

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 401

The setting sun tainted the sky with its golden-red color.

Vicky had lost count of the times she checked the clock on the wall, as Tyler should be home by this time.

In the past few days, though there were times when Tyler had a problem with her, he would always return home for dinner despite being extremely cold to her. However, he was half an hour late on this day.

She did not know about the other woman in the past, this moment, she knew. She was hysterical and simply could not settle down.

'Maybe he hasn't been physically involved with that he'll lose control someday?' she thought. 'It's human nature to be double-standard after all.'

Unable to contain herself any longer, she made a call to Tyler.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

Sometime later, the call was answered, and the familiar, frosty voice came through the speaker. "What is it?"

Vicky sighed a breath of relief as she was fearing that the call would be answered by a strange woman who proceeded to tell her that Tyler was in the shower.

"Dinner is ready, so when are you coming home?" she whispered.

After a brief moment of silence, he said, "I have a business deal that I need to close and it's located far from home, so I won't be going home for a while."

Chapter 402

Vicky clenched her fists. 'Are you...really busy lately?' "Yeah."

"Because of that business deal?"

"Is there something else you want to say?" he questioned impatiently.

"Well... When will you come home, then?"

"Depends," he said before hanging up.

Her pale face and dazed eyes were reflected on the screen of the phone, and after taking just a few bites of food, Vicky headed upstairs.

Instead of going to her study to work, she made another call. "Cece, do you know anyone who can track Tyler?"

Cece was baffled by this question but did not ask any questions. "I'll ask around."

Half an hour later, Vicky's phone rang.

Chapter 403

"Vicky, I asked around. Mister Spark is the only one who said he can help."

Tyler was practically the king of Stoneford City, and only a handful of people had the power to follow Tyler around.

Even the press steered clear of Tyler's scandals without his permission, so one would need a certain level of influence to investigate anything about Tyler.

Vicky had lost her memories and all her connections in the past were of no use to her, so she could only seek Cece's help to look for those who could assist her with the investigation.

Vicky instantly knew that Cece was talking about Harvey, and she felt reluctant to seek Harvey's help, so she fell into silence.

Cece knew Vicky well enough to know the reason for her silence and said, "Should I ask for Jennifer's help?"

"It's fine," Vicky said. "Jennifer doesn't know that many people in Stoneford City, and Anthony is desperate for a chance to make her his puppet... Don't tell her about this."

Jennifer had always been a kind young woman who

Cece instantly realized that Jennifer might ask for Anthony's help and said, "But, Vicky..."

"The situation I'm facing isn't that bad, so don't worry."

They continued to chat for a while longer before ending the call.

As soon as Vicky hung up, she received a call from Harvey.

"Vicky, are you trying to look into Tyler?"

Vicky hesitated. After all, Harvey had once lied to her, hence her distrust.

Realizing what she was thinking, Harvey lowered his voice and said, "Vicky, I've been having my men follow Tyler lately, so telling you what we found isn't that big a trouble at all."

There were not many people who had the power to investigate Tyler's schedule, and since she could not seek Sebastian's help, Harvey was the only option she had left.

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said, "I

"Sure, I'll get them to summarize the data and send it over to you."

10 minutes later, all the information was sent to Vicky's phone, and she began to study the information attentively.

The schedule seemed ordinary, but she soon noticed the blank slots of time on the schedule. She recalled that most of the blank slots were times when Tyler was not home.

Vicky called Harvey back immediately. "Mister Sparks, I want to know what's going on with the blanks on the schedule."

"Tyler is a highly alert man, but since his safety is of paramount importance, all his bodyguards are extremely skilled at spotting anyone who follows them. They frequently discovered my men, and we'd need to fall back once discovered before continuing to follow him after some time."

Vicky glanced at the time when these blanks were found. "The blanks are mostly at night. Why?"

Most of the blank slots were found after seven at night, and no one seemed to know where he was during this period.

Harvey's voice deepened. "We can't find him during this time, which means that he reinforced the force to guard the premise around him with exceptionally skilled individuals, which makes it really difficult to find out where he went."

Vicky stared at the information wordlessly.

"May I ask why you decided to look into him all of a sudden?" "I suspect that he's seeing another woman," Vicky said calmly.

Harvey seemed to be shocked. "Sheila Young?"

Chapter 404

"It's not her." The woman in the photo popped into Vicky's mind. "I suspect that it's the woman he's been truly in love with." "The woman he's been truly in love with?"

Vicky smiled bitterly. "I used to think that he was in love with Sheila. I later found out that...Sheila was just a substitute for that woman."

After a few moments of silence, Harvey asked, "What makes you say that?"

"I saw a photo in his study room. Besides," she bitterly continued, "he didn't agree to continue the marriage with me to advance his career. It's probably because I can play 'The Moonlight Bay'."

The song was what Vicky, Sheila, and Nikki shared in common.

"The Moonlight Bay?" Harvey repeated in an odd tone.

Vicky was sharp enough to pick up on it. "Do you know something about it?"

Harvey used to be Vicky's fiance and had a grudge against Tyler, so it was likely that Harvey knew what happened in the past.

He did not say anything.

"Mister Sparks, do you know something about this?" she repeated.

'How can I forget?' she thought to herself. "Harvey is one of the people who might know everything concerning the memories I've lost."

"Vicky," he said in a melodious yet hoarse voice. "Sometimes, it's better to forget."

Harvey's advice sounded familiar;

Vicky gripped her phone tightly. "You know this person, don't you?"

"Vicky..."

"Just answer me. Yes or no?"

Harvey did not respond, and Vicky got her answer from his silence. Just as she was about to hang up, she heard him sigh.

"Yes, I do know her."

"What about me? Do I know her?"

"You do, too."

"Can you tell me her name?"

"I'm sorry, Vicky."

Vicky smiled. "Thank you for telling me this." She paused before adding, "A big part of my motivation for looking into Tyler is because of this woman, so...I don't think I should be asking for your help to avoid putting you in a difficult situation. I know that it's going to be challenging to find the truth alone. All I ask is that you don't try to hide this woman from me. Don't worry, though. I just want to know who she is. I won't do anything to hurt her."

"Vicky, I can tell you with certainty that the woman Tyler is seeing right now isn't her," Harvey said.

"Is that so?"

"I'm not trying to protect this person by not telling you who she is. It's just that..." Harvey struggled with his words. "Just remember that I'd never hurt you."

"Thank you. I need to go now."

"Alright."

After the call, she started glancing through Tyler's schedule during the day.

She was being haunted by a masked man, while he spent time with a mysterious woman.

'What a couple we are,' she thought.

His whereabouts at night had been completely out of sight, but what happened during the day had been recorded in detail. She could see that he had been staying in Hart Corporation the entire day without heading out for any business meeting.

No data found.

Chapter 406

Jennifer looked at Vicky. "Vicky, I can give you the perfume if you need it. However, if the person you're looking for doesn't appear around you or the people you know, it won't work. I suppose you can use this to confirm if it's someone you know, at the very least.'

Vicky nodded in agreement, believing it was an effective solution.

That night, Vicky returned home with the perfume, and as soon as she changed into her slippers, she spotted the man sitting on the couch in the living room.

He sat elegantly with his eyes on his phone, and Vicky narrowed her eyes when she glanced at his phone because it was the one he usually used.

She walked over to him. "Why are you back?"

He gazed up at her without a sign of abnormality in his expression. "Am I not welcomed here?"

"You are." Vicky avoided all the questions she wanted to ask but would never get the answers for. "Have you eaten?"

"No."

"I'll get Nanny Paterson to start preparing dinner, then.'

"Sure."

40 minutes later, dinner was ready, and the two proceeded to dine together.

After dinner, Tyler headed into the study to work before returning to the bedroom at ten.

Vicky was slightly taken by shock when she saw him walking into the bedroom and thought to herself, 'I thought he'd be sleeping in a different room. Why did he come back to our room tonight?'

Tyler's expression darkened at the sight of the surprise on her face. "Don't you want me to sleep in this room?"

"I'm not thinking that.' She walked toward the bathroom. "I'll shower now."

Tyler had already showered in a different bathroom and sat in bed while staring at his phone.

'He used to never spend so much time staring at his phone,' she thought bitterly.

After the shower, she went to lie down on the other side of the bed and was about to turn off the lights when Tyler said, "Did you change the brand of your shower gel?"

She froze and started to panic, having remembered she put on some of the perfume she got from Jennifer.

She had been hesitant as to whether she should use the perfume on the masked man or Tyler, but since Tyler was home, she decided to look for the mysterious woman he was seeing.

She had tested the scent beforehand and found it was faint, so only people with

sensitive senses would notice.
To her horror, Tyler noticed it right away.

Chapter 407

At that moment, Vicky was about to go to bed and had her hair down, which conveniently covered her face.

“I didn’t.” She lowered her gaze. “I just used some essential oil.”

It seemed to be just a casual question, and since Vicky was about to go to sleep, Tyler went and switched off the lights on his end of the bed as well. He did not touch her or hold her closer, but Vicky consoled herself inwardly. ‘It’s fine. Jennifer said that anyone who’s been next to me for an hour or more would have the scent stuck on them. The longer they’re with me, the thicker the scent is, to the point that the scent would even cling to those they come into contact with. It might be like searching for a needle in a haystack, but it’s better than knowing nothing at all.’

Vicky sat in the corner of a cafe and waited patiently.

Shortly after, a woman wearing a pair of sunglasses sat in front of Vicky.

“Why have you asked me out all of a sudden, Miss Shaw?” Sheila asked.

It had been so long since Vicky met Sheila. She had not heard anything about Sheila either since she called Tyler in the middle of the night some time ago.

In the recent week, Tyler had been returning home and resting with a strict schedule, so the report she received from Harvey showed no abnormality.

Perhaps it was because Tyler had been at home every day, but the masked man had not appeared again-though he continued to text her every single day. Even at this moment, she had no clue about the identity of the woman

Tyler was seeing.

Vicky took a sip of coffee and smiled. ‘It’s been a while since I saw you, so I figured we should catch up.’

Sheila ordered a cup of coffee and took off her sunglasses. ‘Is there a point to all these pretenses between us?’

Vicky chuckled. ‘Since you want to go straight to the point, I’ll cut to the chase. There’s something I want to ask you about.’

“What is it?”

“Have you been with Tyler later?”

She scowled. “I’ve been filming overseas and just returned yesterday.’

Since Sheila had confirmed that she had not been with Tyler, Vicky leaned back and said, “I suspect that Tyler is seeing another woman.”

Sheila paled. “What?”

Vicky stood from her seat and walked over to Sheila, seemingly sniffing her.

Slightly taken aback by her action, Sheila asked, “What are you doing, Vicky? N Though Vicky knew that Tyler was not meeting Sheila all along, her heart ached when she confirmed her theory. It would have been better if the woman was Sheila because Vicky knew that Tyler never truly loved her, but ...there was no scent on Sheila.

The woman was not her.

Vicky did not bother to explain herself and returned to her seat again. “The

woman Tyler loves has returned.”

“That’s impossible!” Sheila blurted out.

“Why not?”

Sheila opened her mouth to speak but swallowed whatever words were at the tip of her tongue.

Chapter 408

Sheila glanced at Vicky and took out her phone to search for something. Shortly after, her expression darkened.

Vicky narrowed her eyes and stared directly at Sheila. ‘You know who that is, don’t you?’

Sheila looked up abruptly. “Vicky Shaw, were you testing me?”

“I’m not that bored,’ Vicky said casually. “Though you kept telling me that you don’t know who this woman is, even Nikki managed to sense something, so is it really possible for you, someone who came close to becoming Tyler’s fiancée, not know anything? If you don’t know a thing, why would you keep reminding me how important this person is to Tyler?”

Sheila remained silent.

The waiter brought the coffee Sheila ordered and set it down in front of her before leaving.

“Both of us are just substitutes for this woman,” Vicky continued. “You might think that I’m lucky to be Missus Hart, but...once she’s back. I’ll have to give up everything I have now.

“I don’t mind telling you the truth: Tyler has been acting weird lately, and I suspect that this woman might be back.”

Vicky did not know what Sheila saw on her phone, but she did not seem to suspect a word Vicky said. She stared at the steaming cup of coffee in front of her and whispered, “Vicky, Tyler might put up with me to a certain degree, but there are lines that no one can cross. Do you understand?”

Vicky stared at her intently. “If you can leave hints here and there for me, why would it be an issue for you to just come right out and say it?”

Sheila met her eyes. “There are taboos. Besides...saying these things out loud won’t benefit me in any way. Quite the opposite, actually. I’ll lose everything.”

“I should’ve known about this woman before I lost my memories.” Vicky observed the look on Sheila’s face. “I’ll get those memories back. Even if I don’t know anything about this woman right now, I’ll know about her in the future.

Since this person has resurfaced, I don’t want to be ignorant.”

Sheila stirred her coffee as she wavered.

Noticing her struggle, Vicky decided to push her further. ‘Harvey Sparks knows this woman, and she’s rather important to him as well, isn’t she?’

Sheila looked up in shock. “Why do you know that?”

“It’s not exactly a secret so long as one tries to find out.” Vicky kept her composure. “I might’ve lost touch with the Shaws, but they probably know what happened all those years back. I could ask them about it-”

“Vicky,” Sheila interrupted her, “it’s best that you don’t ask the Shaws about this.”

Vicky paused. "Why not?"

Sheila shot her a half-smile. "If you're so smart and managed to get this far, you should know."

Vicky arrived home that night and was stopped by someone.

"Vicky, can I have a few minutes of your time?"

Vicky stared at the middle-aged woman in front of her. "Missus Mills?"

The last time she saw Missus Mills was during the Mills' party, and Missus Mills was the embodiment of elegance at the time. However, at this moment, her hair had all turned gray, and she looked so exhausted that it was as though she aged 10 years in the past six months.

Missus Mills looked at her and pleaded, "Vicky, can you help Sebastian out? n Vicky's expression darkened when she heard Sebastian's name. "I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do."

She did not know what happened to Sebastian, but she had no sympathy for someone who sold her to Forever Night for his gain. Had it not been for Sebastian's scheme, the masked man would never have haunted her.

Vicky turned to leave, but Missus Mills reached out to grab her by the wrist.

"Vicky Shaw, you got Sebastian and the Mills into this position. You can't just stay out of it!"

Vicky scowled. "Missus Mills, let go."

Missus Mills glared at her with bloodshot eyes and gritted out, "Vicky, you came close to getting Sebastian killed, and this time...are you trying to break our family apart?"

Chapter 409

"Missus Mills, I don't know what's happening in the business world, but I think it's shameless to blame your business failure on a woman."

Missus Mills ignored her and shouted hysterically, "You were the reason Sebastian had to stay overseas for years! You are a disaster, Vicky Shaw! If it wasn't for you, why would Tyler come after Sebastian and the Mills?!"

Vicky frowned, unfeeling toward the Mills.

Sebastian used her to set up a trap for Tyler, and she had gone through hell because of that, so it was only normal for Tyler to retaliate. It would have been odd if Tyler simply let it pass without punishing Sebastian.

"Please leave, Missus Mills. If you continue to cause trouble here, I'm calling the police." Vicky shook off Missus Mills' hand and walked into the mansion.

Missus Mills did not follow her into the mansion and shouted, "Vicky Shaw, what's stolen will never be truly yours. You will pay for what you've done!"

Vicky opened the door. Before she got in, however, she turned and glanced at Missus Mills—who remained standing and glared daggers at her resentfully.

The pure hatred in her eyes caused Vicky's heart to sink.

Tyler did not return that night and simply sent her a text saying that he was busy and that he would not be returning home.

Vicky knew she would never get the answer to a question he did not wish to be asked, so she did not confront him about it.

However, what Missus Mills said earlier suddenly came to mind.

'Stolen?' she thought. 'Missus Mills said that I stole something, but from who? From the woman Tyler is seeing?'

In Tyler's absence, Vicky twisted and turned in bed as she struggled to fall asleep.

Sometime later, she heard a faint sound from the door.

Since she was not asleep to begin with, she instantly perked up at the sound, knowing only the masked man would make such a sound.

Perhaps it was because Tyler had been at home most of the time recently, but the masked man had not reached out to her for a long while.

He strode toward the bed, his figure blurred by the darkness, and Vicky held her breath.

"Why aren't you asleep?" he asked.

Startled, she said, "How do you know that I'm not?"

He caressed her cheek and said, 'You're breathing differently.'

She already tried her best to keep her breathing stable and had no clue as to how the man noticed the difference.

"Why?" he whispered as though he was talking to himself.

Confused, she asked, "Why, what?"

"Why weren't you pregnant?"

Vicky was stunned.

Chapter 410

Vicky could sense the man's smothering gaze even in the darkness and thought to herself, 'This guy has to be insane. Nothing ever happened between us, so why would I be pregnant with his child?'

Naturally, she dared not to say it out loud for fear she might provoke him, so she remained quiet.

Just then, a faint fragrance caught her attention.

It was a pleasant, familiar scent, and Vicky's eyes widened.

She tensed at the realization that it was the fragrance of the perfume she got from Jennifer.

The bed was filled with the same scent, and Vicky had grown used to it.

Realization dawned on her that this was the first time she met with the masked man since she obtained the perfume.

'We've only been next to each other for a few minutes, so why would he... smell like the perfume?' she thought. 'Am I just imagining things, or is the scent in this room so thick that it attached itself to his body?'

The man stared at her intently with his piercing gaze. The fragrance became more and more distinctive, and Vicky struggled to tell if she was imagining it or if it truly existed.

Sensing how tense she was, he asked, "What's wrong?"

Vicky moved closer to sniff him, which elicited a question. "Why are you sniffing me?"

"I want to know if you smell like another woman.'

He chuckled. "Jealous?"

Vicky did not respond.

The man seemed to be pleased and explained, "You are my only woman." Vicky clenched the sheets beneath her as she tried her best to maintain her composure. "I want to know what made you pick me from the auction." "Hm?" The man was shocked as Vicky rarely showed him any interest. "Why did you pick me? Why did you help me out, only to haunt me afterward?" "I told you that I like your face, didn't I?" Vicky could recall that he had mentioned something similar in Forever Night. After a brief moment of silence, she said, "That's all?" "What else can there be?" She looked up at the man who was holding her with a smile. "Are you sure it's not because it's fun and exciting?" Confused, the man muttered, "What?" Her voice grew cold. "Tyler Hart, how long are you going to keep this up?"

Chapter 411

The air froze around them, and they could hear each other breathing. Sometime later, the masked man repeated in confusion, "Tyler Hart?" Vicky sneered. 'Stop pretending. I know it's you.' "I don't know what you're talking about." Vicky stared at the figure before her. "Switch on the lights and we'll know, won't we?" The man fell into silence, and Vicky did not press on. Silence filled the room and he took off the voice changer to reveal his cold, melodious voice. "How did you find out?" Tyler had admitted to it straight away since Vicky discovered the truth. He knew that Vicky was not one who could be easily fooled, and since she precisely mentioned his name, it meant that she had found solid proof of her claim. Instead of answering the question, she said, "Are we still going to continue the conversation like this?" A few seconds later, the lamp on the nightstand was switched on. The majestic face before her seemed both strange and familiar at the same time under the light. Though she confirmed that it was Tyler and he had admitted to being the masked man, she still could not help but jolt when she saw his face. "Why?' she mumbled. He studied her under the light with his dark eyes, and she stared back in confusion. "Why would you do this?" "How did you know it was me?" he asked. "I got my hands on a flask of perfume, and anyone who comes into contact with it will have the scent attached to their person for a long period." Vicky's lips curled into a cold sneer. 'I've only used it on Tyler Hart so far, and you come smelling like him, so who else can you be?' The look in his eyes darkened. "If being in contact alone will catch the scent... isn't there a possibility that I've come into contact with the masked man?" "There's that possibility, but..." She stared into his eyes. "If the contact was brief, the scent wouldn't be this thick. You've been at home in the past week, and the intensity of the scent is incomparable to one who's only been exposed to the

scent for a few minutes. Of course, the perfume alone isn't enough. Since you're the same person as him, there are bound to be things that you can't change. I've always thought that you and the masked man are a lot alike, but you'd leave whenever I try to get a closer look..."

Vicky was referring directly to Tyler as she continued to maintain eye contact. "You've been all hot and cold lately because you didn't want me to recognize you, haven't you?"

"That's right."

Despite how poorly maintained their marriage had been, they were still a married couple and Tyler noticed that she was having doubts about him from the suspicious look on Vicky's face, so he reduced the intimacy between them and stopped kissing or holding her, before going as far as sleeping in a different room.

Vicky clenched her fists at the thought of all the torment she had gone through in the past weeks and roared, "Why?! Why would you do this?!"

Tyler did not panic at all about being busted and remained as cold and composed as ever, almost as though Vicky was the one at fault instead.

He looked at her calmly and said, "You said so yourself, didn't you? Because it's fun and exciting." "So you are getting off with my misery?!" He chuckled coldly.

Chapter 412

"Vicky, are you mistaken about something?" Tyler drawled, each word as frosty as a blade of ice. "You were the one who ran away with Sebastian Mills while I was on a business trip. You brought this onto yourself."

Her breath caught in her throat. "This is your way of retaliating?"

"I won't call it retaliation," he said casually. "I just mean to teach you a lesson so you remember the consequences of running away, so that you won't run again."

He stared at her fluttering eyelashes and said, "This is the price you need to pay."

Vicky had thought that he was pretending to be calm, but he sounded so righteous that she realized he thought that all the things he had done were for good reasons.

She opened her mouth to speak but realized she no longer dared to run.

She developed a fear of the darkness and strange, unfamiliar environment, and Tyler's presence imprinted a sense of security within her.

Tears welled in her eyes. "So you know about my plan to leave all along?"

"Yes."

"You were the one who arranged for me to be sold at the auction in Forever Night?"

His expression darkened slightly when he saw the tears scrolling down her cheek. He reached out to gently wipe her tears away, just like how he did when he did before, but instead of feeling moved and calmed, Vicky felt her blood running cold.

His voice was loud and clear in the silent night. "Don't worry. No one else saw you." He paused before adding, "I was the one who changed your clothes for you as well."

“...” Vicky was stunned, not by how elaborate his plot was or how sickening his actions were, but because whether anyone else had seen her naked was the main point of focus for him.

She blinked and held her tears back as she looked at him. “Very well. Let’s just say that what I went through in Forever Night is your lesson to me. I’ve already returned to Stoneford City and as you wish, I no longer want to escape. You should be satisfied now...so why pretend to be someone else to haunt me? Is it that fun to terrorize me, fill me with guilt, and keep me on edge the entire day?”

He scowled. “I never meant to scare you.”

“What were you planning to do, then? Don’t tell me that it’s really just for fun.’

Tyler had not meant to do such a thing in the first two months and he even sent a therapist over to treat her. Two months later, something happened that seemed to have changed his mind.

After a long moment of silence, he said, “It’s all in the past now. There’s no point in talking about it.”

Vicky was amused. “It’s in the past, huh?”

He looked at her intently. ‘Since you’ve found out about me...the game ends here. I won’t blame you for the past.’

Chapter 413

“You won’t blame me?” Vicky repeated and said sarcastically, “So, am I supposed to be thankful for having your forgiveness?”

“You don’t need to,” he said. “You just need to remember this lesson.’

“You sure worked hard to stop me from running or divorcing you,” she mocked.

He ignored her tone and said, ‘You are my wife, after all. It’s normal for me to put some effort into you.’

She chuckled. “Am I supposed to be honored?”

Tyler seemed to have grown tired of the subject and said, “It’s getting late. We should rest.”

Apart from feeling slightly surprised, Tyler did not seem overly affected by the fact that his identity had been exposed as though it was something not out of the ordinary.

He pulled Vicky into his arms and Vicky shoved him away before getting out of bed with a dark look on her face.

Tyler scowled. “Where are you going?”

“I’m sleeping in the guest room tonight.’

He got out of bed to stop her. “Stop it.”

‘Stop it?’ She repeated inwardly. ‘What a jerk.’

She pulled away from his touch and said, “It’s not like you are going to do anything to me tonight, so it shouldn’t matter where I sleep.”

“I said, no,” he said sternly.

Disgust and resentment filled her heart the same way they did when she was cornered by the masked man.

She ignored him and walked around him, only to be lifted off her feet after she had taken a few steps toward the door.

She had been suppressing her anger and frustration, and she felt like she was

suffocating when Tyler showed no remorse for his action.

"Let me go!" She fought him with all her might in an attempt to break free from his embrace.

His arms tied her down like chains, and she simply could not shake him off.

"Let's go to sleep together," he coaxed in a softer voice. "I won't touch you." 'Is it supposed to be considered mercy that he isn't touching me now?' She cried inwardly. 'Do I have no right to reject him?'

"Tyler Hart!" Tears welled in her eyes, but she managed to hold back her tears.

"I said, let me go!"

He lowered his gaze to her and noticed that she was trembling in rage.

She bit her lower lip as she tried to suppress her emotions, but failed to hide the hatred and disgust in her eyes.

"No," he said coldly.

No one could change his decision, and whatever he wanted would always belong to him.

Vicky hated how he was always calm as though nothing ever bothered him.

She felt like a pet to him; he could treat her well whenever he was in a good mood and cast her aside whenever he was upset. He had no concern for her well-being or feelings, and he would never bother to explain himself to her.

Tyler did not love her. The thought sent a piercing pain through her chest, which radiated to every cell in her body.

"Tyler Hart." Her eyes were still red, but the tears had run dry

Chapter 414

Vicky stared at him and gritted out, "I am divorcing you."

Her heart sank slightly at the mention of divorce as she was severely traumatized by what happened. Despite learning about the truth, she could not help but feel terrified at the notion of divorcing Tyler.

The look in his eyes darkened. "What did you just say, Vicky?"

The fear within her intensified in his presence, and for a moment, she felt like caving in. She quickly cast her weakness aside and repeated, "I said, I am divorcing you."

He set her down on the bed and pinned her against it, their faces inches away from one another. "Hm? Say it again."

His tone of voice was calm, but the darkness lurking in his eyes sent chills down her spine.

She clenched her fists and panted heavily as she opened her mouth to speak, but she failed to make a sound.

At this moment, she was forced to admit that she feared the man before her, to the point that one look from him was enough to terrorize her.

Tyler's expression eased in response to her silence. "Good girl."

She tensed and he lowered his head to brush his lips against hers. "You love kids, don't you? Let's have one of our own soon."

She looked away and muttered dazedly, "Kids..."

Her head sank as she recalled everything that had happened in recent times. "I won't give birth to your kids."

He caressed her cheek. "It's not up to you, Vicky."

The familiar words jogged her memories, and she remembered that the masked man had said something similar.

"What do you take me for? A toy that you can play with?!" She roared hysterically. "You think you can do whatever you want to me or toy with me however you want? Am I supposed to just give birth to your kid because you asked me to?!" She glared daggers at him resentfully. "If you want kids, you can find another woman to help you with that! I will never give birth to your child!"

Contrary to her outburst, he was far more composed.

"You want me to see another woman?" He narrowed his eyes. "Is that it?"

Like the silence before a storm, the calmer Tyler seemed, the more terrifying he was, but Vicky was far too angry to bother herself over it. "Yes! Go sleep with whoever you want and I won't even say a w—mmph!"

He devoured her lips before she could finish.

After learning the truth, his touch appalled her, so his kiss only had a worse effect on her.

She bit on his lip fiercely, and he simply paused before biting back until Vicky lost all strength to fight him.

Sometime later, Tyler was finally satisfied and he let her go.

"Vicky," he said hoarsely as he stared at her with his dark, pensive eyes.

Enraging me won't do you any good."

Chapter 415

Vicky's eyes lit up with anger as she gritted out coldly, "How is obeying you going to benefit me?"

"Do you really think that I won't touch you?" said Tyler.

"I wouldn't dare." She chuckled. "You've always done whatever you wanted with me anyway, right?"

He seemed to be oblivious to her sarcasm and said, "It's good that you're aware of tha

The scent of blood filled the air, and both of them were dripping blood from their lips.

Vicky recalled the time she scratched the masked man in the chest and Tyler had not been home for the week that followed. Realization dawned on her that he had been avoiding her out of concern that she might recognize him.

She had been trying whatever she could to find the woman he had been meeting in secret, only to find out that it had been her all along.

'Tyler went to sleep in a different room only to send texts to me as the masked man,' she thought to herself. 'Oh, I almost forgot. He's been toying with me all along and has probably been laughing at me behind my back.'

Seemingly aware of her thoughts, Tyler said, "Vicky, you're not a good actress or a person who's good at lying. It's best that you cast these thoughts away.'

She looked away. "Is that so?"

He nodded. "Your lies are filled with potholes and your acting is laughable.' His lips curled into a mocking smile. 'Forget about meeting another man.

Even if all you are attempting is to shoplift, you'll be spotted right away." His words pierced through her like daggers. Tyler lowered his gaze at her and said, "Without my cooperation, you wouldn't fool anyone past a day."

"..." Vicky questioned inwardly, 'So I'm supposed to thank him for playing along so far, then?'

After a long moment of silence, Vicky asked, 'What can I do to get your approval on the divorce?'

Tyler's expression darkened, but he soon regained his composure. 'Do you really want a divorce?'

She straightened her back and nodded. "Anything I can do. Just name your price."

He shot her a dark look. "Give me a child and I'll consider your proposal."

"Are you toying with me, Tyler Hart?!"

He lifted an eyebrow. 'Toying with you?'

"How are we going to get a divorce if we have a kid?"

"Why not?'

"We need to be held responsible for the kid once we decide to bring one into this world. If we can't even provide a child with a complete family, we might as well not give birth to a child at all." Vicky stared into his eyes. 'A child isn't a leverage we can use to fight each other.'

Tyler studied her coldly. "Fight? Vicky, do you actually think that you have what it takes to fight me?"

She froze and muttered sarcastically, "I guess I've overestimated myself."

"So, do you agree on the term?"

She shook her head. "No.'

Tyler was not surprised and simply pulled her back into his arms. "Sleep, then."

She instinctively tried to shake him off, but he only responded by tightening his arms around her.

"Tyler Hart." She felt as though he was crushing her bones. "If you can't fall asleep without something in your arms, I can get you a bolster.'

"I thought you'd find me another woman instead," he whispered into her ear.

"Tyler Hart, you have no shame!' she gritted out.

"Yeah.' He closed his eyes and said, 'Stay still. If you wake me up, I don't mind doing something to help me sleep.

Chapter 416

Vicky was held in place by Tyler's arms. Later that night, Vicky had an odd dream. She saw a thick fog before her and saw herself being chased by someone else from a third person's perspective. She had disguised herself, changed her passport, and gone through all difficulties to finally arrive at the airport. As soon as she boarded the plane, she spotted a familiar figure. The man, who seemed to notice her gaze on him, looked up quietly as he sat elegantly on his seat.

"You seem disappointed to see me, don't you?" He said. "Did you really think you could escape?" He smirked. "If you enjoy playing tag so much, maybe... I can let you run to another country and have fun for a few days before I come for you again. How does that sound?"

The scene changed suddenly, and a man tied up by ropes appeared before her for reasons beyond her comprehension. She could not see his face, but her other self in the dream seemed anxious when she saw the man who was tied up.

She looked at the majestic man on the couch and said, "I was the one who told him to take me with him! This isn't his fault! Just punish me if you want... I'm begging you. Let him go, okay?"

The man shot her a half-smile. "You sure care about him, huh? Your standards have lowered..."

"It's really not his fault..."

"Is that so?"

"Yes. Please let him go," she pleaded.

Vicky scowled at the sight of the malicious look in the man's eyes. She did not know why she would be dreaming of such a scene, but the Vicky she saw in her dream seemed a little hysterical and ignorant of the fact that the more she pleaded, the more enraged the man would be.

She turned her attention back to her other self in the dream and though they shared the exact same appearances, the Vicky in her dream had clearer eyes that looked far more innocent, whereas, in reality, she was no longer as innocent.

"I can let him go," the man on the couch said. "But..."

Her eyes lit up and she immediately said, "I can do anything as long as you let him go!"

The man's lips curled into a cold smile. "Come here and kiss me."

Vicky froze. "What?"

"Do you need me to teach you what kissing is?"

"But..."

"What's wrong? Are you worried that Mister Torres will be upset?"

She glanced at the man on the ground and slowly walked toward the man on the couch.

"Vicky, don't!" Mister Torres roared. "Vicky, don't trust him. He'll never let me go anyway!"

The man on the couch chuckled and narrowed his eyes ruthlessly. "Someone breaks his legs for me."

Two bodyguards dressed in black came over holding baseball bats in their hands.

"No!" Vicky hurried over to the man on the couch, took a deep breath, and closed her eyes to plant a brief kiss on his lips.

"Vicky Shaw, I said kiss, not a peck," the man said coldly

Chapter 417

Vicky obviously knew what Tyler was referring to as a kiss.

After a few moments of hesitation, she kissed him once again, only this time, it was no longer a peck but a passionate kiss.

Just as she was about to end it, he grabbed her by the back of her neck and pulled her toward him, causing her to fall onto his lap.

“B*stard, let her go!” The man on the ground struggled in rage.

Not only did the other man not let her go, but he even deepened the kiss so eagerly that even his bodyguards looked away from the sight.

Vicky instinctively tried to shove the man away at the sound of the other man shouting, and the suffocating kiss finally ended.

She opened her eyes and found herself gazing upon a pair of dark, pensive eyes while the man studied her with a faint sneer and cold expression. “It looks like you really want me to break his legs.’

She halted and said, “I don’t mean that. There are just too many people around, and I’m a little uncomfortable. D—Don’t misunderstand.”

The look in his eyes darkened, and Vicky gritted her teeth before moving closer to kiss him again.

Unlike the time before, the man simply allowed the kiss passively and kept his eyes trained on the man on the ground.

“Tyler Hart, you b*stard! You never loved Vicky, so why won’t you set her free? You-”

Tyler interrupted him. “Mister Torres, Vicky is my wife now. You tried to run away with my wife. Don’t you think it’s a bit shameless for you to say such a thing?”

“Wife? Have you ever treated her like that?! If only you had, she’d never try to leave you!” Mister Torres roared.

“That’s between me and her. It’s none of your business,” Tyler looked down at the man on the ground in contempt. “Mister Torres, any man would find it hard to tolerate another man coming to steal his wife away.” He turned to look at his bodyguards. “Why are you just standing there? I told you to break his legs, didn’t I?”

Vicky’s eyes widened and she blurted out, “You promised me…”

“What did I promise you?” Tyler smiled mockingly.

Vicky froze as she realized that he never made her a solid promise. All he did was make a request and lay out a trap, and she jumped in without hesitation.

She grabbed the hem of his skirt and begged, “What can I do for you to let him go?”

“Mister Torres tried to kidnap you and as punishment, he’s losing his legs. Of course, if you care for him so much…” He shot Vicky a soulful look. “You can take the punishment in his place.”

“No!” Mister Torres shouted. “Vicky, you can’t agree to that!”

Vicky did not look at Mister Torres and simply kept her eyes trained on Tyler.

“Okay.”

Tyler’s expression darkened.

Vicky stood by the side as she observed the scene. For reasons she could not begin to explain, she could sense how her other self felt at the scene and knew that she only agreed to take the punishment because she did not wish to owe Mister Torres anything.

“Vicky, don’t!” Mister Torres was still shouting, but his voice started to grow distant.

All Vicky saw was Tyler grabbing the baseball bat from one of his bodyguards and walking toward her with his arm raised before he swung at her feet.

“Aahh!

Chapter 418

Vicky screamed and opened her eyes abruptly.

The man sleeping next to her was woken up by her scream and sat up to turn on the light.

The warm light chased away the darkness, and his silky voice echoed in the room. “Bad dreams?” He pulled her into his arms and reassured her, “It’s fine now.’

She turned around blankly, and the fear in her eyes intensified when she saw his face.

Part of his face was concealed by the darkness, as dark as the soul hidden beneath his skin that preyed on anyone who was drawn closer by his alluring appearance.

Overwhelmed by terror, she shoved him away. “Don’t touch me”

He scowled in displeasure but suppressed his emotions, considering she had just had a nightmare. He shot her a pointed look and said, “I will get you a glass of water.’

With that, he walked out of the room.

As Tyler left, Vicky’s racing heart settled down, and she realized that what she saw was only a dream.

What one thought of during the day tended to haunt them at night, and she realized that Tyler represented all things evil in her mind at this point for him to seem so terrifying in her dream.

Soon, Tyler returned with a glass of water and handed it to Vicky. ‘Take a sip.’ Perhaps it was because of the nightmare she had or that she had finally learned the truth, but she did not reject his offer.

After taking a few sips of water, she finally regained her composure and sobered completely.

She handed the glass back to Tyler and said, “Thank you.”

Tyler did not respond and placed the glass on the nightstand. He went to bed and stared at her. “What did you dream of?”

She instinctively looked away in silence, and he chuckled. ‘Me?’

Vicky recalled how Tyler said that she was a poor actor. If he could guess what appeared in her dream, he would definitely be aware of her plan to escape.

“What did I do?” He seemed interested. “What did I do to scare you that much?”

She looked at him. “In my dream...you broke my legs.”

He lifted an eyebrow. Unlike ordinary men who would hold her close and tell her that they would never hurt her under the same circumstance, he asked, “Why did I break your legs?’

“Because...” She stared into his eyes. “I tried to run.”

“I see...” Tyler scanned her up and down. “Are you scared?”

“...A little.”

“Don’t try to run, then. Or else...’ He held her close and said, “The day I run out of patience, I might actually break your legs.”

Sensing how serious he was, her blood ran cold. She stared at him and mumbled, “Will you really...break my legs?”

“Of course.” He remained extremely calm. ‘Fear is the best way to command submission.”

Chapter 419

Vicky’s heart sank.

At that moment, she finally realized the reason Tyler did what he had done to her in Forever Night and pretended to be another man to terrorize her in Stoneford City.

It was not retaliation, because a man like Tyler would not waste his time on something so childish.

He understood that he could not lie to her about his identity forever, and before she inevitably found out, he decided to make sure that she feared him.

Indeed, fear commanded submission, and she surrendered her body and soul to him out of fear.

She looked down. “Turn off the lights. I want to sleep.”

“Sure.” He turned off the lights and pulled her back into his arms before drifting back to sleep.

The next day, Vicky got out of bed to wash up after waiting for Tyler to leave.

Once she finished breakfast, she made a call to Missus Mills. “Missus Mills, where is Sebastian? Can I meet with him?”

Missus Mills was slightly shocked to receive a call from Vicky all of a sudden, because Vicky did not seem to care about Sebastian at all the day before.

Sebastian and the Mills were all in a difficult position, and in a moment of desperation, Missus Mills gave her an address directly. ‘Sebastian is in City Centre Hospital right now. Tell me when you arrive, and I’ll come to pick you up.’ ‘City Centre Hospital? What happened to Sebastian? Why is he in the hospital?’ Vicky thought as she hung up and rushed to the hospital.

Outside the entrance, she found Missus Mills waiting for her, who still seemed uncomfortable about what happened the day before.

“Missus Hart...about what happened yesterday...” She attempted to explain.

Vicky interrupted her. “Why is Sebastian in the hospital?”

Missus Mills’ expression darkened at the mention of Sebastian. “He ran into a car accident some days ago, and he just regained consciousness yesterday.”

“Why would he get into an accident all of a sudden?”

Missus Mills shot Vicky a knowing look. “Sebastian started driving at an early age and under normal circumstances, he’d never crash. I don’t know how it happened either, but if it’s not just an accident, then someone must’ve caused it.”

Vicky lowered her gaze in silence and remained so until they arrived at Sebastian’s room.

Missus Mills knocked on the door. “Sebastian, Vicky is here to see you.”

Sebastian, who was reading a book in bed, looked up immediately. He was pale as a ghost and looked extremely frail, but seemed pleased to see Vicky. 'Vicky, take a seat. Mom, bring some of Vicky's favorite fruits.'

Sebastian and Vicky grew up together, so Missus Mills knew Vicky's preference

Chapter 420

Missus Mills frowned at the way Sebastian fawned over Vicky, but since she needed Vicky's help, she simply picked up a fruit basket and went to wash the fruit.

Once she was gone, Vicky said, 'Sebastian, I'm sorry. I misunderstood you.'

Tyler was an extremely calculative man, and under his scheme, she was misled to think that Sebastian was the one who put her in the position. It was not until she found out the truth that she realized everything had been nothing but an enormous scam that Tyler made Sebastian his scapegoat.

Sebastian was slightly surprised by her words. "Vicky, w-why did you..."

"I found out." An apologetic look emerged on her face. "I've wrongfully accused you of something you didn't do."

Sebastian did not seem to hold a grudge against her and consoled her instead, "Even I get tricked when I'm facing a man like Tyler, so it's normal for you to fall for it when you don't have any insight into what happened."

Sebastian stared at Vicky hesitantly and she said, "Sebastian, just speak your mind."

He lowered his voice. "Vicky, have you ever looked into how you got into a car accident?"

"I wasn't paying attention, and someone drove past the red light under the influence of alcohol." Vicky was confused as to why he had brought this up. "Is something wrong?"

"Have you considered why you've lost your memories, then?"

"I had a severe concussion and lost my memories," she said, before realization dawned on her. "What are you implying Sebastian?"

"You've been married to Tyler for four years, and you know better than anyone about what kind of a person he is. Considering what I know about you, your feelings for him had probably run dry, yet you somehow lost your memories at that precise time... You started believing in him again," Sebastian drawled and smiled bitterly. "I thought that Alex was exaggerating before, but judging from what is happening right now, I've misjudged him."

Vicky narrowed her eyes at the mention of the unfamiliar name. "Who is Alex?"

Sebastian smiled at her. "Alex was one of your best friends and you grew up together.

"Something happened to the Torres family when he was in high school, though, and they sent him overseas."

"Alex?" Vicky repeated thoughtfully. "Torres? His family name is Torres?"

Sebastian nodded. "Yeah. His name is Alex Torres."

Vicky's heart sank at the memories of her nightmare the night before.

"Is he not in Stoneford City now? How come...you've never mentioned him

before?”

“Alex came back after I left Stoneford City... It’s been so many years since I last saw him. He tried contacting me before coming back and we got into a fight, so he went home alone.”

“What happened after that?”

“Alex is a straightforward and occasionally reckless man. It’s easy for someone like him to cross people.” Sebastian sighed. “I don’t know who he crossed, but by the time he left Stoneford City, his legs were broken.”

“His legs were...broken?” Vicky studied Sebastian sharply. “What about me? I thought we were friends.”

“You were already married to Tyler at the time.” Sebastian thought about it and continued, “Alex had been in love with you...and my fight with him was about you as well. He came back to take you away with him. I told him that you were married and that he shouldn’t interfere with your love life.

However...”

Sebastian smiled bitterly. “He thought that it was just my trick of getting him to give up on you, and we got into a huge argument because of that. I was young and proud at the time, and I stopped contacting him altogether since then. I didn’t know about what happened to him until later on when I heard from a friend.”

“Well...are you still in touch with him now?” Vicky asked.

Chapter 421

Sebastian shook his head. “It dawned on me that I overreacted after I got my bearings, so I tried to contact Alex again, but I couldn’t find him. I asked his family, but they said Alex had been out of it after his legs were broken, and he never cared about other people.

“One day, he left a letter and left his family. He asked his family and friends not to worry about him because he only wanted some time to be alone. After that...I can’t get my hands on any of his news.”

Vicky heard that and her eyes started to waver. She thought the dream she had last night happened because of the shocking truth she discovered. From the looks of it, it was more than what she thought.

By then, Missus Mills came out with a bowl of washed fruits.

“Missus Hart.’ She gave Sebastian a warning look before smiling at Vicky.” Please have some fruits.”

Ever since Vicky was here, she had been calling Vicky ‘Missus Hart’. It was an act of means to remind Vicky and also Sebastian of their situation.

Vicky looked at Missus Mills and said, ‘Thank you.’

Suddenly, Missus Mills looked solemn. “Hey, Vicky. You’ve grown up with Sebastian, so you surely know what kind of person Sebastian is. I have no idea what our family has done to have crossed Mister Hart. Hart Corporation had been targeting Mills Group and buying shares of the group. It’s not just here, but it happened to our oversea business too.

“I’m not going to hide it from you. Mills Group started to shift the business to Lovian because of the attack from Hart Corporation. Our business power here is relatively

limited. The only reason we haven't left this city is that we are trying to shift everything overseas... Our family will, more or less, leave Zendonía in a year.

"But..." She looked at Vicky. "Now that Hart Corporation is after our business and taking away our orders... I'm afraid our cash flow is going to have a problem, and we'll be on the edge of bankruptcy."

Vicky asked, "What would you like me to do?"

"Vicky, I watched you grow up, so I'm going to be frank with you. I hope you can put in some words for us and ask Tyler to leave us alone. If he promises this, I'll immediately leave Zendonía with Sebastian and promise never to come back to Stoneford City,"

Missus Mills answered.

Before Vicky said anything, the look on Sebastian's face changed. He said, "Mother, no..."

Missus Mills cut him off, "Sebastian, don't tell me you're willing to see our business be destroyed? Fine. Let's not talk about the business. What about you? It was a narrow escape for you. Have you ever thought of...what if it happens again?"

Her eyes became watery. "Do you want us to grieve and mourn for you?"

Sebastian felt sorry too. He said softly, "Maybe he's not the one who caused the accident..."

"Maybe, you say?" Missus Mills sneered sarcastically. "Have you forgotten what he had done to you before you left Zendonía a few years ago?"

It left Sebastian speechless.

Vicky did not know there was a hidden reason why Sebastian left. She thus asked, "Missus Mills, can you please tell me what happened in detail?"

Missus Mills did not intend to hide anymore and told the truth. "Sebastian had always had a thing for you. After your family was ruined and your engagement with Harvey was over, Sebastian wanted to marry you... You hesitated with his proposal and didn't reject him like before, probably because of what happened to your family.

"At that time, Sebastian was very happy. As for what happened later, I don't truly know either. Sebastian refused to tell me. I only know you ended up with Tyler, and there was a rumor saying you were pregnant with his child.

"Sebastian couldn't accept it and tried to look for you a few times. One time, Tyler saw this and..."

Missus Mills paused and looked at Sebastian. Oddly, Sebastian's face looked terrible too.

She continued, "Tyler was a lunatic. He got someone to cause a car accident and knocked Sebastian until he was severely injured!"

Chapter 422

Vicky frowned. "Was there a misunderstanding?"

At that time, Tyler did not like her. Instead, he should be hating her. It was hardly unlikely he was the one who did that to Sebastian.

Missus Mills sneered, "There was no misunderstanding; he admitted it himself. Not long later, you two got married."

She continued, "Tyler is too powerful, and we can't defeat him. We can only hide from him. After Sebastian was cured, I sent him away. Not long later, he returned, as you can see, yet history seems to have repeated itself. Is there anything wrong with me suspecting it was Tyler's doing?"

Vicky was speechless.

Sebastian looked depressed after being reminded of the awful past.

After a while, Vicky was the one who broke the silence. "I understand."

She stood up and bowed respectfully at Missus Mills. "I'm truly sorry for causing so much trouble to Sebastian and your family. I'll do something about it."

Obviously, Missus Mills did not dare to act nobly especially since she was asking a favor from Vicky. She quickly stood up and tried to be polite. "You've forgotten everything. This has nothing to do with you."

Vicky forced herself to smile. "If there's nothing else, I'll be on my way."

Missus Mills sent her out.

"Vicky." Suddenly, Sebastian said, "Leave with me."

Before Vicky could say anything, the look on Missus Mills' changed. "Sebastian, what are you talking about? She's Tyler's wife now! How can she leave with another man?"

At this point, Vicky finally understood why Missus Mills refused to let Sebastian marry her. She suppressed her emotions. "Sebastian... Thank you for everything you did for me, but...you know that I've always seen you as a friend. Take care. I'll visit again when I'm free."

After that, she turned around and left.

During the evening, Tyler arrived home punctually. When he entered the house, Vicky bowl of soup in her hand.

"You're back?" Vicky took the initiative to greet him.

The brooding look in his eyes was evident as he glanced at the soup in her hand and, very quickly, to her face.

Vicky gripped her hand tighter as her heart suddenly skipped a beat.

Luckily, Tyler looked away very quickly and said faintly, "You're cooking dinner today?"

"Yes. I'm not too busy with work lately and have some spare time, so I prepared some dishes that you like," Vicky answered.

His toned long legs carried him toward Vicky, and he looked at her with a weird smile. "I thought you weren't going to have the appetite to eat after meeting Sebastian."

Vicky had just placed the soup on the table before she heard what Tyler said. Her fingers trembled.

She blurted, "You followed me?"

Chapter 423

Tyler raised an eyebrow. "Followed you?"

Vicky tried to calm herself and, with as much self-control as possible, spoke, "Tyler, you found and brought me back when I left Zendonja. It's not going to be easy for me to run away now that I'm here. Can you please give me some personal space?"

Tyler's face was expressionless. "You were able to escape because I gave you too much 'personal space'. Do you think I'd make the same mistake twice?"

Vicky sneered inwardly. 'I was able to escape, he said? He let me escape and planned everything that happened next. He even found a person to take the blame. It's funny that he can stand there and be calm to say that I was able to escape. How hilarious!' she mused to herself sarcastically.

Vicky did not want to argue with him, so she suppressed her anger. 'Sebastian and I are just friends... I heard he is in the hospital, so I thought of visiting him.'

She took a deep breath. "I misunderstood him, and now, his family is having a hard time because of me..."

She paused before continuing, "Tyler, can you please let him and his family go this time?"

Tyler's face was indifferent. "I already let them go once."

"If you're willing to let them go, Sebastian will never come back to Zendonía after he recovers. The Mills family will also leave this place within a year and never come back," Vicky added.

Tyler's thin lips parted as he answered, "No."

"They didn't commit any serious crime. There's no need to be so harsh," Vicky tried to persuade.

"Being kind to your enemy is cruel to yourself." Tyler looked at her. "Besides, he tried to challenge me many times. It's a serious crime to me. I'm kind enough to let him breathe."

"What does it take to have you let them go?" Vicky asked.

"I don't know either." Tyler glanced at her and said nonchalantly, "Why don't ...you think of a way for me?"

It was that type of tone again! If Vicky believed in him, it would probably end up like what happened in her dream last night. She lowered her head and said nothing.

Tyler did not care. He went upstairs to change his clothes before coming down for dinner. His face was so alluring, and his movement looked regally elegant.

The moment she thought of the things he did, Vicky's body shivered in coldness.

A week later.

Vicky rubbed her aching glabella when her phone continued to vibrate. In the end, she answered the call.

"Vicky, have you talked to Tyler? He didn't stop the acquisition of our share and even met up with our business partners and shareholders!" Missus Mills sounded very agitated. "He's trying to destroy us!"

She would call Vicky every day—sometimes, more than 10 times a day.

Vicky was watching the news on the television, and her face looked exhausted.

"According to the latest news, the share price of Mills Group hit rock bottom again today. In just a week's time, its market value has decreased by more than one billion and five hundred dollars..."

For the whole week, Vicky tried various methods yet still failed to make Tyler change his mind. There was no other way she could think of when nothing worked on him.

"Missus Mills..." Her voice sounded terrible. "What's the situation with Mills Group?"

Missus Mills sounded like she was crying. "If this continues next week, Mills Group is going to declare bankruptcy!"

Vicky gripped her phone tightly.

Tyler was a madman. Any man who tried to be close to her or help her ended up in a terrible position. It was like he was trying to cut off her wings.

Vicky wanted to apologize, but it meant nothing at all when she could not do anything to help Mills Group.

Chapter 424

Thus, Vicky fell silent.

"Please, Vicky," Missus Mills whimpered, "help Sebastian. Help my family, please. I'm begging you!"

"Missus Mills. I wish to help too, but...Tyler doesn't listen to me," Vicky explained.

"I heard that Harvey is back in Stoneford City," said Missus Mills. "The grudges between Harvey and Tyler aren't secret. If you go ask Harvey for help, I'm sure he's willing to help!"

Vicky made no promises. Asking Harvey for help to fight against Tyler would mean she betrayed Tyler and stood against him. The grudges between them were not as easy as 'you hate me, and I hate you'.

It was a far different level from the way Tyler hated Sebastian.

"Vicky, Tyler never loved you!" Missus Mills said in a hurry when she realized Vicky was hesitating. "There's something I never want to tell you, but he's crossed the line. The real person he loved wasn't Sheila. It's..."

Missus Mills paused and hesitated. Yet, she remembered how Tyler was ruining her family, and all caution was flung out of the window.

'There's nothing worse than this anymore! If he's not going to let us live, I won't let him live in peace!' she told herself resolutely.

"The person he loves is your cousin, Gloria!" Missus Mills exposed.

A few days later.

Vicky just got out of the bathroom when she caught a whiff of a heavy scent of alcohol. Tyler had a dinner to attend this night, so he was a little late when he returned.

Before she could react, someone suddenly hugged her from behind. Subsequently, she found her skin repeatedly peppered with kisses.

She frowned with disgust. She tried to evade Tyler's kisses and said, "You haven't had your shower yet-mmph!"

"I'll shower later," said Tyler, his voice smoky and husky.

"You should go now. You stink," Vicky insisted.

Tyler finally reacted to that and let her go.

She had no idea where he went today, but it appeared he drank a little more. His clear eyes looked glossed over, unlike his normal diligent look.

He looked at her from a condescending angle. His body coincidentally was covering her like a huge net. She had nowhere to run.

He just stood there and looked at her while being in a blurred moment.

That look shattered Vicky's heart.

Her feelings were not wrong. He truly was looking at her while thinking of someone else. She lowered her head and walked right past him.

"Hurry up and go shower," she said.

More than 10 minutes later, Tyler walked out of the bathroom without his towel to cover his body.

It was a windy night, and Tyler had fallen into a deep sleep beside Vicky.

She double-checked to make sure Tyler was asleep before getting off the bed nimbly like a cat would.

Strands of her hair fluttered as the night breeze blew at her.

There was a black car parked outside of the mansion, and a man leaned lazily on the vehicle. When he saw Vicky was out, he stood straight.

"You got everything?" The man's deep voice was especially alluring in the quiet night.

Vicky nodded and passed the things in her hand to the man.

She hesitated, "Are you sure I can get a divorce...without him present to sign it?"

Chapter 425

The man smiled. "As long as you have the marriage certificate, his social security number, and a copy of his driving license, then yes."

Vicky looked at him and said, "Thank you, Mister Sparks."

Harvey raised an eyebrow. "Before you lost your memory, you always called me Harvey. I'm not used to hearing you calling me Mister Sparks."

Vicky smiled. "Thank you, Harvey."

Harvey smiled brightly and cheerfully. Suddenly, he realized Vicky came empty-handed.

He asked, "You're not going to bring anything with you?"

"It's rare for him to get drunk. I'm afraid I'll wake him up if I gather my things," Vicky answered.

She did not dare to pack anything because she was afraid Tyler might notice something.

Harvey nodded. "Alright. You can buy the things you need when you reach your destination."

Vicky opened her mouth and wanted to say something as she looked at Harvey's handsome yet impish face.

Harvey knew what was in her mind and said seriously, "I've already requested someone to pump in capital to Mills Group to stabilize their share price. Don't worry. The Mills family will be alright."

Vicky looked at him and said, "If Tyler continues to attack them, won't the money you invested be gone too?"

He smiled. "Mills Group isn't that strong in the world. It's hard for them to survive if someone is targeting them, yeah, but it's a different story for Johnson Corporation. Tyler is going to have a hard time if he wants to cause trouble for us. It's not worth it. But..."

He looked at Vicky and said seriously, "Someone from Johnson Corporation is in touch with Mills Group to talk about acquisition. If Mills Group refuses, then we're not going to invest in them without any valid reason."

Vicky understood that. "Regardless, I still need to thank you."

Harvey opened the car door for her. "Let's go; we can talk more on the way. I've temporarily knocked out the people Tyler sent to monitor you. Once they realize something is wrong, we're going to be in deep trouble."

"Alright." Vicky got into the car.

Soon, Harvey's car drove away.

Vicky's eyes wavered as she looked at the mansion outside the window. The thought of leaving Tyler skyrocketed when she knew Tyler was the masked man. She knew very well she would be trapped in this tomb forever if Tyler refused to let her go.

From some points, Tyler succeeded. Without a thorough plan, she did not dare to mention the word 'divorce' anymore.

The thing that happened to the Mills family and what Missus Mills told her was the final straw. After having failed in a few attempts to change Tyler's decision, she decided to call Harvey, who listened and agreed to help her without hesitation.

However, he had one condition. He hoped she could leave Tyler, leave this place, and be far away from this fight.

If she was asked to do this in the past, she would surely hesitate. However, this condition was actually a way to help her escape this hell. Nonetheless, she insisted on filing for divorce before leaving Tyler. If the divorce failed, it meant nothing for her to leave him.

Buzz. Buzz. Buzz.

Tyler's vibrating phone woke him up. The hangover caused his head to be in pain. He reached for the phone on the bedside table and answered it.

"Mister Hart..." muttered his subordinate cautiously. "We Jost contact with men who are responsible for your wife's safety. We then found them knocked out, having been tranquilized."

Tyler turned to look at the other side of the bed and instantly knew what happened.

Chapter 426

Tyler's eyes turned cold, and so did his voice.

"Where's Vicky?" he asked.

"She... She left Stoneford City three hours ago, heading somewhere else..." his subordinate answered with fear.

The air became stagnant.

Tyler was not a person who liked to express his emotions visibly. Even when he was infuriated, he would never scold his subordinate. More often, his silence brought more fear when compared to the time he spoke.

"Huh," he scoffed smokily. It sounded apathetic and oppressing.

He spoke to himself, "My girl hasn't learned her lesson yet, it seems."

Vicky acted obediently this whole time. Although there were times she would fight back, it was nothing to Tyler. He thought she finally learned her lesson and stopped thinking of running after what happened at Forever Night.

It turned out she still had it in her to run.

"Mister Hart." His subordinate hesitated upon realizing Tyler was murmuring.

"Umm... what should we do?"

Tyler did not panic as he calmly instructed, "Inform the airline and request for the plane to turn back."

Stoneford City was in the heart of Zendonía. It would take at least five hours before the place was out of Zendonía's air. Currently, the plane was still within Zendonía's sky.

The subordinate was stunned by Tyler's instruction and said nothing.

Tyler suddenly changed his mind. "Forget it. Have the place land at the nearest airport."

Just as the subordinate was about to ask something, Tyler hung up the phone.

The subordinate was in charge of arranging men with the responsibility to stalk and monitor the target. He did not have any experience to do what Tyler requested.

Obviously, the airline would not listen to his request to land the plane without presenting any documents. As a result, he could only call Harry for help.

After knowing the difficulties, Harry said after a few seconds of silence. "I got it. I'll settle this."

"But..." the subordinate hesitated. "I know Mister Hart

Harry smiled. "We completed the acquisition with a few of the major airlines last year.

This wasn't published to the public, but the corporation is already in control of them."

As soon as the news of the plane landing at the nearest airport was broadcasted, all the passengers in the cabin aired their complaints.

The look on Vicky's face became terrible.

"Why is the plane needed to land at the nearest airport? Do you think Tyler is behind this?" she asked.

Harvey looked outside the window at the sky that was turning bright. "I've checked that Tyler didn't have control over this airline. Theoretically, it shouldn't be a problem. If this is Tyler's doing...then why are we landing at the nearest airport instead of turning back?"

That slightly brought some peace to Vicky's worried mind.

"Maybe the plane is having some technical issues." Harvey's handsome face looked serious. "Tyler always plays out of the ordinary. We should be cautious."

He looked at Vicky and said, "We must leave the airport as soon as the plane lands."

Vicky got affected by Harvey's emotions, and she started to worry again.

Half an hour later, the plane landed safely at the airport of Jency.

When that happened, Vicky's phone rang. Her fingers trembled when she saw the caller ID.

After a few seconds of hesitation, she eventually answered the phone.

A man's cold voice rang from the speaker, "A divorce certificate... Vicky Shaw, you are truly amazing. You went behind me and filed for a divorce."

