

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Vicky was taken to the questioning room, and what Director Lumber said to Vicky earlier was right: Assumptions could not be viewed as evidence.

At the moment, everyone suspected that she had done something to Sheila's outfit, but there was no evidence to support it.

The questioning lasted until night, and since she had given no further information to help with the investigation, they released her.

As she was walking out of the room, a young officer hurried over to the officer who was questioning her and whispered into his ear.

The older officer muttered, "Are you sure?"

The younger officer nodded.

The older officer turned to look at Vicky. "Miss Shaw, a new witness has come forward, and we need to further investigate your involvement in this incident. My apologies, but I'm afraid you can't leave just yet."

Vicky scowled. 'Impossible.'

If there was any witness, the investigation would have never dragged on this long.

She wanted someone to prove that she was innocent surveillance footage, no one had been in the room apart from Maria.

The sudden appearance of a

Someone knew the situation she was in being the culprit.

'How ruthless!' she thought to herself.

The officer looked at Vicky and said with

She soon

The officer shook his head. "I'm sorry, but to ensure the witness's safety, we can't expose any information about them. If you do not wish to stay, you may contact your lawyer or your friends to release you on parole."

Everything had

If she wanted to be released, there

Cece had been

'Is he waiting for me to

She lowered her gaze and said, "Alright."

"Do you need to make any call, Miss Shaw?"

She shook her head. "No."

Just when the officers were about to take her to the holding cell, when they heard a low, melodious voice.

"Vicky?"

She looked up and saw a young man in a white shirt standing in the distance.

The man was exceptionally handsome and appeared wildly alluring with the playful smile on his face, the unbuttoned collar of his shirt, and the seductive look in his eyes.

“Mister Kirby?” She paused. “Why are you here?” “One of my friends is in trouble and called me here to help release him.” He scanned her and said, “Why are you here?”
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Vicky opened her mouth to explain but decided against it in the end.” Nothing. I’m just here to help with the investigation. I don’t want to keep you away from what you’re doing. I should go now.”

She turned to leave when Mister Kirby spoke again. “Is this because of what happened to Sheila Young?”

She paused and turned around to look at the playful smirk on his face.

“It’s been the talk of the town and I’ve overheard some details.”

She nodded, not wanting to say too much. ‘Yeah. I’m here because of that.’

Mister Kirby remained standing and started chatting with her.

“I’ve seen all the theories on the internet,” he said casually with one hand in his pocket.

“It’s ridiculous to accuse you of murder over a piece of clothing. Let’s put why Sheila didn’t notice that her outfit was damaged until the moment she was in the water. If damages to clothing count as murder, all those sellers at flea markets should be called murderers as well. ||

He shot her a smile and said, “If you are capable of killing with clothes, you can pretty much kill anyone you want, no? That way, you should become the best assassin in this city in no time.”

Vicky had felt slightly disheartened earlier but felt much better listening to how Mister Kirby defended her in a joking manner.

Feeling moved that someone was willing to believe her at such a time, she smiled at him earnestly. “Thank you.”

Mister Kirby lifted an eyebrow. “I haven’t done anything for you, so why are you thanking me?”

Before she could say anything, he continued, “Well, I can’t take your have to do something to deserve it.’

He turned to the officers and said, “I’m her friend. I guess I can get her out, right?”

The officers gaped at him and muttered, “Sure, but...”

“If that’s the case, file the paperwork for it,” Mister Kirby said with a smile.

“Mister Kirby...”

He turned to look at her with his dark eyes. “Let’s just get you out first.”

She remained quiet for a few seconds before nodding. “Okay.”

Meanwhile, in a certain office, Harry knocked on the door and went inside to find Tyler standing in front of the window with a lit cigarette between his fingers. His figure and his expressionless look were reflected on the glass.

“Mister Hart,” Harry said. “Miss Young’s condition has stabilized, and the movie crew has decided to terminate their contract with Miss Shaw.

They’re about to release an official statement. Should we...”

“Let them be,” Tyler said coldly. “Since she’d rather be condemned by all, be locked up in her room, and even lose the contract with the crew than obey me, I don’t suppose she needs any help.”

Harry hesitated for a moment before continuing, “Mister Hart, not long ago, Miss Shaw was taken away by the police for questioning. I heard that there was a new witness... Without someone to release her on parole, she’d be locked up.”

Tyler looked with a scowl. "When did this happen?"

"This morning."

Harry had also just caught news of it and came to report to Tyler after investigating every detail.

Tyler walked over to his desk and glanced at his phone.

Nothing. Not a call or even a single text message.

His lips curled into a sneer. "She wants to be stubborn, right? Leave her be and let her rot in there."

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Half an hour later, Mister Kirby completed all the necessary procedures to release Vicky on parole.

"Alright, let's go."

She looked up at him and whispered, "Thank you."

He glanced at the time. "What do you feel like eating? Let's have dinner."

"It's fine. I-"

He interrupted her. "Are you trying to tell me that you've eaten?"

She looked away guiltily.

Knowing that he was right judging from the look on her face, he said, "I've asked the officers, and you've been questioned in the station for the entire day."

"What does that have to do with...whether I've eaten or not?"

"This isn't a hotel. They don't just give you what you want, so I assumed that you haven't eaten."

Indeed, Vicky had not eaten much throughout the day. "How did you know that?"

The look in his eyes darkened. Instead of answering, he started walking and said, "Let's go. I'm starving."

She remained standing in place and watched as he walked away in confusion.

'Am I just mistaken, or is he in a bad mood all of a sudden?' she thought to herself.

At the restaurant, they ordered and dined. By the time they finished dinner, it was past ten at night.

Mister Kirby's phone rang as they walked out of the restaurant, and he hinted that he needed to take a call before walking over to a quiet corner.

Knowing better than to follow him, she waited.

Snap!

Just then, a flash of light blinded her for a moment, and before she could register what had happened, a group of reporters charged toward her.

Within a matter of seconds, she was surrounded.

"Miss Shaw, who is that gentleman dining with you earlier? Is that your boyfriend?"

"Miss Shaw, we heard that you've been flirting with Charlie and Edward. How many lovers do you have?"

"Miss Shaw, are you trying to marry into a wealthy family by seducing Mister Hart? Do you not know that he is married?"

"We saw you being taken away by the police... Have you really attempted murder?"

Countless questions overwhelmed her as the reporters desperately tried to move their cameras and microphones even just an inch closer to her.

They had not done anything out of line but were more organized compared to frantic fans, forming a circle within mere seconds around Vicky to prevent her from escaping.

By the time Vicky came to realize what was happening, it was too late. She scowled. "The crew will soon organize a press conference and answer all of your questions."

The reporters refused to back away and proceeded with even worse questions.

"Miss Shaw, do you not know that it's immoral to get involved with a married man? Have you no shame at all?"

As she was being pushed around, her ears were filled with insulting questions.

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The reporters on the outer corner pressed closer toward Vicky, and she stumbled inside the center of the crowd as they stepped over her feet.

She had been in a terrible state after being questioned for the entire day and was frustrated from being interrogated by the reporters. She tried to shove them aside, but they seemed to be as tough as a wall of steel.

"Miss Shaw, please answer my question!"

"Miss Shaw!"

"Miss Shaw—"

Their voices echoed around her and someone shoved at her, causing her to fall to the ground. As she tried to get up, she accidentally hit a person next to her.

"Ah! She hit me! Vicky Shaw hit me!" Someone shouted, and the cameras instantly started flashing at her.

No one attempted to help her up and simply swarmed toward her hysterically.

"Miss Shaw, how can you resort to violence?"

"Are you frustrated because your true face has been exposed?"

Another round of confrontation followed as they all assumed Vicky had resorted to violence toward the reporter.

The noises and the ruthless faces drowned her, and soon, she was struggling to breathe.

"Scram!" A chilling voice filled the air.

The reporters turned around dazedly and

His frame was towering, and he featured a perfect combination and pursed his lips.

Vicky was stunned by Mister Kirby's appearance.

Taking advantage of the reporters' dazed state, he walked over to Vicky. The look in his eyes darkened when he saw her twisted ankle.

"I'm taking you to the hospital," he said before helping Vicky up.

The others finally recovered from the shock.

"Are you Miss Shaw's boyfriend? Do you know how she's dating multiple men at the same time?"

The reporters swarmed at him, their eyes lighting up. However, Mister Kirby's presence and they did not dare to question him the way they did with Vicky.

Mister Kirby turned to glare daggers at the reporter who asked the question and said,

"Are you questioning me?"

The reporter was the one who insulted Vicky. She came with a mission and was not afraid to do whatever it took to provoke Vicky into saying things worthy of reporting.

Her breath caught in her throat as though someone was strangling her, and she struggled to speak.

Mister Kirby's presence was simply too overpowering and she felt like her heart stopped from simply being glared at by him.

"Scram," Mister Kirby spat.

Vicky stared at him dazedly.

The Mister Kirby she knew had always been casual and never commanded such a pressuring presence. Yet, at the moment, he managed to terrorize a crowd simply by standing.

Seeing how she remained dazed, he lifted Vicky off her feet.

Just then, a cold voice pierced through the air of the silent night. "Oh?

Looks like there's drama around here."