

## Loving You In Secret By Debbie Meza Chapter 2

“When?” said Tyler Hart.

Vicky Shaw was caught off-guard by this response before she realized what he was asking about.

She said, “We can file the papers and proceed after I’m discharged.”

“Very well,” came his simple response as he then turned to leave the ward without feeling nostalgic.

He did not even ask how her recovery was nor the reason why she was admitted to the hospital. It was as though she was not her wife but an insignificant person instead.

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After a month, Vicky was finally allowed to be discharged from the hospital. In the early hours of a particular morning, Cece busily packed Vicky’s belongings.

“Congratulations on your discharge, Vicky! Let me treat you to a good meal today,” chirped Cece.

The joyful look on Cece’s face dispersed the gloomy feeling in Vicky’s heart and made her smile. “I should be the one treating you. Thank you for looking after me while I was here.”

Suddenly, Cece’s expression faltered. “You shouldn’t have! You saved me, you know. Without you, who knows where I’ll be after being trafficked?”

Three years ago, an unhappy Cece ran away from home when she learned that her parents forced her into an arranged marriage. At the time, she had just entered society and was too sheltered by her family.

All of her money got stolen on the first day she ran away, and she nearly got scammed into being a victim of human trafficking, too.

Luckily, Vicky noticed this and saved Cece. When she found out Cece had no place to return to, she arranged a place for her to stay and even hired her as her personal assistant. This was why Cece felt very grateful to Vicky.

Suddenly, Vicky thought of something and asked, “Is there anyone else coming to visit me other than you? Don’t I have any family or friends?”

Cece’s gaze wavered. She answered vaguely, “Maybe...they didn’t know your marriage, you didn’t contact your family very often.”

The answer made Vicky wonder.

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It was late at night, and Vicky leaned on the headrest to read her book.

Clack! Someone was opening her bedroom door. It was

Although the mansion had a remarkable scene and was designed by a great interior designer, she did not feel secure staying in it after having lost her memory.

She looked at the door alertly as a tall, slender, handsome man walked into the room.

Vicky asked, "Why did you come back here?"

Tyler noticed Vicky looking at him warily, and "Are you trying...to play hard to get again?"

His voice was low, melodious, and clear like the water in a river. It was a beautiful voice, yet his sarcastic words created discomfort.

"Playing hard to get?" It sounded like a joke, and Vicky could not help but laugh.

"Mister Hart, I've forgotten everything, including the feelings I had for you. What makes you think that I'd still like you like I used to? Do you think it's worth doing that to a husband that I'm about to divorce?"

Tyler squinted slightly. His pupils looked dark and gloomy. Thus, the way he looked at Vicky was nothing less than fierce.

Vicky felt rather intimidated by this gaze. She clasped her

"Why are you looking at me like that?"

His eyes signaled he was examining and exploring her real intention. "To confirm that you're not pretending to lose your memory as you did in the past."

Vicky ignored his mockery and said, "Did you come back to inform me it was time to file the divorce paper?"

Tyler looked at her for a couple of seconds before he emotionlessly said, "It's Grandpa's birthday party tomorrow."

"So?" Vicky did not get what he was trying to say.

"As Missus Hart, you're required to attend

Today was the first day Vicky was discharged from the hospital, and Senior Hart's birthday party was tomorrow. There was just not enough time to...get a divorce.

Besides, she did not have the plan to leave the marriage with nothing. It required time to divide assets.

Vicky looked at him and asked, "Does Grandpa know that I have amnesia?"

"No," Tyler replied.

Vicky was at a loss for words.

After a few seconds of silence, she said, "What am I going to do when I don't know anyone at the dinner party?"

Tyler answered coldly, "That's not my problem."

Not wanting to talk to her anymore, he swiftly entered the bathroom.

20 minutes later, the handsome, tall man came out of the bathroom while drying his hair with a towel. Not bothering to wear a bathrobe, he merely wrapped his waist with a towel.

Water droplets dropped from his hair onto his toned body.

His figure was akin to a male model's, and his proportions were perfect. Added into the mix was his skin as fair as a rose. He even had sexy, downright attractive eight-pack abs that would make women drool over him. It was definitely a sight to behold.

Vicky was stunned, and perhaps her gaze was too keen that Tyler stopped drying his hair and looked at her.

A few seconds later, Tyler spoke, "Have you seen enough?"

Vicky quickly regained her senses and pretended to look at other places calmly.

Tyler saw the blushes on her cheek, though. His thin lips curled into a cool and arrogant smile.

"Missus Hart, don't you think you're too pretentious? It's not like you've never seen a man nor slept with one before. Who do you think you're fooling with this shy expression?"

Vicky was speechless. Every word that he spoke was challenging her tolerance level. Did he truly think she was the old Vicky Hart that would disregard her dignity just because she loved him? Narcissism was a type of disorder, and he should look for treatment.

Vicky got down from the bed and walked to Tyler. She winked and said flirtatiously, "There's no one here except you. Of course I'm showing it...to you."

'He hates me, doesn't he? I'm going to gross him out today!' she sneered inwardly.

She took a few more steps forward toward Tyler and stood on her toes to whisper into his ear ambiguously, "Didn't you say I'd try at everything to attract your attention? What? Didn't I try this before, Honey?"

The moment she said this, Tyler grabbed her by the waist, causing her body to lurch toward him, and hoisted her into his arms, effectively catching Vicky off-guard.

When she finally regained her senses, she found herself thrown to the bed, and Tyler quickly pinned her in place with his entire body.