

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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Chapter 459

Vicky's promise to obey his every order was tempting, and Tyler narrowed his eyes slightly as he studied her face.

Just then, one of the doctors asked, "Mister Hart, should we proceed?"

Tyler sobered and backed away. "Proceed."

His words were just as horrible as a death sentence to her, and Vicky fell into the depth of her despair as Tyler left.

"Tyler Hart, come back here! You can't do this to me! I didn't do anything wrong! You can't do this!"

Tyler continued to walk away elegantly.

"Tyler, come back... I'm begging you. Don't do this to me..."

Tyler did not turn around or pause at her plea and remained cold as though he did not possess any human emotions at all.

As she watched him walk away, a surge of strength rose within her, and she fought off the doctors who were about to sedate her before jumping out of bed.

However, that was all she could do, and she slammed onto the ground immediately.

"Missus Hart!"

The doctors shouted as they did not expect Vicky to fight so hard.

Tyler was already by the door and stilled before turning around to look at her.

Vicky lay sprawled across the ground, her hair completely ruffled from struggling. There were at her like he was her only hope for salvation.

He wavered slightly and closed his eyes.

When he opened his eyes again, he regained his composure. Instead of walking back into the surgery room, he left without hesitation.

The door closed and shut off all the shouts and exclamations the doctors were making.

Harry stood by the door and waited patiently.

Since Tyler did not close the door when he carried Vicky inside, Harry saw everything that happened and could not help but say, "Mister Hart... isn't it too cruel to scare Missus Hart this way? Should we just tell her the truth?"

Tyler lit a cigarette, and the smoke hovered over his face.

"You think this is cruel?" He stood before the window and stared outside." This is nothing compared to what she did."

Harry fell into silence, and so did the inside of the surgery room.

10 minutes later, Adam arrived and glanced at the surgery room with disgust and contempt.

'Mister Hart has spent so much time and effort on this woman, yet she ran away with other men repeatedly,' he thought.

He walked over to Tyler and said, "Mister Hart, Miss Gloria Shaw has a private performance in Stoneford City tonight at eight." He glanced at Tyler and handed him a ticket. "She asked that I hand this ticket to you."

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened as he stared at the ticket in Adam's hand and did not accept it.

Tension rose, and Adam turned to look at Harry in confusion.

Harry shot him an exasperated look and thought, 'Mister Hart has his hands full dealing with Vicky, and bringing Gloria up at this time will only trouble him further. How insensitive can Adam be?'

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A sheepish look appeared on Adam's face as though he read Harry's thoughts.

Just as Harry was about to take the ticket back, Tyler accepted it.

Before Adam could register what happened, Tyler turned to leave.

Gloria's performance started at eight o'clock that night, and the entire hall was filled with guests.

Gloria was a famous pianist. At the age of 25, she had become one of the most renowned pianists, and most people treated her with respect.

The tickets to her performance would be sold out within a matter of seconds, and one could hardly come by the chance of watching her performance.

On top of that, Gloria was the idol of all high-born ladies. Sheila might be an actress with great influence in show business, but she could not compare to Gloria.

Members of the elite community often looked down on actors and actresses working in the entertainment business and admired artists and musicians instead.

Regular people chased after singers and spent their money on concerts, while members of the elite society who felt superior prepared to go to performances.

It was a hobby that penetrated elite society since the last century when most elite members and even royalty preferred the more sophisticated forms of art.

The audience erupted into a round of deafening applause when Gloria stepped onto the stage, and she glanced at the audience, staring at a seat that had the best view of the stage. When she noticed that it was empty, the look in her eyes darkened slightly with disappointment, but she soon recovered and smiled as she bowed before the audience.

She proceeded to take her seat in front of the piano, and soothing music began to flow through her fingers as they danced on the piano keys.

Gloria had mastered the piano, and the performance was nothing short of an auditory and visual feast. After all, Gloria was also one of the most beautiful pianists the world had ever known.

Just as the audience absorbed themselves into the beautiful melody, a tall, slender figure appeared at the entrance.

Tyler took a glance at Gloria and sat on the empty seat.

Gloria glanced down the stage amid her performance, just in time to spot Tyler.

She smiled and concentrated on her performance with more dedication.

The performance only lasted for three hours and ended with 'The Moonlight Bay'. It was the song that Gloria was known for, and up until the present, no one could ever surpass her by playing the same song. The entire audience was captivated by the alluring melody.

Once the performance ended, the audience left, and a young woman walked over to Tyler before whispering, "Mister Hart, Miss Shaw wishes to see you."

Tyler nodded and followed the woman backstage.

A few minutes later, Gloria changed and walked out of the room.

She spotted Tyler in the corridor right away, and after hesitating for a few moments, she walked over to him. "Tyler."

He turned around to look at her before handing her a bouquet. 'Congratulations. Your performance was a success.'

She accepted the bouquet with a smile, and her smile deepened when she noticed that it was her favorite flower: Crabapple flowers.

"Thank you."

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In a sophisticated restaurant, a couple sat across from one another.

The warm candlelight wavered slightly between them, masking Tyler's handsome features in the shadow.

"Tyler, how have you been in the past years?" asked Gloria.

Tyler nodded. "Good. How about you?"

Gloria took a sip of her wine. "I thought leaving and starting a new page would help, but in truth..." She smiled bitterly. "I've just been running from reality. I've pretended like everything was alright, but I know that I'm not doing alright."

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened.

Under the dim light, Gloria's face lost its usual edges and seemed gentler.

She was a beautiful woman, but contrary to Vicky's vibrant beauty, she had a more sophisticated and timeless beauty.

She looked into his eyes and said, 'That's why I came back. I wanted to relieve myself of this burden, and I...also want to see how you're doing.'

Tyler did not respond, and Gloria simply swirled the wine in her glass, the crimson color of the wine contrasting her fair skin.

She sighed. "It took me four years to understand what happened and to see what I truly feel. It's a shame..." She stared into his eyes. "It's too late, isn't it?"

Tyler lowered his gaze and said, "We all have to move forward, so we need to let bygones be bygones."

"Yeah. It's all in the past now," she muttered gloomily before a thought occurred to her.

"Where's Vicky? How is she doing now?"

"She is fine."

Gloria hesitated for a moment and said, "I heard from Harvey that she...lost her memories."

"Yeah."

"Does she not remember what happened in the past?"

"She doesn't."

The look in Gloria's eyes darkened slightly as she mumbled, "She doesn't remember... That's good, I suppose."

Tyler did not respond.

"Tyler..." She called out to him in a melodious voice. "There's no point in blaming a person who doesn't remember anything. You can torture her all you want, but she won't feel guilty about the past. Why don't you just let her go...and free yourself as well?"

A cold look appeared on his face. "You don't need to talk about this with me."

She shot him a look and said, 'I heard that you've imprisoned Vicky.' h n

“Since she’s forgotten about everything and doesn’t love you anymore, why don’t you just end the marriage?” She tilted her head to the side. “Are you still worried about the mysterious man who was helping her?”

Vicky had only succeeded in forcing Tyler to marry her with the help of a mysterious man.

Gloria sighed and said, “I was too young and prideful, so I jumped right into their trap and misunderstood you... But we would’ve never separated had Vicky not plotted with the mysterious man...”

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“On the day I was kidnapped, did you blame me for seeking help from Harvey instead of you?” A gloomy look appeared on Gloria’s face. “I was furious when I found out about ‘that incident’, and since I’ve saved Harvey’s life once, I wanted to give him the chance to make it even and break all ties with him. I just didn’t expect it... Vicky to get kidnapped as well.”

Gloria was young and proud back then. She had always been the brightest star wherever she went and had countless pursuers, who included two of the most eligible bachelors of her generation: Tyler and Harvey.

She had saved Harvey’s life once, and from that day onward, she became his priority above all. He even confessed his love for her in public, making her the target of envy of all women in the city.

She was not interested in Harvey and turned him down, but he continued to care for her as he had always done.

After that, Tyler started pursuing her as well. Though his approach had not been as obvious as Harvey, everyone in the elite community knew about it.

In truth, she was far more interested in Tyler than in Harvey.

Gloria had fallen for Tyler long before he started to pursue her, and that was a secret she had kept from him all along.

She had always been prideful and only meant to test opportunity to get between her and Tyler.

When she received a text message and went to a room to find Tyler naked with Tyler, she was furious. 1

She could not tolerate the fact that her pursuer was

She thought that Tyler would come after her, but he did not.

Soon after she left, she heard that Tyler had started seeing Sheila, a woman by playing ‘The Moonlight Bay’. Afterward, the rivalry between Tyler and Harvey intensified.

Harvey failed and fled Stoneford City, while Tyler ended up marrying Vicky.

Gloria was surprised at first, but she realized that it made sense. After all, Vicky managed to break Tyler and her apart with ease, so Vicky was more than capable of getting rid of a mere substitute, no doubt.

“The person who helped her sure had a brilliant mind... I even suspect he might be behind the kidnapping.’ A dazed look appeared in Gloria’s eyes.” Tyler, have you looked into that person?’ 1

Harvey knew about the mysterious man and had been investigating him, but he found nothing so far.

“I haven’t found anything,” Tyler said. “He seemed to have sensed that something was wrong and hadn’t reached out to Vicky since we got married.”

Gloria narrowed her eyes slightly. "Tyler, after so many years, do you still... blame Harvey? He's paid the price for being in prison for three years."

A contemptuous look appeared on Tyler's face. "He is just a clown."

Gloria sighed a breath of relief. She had been worried that Tyler would see Harvey as the enemy who killed his father. Though Tyler's father's death was indeed related to Harvey, Harvey was not the one who caused the car accident.

Before Gloria was about to say something else, Tyler's phone rang.

The moment he answered, a frantic voice blustered through the speaker, "Mister Hart, your wife is awake, and she's in a bad state! Do you need to come back to see her?"

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Tyler paused, and his tone deepened. "What happened to her?" "She fell onto the ground and won't let anyone near her. She's in a hysterical state right now, and the doctors can't get anywhere near her without injuring her."

"I'm coming over now," Tyler said coldly.

Once he ended the call, he turned to look at Gloria. "Something came up. I need to go."

Just then, the waiter brought the dishes they ordered onto the table.

Gloria studied the look on Tyler's face. "Did something happen?"

"Yeah."

"Is this about Vicky?"

Tyler nodded.

She smiled. "If that's the case, you should go."

He got up to leave, but he stilled when he walked past Gloria. He lowered his gaze at her and noticed she was staring at him unblinkingly as though she had been waiting for him to look at her.

"I'm sorry. I'll buy you dinner again when I have time," he said. After all, it had been him who invited her to dinner, only to abandon her in the restaurant.

Gloria did not show any signs of displeasure and smiled. "Sure. Go now." She had grown more mature over the years.

When Tyler left, Gloria realized that she had lost her appetite even when she looked at all the delicacies laid out on the table.

20 minutes later, Tyler arrived at the hospital and heard the doctors shouting as soon as he arrived outside the door of Vicky's room.

"Missus Hart, it's cold on the floor. Why don't we help you up?"

"Yeah! You've just woken up. You're still weak, and you might catch a cold."

"Missus Hart, I've already called Mister Hart, and he should be here soon..."

Soon, Vicky started screaming hysterically. "Get out! All of you! Don't call Tyler. I don't want to see him! Go away! Go away!"

Amid the chaos, Tyler stepped into the room.

Vicky was sitting on the cold floor, surrounded by doctors who wanted to help her but did not dare to get any closer.

They all turned to look at the door when they heard the door opening, and all the doctors were relieved to see Tyler.

"Mister Hart, you're back!" The doctors were on the brink of breaking down in tears.

Tyler glanced at the doctors and said, "Get out."

Relieved, the doctors rushed outside, and Tyler walked over to lift Vicky up once they were gone.

Vicky raised her arm to slap him across the face, but he stopped her with ease and questioned, "Vicky, haven't you had enough?"

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Vicky looked at Tyler as though she was looking at someone who murdered her entire family. 'You are a monster!' she snarled.

"What do you want to eat? I'll get someone to send it in."

When she saw no sign of guilt on his face, hatred took over her, and she took out a broken piece of glass from her pocket before bringing it down toward Tyler's chest. She had quietly hidden a piece of the broken glass she shattered earlier, but just before the glass could pierce through the layers of clothes, Tyler caught her by the wrist easily. He did not seem surprised, and there were no emotions in his eyes.

The sharp edges cut into the palm of Vicky's hand, and blood gushed out.

He took the broken piece of glass away from her and snorted. "A glass like this can only injure me at best... It's far from enough to kill me."

"Why won't you just kill me?!" Tears welled in her eyes and blurred her sight.

She had thought that Tyler would not be so cruel, but reality proved she was far too naive to look for mercy in a demon like Tyler.

He reached out to wipe away her tears. 'Kill you?' He bent down and pulled her closer before whispering into her ear, "Why would I ever kill my wife?"

His voice sounded venomous to her ears, and she gritted out, "I hate you, Tyler Hart."

He kept his eyes trained on her emotionlessly. "Hate me, or love me. Either way, you're staying by my side.'

He moved closer to kiss her on the cheek, and she jolted in shock. She tried to move away from him, but he swiftly grabbed her by the back of her head and started a long, lingering kiss, i

She wanted to bite him, but after all the struggling and starving, all strength was drained from her, and she could only allow the man to do whatever he pleased.

It was not until she was about to suffocate and a flash of pink appeared on her pale cheeks that Tyler finally let her go.

He looked into the hatred in her eyes and muttered gently, "Vicky, you can still go wherever you want and do whatever you want right now, but if you keep causing trouble, I'll make sure that you regret it for the rest of your life. II

She twitched and gaped at him as she did not know the extent of his cruelty.

Tyler was satisfied with her silence and said, "Rest in the hospital for tonight. I'll take you home tomorrow." He straightened his back and covered her body with a blanket.

"Wait here. I'll get someone to send in some food.'

His voice was not as cold, but the frosty look in his eyes was enough to serve as a warning.

Since she did not retort, he relaxed slightly and walked out of the room.

Vicky turned her gaze and spotted a ticket on the bed.

It had fallen out of Tyler's pocket, and she picked it up to read the words on it aloud.

"You are invited to participate in Miss Gloria Shaw's performance that takes place on the twentieth of May, at eight in the evening."

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'Isn't that today?' Vicky thought. 'Eight o'clock? I was probably still in surgery at the time, yet he went to enjoy a concert.'

She chuckled bitterly.

The next day, Tyler brought her home as promised, but it no longer mattered to Vicky where she lived or recovered.

Time flew, and soon, the stitches on her ankles were removed.

She stared at her feet dazedly.

“Missus Hart.” A woman who was assigned to look after her called Nikki came over.

“The weather out there is great. Do you want to go for a walk?”

Vicky sat in her wheelchair and stared out the window expressionlessly. “It’s fine.”

Nikki wanted to say something else, but she decided against it when she saw the depressed look on Vicky’s face.

Once Nikki was gone, Vicky lowered her head and looked at her phone.

Ever since she returned from the hospital, Tyler had given her phone back to her.

Though she was still bound to the mansion, she could finally contact the outside world and even work in her own study, but none of it made her any happier.

Cece, Jennifer, Sebastian, and Harvey had all reached out to her, but she had only replied to Cece and Jennifer. She did not mention what had happened to her and simply told them not to worry because she was busy with something. As for Sebastian and Harvey, she had not replied to any of their messages.

With the Sparks’ support, the Mills Group’s share value stabilized, and there were rumors that Mills Group and Johnson Corporation had signed a buy- over agreement. Hart Corporation had ceased all attacks toward the Mills Group, giving it the chance to survive despite all the financial loss.

Vicky scrolled down the screen of her phone lazily and paused when she saw certain news. After a brief moment of hesitation, she clicked into it.

Gloria had returned to Zendonía and began a tour of all cities in the country.

She was not an idol in the entertainment business but was far more famous than any actress. Even Sheila fell short in comparison.

Gloria was superior in terms of family background, looks, and talent. Sheila could not hold a candle to her brilliance.

When Vicky clicked on the link, the first sentence of the article popped up.

[Miss Gloria Shaw is so talented that even the head of Hart Corporation, Tyler Hart, falls head over toes for her; Mister Hart has shown up in person to every single one of Miss Shaw’s performances.]

Underneath the sentence were a few photos.

The first one was taken when Tyler attended the performance on the twentieth of May.

The second one was him handing Gloria a bouquet, which she accepted with a big smile and a beaming look in her eyes.

Vicky stared at the photos for a moment before zooming in.

She did not know if she was simply imagining it, but she thought she saw love in Gloria’s eyes when she looked at Tyler.

After some time, Vicky turned her attention to the third photo where Gloria and Tyler were seen having dinner together.

Vicky noticed that Tyler was dressed in the same outfit in all photos and assumed that they were all taken on the twentieth of May.

After tossing her into the surgery room mercilessly, Tyler could not wait to go to his first love’s concert and even went as far as to bring her a bouquet and a candlelight dinner.

Vicky recalled how Tyler suddenly appeared at the hospital and thought, ' Ah, I get it. One of the doctors probably called him when they noticed how hysterical I was.'