

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free –

Chapter 681 – 690

Chapter 681

Vicky nodded. “How did you know?” “You love spicy food, and I’ve never seen you ask for them to exclude parsley specifically... This takeaway is obviously not for you.”

Conflicted emotions filled Alex’s eyes. “You’d always be on your phone whenever it’s lunchtime for the past two days, asking the doctor if your friend is eating properly, or asking your friend what he feels like eating.”

Unable to suppress it any longer, Alex finally asked the question on his mind for the past two days. “Vicky, this friend of yours is a man that you’re quite close with, right?” Alex had never been a perceptive man, and the fact that he was asking about it showed just how obvious Vicky’s behavior was.

“I told you that this friend of mine helped me out a lot, and the money he gave me surpasses market value for the service I provide, so I can’t just leave him there to rot... Besides, he doesn’t know how to take care of himself, and if I don’t keep a close eye on him, he might get sick again, so I have to pay attention.”

She paused and added, “The sooner he gets better, the sooner I can get back to my part-time jobs.”

Alex did not say anything and simply studied Vicky oddly.

Vicky felt chills from the way Alex looked at her and asked, “Alex, why are you looking at me like that?”

The emotions in his eyes deepened. “Vicky, all I asked was one simple question, so why are you telling me all that?”

Vicky was rendered speechless.

Alex sighed with resignation. “Alright, just go. You don’t have to keep me company tomorrow.”

“Are you mad at me, Alex?”

He shook his head. “I know that you’re a soft-hearted person, so I won’t be mad at you. I just think if you’re so worried about that person, you won’t be able to have fun even if you’re here with me. There are priorities to things, and we can hang out whenever we want. I’ll come by again when you’re free.”

Vicky was touched by his thoughtfulness. “Thank you, Alex.”

“Friends don’t have to thank each other,” replied Alex casually.

After packing the food, the two stepped out of the restaurant.

“I’ll send you back,” Alex offered.

“Sure.”

When the car arrived and stopped in front of the hospital, the two stepped out.

“Alex, would you like to come and see my friend?” Vicky asked.

Alex kept his eyes trained on her. “Maybe next time.”

Since Tyler had yet to recover and was not good with socializing, Vicky did not insist on the matter. “Alright. If we ever have the chance, I’ll introduce you guys to each other.”

“There will be a chance,” Alex said.

Confused, she asked, "Oh? What makes you so sure?"

He took two steps forward and wrapped his arms around her before whispering into her ear bitterly, "Be happy, Vicky."

Vicky nodded and returned his embrace. "You too, Alex."

Alex let her go and said, "Alright, go up. Your friend needs someone to take care of him."

"Okay. I'll get going now, then."

Vicky turned and headed into the hospital, while Alex stood still to watch as her figure disappeared from her sight.

None of them noticed the handsome man observing them from a balcony on the third floor.

Chapter 682

Vicky went in through the door and saw Tyler reading on his bed.

The remnants of the sunset spilled through the pristine window and caressed the chiseled contours of the man's handsome face, casting a rosy glow over his features like a serene and graceful painting.

Vicky was an art student, so the beautiful sight before her captured her eyes and she could not bring herself to look away.

Tyler heard her entering the room but did not lift his head.

Puzzled by the absence of footsteps and chattering, he glanced up and met the woman's starry-eyed gaze.

"Why are you back so early today?" he asked expressionlessly.

Vicky immediately snapped out of it and looked away sheepishly. "I brought you dinner." She took out the packed food. "You once said that you like the food from this restaurant, right? I brought you some of their dishes... Oh, I made them pack the spaghetti and sauce separately."

Tyler's germaphobia affected his life greatly, and he disliked the idea of mixing the sauce with any food that he was consuming, so Vicky made sure not to trigger that.

Tyler glanced at the bag, and the look on his face darkened as he thought of something.

"I don't want it."

"But you said—"

He interrupted her impatiently, "Take it away."

Vicky could sense that Tyler had been in a bad mood in the past two days and frowned.

"Mister Hart, what is wrong with you lately? Is something bothering you?"

Tyler had been having extreme mood swings in the past two days and would be sarcastic on occasion.

He looked up and said, "How is that any of your business? Don't you think you're stepping out of line?"

'This again!' Vicky thought with resignation. Instead of getting angry, she asked patiently, "What do you want, then? Should I cook for you or perhaps buy something else for you in a different restaurant?"

"I don't want anything."

"No way. You haven't recovered and your stomach is frail, so you have to eat at least three meals a day..."

"Whether I have a frail stomach and take my meals on time is my decision to make. You're just someone I hired, so just follow whatever command your employer gives you." He narrowed his eyes sharply. "Miss Shaw, you are out of line."

Though she knew that he was telling the truth, she could not help but feel a sharp pain in her chest. "Mister Hart, I don't mean to bother you," she whispered. "I'm just worried about you."

"I don't need your worry." His expression was frosty and distant like the first time she knew him.

Vicky could sense that they had grown closer in the past week.

"Also... I've never asked for you to take care of me here," Tyler added coldly. "If you're busy, you are free to leave, Miss Shaw. There's no point in acting like you're just repaying your debt to me when all you want is to entertain multiple ends at a time."

"Entertain multiple ends at a time?" she repeated in confusion. "What does that mean, Mister Hart?"

Her eyes were filled with confusion, and had Tyler not seen the scene earlier, he might have believed that she did not have any ulterior motive.

Not wanting to explain himself, he said, "Just leave. Don't come back again."

Vicky had been devoted to taking care of Tyler. Though Tyler had never shot a smile her way, she did not expect to be treated so cruelly.

Tears welled in her eyes. "Mister Hart, is it something I did that upset you?"

Chapter 683

"You don't want to go?" Tyler chuckled and sneered, "Is it because you haven't earned enough money from me?"

"I told you that this isn't about money!"

He stared at Vicky coldly. "You once said that there's a reason why you take care of me. If it's not money that you are after, am I supposed to be your charity case?"

Vicky was rendered speechless, and her heart sank in disappointment.

She desperately wanted to leave and never return, but her last strand of sensibility stopped her from acting on impulse.

She closed her eyes to calm herself before stepping out of the room.

Tyler watched as she left and thought, 'It's a good thing that she's gone. I don't need anyone in my life.'

Just as Tyler thought that Vicky had left for good, the door to his room was pushed open again at nine later that night.

He turned to look at the entrance and saw Vicky stepping in expressionlessly.

He felt dazed at first but frowned seconds later. "Why are you here again?"

His cold voice pierced through the air, and any woman who had a fragile mind would not be able to withstand it.

Vicky was too proud to accept his tone of voice as well, but she had spent enough time around Tyler to get used to it. On top of that, she knew she did not have the luxury to be willful.

She was not like Gloria, who had the Shaws and her parents to support her and could live her life however she wanted. Like Tyler, Vicky had nothing at all.

She grabbed the thermometer to take Tyler's temperature. While he was still warm, he was no longer having a fever.

She poured him a glass of water and placed it on his desk with a few pills before closing the curtains and heading to her own bed to rest.

To take better care of him, she moved the bed from the outside into the room out of concern that no one would notice if he started burning up again in the middle of the night.

From Tyler's perspective, she was only doing so to get more money from him.

She had thought that there was a heart underneath his cold demeanor, but reality had proven that he was nothing more than a cold, hard stone.

Vicky had given up on the thought of treating him as a friend and decided to see him strictly as an employer instead so she would feel better.

Vicky's presence increasingly aggravated Tyler.

Once he found that she had not left, every word he said to her was laced with sarcasm.

Though he had not insulted her, the words he said were sharp like daggers made of ice.

Vicky would simply remain quiet and ignore whatever he said, but the more she tried to ignore him, the meaner he became.

One day, Tyler said, "Can you just stop showing your face shamelessly here?"

Vicky finally snapped and even stopped addressing him as 'Mister Hart'.

"Tyler Hart, you've been trying to do and say whatever you can to chase me out, but is that really because you hate me, or because you're afraid?"

Chapter 684

Tyler's lashes fluttered. "What am I afraid of?" "You're afraid of being close to someone. You're afraid of caring. Why else would you turn all bitter and mean?"

His lips curled into a sneer. "Maybe that's just who I am."

Vicky stared into his eyes and said, "You're not."

He paused.

"I know that's not who you are. You just want to get rid of me."

"Don't speak like you know me," he said coldly.

"If you're that reluctant to see me, cooperate with your treatment and get better. That way, I won't have to show up in front of you every day."

The sneer on Tyler's face faded as he fell into silence.

Three days later, Tyler had a full recovery and was discharged from the hospital.

He did not have any friends, so Vicky was the only one who helped with everything.

Ever since the fight they had, Vicky stopped speaking to Tyler and did not smile as much as she did, but she continued to care for Tyler at her best effort nonetheless.

After all the paperwork was filed, Vicky started packing all of Tyler's belongings. She clearly had experience as she organized everything perfectly.

After that, she closed the suitcase. "Alright, let's go."

Tyler grabbed the suitcase in her hands. "I can carry it myself."

Vicky did not argue.

Once they were out of the hospital, Tyler said, "You can leave now."

"Don't you need to be sent home?" Vicky stared at him.

"No. I can get home on my own."

After a few moments of silence, Vicky nodded. "I'll leave now, then." She hesitated and added, "Take care of yourself. Don't get sick again."

The look in his eyes darkened. "I will."

Without another word, Vicky turned to leave and received a notification on her phone as soon as she went into the taxi.

She unlocked her phone and noticed that it was another notification of a transaction to her account.

She glanced at it before ignoring the notification altogether.

Since Vicky had stayed in the hospital for too long, she had been absent from her other part-time jobs, so she instantly

found herself stuck in a busy schedule balancing her study with work.

She would recall Tyler occasionally when she was free.

He had not called her again ever since he was discharged, not that she was surprised.

After all, she knew Tyler would not allow anyone into his world.

Chapter 685

She and Tyler would never see each other again.

While Vicky was absorbed in her hectic schedule, rumors about her escalated.

One day, Vicky realized that she had forgotten about her keys as soon as she stepped out of the dorm and went back.

When she reached the door of her flat, she heard her roommates talking about her.

“Hey, have you heard of the rumors about Vicky?”

Vicky’s roommates were three foreign students, and Vicky paused when she heard her name being mentioned.

“Are you talking about the rumor that says she’s been messing around?”

“I heard that, too. I heard that she asks for quite a lot of money in return. As long as the man can pay, she can do anything!”

“She hasn’t been back to the dorm for the past few days. Do you think...she was out with a man?”

“There’s no doubt that’s the case! There’s this handsome young man who came by the academy to see her some time ago. She sure has a lot of fish in her pond...”

“She’d never agree to go to parties, and here I thought she was a conservative woman.

Who would have known that

she was faking it? I guess you can’t judge a book by its cover after all.”

“Sara, you don’t get it. What happens at a party is consensual with no money involved...”

Vicky values money too much to go to an event where she won’t be paid.”

“I guess... It’s a shame that our teachers have such high hopes for her when she’s only here to sell herself to the best bidder.”

“Our teachers are men as well. Do you think Vicky might have seduced them as well?”

Vicky had not imagined that even her roommates would talk about her behind her back as well, and no one seemed to doubt a single word of the made-up rumors.

She was stunned for a few moments before regaining her composure.

Instead of going in, she turned expressionlessly and left.

The rumors did not affect Vicky for long, and she learned to turn a blind eye at it.

She came to study, not to make friends, so she knew she only needed to focus on herself.

The Art and Music Academy in Molivia gathered the most talented students from all around the world, but even among such a crowd, Vicky stood out as the brightest to the point that she was the focus of attention whenever there was a performance.

"It's Vicky who plays the finale again..." A blonde woman complained as she changed. "Ever since she arrived, the position of the lead has remained hers, and no one else has the chance of trying for the role. How can she be so selfish?"

Gloria was putting on makeup and paused at the woman's words. "Vicky is more talented than us all, so it's only normal she was selected as the lead."

"But you aren't so bad, either! You managed to substitute her as the lead when she called in sick before, right? Gloria, have you heard of the rumors that said she called in sick for a week to get an abortion?"

The rumors centering Vicky had gone from her offering companionship to men, to her going for an abortion.

Gloria felt annoyed. After all, she hated people who spread rumors. "Vicky is my cousin, and I know her. Those are just rumors."

The blonde woman shot Gloria a look. "Gloria, the friendship or kinship between women is superficial. Even if you're sisters, that won't mean a thing when it comes to what truly matters."

Gloria did not respond, and the look on her face hardened.

The woman sighed and said, "If she really isn't that sort of person, this just means that she's drawn far too much attention to herself. Jonathan from the neighboring academy heard about Vicky as well... He seemed interested in her and came all the way to watch her performance today, n

The woman paused to look around before lowering her voice. "I overheard him saying to his friends that they wanted to drug Vicky and force themselves on her..."

Chapter 686

Gloria jolted in shock. "What did you just say?"

She had heard of Jonathan as well. His fame was not accumulated by his talent or accomplishment but by his womanizer's way instead.

He was notoriously known as a playboy who would not let any woman he was interested in escape, and he would occasionally sink into more forceful ways to get the women he wanted.

"Gloria, there are a lot of girls here who are jealous of Vicky," the blonde woman whispered. "The rumors...are probably spread by those girls. Judging from what I overheard, I think someone in our academy is going to help Jonathan with his scheme."

If Jonathan did not have any help, Vicky might not fall into his trap as she was an extremely guarded woman. However, if someone from the academy was helping Jonathan, there was a high chance Vicky might be in danger.

Gloria's expression darkened. "Do you know where Vicky is right now?"

The blonde woman shot her a look. "Gloria, maybe you should stay out of it... You know who Jonathan is. Despite all the dirty stunts he pulled to get women, he's always been fine because his family is really powerful. I know that you come from an influential family as well, Gloria, but Jonathan

is from Molivia, and we can't rival his family's influence here in their territory."

"Thank you for your advice, Beth, but please tell me where Vicky is anyway," Gloria said.

"I think Jonathan and his friends were heading toward the back garden," Beth said.

"There's still some time before the finale, and if Vicky doesn't come back in time, you or

Aileen have the best chance of getting selected instead. If you leave now, that chance will go to Aileen.”

Gloria nodded carelessly and stormed out.

In the back garden, Gloria was on her way when she suddenly realized that she alone would not help Vicky in any way. She might end up getting into trouble as well.

After stopping to think for a few moments, she decided to seek Mister George’s help instead as Jonathan could not dare to harm Vicky if a teacher was present.

She made a sharp turn to the staff office, only to be stopped by the sound of a melodious male voice.

“Miss Shaw.”

The voice was cold yet pleasant like a stream of refreshingly cold water in the summer.

Judging from the language the man had spoken, she realized that he was from Zendonias as well and slowly turned to find a towering man standing in the distance.

His posture was elegant and calm as he stood tall like a majestic tree on the clear, breezy night. The moonlight shone down on him like a veil, creating a mingling of light and shadow that emphasized the sharp contours of the man’s handsome face, giving him the appearance of a god among mortals.

Gloria’s breath caught in her throat.

As soon as the man had a clear look on Gloria’s face, his eyebrows furrowed. “Sorry, I mistook you for someone else.”

With that, he turned around and left without hesitation, his back betraying no hint of emotion.

Gloria had a classical and delicate appearance that had won the hearts of countless men since she was a teenager, and even when she traveled to a different country where beauty standards may differ, she was still a recognized beauty. This was the first time she had ever been completely ignored by a man, and she was momentarily stunned.

“Are you looking for Vicky?” she asked, not knowing what prompted her to stop the man from leaving.

The silhouette of Gloria and Vicky were quite similar, and many people had indeed mistaken one for the other when viewed from behind.

However, they dressed in completely different styles, and anyone familiar with them would not make such a mistake. Tyler stilled. “Do you know her?”

Chapter 687

“Yeah, Vicky is my cousin,” Gloria said with a smile. “Why are you looking for Vicky?”

Tyler remained quiet for a moment and said, “Nothing important.”

Ever since he bid farewell to Vicky outside the hospital, he had not reached out to her and did not intend to do so again.

However, work had been hectic, and he was suddenly overwhelmed by the urge to listen to the piano.

He came when he heard that there was an orchestra performance, and when he spotted a familiar figure in the garden, he could not help but walk over.

It was not until Gloria asked why he was looking for Vicky that he realized he did not have an answer to the question.

Tyler was about to leave when Gloria called out, “Sir, if you’re a friend of Vicky, can you please help? Vicky...” She gritted her teeth and continued, “May be in danger.”

“What kind of danger?” He narrowed his eyes darkly.

“I just heard that...” Gloria explained what she heard briefly.

Tyler tensed. “Take me to her.”

Gloria was slightly stunned. “Huh?”

“Take me to Vicky right now,” Tyler said coldly.

Gloria immediately snapped out of it and said, “Okay.”

Without hesitation, she led Tyler toward the direction Beth had mentioned.

In a pavilion at the corner of the garden, Vicky froze for a moment when she saw the three foreign young adults before her and quickly realized she had been fooled.

The people in her orchestra said that Mister George needed to see her, and when she hurried over, she found the notorious womanizer, Jonathan.

Vicky had never been in such a situation before and panicked at first, but she forced herself to stay calm.” Jonathan, I’m going up to perform on stage soon. If I go missing, Mister George is going to come looking for me and w

Before she could finish, Jonathan interrupted her playfully,” Even without you, Aileen can take your place, and the show will go on. Don’t worry.”

‘Aileen?’ Vicky’s expression darkened as she recalled that it was Aileen who told her that Mister George was looking for her.

“Jonathan...” Vicky tried to reason with him, only to be suddenly overwhelmed by a wave of dizziness.

She instantly thought of the bottle of water Aileen handed to her not long ago.

Aileen had been close with Vicky and even scolded a few students for spreading rumors about Vicky, so Vicky never expected to be betrayed by someone she considered a friend.

Seeing that the drug had taken effect, Jonathan’s eyes lit up eagerly. “Vicky, I’ve loved you for so long. Everytime I watch you perform, I’d get the urge to hold you tight, kiss you, and make you mine... Vicky, don’t worry. I will be gentle.”

Vicky was utterly disgusted and backed away until her back was against a pillar.

Jonathan was beaming when Vicky ran out of places to escape to.

He swallowed hard and lunged at her.

Chapter 688

At the same time, Vicky raised her arm and smashed the rock she picked up earlier at Jonathan’s head.

Baam! A sharp pain pierced through Jonathan’s head, and blood scrolled down his face. Over the years, Jonathan had abused his power with impunity and had never suffered such humiliation; being battered by a woman and left wounded was an intolerable disgrace for him.

Jonathan flew into a rage, raising his arm and slapping Vicky hard across the face.

Smack!

Vicky was knocked down to the ground by the blow, and her cheek immediately swelled up. Rendered powerless by the drug in the water handed to her by Aileen, she had used all her remaining strength in her last attack on Jonathan and she was already at her wit’s end.

“You’re just a wh*re. How dare you play hard to get with me?! ” Furious, Jonathan proceeded to slap her a few more times.

The two young men who came with Jonathan said, "Jonathan, don't overdo it. If old George finds out, we'll all be in trouble."

Vicky was no ordinary woman, and her talent was broadly acknowledged. If others caught wind of it, the academy might do whatever it took to protect Vicky.

Jonathan calmed down slightly at their words. "It's not fun to do it here. Let's take her back to my place."

"But..."

The other two men exchanged hesitant looks. Their original plan was to force themselves on Vicky in the garden, before silencing her with some money.

The culture in Molivia had always been rather liberal, and these men were used to acting wilfully, so none of them was concerned about getting caught.

However, Jonathan had changed his mind and wanted to take Vicky away.

As Jonathan's friends, they all knew that he had no intention of letting Vicky go if he took her back to his place.

"Jonathan, I heard that Vicky is from a powerful family as well. She isn't an ordinary woman. It'll get ugly if her family comes after us..."

"Yeah. She's just a woman. Just have your fun with her here. Why do you have to take her home?"

Jonathan stared at Vicky angrily. "She dared to hit me with a rock. I'm going to lock her up in a dog cage and make her life a living hell! As far as her family goes..." He sneered.

"As long as we keep our mouths shut, no one is going to know that we took her. Aileen has always resented Vicky for taking up the place as the lead pianist. She wants nothing more than for Vicky to disappear. Besides, she helped to drug Vicky, so she would get in trouble if we are caught as well."

The two men were still hesitant, and Jonathan added, "You two have always wanted to take her to bed, right? She's the lead pianist of the academy's orchestra and is an absolute beauty. She rejected you both before... Just think about it! The woman whom you can't even dream of touching is going to live her life being chained like a dog... Isn't that fun? I'll let you have your fun with her first, and you can send her back to me once you're done, okay?"

The two began to waver as they had both pursued Vicky in public by sending her flowers and gifts, fawning over her, but she had refused them both. They only agreed to work with Jonathan because they could not suppress their desire for Vicky.

The two exchanged a determined look and said, "Alright. Let's do it."

Jonathan shot them a look, and the two smiled before picking Vicky up from the ground to take her away.

As soon as they stepped out of the pavilion, however, someone stood in their way.

The person's towering figure blocked the streetlight, giving it a chilling impression.

The three paused and stared at the man in front of them in surprise.

Chapter 689

"Who are you?"

Since the man was standing against the light and his height was towering, half of his face was shrouded in shadow, and his expression could not be seen clearly.

The man turned, and his gaze fell on Vicky.

Jonathan's expression darkened, and he instinctively stood in front of Vicky. "Out of the way. We're busy."

"Let her go," the man said coldly.

Jonathan sneered. "You're the one who should leave. How is it any of your business that we're leaving with a friend?!"

A woman's voice echoed in the air. "You're not Vicky's friends!"

Gloria stepped out from behind Tyler and glared at the three men coldly. "I've never seen her in contact with any of you. Besides, Vicky is about to go on stage. Where are you taking her?"

Jonathan's expression darkened at the sight of Gloria.

Gloria and Vicky were both talented beauties who had made their names known in the academy, so Jonathan recognized Gloria right away.

He rolled his eyes and soon came up with an excuse. "Miss Shaw, how would you know if we're not Vicky's friends?"

Besides, if we're forcing her to do something she doesn't want, she can scream for help, right? She's coming with us on her own will. Please stay out of it."

Gloria turned to look at Vicky, whose head was bowed as the two men steadied her.

Vicky had not made a sound, and after hearing all the recent rumors, Gloria began to have doubts as to whether Vicky was leaving with the men willingly.

Just as she tried to determine what was real, the man next to her strode toward Vicky.

Jonathan immediately stopped him. "Hey, Vicky is coming with us, so stay out of it or we'll teach you a less-"

Before he could finish, he was shoved so hard that he came close to falling.

Tyler stood before the two men who were holding Vicky up and lowered his gaze at Vicky before reaching to grab her.

Startled, the two men immediately held onto Vicky with all their might.

"Hey, what are you doing? I'm warning you! Stay away from us, or—"

Before they could finish, Tyler had already dragged Vicky out of their restraints.

The two men and Jonathan were stunned.

Vicky was in a terrible state.

She was conscious but could not move a single muscle in

her body, and after being slapped multiple times by Jonathan, she could no longer speak.

She knew what was happening around her but could not call out for help no matter how hard she tried.

Vicky was anxious, but no matter how hard she tried, she could not make a sound or lift her head.

Jonathan and his gang had no idea how the man managed to take Vicky away from them so easily.

Chapter 690

Tyler did not so much as honor them with a look and was about to leave with Vicky.

After all, they had plotted to trap Vicky, Jonathan and the others were reluctant to let her go and stood before Tyler in unison.

"Let Vicky go, or face the consequences!" Jonathan narrowed his eyes sharply.

Tyler glanced at him contemptuously and said, "Scram."

The feeling of being taken lightly shattered the three men's pride.

The three of them had spent most of their time causing trouble and had been in a lot of fights outside of school, so they had no fear for the man before them.

"You should learn your place before coming here to play hero! How dare you try to take our woman from us?"

One of the men pulled out a knife and thrust it toward Tyler with great force. The sharp blade glinted in the moonlight, reflecting a cold gleam.

However, Tyler remained calm and composed, showing no signs of panic as he wrapped one arm around Vicky's waist and took a few steps back, evading the sharp edge of the blade with ease. His face showed no hint of fear as he moved gracefully.

The man missed his target and became extremely frustrated, so he held the knife and stabbed Tyler once again. He was swift and fierce, wielding the blade with a tricky angle so that it would be difficult to dodge.

It became clear that this man was skilled in fighting with a knife, and Tyler would struggle to dodge the attack with Vicky in his arm.

Gloria covered her mouth and gasped. "Watch out!"

Just as the knife was about to pierce through Tyler's body, the man's movement came to a sudden halt. His wrist had been firmly caught midair.

He struggled to break free, but Tyler's absolute strength overpowered him effortlessly.

The man's eyes flashed with a vicious glint as he tried to regain control of the knife.

A cold, contemptuous laugh echoed from above. Before the man could react, he felt an intense pain in his fingers.

Without any warning, three of his fingers fell to the ground, spurting blood.

He stared at the fingers in disbelief as he registered the fact that his fingers had been chopped off after a few moments of shock and he cried out in agony at the excruciating pain." Aaagh!"

Tyler released his grip on the man's wrist, and the knife fell to the ground. With a cold expression, he turned to leave only to find a gun being aimed at him.

"Move, and I'll shoot you!" Jonathan stared at Tyler viciously.

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened as he remained absolutely calm. "What do you want?"

Jonathan stared daggers at him through bloodshot eyes." Put Vicky down. Also...if you don't want to die, get on your knees!"

Tyler stood his ground, and Jonathan pressed the gun directly against Tyler's head. "Do you really want to die?"

When he moved his finger on the trigger, Tyler said, "Fine."

A smug look appeared on Jonathan's face, and Gloria felt disappointed as she watched Tyler place Vicky down.

While he set Vicky aside, Jonathan was still shouting arrogantly as he held Tyler at gunpoint.