

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free –

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Chapter 661

Again?' Vicky thought in displeasure but suppressed her annoyance, considering how the divorce would be imminent.

"I ran into Noah in a restaurant. Since he's helped me out a few times, I invited him to dine with me."

"How convenient," Tyler said pointedly.

"Even if we didn't run into each other and actually set up a time to hang up, that's normal, isn't it?" Vicky frowned. "Everyone has a few friends of the opposite sex. Don't you?"

"Me?"

"Don't Gloria and Sheila count?"

After a few moments of silence, he said, "Do they bother you?"

"What's the point of asking that question now?" Vicky thought before saying, "Did you call to tell me something?"

After a long pause, the man said, "We caught the person who stole your bag."

"Really?" Vicky was overjoyed as not only would she recover her documents, she could prove to Tyler she was innocent.

"Yeah," Tyler said coldly. "It's good timing. Why don't you bring Noah along?"

"Why him?"

"He is your witness, right?"

"But he didn't exactly see the thief."

Tyler interrupted her impatiently, "Since the two of you went to the police together and the robber has been found, shouldn't you go to the police to clear the case?"

Tyler's words were reasonable, so she asked, "So are we going to head toward the police station directly?"

"The robber is with me now, so come by my office first."

"Okay."

After hanging up, Vicky explained the situation to Noah. "Noah, will you come with me?"

Though she agreed to Tyler's terms, she could not force Noah to do something he did not want.

Noah felt conflicted by this, and after struggling for five minutes, he finally shot her a look of determination. "Alright, I'll come with you!"

"Noah, if you don't want to go, I can"

Though Noah had a wild imagination, he was a sharp man and said, "I'll suffer less if I obey and just go. If Tyler has to come and drag me there... Well, let's just say I won't be able to walk on my own."

"Let's just eat first."

"Sure."

After the meal, the two headed to Hart Corporation.

Chapter 662

The noon sunlight shone into the office through the window, and Tyler sat back lazily on his chair, seemingly taking a break.

He opened his eyes when Vicky and Noah stepped through the door. "Take a seat."

Vicky glanced around and did not see anyone else, so she asked, "Where's the robber?"

He shot her a look and said, "Am I supposed to keep that1 thing' here in my office to breathe the same air as I do?"

Tyler was a clean freak both physically and mentally, so Vicky did not say another word as she took a seat on the couch.

She turned around and saw Noah standing frozen in place." Noah, why don't you come and sit?"

"Oh, sure."

Tyler glanced at Noah coldly before making an internal call." Bring him in."

A few minutes later, someone knocked on the door, and Harry walked in with a creepy-looking man. "Mister Hart, he's here."

Tyler turned his attention from Noah to the man. "Are you the one who stole her bag?"

The man glanced at Vicky and nodded. "That's right."

"When and where did you steal her bag?"

The man answered the questions accordingly and seemed terrified, knowing that he had crossed someone he should not have."... I saw no one else around and this lady dressed like a rich person, so I started getting ideas...and went to snatch her bag out of her hands."

Tyler stared at the man sharply. "Where are the documents inside the bag?"

The man froze for a few moments before stealing a glance at Vicky and saying, "I've only taken the money. The documents meant nothing to me...so I threw them away."

The subtle look toward Vicky was noticed by everyone in the room, and Noah instantly lifted an eyebrow as he thought, 'I guess I'm in for a show today.'

"Where did you throw them?" Tyler asked.

The man dared not to look at Tyler and glanced around the room. "Um... I just tossed it randomly after taking the money, so I don't remember where I threw them..."

"Where?" Tyler repeated.novëxo

"I... I don't know."

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened. "Did you throw the documents along with the bag, or just the documents?" i

"I... I threw them together."

Tyler shot him a side-long glance. "You said that she looks rich from the way she dressed, which means you should know that the content of her bag is valuable." He tapped his long fingers against his desk rhythmically.

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Chapter 663

Tyler did not raise his voice, but his tone was nonetheless threatening. "The money in her wallet might not even be as worthy as her bag itself. Are you sure that you've just tossed something that valuable away?"

The man swallowed hard and started to sweat. "I—I didn't throw it away. I...I sold it."

"Oh? So why did you say you threw it away?"

"I... I just don't want any trouble and thought it'd be best to say that I threw it away."

"Where did you sell it to?"

The man took another glance at Vicky again, much to her confusion. "Why do you keep looking at me?"

The man wiped the sweat off his forehead and said, "No... No reason."

"You know who I am, right?" Tyler asked abruptly.

The man forced a smile. "Of course, Mister Hart..."

"I can look into every claim you make, and even if you threw the bag into a trashcan, I'll find it."

The man paled.

"Do you know what it means to lie to me?" Tyler continued.

Panicking, the man kneeled before Vicky and whimpered, "Miss Shaw, help me!"

Vicky could not register what he meant. "What?"

"I was working under your order, Miss Shaw!"

Stunned, she said, "What are you talking about?"

The man gaped at Vicky. "Miss Shaw, are you trying to shift all blame onto me?"

The exchange between Tyler and the robber had alerted Vicky to some extent, and she had only thought that the man was trying to downplay his crime. To her bewilderment, the man came begging her for help and pointed the blame at her.

She stood up abruptly and said furiously, "What are you talking about? I don't even know you!"

The man seemed angry as well. "Miss Shaw, how can you do this? You never mentioned a word about Mister Hart when you hired me to steal your bag! Had I known that Mister Hart was involved, I would've never accepted the deal you offered!"

Vicky was both dumbfounded and offended by being wrongfully accused. "Mister, I don't even know you. It's ridiculous for you to claim that I hired you to steal my bag. Why would I do such a thing?"

The man's face flushed. "You hired me to steal your bag because you didn't want a divorce!"

He turned around to look at Tyler before pointing at Vicky furiously. "Mister Hart, she came to me and said that her husband insists on divorcing her, but she doesn't want it. That's why she hired me to steal her bag! She said that all the documents will be lost, and she can stall the procedures. She said that her husband was being reckless and might change his mind after some time. I thought that it wasn't exactly hurting anyone and could potentially fix up a marriage, all the while getting paid for it, so why not? Who would've known that the husband she was talking about was you, Mister Hart?"

The man stared at Tyler pleadingly. "Mister Hart, she planned the whole thing. I have nothing to do with it... Please just let me go!"

Words could not begin to explain how Vicky felt at the moment at the ridiculous situation she found herself in.

'Am I actually being framed by the man who stole my bag?!' she snarled mentally.

Noah watched as the scene unfold with a scowl, feeling as though he had seen something similar before.

After a few thoughtful moments, he realized that his two cousins of different mothers framed each other the exact same way over a man.

Chapter 664

Vicky had never been in such a situation before and panted heavily in rage. She somehow managed to hold onto her composure and said, "You accuse me of hiring you. Why don't you tell them where I found you, and where's the money I paid you? How did we contact each other?"

The man did not panic at all in response to her questions.

"You hired me near the southern outskirts, and we dealt with cash to avoid suspicion. You gave me a part of the payment on the day, and the money in your bag is the remainder of my payment. You said that no one would suspect a thing if we do that. As for the contact method... You said you didn't want to be traced, so we arranged to meet up on that day. You told me to wait near the Civil Administration office. As soon as you get out of the cafe, I am to grab your bag. Also... It

The man continued confidently, ' You didn't want others to find me, so you hired someone else to destroy the surveillance cameras around that area.'

Vicky opened her mouth to speak, but she realized that the man had left her with no opportunity to explain herself.

He had established a perfectly sensible timeline, and Vicky turned to Noah in the hope that he could help.

Before Noah could say anything, he felt a cold, watchful gaze upon him without having to look at Tyler.

He felt chills down his spine and stood up abruptly." Hahaha! My cats just texted me saying that they're hungry, so I need to go home and feed them." 1novëxo

"Cats? Text?" Vicky froze and instantly cast her troubles aside. "Can cats even send text messages?"

"I installed a system in my house where there's a button they can press to alert me whenever they need to be fed. They're smart, and they've mastered it with some training."

"I see. You should hurry home, then."

Noah shot her an apologetic look. "I'll get going, then."

She nodded.

She knew that Tyler would simply accuse Noah of lying to her since Noah was her friend.

Noah was about to leave when Tyler, who had remained quiet the entire time, spoke out, "Hold on, Mister Canyer."

Noah stilled and turned to look at Tyler with a bitter smile." Is there something else, Mister Hart?"

Tyler studied him. "You are Vicky's friend and have helped her on multiple occasions. Since we all know each other, why don't you stay so that we can catch up?"novëxo Noah's heart sank, and he immediately chuckled awkwardly. "You're too kind, Mister Hart... The things I did were hardly great favors. You're busy, right? We can catch up whenever we want, so let's do that after you and Vicky sort things out."

"Our matters are pretty much settled." Tyler turned to Vicky

with a half-smile. "Do you have anything else to say for yourself?"

"I really didn't hire that man. I don't even know him..."

There was a possibility that the man made up a lie to avoid the consequences of his actions, but what he said had no plot holes whatsoever, and he wore a helmet at the time of the robbery, so Vicky could not identify him.

"Is that so?" Tyler said coldly.

"There's no point for me to lie to you. If you don't believe me..." She took a deep breath.

"Considering how influential you are, I'm sure a word from you will get the government to issue my passport immediately, and we can file the divorce tomorrow."

Noah buried his forehead in his hands as he felt sorry for Vicky.

Chapter 665

'Vicky, you still fail to see how terrifying this man is, and you still try to test his limits...'

Noah thought.

Tyler narrowed his eyes coldly. "So you can stage another car accident and lose your memories again?"

Vicky widened her eyes. "Are you saying I staged the car accident?"

"We would've been divorced by now if it wasn't for that car accident."

Vicky clenched her fists and instinctively wanted to argue, but she recalled the fact that she lost all memories, and there was a possibility that she was doing it to save her marriage.

"Regardless, right now, I-"

"Right now?" he interjected her curtly. "Just because it's in the past, that means it never happened?"

She met his eyes calmly. "Since it's happened, there's no erasing it from the past, but people move forward. Dwelling over the past will only cause you and the people around you more pain. Since that's the case, why not try to let go?"

Tyler maintained eye contact and said, "Are you saying that you've let go?"

She froze and felt as though she had been in a similar situation before when Tyler was looking at her in the exact same way, asking her the exact same question.

It felt almost as though this conversation had happened before, but Vicky simply could not recall a thing.

A sharp pain pierced through her heart as though she was being stabbed in the chest until there was nothing left but a hole.

She had lost so many memories.

People around her kept saying that it was good for her to forget, and even Vicky herself saw no point in regaining the memories because she knew that they were far from joyous memories. Hence, she never actively tried to recover her memories after the accident.

However, as she looked into Tyler's eyes, she could not say she had let go with certainty as she was not complete without her memories.

None of what she said would be justified until she remembered everything about him.

Instantly, broken pieces of memories flooded her head, and though she tried to reach for them, they simply slipped through her fingers.

She started sweating and her head was pounding as if countless needles were stabbed into her brain.

Noah immediately noticed her state and exclaimed, "Vicky, what's wrong?!"

She opened her mouth to say something to Tyler, but everything went black before her eyes and she collapsed on the floor.

Noah instinctively wanted to catch Vicky, but someone beat him to it.

Tyler gritted his teeth with a cold expression as he lifted Vicky and strode out of the office.

Chapter 666

In the hospital ward, the scent of sanitizer filled the air, and as Tyler slowly opened his eyes, he spotted a blurred figure before him. He narrowed his eyes before finally realizing who the woman was.

“Miss Shaw?” he said weakly.

“Are you awake?” Vicky reached out to test his temperature before murmuring, “You’re still burning up.” She sat next to him and explained, “Mister Hart, your temperature reached thirty-nine Celsius, so you were unconscious for three days.”

“Why are you here, Miss Shaw?” he asked.

“I was the one who spotted you and sent you to the hospital.” She studied the pale look on his face. “Mister Hart, as important as work may be, your health is crucial. The doctor said that you have an extremely fragile stomach and that you probably haven’t been resting properly, which led to your cold worsening.”

His lashes fluttered as he studied her. “How did you know that I was sick, and how did you find me?”

Vicky chuckled. “You called and said you wanted me to play the piano for you that day, didn’t you? You didn’t come and wouldn’t pick up my calls. We haven’t known each other for long, but you don’t seem like the type to miss appointments. If something came up, you could have called and let me

know, but your phone was not shut off and you simply won’t answer the phone...”

He lifted an eyebrow. “And you instantly realized that something was wrong simply because I didn’t come?”

She cleared her throat sheepishly. “You bought my time for the entire afternoon, so I cleared my schedule and had nothing else to do. I waited three hours in the piano room for you, but you won’t answer my calls or respond to my texts. Since I have the time, I decided to go see you.”

On the day of Tyler’s birthday, his attention was drawn when he heard a wonderful melody in the garden and found a woman playing the piano.

He only reached out to her because he was impressed by her skill and wanted to listen to music as a form of stress relief.

He would contact her to play piano for him whenever he was free and would pay her handsomely, which seemed to be a fair deal.

Though Tyler was young at the time, he had been studying abroad and saw through Vicky’s thoughts right away.

He would pay Vicky after she performed, and since he did not show up for the appointment, Vicky must have thought that she was fooled and wanted to look for him to get even.

After all, Vicky had always been busy and was working a few part-time jobs at a time.

Tyler noticed that she hurried to a cafe to work after her last performance for him.

Though her time was not as worthy as Tyler’s in terms of financial value, her time was extremely important to her.

Tyler did not expose her and said with amusement, "And how did you find me?" Vicky's eyes glittered. "When you sent me off to the cafe after our last appointment, you got a call from your business partner and I overheard you telling him to wait for you in the business building in the city center. You didn't have a briefcase with you, nor did you show any intention of going somewhere else to retrieve the contract, so I guessed that your office...is somewhere around the building."

"I was giving you a lift at the time," he said in a hoarse, seductive voice. "What if I had gone somewhere else to get the documents after sending you to the cafe? Or maybe I just live near the business building."

"You're a punctual man, Mister Hart. Judging from the time you set to meet with your business partner, you won't have any time to go anywhere else." Vicky looked at Tyler intently. "I go to that area all the time and remember how long it takes to reach the building by foot or by car. Even if your house is around the same area, you would've given yourself at least an extra ten minutes in case something else happens."

Tyler was impressed after hearing what she had to say. "You're quite sharp, but how did you find exactly where I was in the building? Don't tell me that you went knocking on each door."

Chapter 667

There were a hundred floors in the business building, so Vicky would have never found Tyler if she went from door to door.

Vicky smiled, revealing her endearing canine teeth. "I told the security guard that I'm looking for a man from Zendonja who is tall, handsome, and rarely smiles... He immediately knew I was referring to you. When he asked for my identity, I said that I was your girlfriend and came over to surprise you. After that, he told me which office you were in and gave me the spare key to it."

Tyler was fighting for his career at the time and could only afford to rent his own office. Amused, Tyler asked, "What happened after that?"

"I reached your office and called you outside the door," Vicky continued. "I heard your phone ringing from the inside...so I knew that something was wrong and went in."

It was rude to enter an office without the owner's permission and Vicky knew that, so she called him from outside the door to confirm if he was in the office and was prepared to leave if Tyler was not inside.

She could hear his phone ringing, but Tyler did not respond in any way, so she supposed something bad had happened to him.

Tyler looked at her. "I've been unconscious for three days?"

She nodded. "Yeah, you've been down with a high fever for the past three days. The doctors were worried and asked that I contact your family, but..." She studied his face and said, "Your family didn't call you..."

For the past three days, she had not received any calls on his phone except for calls from business partners.

"Mister Hart, have your parents...passed away?" she asked gingerly.

"No," he said. "They're both alive."

Vicky froze and wanted to say something, but she quickly realized she should not have asked such a question.

Tyler could tell that she was holding back her tongue. "My relationship with them is hardly great, and we don't really contact one another."

He could sense the sympathy in her eyes, and after being in the same situation for years, he had gone numb and would not be upset when others sympathized with him. "Have you been looking after me for these three days?" he asked.

Vicky nodded.

She could not reach his friends or family, and she could not leave him alone in the hospital. She had no choice but to stay and care for him.

Chapter 668

Vicky looked at Tyler. "Mister Hart, should I notify your girlfriend?"

He remained quiet for a few moments. "I don't have a girlfriend."

"Um... What about friends? Should I contact them?"

"I don't have friends either."

Vicky gaped at him and thought, 'Not even friends?'

Realization dawned on her because she did not have many friends overseas as well, so it seemed normal for Tyler to be in a similar situation.

She had taken care of him for three days and had others replace her in her part-time jobs, so she had not been able to earn much in the past few days.

She needed money and would jump at any chance to earn as much as she could.

"Since you are awake, L. will get going, then."

"Thank you for looking after me," he said hoarsely as he spotted the anxiety and worry on her face. "I will pay you the money for all medical fees and for the performance. I was supposed to go that afternoon."

Tyler was a generous man, and the payment Vicky received for each performance she did for him was bigger than her

total sum of income for the entire month. Hence, she would call in sick and cast all work aside whenever she received a call from him.

She fantasized that if he came to her frequently enough, she would not have to worry about her tuition and living expenses, and she might even be able to save up enough to get a loan for her own apartment when she returned to Zendonía.

She did not wish to live with the Shaws any longer.

Though her parents had passed away, the Shaws had not treated her poorly over the years—anything Gloria had, she would have, too. However, she had stopped accepting financial aid from the Shaws since she came of age as she knew debts would eventually be collected.

She grew up under the Shaws' wings and would have no right to refuse any marriage proposal they might bring to her in the future to further the family's gain.

With both her parents gone, she had no one to rely on and could only live at others' mercy, and she would rather cast the luxurious lifestyle aside instead of having others make decisions about her life.

She did not refuse Tyler's offer and said, "Hi leave now, then, Mister Hart."

"Sure."

As soon as she stepped out of the hospital, she received a notification from the bank about a transaction.

When she saw the amount she received, she froze.

Not only had Tyler paid her back for all the medical fees, but he had also given her an extra amount. Upon running a calculation, Vicky realized it was equivalent to the payment she would receive if she performed three days for Tyler.

'He's quite thoughtful,' she thought and confirmed her belief that Tyler was a good man. While Vicky thought that Tyler was being kind, Tyler was simply trying his best not to owe others.

To him, any issue that could be resolved with money was no issue at all.

His sickness overwhelmed him, and though he was young with a great physique, he could barely get out of bed after sleeping in for the entire day.

He had not received many calls throughout the time he was in the hospital, with the only exceptions being calls from his business partner who called to make sure he was okay out of courtesy.

Chapter 669

Tyler did not care about this. After all, he had grown used to being alone.

After staying another day in the hospital, Tyler decided to leave.

"Sir, you have yet to fully recover. You can't leave now," the doctor said.

"I have recovered," Tyler insisted.

"Sir, your fever has just come down, and if you catch a cold again, your situation will worsen! Can you please reconsider this? At least ask your girlfriend how she feels about this."

'Girlfriend?' Tyler was stunned for a moment, but he realized that the doctors had mistaken Vicky for his girlfriend after she took care of him for three days in a row.

He did not feel the need to explain himself to others and insisted firmly, "No. I'm leaving right now."

The doctors had no right to stop a patient who insisted on leaving, so they simply sighed in resignation.

Just then, the door to the room was pushed open, and a slim figure strode in with a thermal flask in hand.

Vicky smiled at everyone in the room and asked, "Doctor Charlie, are you here to check on him?"

Vicky was a gentle and understanding woman, so she had won the hearts of the doctors and nurses within a day.

Doctor Charlie was pleasantly surprised to see her. "Miss Shaw, do something with your boyfriend! He hasn't fully recovered yet and insists on getting discharged... You know the state he is in right now, so he can't leave the hospital now."

Vicky frowned and turned to look at Tyler. "Are you trying to get discharged, Mister Hart?"

Tyler was slightly surprised to see her and said, "Yeah."

"Mister Hart, you're this sick because you overworked while having a weak stomach.

Your fever has just come down, and you're still in a frail state. If you leave the hospital now, you'll just get sent in again tomorrow." She kept her eyes trained on him. "What's so important that you have to leave in such a hurry?"

"Nothing," he said coldly. "I just don't want to stay here."

Vicky set the thermal flask in her hand down on the table." Who'd want to stay in a hospital if they aren't sick?" She said gently, "But your body cant stand such wilfulness right

now... Why don't you rest for two more days and get discharged if you recover enough? How about that?"

Tyler knew Vicky meant well and did not insist after a few moments of silence.

Doctor Charlie gave Vicky a thumbs-up, and after he left, Vicky said, "The school's anniversary is almost here, and we rehearsed for the performance until quite late last night, so I didn't get to come and see you."

Tyler shot her a look and thought, 'Why is she apologizing? I didn't ask her to come and see me.'

He had always been a quiet man, so he did not say a word.

Vicky opened the thermal flask, and a salivating scent instantly filled the air. "I made some chicken soup for you. Have a taste."

He glanced at the thermal flask and turned his attention to her. "You made it?"

She nodded. "Yeah."

"You can cook?"

"I can make way more than just chicken soup." Vicky poured the soup into a bowl.

"What do you feel like eating

tomorrow? I'll bring you food... Oh, you're still ill now, so your stomach can't take anything too oily."

He stared at her oddly. "Are you coming again tomorrow?"

"If I am free, yes."

Shocked, he asked, "Are you this nice to everyone?"

Chapter 670

Vicky was slightly taken aback. "Of course not. We know each other, and you pay me to listen to me play, so you're technically my boss. It's normal to care for my boss' health."

He nodded and did not say another word, feeling at ease that Vicky's act of kindness was nothing but an exchange for the money he had paid.

The look in Vicky's eyes wavered for a moment as she studied Tyler.

The reason she mentioned that was only one of the many reasons why she decided to care for him, and the main reason was that he reminded her of herself after she learned that his parents were alive but did not care about him.

Deep down, Vicky had always been upset that she lost her parents at an early age, and at this point, she no longer remembered much about her parents.

She would always imagine how life would be if her parents were still alive, but people simply had to move forward. She could not allow herself to dwell on the past.

Knowing what to do was different from executing it, but she somehow managed to let go of the past after hearing about Tyler's parents.

Even if her parents were alive, she might not have the life she fantasized about at all, and in certain circumstances, not having something could be more fortunate than having something only to lose it later in life.

In the following days, Vicky would visit Tyler and bring him her home-cooked meals every single day.

Tyler was coming down with a fever and had a weak stomach, so he had to be extremely careful as to what he ate.

Whenever Vicky would leave the hospital, she would receive a handsome payment enough to hire a professional nanny.

Vicky was reluctant to accept the money because she did not want to sink so low despite needing money. However, if she refused to accept it, Tyler would ask her the next day if she wanted more.

Vicky poured the hot soup into the thermal flask and thought of the first time she saw Tyler.

She was in a discomfited state at the time because her purse was stolen.

She had just arrived in a foreign country at the time. Had Tyler not appeared, she would have to seek Gloria's help, and that was the last thing Vicky wanted because the way Gloria looked at her would always feel contemptuous somehow.

Perhaps Gloria was looking at everyone in the same way, but Vicky would rather seek a stranger's help than feel like she was being looked down on.

She summoned the courage to borrow some money from Tyler and returned to campus.

Vicky knew she had no reason to leave Tyler, whether it was out of sympathy for his background, out of gratitude for the help he had offered to her, or simply out of the fact that they were both from Zendonía.

After spending time with Tyler for the past few days, she could faintly tell what he was thinking and knew he was paying her because he did not want to owe her anything.

'Forget it. I'll give him the money back when I have the chance in the future,' she thought as she tightened the lid of the thermal flask and headed to the hospital.

As soon as she stepped out of the elevator in the hospital, she saw Doctor Charlie rushing into Tyler's room.

Her heart sank and she immediately pulled one of the nurses aside. "What's wrong? Did something happen to the patient in that room again?"

"The patient left the window open last night and started burning up again this morning!" blurted the nurse before rushing into the room as well.