

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 471 – 480

Chapter 471

Vicky was like a pet to Tyler. He could treat her however he wanted and disregard her feelings or thoughts.

After they had their lunch, Tyler took her out as he said. Vicky's disability meant she needed Tyler's assistance to either carry her or she had to use the wheelchair.

Regardless, she was the center of attention.

When she entered a high-end fashion clothing shop, the people around her began whispering. However, they were not mocking her for being wheelchair-bound or other hateful comments, but instead... 1

"Oh my god, that pretty lady's husband loves her a lot. Did you see the way he carried her from the car and how he looked at her all the while? I can feel how much he loved her!"

"I know, I saw it too! He loves her so badly that he was afraid he'd hurt her or something. He cares for her so much, and urgh, I'm so jealous!"

"He looked very focused, not even minding his wife's disability. He's not like those egoistic men who wouldn't even care and help their wives when they accidentally fell. To make matters worse, they'd even blame their wives for embarrassing them."

"And that man is so handsome! And his temperament! Look at his clothing; I bet he's rich... Just how many rich men won't fool around nowadays? It's rare to see such a loving man these days."

"If I had a man this handsome and loving, I wouldn't mind being in the wheelchair for the rest of my life!"

Many looked at Vicky with jealousy, and the younger girls blushed when they saw Tyler's face.

A lot of men thought they were extremely superior when they scolded their wives in the public. What they did not know was that many despised such a character.

At first, Vicky thought people would ridicule her, but the outcome was not what she expected. Even so, it did not make her happy enough to look forward to shopping. With her situation, it was an inconvenience for her to try on any clothes, so she was not looking forward to trying any clothes.

Tyler pushed the wheelchair and asked, "Do you see any that you like?"

Vicky shook her head.

"If there's nothing you like here, why don't we go to another shopping mall?"

Her lips moved, but she did not convey her wishes. What was the purpose of expressing them? She could never change the decision he made.

As they went to another shopping mall, Vicky's mood was still plain.

At that moment, Tyler's phone rang. He looked at the screen and said to Jade, "I'm going to take this call. Come and stay next to Vicky for a while."

Jade was not too far away from them. She tagged along as the couple's chauffeur. Of course, she was smart to know she should keep her distance from them to give them their space and not disturb them.

Hearing Tyler's order, Jade went over to be with Vicky.

After last night, Vicky was very tired, and all she wanted was to go home to sleep. Whether or not she had the mood to go shopping, she could not reject it-especially when Tyler was in the mood and wanted to take her shopping.

Jade and Vicky remained where they were and attracted much attention. Thus, Jade suggested, "Ma'am, why don't I bring you around?"

Vicky noticed the attention they attracted and nodded lightly. When they passed by the shoe section, she saw a pair of silver high heels. The shoes sparkled like the stars in the sky, the type of shoes Cinderella wore when she went to the ball. It looked dreamy and beautiful.

Jade noticed Vicky's gaze on the shoes and asked, "Ma'am, do you want to look at those heels?"

Vicky shook her head and looked visibly despondent.

"No." She pointed to somewhere else and said, 'Let's go over there.' "Yes, ma'am.'

Several minutes later, Tyler returned.

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Jade knew her place and walked to the side, allowing some space for the couple. However, Tyler did not return to Vicky's side. Instead, a young, beautiful salesgirl followed him from behind with a visible blush on her cheeks.

Vicky was confused. "What's going on?"

Tyler looked at her. "If you like this pair of shoes, why don't you try them?"

It was then Vicky noticed the salesgirl was wearing a pair of white gloves and had a pair of silver high heels in her hands. It was the same pair she laid her eyes on.

Nonetheless, it was probably because she looked at the heels a few seconds longer than the others. 1

Tyler would not have noticed her interest had he not been monitoring her.

The salesgirl placed the high heels on the floor. Just as she was about to help Vicky to put it on, Tyler stopped her.

"It's alright," he said faintly. 'She doesn't like strangers touching her. I'll do it.'

The salesgirls gave Vicky an envious look and stepped away.

Tyler bent down to take off Vicky's shoes. When the tips of his cold fingers touched her feet, it sent an odd jolt to Vicky's skin.

With his handsome face and noble temperament, he captured everyone's attention as they entered the shop. As he bent down to help Vicky try the heels, he gave people a feeling that he had yielded to her authority.

Even Vicky was stunned. This was not the first time Tyler helped her to put on her shoes at home when she was unable to walk. However, this was different.

Hardly any men would kneel to put on shoes for their women in public.

Even with all the people gazing at him, Tyler did not care as he continued with focus.

His movement did not seem awkward as though what he was doing was normal.

The sun shone on Tyler's handsome through the spotless windows. At that moment, Tyler was brighter than the sun. His charm had everyone's heart thumping rapidly.

That applied to Vicky too. Her heart pounded so fast that it might have skipped a beat or two. Nevertheless, that moment for her died down very quickly.

He could give her all the love everyone envied, but he was also the one who showed her how cruel he could be.

After he had helped Vicky to put on the high heels, he carefully inspected them for a moment and nodded satisfyingly. "It's very pretty," Tyler complimented.

Vicky looked at the high heels on her feet and zoned out.

Tyler did not ask for Vicky's opinion and said to the salesgirl, "We'll take these heels."

The salesgirl smiled brightly and asked, "Sir, do you want us to pack it in the box, or will she be wearing them immediately?"

"We'll wear it now," Tyler replied.

The salesgirl nodded and quickly packed the shoes Vicky wore from the house into the box.

Tyler's voice pulled Vicky back to reality.

After buying the high heels, Tyler decided to bring Vicky back home when he noted how tired she was.

When they returned to the mansion, Vicky dozed off very quickly. On the other hand, Tyler went to the study to work.

Two hours later, Vicky woke up as she remembered one important thing.

This week was her fertility window. She had no idea why Tyler suddenly had the idea of having a kid. As such, he did not use prevention last night.

Since he did not use any prevention, pills were her only saving grace.

Luckily, she had stashed some emergency contraceptive pills.

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Since Vicky had that thought in her mind, she made an effort to reach for the crutch on the side. She was not used to walking with the crutch, so she was slow with it. There were even times that she nearly fell because the crutch got in her way and nearly tripped her.

The first-aid kit was just in the living room, not too far from her. Despite that short distance, it took her a while to reach.

After she found the contraceptive pill, she took two out and was ready to eat it without water. Just as she was about to put them into her mouth, she stopped all of a sudden and stared at the two pills in her palms.

Appearance-wise, the pills looked the same as the ones she ate before. As she looked closely, however, the shape of the pills looked slightly different.

Being a fashion designer, she had a keen eye for detail. Just one look was enough for her to tell the difference.

The last time she ate the medicine, she did not know Tyler was the masked man. When she followed Tyler on a business trip, she was so scared and panicked during those few days. She nearly missed the time frame to take the pills, too.

At that time, she was not in a good state and did not take a good look at it. At this moment –

Suddenly, the door opened as Tyler entered after just finishing his work. He saw her sitting on the sofa with his dark pupils and rested his eyes on the crutch Vicky put aside. He moved his eyes and saw Vicky looking at the pills in her hands. His gaze darkened. Vicky lifted her head like a robot to look at the handsome man at the door. Suddenly, she smiled. "These pills... You changed them, didn't you?"

Tyler lifted his legs to walk toward her. "When did you wake up? Why didn't you call me?" 1

Vicky looked at him. "Calling you after I wake up... Do you need to constantly remind me that I'm useless and can't live without you?"

Tyler's eyebrows furrowed. "What nonsense are you talking about?"

"Am I wrong?" Vicky asked.

Her situation was even worse than a canary locked up in a cage. Not only were her wings clipped, but her legs were broken, too. 2

Tyler did not want to discuss that topic with her. He said faintly, "Jade's prepared dinner. Let's head down and have our dinner now."

He approached her, intending to carry her up in his arms, but she moved to the side and avoided his arms.

She asked coldly, "You haven't answered me. Did you change my pill?"

Tyler's tone was plain. He did not seem sorry or guilty of what he did as he replied, "Didn't you already know that?"

She suffered miserably and was tormented every day when the masked man harassed her. She recalled how the man once bumped into her when she was taking the pills.

She lied to him and said those were vitamins.

Tyler said every medicine has its side effects and took the pills from her. He must have figured out she was taking contraceptive pills.

When she discovered the bottle of medicine, she thought Tyler had forgotten to throw it. If she did not discover that he swapped out her pills, who knew how long this man would try and cheat her about it?

Anger and hatred consumed Vicky's heart, and her eyes reddened. In the meantime, a helpless and despairing feeling crept into her heart.

Helpless. She felt helpless with this man. The only choice she had was to let this man do whatever he wanted.

Tyler's eyes flickered when he saw Vicky's eyes reddening in anger. He remained calm and logical despite that. He bent down to carry her and said faintly, "You ate too little during lunch. Let's go eat now."

He disregarded her emotions entirely.

The hatred was overwhelming. It was too much that Vicky bit Tyler's shoulder with everything she got.

Tyler's muscles hardened as his body tensed up when he felt the pain.

Within seconds, he relaxed his body and let Vicky bite him.

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Vicky did not exert a lot of strength as she bit Tyler, but she still bit hard.

Tyler began to bleed from the wound, and blood stained Tyler's white shirt.

When the metallic taste reached her taste buds, Vicky snapped out of her stupor.

'What am I doing?!'

There was nothing she could do to defend herself against Tyler, yet she could not control herself due to the sheer rage.

'How... How is he going to punish me this time?' she whimpered.

The thought of facing cruel consequences and punishment appeared in her mind. Her body started to tremble as she looked at Tyler fearfully.

Tyler looked down at her pale face and mocked, "Weren't you trying to kill me when you bit me? Why are you so afraid now?"

Vicky tried to curl up into a ball, and she found herself unable to run as Tyler hoisted her into his arms.

Tyler sneered and carried her out of the room.

Tyler did not treat her any differently even when they dined in the dining room.

Nonetheless, Vicky was in constant fear, not knowing what Tyler was going to do to punish her.

After dinner, Tyler wheeled her out for a walk. Like yesterday, he helped her fill the bathtub with water.

When the bathtub was filled, he placed her into the warm bath.

She kept her head lowered and did not dare to make eye contact with Tyler. She was like an almost-domesticated wild animal. Her unruliness was slowly smoothed.

All of a sudden, the water level in the bathtub increased. Before Vicky could realize what was happening, she was pulled into strong arms. At the same time, Tyler's thin lips pressed close to her ear as he huskily whispered, "Let's wash together."

An hour later, Vicky was carried out of the bathroom. The crystal chandelier above her was shining so brightly that she could open her eyes.

As she was placed on the bed, it took no time before she was wrapped in Tyler's arms again. By then, she did not know how to fight back anymore. She relented for Tyler to kiss her as he wanted, sheep-like tame as she did not fight back.

Time passed swiftly. It was the weekend.

Vicky, fitted with a glamorous gown, was wheeled into the masquerade in her wheelchair. When they entered the hall, everyone gazed at her.

Since it was a masquerade, many dressed up in peculiar-looking costumes.

Nonetheless, those costumes were only weird compared to those who decided to show up in more formal clothing. 1

Moreover, the host was definitely someone special for Tyler to willingly attend the party. Everyone continued to gaze at Vicky, and it made her very uncomfortable.

Just then, the daughter of the host quickly went to greet them. 'Mister Hart, Missus Hart! It's an honor for me to have you two attend the party.'

She was surprised to see Vicky in the wheelchair. She did not know Vicky's actual condition and thought she was role-playing. Without thinking too much, she quickly invited them in.

Those who attended the masquerade were mostly much younger people from upper-class society. When they saw Tyler attending the party, many of them started to whisper.

Their gazes remained on Vicky even as they made their way in.

The old Vicky would have ignored these gazes, but at this moment, she could not ignore how pointed their stares were-they felt like daggers stabbing into her.

She felt immensely distressed and began fearing for herself.

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When did this start? Why was she suddenly unable to withstand people staring at her?

Just then, Tyler seemed to notice something. He stood behind Vicky and meaningfully said, "I'm here. They can't do anything to you."

Vicky did not reply. As days passed, she found herself becoming quieter. She felt like she was just Tyler's toy and had lost herself.

After staying in the hall for a while, Vicky finally caved, unable to stand everyone looking at her. She said, 'I want to go to the garden for fresh air.'

Tyler was not really a bad-tempered man. As long as it was reasonable, he would not reject her request. Thus, he nodded. "Okay."

The night was dark. Despite that, the garden looked exceptionally pretty and quiet.

Vicky looked at the fountain not too far from them, but her thoughts wandered far away.

Tm ovulating this week, but Tyler didn't use any prevention every night. Am (...going to be pregnant with his child?' she thought.

It was clear that when Tyler said he wanted a child...he only wanted this to trap her.

When they walked past a gazebo, Vicky said, "Let's rest here for a while."

Tyler stopped and pushed the wheelchair into the gazebo.

The moonlight's soft glow graced the place.

The tall man stood in the gazebo and looked at the view around him. His angular side face was even more handsome and charming with how the glow illuminated him. It was definitely hard to not look at him.

However, Vicky only took one look and looked away indifferently.

'What's the use of being handsome? He's heartless,' she thought.

All of a sudden, an abrupt ringtone broke the silence.

Tyler looked at the screen and said, "I need to answer this."

He did not go too far; it was just enough distance that they could see each other.

With the shadow of the trees overlapping each other, his handsome and tall shadow looked rather distorted.

Vicky did not want to pay attention to Tyler, so she looked the other way.

After a while, a voice rang out in an eerie, singsong tone, 'Oh, my... Here I was, wondering who this was. Isn't this the glamorous Missus Hart?'

Vicky looked over in the direction where the sound came from and saw it was Maria, whom she had not seen for a while.

Maria Sparks was Harvey's sister.

Ever since Vicky remembered, Maria had been against her and caused trouble for her all the time. She ruined Sheila's costume last time, too.

It had been a long time since Vicky last saw Maria that she nearly forgot she existed.

Having seen Maria here, her expression soured. She was not going to bother Maria or say anything to her.

Maria entered the gazebo and walked around Vicky.

"Oh, no! Why are you in a wheelchair? Are your legs hurt? Or... Did you do this to gain Tyler's sympathy and attention? Oh, I know!"

She thought of something and smiled cynically. "Are you afraid Tyler won't want you anymore because Gloria is back? Is that why you broke your legs?" Vicky looked up and said faintly, "I don't know if Tyler is going to dump me or not. One thing is for sure, though—he'll never want you."

Maria's expression collapsed, and her eyes flashed in embarrassment. She said coldly, "Let me tell you something: You're just Gloria's substitute! If Gloria didn't leave, do you really think Tyler would've married you?"

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Maria sneered haughtily. "Gloria is on a different level from you. She's smart and good at everything. She's also the eldest daughter of the Shaw family. Do you think someone

like you can compare her? If it wasn't for Gloria, do you think Tyler would lay his eyes on you?"

Her arms crossed at her chest as she looked at Vicky proudly.

"Vicky, this plan of yours can only keep Tyler's attention for just a while. Once Gloria is in trouble, you won't have a place. Aren't you just a little curious where Tyler is now when he was just with you seconds ago?"

Vicky knew Tyler went to answer a call. Though, it had been a while, and he was not back. As she thought about it, she looked in the direction where Tyler was. Sure enough, the tall guy was not there.

Maria snorted and raised her chin. "Gloria had a little situation, yet Tyler still went over to help her."

Vicky's eyes wavered a little. She was surprised she did not notice when Tyler left.

'That's right. Maria would've never looked for me if Tyler was near enough to see me,' she thought.

From a condescending angle, Maria looked at her and smiled evilly. "Didn't you like to hurt yourself to gain Tyler's attention? Why don't I help you out?"

A foreboding hunch rose in Vicky's heart when she saw Maria's expression. "What are you up to, Maria Sparks?!"

Maria smirked. "You can only gain people's attention when you're badly injured. Tyler will let you out of his sight easily because your injuries are still too light..."

Vicky's face looked terrible.

Maria chuckled and pushed the wheelchair out of the gazebo. Suddenly, she pushed the wheelchair toward the fountain. The wheelchair sped toward the fountain.

Tyler was on the phone for nearly five minutes, yet his eyes were trained on Vicky, who was zoning out at the fountain.

After he was finished with the phone, he heard some noises from the bush behind him.

"I adore you, my goddess... I love you so much that I feel like I'm going to die!"

Whoever it was sounded annoyingly lustful.

Tyler furrowed his brows and realized what was happening. Despite that, he did not have the intention to interfere. As he was leaving, an oddly familiar voice rang out in retaliation.

"Let go of me! If you dare to do anything to me, I'll make sure you pay for it!"

"Goddess, I really like you. I'm serious... I've fallen for you at first sight. I know your family is bankrupt, but don't worry, Gloria! I will take care of you! You have no idea how much I adore you. I have your photos everywhere in my house..."

"Let go of me! Let go! Somebody, help-mmph!"

The woman's voice was swiftly muffled.

The man continued to talk excitedly, "I'll take you somewhere, my queen... Don't worry; I'm going to love you tenderly."

Tyler intended to leave, but he stopped. Unconsciously, he looked at Vicky and discovered Vicky was still looking at the fountain and zoning out.

After a few seconds of hesitation, he walked. Instead of going back to Vicky, he walked to where the noises were coming from.

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It would not take too long to rescue Gloria.

By the time Tyler found Gloria, the man had brought her to a remote corner. Her clothes were torn into pieces, and they could hardly cover her body.

Scowling, Tyler growled, "Let go of her."

This man was from a rich family and had been fond of Gloria for many years. He once confessed his love to Gloria but was rejected. Thus, he planned on forcing himself onto her, intending to make her his.

It was a good opportunity, and he nearly succeeded. Needless to say, he was enraged when Tyler appeared out of nowhere and disrupted his plan.

"Scram! Mind your d*mn business-!"

A loud kick landed on the man's abdomen.

Thump! It was a strong kick that his organs nearly went out of place, and it was powerful enough that he was sent tumbling away. Blood oozed from the corner of his lips, and he passed out immediately.

Gloria was baffled at the sudden turn of events. She was ready to kill herself rather than allow the man to take her purity. Who knew someone would come to her rescue?

She looked up in shock.

The tall man stood in front of her as if he had come from the sky and appeared in front of her. He looked like he was glowing because of the moonlight. His exquisite face looked perfect and handsome as if it was a work of art.

Gloria looked at him with a dumbfounded expression and mumbled, "Tyler... II

Tyler took off his blazer to put it on her.

"Are you alright?" Tyler asked.

Tears brimmed in Gloria's eyes. She had always maintained her elegance and dignity. She almost never lost control of her composure.

This time, however, was different. She would have been sexually assaulted had Tyler not rescued her from the devil. It was hard for her to control her emotions at this stage. She jumped into Tyler's arms as her slim frame quivered.

"Tyler, t-that guy... He nearly raped me!"

Crystal-like tears fell from her eyes.

Something this traumatizing had never happened to her before, having been protected and guarded.

Looking down, Tyler saw her pretty face wet with tears, and her eyes dulled with grief.

In the end, he did not bear to push her away. He consoled faintly, "It's alright now."

After a while, Gloria finally calmed down. She wiped away the tears at the corner of her eyes and looked shy.

"I'm sorry. I wasn't me just now," she apologized. She was back to her usual graceful and elegant self.

Just as Tyler was about to say something, someone screamed from somewhere in the garden.

"Ahh—!"

Tyler's gaze shifted as he remembered Vicky.

"You should go back now. I have something to do."

After that, Tyler strode to where the scream came from.

After what happened to her, Gloria did not dare linger on her own nor did she dare to go back. She hesitated a few seconds before she decided to follow behind Tyler.

When Tyler stopped, he finally saw what had happened. A woman was sitting on the floor, and her wheelchair had fallen to the side.

Tyler quickly went over to the woman and carried her. "Vicky, are you alright?"

Vicky's eyes did not turn to him as she stared at the fountain. She said anxiously, "She... She's in trouble. Quick-save her!"

Tyler looked over. He first placed Vicky back in the wheelchair before he quickly went to the fountain to carry the woman out.

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Tyler was shocked when he got a clear look on the face of the woman he saved.

Vicky looked at the woman Tyler was carrying and asked, "Sheila... Is she okay?"

Sheila rushed to save her before harm befell her. However, the wheelchair was speeding too fast, and Sheila-unable to stop the wheelchair-fell into the fountain when she used her whole body to stop the wheelchair.

Vicky fell to the ground due to the collision. Her arm was scratched by the rocks on the ground. However, Sheila's condition was worse.

Tyler examined Sheila's condition and furrowed his brow.

The drenched Sheila had passed out.

Half an hour later, the group arrived at the hospital and Sheila was sent to the emergency room.

At that moment, Vicky finally felt at ease. She then turned to find Maria and Gloria, who came with her and Tyler.

This was the first time she met Gloria after she lost her memory. Gloria looked even more beautiful when compared to the photo of her.

Vicky did not know what Gloria went through to look so haggard. Her hair was tousled, and her clothes were tattered. The blazer she wore was a man's blazer.

With just one look, Vicky could tell that the blazer was Tyler's.

Gloria must have sensed Vicky looking at her, so met her gaze.

"Hi, Vicky," she said softly. "It's been a long time."

She sounded melodious-clear like the bell but subtle and gentle. It was not too sharp and not too soft. It sounded just right, nice, and alluring.

Gloria was the typical classical type of beautiful woman. Her eyebrows were nicely shaped, her eyes were bright, and her facial features complemented each other nicely. Every smile and every frown gave off a classical vibe.

Despite her messy state, it did not affect her gracefulness and beauty. On the contrary, it made people feel pity for her because she looked like a distressed damsel.

Gloria and Vicky had similar-looking eyebrows and eyes. Gloria looked elegant, while Vicky was on the sexier side.

For some reason, Vicky's heart ached when she saw Gloria. She nodded at Gloria, but she could not deny she felt no joy seeing her.

"Hi. Yes, it's been a long time," Vicky replied.

Gloria looked at Vicky, who was sitting in the wheelchair, and she felt conflicted.

They were not close to begin with, even before they had their fallout. Despite being cousins, they were not the best of friends.

After the incident, they were not enemies, but their relationship was strained.

After the simple greeting, neither of them said anything else. Vicky did not have the intention to talk to Gloria. As a result, the atmosphere felt awfully quiet.

It lasted until Tyler finished talking on the phone and looked at Vicky. He asked, "What happened?"

Vicky stayed silent for a few seconds before answering, "Maria shoved my wheelchair to the fountain, and Sheila came to my rescue."

Although she did not like Sheila, she was still grateful that she tried to rescue her.

If Vicky fell into the fountain, she would have suffered a substantial injury. A bone or two would be fractured as well.

Tyler glared at Maria sharply.

It scared Maria, and she quickly defended herself.

"Vicky Shaw! How could you say that? You deliberately tried to push yourself to the fountain to knock yourself over. I'm not going to let you blame me for something I never did!"

Tyler asked coldly, "Why should she blame you?"

Maria answered confidently, "Because she doesn't like me! And..."

She looked at Gloria and frowningly continued to Tyler, "When you disappeared from the spot you were standing, Vicky got upset. When she knew you went to rescue Gloria, she got even angrier, so she tried to shove herself into the fountain. She wanted to hurt herself to gain your attention and also blame me because I was there. It's killing two birds with one stone!"

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Tyler had a look of indifference upon hearing Maria's explanation. "How did she know where I went? And why were you there?"

Guilt crept into Maria as she instinctively raised her voice. "S-She was going to look for you because you didn't come back for a long time.

Coincidentally, I passed by and told her that you'd be back in just a while..."

She continued to look at Vicky and explained her side of the story.

"She asked where you went. I was just strolling in the garden when I happened to see you rescue Gloria. Since you were there with Gloria, I didn't want to disturb you two, but Vicky kept wanting to look for you.

"I remember Vicky and Gloria were never on good terms, and if she saw you two together, she'd surely misunderstand. I decided to say nothing, yet this evil woman tricked me... You guys know I can never keep a secret, so I blurted the truth.

"She was so infuriated that she staged that whole fountain fiasco!"

At this point, she approached Gloria and stood beside her with a sad face." Gloria, do you still remember how Vicky tried to hurt you many times in the past? You know how evil she is. I can never outmatch her..."

Gloria's eyebrows furrowed. Her lips moved like she was going to say sometime. Alas, she just stood quietly.

Tyler had no major reaction even after Maria told her side of the story. Instead, he noticed the wounds on Vicky's arms, and his eyes wavered. He went over to Vicky and lifted her into his arms. "Let's go get your wound treated," he said.

Vicky was baffled. "My wound?"

Tyler looked down into her eyes. His handsome face looked nonchalant."

We'll talk about the rest later."

Tyler then turned to leave, but Maria—bewildered as she was-blurted," Tyler, aren't you going to say anything?"

Tyler glanced at her. "Say what?"

Maria pointed at Vicky and exclaimed loudly, "This evil woman blamed me for what happened!"

Tyler looked calm. "So what?"

"B-But... She slandered me..."

"Save it for someone who cares," scoffed Tyler. No longer bothered by Maria, he walked away with Vicky still in his arms. 1

Maria was dumbstruck when she saw them leaving, and her mind was buzzing. She had no idea what Tyler meant.

"Gloria." She looked at the woman beside her and said with fear, "What does Tyler mean by that? D-Does he not believe what I said?"

Gloria's gaze followed Tyler until he vanished from sight. Then, she looked at Maria.

"So you pushed Vicky, yes?" she asked.

"No!" Maria answered directly and nearly swore to God. "Gloria, you know what kind of person Vicky is, don't you?! She—"

"I know exactly what kind of person she is," interjected Gloria gently. "That's why I know she'd never lie about you."

Maria's voice trembled in shock, "Gloria...I thought you hate Vicky a lot!

Why are you speaking for her now?"

Gloria looked at her. "I'm not speaking for her; I'm just stating a fact. I grew up with her, and I know her personality very well. If she wanted to hurt you, she'd never use such a lowbrow tactic. On the other hand, you've always been the one who used this method to hurt and frame her. Between you and her, who do you think sounds more convincing?"

Maria was resentful. "Maybe Tyler believes me..."

"Do you honestly think he does, judging by the way he behaved toward you? II

Maria stopped talking.

If Tyler truly believed her, he would not have left with Vicky in his arms to treat her injury.

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Gloria could see through Maria's thoughts and said faintly, "The truth isn't important to Tyler."

Confused, Maria looked at Gloria. "What do you mean?"

"Even if Vicky did what you claimed she had done, he won't blame her," Gloria explained.

It only left Maria with more questions. "Why?"

Gloria smiled faintly. "What place do you have in Tyler's world? What kind of relationship do Vicky and Tyler have? Do you think he'd help someone bully his wife?"

"But these things happened before... Sasha pushed Vicky into the water and said Vicky jumped in herself. Didn't Tyler believe in Sasha that time?"

Gloria shook her head. "Who do you think Tyler is? Do you honestly think those lame tricks can trick him? It wasn't that he believed in Sasha; he just didn't want to do anything about it."

Suddenly, it brought Maria back to the time she framed Vicky for stealing her bracelet. The plan was perfect, and she was sure she had placed the bracelet in Vicky's purse. When they searched her purse, the bracelet mysteriously disappeared. The only other person who held Vicky's purse was Tyler, but Maria never suspected him.

Since Gloria reminded her of this incident, she realized Tyler...must have taken the bracelet from Vicky's purse and hidden it.

He...was protecting Vicky.

Maria's face turned pale instantly. She panicked and asked, "Gloria, w- what should I do?"

Gloria did not want to get involved and thus said, "Maria, take care of yourself."

In the medical room, Tyler focused on sanitizing and applying medicine to Vicky's wound.

"After I finished talking on the phone, I heard someone shouting for help, so I went over to take a look."

Vicky looked at Tyler. She knew what kind of person Tyler was. He was never a person who liked to meddle with others' business. It was most likely he could tell the voice belonged to Gloria and decided to help her.

She was Sheila's enemy, yet Sheila was willing to rescue her when she was in danger.

Gloria was the person Tyler loved but could not have. It was normal for him to be her savior when she was in danger.

Vicky did not react vehemently.

Tyler was already used to her silence. He looked at her and asked, "What are you going to do about Maria?"

Vicky's expression changed as she was evidently startled by Tyler's question. "You believe me?"

"Yes."

It was rare Tyler would believe her before asking her the whole story. She had a hard time believing this. She thought he would act like before and asked her to 'bear with it'.

What was she going to do about Maria?

"I haven't thought about it," she replied.

It was true. She thought Tyler would ask her to 'deal with it', so she never thought of what she was going to do about Maria.

Tyler said faintly, "If that's the case, let them come out with a suitable answer.'

Vicky did not know who Tyler was referring to when he said 'them'.

After he finished treating her wound, she finally understood Tyler's words when he carried her out.

Harvey arrived.