

# Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free –

## Chapter 671 – 680

### Chapter 671

Several hours later, Tyler's condition stabilized.

Doctor Charlie told Vicky, "Miss Shaw, I know you're very busy with work, but...you know your boyfriend's condition. I hope you can take time off from work and focus on caring for him. Don't just visit him once a day and leave immediately after."

He paused for a while and shot her a rather disapproving gaze.

"The patient's body and mind are at their weakest during sickness, and very often, they'll feel lonely. With your companion, it could fasten his recovery. To be honest, Miss Shaw, you didn't play your part in caring for him."

Vicky lowered her head embarrassingly.

Throughout this time, Tyler had transferred quite a large sum of money to her. Even though she told herself she was going to pay it back to him in the future, she had already accepted the money. Thus, it was her responsibility and duty to take care of him.

By any means, Tyler could easily hire a nanny or a personal nurse to take care of him, and they would definitely do a better job than her.

She nodded solemnly. "I understand, Doctor Charlie. I'll bear that in mind. Thank you."

Doctor Charlie smiled. "Alright. Go and take care of him now. I'm afraid he's going to have to stay in the hospital for a couple more days before he'll be discharged after his fever recurrence."

The rays of the early morning sun shone through the white sheer curtains and onto Tyler's face. His eyelashes fluttered as if they were the wings of a butterfly when he gradually opened his eyes.

The pain from the headache kicked in and had him feel a little dizzy. He sat up and realized one side of the bed was slightly slanted.

His gaze wavered as he looked over.

The young, pretty girl's eyes were closed. She used her hand and arm to support her head from resting on the bed, yet it was hard to defy gravity as her head would bob.

Tyler was caught off-guard at the sight of her. It was rare to see her here visiting him at this hour.

Normally, she would come at night, bring some food for him, and stay for a while before leaving.

Tyler looked at the time from the clock on the wall. It was seven in the morning.

Why was she here so early today?

With questions in his mind, Tyler pushed her softly.

It startled Vicky that she opened her eyes immediately and woke up. The first thing she saw was a pair of deep, dark eyes.

They were in a beautiful hue of blue, the kind of blue one could find from the color of the deep ocean-cold as they were.

Vicky felt joyful. "You're awake?"

She reached her hand out to touch his forehead to feel his temperature and was relieved to discover he was no longer having a fever.

She said after pressing the bell near the bed, "Did you know you were running a fever last night? No matter what we did, your temperature just wouldn't go down."

Several minutes later, Doctor Charlie knocked on the door before entering. He checked Tyler's temperature and said, "Mister Hart, you're very lucky to have such a caring girlfriend. She had been changing the towel for you all night! Her hand was freezing red because of the cold water. Your fever only subsided around five something in the morning."

Shock crossed his eyes upon hearing that.

He looked at Vicky. "You looked after me last night?"

Before Vicky could say anything, Doctor Charlie smiled. "Of course! Earlier, I misunderstood that she wasn't a responsible person..."

Tyler reached for his phone before Doctor Charlie finished talking.

It struck Vicky when she realized what he was doing.

When Tyler was going to key in the amount, Vicky snatched his phone away with a sour expression on her face. "Tyler, what are you doing?"

Chapter 672

Tyler looked at Vicky, and his eyes widened slightly at how displeased she looked.

"This is the reward for taking care of me all night long."

His voice was still quite hoarse, yet his angular, perfect face displayed a sense of indifference and distant feeling.

"I don't want it." Vicky looked at him and sternly added, "Don't transfer any more money to me."

Tyler's eyes wavered. "You don't want money? Then what do you want?"

"I don't want anything."

Tyler's eyebrows furrowed. "You can be honest with me. I'll fulfill your request as long as it is within my power."

Of course, Vicky was happy to know Tyler. Under any normal situation, no one would resist having a generous boss that did not ask for many requests. Moreover, Tyler was the type of man who would only give more money and never less. It was a great shot in the arm for Vicky when she needed the money the most.

However, she was not a greedy person. She knew the amount Tyler gave her was already more than her value, and this made their relationship disproportionate.

Due to that, she had to work harder to repay the money he gave her, yet she only received more money that she could not repay no matter how hard she worked.

"I don't need anything," Vicky said faintly. "The money you gave me is enough for me to take care of you until you're discharged. During this period, you don't have to give me any more money."

Obviously, they were not from the same world. Thus, Tyler could not understand what Vicky was thinking.

"Aren't you looking after me because of the money?" He looked at her curiously. "What do you want if you don't want money?"

He was frank and thought she was only looking after him because of the money. It was actually an insult.

The disgruntled Vicky said, "Mister Hart, sometimes, money doesn't mean everything. I didn't look after you because I want your money."

Tyler looked at her unhappy face, his own expression not changing. "Weren't you after the money when you came to look for me the other day?"

Immediately, Vicky thought she should explain herself. "I took a day off that day, so I—" "So it was about money, wasn't it?" he interjected.

He continued indifferently, "Everyone has a desire, but they like to cover it with some ridiculous reason. They wrap it up with a pretty gift paper, pretend to put their desire aside, and refuse to admit it."

He gazed at Vicky with a pair of cold eyes as if he was looking at the universe far away from Earth. "It's only normal to like money. You don't have to feel ashamed or embarrassed about it."

It upset her very much to see Tyler was so confident that she was taking care of him because of his money.

She parted her lips and said softly, "I admit I do have that kind of thought in my mind in the beginning...but you told me how you're not close with your family and that you don't have many friends. I thought we had similar experiences... I also don't have a lot of friends here, and maybe we can try to be friends so we can take care of each other in the future

■

She knew how it felt to be living in another country without any friends. It was a good thing if they could be friends with each other especially since they were from the same country.

"Friends?" Tyler said ironically.

Vicky was dumbstruck as she looked back at him.

The sarcastic, disdainful smile on Tyler's face pricked Vicky's eyes like a tiny needle.

"Miss Shaw, please don't insult that term," he said harshly. "I don't need a friend, and I certainly don't need a friend like you."

Vicky's eyes widened upon hearing Tyler's ruthless remark, and her eyes turned red. Tyler was too mean.

Vicky was still so young, and her psychological bearing ability was not that strong. With such a mindset, she blurted out of anger, "You don't need a friend, or you don't have one? You keep talking about money and benefits. No wonder no one wants to be your friend!"

Chapter 673

Swiftly, the ward fell eerily quiet.

Vicky and Tyler had been using their mother tongue language in their conversation, so Doctor Charlie did not know what they were talking about. However, he could tell from their expressions that they were fighting.

He knew better than to stay in this room when the couple fought. He left the room silently without informing either of them when he saw the terrible look on Vicky's face.

The ward was dead silent.

Vicky regretted what she had said. She moved her lips and prepared to apologize, but Tyler beat her to it.

"So what?" he said gruffly.

Vicky was shocked.

Tyler's cold gaze on her remained. It was as if he had built a wall between his eyes and his true emotions so no one could peek into his mind to tell what he was truly feeling.

"What does that have to do with you? Who gives you the right to judge me?"

At that moment, Vicky's chest inexplicably ached.

Tyler said coldly, "Maybe you think it's a good thing to have friends, but that doesn't mean I think the same way. Stop using your thoughts or your point of view to judge me or

think you're doing me a good deed. You think you're a smart\* ss, but you're not!"

It made Vicky speechless as her face looked even more terrible after the harsh words Tyler said. Although she was reluctant to admit it, she...agreed with what Tyler said. It was the truth.

Not everyone liked to make friends.

Vicky bit her lip and forced back her tears. 'I'm sorry for being too full of myself.'

She quickly lowered her head and ran out of the ward. When she turned around, she could not suppress her emotion anymore, and her tears rolled from her eyes.

The ward returned to its silent situation after the door closed.

Tyler looked up at the ceiling as a dim glint flashed through his eyes.

Although the way she earned her money was not ethical, she was unlike other women who threw themselves at him.

Thinking about it, he did not understand why he said all those mean things to her.

Maybe he just did not want anyone to get close to him.

Vicky never returned after their argument.

Tyler was not surprised. He even predicted she would never visit him again. It was probably for the best because he never needed any friends.

That night, however, he had a fever again. Maybe it was because of the recurrence. He was hot and cold, and his head felt heavy.

Never in his life had he been so sick before.

Oddly enough, during the night, a cold and tiny hand pressed against his forehead as he could hear a voice faintly.

"Why is he so hot? Doctor Charlie, is he going to be alright?"

"Mister Hart, can you hear me?"

"Tyler... Tyler..."

Chapter 674

"Tyler! Tyler!"

"Wake up, don't sleep! Stop sleeping...!"

Who was calling him?

All of a sudden, Tyler opened his eyes.

"He's awake!" someone exclaimed.

Tyler narrowed his eyes, and before he could see the one in front of him, he heard Doctor Charlie saying, "Thank goodness. You're finally awake! Miss Shaw, come and see; your boyfriend is awake! Thank goodness... If his fever persisted for one more day, his brain would've been fried!"

Subsequently, he saw a thin figure appearing before his eyes.

Vicky was thrilled and overjoyed to see Tyler finally awake. Tears rolled down from her eyes and dropped onto Tyler's skin.

“Oh, thank heavens. You woke up!”

The tears dropped on the back of his hand and created an indescribable feeling. The tears were supposed to be cold, but they felt warm when they landed on his hand. Tyler blinked a few times to get a clear look. His voice was hoarse. “What happened to me?”

It was then he realized how frail he sounded. Nothing like this had happened during the times he was sick.

“You have had a fever for four days.” Vicky wiped away the tears in the corner of her eyes. “The doctor said if it persisted...”

She pointed at her brain. “You’d be rendered an idiot with your brain fried.”

Tyler glared at her swollen eyes as his eyes wavered. “What are you crying about?” he said weakly. “You’re not the one at risk of being an idiot with your brain fried.”

Vicky was speechless.

Even at a time like this, he could still be so mean. How did she never realize how mean Tyler could be before this?

Well, they hardly talked to each other even though they knew each other for some time. He was a very quiet man. If he could use one word to answer a question, one would never hear two words coming out of his mouth.

She looked at his pale handsome face. Her tears started to build up in her eyes again. She had a soft heart. Despite Tyler kicking her out ruthlessly a few days ago, she was disconcerted to see him lying on the bed like a fragile porcelain doll. She found it hard to adapt to the huge contrast.

She wiped away her tears and replied, “If you really fried your brain, I’d have to take care of an idiot in the future. I barely have enough money to support myself, and with you around, my whole life would be ruined. Why can’t I cry about it?”

Tyler raised his brow. “You can choose to leave me.”

“You’re not on good terms with your parents that you don’t even have their number in your contact list! You don’t have a girlfriend or even a friend... I tried to reach out to them, but I have no idea where to find them.

“And Doctor Charlie thought that I’m your girlfriend. If I leave, the hospital has the right to sue me! Plus, if I really leave you after you fried your brain, then with your situation, you’re definitely...”

If Tyler truly did end up with a screwed mind, she was not cruel enough to leave him alone in the hospital, especially when they knew each other and Tyler had helped her before.

He was not that mean to her.

After the mean things he said to her, he transferred an amount of money to her again. Despite the mean things he said, he was better than a lot of men who only knew how to trick girls with their sweet talk instead of letting their actions prove themselves.

With the grace she received from him, it was hard for her to turn her back on him.

Suddenly, a thought struck her, and she was stunned. They had different mindsets and principles. It would only bring an insult to herself if she told him what she thought of.

She looked at Tyler and changed the topic.

“The last time you had a fever was because you forgot to close the window. Did you forget it again this time?”

After a moment of silence, Tyler answered, “No.”

Vicky continued to glare at him and furrowed her eyebrows." Then what happened this time?"

Tyler's thin lips parted as he replied, "I had a shower."

Chapter 675

Vicky looked at him with a pair of shocked eyes. "You took a shower...before your fever subsided?"

Tyler looked away to avoid looking into her eyes.

What was wrong with him?

Meanwhile, the irked Vicky turned and communicated with Doctor Charlie.

"I found the reason for his fever. I think he might've gotten it after he had a shower that day."

Doctor Charlie was speechless. "Oh my god! He had a shower? Miss Shaw, you must stay in the hospital for twenty- four hours from today onward to take care of your boyfriend. If he had cooperated with us, he could've left the hospital today. But... If this continues, he may suffer serious after-effects."

Vicky gave it a thought and nodded slightly. "Alright."

Tyler heard their conversation and peeked at Vicky.

Doctor Charlie nodded in satisfaction. "Miss Shaw, please take care of him for the next few days."

With that, Doctor Charlie left.

Vicky looked back at Tyler. "I need to go home for a bit to bring some daily necessities over. Oh, do you want me to grab your things or buy you new ones?"

Tyler looked at her in disbelief. "Are you seriously going to stay here just to take care of me?"

"Do you think I'm lying to Doctor Charlie?"

Tyler did not answer, but his expression expressed his thoughts.

Vicky was so angry that she could only chuckle wordlessly." If you're not going to answer me, I'll buy a new set for you."

She was ready to leave, but Tyler hoarsely piped up before she could.

"Why?"

Vicky looked back. "Why what?"

Tyler gazed at her with a set of curious-looking eyes, confused as he was.

"You don't want money, but why do you want to take care of me? Why are you treating me so well?"

He transferred another hefty amount of money to her the last time, many times more than the amount he gave her before, yet she returned everything to him.

Vicky stood still and said faintly, "I didn't want to be an ungrateful person, and..."

She gazed into his deep and dark eyes. "There's a reason why I want to take care of you, so I'm not really treating you so well. Only when you don't ask for anything in return or treat someone without a reason is called treating you well. I know everyone has a different mindset, but if you have a

friend, you'll understand what is truly called 'treating you well' | |

With that, she said nothing else and left the ward.

It was not difficult to tell Tyler was a sensitive, defensive guy. He was used to keeping his distance from others and did not give his trust to anyone.

A man like him was very hard to befriend, and it was even harder to touch his heart. Since he would never agree to let Vicky go to his house to collect his personal belongings, Vicky went to the supermarket to purchase daily necessities for him after she went back to her place to pack her things.

When Vicky got back to the ward, she realized the room was empty. No one was lying on the bed.

Her pupils shrunk.

Did Tyler run away because he knew she was going to stay in the hospital to look after him?

At that moment, Vicky heard noises coming out from the bathroom. Her eyes widened as a thought popped into her mind.

She put the things she was holding on the table, and without hesitation, she kicked open the bathroom door.

Chapter 676

In the bathroom...

Tyler had just taken off his shirt when someone kicked open the bathroom door with a loud slam.

Bang!

He was startled as he looked at the door.

A thin young lady was standing at the door and looking at him angrily. "Mister Hart." Her voice sounded cold. "What do you think you're doing?"

A young lady, barging into a bathroom where a man was inside...and there was no shyness on her face as she even gazed at his body.

Tyler was a man, and he was embarrassed to have someone staring at him in such a manner. Despite that, he remained calm and indifferent.

He also did not reach for his shirt to cover his body and remained where he was as he replied faintly, "Taking a shower."

Anger thrummed in Vicky's veins. "Did you forget Doctor Charlie said you're in no condition to take a shower?"

"But I want to take my shower."

"You're going to have another fever!" hissed Vicky.

"Not if I blow-dry my hair."

Vicky was stunned for a few seconds. She asked, "So the reason you had a fever that day was because you had a shower, and you didn't blow dry your hair after you wash your hair?"

"Maybe."

Vicky's anger spiked. "Mister Hart, do you want to get better and leave the hospital?"

"I will be more careful this time."

"What if you're down with another fever?" argued Vicky.

"I wont."

"No one can guarantee that won't happen," Vicky tried to persuade him. "Mister Hart, you don't have to think about leaving this hospital again this month if you have another fever."

Tyler stayed silent before saying, "Even if I'll get a fever, I still want to take my shower."

"Why?"

"I feel very uncomfortable."

"Can't you endure it for just another few days?" pleaded Vicky.

"No."

Vicky was speechless.

During these past few days, Vicky noticed Tyler had serious cleanliness issues. It was even more torturous than killing him if he had to stay in a dirty place or refuse to let him have his shower, even if it meant he could be down with another fever.

"Do you really have to take that shower?" Vicky asked.

"Yes."

Vicky stayed still as she glared at him. "I'm going to stand here and watch you take your shower in case anything happens to you and you pass out during your shower."

Tyler's eyelashes fluttered as his deep blue eyes fixated on Vicky. His eyes were as blue and deep as the ocean.

Vicky felt like his eyes were luring and sucking her soul in as she made eye contact with him. She took a deep breath, and her eyes were wavering.

She did not avoid his gaze and stood her ground, clearly stating she would not back down. Although she did not exclusively express herself, both of them knew Vicky did not agree to let him take his shower.

That was why she insisted on staying in the bathroom with the ulterior motive to talk him out and let him change his mind.

No normal person could take his shower when someone else was in the bathroom with him, glaring at him. Thus, Vicky was taking a gamble on her chances.

However, Vicky underestimated Tyler's ability to cope and his determination to take a shower.

He glanced at Vicky faintly and started to take off his pants.

Vicky was dumbstruck, in sheer disbelief that Tyler could actually act like she was not there.

Her heart pounded heavily, her fingers curled tightly, and her cheeks were burning hot. She kept telling herself not to be afraid and convinced herself that Tyler was too shy to take a shower when she was there.

While she was consoling herself, Tyler actually did take off his pants.

Luckily, he had his underwear on and did not expose his lower half entirely.

Chapter 677

Regardless of that, Vicky could not tolerate it because she was never in this kind of situation before.

Tyler hung his hospital gown on the side and looked at Vicky.

"Are you sure you still want to stay?" he asked.

"I..." Vicky's lips quivered. The courage she gathered disappeared into thin air when Tyler looked at her.

Was she really going to stay here and look when Tyler had his shower?

Since Vicky said nothing, Tyler prepared to take off his underwear.

Just when his hand reached his waist, Vicky let out a shriek.

"Ahh! Don't take it off!"

She quickly ran out of the bathroom and slammed the door shut.

Tyler smirked when the door closed.

Immediately after Vicky ran out of the bathroom, she went to the window and opened it to take many deep breaths.



What a crazy thing she just did; barging into a bathroom when a man was trying to take a shower and she nearly saw his naked body.

'Just let him take his shower. You're not the one who's going to suffer. Why are you panicking?' she thought as she looked for an excuse for her action. 'I had to stop him from taking a shower because he's going to come down with another fever. If he continues to stay in the hospital, I need to take care of him, and it's going to cost me more time and energy. He had given me so much money, and I can't bear to leave him alone in the hospital. I need to take care of him until he's allowed to be discharged. That's why I wanted to stop him from taking a shower.'

After the round of self-consoling, Vicky felt much better.

She looked at the bathroom and closed all the windows in the ward. After that, she took the air-conditioner's remote control and tuned it to 30 degrees Celsius.

It was the start of autumn, so the temperature during the morning and the night was a big difference. The days would normally be very hot, and the night would be chillier. It was true even at this very hour.

The sun was shining brightly outside with a hot temperature, yet Tyler's body would not be able to withstand even a cold gust blowing at him.

Thus, Vicky had to endure the discomfort and increased the temperature.

Several minutes later, Tyler came out of the bathroom. To his surprise, he noticed that the temperature in the ward was relatively high. He looked around and saw Vicky fanning herself with a book.

Vicky looked at him just as she felt someone looking at her. She furrowed her brow when she noticed his hair was still wet.

"Why didn't you blow dry your hair?" she asked.

"It's going to dry by itself before I sleep."

Anger rushed through her upon hearing that answer. She did not say anything and went into the bathroom with a sullen face and took out a hair dryer.

"Go sit on the couch," she said faintly, "I'll dry your hair for you."

After looking at Vicky's cold and stern face, he decided to do as she said.

Vicky connected the hair dryer to the plug and started to dry Tyler's hair. At this moment, it occurred to her that it was not that easy to earn Tyler's money.

She had to worry about everything, and if she kept her eyes off him even one second, he might try doing something dumb that would make his sickness worse.

Despite her stern expression, she dried his hair softly. Her fingers stroked his hair so softly and gently.

Tyler looked at the mirror in front of him and at how focused Vicky was on blow-drying his hair.

Although her face contorted in displeasure, her eyes concentrated gently.

Suddenly, it reminded him of the moment he saw her playing the piano. Her expression and eyes looked just as they were in that mirror reflection. i

Serious and formal, as if she was doing something very important.

For some reason, he felt like someone had stroked the string to his heart softly.

Chapter 678

"All done."

After some time, the silky voice of a woman rang from behind Tyler. It sounded gentle, soft like a bird's feather.

Tyler closed his eyes to hide his emotion. "Thank you."

His response came as a surprise to Vicky because Tyler hardly said his thanks to her. Instead, his thanks would come in the form of money, so it shocked her to hear him verbally thanking her.

"Go rest." Vicky put away the hair dryer. "I'm going to ask Doctor Charlie about the treatment."

Tyler responded and slowly stood up. He just woke up from suffering from a fever for four days, and taking a shower consumed most of his energy. Thus, his body swayed unsteadily as he stood up.

Vicky quickly came to help him and mumbled, "You can't even stand up steadily, yet you insisted on taking a shower."

Speaking of that, she recalled what she saw just before.

Appearance-wise, Tyler was lean. As a matter of fact, his figure was perfect, very muscular and toned with six abs. His lower and upper body proportions had a golden ratio, probably even better than most of the male models she had ever seen.

She could feel his firm, elastic skin as she grabbed his arm.

Having those thoughts in her mind made her blush once more.

Why did she barge into the bathroom? It was all her fault.

Alas, Tyler spotted her rosy cheeks as she helped him to the bed. Confused, he asked, "Why is your face so red?"

This startled Vicky so much that her blush intensified. She was actually thinking back to the image from the shower!

Tyler did not notice this specific aspect, however, as he stared at her, then at the air-conditioner. "Is the temperature too high?"

Vicky stuttered, "A-A bit..."

"I have the blanket on now. You can switch it off."

"It's... It's fine. I'm going to go look for Doctor Charlie. Take some rest," she said.

Before Tyler responded, Vicky ran out of the ward as if she was running for her life. On the way out, she was too nervous and accidentally tripped because of the sofa and nearly fell.

Vicky's odd behavior struck Tyler as curious. What was wrong with her?

When Vicky left Doctor Charlie's office, her phone beeped to indicate she received a text. Glancing at what it was, she realized it was a notification text informing her that a certain amount of money was transferred into her account. The sender? Tyler.

Vicky was speechless. Well, people would often say that a leopard could not change its spots.

She immediately transferred the money back to Tyler.

For the next few days, Vicky stayed in the hospital to look after Tyler.

With her tenderness and detailed attentiveness, the fever did not recur and Tyler's body was recovering.

Tyler was not a man who liked to talk. There were not many topics they could talk about too. Most of the time, they kept quiet and did their own things.

Vicky was majoring in both music and arts. Since she had enough merits for her music degree, she used this spare time to draw and finished her assignment earlier. After that, she could use her spare time in the future to do part-time.

She had always been good at organizing her time.

One day, she finally finished drawing the scenery of the hospital from the window she looked out at and put away her drawing board. The coloring could not be done in the ward, so she had to wait until she was back on campus.

Tyler glanced at her drawing board and asked faintly, "You can draw?"

"Yes. I have two majors, but they're both art-related."

Vicky looked back and was touched when she saw a handsome man leaning back on the bedhead with the gold rays of the sunset shining over him.

She said, "I need to draw a portrait. Mister Hart, if you don't mind..."

Chapter 679

Before Vicky finished her sentence, Tyler had guessed what she was going to say and cut her off, "I do mind."

"Guess I'll have only Doctor Charlie to ask, then..." muttered Vicky.

Vicky much rather drew a handsome young guy like Tyler than an old man.

Nonetheless, she took her drawing board, wanting to ask Doctor Charlie to be her model.

Since she had to stay in the hospital, there were not many choices out of the people she was close with and those willing to let her draw them.

When Vicky was about to leave the ward, she heard Tyler speak in his deep, cold voice.

"Wait."

Vicky looked back. "What is it?"

Tyler furrowed his eyebrows slightly. "I'll let you draw me, but you have to give me after you're finished."

Vicky's eyes twinkled. "Sure! The professor will only give us back the painting after he's done taking scores, though. I can give the drawing to you after that. What do you say?"

Tyler accepted this reluctantly with a short hum.

One day, Vicky was in the ward when she received a call from Alex.

"Hey, Alex. You're here in Molivia?" She was surprised. "Why didn't you tell me earlier? I could go to the airport to pick you up!"

Alex sounded cheerful and excited, saying, "It's no fun if I tell you earlier. I wanted to give you a surprise!" said Alex.

I'm at the entrance of your campus. Come and find me now."

Vicky paused. "I'm not there."

Alex was unbothered by this. "Where are you? I'll go find you. It

"I... I'm in the hospital," Vicky answered.

"Hospital? Are you sick?" Alex was shocked. "Which hospital are you at? I'll go find you now!"

"I'm fine. A friend of mine is sick..." Vicky glanced at Tyler, who was reading, and said softly, "I'm taking care of him in the hospital."

"Gosh, you scared me. I thought something happened to you." Alex was relieved.

"Where are you? I'll go find you."

Vicky hesitated. "Nevermind. It's better if I go find you."

Tyler preferred a quiet environment, and they would disturb Tyler from resting if Alex came over to find her. After all, Alex was a noisy person.

Alex relented, saying, "Fine. I'll wait for you at the cafe near your campus."

After Vicky hung up, she looked at Tyler. "Mister Hart, my friend is here to see me. I need to go out to meet him."

Tyler flipped a page. "Okay."

"I'm probably not coming back for my dinner. But don't worry, I've prepared yours in advance."

"Okay," Tyler replied.

"I won't be too late. I'll probably be back before ten. If you're tired, please rest and don't wait for me."

Vicky left Tyler with a few reminders before leaving the ward.

It was 10 minutes past 10 p.m. already.

Tyler furrowed his eyebrows as he looked at his phone. He debated with himself several times about calling Vicky, but he stopped before pressing the dial button.

She said she would be back before 10 p.m., yet she was not even back when it was past 10 minutes the time she said she would return.

Tyler was going to call her 10 minutes later, but at that moment, the door opened.

She walked in with lips curled into a happy smile. It was plain to see she was in a very good mood. She was holding an exquisite paper bag in her hand.

From the pattern of the paper bag, it could be concluded that it was a gift from a man.

It surprised her when she discovered Tyler was still up. Her voice sounded softer than before-maybe it was because

she was in a pretty good mood.

"You're still awake?" she asked.

Suddenly, Tyler found her smile rather irritating when he looked at it.

He asked indifferently, "Didn't you say you were going to come back before ten?"

Chapter 680

Vicky, who was in a good mood, explained, "Alex got addicted to the food in the restaurant we ate in. He was afraid he was going to be hungry later, so he had takeaways ... The restaurant is very famous, and there were many people. Their serving time was quite slow, so we had to wait for his takeaways. That's why I was late."

"Alex?"

Vicky answered, "He's my childhood friend. Alex Torres."

The name indicated her friend was a dude.

"You two are very close?"

Vicky nodded. "Yeah. Since I was a kid, I've been best friends with Alex and Sebastian. Alex and his family moved to another country, and we haven't met for a long time."

Once Alex knew she was studying in Molivia, he came to visit her immediately. Vicky did not have any friends here, so when Alex came to visit, it chased away her sorrow and brought her happiness.

The gentle smile on Vicky's face irritated Tyler, and he found himself feeling rather vexed. It was then he recalled what she said to him before.

'If you have a friend, you'll understand what is truly called 'treating you well'.'

In all fairness, she treated him very well, but she admitted she was good to him because he gave her money. Thus, that was not considered as truly treating him well.

What about the friend she talked about? The guy called Alex? Was he the guy she would be willing to be nice to without asking for any repayment? The one she would willingly make sacrifices without complaints?

Tyler stayed silent.

Sensitively, Vicky noticed Tyler's mood had a downfall. Maybe she came back too late and disturbed him from resting, she thought.

Vicky apologized, "I'm sorry for disturbing you. I'll come back earlier tomorrow."

Tyler's eyebrows pressed firmly. "Tomorrow?"

"Yes. Alex is here for a week." Carefully, Vicky monitored the look on Tyler's face.

"Mister Hart, can I take some time off to accompany him?"

"This is your personal matter," Tyler said indifferently. "I'm not your employer or anyone like that. You don't have to request permission from me."

"But..."

After the money that she got from him, she thought of herself as a caretaker.

Tyler's tone became cold. "What are you waiting for? You don't want to sleep? Too excited because your friend is here?"

Vicky opened her mouth but said nothing.

Since Vicky needed to take care of Tyler, she could not possibly leave him alone in the ward the whole day. Thus, she told Alex that she could only accompany him for three days, and he had to make arrangements for himself for the remaining days.

Alex and Vicky knew each other very well. He knew she needed to take care of her friend, so he agreed with her.

One day, Vicky and Alex passed by a restaurant.

Suddenly, Vicky said, "Alex, can you wait for a minute? I want to order takeaway."

This caught Alex off-guard, but Vicky had already gone into the restaurant and placed her order.

She said to the waiter, "No chili, onion, parsley, and...pack the sauce and the spaghetti separately. Don't put them together."

Upon hearing her request, Alex looked at the restaurant's name. It was a French restaurant.

Why did Vicky request to have the sauce packed separately from the spaghetti?

Alex looked at Vicky and asked, "Vicky, are you...ordering takeaway for your sick friend?"