

# Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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### Chapter 271

The man's voice was so cold that it gave people the chills.

All the people there looked in the direction where the voice came from.

As the man stood under the moonlight, the glow shone on his facial features to create an illusion that his face looked frozen with ice. He looked at where Vicky and the others were. The color of his pupils was even more visible, just like the color and temperature of the deep ocean. His attractive lips were curled into a teasing, mocking smile.

The reporters were stunned. "T—Tyler Hart..."

At that time, the beautiful woman beside him said, "All the rumors on the internet are fabricated, so please leave Miss Shaw alone. The production team will host a press conference, and you're free to ask any questions during the press conference."

This was when they realized Sheila was standing beside Tyler.

Sheila was the main center of the incident. The reporters had tried to get an interview with her, but the security of the hospital Sheila was in was very tight. They could not enter at all.

When they saw Sheila, they were a swarm of bees buzzing toward the flower in the garden. However, the man gave them a scary glare before they could even get close to Sheila.

The glare froze the reporters, and their faces stiffened.

Tyler coolly said, "That'll be all for today."

The reporters looked reluctant to leave. They knew Tyler had an ambiguous relationship with Sheila, even though he was a married man. Nonetheless, no one had the audacity to openly write about it.

The influence Tyler had was remarkable, too. The reporters could not publish or post the photos or articles they wrote if Tyler so disallowed it.

The reporters exchanged looks with each other

"Since Mister Hart said so, let's leave."

They quickly left the place, and none of them were brave enough to hide and take photos secretly. They knew how capable Tyler was. Everyone who was against him no longer stood in one piece on this land.

The best example was Harvey Sparks.

After the reporters left, the air became dead silent.

A sinister glint appeared in Tyler's eyes while his parting his thin lips, he said, "Get down."

Vicky's heart tightened. Immediately, she felt the need Kirby's arm, but the man's arms wrapped around her even more tightly.

Her eyelashes quivered in fear as she softly said, "Please let me down."

Mister Kirby refused, however, as if he did not see the dark look on Tyler's face. He smiled. "You sprained your leg. You need to go to the hospital now."

Tyler continued to gaze at Vicky's face coldly. It was as though his eyes had hardened into ice hazed over by mist. "Vicky Shaw," he enunciated, "I'm asking you to get down." Usually, Tyler never showed his expression. At least, Vicky hardly saw the emotional side of him.

At this moment, his expression was borderline gruesome, eyes sparkling with clear hatred and disgust. The way he looked at her was like looking at something that disgusted him.

His gaze darkened when he realized Vicky was not moving. He started walking. It felt like a black cloud was covering his body where he walked like the grim reaper. Every step he took could potentially stop the other's heart from beating.

Soon, he was in front of Vicky and Mister Kirby. He extended his hand and wanted to drag Vicky down.

Mister Kirby stopped him with his arm. Yet, his movement was restricted because he was carrying Vicky, so he could not stop Tyler.

Tyler successfully dragged Vicky away from Mister Kirby's arms.

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Tyler grabbed Vicky's wrist tightly and turned to leave. When Vicky's feet landed on the ground, however, the pain from her sprained ankle became even more intolerable.

All of a sudden, someone grabbed Vicky's other hand.

Tyler stopped walking and looked back at Mister Kirby. Seeing his hand grabbing onto Vicky's other hand, he snarled, "Let go of her."

Mister Kirby smiled as if he did not give a sh\*t about what Tyler said. "I should be the one saying that."

Tyler proudly stared back at him. "Do you think you have the right to say that?"

Mister Kirby scoffed. "It's not up to you to say that. The most important thing is...what Vicky thinks."

He averted his gaze from Tyler and stared at Vicky, saying softly, "Vicky, do you want to go with him?"

Vicky glanced over at Sheila, who was standing not far away from them. "They came out from this restaurant. I bet they were eating together, and Tyler must've taken the chance to tell Sheila I got locked up to please her."

She put on a straight face and turned to look at Mister Kirby. "The hospital?"

Mister Kirby looked very pleased with the answer. "You don't have to be so polite with me."

Tyler was amused to see how close Vicky and Mister Kirby were running back to this guy again.

It felt ironic and insulting to Vicky as she furrowed her brow uncomfortably.

"Tyler, stop judging other people's relationships based on your assumptions. Mister Kirby and I are just friends. No one ever created a rumor about us nor had we ever displayed public affection."

"Mister Kirby?" Tyler squinted. "You're taking his side? A man who has to and give you to another man like you were a pet?"

Tyler's hand tightened around Vicky's wrist as he, looking into Mister Kirby's eyes, continued, "Am I right...Harvey Sparks?"

Something exploded in Vicky's mind as

She looked at Mister Kirby dumbfoundedly. "You... You're Harvey Sparks?"

Harvey Sparks, her ex-husband. The one who used to compete fiercely with Tyler. To be more accurate, they were nemesis.

It just never occurred to Vicky that the

The smile on Harvey Sparks' face gradually disappeared. He gazed at Vicky and said, "Yes. I'm Harvey Sparks.'

Vicky's face turned pale, and her limbs felt cold. "So you knew me all along? What tricks were you trying to pull when you pretended to not know me?"

Harvey's gaze wavered as he reasoned, his voice gone husky, "I do know you, but I wasn't playing any tricks-

"A lie is a lie," interjected Tyler, sneering. 'No matter what reason you have, it's still a lie."

"I don't believe you never lied to her now that she's lost her memory,' refuted Harvey snarkily.

"So what if I did?' Tyler was unbothered. "She's Missus Hart. She's my woman."

"Are you trying to say you can lie to her any way you like just because she's your 'woman', and there's nothing wrong with it?' Harvey smiled crookedly." Tyler, do you really think no one knew what you did?"

"Harvey Sparks, you lost the right to be standing here talking to me about this."

Vicky felt lost when she heard their conversation. Due to her amnesia, she had no idea what they were talking about.

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Meanwhile, Sheila had been gazing at Harvey Sparks the moment his identity was revealed.

She heard about Harvey Sparks before. He had made himself well-known to everyone in the city after what he did.

However, she did not know Tyler yet at that time. Due to her small social circle, she never met Harvey either. When she got lucky to have Tyler laid an eye on her, Harvey had already lost to Tyler and left.

The people who knew what happened carefully concealed what happened between Harvey Sparks and Tyler. No one was daring enough to mention it.

Sheila had only gotten some random pieces of information from several people.

After Harvey left the city, it was like he disappeared from the radar. No one knew where he went. His name and photos disappeared from the internet after a night.

Sheila felt conflicted. When Tyler was sent to the hospital after getting shot, she had met Harvey before. At that time, it was obvious how protective he was of Vicky.

She did not overthink it because she did not think Vicky would try to have an ambiguous relationship with another man based on how much she loved Tyler. In spite of that, it never occurred to her that the man she saw in the hospital was Harvey Sparks.

Tyler's deep, clear voice

"So are you still going to go with him?"

Sheila raised her head and saw Tyler looking the woman's expression.

Vicky did not say anything, but she tried to pull her hand out from Harvey's hand.

Everyone knew what that action meant.

Harvey's face changed. "Vicky..."

Without looking at him, Vicky said, "Thank you for

Tyler shot Harvey a disdainful look before walking off, Vicky's wrist still in his grip.

When they passed by Sheila, he stopped. 'I have something to do, so I'm not going to send you back,' he said plainly. "Go back to the restaurant and wait for a while. I'll get Harry to send you back."

Sheila's eyes wavered. Nonetheless, she nodded obediently, quietly.

Tyler held Vicky by her wrist and walked to where his car was parked. He had a pair of long legs, so the steps he took were large. His handsome face was gloomy, and he seemed to be in a seriously bad mood.

Vicky, on the other hand, was limping behind him as he forcefully dragged her. There were a few times she nearly fell.

Frowning at the sight, Harvey could not stand it anymore.

"Tyler," he reminded,

With a cold face, Tyler said, "What does that have to do with you?"

Harvey pursed his lips tightly. "If you're not going to treasure her, why do you insist on keeping her by your side?"

Tyler scoffed. "Harvey Sparks, you're the last person in this world who has the right to tell me this."

By that time, Tyler had reached his car. He opened the door and shoved Vicky into the car before getting into the driver's seat. A few seconds later, the engine started and disappeared from Harvey and Sheila's sight.

The car sped down the road, and the scenery outside the window flashed by quickly.

Vicky sat fearfully in the car as she saw the number on the speedometer increasing.

Finally, she could not stand it anymore.

"Tyler, can you slow down?"

He was grabbing the steering wheel with his clean, slender fingers while looking ahead with a straight face.

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"Why? Are you scared?" scoffed Tyler.

"You're driving too fast. It's not safe," Vicky replied.

Tyler smiled sarcastically as if what Vicky said was a joke. "You drove more dangerously when you chased after a man around the city in the past. Why weren't you scared then?"

"In the past?" Vicky looked at him curiously, "Did I do that to you?"

Tyler's fingers tightened around the wheel as his expression darkened, looking as though he recalled something. He did not answer Vicky's question, and he did not slow down, either.

Normally, it took half an hour to reach the hotel, but they arrived in less than 20 minutes.

When they arrived, Tyler opened the door to the passenger side and grabbed Vicky's hand. He dragged her all the way to the lift.

Ding!

The lift door opened. Director Lumber and Director Fallon were getting they were in a discussion. When they saw Vicky and Tyler together, they were shocked.

The rumors in the production team were no secret to them. Since they had been in the industry for a long time, there were often rumors during the shooting. Neither of them paid attention to those.

Who would have imagined

The shocked expressions on Director Lumber and Director Fallon's faces did not ignore them and entered the lift, his grip on Vicky's wrist still tight.

Subconsciously, Director Lumber and Director Fallon got off the lift. When the door was slowly closing, their dumbfounded expressions never changed.

After Tyler and Vicky entered the presidential suite, he abruptly, so rudely threw Vicky to the sofa in the living room. His eyes and tone were as cold as the wind from the north pole.

"Spill it! When did you start to be in contact with Harvey Sparks?"

Vicky managed to get some information about the feud between Tyler and Harvey from Sebastian, including how Tyler's parents got into a car accident on their way to sign the acquisition.

After a moment of silence, Vicky answered, "I met Harvey the time we were eating in the restaurant and left halfway after getting a call from Sheila."

"Then? What did you two do afterward?" Tyler interrogated.

Vicky did not like the way he was asking her. It felt like he was asking because thought she had an affair. Yet, she understood Harvey was probably the person Tyler hated the most in this world.

Hence, she did not fight back nor expressed her dissatisfaction and told him how she got to know Harvey.

After that, he said nothing and took his phone to indifferently, "Get me all the places Harvey went when he got out of jail. And..."

He glanced at Vicky coldly. "Send me the locations where Vicky was during that period, too."

It might have been a tedious task to track down the places Harvey had gone to, but Tyler's phone rang again more than an hour later. During that period, he continued to glare at Vicky coldly. There was a time when he managed to glare at her for more than ten minutes unblinkingly. It felt like he was about to tear her into pieces.

Vicky felt like a devil was choking her and a sharp object was against her back when she felt the cold glare.

Several minutes later, he finished reading the information sent to him. He raised his head and looked at her with an ominous stare.

"So you two have been secretly in touch with each other for a long time."

Vicky instinctively clenched her fists tightly while trying to make herself look level-headed. "I didn't do it behind your back, and I didn't contact him secretly."

He had been busy with Sheila during that period and did not have the time to care for her at all.

Tyler looked back and curled his lips into a weird angle. It looked like a smile, but it was not a happy type of smile. Instead, it looked downright intimidating.

"Attended a party with his friends as his fiancée. Went to the outskirts in the same car and stayed for more than an hour. Then you came back and claimed that you were kidnapped. Went to the auction together and only came back home at midnight..."

"Vicky Shaw, you certainly blew me away!"

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"Tyler, I've explained this many times-nothing happened between Harvey and me. You know that I have amnesia, and I don't remember him or anything from the past at all."

Despite that, Tyler did not want to hear any explanation. He stared into Vicky's eyes and said coldly, 'Was he the one who tried to outbid the bracelet with me?'

"Tyler...'

"What were you two doing staying in the outskirts for so long?"

Suddenly, Vicky was lost for words when Tyler interrogated her forcefully. The way he looked at her was presuming she had cheated on him.

No. Not presuming. It was exactly what he thought.

The dubious look brought discomfort to Vicky. She stopped talking and looked sideways to avoid making eye contact with Tyler. However, her action had Tyler thinking she was avoiding his gaze because she felt guilty.

He got up and gradually approached Vicky.

It was a spacious room, but with Tyler getting closer, the pressure was on.

As he stood before her at last, he grabbed

"Tell me everything you two have done!"

A disgusted feeling appeared in Vicky's heart. She looked into his eyes as she

"Everything! We've done everything that we should do! Are you happy with that answer-ouch!"

Her chin was in pain. It was so painful that her face was turning pale.

At this moment, Tyler realized how pained she was softly instead.

"It's acceptable that you

His handsome face closed in on her, his deep You forgot everything. You have no memories of the past.'

His movements and voice were so soft that it felt very...creepy instead. Vicky had goosebumps all over her body.

Tyler said with a smirk, "When you were his fiancée, he gave you to spend a night with another man like an item because of another woman."

Her pupils dilated. 'Tyler did mention that before, and Harvey didn't deny it. Did that...really happen?'

Tyler continued to talk like he did not notice woman, you see. His enemy asked him to make his choice.

"They said they'd let go of that woman if Harvey agreed to let you spend the night with him. After that, he sent you to them.'

This time, her pupils shook. "Who is...that woman?"

"Of course...his true love. Someone he really cared about." Tyler looked at her from a condescending angle. He curled up his lip into an evil smile." Even a dog was more precious to him than you were."

Vicky's fingers clenched tightly. Suddenly, she recalled how Harvey rescued her many times without asking for any compensation during this period. She found it hard to believe he was such a person.

Perhaps Tyler could read her mind as he continued, sounding indifferent," There was a time you accidentally lost Harvey's dog. He didn't care that it was your birthday and humiliated you during your own party. He wanted to let everyone know you were nothing to him. Even a dog was better than you.

"If you don't believe me, you can ask him. See if he'll deny all those despicable things he did in the past."

Since Tyler sounded so assuring, there was a high chance he was not lying after all. If Harvey truly treated her like that, it was a good thing she left him. She did not have any feelings for Harvey currently. Perhaps it was because of amnesia. No data found.

#### Chapter 277

After being shocked in that short moment, Vicky managed to calm herself.

“Tyler, what do you mean?”

‘It’s just a divorce. Is he really going to kill me?’ she thought.

Tyler emotionlessly replied, “There is no such thing as a divorce in my life- only a deceased partner.”

It was so frustrating for Vicky that she ended up laughing. “You’re the one having seen and shown to the world that you have another woman in your life, yet you want to lock me in this ridiculous marriage.”

“This is your choice.” Tyler remained cool. “You were the one who begged me to marry you.”

“I regret it now!” hissed Vicky.

“Regret?” With an apathetic expression, Tyler coolly said,

He carefully touched her exquisite eyebrows and eyes. Gentle he was like they were a loving couple. “Vicky, I told you before I’m a clean freak. I don’t care how many relationships you had in the past, but from the first day of our marriage, the dominance of this marriage is no longer in your hand.”

Vicky understood the message he was trying to imply and clenched her fists tightly. “That you’re allowed to have a divorce when you want to, but I can’t?”

“Yes.” There was not a moment of hesitation from him as he brutally continued, “Since you took away my thought to get a divorce...then you have to continue with this marriage even if it’s torturous for the both of us.”

“Does that mean I have to blame myself for all of this suffering? I was the one who insisted on getting married, I was the one who refused to get a divorce, and the one who offered to continue with this marriage after I lost my memory... I’m the one to blame, right?”

He scoffed. “Do you think

You need to pay me back double everything you’ve gotten from me.”

Vicky found herself struggling to breathe. Forget about the things she could not recall in the past; she could vividly remember everything that happened recently.

She used Tyler to disgust Sheila, and Tyler knew that. She did that because she felt sorry for herself as she fell into the water and nearly drowned. She wanted to get back at Sheila, but Sheila was physically unharmed during her attempt, so Tyler let it slide. However, it was different this time. Sheila nearly died, and Tyler could not tolerate this. Hence, Tyler was asking Vicky to accidentally. It did not matter what intention she had. Tyler wanted a return for everything.

Neither Vicky nor Sheila was more important than the reputation and interest of his company. Therefore, this marriage needed to continue.

Vicky’s eyelashes quivered

After some time, she took a deep breath. “Alright. I got it now.”

She smiled helplessly. "I have nothing to say since you insist on keeping this marriage. I was the one who asked for it in the first place, especially when I can't win. I can only accept it even when I'm unwilling."

She took another breath and continued, "But since both of us hate each other, I think it's unnecessary for both of us to have...high expectations from each other."

It felt like Tyler was less angry after listening to the first part of her words. However, his blue eyes darkened upon hearing the second half.

"Huh?"

Vicky said with a straight face, "I know you're a clean freak, so I won't be fooling around outside nor will I be with another man. This lasts until you agree to the divorce. Since both of us aren't happy in this marriage, let's... have a marriage in name only."

Tyler pretended to not understand. "In name only?"

She knew he understood her, however, and was just pretending, so she tried to turn down the fire in her.

She closed her eyes for a while and said, "You can't...touch me anymore." "Then what's the purpose of me marrying you?" Tyler teased. "So you can be a decoration in my house?"

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"You can get any type of woman you want with your status and power," Vicky answered, gritting her teeth. "You can sleep with any woman you want. I don't care."

It made no difference to her if he was sleeping with Sheila or other women, especially when she had no control over him or the ability to end this marriage. At the very least, she did not have to satisfy his needs while enduring that disgusting scent on him.

"I can sleep with other women..." repeated Tyler. A sinister feeling crossed his eyes.

Suddenly, he tore apart Vicky's clothes. "Like this?"

Vicky instinctively grabbed at her clothes. "Tyler! Have you gone mad?!"

"How generous Missus Hart is," he said coldly as he used more force.

"Too bad..." he whispered into her ear, murmuring. "None of them satisfy me like Missus Hart." 1

Vicky's eyes widened in horror as she shrieked, "You're a jerk!"

The response she got was a contemptuous laugh as he briskly carried her and entered the bedroom.

She struggled vehemently to free herself. Hart, do you know why I'm refusing to get a divorce for the time being?"

Refusing to get a divorce for the time being...

Vicky's eyes dilated.

"If you behave nicely, I'll probably let you go when I'm bored with you. But, if you continue to fight back..." He placed his mouth next to her ears and whispered, "It just triggers my desire to have you surrender. Maybe...you'll have to spend the rest of your life fighting me."

When Vicky woke up the next day, it was already later in the sheer white curtain.

Vicky sat on the bed with a painful headache. As always, Tyler was not around.

'How could he treat me like this when I suggested having a marriage in name only...'

Subconsciously, she grasped the bedsheet under her tightly. She to suggest something so lowly as a bargain, yet he responded so...atrociously.

After sitting on the bed for a while, she was ready to get down to take a shower. As soon as her foot touched the floor, however, a piercing pain came from her ankle. She stumbled and fell.

When she looked at her sprained ankle, it was swollen and red. The sprain happened when she was surrounded by a group of reporters. After a night without getting treatment, it swole up like a golf ball.

Yet, Tyler disregarded her injury and kept on asking for more like the devil he was.

It took her great effort to finally stand up. After just a step, however, she fell again.

When she struggled to get up again, the pain spread from her ankle to her whole body and stopped at her heart. It made her body go limp.

The late afternoon sun was shining on her, but she did not feel any warmth. Instead, she felt like she was freezing at the north pole.

A lone tear fell from her eye and dropped on the clean carpet.

Chapter 279

Tyler said Harvey once gave her away to another man like she was a pet, yet she was not even a pet to Harvey. She was just his toy.

A pet would receive love and tenderness from the master in moments when the master was happy. Meanwhile, the owner of a toy could play with the toy however he liked. It did not matter if the toy was broken; he would just get it replaced.

After a difficult shower, she limped her way to the door and wanted to leave. This place suffocated her so much that she did not feel like staying a minute longer.

When she opened the door, she found two bodyguards in black suits. One of them immediately said, "I'm sorry, Miss Shaw. You're not allowed to leave the room."

Vicky was baffled by this. "I can't leave this room? What do you mean?"

The other bodyguard said, "It's an order from Mister Hart. You're not allowed to leave the room as of now."

She understood it this time, and one of her hands balled into a fist. "He has no right to keep me here!"

The other bodyguard said awkwardly, "Miss Shaw, there are media companies and reporters around this hotel. Mister Hart is doing this...to ensure your safety."

"I don't need him to keep me safe!"

No matter what Vicky said, the bodyguards refused to let her walk out.

With her sprained ankle, she had no way to bypass two she could only go back into the room.

As she went back to the room, she looked for her phone in her purse and called Tyler with her shivering fingers.

Beep, beep, beep!

After a few moments, the call connected.

Before Tyler could speak, she went off, snapping, "Tyler Hart!

After a moment of silence, the man replied in with this attitude of yours?"

She clenched her fingers tight as anger rumbled in her heart. "What do you want?"

"You haven't seen the morning news, have you, Missus Hart?" he said, his voice sounding light-hearted.

Vicky's eyebrows furrowed. "What news?"

"What other than...the news of you and your ex-fiance?"

Immediately, Vicky put the call on speakers and flipped the look at the news.

Tyler was right. Another piece of news about her and Harvey was right at the top of the trending list.

Tyler said sarcastically, "Missus Hart, do you seriously think the jokes you created are too little, or do you think the scandals you're involved in aren't enough? Is it that bad for you if you don't appear in the news every day?"

The news article had a photo of her having dinner with Harvey last night. The content was a flurry of insults and a few photos where she was seen trying to hit people arrogantly.

She scrolled down and realized the news was only about her and Harvey. Neither Tyler nor Sheila was mentioned.

'These media companies sure know who to pick a fight with,' she bitterly mused.

Her throat felt tight. "So?"

Tyler replied indifferently, "To avoid you shaming me again when people take more photos of you when you go out, you're to stay in the hotel and nowhere else."

"I can stay in the hotel and not go anywhere, but I want to stay in my room,' she tried to negotiate.

She received a harsh reply from Tyler. "So you can meet with Harvey secretly?"

"What's wrong with you? Is it hard for you not to think so dirtily?" Vicky scoffed.

"Dirty? You meeting Harvey in secret is a fact, isn't it?"

As he mentioned Harvey's name, his mood dropped.

He said nastily, "Don't tell me both of you bumped into each other in this city coincidentally?"

She kept quiet for a while before answering, "Yes."

Chapter 280

Tyler sneered sarcastically like he expected to get that answer from Vicky.

"How coincidental. Bumping into him in Stoneford City and here in Arrowtown... How faith worked miraculously to bring you two together."

Vicky ignored his sarcasm and said coldly, "You have no right to keep me here. Let me out!"

"What's wrong? It's only been a day since you last met Harvey. Are you missing him like crazy now?" Tyler continued with his sarcasm.

"Tyler Hart, are you a sicko or what?!" Vicky huffed.

Tyler said faintly, 'I guess you're not that eager to go out.'

Vicky took a few deep breaths to force herself to calm down. "What do you want?"

"I made it very clear to you.'

For a short period, Vicky said nothing.

Her soft voice only came through to the other side

"What?"

Vicky chuckled. "You really have outdone

"What?"

"You had someone be an eyewitness because I refused to apologize to her and had me locked up in the police station. For me to get out, I can only beg you to save me and do as you said, but your plan was screwed when someone bailed me out, so you keep me here to threaten me to apologize to Sheila. Spot on, huh? Oh, you must be the one who got some people to smash my studio and hit Cece too."

It was followed by a long moment of silence from Tyler's end. It felt so long that Vicky thought the phone had ended.

She could not help but take a look at her phone, and she realized it was still connected. Just as Vicky wanted to say something, she finally heard Tyler speaking coldly. "Vicky, do you think you're worth me spending that much effort on you? Tsk. You overestimated yourself."

He hung up the phone right away.

Vicky soured visibly when the call ended. She called him in the hope he would let her leave this room. In the end, the fire of rage started burning as soon as she heard his voice, and they ended up quarreling.

It was hopeless for her to go since she irritated him badly.

After being mentally prepared, she tried to call Tyler a while before it was declined by the other side.

Stunned, Vicky tried calling again, only to know her call was once more declined. It could be an accident for the first time, but it was obviously intentional when it happened twice.

Tyler had made up his mind to keep Vicky in the room.

After zoning out for a while, she walked to When the bodyguards saw her, they acted professionally as they should.

"I'm sorry, Miss Shaw. You're not allowed to go."

She pointed at her swollen ankle. "My ankle is injured. I need to see a doctor."

The bodyguards exchanged looks with each other, evidently conflicted about what to do.

"You do know I'm Tyler's wife, right?" She looked at them and added, "Are you two going to be responsible for my leg if I don't receive the treatment in time?"

Both of them were shaken. If anything happened to Vicky's leg, they were the ones in trouble if someone should be held accountable for it.

"Umm... We'll give Mister Tyler a call. Is that alright with you?"

They came up with this idea also with the fear of letting her walk out, of course.

One of them called Tyler right in front of Vicky.

Their call connected effortlessly, unlike when she tried to call him. Since it was not on speaker, however, Vicky did not know what Tyler said.

Soon, the bodyguard got off the phone and looked at Vicky apologetically. "I'm sorry, Miss Shaw. Mister Hart said...you're not allowed to leave."