

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 281

Vicky trembled upon hearing the guard's response. "What did you say?"

Both of the bodyguards did not dare to look into her eyes. "Please go back to the room, Miss Shaw."

She stood there, stiffly, unmoving for a long time before her legs could carry her back into the room.

By then, it was already evening. She had not eaten anything, and her stomach growled in pain. As she stood in front of the window, she looked at the scenery outside with no emotion. Her eyes were hollow and empty.

Ring, ring, ring!

The sudden ringtone broke the stiff silence in the room, and it pulled Vicky back to reality where she looked for her phone. When she saw it was 'Mister Kirby' calling her, she felt a heavy sense of irony. She did not have the time to change his caller ID yet. To be precise, she had not deleted his number from her contact list.

After a deep thought, she decided to answer the call but said nothing in greeting. She continued to look out the window and kept quiet.

"Vicky," came the deep, hoarse male voice from the other side. 'I'm sorry.'

"No need for that," Vicky said.

"I didn't mean to lie to you. At first, I thought you were playing a unwilling to recognize me. After a few attempts of testing, I realized...you truly had lost your memory."

It did not affect Vicky's emotions. She literally did not feel anger after knowing she got cheated on.

"Why didn't you tell me after you know I have lost my memory?"

Harvey smiled bitterly. "I was afraid you won't talk to me anymore after I told you."

"The past... What happened?"

It was Harvey's turn to stay silent. After a while, he said, "I had done so many wrong things to you in the past, but I've already paid the price. I'm actually back in Stoneford City because I want to take you away."

"Take me away?" Vicky recalled the things Tyler said yesterday. because you think you can use me again in exchange for the things you want?"

"Did Tyler tell you all that?"

Vicky did not answer the question and added,

The air became stagnant after that question.

Harvey tried to squeeze his voice out of his throat. 'Vicky, it was Tyler who told you this, wasn't it?"

If someone was to ask Harvey who was the person he hated the most in this world, he would not hesitate to say it was Tyler.

The connection between a human with another human was weird. Some people needed only one look to decide they hated that person. It was exactly what happened between him and Tyler.

As Vicky wanted to speak, she heard Harvey gritting his teeth before saying, "I'll admit my wrongdoing, but...he was the culprit behind everything! He was the one creating nasty, despicable stuff behind the scenes all the time."

Vicky's eyelids twitched. "Do you mean...Tyler is the one behind everything that happened?"

"Yes. He colluded with my enemy to ruin our relationship and wedge a gap between us." When Vicky was Harvey's fiancée, her family had a strong standing in the community. It was also the best moment of Harvey's life.

On the other hand, Tyler...had lost his parents during that period, and Hart Corporation was nearly acquired by Harvey. That period was the most terrible time for Tyler.

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If the Shaw family and the Sparks family bonded together through marriage, it would create a strong affiliation and push Johnson Corporation to a whole new level.

When one was on the rise, the other was bound to fail. Even if Tyler was the one behind everything, it was not really a problem thinking from where he stood.

Vicky said calmly, "No matter who's behind everything, you deserted me and chose another person."

This incident was a stain in Harvey's life that he could never get rid of. Regardless of the difficulties he faced at that time, everything sounded like excuses when this topic was brought up.

"I'm sorry." Harvey solemnly apologized to her. "Everything that happened in the past is my fault. That's the reason why I came back this time. I want to compensate you for all of the things I did to you."

Vicky was not moved or was about to believe him. "So you never thought of starting over when you come back here?"

"Vicky, Johnson Corporation's main focus isn't here in Zendonía and certainly not in Stoneford City, so I'm not planning to further my career here. N

Back in the past, he was so proud of himself and nearly took In the end, he was one step away from that and had to leave the city when he was the loser.

Since Harvey had left for a long time, Tyler had taken total control of the industry, and Harvey could not possibly start all over again. He used to compete with Tyler, so he was well aware of how scary the man was.

Besides, Tyler would never give him the chance to do that.

After a few seconds of silence, Vicky said, "Then, have you never thought of seeking revenge?"

It was Harvey's turn to be silent. Basically, no one could change the fact that he and Tyler were each other's nemesis. He would not stay in the prison for such a long time if it were not for Tyler, and it would be a lie if he had no desire to seek revenge.

After a while, he said, "This has nothing to do with you leaving him to go with me."

Vicky asked in return, "I'm his wife. How is that none of my business?"

"After how he treated you, are you sure you still want to be his wife?"

She answered remotely, "That's my concern alone."

Harvey sneered, "He never loves you; he married you to have his revenge on me.

However, no one could tell which party is the one suffering here."

Vicky frowned uncomfortably. Although Tyler was a jerk, she was someone who hated Tyler.

Besides, Harvey also kept her in the dark without telling her not an honest person. Vicky would not think differently of him just because he helped her a few times. On the contrary, she started to wonder if he purposely did it for her to see.

While she was thinking, Harvey spoke again, "Do you think I'm trying to meddle in your relationship with him? Have you ever thought of how your family was destroyed?"

Vicky was shocked. "Are you saying..."

"Yes. It was Tyler's doing. He was the one who ruined your family."

Harvey had planned to marry Vicky to get support from the Shaw family, which meant they would be sharing glory and downfalls. Even if he had used Vicky in exchange for his true love, he was not stupid enough to take down the Shaw family.

On the other hand, Tyler was different. He had every reason to do so.

"Vicky." His voice was deep and melodious. After he purposely talked in a deeper voice, it made his voice very enchanting. "Ever since his parents passed away, his mind has been badly twisted. He hates everything good and happy. He hates my family and yours, so he'll never treat you wholeheartedly."

After a pause, he continued, "I'm not going to lie to you. Yes, I'm back for my revenge, but I don't want you to become the victim caught in the crossfire of my fight with Tyler. I failed you once, but I'll never hate you or hurt you as Tyler had."

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After hearing what Harvey said, Vicky still was not stirred.

The feud between her and Tyler was between them and them alone; it had nothing to do with Harvey or anyone else. Before her memory recovered, she would not trust anyone.

'Til think about what you said, Mister Sparks. If there's nothing else, I'm going to hang up."

Harvey knew Vicky did not believe in him or took the things he said into consideration. Thus, he did not try to persuade her anymore. "If you ever second-guess this whole thing or need my help with anything, just call me."

Vicky responded perfunctorily and hung up the phone. As soon as she did that, someone knocked on the door.

Knock, knock, knock!

This startled her.

'Who can it be? Don't tell me it's Sheila,' she thought. Immediately, she refuted that thought. Tyler had arranged for two strong bodyguards to stand outside the door. Even if Sheila was a stupid girl, she would not come to look for her.

Vicky slowly walked to the door to open the door.

"Good day, Miss Shaw." It was a woman around her thirties standing outside the door. She had a first-aid kit in one hand and another bag in the other hand. The smell of food wafted out of the bag, and Vicky felt hungrier when the aroma entered her nostril.

The woman introduced herself. "My last name is Turner. You can call me Doctor Turner. Mister Hart had asked me to come over to check your sprained ankle."

She passed the bag of food to Vicky. "You should eat first. I can do the examination once you're done."

Vicky looked at her for a while

"You're welcome," Doctor Turner replied.

The food Doctor Turner brought was some of the food Vicky loved to eat. This was the first time she met with Doctor Turner, so Doctor Turner could not possibly know what her favorite food was.

She sneered inwardly. 'Is this

Regardless, she had no

After that, Doctor Turner started to examine her sprained ankle. She looked at Vicky's swollen ankle and pressed on it a few times, and the pain caused Vicky to frown. She had been pacing around the room and did not get it treated immediately. Hence, her ankle was swollen even more badly than before.

After the examination, Doctor Turner explained, "Your bones and muscles are fine, but your ankle is very swollen now. Try not to get down to walk for the next seven days. I'll prescribe some medicine to help with the swelling. You need to apply the cream every day. Don't take oily or any spicy food..."

She carefully explained the precautions Vicky needed to heed.

Suddenly, Vicky asked, "Did he say when I can leave this room?"

Stunned by this abrupt question, Doctor Turner looked awkward. "I'm sorry, Miss Shaw. Mister Hart never said anything about this."

After she completed the examination and prescribed the medicine, she did not leave nor showed signs she would leave.

Vicky said, "You can go if you're done."

Doctor Turner shook her head. "Your ankle is sprained, so you're going to have many difficulties in your daily life. Mister Hart had instructed me to stay here to take care of you before he comes back."

She continued, "I'm going to sit in the living room, so I won't disturb you from resting. Call me if you need anything."

After that, Doctor Turner left the bedroom.

Chapter 284

There was a knock at the office door.

Harry walked into the sunny office. Shockingly, he discovered Tyler, who was a workaholic, was actually zoning out.

"Mister Hart," Harry said softly.

Tyler was pulled back to reality and looked at Harry.

Harry reported, 'Doctor Turner had reported back. Miss Shaw didn't hurt her bones and muscles. She'll recover in a couple of days. Harvey Sparks, on the other hand../'

After a moment of hesitation, he continued with the report. "Due to his good performance, he was given six-month parole. Before he was in jail, he still had some connections and followers, so we weren't aware that he had left jail."

He monitored the look on Tyler's face and continued, 'About Miss Shaw's kidnapping... We failed to gather any information. All traces of the related people and that particular taxi were destroyed. Even the taxi driver is nowhere to be found.'

After hearing the report, Tyler's expression soured. 'That means no one else knew what happened that day. No one knew if Vicky was kidnapped or if she was meeting with Harvey to have an affair with him...'

"One more thing../' Harry continued to look at Tyler. "We already know who it was that identified Miss Shaw... It's Maria Sparks. The surveillance footage proves that she was in the fitting room to change before Miss Young went in. Thus, her testimony is valid."

Tyler tapped his table with his bony fingers. He mocked, "Brother and sister. They're still good actors like they were in the past, playing good-cop- bad-cop/ When one tried to cause trouble, the other one came to the rescue and became the hero.

He sneered, "What a jerk for using his sister."

Harry gazed at Tyler and had the urge to say something. He wanted to tell Tyler that Maria and Vicky were never good with each other since the very beginning.

Forget about the past; Maria was still trying all sorts of methods to cause after Harvey was in jail. She was not acting deliberately as Tyler said.

However, he did not dare to say that. Tyler hated Harvey so much that it was even wrong for the man to be breathing. Tyler automatically thought Harvey's very existence was a sin.

"Mister Hart, what should I do...about Miss Shaw's rumors and the people who rebuked her on the internet?" Harry asked.

Tyler felt terrible when Vicky's endearing, stubborn her instead of apologizing to me.'

"Try to suppress it/ Tyler said coldly.

Normal people did not know Vicky was her wife, but quite a lot of people from upper-class society knew.

Harry nodded. "What about the clarification announcement?"

They needed to provide an answer and a conclusion to Sheila's drowning incident.

Tyler's pupils darkened. 'I'll visit Sheila tonight."

When nighttime came, Tyler appeared in Sheila's ward.

At this moment, she had recovered entirely. However, the hotel was flooded with reporters. The security in the hospital was very tight and she was living in the most expensive ward in the hospital, so there was no difference from staying in the hotel.

At this moment, Sheila was reading the script while laying on the bed. When she heard the door opening, she raised her head.

Her eyes glimmered with joy when she saw Tyler.

"Tyler! You're here!"

Although she had just had dinner with him, it did not hurt to see the man she liked everyday.

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Sheila quickly put down the script and got up. "I'll make you a cup of tea..."

"You don't have to," Tyler said faintly, "I'm going to go after saying what I have to."

She gazed into his faint, cool face. The smile on her face slowly dropped as she realized something.

"Are you here because...of Miss Shaw?"

When she was reading the news in the evening, she realized all the news related to Vicky was gone. Someone must have taken control of it, and it was a no-brainer to guess who could be so powerful to take down all of the viral news so quickly.

Tyler nodded. "This incident has been around long enough. It's time to end it."

Sheila stayed silent for a few seconds and smiled. "Miss Shaw still refuses to admit it, does she?"

Tyler did not answer that question. "Either of you has solid evidence to prove otherwise in this matter."

"Yeah." She looked down and said softly, "Although no one else had touched the costumes before I put it on, I don't have the evidence to prove Miss Shaw was the one who damaged my costume. Even if it was her, there is no saying that she did it accidentally or with purpose..."

She looked up to look clarification that my drowning has nothing to do with Miss Shaw. But...I heard that the police have found a new eyewitness. You need to settle that."

Tyler looked at her and said

Sheila shook her head.

Tyler's eyes sharpened. "It's Maria Sparks."

Sheila was stunned. Before she could think of words to form a sentence, Tyler spoke again, "She, too, was in the fitting room before the incident took place. Why were you only suspicious of Vicky?"

She felt like her airway tightened. "Miss Sparks and I have nothing against each other, so I believe she has no reason to do it. Besides, Vicky drowned once because of Sasha, and as Sasha's cousin, it's normal that she wants to take her revenge on me..."

"You and Maria Sparks have nothing against each other, you say?" Tyler thought otherwise. "But she tried to trouble you in the production team before, and she also broke your leg once."

Sheila's pupils dilated. Her

After forcing a smile onto her face, she said, "Yes. Maybe Miss Sparks could do that too..."

"Just moments after you fell into the water, the news got out swiftly," remarked Tyler coolly, "and they came with photos. Clearly, someone was trying to make this go viral." This time, Sheila failed to keep the smile on her face. "Are you trying to say someone tried to frame Miss Shaw?"

His voice was calm and his thought was sensible. "It's still undetermined if anyone was trying to frame her. But obviously, the person must've planned it for a long time to have sent out all of the photos Vicky took during her work with the production team in such a short time. And...the person must be someone from the production team to be able to do that." i

Instantly, Sheila thought she was in a freezer. "Are you saying," she began, her voice wavering, "I pretended to drown to make Vicky responsible for the incident, using this opportunity to hurt her?" 1

Tyler's eyes darkened, and the look he gave her was indescribable. "Sheila, you are a smart girl. I trust that you wouldn't do such a stupid move."

Sheila lifted her head to look at Tyler's handsome face. Her pupils dilated, and she started panting.

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Tyler saw how nervous Sheila was and thus said, his voice husky, "If it wasn't you or Vicky, then it's highly possible Maria Sparks is the culprit. Of course, all of these are just assumptions, and the possibility of it being an accident is much higher than someone causing it."

He looked at the time and said, "If anything happens in the future, you can contact Harry."

With that said, he turned and left.

Sheila was shivering as she looked at Tyler's strong, tall back.

Maggie, standing at the other side of the door, was frightened when the door abruptly opened. Her face looked pale.

Tyler merely glanced at her and marched away, his long legs carrying him.

Maggie felt relief washing over her when Tyler was nowhere in sight. It was then she discovered her back was soaked with sweat.

When she walked into the ward, she saw Sheila's face was pale, too.

"Sheila, what was Mister Hart...trying to say?"

She came for Sheila, of course. When she realized Tyler was in the room, she wanted to leave when she overheard him talking about Vicky. Her curiosity made her stay and eavesdrop from the door, yet what Tyler said did not make any sense to her.

Sheila smiled sardonically. "He's warning me."

"Warning you? Why is he warning

"Maybe..." she trailed off into a murmur. "He's trying to remind me not to covet what's not mine."

Maggie was still in the dark at what Sheila tried to imply." But posted the rumors online... Why is he warning you instead?"

Sheila looked at her. "What

Maggie was stunned. "Then, why didn't he help Vicky clear her name? Why did he allow the trolls to create more scandals? She was nearly hit by a bottle thrown by some maniacal fans."

Sheila's smile became lopsided. "Maybe...he

"Beg him?"

"A while ago, Vicky's relationship with him had gone worse because of me. I think Vicky wanted to get a divorce, thus further straining their relationship. Not long later, Vicky started to work with the production team. Tyler, not wanting a divorce, needed a chance to break the ice between them."

Maggie finally understood. "What you mean is Tyler wanted to use this to get back together with Vicky, but Vicky failed to appreciate his kindness?"

Sheila continued, "Once Vicky was willing to reach out or seek his assistance, he'd solve everything for her. However, Vicky didn't do that. To make matters worse, she even got with her ex-fiance again.

"Her ex-fiance was the one who bailed her out... I know very well what kind of person Tyler is. I think he's still thinking the reason why Vicky insisted on having a divorce is because of Harvey Sparks.

"It really doesn't matter much if it was another man, but if it is Harvey Sparks...he'd rather die than accept it."

Whereas, she was just a tool for Tyler to use to get back to Vicky. She knew it. She had always been. Just a tool.

Not long after Vicky had her dinner, Tyler returned. Doctor Turner knew it was time for her to leave.

Vicky's eyelids twitched as she looked at the strong man approaching her while he took off his blazer.

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Vicky was wondering if it was just her or if Tyler had changed to another person after he found out about Harvey. He was brooding more often than usual.

Tyler glared at her coldly as he discovered Vicky was backing up. "I've sent people to take down the news on the internet."

Knowing that did not comfort Vicky. Instead, it frightened her more. She did not forget what Tyler told her yesterday that he expected to take back twice the amount of everything she received from him.

Vicky did not say anything, and Tyler did not mind the silent treatment. He threw his blazer to the sofa and strode to her. As he got closer, the smothering feeling was even more terrifying.

Since her ankle was sprained, Doctor Turner advised her to limit her walking. Thus, she had been lying on the bed the whole time reading a book.

A frightening feeling appeared in her heart as she saw Tyler coming at her. i

Subconsciously, she knew she needed to get away from him, so she kept backing up. However, the sight merely amused Tyler as he smirked.

Soon, he was beside the bed. He placed his hand on the back of her head and kissed her. She struggled

uncomfortably because she loathed the smell of antiseptic so badly that she wanted to vomit.

'Guess he went to visit Sheila again,' she thought.

She struggled even more strongly knowing that.

A cynical glint appeared in Tyler's eyes as she pushed back against him. He grabbed Vicky's hands that were pushing him away with one hand, and he grabbed the back of her head with the other hand, pushing her face closer to his.

It was until she used up all of her strength that she finally caved, and she let him kiss her while he kept her close to his body.

For the following week, Vicky remained locked up in Tyler's room, and her daily routine went down the drain. She would only wake up in the afternoon. Doctor Turner would show up at the same time every day to bring her lunch.

It was late at night. Tyler had fallen

During this whole period, she did not freedom, and she had to satisfy his needs whenever he so desired.

This moment was no different. They hated each other, but he insisted on hugging her to sleep. She expressed her reluctance numerous times, but the reply she got was cruel suppression.

Once, he even said something ridiculous. "Are you trying to keep your body pure for Harvey?"

It never crossed his mind that Vicky did not want to share a man with another woman.

The next day, she heard water splashing from the bathroom when she woke up.

'He's...sti ll around? He'd normally leave before I woke up. Why is he still here today?'

As she was thinking about it, Tyler walked out of the bathroom. He looked and made eye contact with her.

"Pack up," he said, his expression flat. "We're going back to Stoneford City later." i

Her ankle was no longer swollen and had no problem walking. In fact, her ankle recovered fully on the fourth day, yet she was still disallowed from leaving the room.

All this while, she was eager to go back to Stoneford City. Her studio was smashed into, and Cece was hurt, so she was anxious to go back to check on them both. However,

she was targeted by the masses so badly that she could not even take the plane because of the scandals.

Wordlessly, she packed up her things quietly.

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All of her belongings were moved from the room she stayed in previously a few days ago.

After having their lunch, they left the hotel.

It had been a while since Vicky stood under the sun and breathed fresh air. She missed it so much that she did not want to get into the car.

Tyler glanced at her and said coldly, "What's wrong? You're not sick of the hotel yet and want to stay longer?"

She experienced cyberbullying, having maniacal fans throwing things at her, and being slandered by reporters. At that time, her life was nothing but misery.

Her thoughts changed when Tyler restricted her freedom for one week. By then, she finally understood what it meant by 'days wear on like years'.

She was afraid Tyler would lock her in the room again and thus quickly opened the door to get into the car.

The car raced all the way to the airport.

A man like Tyler would never take a commercial flight.

When they reached the airport, she followed him and boarded a private jet to fly back to Stoneford City.

When they returned to Stoneford City, Tyler no longer restricted her freedom. She went to visit Cece and, afterward, her studio.

The second day after the news got forcefully taken down, Sheila issued a clarification announcement to the public stating she accidentally fell into the water and the rumors on the internet were fake. She did not drown because of the costume.

After that, the production team also did the same. Not long after, the incident slowly toned down, and all talks of it ceased within a week.

Vicky no longer brought up the topic of divorce, but she had not given up on that thought. She would ask for a divorce when fully prepared.

Her studio was in the process of revamping, and it would take at least a month before she could start working. Thus, she worked from home for the time being.

While she was altering her sketches in the study, a notification popped out at the lower right corner of her screen to notify her that she had received a new email.

Without thinking much, she opened the email. and the content shocked her.

It was an acquisition agreement of Shaw Corporation three years ago. The email was from an anonymous sender.

Out of the blue, a person flashed into Vicky's mind. After giving it a thought, she called the number.

"Vicky," Sebastian's gentle, mature voice sounded from the other end of the phone, "how have you been?"

When Vicky went viral because of Sheila and Charlie, Sebastian called her to check on her. He had gotten used to all the hearsays people posted on the internet and did not believe them to be true.

Vicky was looking at the email on her screen and asked in a low voice, "Sebastian, your family and mine go way back. Do you know how my family collapsed?"

After a few seconds of silence, Sebastian replied, "I'm not really sure...about that."

"Do you really know nothing about it?"

Sebastian and Vicky grew up together, so he knew what kind of person Vicky was. If she was asking that question, it meant she knew something.

"Vicky," Sebastian said in a deep voice, "there's no need for you to instigate anymore since you've forgotten some of those things."

"Forgetting it doesn't mean it never happened. Do you get it?" Vicky stressed.

"Sometimes it's not a bad thing to forget about it. Aren't you much happier than before?" Sebastian asked.

She looked at the acquisition contract on her screen and persisted, "But I want to know what happened."

"Vicky..."

"Tyler is the reason for Shaw Corporation's downfall, is it?"

He's the one who acquired Shaw Corporation, right?" Vicky wanted to get to the bottom of the thing.

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At this time, Vicky did not understand what it meant when Sebastian told her it was 'not bad' for her to forget something.

It took her a long while before she finally understood what it meant. She realized how happy she was during the period she lost her memory.

Vicky told Sebastian, "I saw Harvey Sparks."

"What?" Sebastian exclaimed in shock. "He's back in the city? It

"Yes," Vicky replied.

"Well, what did he tell you?" Sebastian asked further.

"He didn't say anything specific. All he said was he wanted to take me away from here," Vicky said.

Sebastian could not help but blurt, "Vicky, don't go with him, and don't trust anything he says. He doesn't really care about you." i

Vicky furrowed her brow. "You said Harvey doesn't care about care about me.

Then...who does?" >

Sebastian sighed deeply. "If it's possible, I hope you'll stay away from them both.

They're not good guys. Now that Harvey is back, they're going to make sure the only thing you have left. Js your bones."

For the longest time, Vicky did not say anything. Sebastian also did not urge her and gave her an ample amount of time to think.

After a while, Vicky's hoarse voice came through.

"Sebastian, will you help me if I want to get a divorce?"

Night came, and Tyler got off work on time.

As he opened the door, Nanny Paterson was just taking out a dish from the kitchen.

She stopped and greeted Tyler when she saw him.

"Sir, you're back. Dinner is ready," she said.

Seeing Vicky nowhere in the dining room, Tyler asked, "Where's Vicky?"

"She's been working in the study room for the whole day," Nanny Paterson answered.

"Go get her."

"Yes, Sir." Nanny Paterson did as she was told.

A few minutes later, she came down looking visibly troubled. She had lived more than half a century and worked long enough in this household to tell the couple she worked for were having trouble in their marriage.

When Tyler saw Nanny Paterson coming

She did not dare to look at Tyler's eyes. "She

Tyler scoffed sardonically as his demeanor darkened. The temperature around him seemed to drop, too.

Nanny Paterson was scared. Despite being older than Tyler, one could hardly withstand the aura of a person on top of the pyramid.

He got up and said, "I'll go take a look."

Nanny Paterson did not know when they were having their dinner. She was afraid the dishes would get cold, so she used a food insulation cover to cover the dishes.

However, neither Tyler nor Vicky came down to have their dinner after more than an hour.

Vicky was altering her sketches in the study while recalling the things Sebastian told her.

"Vicky, If Tyler disagrees with the divorce, no one in Stoneford City or Zendonía will accept your case. If you really made up your mind to split up, I suggest...taking it to another country."

"There are many countries that have merged their marriage system and law. It'll be easier to get a divorce for you if you go to a country that shares the marriage system with us."

"Tyler is a vengeful man, and he'll most likely go after you when you come back here after the divorce, so I suggest it's better for you to stay in another country first."

It would be hard for her to further her career here after her studio got smashed and everything else that happened.

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It was not a bad idea for her to start afresh and seek an alternative path elsewhere.

While she mulled over this, someone opened the door rudely.

Slam!

Vicky was startled as she looked at the door, her heart racing.

In came Tyler, his expression flat. He pursed his lips into a tight line as an ominous aura emanated from him.

She had no idea how she annoyed him again and felt conflicted by his behavior.

"What is it?"

He stood at the door and stared at her for a few seconds before asking, "Do you really need people to keep asking you to have dinner?"

"I told Nanny Paterson that my work isn't finished and that you should eat without me."

"I don't like eating alone," he replied, his tone chilling. "Come down and eat with me."

"But my work isn't done yet..."

"You can continue later," Tyler said.

Vicky frowned. "I'm not hungry yet."

His eyes darkened. "Vicky Shaw, I'm going to say it for one last time. Get your *ss down for dinner."

Vicky did not like the way he was ordering her. It reminded her of the awful week she spent in Arrowtown.

She said coldly, "Don't I have the freedom to choose when to have my dinner?"

Tyler silently shot her an indescribable

A few seconds later, he approached her and hoisted her up in his arms without saying anything. Her eyes were wary and her body grew taut as to what was to come.

"Tyler, what are you doing?"

Tyler said calmly, "Since you don't want to eat, let's do something else. Maybe...you'll be hungry later."

In the end, none of them had their dinner that night.

On the second day, Tyler also returned home on time for dinner, but yet again, Vicky was not in the dining room.

He looked at Nanny Paterson. "Ask Vicky to come down for dinner."

Nanny Paterson looked back with hesitation. "Sir...Missus finished her dinner before you came back."

His eyes darkened. "Is that so?"

That was all he said before he walked upstairs.

Nanny Paterson looked at him walking fiercely up the stairs and felt worried.

This time, Vicky finished her dinner before Tyler was back. She did not want to give Tyler the chance and reason to sleep with her. As she sat at the table, her mind tinkered with the ideas and logistics of moving her career overseas, even though her eyes were looking at the book in front of her.

Slam! The door flew open violently.

After yesterday's experience, she was quick to calm down.

"Tyler," she said while looking at the gloomy man, "Can you please knock before coming in?"

"Why should I knock when this is my house?"

Vicky knew Tyler was just looking for trouble, yet she could not help herself.

"As the CEO of Hart Corporation, you shouldn't be so rude and impolite, right?"

A cynical look appeared on his handsome face while he smiled evilly. Yet, he did not really smile because he was happy. There was no trace of emotion in the depths of his eyes.