

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 395

Apart from the time Tyler returned from a business trip, he had not been intimate with her since then.

After being married to him for so long, Vicky knew that he had needs, and it was abnormal for Tyler to restrain himself. On top of that, it had been some time since he held her in her sleep.

Even when their relationship was at its worst, he would still hold her close and sleep with her in his arms. Lately, however, he would not touch or hug her and seemed to be distancing himself from her.

The only explanation Vicky could think of was that he had another woman.

Once the seed of doubt was planted, its root would spread and take over a person's heart swiftly.

'Maybe...' The photo she once saw in Tyler's study room emerged from her memories.

'Maybe the woman in the photo has returned.'

Harry arrived shortly after, but instead of accompanying Tyler on the business trip, he simply left after sending Vicky and Tyler to the airport.

Four hours later, the plane landed in Drome.

As soon as they arrived at the hotel, Tyler's phone started blowing off with work.

Vicky had not slept well the night before and fell asleep on the couch when it seemed like Tyler would be on the phone for some time.

In her dream, an altered voice echoed. 'I'll never let you go.'

The environment around her changed and seconds before she heard a gentle yet chilling voice.

"Vicky, I will never let you go. You will always...belong to me."

She reached out in her dream to snatch the man's mask, revealing a breathtakingly handsome face underneath.

His features were brooding, his eyes pensive with an air of distant majesty.

It was Tyler.

He simply looked at her endearingly and said, "Vicky, you can't escape me. You said that you'll be with me forever. Have you forgotten? Since you seemed to have forgotten about it, I'll help you remember."

The man reached out to clamp his hands around her neck as his lips curled into a horrifying smile. "Vicky, let's die together. That way, you'll never leave me.'

"Argh!" Vicky screamed as she jolted awake from her sleep.

She was no longer on the couch and was in bed instead.

Night fell and the room was pitch-dark, save the faint light from the moon outside the window.

Drawn by her scream, someone pushed open the door to the bedroom and a towering figure stepped in.

She tensed at the sight of the figure and backed away in fear. "Don't... Don't come any closer!"

Soon, she backed away to the edge and nearly fell off the bed.

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The man acted swiftly and caught Vicky before she slammed onto the ground.

"What's wrong? Were you having a nightmare?" Tyler asked, his handsome features faint under the moonlight.

Vicky would have felt safe when she saw him at any other time, but fear had taken over her at this moment, and she hysterically tried to get away from him. "Let me go! Don't touch me... Go away! Go away!"

She was feverish and completely out of control, which she had not been except for the first week since she returned home from Forever Night.

"Vicky." Tyler stared into her eyes. "It's me."

Vicky's eyes remained dazed and unfocused as she struggled to distinguish dream and reality.

She continued to fight his embrace and screamed, "Let me go! Let me go right n-mmph!"

Tyler lowered his head and captured her lips. Unlike his usual forceful ways, his kiss was gentle and consoling at the moment.

Tyler was never a gentle and caring man, but when he acted

Vicky's fear faded, and she started to calm down from his kiss.

Slowly but steadily, she recovered from the nightmare and came to realize that it had only been a dream.

Sensing that Vicky was relaxing, Tyler ceased the kiss. "Feeling better?" He asked hoarsely and stared at her with eyes so bright that threatened to set her soul ablaze.

Her heart raced. "Yeah."

"Were you having a nightmare?"

She nodded.

"What did you dream of?"

She looked away, her lashes fluttering.

The Tyler she saw in her dream was completely different from the man before her.

He had transformed into the masked man in her dream, and her fear of the masked man had taken such a deep root within her that she even started to fear Tyler when she woke up.

It was a strange dream, but being illogical of something wild and impossible in reality.

After a few moments of silence, she said, "... I don't remember."

Tyler did not press on the

"Sure." She glanced at the dark sky outside the window. "What time is it now?"

"A little over eight." He lifted her. "You were deeply asleep, so I carried you to the bed."

Vicky leaned into his embrace and settled down as she listened to his strong heartbeat.

After dinner, Tyler went into the shower and went to bed instead of going back to work.

The lights were turned off, and the darkness returned to the room.

Tyler did not pull her into his arms and simply lied on his back and fell asleep.

Vicky twisted and turned in bed, unable to go back to sleep having just woken up not long ago.

The nightmare from earlier and the memories of Tyler's new phone filled her mind, turning her into a nervous wreck.

She quietly slipped out of bed and was about to walk out of the bedroom when she heard Tyler's voice in the darkness. 1

"Where are you going?"

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Tyler was awake. Vicky silently thanked the darkness for concealing the panic in her expression.

After a few moments of silence, she said, "I'm just thirsty and want to grab a glass of water."

She heard a slight shuffle on the other side of the bed as Tyler got out of bed. 'Stay still. I'll get you a glass of water.'

Since Tyler had woken up, Vicky gave up on going outside. "Okay."

The lamp by the nightstand was turned on, and the room was instantly lit in its warm, yellow light.

Tyler walked out of the bedroom and returned shortly after with a glass of water.

The light was faint, and Tyler's shadow was reflected on the wall. Vicky, however, felt familiar with the sight as though she had seen it before.

She frowned as she watched him approach with the glass of water.

"Here you go."

Vicky did not have time to hold onto her thought and accepted the glass." Thank you."

Once she finished her water, the two went back to sleep.

Time flew. It was already the second night of their trip.

Vicky wrapped her arm around Tyler's as they stepped into the event hall.

Guests swarmed them, and Vicky exchanged pleasantries with a polite smile on her lips-all the while thinking about the other phone Tyler owned.

Sensing that her mind was somewhere else, Tyler looked at her. "Tired?"

She nodded. "A bit."

"If that's the case, go to the lounge upstairs to rest."

Vicky recalled how the masked man followed her to the ball that she went to with Tyler the time before. However, since the masked man seemed to approve of the trip, it was unlikely that he would make an appearance again.

It was tiring to socialize with the guests when

Vicky stared at her phone dazedly as she sat on the couch in the lounge and thought to herself, 'If Sebastian isn't the masked man, who could it be?'

She slid her finger across the screen and sent a message to the masked man. [What are you doing now?]

She used to dream of parting ways with the man once she survived the three months of his trip, but she realized that she just could not cut ties with the man without sacrificing anything in return, so she must find out about his true identity.

However, over half an hour had passed, and the masked man did not reply.

Apart from asking for a break, Vicky rarely texted or called the man proactively.

She glanced at the door before making a call to the masked man.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The phone kept ringing and was not answered until the call was automatically ended by the system.

Though it seemed odd, Vicky recalled that the masked man was the one who called her most of the time.

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The only times Vicky would call the masked man were when he threatened her into doing so.

'I guess it's not that strange. It's not like he has his voice changer on all day long, just waiting for me to call,' she thought. 'He could be busy or occupied.'

She realized that this might be her way of finding the weakness of the man and went on to call two more times. Still, the man did not answer nor had he replied to her message. Soon, Tyler came over to look for her and saw Vicky staring at her phone thoughtfully.

The look in his eyes darkened, and he walked over to her. "What are you looking at?"

She put her phone away. "Nothing. Just got bored and started reading news articles."

"We can head back now.'

"Okay."

Once they returned to the hotel, Vicky headed for a shower. By the time she returned to the bedroom, she noticed an unread message was on her screen.

She unlocked her phone and realized that the masked man finally replied.

[Why are you contacting me all of a sudden?]

Vicky glanced at the bathroom since Tyler had just gone in to shower.

She replied. [Can't I text you without a reason?]

Time ticked by, but she received no response from the man.

She took another glance at the bathroom door, and once she confirmed that the water was still running inside, she walked over to the window of the living room and made a call to the masked man.

"Beep. Beep. Beep."

Again, the call was not answered, but Vicky caught onto the faint sound of something vibrating.

It was close to eleven at night, and the room was so quiet that Vicky managed to hear even the most subtle noises.

'Is it Tyler's phone?' she thought. 'I remember that his phone is by the nightstand.'

She walked toward the bedroom and glanced inside to the nightstand without any display of an incoming call on the screen.

'If it's not this phone, then...it could be the other one. Who'd call Tyler at this hour?' she wondered. Her attention was instantly drawn, and she even forgot about the call she was making to the masked man.

She stood still for a moment to determine the source of the sound before walking toward its direction, stopping in front of the hanging rack in the living room where Tyler hung his suit jacket.

The sound of something vibrating was coming from the pocket, so she reached into the pocket and pulled out a vibrating phone to check who was calling.

At the exact moment she pulled out the phone, the call was dropped automatically.

Since the screen was still lit, she saw the notification of a missed call on the screen, labeled [Her].

'Her?' she thought. 'Who is that supposed to be?'

Her breath caught in her throat, but the screen turned black when she tried to take a closer look.

She unlocked the phone with trembling fingers and was about to go into the main menu when a large shadow loomed over her.

“Vicky Shaw, what are you doing?” a cold voice echoed above her head.

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Vicky panicked as though she was the one being caught cheating.

“You had a call and I heard your phone vibrating, so I was going to take it out and bring it over to you...”

Vicky lowered his gaze to the phone in Vicky’s hand, and his expression darkened. He snatched the phone from her hand and hissed darkly, “Who gave you the right to go through my things?”

“I...” Her heart sank at the sight of the frosty expression on his face.

She wanted to argue, but she had indeed been trying to invade his privacy, so she could not argue with his accusation.

Tyler glanced at the phone and turned around.

Vicky watched him from behind and blurted out asking, “Who is that woman?”

He stilled but did not turn around, so she could not see the look on his face.

Tyler stood wordlessly, and tension began to rise in the air.

“Who exactly was the woman who called you just now?” Vicky repeated her question. 1

Tyler finally turned around to look at her with a cold look in his eyes. “Vicky, don’t you think you’re being too smothering?”

“Am I?” She tilted her head to the side and smiled. “Is it smothering to ask if my husband is having an affair with another woman?”

He clenched his phone with his clean, long fingers and said, “If that’s all you want to ask, I’ll tell you that you’re my only woman.”

She kept her eyes trained on him. “Is that supposed other woman, or just that...you’ve only slept with me?”

Tyler fell into silence.

She smiled bitterly. “So you don’t consider it cheating so long as you aren’t sleeping with another woman, then?”

“Why would it be called cheating if I haven’t touched anyone else? Do you consider someone who cheats physically and makes promises of loyalty not cheating?”

His words indirectly reminded her of herself, and she could no longer feel the right to confront him.

When she fell into silence, Tyler turned around and warned, “Vicky, do not attempt to go over my things again.”

He then went into a different bedroom with his phone, clearly not intending to spend the night in the same room as her.

The door closed before her eyes with a thud.

The bed felt empty without Tyler next to her and she felt as though her heart was soaking in ice.

Just then, her phone vibrated when she received a message from the masked man.

[I was in the shower.]

Vicky simply stared at the screen blankly as the memories of Tyler’s cold expression and merciless tone filled her mind.

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Tyler did not deny that he had another woman and simply implied that he had not been physically intimate with the woman.

Perhaps it was because Vicky had not replied to the masked man's message that he called, and her phone started to vibrate.

She simply rejected the call and replied to his message. [Alright.]

Vicky's message was supposed to indicate her lack of interest in continuing the conversation, but she soon received another message.

[Why did you keep calling me? Is there something urgent that you need from me?]

[No. I was just free and decided to send you a message.]

The masked man seemed to be less occupied at night and replied again within a matter of seconds. [Why are you still awake? Isn't Tyler around?]

[He is busy with work.]

Naturally, Vicky could not possibly tell the masked man that Tyler had gone to a separate room because of a woman whose name was not even stored on his phone.

The fact that Tyler did not label the woman's contact with a name simply proved to Vicky that the woman was extremely important to him.

For unknown reasons, she simply could not stop thinking about the woman in the photo she saw in the past.

Another message came. [Did you two have a fight?]

Alerted by the message, she replied, [What makes you think so?]

[You rarely contact me on your own will, yet you called me multiple times today, so I guessed you two fought.] After a few moments, another message followed. [Women tend to think of the men who were nice to them when she was having problems with their relationship.]

'How shameless can this man be to think that he's been nice to me? Is he going insane, or am I?' She felt chills all over her body when she read the message. Suppressing the disgust that threatened to overwhelm her, she sent a reply.

[When will I learn your true face?]

Silence followed for a long time after that, and just when Vicky thought that the masked man was not going to reply, her phone vibrated again.

[When you get me the confidential information from Hart Corporation, or when my insomnia is cured.]

Vicky did not reply nor did she receive any other message from the masked man after that.

The next day, Vicky was about to make up an excuse to go outside after lunch when Tyler told her to get ready as they would be returning to Stoneford City.

Tyler had been in the hotel with her the entire time, and neither had he left the house even after they had returned home, so she had no chance to go outside at all.

She was not sure if he was upset that she grabbed his phone without his permission the night before, but Tyler moved into the guest room as soon as they arrived home, which overwhelmed Vicky with depression.

Before going to bed, Vicky glanced at her phone.

There was no message from the masked man, asking her to meet with him. Naturally, Vicky would never proactively inform the man that she had returned to Stoneford City, so she silenced her phone and went to bed.