

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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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 cant 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.

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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.

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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!

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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 fiance, 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.

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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?"

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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.

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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."

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"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 fiancée. 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 fiancée, 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.1

'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.

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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.

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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.