

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza –

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At the hospital.

The doctor checked on Vicky and confirmed she was not hurt, but Harvey did not seem to believe it. “Doctor, the back of her hand is kind of red. Are you sure she’s okay?”

“Sir, your wife is fine. The redness will fade after a while,” the doctor said with resignation.

Vicky frowned at how the doctor called her Harvey’s ‘wife’ and immediately wanted to correct the doctor, but she felt like dignifying it with a denial was beneath her.

Once Harvey confirmed that Vicky was unharmed, he let the doctor be and turned to look at Vicky. “Where are you going? I can give you a lift.”

“I’m going home to rest,” she said. “I won’t take any more of your time. Mister Sparks.”

Harvey was a sharp man and knew that this was Vicky’s way of reminding him that it would be inappropriate for him to send her back to her house.

He sighed and did not press on. “Very well. I’ll walk you to the exit, then.”

Vicky did not refuse.

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Once she was home, she collapsed on the couch and massaged her temples.

Harvey’s words had shaken her, but she did not pay much mind to it.

She already decided to forget about the past and start her life anew with Tyler, so there was no point to cling to what happened before.

She relied on Tyler far too much to leave her and she did not know how to tell him that she was being threatened.

Ring!

Her phone started ringing.

She grabbed her phone to look at the display and took a deep breath before answering.

“Are you trying to get me to come over to your place by not replying to my message?” the devilish voice came through the other end of the line.

She stayed quiet for a few moments before saying, “I forgot to reply.”

Determination relied highly on heightened emotions, and once those emotions had been vented, one might not be able to be as determined as they once were. She was far too weak to be a match for the man.

Sensing the change in her attitude, he asked, “Are you coming to meet me, or should I come over?”

She clenched her fists. “I’ll come.’

“Very well.”

The man did not mention if she needed to trade his silence for the confidential information of Hart Corporation or her body.

After ending the call, she remained seated on

At night, Vicky arrived at the hotel on time. She dared not to be late out of fear that the man would appear in her house once again.

The man sat elegantly on the couch and his slender figure loomed in the darkness. She could not contain her panic just from stepping into the room, and fear took over her when she saw the masked man.

The man glanced at her as she stood outside the door. "Here you are."

"Yeah." Vicky moved closer to the man at a slow pace, but it was an enclosed space and she eventually reached the man.

She did not dare to look at the mask on his face or his eyes, so she lowered her gaze and handed the USB in her hand to him. "I copied some of the contracts from his laptop."

He reached out for the USB with his slim, long fingers and said, "Let me check."

Vicky stood still and waited as she did before.

She tensed once the man went into the bedroom and started sweating nervously. Deceiving the man was extremely risky.

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Alas, she had to do it because she refused to betray Tyler.

10 minutes later, the man walked out of the bedroom. "The documents you brought are quite useful, Miss Shaw," he said emotionlessly.

She sobered and held her breath as the man strolled toward her. His shadow loomed over her as he got closer, and tension rose in the room.

"You were smart enough to only edit the numbers on the contracts." He studied her thoughtfully as he lifted her chin. "Miss Shaw, do you take me for a fool?"

'He found out,' she lamented internally and closed her eyes helplessly.

This had been the best solution she could think of, yet he managed to see through it.

She knew that arguing would not help her and thus opened her eyes. "How did you find out?"

The look in his eyes darkened. "Don't you know that

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She did not know anything about business and could not possibly know about that. If the prices were indeed public knowledge, editing the numbers would have been nothing but a joke.

Vicky knew what it meant to deceive the man and stood still quietly.

He changed the subject abruptly and asked, "What did you do today?"

Their conversation had been brief even since the masked man reached out to her in Stoneford City, so they never idly chatted. Thus, Vicky was slightly surprised by the question.

"I went to see a friend at the hospital."

"Then?"

She scowled and thought to herself, 'What does he mean by that? I went home, of course.'

She was about to answer when she suddenly remembered that saved by him outside the hospital.

However, this had nothing to do with the masked man as his intention beginning: to either obtain the confidential information of Hart Corporation or to sleep with her. 1

"Nothing else," she said emotionlessly.

"Really?"

Vicky knew that he might know something since he had people following her, but what he knew did not matter to her.

"Yes," she said coldly.

"Vicky, I told you that I hate being lied to," he drawled.

"The results remain the same," Vicky said sarcastically.

He moved close until she could feel his warm breath on her cheek.

"You don't know that," he said.

She tensed. "What do you mean?"

"If you tell me the truth, maybe...I can spare you today."

Hope rose amid despair, and she muttered, "Do...you mean that?"

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"You know that I'm a man of my word."

Vicky knew there was nothing she could do even if the masked man went back on his promise, but she did not want to give up when there was hope.

"I ran into a friend outside the hospital."

"What kind of friend?"

"Just...casual friends."

The man's interest was piqued. "Was it a guy?"

She fell into silence and thought to herself, 'He's asking a question that he knows the answer to.'

After a thoughtful moment, Vicky said, "Yeah. He's...my ex-fiance. I don't remember him, though. We just ran into each other by coincidence."

"Your ex-fiance? Do you like him?"

"No. I don't think much of him."

He seemed satisfied with her answer. "If you don't like him, stay away from men like him."

His words sounded familiar as though she had heard them somewhere else.

Before she could grasp onto the thought, the man added, "I don't want you to be close to any man."

Disgust and disdain took her attention off her original thought, and she said, "I might not be able to fulfill that requirement, sir. Maybe you should try someone else."

"Why don't I share all the photos we took together with Tyler?" he whispered into her ear.

"Shut up!" She exploded. "If you push too far, I don't mind dragging you down with me."

"Dragging me down with you?" he repeated with amusement. "With the recording of you saying that Tyler is a psychopath and that you'll stay by his side to steal confidential information for me, you mean?"

She clenched her fists until her nails snapped, but even the pain could not appease the rage boiling within her.

Sensing how furious she was, he said, "Alright, I won't tease you. Since you've told the truth, I'll keep my word."

Vicky sobered slightly at his words and said, "Can I leave now, then?"

"Vicky, all I said was that I'm not going to lay my hands on you. I never said that you can leave."

"Be a good girl, or I don't mind doing something."

She did not move or head for the door after that.

She woke up the next morning, and the man was nowhere to be found. 'Regardless, I guess I dodged the bullet for now,' she thought and went to wash up. Instead of leaving afterward, she observed the environment around her. She had always come at night, and the windows were blocked by thick layers of curtains. She could hardly see a thing, but she was in the mood to observe her surroundings too.

She never tried to know the masked man when she was in Forever Night because she knew that the more she knew, the quicker she would die.

Vicky knew that she was somewhat responsible for the situation she was in Forever Night, and she had been reluctant to find out about what the masked man looked like. To her bewilderment, he had come after her and asked her to steal confidential information from Tyler's company.

His existence deeply affected her life and would potentially pose a threat to Tyler, so Vicky knew that she could no longer run from it.

It was a presidential suite, and when she opened the closet, she noticed that it was empty with no clothing or trunks. There was nothing but disposable toiletry in the bathroom.

She walked out of the bedroom and noticed another door outside.

Vicky narrowed her eyes and walked over to turn the doorknob, only to notice that it would not move.

It was locked.

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It was likely that the masked man's belongings were locked in this room.

After searching the entire suite, Vicky left the room. She knew that she had to know her enemy well enough to fight back.

She went down to the ground floor and strode toward the entrance before coming to a sudden halt.

An elegant-looking man stepped into the hotel with his assistant.

It was Sebastian.

Vicky's eyes widened slightly and started to scan his figure, realizing a few similarities with the masked man. She seemed to reach both of their shoulders considering their heights.

Sebastian did not spot her, so she slipped into the stairway next to her until she heard footsteps walking past the exit to the stairway.

Ding! The elevator door opened, and she stood frozen

She stood by the elevator to watch the numbers ascend, and elevator, it went up the floors smoothly before stopping.

Her blood ran cold when she noted the floor number that the elevator stopped on was the same floor she had gotten down from.

'Is Sebastian...the masked man?!' she exclaimed inwardly.

At night, Vicky arrived at the hotel on time, and the man was sitting elegantly on the couch as usual. The only difference was the faint scent of alcohol in the air.

She sat down next to him and asked, "Have you been drinking?*

"Yeah," he drawled lazily, but the tone of his voice remained the same because of the voice changer.

She hesitated and asked, "Did you have some kind of meeting today?"

The man was sharp, and since Vicky rarely spoke-let alone asked about him-he stared at her darkly and asked, "Why? Are you curious about me?"

Sweating nervously, Sebastian's gentle face appeared in her before her being Sebastian.

After all, the two had completely different presences. Sebastian was a harmless gentleman, while the masked man was evil and intimidating.

'But who knows if Sebastian is just pretending to be a gentleman?' she thought to herself.

Since she knew that she could not deceive the man, she did not bother hiding and said, 'Yes. I'm...curious about you.'

He pulled her into his arms casually, his mask rubbing at the tender skin of her cheek.

"As I remember, you weren't interested in me at all." He played with her hair and asked, "Are you trying to learn more about me so you can get rid of me?"

Vicky could barely maintain her composure and cursed inwardly, 'Can this guy read minds? How does he know what I'm thinking?'

"I can't read minds." Once again, he had seen right through her thoughts." It's just easy to guess what you're thinking.'

He met her eyes and whispered in a chilling manner, "Vicky, don't try anything. Behave,, and I'll treat you well. Disobey, and..."

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The masked man did not finish his sentence, but it was a blatant threat. Vicky was instantly overwhelmed by fear and anxiety as she wondered if she would ever be free of the man.

Sensing the trembling of her body, the man tightened his arm around her." What's wrong? Are you cold?"

"I'm fine."

"Have you brought me the confidential information of Hart Corporation?"

Vicky lowered her head wordlessly and realization dawned on the man." You didn't...which means you have made up your mind?"

She still refused to respond.

He studied her face and said, "Do you care about Tyler Hart that much? You'd rather be taken advantage of than sacrifice his career? He can't see what you're doing for him, and if he finds out about the truth someday, he might even be disgusted by you."

"You call this 'caring' for someone?" She relationship to not betray one another?"

The look in his eyes darkened. "You ran to Lovian to divorce him, so I thought that...you hate him."

"That's different. Even if I do hate him and wish to leave him, I can't allow myself to do something so despicable."

"Well, then..." the man drawled. "Do you still wish to leave him?"

Vicky moved her lips but did not speak.

He lowered his voice seductively and said, "If you still want to leave him, I can help you."

She lowered her gaze in silence as he caressed her cheek with his long, cold fingers.

"What's wrong? You did whatever you could to run overseas so that you can divorce him, and it's only been a little over a month. You seem to have...changed your mind."

"I..." she said hoarsely. "I misunderstood him."

"You misunderstood him?" he mocked.

'No matter what he's like, he can't possibly be more perverted than you are,' Vicky sneered mentally.

The man was not bothered by her silence and simply said, "I'm tired. Tell me a few bedtime stories until I'm satisfied, and I'll spare you for today."

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Though it was a request as strange as the person who made it, Vicky had no other option but to try and remember every bedtime story she knew, but the man was not satisfied with her choice.

"That's so childish. Do you take me for a child?"

She went on with a few more stories, but he was still unhappy. She continued speaking until her throat went dry, and she drifted off to sleep.

The next day at noon, Vicky woke up to her phone ringing, and her head felt as though it was about to explode from the lack of sleep.

"Hello?" she muttered weakly.

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"Vicky," rang Cece's surprised voice, 'are you sick?' "Cece?" Vicky recognized her voice and paused as memories rushed back to her.

It was the day for Jennifer to be discharged from the hospital, and she had told Jennifer that she would be picking her up from the hospital.

She opened her eyes abruptly and glanced at the clock, realizing that it was almost one in the afternoon. She told Jennifer that she would arrive at the hospital at ten in the morning!

Vicky stared at the screen on her phone and noticed that there had been a lot of missed calls.

Frustrated, she said, "I'm sorry, Cece. Something happened. Just wait for me. I'll be there right away."

"There's no rush, Vicky," Cece said. "Jennifer and I have nothing else to do, anyway."

Vicky sat up and said, ' You two should get something to eat. Don't wait for me.'

"Sure."

After washing up, Vicky noticed how pale she looked in to make herself look more energized before heading out.

The hotel was a distance from the hospital, and by the time she arrived, it was already two in the afternoon Jennifer's paperwork for being discharged had been filed, so she was simply chatting with Cece in the room.

"Sorry, I'm late." Vicky stepped into the room with an apologetic look on her face.

'Jennifer is getting discharged today, and since the birthday gathering was canceled, I'll buy you two dinner tonight.'

"Sure," the two agreed in unison.

Jennifer had gathered all her belongings, so the three first dropped her baggage back to the apartment.

Considering that Jennifer had just recovered, Vicky and Cece helped to clean the apartment. By the time they were done, it was already a little past six in the evening.

"Let's go have dinner,' Vicky said.

The three soon arrived at an Italian restaurant that was the most luxurious dining place in Stoneford City in terms of taste, service, and interior design.

Though Vicky was her own boss, minimum spending here would be four-figure at the very least.

They took their seats, and Cece and Jennifer studied the menu.

“Everything is so expensive.’ Cece widened her eyes at the prices stated on the menu. Jennifer was a high-born and was not entirely surprised, but ever since she came to Stoneford City, she learned the reality of society and started to watch where she spent her money. She glanced at Vicky and whispered, “Vicky, why don’t we go to another restaurant?”

Vicky chuckled. “It’s fine. It’s just one meal. I can afford it. I’ve just received a few jobs to make costumes for movie casts.”

Cece recalled something and said, ‘Missus Williams contacted me earlier this morning and said that she’ll be coming here for vacation. She’ll reach out to us to have another dress made when she arrives.’

Jennifer, who had already joined Vicky’s study, asked, “Vicky, what kind of costumes are these casts looking for?”

Jennifer was still in the learning phase and had not had the chance to design anything at the moment. When she listened to the conversation between Cece and Vicky, she could not help but feel excited.

Vicky, Cece, and Jennifer all had their own style in designing clothes.

Vicky met Jennifer’s eyes with a smile and said, “All the costumes lean toward the casual-smart style, which is what you do best. I’ll send you the list of requirements tomorrow. Just draft up a few designs for me.”

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Jennifer’s eyes lit up. “Sure!”

The three proceeded to talk about work and cast aside any thoughts about men, relationships, and their troubles.

Two hours later, Vicky glanced at the time and realized that it was almost eight. There was not enough time for her to make it to the hotel.

She lowered her gaze thoughtfully before sending the masked man a text message.

[My friend has been discharged from the hospital, and we’re having dinner together. I might be late.]

A few minutes later, the man replied. [Alright.]

An idea formed in her head, and she typed, [Can I not come over tonight?]

This time, the man replied within a matter of seconds with just one word. [No.]

Vicky was displeased at his authoritative tone. According to what the masked man said, they were not going to see each other for long, but he seemed to be more restrictive than Tyler.

Cece noticed that Vicky had been texting and giggled. “Vicky, are you talking to Mister Hart?”

Since Vicky returned from Forever Night, her relationship with Tyler had improved, and though Cece and Jennifer were clueless, they were happy for Vicky. Hence, when they saw Vicky texting someone, Cece immediately assumed that it was Tyler.

Vicky jolted and was barely holding onto the smile

Once the bill was paid, the three left the restaurant, and the two looked at Vicky.

“Vicky, let us send you home.”

“It’s fine. I’ll get home by myself.”

Seeing how Vicky seemed to have regained her composure, she took her to the Cloud-Nine Hotel.

As soon as she went into the hotel, her phone vibrated, a message from a private investigator she had hired.

[Sebastian Mills left the party at seven last night and returned to Cloud-Nine Hotel to rest.]

[When did he check into the hotel?] Vicky typed.

[A week ago.] The investigator replied right away.

She paused as the timing seemed to match the masked man's appearance, so she typed another message. [Is Sebastian in the hotel right now?]

[His car was parked inside the underground parking lot half an hour ago,] the investigator replied. [He has bodyguards and assistants following him, so I can't get close. There is certain information that I struggle to obtain.]

No one managed to find the room number to which Sebastian checked in, and the investigator even lost sight of Sebastian before.

Vicky knew that it was challenging for private investigators to look into powerful figures like Sebastian, but she had no options as she did not have anyone else that she could trust.

After deleting the messages, she went into the room with the key card. As expected, the masked man was inside.

This time, he had not turned on any light and was watching television from the couch.

The screen lit and dimmed, and the demon mask on his face flashed under the lights.

When he saw her, he asked, "What are you doing there? Come here."

She walked over. "Why aren't you asleep, sir?" "How can I when you haven't come?" he teased.

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Vicky glanced at the television and noticed that the masked man was watching finance-related news.

He grabbed the remote controller and shut the television.

Darkness instantly returned to the room, and Vicky's heart sank.

"Come here."

She walked over and stopped right before him stiffly.

Surprised, the man asked, "Why are you being so obedient today?"

Vicky had not given up, of course. She simply discovered that the best way to deal with the masked man was to approach him with a softer attitude, and it was best not to disobey him.

She did not answer his question, but he did not seem to mind. "What should I reward you with for being so obedient?" he murmured seductively. "Should I let you rest for another day?"

The man seemed to know her hope whenever she was close to giving up, before disappointing her again.

She felt as helpless as a child before him.

"Why aren't you speaking?" He chuckled. "Don't you want to rest?"

"I do," she said. "I just wonder what that's going to cost me."

"Vicky, you're getting to know me better," he complimented.

Vicky knew that she was a pet to the man, and he could be merciful when he was happy but turn ruthless the moment he was upset. 1

'Can this man really be Sebastian?' she thought to herself.

"So? What's the condition?"

"Put me to sleep."

"What?"

He had just asked her to tell him bedtime stories the night before, and Vicky was stunned that he asked her to put him to sleep the following night.

"Did you not hear me?"

"But... How?"

"It's your job to figure that out."

"Okay." Vicky tried her best to remember how babies

The room was dark and sometime later,

He looked at Vicky, who fell asleep leaning against the bed, and carried her onto the bed before putting a blanket on her.

When she woke up the next morning, the man was no longer inside the room.

She rubbed her eyes and sat up.

She should not be able to sleep so well next to the masked man, but she seemed to be deeply asleep every time to the point that she had no clue as to when the man woke up or left.

Vicky caught a faint scent in the air and looked around, thinking he might have used something that carried a scent to lull people.

Not wanting to stay any longer, she left the hotel.

When she returned to the mansion, she realized that it had been some time since she spent the night at home.

She opened the door and changed into her slippers. Sensing a pair of eyes on her, she looked up.

An elegant man was sitting on the couch and was studying her with his dark, pensive eyes.

Vicky froze.

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"Tyler..." Vicky murmured, 'when did you come back?'"

Tyler's voice was clear and melodious like the river as he replied, "This morning."

"I thought you'd be away for more than ten days," Vicky wondered.

"You haven't been sleeping well with nightmares these few days." Tyler looked at her and added, "So I finished my work ahead of schedule and decided to come back."

If this happened on a usual day, she would be thrilled to hear that. At this moment, however, she was not ready to face him...yet here he was, home already.

His eyes darkened when he noticed the lack of excitement in her eyes.

"What's wrong? You're not happy to see me?" he asked.

"No," Vicky answered without thinking twice, "I'm just a little surprised..."

She tried to calm herself. "Why didn't you tell me ahead? I said I'd go pick you up from the airport."

Tyler stood up and walked to her. "I want to give you a surprise, but...you weren't at home."

Her heart throbbed. "What... What time did you arrive?"

“Six.” He stood right in front of her, gazing down at her. No one could tell what he was feeling. “Did something happen? Why did you go out so early in the morning?” Vicky did not dare to look into his eyes. “I...I didn’t come home last night.”

“Huh?” Tyler was puzzled.

She knew she could not keep it a secret from him. All he needed to do was ask Nanny Paterson and look at the surveillance footage to know the truth.

“Jennifer was discharged from the hospital yesterday, and I...”

That explained every question Tyler wanted to ask. “So you went to accompany Jennifer.”

He got closer and embraced her “I shouldn’t have gone to work before you recovered.”

His voice sounded deep. “I’m sorry you had to be alone these few days.”

She inhaled, and the familiar scent entered her nostrils. She was touched by those words as her eyes became slightly watery. “I’m fine...”

Tyler continued to look at her. There was a rare softness

Vicky stiffened when she heard this. Tyler probably did not notice she was acting weird.

He furrowed his brow and took off her mask. “Vicky, are you sick?”

Vicky’s hands and legs were as cold as ice. She felt terribly nervous every time she had to face the man with the mask, so much so that she would gnaw on her bottom lip until it stung.

At this moment, she did not know how to explain herself, and it did not help that Tyler stared pointedly at her lip questioningly. 1

Finally, she succumbed to that look and decided to tell the truth. As she burned her own boat, she said, “Tyler, the truth is...”

As she was about to spill everything, Tyler cut her off. “What did you eat with Cece and Jennifer?”

The question caught Vicky by surprise. “W-What?”

Tyler squeezed his brows slightly. “Are you having an allergic reaction? Should I get the doctor to come and take a look?”

Vicky’s shock remained. “A-Allergy?”

Tyler raised his brows at how oddly Vicky sounded. “Is it not an allergic reaction?”

Vicky was lost for words. The courage she built up disappeared.

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“What’s wrong?” Tyler looked worried. “Are you not feeling well?”

Vicky was not feeling ill. She was just... Her heart and mind were a mess, and she no longer had the courage to tell the truth.

“I’m...fine,” she muttered.

“Head upstairs. I’ll go get some cream to treat those swollen lips,” Tyler said.

“Alright...” she replied.

Not long later, Tyler entered the room with a cream, and he spotted Vicky sitting on the sofa, daydreaming.

He approached her and said, “Let me apply it for you.”

With the medical-grade cotton bud, he started to sterilize the wound on her lip and applied the cream. The moment he was serious, his face looked extremely stern, and the vibe he presented was rather intimidating.

A refreshing sensation graced Vicky’s lips, and it soothed the pain and dryness of her lip injury.

Suddenly, her tears started to spill without any warning. Stunned when the cold tears dropped on the back of his hand, he looked at her. Her tears slowly fell. Obviously, the tears were not hot or cold, but they burned his heart like they were as hot as the heated oil. He stopped what he was doing. Before he could ask anything, Vicky threw herself into his arms and hugged him tightly. "Why are you so good to me?" she asked when, in fact, she was asking herself that. "Why?"

If he was acting like before and only kept this marriage. It was at this point Vicky understood why the man in the mask could threaten her. She was not afraid her reputation would fall to the creek when everyone found out about it. She was also not afraid Tyler would divorce her. She was afraid to see Tyler looking at her disgustingly. She by. Naturally, people always moved forward. They were not scared of anything because they had nothing they cared about. Once a person had something they cared about, they would start to be afraid of this and that and consider more factors. After the experience she had in Forever Night, she was not afraid of divorce. When she returned from that place, her mind and body were badly traumatized. Tyler was at her last straw when she was drowning; the sliver of light in the dark; and the hand that reached out to her before she fell into an abyss. Tyler held the thin, feeble woman. His low and clear voice "Because you, Vicky Shaw, are my wife," he answered. Vicky trembled. She tightened her hand as she clung to him like he was a plank and that her life was depending on him. Her heart felt helpless and lost. She could not lose him anymore...even if she had to lie to him. As she wrapped her hands around his neck, she pressed her lips against his. Tyler did not expect that from her. After a few seconds of being caught off-guard, he quickly took over the control. The cream spread across his lips, but neither of them was bothered by it. The morning light shone in the room and created a warm gold glow. His handsome face looked godly in Vicky's eyes. The bathroom door opened. Tyler simply put on a bathrobe and walked out. He glanced around and saw Vicky was thinking deeply. His eyes darkened. "What's in your mind?" he spoke, his voice low yet alluringly smoky.

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Vicky looked up and saw Tyler walking toward her after finishing his shower. His robe hung on his body, but his lean, toned chest and muscular body were out in the open. The eight-pack abs looked sturdy, so much to the point she could have a nosebleed. Despite having seen it numerous times, her face always turned red and hot seeing that hot body. She quickly looked away. 'Nothing...'

Tyler walked to her and placed both hands on the bed beside her body, trapping her between the bed and his chest. "Are you sure it's nothing?" he asked. She still did not dare to look at him. "Yes."

Surely, she was not going to tell him that she was wondering about the difference between him and the man with the mask. There were some differences, but she got a feeling...that there was a similarity of sorts.

'Are men all built the same? Like, you can't tell the difference between two men once the light is off?' she thought.

Tyler did not think too much and said, "I'm going to work for a while in the study. Why don't you get some sleep?"

"Okay," Vicky replied.

He lowered his head and pecked her forehead. 'Call me if you need anything.'

She had a peculiar kind of familiar feeling about his

Tyler was a sensitive and alert person, and he instantly felt something was off. As he squinted his blue eyes, he said, "Vicky, you're acting strange today."

"I... Maybe I didn't get any good sleep these few days," she replied.

Tyler stared at her for a few seconds before he softly said, "I'll spend time with you tonight."

Vicky's heart sank when Tyler mentioned the word 'tonight'. She was afraid Tyler would discover something and thus pretended to look tired and lay on the bed.

"You can do your work. I'm going to sleep for a while," she said.

"Okay," Tyler replied.

He put her to bed and left the room. When the door closed, Vicky opened her eyes again.

'He's becoming gentler...but that only

Vicky had a good sleep that she missed for quite some time. She only woke up during the evening. As she reached out to her phone to look at the time, she saw an unread message.

It gave her a shock and instantly, her mind was wide awake. Her realized it was from Jennifer. Her heartbeat returned to normal.

[Vicky, I've completed a drawing

Vicky replied, [Noted.]

Jennifer's message reminded Vicky that she still needed to deal thinking for a few seconds, she texted him.

[Tyler is back. I can't go over tonight.]

If the man with the mask sent someone to watch over her, he would know Tyler was back.

The man seemed to be busy, since she got no replies from him for several minutes.

While Vicky was beginning to worry, the door opened and Tyler entered the room. His eyes darkened when he saw Vicky leaning back daydreaming with the phone in her hand.

"You're awake?" Tyler asked.

The phone slipped from Vicky's hand as her eyes flashed with panic. "You... You finished working?"

"Yeah. I was going to get you to go down to eat," Tyler answered.

"Go ahead. I'll be right down after I change," Vicky said.

Tyler gazed at her before leaving the room.

Vicky went downstairs immediately after she changed her clothes. To her surprise, Tyler was not in the dining room.

While this puzzled her, she felt her phone vibrating.

She took out her phone, and her pupils shrank.

It was a reply from the number that was not saved in her contact list.

[Tyler is back?]

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[Yes, he came back this morning.] That was Vicky's reply.

The man with the mask texted back instantly, [If that's the case, I'm going to let you have a day off since you behaved nicely last night. Come and spend time with me again tomorrow.]

Vicky frowned. [I have no chance to go out if he's at home at night.]

The man with the mask replied, [That's not my problem.]

Vicky tried to reason. [He's going to suspect if I go out every night.]

The chat stopped there because she did not get a reply from the man. She tried to send a few more messages, yet she received no response.

It felt awful not knowing what was going to happen and where she would end up the following day.

Just then, steady footsteps sound were heard from the stairs. Vicky quickly deleted the messages in her phone and put on a new expression.

The tall, strong man walked down the stairs gracefully.

She looked at his handsome face and asked softly, "Where did you go?"

Tyler stopped walking and replied, "I just remembered I had to do a few things in the study."

Vicky did not think too much and said, "Dinner is ready. Let's eat."

"Okay."

It was the next day. Vicky received a call from Tyler in the evening.

"You're going to a party with me tonight at eight," Tyler said.

Due to his status in the industry and his occupation, he needed to attend and parties.

However, he was powerful enough to only attend important ones.

After Vicky got back from Forever Night, she had gone to a few parties with him. As his wife, it was a duty that she could not deny. She would never think of rejecting it before, but...

"What's wrong?" asked Tyler when

"No..." Vicky replied.

"I'll ask Harry to send the gown over later. I'll pick you up at seven tonight."

"Okay," Vicky responded.

She sent the masked man a text after she hung up the phone.

[I need to attend a party with Tyler tonight. I can't go over tonight.]

A few seconds after she sent the

It was an order, and Vicky did not like it.

[I really can't go.]

The man replied, [Then think of a way.]

Vicky tried hard to convince him. [... I really don't know how.]

The man thus said, [I'll come up with a way, then.]

Vicky was shocked. [What are you going to do?]

There was no reply. She tried to send a few more messages, yet there was no reply from the other side. She started to feel anxious. Just as she was about to give the number a call, she finally received a reply.

[Don't worry. I won't send those videos to Tyler.]

After that, the man did not reply no matter how many messages Vicky sent to him.

At 8 p.m., Vicky and Tyler attended the party punctually. She entered the venue with him as she had her arm linked to his.

On the way to the party, Tyler told her it was a business party, and every notable family member in the city would attend.

Just as soon as they were there, many people came over to talk to Tyler.

Vicky was worried about the masked man and was absent-minded. Maybe she was too absent-minded that she accidentally knocked over a waiter.

The alcohol and beverages splashed onto her white gown.

"I'm sorry, Missus Hart!" the waiter apologized nervously.

It was partly her fault for being absent-minded, after all.

She said softly, "It's alright. I'll just change to a new gown."

Just then, Tyler, who had been chatting with other businessmen, noticed what was happening.

Chapter 375

Tyler walked over to Vicky. "What happened?"

"Nothing," Vicky explained, "I accidentally knocked over a waiter and my gown is soaked with the drinks. I'll be fine after I change."

Tyler looked at her. "Do you need me to go with you?"

She looked at the people from the other companies gazing at him and smiled. "It's alright; I'm fine on my own. I can get some rest, too."

Tyler knew she was not a fan of the party, so he nodded. "Okay."

It had been over half an hour since she changed into a new gown, yet she did not return to the party and decided to rest for a while. A waiter passed a key card of the room to her. "Missus Hart, this is your room."

Vicky politely thanked him. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, Missus Hart."

Vicky took the card and entered the designated room.

The room was pitch black. Just as she was about to turn on the light, a hand suddenly appeared and pulled her into the room. Startled, she subconsciously struggled to shout for help, but the hand covered her mouth.

A familiar voice from the voice changer sounded beside her ear. "It's me."

Vicky paused. "Why...are you here?"

The man did not have his mask on. His lips touched her cheek with an ambiguous feeling. "Since you can't think of a way, I decided to come up with a solution myself."

Her eyes widened. "You came here... Are you crazy?"

The man thought otherwise. "Don't you think this is exciting?"

Vicky struggled with all of her might. "You madman! Let go of me!"

The man chuckled. "Shh, keep your voice down."

"What are you trying to do?!" Vicky demanded.

"Nothing," the man said indifferently, "I just can't sleep without your bedtime story. If you can put me to sleep, I won't disturb you. What about that?"

Vicky's gaze wavered. "Are you...serious?"

"I suffer from insomnia, you see. When I'm with you, the insomnia is gone. Isn't it weird?" the man explained.

She looked at him curiously and could not she knew better than to agitate him because it would not do her any good.

She took a deep breath and said, "Fine."

She decided to leave this place as soon as she put this man to sleep.

When the light was switched

All of a sudden, the sound of footsteps approaching her at the bedside.

"Vicky?"

She opened her eyes dazedly. In her blurry sight, she saw a handsome face. His brows and eyes were magnificent as if they were drawn. His pupils were as blue as the ocean, and they were watching her.

Her pupils shook. "Tyler... Why are you here?"

"I called you a few times, but you didn't answer." Looking at how drowsy she was, he asked, "Did you fall asleep?"

That question startled her, and she quickly took a look around the room, noticing that the masked man was gone.

"What time is it?" she asked.

Tyler helped to tend her messy hair. "It's already 10 p.m."

Vicky was shocked. For some reason, she always ended up falling asleep after meeting the man. There was a familiar scent on her body.

He was probably afraid she would discover something, so he must have burned relaxative, drowsiness-inducing incense.

After she was asleep, she basically did not remember anything. The incense disgusted her, and she refused to continue smelling the scent from her clothes.

She said, "My clothes are wrinkled. Can you get me a new one?"

Chapter 376

Tyler did not suspect anything. Instead, he serenely replied, "Sure."

A few minutes later, he came back with a new set of clothes. Before Vicky requested it, he was caring enough to suggest, "Why don't you change first? I'll wait for you in the living room."

The clothes Tyler brought over were a set of conservative types of long pants and a long-sleeve top. She did not care if they were hideous and just put them on.

After that, she left the room and saw Tyler sitting on the sofa. His eyes were closed as if he was resting, and he did not realize she was there. She remained where she was as she gazed at him for a while before walking toward him quietly.

Unexpectedly, she stretched her hands out, wanting to unbutton his shirt. Suddenly, he grabbed her hands as he opened his eyes. They were deep and dark like a bottomless lake.

He looked at her. "It's getting late. Why don't we do it when we are back at home?"

Vicky felt like her hands were burnt and quickly pulled them back. "L..don't mean that."

She had no idea why she had a crazy thought in her mind. For thought that man..Jooked like Tyler. Moreover, Tyler's physique was similar to that man, too.

The light in the room was also very dim when she met the masked man, and she could not exactly tell his body then. However, she accidentally scratched the man's chest when she struggled.

That was why she wanted to confirm if Tyler was the masked man.

After the crazy thought disappeared, she realized it was a bizarre thing for her to have that kind of speculation.

'How could that man be Tyler? He has no reason to do it at all,' she thought.

When both of them returned to the party, there were just

After Vicky and Tyler got into the car, Harry started the car engine and drove away.

Vicky looked at the night view outside of the window. Suddenly, spotting something, she squeezed her brows lightly.

Sebastian walked out of the party venue. A weird feeling appeared in Vicky's heart.

'Sebastian is here, too? Could the man...be him?' she thought.

"What are you looking at?" Tyler's voice came from the side.

Vicky stopped looking and hid her emotions by lowering her face. 'Nothing. I'm just staring.'

Tyler looked out the window, and his blue pupils shook. Since both of them had their own concerns, neither of them spoke on the way back.

When they arrived home, Tyler received a call. After he finished the call, he said, "I need to settle my work in the study. I'm probably going to be late. Don't wait for me. You can sleep."

Vicky's dangling heart finally got rested. "Alright."

Due to numerous factors, Vicky hardly slept for the entire night. Tyler seemed to be busy too because he did not go back to the room to sleep for the whole night. It was not a weird moment because this was not the first time, especially when he was busy working.

Since Vicky failed to fall asleep, she woke up early in the morning to prepare breakfast for Tyler. While she was cooking, she looked at the steam from the pan and thought, 'I'm done spending my days in anxiety.'

Suddenly, strong, long arms wrapped around her waist from behind. Vicky got shocked as she was daydreaming while cooking. The spatula nearly slipped off her hand.

She looked up with a panicked expression and saw a familiar, handsome face.

It was none other than Tyler himself.

Chapter 377

Tyler saw Vicky's pale, scared face. "Did I scare you?" "A little..." As a matter of fact, she was not scared because Tyler scared her.

It was because... For a moment there, she thought the masked man was in the house.

Tyler saw her eyelashes fluttering. "Why are you up so early today?"

Vicky forced a smile on her face. "I want to cook breakfast for you."

They were standing very close to each other, so close that Tyler could see how red Vicky's eyes were. "Didn't you sleep well last night?"

"I had difficulty falling asleep. Maybe it was because of the nap I took during the party," Vicky said.

He gazed at her. 'Vicky, I'm going to be busy lately.'

"Be busy," she replied softly, lightly, "don't worry about me."

“Okay. If you’re afraid, you can come and find me anytime. I can continue working after you’re asleep,” Tyler said.

Her restless heart was soothed by his gentle words. She felt less anxious, too.

“Alright,” she responded.

After breakfast, Tyler went to work. On the other hand, Vicky went to the study to work. However, she had been too anxious lately. She drew three sketches, but neither of them was good enough.

The image of the masked man, Sebastian, and Tyler danced in her mind. The speculations and assumptions haunted her persistently.

After sitting in front of the computer for an hour doing nothing, she finally decided to call a number. The call got through quickly, and she heard Sebastian’s excited voice.

“Vicky?”

Vicky took a deep breath and asked, ‘Are you free this afternoon? I want to meet with you.’

Sebastian answered without thinking, “Sure.”

She paused for a while and said, “Well, let’s meet in Cloud-Nine Hotel, Room 1331 in the afternoon.”

“Cloud-Nine Hotel?” Sebastian was curious but he did not ask anything.” Alright.’

Vicky had the keycard for Room 1331 so she could go in whenever she liked. Other than nighttime, she had never been in this room. The room actually was a nightmare to her, and naturally, she resisted coming to this room.

She reached Room 1331 half an hour early. First, she went in and examined the room. Same as before, she did not find anything. The locked room was still locked. Since she did not find any clues, she sat on the sofa in the living room and waited for Sebastian to arrive.

Not long after, the doorbell rang. Vicky got up and opened the door.

A handsome, gentle-looking man stood outside the door with a curious look. “Are you staying here?”

Vicky made way for him to go in. ‘Welcome.’

Sebastian entered the living room.

She poured a glass of water for him. “Have some water.”

“Thank you.” He accepted the glass of water and drank politely before looking at her.

“Vicky, why did you ask me to meet up with you?”

Chapter 378

Sebastian had been investigating Tyler lately, but he found nothing. He was sure that Tyler has something to do with Vicky’s kidnapping in Lovian, but he just could not find any evidence to back it up.

Vicky remained silent while she studied Sebastian.

Sebastian had a gentle and elegant temperament. He was the typical type of rich kid with a good temper from a notable family, a far contrast from the masked man who threatened her last night.

“I have something that I’d like to ask you,” Vicky said.

Sebastian treated it seriously when he realized how serious Vicky was.” Vicky, I’ll answer with everything I know.”

Vicky asked, “Are you familiar...with this room?”

He looked around, confused by Vicky’s question. He shook his head.

Cloud-Nine Hotel was a six-star hotel. Although he also had a presidential suite in the hotel, every presidential suite had a different interior design. His room was Room 1330. Room 1330 had a European design, but Room 1331 was designed with a Moroccan theme.

Vicky had been monitoring Sebastian's face. However, his expression had been so impeccable that Vicky could not see a trace of lying.

She continued to ask, "Do you not know that after I was kidnapped in Lovian, I was sold to Forever Night?"

"Forever Night?" Sebastian's expression

She stared deeply into his eyes. "Yes."

He tightened his fists. "Tyler that b*stard! How can he be that sick? That's not the place that you should be in!"

"So you really are not going to admit it?" Vicky asked.

"Vicky, I wasn't the one who kidnapped you," he explained solemnly. "I've been investigating Tyler lately."

Vicky did not want to hear any of that, so she interrupted him, "Are you staying in this hotel, too?"

The topic changed too quickly. Sebastian paused before nodding lightly. "Yes."

"Which room are you staying in?" she asked.

"Room 1330." That was his answer.

With her calm voice, Vicky said, "As far as I know, your family business started by dealing with properties. As a member of the family, you should have plenty of properties under your name. Why are you staying in the hotel instead of your own place?"

Sebastian hesitated for a few seconds. He noticed the stringent look on Vicky's face and decided to tell the truth. "We're negotiating a deal with a business partner lately.

The business partner requested us to book two rooms in this hotel for the convenience of discussing the partnership at any time. Thus, I'm just doing what my business partner requested."

He was the Managing Director of Mills Group. Undoubtedly, it was normal to arrange a presidential suite for his business partner since they were in the midst of the cooperation.

Although the request was quite weird, he did stranger.

He continued, "My business partner is staying in Room 1332."

Vicky asked, "Then what about this room?"

Sebastian did not understand. "When we booked the

He looked at her and asked, "Vicky, were you the one...who booked this room?"

Since Sebastian was not going to admit he was the masked man, Vicky did not plan on forcing him. She just glared at him quietly.

Sebastian had no idea what was going on. The way Vicky glared at him made him very uncomfortable. "Vicky, what's wrong?"

Vicky got on her feet all of a sudden and approached him. First, she grabbed his hand.

Followingly, she pinched her face and even got closer to him to smell the scent on his body. Finally, she unbuttoned his shirt to reveal his chest.

Sebastian was shocked by Vicky's action. "Vicky, you're..."

He tried to raise his hand, but he realized he could not gather any strength from his body. He was stunned and soon realized what happened as he looked at the glass of water on the coffee table.

“Vicky, what are you trying to do?”

Vicky did not answer the question. She was in the middle of unbuttoning his shirt.

When his chest was out in the open...she realized that there were no scratches on it.

Ding, dong!

All of a sudden, the doorbell rang.

Chapter 379

‘The masked man isn’t man Sebastian...’ Vicky was lost in her thoughts.

Ding, dong! The doorbell kept on ringing.

When Vicky finally regained her senses, she walked to the door and opened it. The door was pushed open when it was slightly opened with a gap.

A tall man in a formal suit strode in. His expression was cold, and so was his temperament. He looked like he was about to kill someone.

Vicky’s heart throbbed when she saw him. “Tyler...” She was stunned. ‘Why are you here?’

Tyler glanced around and saw Sebastian sitting on the sofa. The murderous intent in his eyes became more noticeable when he realized a few buttons on Sebastian’s shirt were unbuttoned.

Vicky held her breath and tried to explain, “Tyler, listen to me. It’s not what you think...”

He did not listen and walked to Sebastian to grab Sebastian’s collar.

There was not enough time for Vicky to stop him. His punch already connected to Sebastian’s face.

Crack! It was as though Sebastian’s nose broke, and he nearly passed out.

Vicky got the shock of her life. “Tyler!”

She rushed over to wrap her arms around Tyler’s waist and pleaded, “Tyler, calm down! It’s not what you think. I can explain it to you...”

A sharp, cold light flashed through his eyes. His thin lips were pressed into a fine line with how angry he was. “You don’t have to explain. He tricked you to come here.”

While his words sounded as though caring for her, the cold tone and apathetic expression he had just displayed how infuriated he was.

Vicky could even sense a murderous intent in the depths of his pupils

Tyler easily pried Vicky’s arms away. He rested his cold, dark pupils on Sebastian again before another punch landed on him.

“Argh!” Sebastian grunted painfully.

Vicky looked at Tyler, who seemed to have walked out from hell with black smoke covering his body. It felt scary and terrifying.

‘Is this the Tyler that has been so gentle and caring to me lately? Why do I feel like...I don’t know him?’ she fretted in horror.

Sebastian’s handsome face was too horrible to look at after getting punched water

Vicky gave him, he did not have the strength to fight back.

Vicky remained where she was for a while. She ignored the fear in her heart and tried to stop Tyler again. “Tyler, that’s enough.”

Tyler’s burning gaze landed on her. There was no emotion or temperature in his eyes.

He asked, “Are you sad for him?”

"No." Vicky felt a chill creeping up her back, and her body froze from the way Tyler looked at her.

Despite that, she had to stop him.

"Tyler, you're going to kill him if you don't stop..." she warned.

"So what?" Tyler asked in return. "It's a light punishment for him for trying to kidnap my wife repeatedly."

The kidnapping was a thorn that would never leave Vicky's heart, and the part she felt most sorry for Tyler. If she did not try to leave Tyler, she would never have met the masked man or been pestered by him endlessly.

As a matter of fact, she did not have a good impression of Sebastian either. However, she was partly responsible for what happened today and the last time too.

Especially today.

She needed to make sure she was safe, so she put something into the water Sebastian drank.

Chapter 380

"Tyler, Sebastian is the successor of Mills Group," Vicky could only try a different way to reason with Tyler. "We're not getting away if you kill him."

Tyler's pupils darkened. "By that, you mean you won't stop until you save him?"

"You misunderstood me. I just don't want to see someone get killed," reasoned Vicky.

"Then why did you two meet here today?" Tyler sneered. "To catch up?"

He glanced at Sebastian's chest and smiled weirdly. "Also, taking off clothes to talk?"

"No..." Vicky said.

"Then what?" he asked.

Vicky did not know how to explain herself, and she was at a loss for words. It was not like she could tell Tyler she wanted to find out if Sebastian was the masked man that had been threatening her.

Seeing her being silent, Tyler's eyes became even colder. He did not continue to punch Sebastian. Instead, he threw Sebastian to the floor like he was throwing rubbish. After giving Vicky a cold look, he strode out of the room.

Sebastian had passed out after being punched by Tyler. Vicky looked at him and called the ambulance with her phone.

When the ambulance arrived, she, too, left.

Before dinner, Vicky received a reminder message from the masked man.

Her mood had been awful, and it got even worse when she saw this message.

She tried to call Tyler a few times, but Tyler did not pick up. He did not even reply to her messages.

Obviously, he was still mad about what happened in the afternoon.

Vicky was afraid the masked man would do something crazy, so she replied. Instantly, she received a reply from the man.

[Be on time.]

Vicky did not reply, but neither did the man text anything else.

She waited until a little over 7 that night, but Tyler still had not returned. He also did not return her calls or messages.

Without a choice, she could only go meet the masked man first.

When she was sure the man was not Sebastian, a dark cloud appeared in her heart. All the leads were broken. Finding this man's identity was even harder than going to heaven.

She was afraid she would miss Tyler's calls or messages, so she had been staring at her phone when she was in the car. On her way to meet the man, however, she did not receive any calls from Tyler.

All of a sudden, live news popped out on her screen. She was going to ignore it, but then she saw Sheila's name. Subconsciously, she clicked on it.

Her eyes widened as soon as she saw it.

Sheila was sitting across the table with a man in a restaurant. The man looked blurry from the angle of the photo, but it was visible to see he was a tall and muscular guy.

Instantly, Vicky could tell who that man was. It was Tyler.

She read the content of the news.

[During this evening, someone had taken a photo of Sheila having dinner with a mysterious man. According to the sources, this mysterious man and Sheila have a very close relationship.]

'This evening... So he wasn't angry at me that he didn't pick up my call or reply to my messages? He was...having dinner with Sheila?' she thought.

"Miss, we've arrived at your destination," The taxi driver reminded Vicky.

They had been here for a while, yet Vicky did not move at all. Thus, the taxi driver had to call out to her.

Chapter 381

Vicky turned around and saw the hotel outside the window.

After making the payment, she stepped out of the car.

Before going into the room, she glanced at her phone once again, but there was nothing on the screen.

She put her phone away and went into the room to find herself in the familiar darkness.

The man was on the couch, watching television. Instead of financial news, he was watching entertainment news, and the broadcaster's professional voice flowed out of the television.

"Sources suggest that the man who dined with Sheila Young was her rumored boyfriend..."

The room was quiet, which made the sound of the television even more distinct, and Vicky felt as though she was stung when she heard the news.

"You are five minutes late,' the masked man said.

Vicky stood still for a few moments and walked over to the man, who gazed up at her darkly. "You should feel smug for toying with three men at the same time. Why do you look so gloomy?"

Vicky frowned. 'Three men?"

"Tyler Hart, Sebastian Mills, and me."

She looked away. 'How do you know about Sebastian?"

"You met with another man in my room and think that I won't find out?"

His words reminded her of Tyler and she to find out because I met with Sebastian in his room, but... How

did Tyler find out about it within such a short time?"

Just then, she felt a sharp pain in her jaw as the man grabbed her by the chin with a cold look in his eyes. "Still thinking of him?"

Vicky was forced to meet the man's eyes. "Who?"

"Sebastian Mills."

"No."

"Who, then?"

Vicky felt sick at being interrogated and said carelessly, "No one."

"Vicky, have you forgotten about the consequences of lying to me?" The man chuckled.

Feeling chills down her spine, Vicky snapped

"If not him, then... Harvey Sparks?" he teased, the look of his eyes cold enough to freeze as he stared into her eyes unblinkingly.

Tension rose and as the look in his eyes darkened, his grip tightened.

Vicky paled at the pain in her jaw and said, "Not Harvey. I'm thinking about... Tyler."

The man had a talent for spotting lies, and Vicky found it challenging to lie to him most of the time.

He narrowed his eyes and loosened his grip. "Oh? Tell me about it," he said with amusement. 1

Vicky shot him a look and noticed that the man seemed interested in anything related to her and Tyler, but she did not know how to begin.

What happened earlier that afternoon filled her heart with frustration.

"What's going on between you and Sebastian?" the man questioned.

She scowled. "I thought you already knew?"

"I want to hear it from you."

Vicky never expected to explain herself to the masked man before she had the chance to do so with Tyler. "I only called him here to discuss something."

The man shot her a dark look. "And you decided to call him to a hotel and have your discussion with his clothes off?"

Chapter 382

An odd feeling emerged when Vicky looked into the masked man's eyes.

She could understand why Tyler would be angry at her, but she could not comprehend why the masked man acted as though he was confronting his cheating wife.

Instead of lying, she explained, "I thought that he was you and wanted to confirm it."

"By taking his clothes off?" the man questioned.

She frowned as realization dawned on her that while the man knew that she met with Sebastian, he seemed unaware of the precise situation, which meant that there were no surveillance cameras in the room.

"You have a scratch mark on your chest," Vicky drawled.

The man came to realize what she meant and shot her a look. "Are you disappointed to find out that I'm not Sebastian, then?"

"No."

She would be terrified if Sebastian turned out to be the masked man, because not only was Sebastian someone she knew, but it also terrified her to think that the gentle, understanding side of Sebastian was nothing but a persona he put on in front of others. The news about Sheila was still playing on the television, and Vicky's attention slowly drifted to the faint reflection of the man on the television screen.

The man noticed where she was looking, and the look in his eyes darkened. ‘ You said you were thinking of Tyler... Are you referring to the scandal between him and Sheila?’ Vicky’s expression darkened. “Yeah.”

After confirming that Tyler was not the masked man, she started missing him once again, but felt foolish when she saw the news.

The reality had given her a strike of the truth.

The man pulled her into his arms. “How did you get out today?”

Vicky glanced at her phone and noticed that there was no missed call or unread messages. “He isn’t...home today, so I just came here.”

He played with her hair and asked casually, “Are you two fighting?”

|| ||

“Are you upset that Tyler Hart is with another woman?”

Vicky remained quiet.

The man seemed to be in a good mood and was not offended meeting another woman, while you’re here with me. It’s fair.”

Vicky jolted and thought to herself, ‘That’s right. I have no right to blame Tyler or restrict him from doing anything.’

“Alright. Put me to sleep,” the man said.

The next day, Vicky arrived home early and noticed that Tyler had not returned home through the night as well.

She had not received a single call or text message, and her heart sank at the thought that Tyler might have spent the night with Sheila.

Tyler had mentioned multiple times that he had not done anything out of line with Sheila and Vicky thought to herself, ‘There’s probably...nothing between them, right?’

In the past, she would be slightly upset but would never let it get to her, but she could not help but let her thoughts run wild under the influence of Forever Night and the masked man.

In the afternoon, she received a message from the masked man.

“I need to leave the city for a while. I’ll contact you when I’m back.” 1

His departure gave Vicky time to recover from the despair that overwhelmed her.

Tyler returned home in the evening and though Vicky tried to explain herself to him, she eventually gave up when she saw the expressionless and distant look on his face.

In the days that followed, the relationship between Vicky and Tyler became extremely awkward.

He would return home and speak to her everyday but would no longer hold her closer or touch her in bed at night.

Chapter 383

Vicky did not know if what happened with Sebastian jogged certain unpleasant memories for Tyler, but his attitude toward her took a sudden turn as he grew distant.

It was not the first time they drifted apart, but it was the first time Vicky felt so devastated about it.

Half a month later, in a certain restaurant.

A waiter brought the freshly made dishes to the table, and both Jennifer and Cece started drooling at the enticing fragrance of the feast before them.

Cece stared at the dishes the waiter was serving and said, ‘These smell so good. I want to eat everything!’”

Jennifer's stomach rumbled at the sight. 'Me, too!'

Vicky had received a job from a certain movie production cast, and they were satisfied with the designs of the final products. However, since the production team made a bulk purchase, someone needed to travel with the production team to make amendments to the costumes whenever required.

Though the filming took place in Zendonía, Vicky was reluctant to leave Stoneford City, so the mission landed upon Cece and Jennifer.

The filming lasted for two weeks on the outskirts of the city, and since public transportation was not available, Jennifer and Cece had not been able to eat whatever they wanted.

Once they returned to Stoneford City, Vicky treated the two to a grand meal.

As the dishes were served, the two instantly started to gobble up whatever was in front of them.

Vicky smiled at how energetic they seemed and picked up her spoon to reach for one of her favorite dishes.

The familiar fragrance of the dish filled her nose, and her expression darkened.

A wave of nausea attacked her all of a sudden, and she stood abruptly to run toward the bathroom while covering her mouth.

Cece and Jennifer were both enjoying their meal and stilled when they saw Vicky running away.

10 minutes later, Vicky returned looking as pale as a ghost.

"Vicky, what's wrong? Are you feeling unwell?"

"I'm fine. I just don't really have an appetite."

Cece studied her worriedly. "Is your stomach acting up again?"

Vicky had always had a weak stomach because she often forgot been depressed lately and had not been paying much attention to her health.

"I guess I haven't been eating regularly." Not wanting Cece and Jennifer to worry, she smiled and said, "Let's just carry on with the meal. I'll make sure that I take better care of myself once I get back."

She reached for a piece of vegetable and put it into her mouth despite feeling like she was about to vomit again.

Cece and Jennifer were convinced and relaxed visibly.

Since Vicky did not have much of an appetite, she went on with only a few more bites before stopping.

Just then, her phone on the table vibrated when she received a message from an unknown number.

[Come over to stay with me tonight.]

Vicky froze at the sight of the text.

The masked man had disappeared for over half a month. She had no clue as to what he had been doing, nor was she interested in finding out because she was relieved by his absence. However, the masked man insisted that she text him every single day to inform him about what she was doing.

'He's even more strict than Tyler,' she thought to herself.

Her heart sank at the thought of Tyler.

In recent times, Tyler and Vicky had been drifting apart, and the two acted as though they were merely two tenants who shared the same mansion.

At eight that night, Vicky arrived at Room 1331 in time. The masked man did everything he could to ensure that Vicky had no choice but to put him to bed, and Vicky was dumbfounded by his request.

Chapter 384

If all the masked man wanted from her was for her to cure his insomnia, Vicky felt like she might be able to negotiate with him.

She opened the door and stepped into the dark room, wondering if the masked man had returned to the room just yet.

Just then, her stomach turned and she darted into the bathroom, hurling everything she ate into the toilet bowl.

She had not eaten much that night, so the vomiting did not last long. She washed her mouth and her face at the sink, her face as pale as a ghost under the faint light.

“What happened?” She heard footsteps approaching and saw the masked man by the door, wearing a black bathing robe with his mask and voice changer already in place. She frowned. “I guess my stomach is acting up.”

He stared at her intently. “Is it possible that you’re...pregnant?”

She froze. “I...don’t know.”

The man darted toward her and exclaimed joyfully, “Are you really pregnant?”

Vicky shot the man a confused look. “Nothing ever happened between us. Even if are you so happy about it?”

The man froze, and Vicky became increasingly suspicious.

“You-“

As though he was trying to keep her from exposing his secret, he interrupted her and said, “Just put me to sleep already.”

Vicky sobered and decided to fulfill the man’s request.

As she proceeded to tell bedtime stories, she kept reminding herself not to fall asleep but did so regardless after a while.

The next day, Vicky went straight to the studio instead of heading home.

As soon as she arrived, her lips curled into a bitter smile when she noticed that there was no missed call or text on her phone.

The last message she sent was the day before when she told Tyler that she might not be going home because Cece and Jennifer were back. All she received as a response was a simple ‘oka/ and nothing else.

“Vicky.”

Cece and Jennifer walked inside, and Jennifer was carrying a bag with her.

“Vicky, you haven’t eaten, right? We brought you some ravioli. Eat up while it’s still hot,” Jennifer said. “You need to eat when you’re about to start your day.”

Feeling moved, Vicky said, ‘Sure.’ However, as soon as she took a bite of the ravioli, she started gagging again.

Both Jennifer and Cece were startled. “Vicky, are you alright?”

“I’m fine. It’s probably because I didn’t rest well last night.’

“Vicky, why don’t we take you to the hospital?” Cece offered worriedly.

Vicky had been trapped in her mind and seemed to have lost her appetite, but she did not think much of it. “It’s fine. Maybe I’ve just been too busy lately. Now that the job with the cast members is done, I can rest for some time.”

Cece was going to suggest going to the hospital again when Jennifer got ahead of her and asked, "Vicky, is it possible that you're pregnant?"

Both Vicky and Cece froze in shock, while Jennifer kept her eyes trained on Vicky.

"Vicky, have you had your period this month?"

Jennifer's words made Vicky realize that her menstrual period had indeed been a week late.

'I can't be pregnant, can I?' she thought to herself.

Chapter 385

Vicky's blood ran cold.

She had only been intimate with Tyler once in recent times, and she recalled that he used protection.

More precisely, Tyler used protection every time they were in bed.

Though they never talked about having children, she understood that he did not want any from his behavior. Since she had no plan of having children in the present, she did not question him about it.

Vicky jolted at the memory of the masked man.

The man would always burn some sort of incense that put her to sleep right away.

Vicky could tell that nothing happened between them, but there was a possibility that the masked man defiled her in her sleep.

Jennifer noticed the dark look on Vicky's face and asked, "Vicky, what's wrong?"

Confused, Cece asked, "Vicky, you used to love children. Isn't this good news?"

Vicky faked a smile. "Maybe I'm not pregnant. Maybe...I'm just having an upset stomach." She paused thoughtfully before whispering, ' Don't tell anyone about this. I'll get checked in the hospital. Let's not talk about this until it's confirmed."

The two women nodded in unison.

After hesitating for some time, Vicky eventually went to the hospital for a pregnancy test.

There was a long line in the hospital, and by the time it was Vicky's turn, over an hour passed.

Half an hour later, the doctor handed her medical report to her." Congratulations, Miss Shaw. You are pregnant!"

Vicky froze. "What did you say?"

The doctor treated countless patients every day, and he could immediately tell that Vicky did not want the child.

Since there were more patients waiting to be seen, the doctor simply said," If you don't want the baby, you can proceed to the gynecology department to schedule an abortion. Next patient, please."

Vicky wandered out of the hospital, all the while thinking to herself, 'I'm... pregnant?

How can this be possible?*

She wandered on the street for a long while.

The sky began to darken and her phone would not stop vibrating, but she simply ignored it.

At nine that night, Vicky finally returned home, still struggling to regain her composure.

She dragged her feet toward the bedroom when she heard a voice asking, "Where have you been?"

She jolted in shock and slowly lifted her gaze.

Tyler sat on the couch lazily with his long, elegant legs crossed. His collar was unbuttoned, revealing his collarbone and the smooth skin underneath his shirt. Vicky's eyes darted away as she clenched hard onto the purse in her hands. "Tyler... When did you... come home?"

"A long time ago," he said emotionlessly. "Where have you been? Why didn't you answer your phone?"

Chapter 386

"I'm a little busy today and didn't notice your calls..."

Tyler narrowed his eyes as he observed her sharply. He gazed down at her purse and looked away shortly after. "Have you eaten?"

"Not yet."

"TH ask Nanny Paterson to make you something." He stood up and walked toward her. "You should take a shower."

Vicky relaxed slightly when she noticed that Tyler was not going to confront her. Fearing that he might notice the odd look on her face, she nodded. "Okay."

As she walked past him, he reached out to grab her by the wrist abruptly, and before she could react, he snatched the purse out of her hands.

She was stunned for a moment, but she immediately snapped out of it and went to take her purse back because her pregnancy test was still in her purse.

However, Tyler would not allow her to take it back and simply dodged her hands before opening the purse.

The look in his eyes darkened when he saw the paper inside, and he took out the medical report.

Instantly, all colors were drained from Vicky's cheeks.

Once he took the report out, he frowned and started reading it attentively.

Tyler was a quick reader as he swiftly got to the second page.

He was first slightly surprised before narrowing his eyes without any disbelief or awe on his face.

Sometime later, he set the medical report down and turned to look at Vicky.

She kept her head bowed and started panicking as though any movement would drive her over to the edge.

Suddenly, she was pulled into his arms.

He wrapped his arms around her tightly and tried his best to contain his emotions, only to be betrayed by the shivering of his hands.

"You are pregnant, Vicky."

When he was not as furious as she had pictured, she looked up in surprise to find him staring into her eyes intently.

'He's not mad,' she thought. 'He's... happy?'

Stunned, Vicky muttered, "Tyler..."

"We have our own child now," he said hoarsely as he swallowed hard and stared eagerly at her.

"..." Vicky opened her mouth to speak, only for her lips to be captured by him.

He was extremely gentle and careful as though he was afraid that she would shatter if he was too rough.

At that moment, she could sense just how happy the man was, and she tried to say something. "Tyler, this child..."

Tyler did not give her the chance to speak and simply swallowed all her words to express his joy at learning that he would be a father.

A long while later, he let go of her before she suffocated and studied her with his dark, seductive eyes. He placed a palm on her lower abdomen and said, "Let's name it Robin, no matter the gender. Okay?"

Chapter 387

"Tyler, we can't keep this child..." Tears welled in Vicky's eyes as she muttered through quivering lips, "We can't keep it."

The look in his eyes darkened. "Dont tell me you're thinking of getting rid of it, Vicky."

"Have you forgotten that you wore protection that day? We've only been intimate that one time in the past month. How can I be pregnant with your child?"

An unknown emotion surfaced in his eyes, but it vanished almost immediately before anyone could notice it. "So, that's why..." He wiped away her tears with his long, cold fingers. "Vicky, even protections can fail from time to time."

Vicky's eyes widened with disbelief. "Really?"

"It's true." Tyler kissed away her tears and held her closer. "I'll get Nanny Paterson to make something to eat. Rest. I'll take you to the hospital for another checkup tomorrow." She grabbed onto the corner of his shirt and said, "Tyler, there's something I need to tell you."

He lifted her off the group and whispered, "After you eat."

"Tyler..."

He sat her down on the bed, his usually cold voice sounding exceptionally gentle.

"Vicky, don't overthink things. Just focus on maintaining your health, n

He strode out of the room, leaving Vicky sitting on the bed blankly.

The most ridiculous feeling she could feel at the moment

Vicky was on the verge of a mental breakdown and calmed down slightly in response to Tyler's words.

Shortly after, Tyler returned to the room with a tray of food, and Vicky put her phone aside to look at him. "Tyler, there's something I need to tell you... n

Tyler interrupted her. "Finish your food first."

"But..."

"Do you need to be fed?"

What she meant to say to him was simply far too important for her to focus on eating.

"Tyler, actually..."

Before she could finish her sentence, he took a sip of milk and before she could comprehend why he did so, he placed a hand at the back of her head and fed the milk into her mouth through his lips.

Vicky was stunned.

Milk scrolled down the corner of their mouths and dripped onto his shirt, leaving the air with a sweet, milky scent.

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened when he saw the trail of milk on her chin. He lowered his head and licked the milk away before muttering hoarsely, "Are you eating on your own, or do you need to be fed?"

Vicky looked up to meet his lust-lit eyes. Feeling less nervous, she caved and said, "I will eat."

Tyler did not mistrust her as much as she thought he did, and she saw hope that he might believe her if she told him the truth.

She forced herself to swallow the food and turned to look at Tyler. "Tyler..."

He grabbed the tray and said, "I'll bring the tray down. Go take a shower.

We will talk later."

Chapter 388

Vicky had been out the entire day and was covered in dirt, so she figured she could talk to Tyler after a shower and nodded. "Okay."

When she stepped out of the shower, Tyler had not returned to the room, so she sat on the couch to wait for him.

Perhaps she was far too exhausted from wandering outside or simply felt tired because she could finally relax, but she leaned on the couch and slowly drifted off to sleep.

A few minutes later, Tyler returned and lifted Vicky from the couch before placing her on the bed carefully.

After turning the lights off, he held her closer and fell asleep as well.

The next morning, Vicky opened her eyes and glanced around dazedly, before sighing a breath of relief when she noticed that she was at home.

She felt as though she had been stuck in a nightmare.

Vicky rubbed her eyes drowsily and sat up when the bedroom door opened. Tyler strode in, wearing his suit.

"Are you awake?" he said in a melodious voice. "Breakfast is ready. Wash up, and we'll head to the hospital later."

"The hospital?"

He looked at her endearingly. "Vicky, we need a more comprehensive report about the baby."

'The baby...' Her eyes widened. It wasn't a dream. It's all real...'

Realizing that she fell asleep while waiting for Tyler the night before, she said, "Tyler, you need to listen to me..."

Tyler did not seem interested in what she wanted to say. "Wash up. I'll wait for you in the dining room."

Before Vicky could respond, Tyler left the room.

During breakfast, Vicky tried to talk to Tyler multiple times, but he would always stop her by saying, "Eat first."

By the time they finished their breakfast, Harry's car was already waiting outside the mansion.

Since there was no way Vicky could discuss her child with Tyler in front of Harry, she remained quiet on the way to the hospital.

The hospital had been informed ahead about Tyler's visit, and all the doctors waited for their arrival.

After a series of tests, the results were finally released.

One of the doctors sat in front of Tyler, who looked extremely intimidating, and reported the result gingerly, "Mister Hart, Missus Hart... isn't pregnant."

Both Vicky and Tyler were stunned.

The look in Tyler's eyes sharpened to the point that one could barely look into his eyes.

"Say that again."

"Missus Hart... Missus Hart isn't pregnant."

Chapter 389

Tension instantly rose in the air as Tyler turned to study Vicky sharply.

Just as she tried to understand why Tyler was staring at her, he questioned, "What have you done?"

Her heart sank when she met his cold eyes.

When she failed to respond, he walked over to her and grabbed her by the wrist. "Vicky Shaw, I'm asking you what you've done."

He had not raised his voice, but his presence instantly became extremely intimidating.

She stared blankly at the man before her and muttered, "I didn't do anything..."

Tyler was so gentle with her earlier and seemed to have completely transformed into a different person at the moment. Vicky found it hard to accept or adapt to the change.

"Vicky Shaw, I better not find out that you got rid of the child behind my back." He glared sharply at her with a hint of contempt in his eyes. "Or I will make sure you pay for it."

He let go of Vicky and walked out of the room.

Bam!

The door slammed shut behind him,

Soon, she was the only one left in the room. The suffocating scent of sanitizer disgusted her, and she collapsed onto the couch helplessly.

Shortly after Tyler left, another group of doctors came to take Vicky to the examination room for other tests.

Two hours later, Vicky was brought back

"Mister Hart, I've gone to the hospital that Missus Hart went to for the body check.

Because it was overwhelmed by patients that day, the nurse accidentally swiped her report with another woman, so...it was a mistake made by the hospital."

Just then, the doctor who brought Vicky over said, "Missus Hart isn't pregnant and shows no sign of undergoing an abortion procedure. Her menstrual period is delayed because she has been under a lot of stress. Nausea and the urge to vomit are caused by irregular eating habits, which lead to an upset stomach..."

Tyler sat quietly with a poker face.

Once Harry and the doctor reported what they had found, silence fell over the room.

Sometime later, Tyler stood and, without looking at Vicky or saying a word to her, left the room expressionlessly. Harry hurried after him.

Vicky stood frozen in place, feeling her heart shattering at the sight.

She was just over the moon for being treated with such care by Tyler earlier, but within a matter of hours, she was dragged back to hell.

Her phone rang as soon as she arrived home, and she answered it without bothering to look at the caller's identification.

"Why didn't you come over last night?" It was from the masked man.

It was not until this very moment that Vicky remembered she had only sent him a message the night before, and the masked man had not replied to her since then.

"Do you want something?" Vicky asked dazedly.

"Vicky, I asked why didn't you come over last night."

"No reason," she said calmly.

"Vicky-"

Before the man could continue, she hung up.

One would only have fear when they cared, but since all her hope had been shattered, she had nothing left to be afraid of. Hence, she ended the phone call without fearing what the masked man might say.

Chapter 390

A few moments later, Vicky's phone started vibrating once again.

She stared at the caller identification on the screen and expressionlessly blacklisted the number.

That night, Tyler did not return home for dinner, nor had he called or texted her.

Vicky had not attempted to call him either.

She thought that she would get into a conflict with Tyler when he found out about the masked man. To her surprise, their marriage had been ruined by a child that never existed in the first place.

Because of it, their relationship seemed to have returned to the original state where Tyler ignored her whenever he wanted, and she found it laughable that she had no clue as to why he treated her that way.

Just when Vicky thought that Tyler would be spending the night outside, the bedroom door opened and Tyler strode in.

Without sparing a single glance at Vicky, he walked straight into the bathroom for a bath.

His phone started to ring as soon as he was done with his bath.

Not at all concerned by Vicky's presence in the room, he answered the call in the bedroom. "Sheila."

Vicky's attention was instantly drawn at the mention of Sheila's name. She kept her head bowed as though she was focusing on the book while trying to pay attention to the phone call.

Sheila's voice was heard distinctively in the middle of a silent night.

"Tyler, something happened on my end. Can you come over?"

After a few moments of silence, he said, "Sure." He then hung up and went to change.

Vicky watched his towering figure from behind and could no longer suppress the urge to speak up. "Tyler, are you going out?"

He stilled. "Yeah."

She gazed up at him. "Are you going to see Sheila?"

"Yes."

She opened her mouth to speak but could not make a single sound.

Tyler stood still for a few moments and left when he realized that she had nothing else to say.

The door closed, blocking his figure from her sight.

At midnight, Vicky lied in bed and struggled to fall asleep because Tyler had not returned home.

She felt devastated and came close to calling him to ask when he would be returning.

All the lights in the house had already been turned off, and the silvery moonlight shone into the room.

Just as she drifted to sleep, she heard steady footsteps approaching from outside the bedroom door, and she instantly perked up.

'Is Tyler back?' she thought to herself. She despised herself for having hope, but she could not help the joy she felt when she thought that he returned to her.

She turned on the light by the nightstand. "Welcome back..."

Under the light was a demon mask.

Vicky froze, and her eyes widened. "W-What are you doing here?"

Chapter 391

The man slowly approached Vicky, and each step he took felt like a sledgehammer to her heart.

"You blocked my number, so all I could do was to come and see you."

'This man is insane!' she yelled inwardly.

As the masked man got closer, she ran out of patience and grabbed the lamp by the nightstand and flung it toward the man, but he simply tilted his body to dodge the attack. Crash! The lamp slammed onto

The only light in the room vanished following Vicky's action, but the man had only been delayed by a second before he started to walk toward Vicky once again through the shattered glass.

The shattered pieces of glass cracked as

Facing the masked man was different from calling or texting him.

During the day, she had been in but all the courage she managed to summon vanished as soon as she saw him in person.

It was only at this moment that Vicky realized the trauma the man caused her ran deeper than she had anticipated.

"Don't come any closer..." She backed away and shivered in fear.

He chuckled and studied her the way a cat would when it was toying with a mouse.

'Vicky, have I ever told you that it's amusing when you get mad?'

He soon arrived by the bed, and Vicky immediately backed to the other end of the bed as she gritted out, 'Pervert!'

Chapter 392

'How did I get myself involved with this pervert?!' she screamed inwardly.

"Perverts love being scolded. Keep going." The man's mask glittered in the most terrifying manner under the moonlight, and Vicky felt like she had fallen into a never-ending nightmare.

Just then, the man asked, "Vicky, do you want me to leave you alone?"

"That comes with a price, right?"

"That's right," the man said coldly. "Steal confidential information from Tyler Hart for me, and I'll leave you alone. How does that sound?"

"Dream on!"

"If that's a no, then you can only wait until my insomnia is cured."

"And if your insomnia never...goes away?" she blurted out asking.

"Well, then," he whispered casually, but his words pierced through her like pricks of ice,

"I will never let you go."

Her blood ran cold as fear overwhelmed her.

She did not doubt for a moment that he was joking; it was a warning.

The next day, Vicky woke up with a throbbing headache, and she jolted when she saw the shattered glass on the ground.

Just then, the bedroom door opened and Tyler strolled in. When he saw Vicky cleaning the shattered glass on the ground, he narrowed his eyes.

"Awake already?"

Startled, Vicky accidentally dropped the broom in her hand with a loud thud.

Chapter 393

Tyler studied the shattered glass by his feet and asked, "What happened?"

Vicky panicked and said, "I accidentally dropped the light last night, and it was too late to clean..." Not daring to meet his eyes, she muttered, "W- When did you get home?"

"In the morning."

Vicky did not have the courage to ask him about where he had been. "Go ahead to the dining room for breakfast," she said. "I'll clean the room."

"Leave it." He reached to grab her wrist. "Leave it to Nanny Paterson. Come and have breakfast with me."

"Okay..."

The breakfast seemed to stretch indefinitely.

To her bewilderment, Tyler did not leave after breakfast, and he simply remained sitting in the dining room with his coffee as he watched the finance news.

Vicky was both confused and worried that Tyler would notice something, so instead of asking him about it, she decided to go upstairs to change and head to the studio.

"Vicky." He set down his coffee and called out to her abruptly. "Pack your things and come with me to Drome."

She froze. "Drome? Why are we going there?"

"For a business trip."

"And I have to go as well?"

"I have a night ball tomorrow night, and I need to bring my wife along." Though Vicky was traumatized by traveling overseas, she had mostly recovered after weeks of therapy. However, what happened in recent times intensified her fear once again.

When she failed to respond, Tyler continued, "I remember that your job with the movie production team is done and you don't have anything lined up for the time being... Is there something that you need to do here?"

His pensive eyes seemed to possess the ability to read her mind and Vicky felt oddly exposed."... No."

"Come with me, then."

"How long is the trip?"

"Three days."

Since three days were harder and considered a long trip, she had no reason to refuse.

"Sure. I will pack my things now."

Tyler nodded.

Since they were only traveling for three days, Vicky only packed some of the daily necessities.

After hesitating for a while, Vicky sent the masked man a message, which was responded to within a matter of seconds.

[Have fun.]

Vicky was so agitated by the reply that she came close to throwing her phone across the room, so she took a few deep breaths to calm herself.

Once she had everything packed, she headed down the stairs and found Tyler sitting on the couch while staring at his phone.

He was so focused on it that he seemed more serious than he did when he worked, to the point that the usually sharp man did not notice her approach.

'Is he telling Sheila about the trip?' Vicky thought bitterly.

Chapter 394

Just then, Vicky noticed something odd about the phone Tyler was holding.

She frowned when she realized that he was using a different phone instead of the usual one he owned. Throughout the time she had spent with Tyler, she never saw him using this phone, and it seemed obvious what could require a man to possess two phones at the same time.

Vicky quietly moved toward Tyler and stared at his phone.

Tyler finally noticed her presence when she was getting too close and snapped his head up abruptly to look at her.

The look in his eyes darkened when he saw her and he simply asked with a composed voice, "When did you come downstairs?"

"Just now." She kept her eyes on his phone. 'Have you gotten a new phone? H

"No." The faint signs of shock had faded from his face. "It's for work."

"Work?" Vicky looked at him. "I've never seen you with this phone before."

"It's for the business trip to Drome. Sometimes, when I don't want others to know my number and can't turn them down on the spot. I'll exchange numbers with them with a different phone."

Tyler's explanation was reasonable, but Vicky did not buy it.

She had a feeling that the phone Tyler with his regular number. Also, Tyler never felt the need to hide his relationship with Sheila in the past. 1

'Who is it, then, if it's not Sheila?' she thought. 'Is he seeing another woman? Or is he just sleeping around with no strings attached?'

Vicky did not ask about it because she had no proof emotions in her eyes and asked, "When are we leaving?"

Tyler glanced at the time. "Harry will come and pick us up later.'

"You haven't packed. Do you need my help to do it?"

"It's fine," he said. "Harry has my belongings ready."

Vicky was slightly shocked. "You have your personal belongings... somewhere else?"

He shot her a look. "Throughout the years we've been married, I spent most of my time in another apartment."

She nodded. "I see."

Tyler was a sensitive man, so Vicky did not attempt to confront him about her doubts. Though, she did keep in mind that he had another phone.

Her instinct told her that Tyler had another woman apart from Sheila, and he might have gone to see that woman the night before. She even theorized that he had been switching back and forth from being cold to intimate with her because of this woman.

Certain things appeared to be normal when mostly ignored, but the more she thought about it, the more signs she found that supported her paranoia.

She had been focusing on the masked man and neglected Tyler, and when she came to think of it, Tyler's behavior in recent weeks had been odd.