

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 501 – 510

Chapter 501

Vicky rarely smiled at Tyler, so he was dazed at the sight of her beaming smile. He tightened his hand around hers. "Why don't I take you outside to have a look?" She thought about it for a few moments and nodded. "Sure."

She would either refuse or remain quiet whenever Tyler offered to take her somewhere, so the sudden change in her attitude surprised Tyler.

He stood and slowly wheeled her out of the restaurant.

Boom!

Fireworks blossomed in the sky above them the moment they got outside, and Vicky stared at the sky calmly as she thought, 'It's all going to be...over soon.'

She was so absorbed in her thoughts that she did not even notice Tyler walking away. By the time she snapped out of her trance, he returned with a beautiful bouquet in his hand.

"This is for you.'

He handed the bouquet to her, and she accepted it after a few moments of silence. It was a bouquet of crimson roses, but Vicky's mind was taken to the sight of the crabapples she once saw on the internet.

There was a photo of Tyler giving a bouquet of crabapples to Gloria, who accepted it shyly.

"Thank you." She looked at him. "I love it."

The streetlights shone around them, but their lights were hardly enough to brighten the night sky.

The firework show came to a pause, and Vicky's features seemed surreal in the faint lighting.

He bent down and looked her in the eyes. "If you like it, shouldn't I be rewarded?" he muttered in a gentle voice.

She studied his face for a few moments and planted a kiss on his cheek. It was the first time she kissed him without being threatened into doing so ever since she asked for a divorce.

The look in his eyes darkened, and he gulped. "That's it?"

His voice grew hoarse, and his eyes dark with lust.

She smiled and wrapped her arms around his neck to peck his lips. Just when back away, he held her in place by the back of her neck and deepened the kiss.

Vicky did not resist as she usually did and responded.

Tyler jolted in shock by the sudden change before kissing her more passionately.

Boom! The fireworks went off again, and their silhouettes entangled under the lights.

After the show, Vicky suggested that they return to their room.

Instead of pushing her back in her wheelchair, he lifted her up and carried her into the room.

As soon as the door was closed, he pinned her against the door and devoured her lips.

"Tyler..." She dodged his kiss and said, "Let's go back to the bedroom."

"No," he said, before kissing her again.

After some time, he let go of her and added, "That's not my name."
She seemed confused as she tried to catch her breath. "I shouldn't call you Tyler?"
Vicky always addressed him that way.
The look in his eyes darkened further. "No." He moved closer to kiss her once again and did not stop until she was on the brink of suffocating.
By the time he let her go, his eyes were ink-black with lust.
Chapter 502
"What are you supposed to call me?"
They were so close that she could distinctly see the predatory look in his eyes. He was like a beast that had its eyes on prey and merely waited for the right time to devour it. Her lashes fluttered as she whispered, "Honey..."
She rarely addressed him that way because she was always aware of the distance that could not be crossed between them, and she could not bring herself to refer to him in such an endearing manner freely. The only times that she addressed him that way was when they were in bed.
She apparently guessed it right, and Tyler brushed his lips against her cheek. "Call me that from now on."
She lowered her gaze and whispered, "... Okay."
Vicky's behavior pleased Tyler, and he almost felt like they had gone back in time. Realizing that Vicky might truly love surprises, he decided to do it more often in the future and was certain that they would become close once again.
He lifted her and entered the bedroom.
That night, Vicky opened her eyes abruptly and noted she was in Tyler's arms. She glanced at the man next to her and shoved at him gently. "Tyler... Tyler? N
His lashes fluttered ever so slightly, but he did not open his eyes.
Startled, Vicky dared not to test him again and slipped out of his embrace before grabbing her phone on the nightstand to send a message.
Whoever she was texting replied almost immediately, and she sent another text.
There was no response after that.
A few minutes later, the bedroom door opened and a slim figure stepped in.
Vicky lowered her voice and said, "Did you bring the wheelchair?"
"I did."
"Help me up."
"Okay."
The woman gingerly pushed the wheelchair over, trying her best to avoid making any noises. Once Vicky was in the wheelchair, the woman slowly pushed her out of the room.
Once the door closed, Sheila sighed a breath of relief. "I panicked when you said Tyler isn't completely asleep."
Vicky studied the sweat on Sheila's forehead and asked, "Why are you so nervous?"
Sheila wiped her sweat off and said, "Honestly, this is the first time I'm plotting against Tyler."
She might have tried to cause Vicky trouble in the past, but she never dared to scheme against Tyler because she knew the consequences of doing so.

Vicky stared at her. "You can still walk away." "I know that Tyler will hate me for this, but... I've made up my mind, and I'm not backing out. You, on the other hand..." Sheila studied her expression. "Are you sure that you won't regret this?"

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Chapter 503

"I won't," Vicky said.

"I heard that Tyler has been running himself thin at work to make time for this surprise for you...yet you've plotted against him at such a moment.

Aren't you at least a little touched by what he's done?"

Sheila saw how much effort Tyler had put in to cheer Vicky up and knew that Tyler treated Vicky differently compared to her.

"If what he gives me isn't exclusive, I don't want it," Vicky said.

Sheila's breath caught in her throat as she studied Vicky.

Vicky's delicate features seemed to have frozen in place, and there were no emotions on her face at all.

Sheila could not imagine why a woman who did whatever she could to make Tyler hers would change so drastically. She did not know what had happened to Vicky nor had Vicky mentioned anything to her.

She observed the cold look on Vicky's face and said, "If that's the case, why didn't you go all the way?"

Vicky looked Sheila in the eyes. "Do you think that I'm being merciful for not drugging you two with an aphrodisiac?"

"Isn't that the case?"

"Of course not. Tyler is a highly alert man and would jolt awake at the smallest noise at night. I know what you're thinking. You're worried that I'd regret this at the last minute and point all the blame at you, but..." Vicky looked up at her bitterly. "Who do you think Tyler is? He's gone through so much throughout these years. If he can be so easily drugged, he would've found himself with unknown women every other day.'

Tyler was powerful, young, and handsome, which made him the target of all women's desires.

"Tyler has once gotten shot to save you, so you should know how many enemies he has who want him dead," Vicky said coldly. "It's not going to be hard to drug you two with an aphrodisiac, but...if he manages to hold onto the last strand of sanity and stops himself from doing anything, everything we've planned would go down the gutter. Miss Young, are you sure that you want to do this?"

"I'm sorry. I was foolish." Sheila looked at Vicky with conflicted feelings. "You sure have...thought this through."

What Vicky said was not just one of the many possibilities but something that was extremely likely to happen: any other woman could have Tyler if he was that easily drugged.

Vicky remained expressionless. "That's how I managed to sleep with him back then, wasn't it? Judging from his character, I don't think he'll fall for the same trick twice, so

drugging him isn't likely to work. It's not a risk I'm willing to take." She stared into Sheila's eyes. "If this fails, I'll only suffer a worse fate than you do."

Sheila nodded. "I understand."

"Go in, then."

Sheila walked over to the door with the key card she received from Vicky.

It had been Vicky's idea, and Sheila only needed to follow her instructions.

Vicky had found a drug that was barely noticeable unlike common drugs on the market, and it was provided by Jennifer.

Shortly after Sheila was discharged, Vicky instructed her to stay in the same resort, and they had been waiting for the right time to act. There had been plenty of chances, but Tyler was a sharp man and she knew that she would only succeed with his guard down.

Sheila was about to open the door when she turned around and looked at Vicky.

Vicky sat in the wheelchair, her long hair concealing the look on her face. Under the dim lights in the corridor, her slim figure appeared extremely lonesome.

"Should I...get you to a room first?" Sheila asked.

"It's fine," Vicky said emotionlessly. "Go in. Everything we've worked for would be for nothing if he wakes up."

Chapter 504

Sheila said nothing else as she took a deep breath and entered the room.

The door closed with a small noise, and Vicky stared at the cold night outside the window, feeling as though a part of her was ripped off. Just like a piece of necrotic flesh, it hurt when it was cut away, but new flesh could grow out eventually and the pain would fade.

With that, she rolled her wheelchair forward and disappeared at the end of the corridor.

The next day, Tyler woke up as the sky brightened.

He had always been slightly introverted and did not enjoy being excessively emotional, but Vicky's behavior the night before satisfied him both physically and mentally.

He had finished all the work for the next three days, so he could take Vicky to wherever she wanted to go without worrying about work.

He opened his eyes and saw a woman sleeping next to him with her back facing her.

Tyler reached out to pull her closer, but his expression darkened as soon as he touched her.

"Who are you?" he questioned sharply.

Sheila had stayed awake all night. She had known Tyler for years and was once close to being engaged to him, yet she had never been so close to him before.

He had never touched or kissed her; the few times that he held her were times when he was rescuing her out of dangerous situations.

They had never held one another, and sleeping in the same bed together was something that only happened in her dreams.

Being physically close to the man she loved for the first time caused her heart to race, and she could not fall asleep.

She trembled in excitement when Tyler reached out to hug her, but Tyler stopped almost as soon as his fingers made contact with her. 1

She turned around and muttered, "Tyler..."

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened when he saw her face. He questioned coldly, "Why are you here?"

Her blood ran cold under his glare as she had never seen such chilling rage in his eyes before. She bowed her head sheepishly and let the blanket on her body slide down her shoulder, revealing the fair skin underneath.

“Tyler, last night, we-ah!”

Before she could finish, he clamped his hands around her neck. “This is your last chance. Why are you here?” he gritted out.

Chapter 505

Swarmed by fear, all romantic thoughts were cast aside and Sheila muttered through quivering lips, “It was Vicky. Vicky sent me here...”

Just then, the bedroom door flew open, and a group of reporters rushed in before she and Tyler could react.

“This is going to be the scandal of the century. Sheila Young is seeing a mysterious man in a hotel room... Oh, my. I just know that the city is going to go crazy once news of this is released!”

“It’s going to be my exclusive piece!”

“Dream on! I’m streaming live so no one is taking the credit from me!”

“As if you are the only one who knows how to stream live. I can do it, too! I’m the one who’s going to record this first-hand!”

The reporters faced their phones and cameras at the two people in bed, and their thirst for fame caused them to neglect the identity of the man.

Sheila was utterly stunned as Vicky never mentioned anything about sending reporters. ‘It’s no wonder she didn’t bother trying to get us to sleep together. If I actually slept with Tyler, what would become of me?’

They were both dressed, but Sheila still found herself in a discomfited state to be seen by so many reporters.

She had been curious as to why Vicky would repeatedly ask if she wanted to walk away.

‘I guess this is why,’ she thought. ‘Once the press release news about this, there’s no going back. Vicky sure is determined!’

Meanwhile, Gloria was in her piano room practicing when the door flew open.

“Gloria, bad news” Selene strode in with a dark expression.

Gloria gaped at her and asked, “What happened?”

Selene opened her mouth to speak but hesitated. In the end, she simply handed Gloria her phone. “See for yourself.”

Gloria accepted the phone and stared at the screen.

Shortly after, she paled in disbelief. “That’s not possible. Tyler isn’t that kind of a man.”

“That wh*re Sheila must’ve shamelessly tried to seduce him,” Selene said.” In any case, the news is all over the internet, and Tyler is in a tough position. Meanwhile, Sheila is a public figure and was involved in quite a lot of scandals with Tyler in the past. I asked a few of my friends in the press and they’re saying that the only way out of this is...”

She paused and continued, “Is for Tyler to announce that he was divorced a long time ago and simply didn’t go public with it. That way, Tyler can be with whoever he wants.”

Gloria froze.

The scandal instantly made headlines.

Sheila, being a famous actress, had always been the center of attention, and scandals had always been something that the crowd craved.

Within an hour, the scandal became the most popular topic with billions of views. Shortly after that, the news article was removed from the internet without a trace, but it was not enough to stop the general public from discussing it. After all, many have captured and saved the articles ahead of time.

Chapter 506

Though the news article of Sheila's scandal had been taken off the internet, the discussion over it spread like wildfire.

Meanwhile, in a different room...

Vicky's phone vibrated relentlessly, but she ignored it as she took in the scenery outside the window in her wheelchair.

The long night had passed, and the beautiful scenery of the resort returned.

Slam!

The door to her room was kicked open with a deafening sound, and when she turned, she saw Tyler storming in furiously.

She did not panic, however, and merely stared at him calmly as he approached.

"What have you done, Vicky?" he gritted out coldly.

"You came sooner than I anticipated. I thought that...you'd think of a solution first before coming to punish me."

He took a few long strides toward her and grabbed her by the neck, lifting her off her feet ferociously.

"A solution?" He glared daggers at her. "Do you mean to announce to the public that I've divorced you and have you supporting that claim?"

Vicky's breath caught when Tyler strangled her, but she simply chuckled." That's right..."

He lowered his gaze at her and sneered. "You sure have put in a lot of effort to divorce me, Vicky Shaw."

"What I did...can hardly compare to what you're capable of..." Losing air, Vicky's face flushed as Tyler tightened his grip.

Tyler studied the familiar face before him.

She was smiling at him and calling him 'honey' the night before. To his bewilderment, it had all been an act to get his guard down so she could send another woman to sleep with him.

He narrowed his eyes maliciously. "Very well. Vicky Shaw, you don't disappoint me."

"Miss Young has been in love with you for the longest time, and she's a beautiful woman... If it wasn't for me, you would've married her a long time ago." Vicky paused and stuttered, "I'm just...giving back...what I stole..."

"Giving back?" he sneered coldly. "Vicky, what am I to you that you can just do whatever it takes to marry me when you want me, and cast me aside when you get sick of me?"

Vicky was beginning to see stars before her eyes. "If it's that easy to cast you aside... I wouldn't have to risk everything to do this, would I?"

"Vicky, don't you dare to think that I wouldn't kill you!" he snarled.

"I didn't think that." Vicky smiled as she looked at him. "There's nothing you can't do at all, Tyler. I just think that. It's better to risk everything...instead of living this way next to you."

If she won, she would be freed. If she lost, she would simply suffer the same hell she had been put in.

Her eyesight blurred as she suffocated, but there was no sign of fear on her face at all. Just then, Tyler let go of her abruptly.

Vicky collapsed onto the ground and gasped for air.

Tyler slowly began to regain his composure, but the look in his eyes remained as cold as ice.

Chapter 507

Tyler stared down at Vicky. "Do you really think you can get away from me by doing this?" His lips curled into a vicious sneer. 'So what if we get a divorce?"

He lifted her chin and looked into her eyes. "Even if we aren't married, I can keep you around as a lover. If you're so ungrateful of your position as my wife and prefer to be my lover in the dark instead, I'll make it happen."

"I don't care," Vicky said hoarsely. "Being your wife, lover, or pet all mean the same thing to me. I don't want you anymore, so being your wife means nothing to me."

She could not walk and had no right to freedom, so she found it laughable to beg for his love under such circumstances.

She ignored the darkening look on his face and continued, "Hart Corporation is far more important than I am. I'm just a woman who came from a family that was once influential. Everyone knows that you don't love me, and divorcing me isn't that big a deal. As for you, with your looks and wealth, there won't be a dent in your name no matter how many times you get married. If you don't want to marry Sheila...that's fine. So long as you're single, you can be with anyone you want."

Tyler jolted at how casually she mentioned the possibility of him being with other women, and the rage he had been struggling to suppress exploded.

He rarely lost control, but at that moment, he desperately wished that he could strangle Vicky to death.

In the midst of his rage, he grabbed her wrist and tossed her onto the bed roughly, pinning her down with his body and devouring her lips fiercely.

Vicky did not struggle and simply tolerated his act of violence without a care in her mind. She laid quietly, with the marks from the night before scattered all over her neck.

Knock, knock!

Just then, someone knocked on the door. "Mister Hart, an urgent board meeting has been called. You're going to be late."

Tyler's chest heaved in rage as he glared at Vicky.

Vicky closed her eyes and sensed his venomous glare on her, but she did not care.

"Mister Hart!" Harry urged as he knocked again.

Tyler stood and left the room after casting one final glare at Vicky.

"Get Jade to confiscate her phone," Tyler commanded. "Send over a few men to watch the premises. No one gets in or out without my permission."

Seeing the cold look on Tyler's face, Harry lowered his voice and said, ' Understood.'

Tyler strode off

As they walked out of the hotel, Harry asked, "Mister Hart, what should we do with...Miss Young?"

Sheila was locked in a hotel room as well.

"She shouldn't remain in Stoneford City. Get all necessary paperwork filed and make sure she never returns."

Harry was shocked. "But the scandal is all over the internet right now...and we need to stay by your side for some time to put up an act."

Tyler narrowed his eyes. "Don't make me repeat myself."

Harry had worked for Tyler long enough to know that Tyler was on the brink of losing his temper, so he had no option but to obey.

Chapter 508

The meeting lasted for an entire day, which was proof of how badly Hart Corporation was affected by the scandal.

Though Tyler had been seen with multiple women before, it had always been nothing more than rumors. It was different from being caught in bed with a woman.

This time, Tyler and Sheila had been caught by the reporters.

"The best solution here is for Mister and Missus Hart to make a public statement, stating that they've been divorced for some time and simply didn't go public with it," one of the shareholders said.

Another board member nodded in agreement. "The key is with Missus Hart. If she's willing to cooperate, this scandal won't affect us much."

"Vicky Shaw has no power or money, so she'll fall in line if she's sufficiently compensated."

"Tyler will pretend to be dating Sheila for some time after this, and if he doesn't want to marry her, they can just break up and there won't be a problem with that."

The group erupted into a heated discussion, while Tyler remained quiet.

It was hardly considered a crisis in the eyes of the shareholders as men, no matter their statuses, could cheat on their wives. The only difference was that Tyler was caught doing so.

"I don't agree," Tyler said.

They turned to gape at him. "You don't agree? On what?"

"I'm not announcing to the public that I'm divorced."

The others exchanged confused looks as they wondered why Tyler was so reluctant to get a divorce.

Silence fell over the meeting room, and someone summoned the courage to say, "If you don't wish to get a divorce, we can just have Missus Hart help... I'm sure that she doesn't want a divorce either. You can stay married while Sheila can help to act like you two have been dating for some time. After some time, we'll have our people shift the public's attention to some other scandals-"

Tyler interrupted him coldly, "I said, I won't announce that I'm divorced."

The others instantly realized what he meant.

"But...aren't you going to at least pretend that you're divorced just to salvage your reputation?"

"Mister Hart, our competitors are going to use this against you..."

"Yeah. It's best that we get past this first..."

Despite their effort, Tyler would not budge.

Though the news had been taken off the internet, powerful figures like Tyler would never enjoy being involved in scandals.

That night, Tyler returned to the resort, his presence chilling and intimidating.

When Jade saw that the man was back, she dared not stay and left immediately.

Vicky, who was asleep in her bed, sensed his presence and opened her eyes.

She had stayed awake all night and could not stand it any longer, so she drifted off to sleep by accident not long before this.

The lights in the room were off, and his towering figure in the dark startled her at first. When she came to realize who it was, she regained her composure.

His cold, dark eyes shone in the dark as he uttered, "Vicky Shaw, I won't let you have what you want. You want your private life exposed to everyone, right? I'll make sure that they see every part of you."

Chapter 509

Vicky's brow twitched. 'What are you planning, Tyler?'

He sneered coldly. "You'll find out soon enough."

He took one last glance at her and left the room.

The door slammed shut with a loud sound that echoed in the room, and Harry hurried toward Tyler as soon as he was out of the room.

"Mister Hart, everything is in place for us to send Miss Young overseas." Harry observed Tyler's expression carefully. "Miss Young would like to see you before she leaves...'

After a moment of silence, Tyler said, "Alright."

Inside a different room, Sheila stared at the three enormous suitcases and the documents on the table, including her passport, with a bitter smile.

She felt as though she was sentenced to death without having a chance to defend herself.

Just then, someone knocked on the door, and she went to open the door.

When she saw the familiar figure outside, her eyes lit up. "Tyler.'

"I've already arranged a private jet." Tyler strode into the room. "Someone will send you to the airport later."

Her smile froze, and tears gathered in her eyes. 'Tyler, if you chase me out now, how are you going to handle the scandals?'

"That's out of your concern," he said emotionlessly.

She stared at his handsome features dazedly in disbelief. 'Tyler, are you seriously telling me that you still don't want to divorce Vicky after everything that has happened?'

"It's none of your business.'

He did not deny it at all.

Sheila clenched her fists. "Tyler, Vicky has sent another woman to your bed and called the reporters in to see it, just so that she can divorce you. She doesn't want to be with you! If she has just the slightest feeling for you, she would've never done such a thing!"

Sheila did not believe for a moment that Tyler failed to notice it, and it seemed so out of character for him to keep a woman who did not want him around.

Realization dawned on her, and her eyes widened in shock. 'Tyler, have you...fallen in love with her?' 1

There was no other possible explanation for Tyler's insistence to remain in a marriage with Vicky despite the troubles Vicky had caused.

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened as he said, "No."

"Why won't you just let her go, then?"

"I have my reasons."

Sheila had been known by the public as Tyler's first love, and she was one of the few people who knew that it was not true.

She knew nothing much about Tyler, and despite knowing that Tyler had pursued Gloria for a time, he had not been overtly obvious about it and had only pursued her for a little over half a year. Only people in their social circle knew about it.

“Tyler...” Sheila opened her mouth to speak, but Tyler interrupted her mercilessly.

“Sheila, you’re asking too much.’ He scanned her with his dark eyes. “And I can’t provide what you want.”

The tears in her eyes glittered. ‘I’m not asking for much. I just want to be with you, even if you love another... But why must it be Vicky? When I first came home, didn’t you tell me that you wanted to divorce her? She doesn’t even love you anymore, so why have you changed your mind?’

Tyler seemed to have grown tired of the subject. “It’s time that you leave.”

“Tyler...”

“Don’t ever come back.”

Tears scrolled down her cheeks, making her look helpless and frail, but Tyler did not waver and remained indifferent to her state.

Chapter 510

With one last glance at Sheila, Tyler turned to leave

She called out to him through quivering lips, “Have you always...wanted to get me out of your sight and have only been waiting for a chance to do so?”

He did not answer it nor did he turn.

Reluctant to give up, Sheila raised a question that she already knew the answer to.

‘Tyler, have you ever loved me? Even for just a little?’

He stilled. After a few moments, he said, “No, I’ve never loved you.”

She jolted and collapsed onto the ground helplessly.

Sheila left without making so much as a sound, and Vicky was not allowed to see her.

In the past days, Tyler had spent most of his time outside and would sleep in the same bed as her when he came home at night. Though, he had stopped holding her or touching her altogether.

Her phone had been confiscated, so she did not know what was being said about Sheila and Tyler, or how Tyler managed to resolve the situation.

The quieter he was, the more nervous Vicky grew because it was alarmingly like the silence before a storm.

One week later, Jade brought her out of the room.

Tyler commanded that she was not to leave her room at all, and an ominous feeling took over her that she was suddenly permitted to leave.

“Jade, where are we going?”

Jade kept her head bowed and avoided Vicky’s stare. “This is Mister Hart’s order... I don’t really know where we’re going.”

She pushed Vicky into a room and cuffed her to the wheelchair before blindfolding her.

Instantly, everything went dark, and Vicky started to panic. “What are you doing?”

There was no response.

Moments later, someone moved her wheelchair forward until she was carried into a car that soon started and drove off.

Sometime later, Vicky was carried out of the car. No matter what she said, she had gotten no response, and she had no clue as to where she was or what was about to happen to her.

Upon arrival, the person who was pushing her wheelchair forward stopped and removed her blindfold.

When she opened her eyes, she realized that she was in the middle of a filming studio. As someone who had worked with movie production crews, she knew the facilities and equipment well.

She stared into the distance and saw people adjusting the cameras and lights.

Her heart dropped, and her blood ran cold as she thought, 'Why did Tyler get his men to bring me here to a filming studio?'