyler, the fact that he had an illegitimate child before the marriage would haunt us for life!”

Vicky had never expected to learn how vicious she had been in the past and asked, “So what happened to the child?”

Sheila chuckled darkly. “Haven’t you been listening, Miss Shaw? You were never pregnant, so there was no child. You bribed the doctors into making a fake pregnant test to lie to us! Did you think that the past could be erased simply because you’ve forgotten about it? Not a chance!

“Time might heal the wounds, but there will always be scars that sting whenever you touch them. You might think all is fine when nothing happens, but those scars that you’ve buried deep down would surface

when something happens. Do you understand now, Vicky Shaw? It’s not that Tyler refuses to believe you. You’re the one who made it hard for anyone to believe you because of what you’ve done!”

The pain in her jaw brought her back to the present, and she looked up to meet his cold, dark eyes.

Tyler’s fingers tightened around her jaw as though he was trying to suppress his anger, and his eyes were filled with resentment. “Vicky Shaw, anyone would have the right to question me, but not you!”

Vicky’s eyes reddened. “If you’re having such a hard time forgiving me, why would you be with me? If I disgust you to this extent, why...didn’t you divorce me? Are you trying to tell me that you’re doing this to get back at me?”

His gaze was like a blade of ice that pierced through her soul. “Vicky, if you remember what happened in the past, you wouldn’t say these things to me.”

His words were vague, and she could not tell if he was referring to her shameless effort in avoiding the divorce or something else.