

# Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

## Chapter 691 -

"Now, kneel!"

Tyler shot him an odd look, and Jonathan repeated viciously, "Did you not hear me? I said, kneel!"

"And if I don't?" Tyler asked.

The fact that Tyler let go of Vicky gave Jonathan the illusion that he had full control over Tyler and was furious at Tyler's question. "I'll shoot you if you don't!"

"Go on, then," Tyler said calmly.

Everyone was stunned, and even Gloria looked at Tyler in confusion.

While she was distracted, Tyler reached to grab the gun in Jonathan's hand.

Jonathan wanted to take it back but was hardly a match for Tyler. At the very last moment, he pulled the trigger out of desperation.

Bang!

The gunshot was followed by a few more.

Gloria had never been in such a situation before, so all she could do was tremble and watch as her mind went blank.

By the time she snapped out of it, Tyler had picked Vicky up from the ground, and it was at that moment that Gloria realized Tyler was not scared of Jonathan's threat and merely accepted Jonathan's command out of concern that Vicky would be caught in the crossfire.

At that moment, two of the three men who attacked Vicky were shot while the other had his fingers cut off, and they were laying on the ground.

The man who had his fingers cut off was still wailing in pain, but Jonathan and the other man had lost consciousness.

Crimson blood tainted the rocky path in the garden, and the scent of blood overpowered the faint fragrance of flowers.

Gloria stared at Tyler dazedly.

Tyler was ruthless and aimed to maim.

It was clear that he was a decisive man, and once he was provoked, he would show no mercy.

'This man is dangerous,' she thought.

Gloria should have been scared after all that she had witnessed, but for some reason, her heart raced especially when she saw how coldly he treated the Johnsons and how effortlessly he picked up Vicky. She could not seem to look away.

After taking down Jonathan and the other two men, Tyler did not pay any further attention to Gloria and was prepared to leave with Vicky in his arms.

He had had more experience in life compared to Vicky and knew she needed to be taken to the hospital immediately.

“Hang on.” Gloria stood in his way, trembling.

He lifted an eyebrow and stared at her. “What?”

“Where are you taking Vicky?”

He scowled. “To the hospital.”

Gloria’s heart was threatening to leap out of her chest as she stared at the majestic young man before her. She walked over and looked into his eyes. “Vicky is my cousin, so I won’t trouble you over it. I’ll take her to the hospital.”

He stood still. “How exactly are you going to carry her to the hospital? Can you even lift her?”

Gloria had a slim and frail frame, so she could not possibly carry Vicky to the hospital.

“I... I will get my classmates and teachers to help,” she said sheepishly.

“So, you’re saying that she won’t get any medical attention until you get your teachers here?” Tyler said coldly.

Gloria could tell that Tyler was annoyed and met his eyes once again. “I’m sorry, Mister Hart, but just like how I don’t trust Jonathan, I don’t trust you either.”

C - 692

Tyler stared at Gloria and retorted, “Why should I care if you trust me?”

Gloria paused and said, “I can’t just leave Vicky with a stranger.”

“I’m just a stranger to you, not to her.”

Tyler shot her one last look and turned to leave with Vicky in his arms.

Gloria moved to stand in his way and gritted out, “I won’t let you leave with Vicky!”

He chuckled mockingly. “People who don’t know the truth might just think that you really care for her.”

Gloria widened her eyes, and her expression darkened as she glared at Tyler. “Are you accusing me of pretending to care about Vicky, Mister Hart?”

“I didn’t say that,” he said coldly. “I just want to remind you that the longer we wait, the more danger your cousin will be in. Are you sure you want to keep wasting time here?”

Gloria was instantly rendered speechless, and Tyler walked around her to leave.

She stood frozen in place as he walked away. In the end, she gritted her teeth and caught up to him.

After a few hours, Vicky finally regained consciousness.

She was as pale as a ghost and felt extremely weak after the stomach pump.

She spotted two familiar figures before her after regaining consciousness.

Vicky was not surprised to see Gloria but paused when she saw Tyler.

She was conscious of the majority of what happened and vaguely remembered the details. However, she passed out after the gunshot and did not know what happened afterward.

What surprised her more was that Tyler remained by her side.

Gloria noticed that she was awake and asked, "Vicky, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine." She glanced at Gloria and Tyler. "Thank you."

Gloria studied the pale look on Vicky's face and asked, "Vicky, what on earth happened?"

Vicky explained everything that she knew, and Gloria's expression darkened when she heard Aileen's name.

She had been notified that Aileen had performed the finale as a substitute for her and Vicky.

Vicky was attacked and Gloria had to send Vicky to the hospital, which meant that Aileen won in the end.

After hearing what Vicky had to say, Gloria said, "Jonathan and his friends have all been rushed to the hospital, and I heard that...they're quite badly injured."

Vicky turned to look at Tyler.

She had not expected Tyler to be this ruthless but felt no sympathy for Jonathan and his gang. Well, they had it coming.

Jonathan and his two friends were all descendants of powerful families, and since they were all severely injured because of her, Vicky knew they would not rest until they got their revenge.

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said, "I'll book a ticket to go home tomorrow."

Though the Shaws were powerful as well, Vicky and Gloria were in Molivia and far from the Shaws' reach. Hence, the safest option for Vicky was to return to Zendonía.

"I've already told Mister George about this," Gloria said. "He said that he'll talk to the school board and the academy will represent you to negotiate with Jonathan and the other two. In the meantime, you need to keep your head low and return to the academy only after the matter is settled."

If Vicky was merely an ordinary student, the academy might have turned a blind eye to the conflict, but Vicky was simply far too talented in music and art, so the academy would do whatever it took to avoid losing such a talented student.

Vicky had traveled to Molivia to learn and naturally did not wish to leave unless she absolutely had to.

C 693

Vicky nodded. "Okay."

"Don't show yourself in the academy for the time being. I'll follow up on this," said Gloria.

Suddenly, Gloria's phone started ringing, and after answering the call, she paled and ended the call.

She looked at Vicky. "Vicky, I'm afraid that I need to hurry back. Rest well. I'll come by to see you again tomorrow."

"Okay. Go ahead."

On Gloria's way out, she shot a cold glare at Tyler.

Since Vicky had regained consciousness, she did not have to worry about Vicky's safety.

When the door closed behind Gloria, Vicky turned to look at Tyler. "Mister Hart, thank you...for what you did today. Without you, I might've..."

He interrupted her, "Aren't you upset that I caused you this much trouble?"

She chuckled. "Had you not gotten involved, I wouldn't even have a chance to face the troubles you've caused."

Tyler studied her for a few moments. "You can't live here tonight."

Realization dawned on Vicky. "Are you saying that...those guys are going to come after me tonight?"

Tyler nodded. "If the academy intends to protect you, they won't have a chance to retaliate, so they're going to take action before the academy can reach out to their families."

Vicky clenched her fists.

"Jonathan should be awake by now and is probably giving orders to his men to track you down," Tyler added emotionlessly.

This was the first time Vicky found herself in such a situation, and she could not help but panic.

"So...should we get moving now?"

Meanwhile, in another hospital, Jonathan had regained consciousness from the surgery, and his face twisted with anger.

"Capture that wh\*re by tonight! I want her to suffer!" he roared. "Get that Zendonian kid as well! If you can't capture them alive, kill them on sight!"

The academy Vicky studied in was the most respected academy of Molivia, and its influence surpassed Jonathan's family. He knew he needed to seek revenge on Vicky as soon as possible, or he might not have a chance to do so later.

While Jonathan commanded his men to hunt Vicky down, Vicky had just regained consciousness.

Jonathan's men were efficient and soon found where Vicky and Tyler were located.

Once Jonathan was told that Vicky and Tyler were together, he roared with bloodshot eyes, "Capture those two at all cost!"

The night was dark when it started raining.

Vicky followed Tyler out of the hospital weakly, and Tyler went to open the door to the passenger's seat for her.

"Thank you," she said and went in.

Once they were both in the car, Tyler fastened his seatbelt and asked, "Where are we going?"

'Where?' Vicky thought dazedly.

It had not been long since she came to Molivia. She did not know many people and stayed in her dorm most of the time, so she had no clue where to go.

C 694

After a long silence, Vicky asked, "Is it safe for me to head back to the dorm?"

"No. You won't even make it past the dorm's gate," Tyler said calmly.

Vicky's breath caught in her throat. "Um... What if I go to the airport and fly to another city now?"

Tyler glanced at the time. "You woke up a little too late, so that's probably not an option either."

"Late? What does that mean?"

"Later than Jonathan."

"How would you know?"

Tyler shot her an odd look as though he was wondering why she would ask such a foolish question. "The extraction of the bullet is a standard procedure. It's not that hard to figure out how long it takes."

Vicky felt belittled, and as she looked outside the window, realization dawned on her. "Did you injure them badly...to buy me time?"

Though Tyler wanted to help her, there was no reason for him to go as far as injuring the three severely as he himself would be in trouble as well.

Tyler did not deny it and kept his hands on the steering wheel, his gaze straight ahead and his voice calm. "I'd cross them as soon as I got involved. If that's the case, the degree of their injuries won't matter, and I might as well get them to stay down for a while longer."

Vicky turned to look at the man next to her.

The man's brooding features became obscure and indistinct under the fading streetlights, and she was captured by the sight.

Screech!

Followed by a sharp and piercing screech, the car shook.

Startled, Vicky looked out of the window and saw a row of black cars without license plates coming from the opposite side.

These cars had their high beams on and showed no signs of slowing down as they headed straight toward Tyler's car.

Vicky's eyes widened, and her heart skipped a beat.

Just when she thought they were doomed, Tyler's car emitted a rumble, and smoke started oozing from underneath the tires.

The tires rubbed against the ground, emitting thick smoke.

Before she had the chance to react, the car darted forward at the speed of lightning. Had she not fastened her seatbelt, she could have been thrown out of the car at that very moment!

The black cars behind picked up the pace and chased after Tyler.

Before she met Tyler, Vicky had always been considered a qualified socialite and never experienced street racing.

She once thought that car racing looked thrilling in movies and realized at this moment that experiencing it in real life was different.

She felt nauseated from all the shaking and speeding.

At a certain point, something bumped into the back of Tyler's car, and since Tyler was driving at an extremely high speed, the car began to lose balance.

Vicky was about to turn around when Tyler suddenly started backing up.

Before she could register what was happening, more intensive shaking followed, and she realized that Tyler was bumping into the cars on purpose.

'He's crazy!' she gasped internally.

The people in the cars behind seemed to be provoked by Tyler's act, and two cars started bumping into the back of Tyler's car from two directions.

Vicky had just been discharged and had barely recovered, so she started gagging.

Tyler noticed this and said, "Don't puke on my car."

'... How can he still be a germaphobe in this kind of situation?' she thought.

"I can't... I can't take it anymore..." Vicky said weakly. "If you keep driving like this, I'm going to throw up."

C 695

Tyler scowled.

'They'll keep tailing us if I don't get rid of the cars behind us, but to have Vicky puke in my car... That's the one thing I can't put up with,' Tyler thought and decided to end the car race as soon as possible.

He shifted gear and stepped hard on the accelerator to speed up.

The two cars behind were bracing for impact when Tyler suddenly drove off, and they instantly lost control before crashing into each other.

Boom!

Following a deafening noise, the cars combusted in flame and exploded.

Though Vicky did not know much about cars, she could tell that Tyler, who often looked extremely cold, was a skilled car racer, which seemed to contradict his usual image.

That was the last thought that went through Vicky's mind before she lost consciousness under the impact of the explosion.

Warm sunlight shone upon Vicky as she slowly opened her eyes.

She had fallen deep into slumber, and she had not had such a good night's sleep since she arrived at Molivia.

She sat up and massaged the bridge of her nose as she got prepared to head to the bathroom, but she came to a sudden halt when she noticed that she was in an unfamiliar environment. There were only whites and grays in the room, and she realized she was not in the dorm.

Her eyes widened as memories of the night before came back to her.

'That's right. Jonathan...and Tyler Hart...' she thought and noticed that the clothes she was wearing had been removed and replaced by a male shirt.

Surprised to find that she was not wearing any undergarments, she gasped and checked her body hastily.

She felt nothing unusual and was relieved when she concluded that she had not been defiled.

All of a sudden, the door to the bedroom flew open.

Tyler strode in with a cold expression, and Vicky flinched at the sight of him instinctively.

"Mister Hart, you..." Vicky muttered.

Tyler simply tossed a set of clean clothes onto the bed and gritted out, "Get changed, and get lost."

Before she had the chance to react, he left the room without hesitation, slamming the door behind him.

Vicky picked up her clothes dazedly.

After narrowly escaping Jonathan's assault, her clothes were covered in dirt, but at the moment, her clothes had been washed and ironed to a point where there was not a single wrinkle in sight.

She could even detect a faint, unfamiliar fragrance from her clothes.

A few memories came rushing back to her, and she remembered that she vomited all over herself in Tyler's car.

'... So, not only did he wash my clothes for me, but he also helped me shower?' she thought.

Though she did not remember a single thing, she felt embarrassed and began to blush.

She had never been seen naked by a man before.

After getting changed, she left the room hesitantly and saw breakfast being served in the dining room.

Meanwhile, Tyler was seated on the living room couch, reading. He heard her footsteps but did not bother to look up. "You can go after having breakfast."

Vicky went to sit by the dining table, and when she saw Tyler still on the couch, she muttered, "Have you eaten?"

"No."

"Would...you like to join me, then?"

He lifted his gaze from the book in her hand with a cold expression. "No thanks," he said. "I lost all appetite when I saw you."

"..." Had Vicky not had some time with Tyler in the past and known he was used to speaking in this manner, she would have stormed out the door. However, she knew that she was in the wrong for vomiting in his car and said nothing else as she picked up a spoon.

After taking a few bites, she could not help but ask, "Did you make all this?"

Tyler was slightly annoyed by her questions and frowned before answering, "Yes."

Vicky looked at him dubiously. "You can cook?"

"What's that look in your eyes?" he questioned in displeasure.

"I just...didn't think you're the type who can cook."

"That's just your opinion."

"..." Rendered speechless, Vicky felt more curious about Tyler.

Tyler was a generous man, and anyone could tell he came from a wealthy family.

She had thought that men like that would be used to being served, yet to her bewilderment, he was extremely skilled in car racing and also in cooking.

After breakfast, she stood up. "Thank you for yesterday, and sorry for throwing up in your car."

He lifted her gaze to look at her.

For reasons she could not begin to fathom, her heart raced as she recalled the fact that Tyler had helped her change out of her clothes.



She could not summon the courage to talk about it, fearing further embarrassment once Tyler confirmed what she knew.

She looked away frantically. "I... I'll get going now."

Tyler simply kept his eyes trained on her wordlessly.

Taking that as a silent approval, she kept her head bowed and headed toward the door.

Just as she was putting her shoes on, Tyler spoke out, "What happened to your ankle?"

Vicky looked down and realized that her ankle was swollen to the size of a tennis ball.

She did feel a sting in her ankle when she walked out of the hospital the day before, but she did not pay much mind to it as she was in a hurry to flee from Jonathan.

After all that happened in the car, she fainted. Though she felt the pain once again when she woke up, she did not mention it as she did not want to cause Tyler any more trouble.

It was not until this moment that she realized her ankle was swollen, and she faintly remembered that she seemed to have twisted her ankle when Jonathan and the other two men dragged her around.

"I'm fine. I probably twisted my ankle at some point. It'll feel better once I get a cold towel on it." Vicky glanced at her ankle carelessly and looked away. "I'll get going now, Mister Hart."

As she spoke, Tyler got up and strolled toward her.

C 697

Vicky was startled by Tyler's behavior. "What is it, Mister Hart?"

He stopped before her and crouched to study her ankle.

When his cold fingers came into contact with her skin, Vicky was overwhelmed by a strange feeling.

"It seems that your muscles and bones are fine for now," he said, "but the swelling has worsened because you didn't get it treated last night."

Vicky instinctively moved away from his touch. "I'm fine, Mister Hart, honest. It's getting late, and I should really—ah!"

Before she could finish, she was lifted off her feet.

Though Tyler had carried her the night before, she was not as sober as she was at the moment.

After learning that he had bathed and changed her, she was so embarrassed that she could barely look him in the eyes, and she started panicking when she found herself in his arms.

He carried her to the couch and started checking her ankle intently, all the while applying light pressure at different spots. "Does this hurt?"

"No... Mister Hart, I'm fine. You don't need to check."

Tyler shot her a sidelong glance and exposed her lie ruthlessly. "You're all pale from the pain, and you say that it doesn't hurt?"

"I—" Vicky wanted to argue, but Tyler suddenly tightened his fingers around her ankle. "Ouch!" she gasped and started to sweat from the pain.

"I'm going to get a first-aid kit." He took a few steps away before thinking of something and turning back to look at her. "If the injury worsens, causing a fracture in your muscle or bones, don't blame me for not warning you."

Tyler's words caused Vicky to completely give up on leaving while he went to get the first-aid kit.

A few minutes later, Tyler returned with the first-aid kit, and he started sanitizing her ankle. His movements were smooth as though he was experienced in treating wounds.

The cool sensation of the ointment chased away the burning pain in her ankle.

As Vicky studied Tyler's face, she suddenly felt that he was not as cold as he appeared to be.

Feeling dazed, she stared at the man blankly, not knowing what was going on in her mind.

Sometime later, Tyler stopped. "It's done."

He looked up to meet her dazed eyes, and the look in his eyes darkened. "Your bones aren't fractured, but you'll need to rest for a week."

"A week?" She snapped out of her daze.

Tyler put everything back into the first-aid kit and said, "Stay for the week."

She jolted and said, "It's fine. I can—"

"Where else can you go?" he interrupted her.

Her eyes widened, and she opened her mouth to argue but found herself rendered speechless.

Gloria had not contacted her yet, which meant that the matter had not been settled. Vicky knew she needed to stay away until the academy resolved everything.

She did not have anywhere to go but felt hesitant about the idea of spending a night with an unfamiliar man.

Tyler could tell what she was thinking and said emotionlessly, "Don't worry. I'm not interested in a skeleton frame like you."

Her eyes widened. "W—What did you just say?"

C 698

Tyler glanced at Vicky's chest and replied, "It means that I'm not interested in flat-chested women."

'Flat-chested?! Is he actually saying that I'm flat-chested?! That's about the worst insult one can say about a woman!' Vicky's cheek flushed with anger as she argued, "I have a standard figure! I'm not flat-chested!"

"Do you have some sort of misunderstanding about the definition of the word 'standard'?"

"..." Vicky clenched her fists at the humiliation.

"Do you want to sit here or return to the bedroom?" he drawled.

Knowing she would die from rage alone if she stayed in the living room, she said without hesitation, "I want to go back to the bedroom."

Tyler nodded and picked her up.

The fury she felt was instantly replaced by nervousness when he lifted her up. She had never been so close to a man before, and she could not help the pounding of her heart.

It was a feeling entirely foreign to her.

She had friends of the opposite sex like Sebastian and Alex, but how she felt around them was completely different from how she felt with Tyler.

Tyler carried her into the bedroom and said, "I need to head outside. It won't be long. Call me if you need anything."

"... Okay."

Tyler headed out, and Vicky did not know where he was headed nor did she ask about it.

After he was gone, Vicky sent a text message to Mister George to ask for updates.

Mister George replied right away. [The academy is following up with Jonathan's family. We have reached an impasse at the moment, and this might take more time.]

[I understand. Thank you.]

[You are a student of the academy, and it's our duty to protect our students. Besides, you are too talented to give up on the piano. We all see what kind of person Jonathan is, and he has been targeting students in the academy for long enough. It's time we teach him a lesson.]

As soon as Vicky finished reading the message, she received another one from Mister George. [Jonathan is giving us a lot of trouble, and my guess is that he is stalling on purpose in the hope of finding you. Regardless, he won't be able to drag this on for more than a week. You must hide yourself well within the following week. Make sure he doesn't find you.]

Vicky's expression darkened. [I will be careful. Thank you, sir.]

Mister George did not respond after that.

Two hours later, Tyler returned with two enormous bags. He set one of them in the kitchen and headed into Vicky's room with the other.

Vicky stared at the bag and asked, "What is this?"

"Living necessities and changes of clothes."

Touched by his thoughtfulness, she said, "Thank you."

Tyler then set a crutch by the bed. "Don't get out of bed if you don't need to. If you absolutely have to, use this."

Vicky was surprised by how thoughtful he was. "Okay."

With that, Tyler left the room, and Vicky soon drifted off to sleep in the bed.

It was not until she caught the captivating scent of food in the air that her stomach started rumbling, and she opened her eyes. She had not eaten much for breakfast and was starving at this point.

C 699

Vicky picked up the crutch and fumbled out of bed. To avoid any pressure on her injured ankle, she hopped out with one leg and moved extremely slowly.

Since Tyler lived alone, his apartment had three rooms in total and was decorated in a modern style.

Judging from the colors and decorations in the apartment, one would conclude that Tyler was a stern and boring man. There were no paintings or plants—only what was necessary.

As she walked past the kitchen, she spotted Tyler cooking inside.

Tyler wore a spotless white shirt that accentuated his jade-like skin, with a slightly open collar and sleeves meticulously rolled up with precision.

Despite all the smoke in the kitchen, he exuded an innate elegance, moving with grace and poise, untainted by earthly grime.

Vicky, too, came from a wealthy family, but compared to him, she felt rather plain.

As she watched him, Tyler seemed to sense something and lifted his head to look toward the door. "Why are you here?"

The way he spoke sounded like he did not wish to see her, but she knew exactly what he meant and said, "I came using the crutch. I didn't walk with my injured leg."

The dark expression on Tyler's face eased. "Go wait in the dining room."

As soon as she took her seat, Tyler stepped outside with food.

Vicky had taken care of Tyler for a time and knew that apart from being a germaphobe, he had high standards for food.

She used to think that Tyler was being difficult but realized at this moment that Tyler had the right to be picky.

The dishes he made looked perfect and were way better than the food she made.

She took in the fragrance of the food, and the rumbling of her stomach intensified.

Tyler glanced at her. "You can go ahead and eat first."

"It's fine." Vicky knew better than to be rude. "I'll wait for you."

"You don't have to," he said. "I'm heading out soon."

"Yeah. To work."

Vicky realized that it was a weekday, and Tyler had already been forced to stay home until noon because of her. Feeling guilty, she said, "I'm sorry for taking your time from work."

"I'm not sure what time I'll come home tonight, so eat up."

"Okay." She studied his slender frame and said, "You skipped breakfast. If you skip lunch, too...that's bad for your stomach. I recall that you have a weak stomach..."

Her voice weakened toward the end as she remembered how much Tyler hated when others interfered with his life.

He stilled and turned to look at her with his brooding dark eyes.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to intrude. I'm just worried about you..." she said frantically.

"Worried about me?" he repeated.

She nodded.

'Why? Do... Do I need a reason for that?' she thought as she struggled to think of an answer.

Tyler saw right through her and said, "Just say it if you want me to serve you."

C 700

After serving Vicky food, Tyler did not leave and sat across the table to dine with her.

She thought he did not understand anything when he knew exactly what she meant.

After lunch, Tyler left for work.

...

For the next few days, Tyler was absorbed by work and would return home late at night. Still, he would prepare all meals for Vicky and would often return home before noon to cook lunch for her before heading out again, which made Vicky feel extremely guilty.

A week went by, and Vicky's ankle recovered.

According to what Mister Geoge planned, the academy should have resolved the conflict with Jonathan within a week, but Vicky had not received any update from anyone at this point.

Confused, she tried contacting Mister George, but he did not answer her calls or text messages.

Not daring to go outside, Vicky called Gloria.

“Vicky?” Gloria answered.

“Gloria, what’s going on with the academy?” Vicky cut to the chase. “I’ve been trying to get hold of Mister George, but I can’t reach him.”

After a long silence, Gloria said, “Mister George ran into a car accident two days ago, and he’s still unconscious in the ICU.”

“Car accident?” Realization dawned on her. “C—Can it be that Jonathan…”

“We haven’t found whoever did this, so we don’t know who’s pulling the strings, but Mister George is one of the members responsible for negotiating terms with Jonathan’s family. His accident has definitely put a stop to the process. We can’t proceed until he wakes up.”

Unfortunately, no one knew when Mister George would regain consciousness.

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said, “Alright. Thank you.”

Before ending the call, Gloria asked, “Where are you right now, Vicky?”

Vicky did not know how to explain her current situation and said, “I’m safe right now. Don’t worry.”

Sensing that Vicky did not wish to go into detail, Gloria did not press on. “Remember to stay hidden for a while longer.”

After the call, worry filled Vicky’s eyes as she wondered about Mister George’s status.

...

At night, Tyler returned home early out of character and spotted a slim figure stepping out of the kitchen with some vegetables in hand as soon as he stepped through the door.

Startled by his sudden appearance, Vicky asked, “Mister Hart? Why are you back so early today?”

He shot her a look and said, “Work isn’t as hectic today.”

“I didn’t know you’d come home so early, so dinner isn’t prepared yet... Give me half an hour.”

This was the first time Vicky cooked since she was injured.

Tyler did not say anything and headed back to his room to change.

Half an hour later, someone came knocking on his door, and Vicky said, “Mister Hart, dinner is ready.”

Tyler opened the door and stepped outside in his casual wear.

He had tried Vicky’s cooking in the past and found nothing he did not expect. Vicky, on the other hand, developed a rather picky appetite after eating Tyler’s cooking for a whole week and had a hard time adjusting to eating her cooking.

It was not that her cooking tasted horrible, but Tyler’s cooking skill was simply far superior.

