

# Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

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That was the reason why Tyler hurried back.

Finally, Vicky's gaze landed on the fourth photo where Gloria and Tyler were seen stepping out of a private airport while talking to one another.

Vicky's lips curled into a bitter smile and thought, 'He told me a few days ago that he's going to York City for a business trip, but he actually went there to attend Gloria's concert? What a busy man he is.'

In the airport, Gloria smiled gently at the tall, handsome man before her." Thank you for today, Tyler. Had it not been for you, I would've been late for my interview.'

Ever since she returned to Zendonía, her schedule had been fully packed.

After the performance in York City, she was supposed to return to Stoneford City immediately to attend an interview by a certain television station which would be played in real-time. However, the flight she was on had encountered issues and needed to be sent for maintenance, and she would be late if she took the next flight.

Since the interview was to be aired in real time, her failure to arrive in time might affect her reputation.

Amid her distress, she spotted Tyler, who was about to board his personal jet. Though Tyler was boarding his own jet, he was boarding it from the public airport.

Gloria was desperate and resorted to seeking help from Tyler.

He glanced at Gloria and said, "It's nothing."

She smiled at him. "I'm in a hurry, so I'll leave now.'

Tyler nodded.

There was another business meeting at Hart Corporation, so he to the office for the meeting before returning home.

He arrived home in the evening and saw Nikki walking out of the kitchen as he stepped into the mansion.

"Where's my wife?" he asked.

"She's resting upstairs.'

He nodded and was about to head up the stairs when Nikki stopped him." Mister Hart, Missus Hart has barely left the mansion throughout the days you were gone. I offered to take her out for a stroll, but she didn't want to go out. She doesn't eat much...and I think she's lost even more weight."

Nikki was chosen from Tyler's subordinates because she was the strongest she was a great cook and was loyal.

Tyler scowled and went upstairs. "Alright."

When he pushed the bedroom door open, Tyler noticed that Vicky was sleeping on the bed. The sky was turning dark, and since the lights in the room were off, the visibility was low.

Vicky rarely slept at this time.

He walked over to study her and noticed that she was as pale as a ghost.

He had only been gone for a few days, and she seemed to have gotten much thinner. Tyler studied her in silence for a few more moments before asking, "How much longer are you going to pretend like you're asleep?"

Vicky twitched ever so slightly but remained in place.

He sneered and bent down to capture her lips abruptly.

Vicky had been too frail in the past days, and he had not attempted to be intimate with her.

He had only meant to punish her for pretending to be asleep, but soon, he found himself losing control.

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Vicky's familiar fragrance filled Tyler's nose and seduced him quietly.

He had always been a man to do as he pleased and saw no issue in being intimate with his wife, so he deepened the kiss.

After being married to Tyler for so long, Vicky instantly sensed his intention and opened her eyes abruptly. "Go away, Tyler!" she roared in disgust.

His touch sent chills down her spine, and every cell within her screamed to get away.

He stopped and opened his eyes to look at her. "Not pretending to be asleep anymore?"

His voice was hoarse, and his eyes seemed to have darkened in color as lust burned within them.

Vicky felt as though she was being hunted by a wolf.

She knew the man before her and knew she would suffer if she tried to fight him. Vicky suppressed the disgust in her heart and tried to remain calm. "It's getting late. I'm getting hungry... It's time for dinner."

Tyler did not move and simply stared at her quietly. "I heard from Nikki that you haven't been eating."

Vicky lowered her gaze. "I don't...really have the appetite lately."

He brushed his lips against hers intimately and muttered hoarsely, "Is it because you miss me?"

Vicky opened her mouth to speak but found herself incapable of lying.

Tyler did not mind her silence and instead gulped at the sight of her petal- soft lips.

He pressed his lips against hers once again, and Vicky frantically tried to stop him.

"Tyler, I'm hungry... I want to eat..."

"I won't sleep with you," he said hoarsely. "Just let me kiss you."

His kiss was far gentler, but his tenderness felt ironic considering what horrible things he had done to her.

She stopped struggling and allowed the kiss, knowing that he would do far worse than a kiss if she dared to resist.

Half an hour later, Tyler carried her down the stairs.

Whenever Tyler was in the house, Vicky would not need her wheelchair.

There was an elevator in the mansion, but Vicky and Tyler rarely used it because it would be faster to simply walk up and down the stairs.

However, Vicky had lost her ability to walk, so she could only travel to different floors by elevator. 3

Her resentment for Tyler deepened as she realized she no longer felt what it was like to walk.

After dinner, Tyler did not return to work in his study and said to Vicky, "Nikki said you haven't gone out. Fancy a stroll?"

She wanted to say no, but he continued, "Or would you rather do something else with me in the house?"

She swallowed her words, and Tyler pushed out of the mansion in her wheelchair.

The mansion was located in the most expensive residential area of Stoneford City with its own roads, and there were rarely people around. There was a park in the distance, and people who lived in other areas would often be seen taking a stroll there.

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Tyler disliked crowded places, so instead of taking Vicky to the park, he went on a stroll down the roads around.

Though they were not in a park, the environment around them was peaceful and refreshing. However, there was no sign of joy on her face. There was only sorrow in her eyes.

She hated Tyler and desperately wanted to kill him. At the same time, she feared him and knew she was powerless against him. 2

She was forced to wear a heart rate monitor around her wrist, and a minor spike in her heart rate would alert Nikki.

Vicky no longer had the choice to take her life, because Tyler might make her stay in the bed for the rest of her life as he promised.

"By the way." Tyler broke the silence. "I found our wedding rings."

He took out a familiar-looking ring from his pocket, and her breath caught in her throat at the sight.

Tyler bent down and took her hand before putting the ring she had once thrown away onto her ring finger with his long, slim fingers.

Their wedding rings glittered under the street lights, and Vicky could not help but think about the rings she once found in Tyler's study.

They looked exactly the same as the ring she was wearing, and she wondered if he was reliving the moment when he married the person he loved by giving her the same ring.

After taking a stroll for an hour, Tyler brought Vicky home and carried her onto the second floor, leaving her wheelchair on the first floor.

"You left the wheelchair," Vicky reminded him.

Tyler hummed in response but showed no intention of retrieving the wheelchair.

She scowled. "Do you want me to crawl around without my wheelchair?"

"Hm?" He looked at her.

She pursed her lips. "Without the wheelchair,

"You don't need a wheelchair when I'm around." He shot her a look. "Just call me if you need anything."

Vicky clenched her fists.

Once they were back in the bedroom, Tyler set her down on the bed and planted a gentle kiss on her forehead. "I'll run you a bath and bathe you later."

"It's fine. I can do it myself."

"Do you want to crawl your way into the bathroom?"

"..." Vicky remained silent and simply clenched her fists even harder.

Tyler turned and walked into the bathroom. Shortly after, she heard the water running inside.

Vicky sat on the bed and looked outside the window blankly as she thought, 'Am I going to live my life incapable of caring for myself from now on?'

A few minutes later, Tyler stepped out of the bathroom, and the look in his eyes darkened when he saw the dazed look on Vicky's face.

He walked over and pulled her into his warm embrace. "What are you thinking about?"

She tried to push him away, but he lifted her up and walked toward the window before she could do so.

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The night view outside the mansion was splendid, and Vicky used to enjoy the view from the window. At this moment, however, she lost all ability to appreciate the view.

She lowered her gaze and muttered, "I want to take a bath."

Tyler kept his arms around her. "Don't you love watching the view outside the window?"

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"I want to take a bath now."

"The bath is still running."

She fell into silence.

Their reflection in the window was entangled together, but despite how close they were physically, their hearts were miles away.

Tyler bathed her in the bathroom, and since it was not the first time he had done it, she got used to it.

However, lust would flash in his eyes occasionally when he looked at her, and she could not help but tense and shiver under those eyes.

Tyler mistook it as a sign that she was cold and asked, 'Are you feeling cold?'

"A little..."

"Let's get you out, then."

Vicky could only bathe in the bathtub in her state and could no longer use the shower.

She would often go into the bathroom in her wheelchair and run a bath before getting in with a crutch.

At the very beginning, she was clumsy and fell into the bathtub a few times, but she quickly became accustomed to the routine. 2

Tyler grabbed a towel to wrap around Vicky's body before carrying her out of the bathroom. He set her down on the bed and said, "Read your book. I will shower now."

She froze.

He had not bothered to dress her and told her that he was going into the shower, which indicated what he intended to do later.

Tyler grabbed the book from the nightstand and placed it in her hands before walking back into the bathroom.

She heard the sound of water running inside, and ten minutes later, he walked out with nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist.

He scanned the bathroom and saw Vicky curling up against the edge of the bed.

She had a blanket on her and lied with her eyes closed.

Amused, Tyler walked over and said, "Are you sleeping?"

Vicky dared not to fool him and simply said in a drowsy voice, "I'm tired. I want to sleep."

He leaned closer and uttered in a seductive tone, "It's still too early to sleep." 1

It was only past eight, and Vicky would usually sleep at ten or eleven.

As he pressed his body against hers, Vicky stiffened and opened her eyes, only to find herself staring into a pair of dark, cold eyes.

There were no emotions or lust in his eyes as he stared into her soul, and her heart sank. "You've just gotten off your flight, so you should rest." 1

The look in his eyes darkened. "Are you mad at me for not spending time with you?" She looked away and whispered, "No. I just haven't slept well last night, so... I want to go to sleep earlier tonight."

He ignored her and continued to ask, "Are you just upset because you've been stuck at home for too long?"

"No."

"There's a masquerade ball next weekend. I can take you there."

Vicky did not enjoy parties, but she would attend masquerade balls frequently to seek inspiration for her designs.

No data found.

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"I don't want to go...' Vicky muttered.

Tyler interrupted her and said, "It's settled."

She scowled in frustration and did not respond.

He leaned closer and buried his nose into the crook of her neck as he muttered, "You smell wonderful, Vicky.'

She turned her head away to get away from him, but she had nowhere to run to when she could not even walk-and he was pressing his body against hers.

Suppressing the disgust boiling within her, she said in a calm tone, "You must be exhausted. Get some rest."

The quiver of her voice exposed her true emotions, and Tyler chuckled."

Vicky, do you really think that I keep you around for nothing?"

"I don't mean that..." Her eyes darted around. "I just think that you should rest because you've just come home..."

He lowered his head to stare at her with his ink-black eyes. "But I don't want to rest." He caressed her cheek and said, "You're ovulating today, right?"

Shocked, her eyes widened and thought, 'Why does he know about this? Could he...'

"You are bound to be depressed if you stay at home all the time. Maybe you'll feel better with a child."

"No," she refuted without missing a beat.

He stared at her. "Don't you like children?"

"I don't want any right now."

"You don't want children at all, or you just don't want to have my children?"

She fell into silence, and he did not seem surprised or offended. "You'll change once we have a child."

"I don't w-mmph!"

Without giving her a chance to refuse, he devoured her lips.

Vicky woke up the next day at noon and found herself dressed in clean pajamas.

She sat up and realized that both Tyler and her wheelchair were nowhere to be found.

She recalled Tyler's speech about her not needing the wheelchair when he was around. She sneered as she thought, 'As expected, what men say are the last things one should believe in.'

She grabbed her phone from the nightstand and was about to call Nikki when the bedroom door flew open.

Tyler strolled in and said, "Awake already?"

She froze. "Why aren't you at work?"

Tyler was a workaholic who spent most of his time working and rarely rested.

He walked over to her. "There's nothing important in the upcoming days, so I decided to take a break." He lifted her and seemed refreshed as he kissed her on the forehead. "Which means I can stay with you."

"It's fine." She dodged his kiss. "You can get back to work."

"I'm free today." Tyler was the kind of man who would not change his mind once he decided on something; he would never take her opinion. "Let's go outside this afternoon," he said in a tone that left no space for rejection before taking her into the bathroom to wash up, despite her protesting.