

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

C 701-710

C 701

It had only been a week, and Vicky's confidence began to deplete. If she continued to eat Tyler's cooking for a month, she feared she might never want to cook again.

She served Tyler enthusiastically, to the point that Tyler was having trouble adjusting to it.

Halfway through dinner, he set his spoon down and looked at her. "Are you running out of money?"

She was sipping on her water at the time and came close to choking at his words. "No!" she blurted out. "I'm just thankful that you took me in and took such great care of me..."

He interrupted her coldly. "I took you in and took care of you because you took care of me before and didn't accept my money, which means I owe you a favor. We're even now, so you don't have to fawn over me." He paused and added, "Also, the way you're showing gratitude bears no value at all."

"Is money the only thing that bears value?" she mumbled with a pout.

"Of course," he said. "If there are people who can't be moved by money, it just means that you aren't paying them enough."

Vicky disagreed with his view. "Do you have to make everything sound so materialistic?"

"The world is materialistic."

"But there are things that money can't buy, like feelings."

Tyler scoffed at her words.

Vicky did not appreciate his attitude but remained quiet as she did not want to argue with him.

Tyler soon finished his food and set the spoon down elegantly. "I'm done," he said and got up to leave.

As she stared at his towering figure, an uncontrollable urge filled her heart, and she shouted, "I will make you believe!"

He stilled for a split moment and returned to his room without looking back, shutting the door behind him.

...

Another week went by with no updates from the academy.

Vicky shamelessly stayed in Tyler's apartment and did not mention a word about leaving, while Tyler seemed to have completely forgotten about it as well.

Tyler was a busy man and rarely stayed home for long. Even when he returned home from work, he would go back to his room after dinner, so the two did not have much chance to interact at all.

One day, Vicky received a message from Gloria.

[Mister George is awake.]

Mister George had cared for Vicky, and she had been worried about him since she found out that he had been in an accident.

She had no choice but to refrain from going outside out of concern that Jonathan might find her. However, her worry for Mister George won after she saw Gloria's message.

Mister George was only in a car accident because of Vicky, and she could not rest until she saw him.

After putting on some disguise to make sure that she would not be recognized, she headed out.

C 702

Rumble!

Thunder echoed in the air as rain poured down on the city.

It started raining on Vicky's way back, and since she did not have an umbrella with her, she was soaked from head to toe.

She hurried into the bathroom for a hot shower, and it was not until after the shower that she remembered she had forgotten to bring a change of clothes.

There was only one bathroom in the apartment, so all personal belongings that belonged to her and Tyler had been kept in their respective rooms apart from towels and robes.

Her room was closer to the bathroom. Considering that it was only three in the afternoon and that Tyler would not be home, it would not be an issue for her to run to her room.

With that plan in mind, she opened the bathroom door, prepared to make a run to her room.

However, as soon as she stepped out of the bathroom, she saw Tyler walking over while taking his jacket off.

He seemed to have been caught by surprise by the rain as well and was completely drenched. The white shirt clung to the man's well-defined muscles, revealing smooth and graceful lines that really proved to be a tempting, bewitching sight.

Neither of them expected to run into each other under such circumstances and were both stunned.

Vicky snapped out of it after a moment and screamed, "Aah!"

She instinctively ran back into the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind her.

Tyler sobered and glanced at the bathroom door before returning to his room to change, finding his pajamas to head into the shower.

When he stepped out of the bedroom, he noticed that Vicky's bedroom door was open, and the bathroom door was still shut.

It was clear that Vicky was still inside the bathroom.

He glanced at his watch and frowned before heading over to knock on the bathroom door. "How much longer are you going to take?"

Since Vicky headed out of the bathroom, it meant that she was done with showering. Though it seemed normal for her to hide back inside out of panic, she had shown no intention of coming out.

After a long silence, she said, "I... I forgot to bring my clothes in."

Since Tyler was back, she dared not to leave and could only stay inside the bathroom.

She was on the brink of putting her soaked clothes on.

"Alright," said Tyler before heading into Vicky's bedroom to bring her a fresh change of clothes.

Shortly after, he knocked on the door again. "I brought you your clothes."

There was no response.

Tyler hated being soaked in rain and desperately wanted a shower, so he was beginning to lose his patience. "What's there to be shy about? I've already seen every inch of you there is to see."

"..." His words made it even harder for her to open the door.

He stood still and gave her a final ultimatum. "Open the door, or I'm coming in now."

After a few moments of silence, the door was opened, and a slim, pale arm reached out to snatch the clothes off Tyler's hand.

...

Neither of them mentioned a word about the awkward encounter, and though Vicky felt embarrassed, Tyler's composure was contagious.

She quickly found a way to forget about the event.

One night, Vicky glanced at the clock and noticed that it was half past eleven at night, so she gave Tyler another call while sitting on the couch in the living room.

C 703

Like the calls Vicky made before, it was left unanswered.

It had been over 20 days since she started living with Tyler, and he never returned home this late.

She paced back and forth anxiously and wondered if Tyler had suffered the same fate as Mister George under Jonathan's plot.

She had remained home to hide from Jonathan every day, but Tyler kept working.

Vicky had once asked Tyler if he was concerned that Jonathan might find him.

"He can locate you with ease because he knows you, but I'm a stranger to him, so it's not that easy for him to find me," replied Tyler.

Since Tyler seemed confident, Vicky did not argue with him. Nonetheless, she could not help but worry when Tyler was not home.

Five minutes later, Vicky was about to make another call to him when she heard the door opening.

Tyler stumbled inside, and the scent of alcohol instantly filled the air.

Her eyes lit up, and she immediately hurried over. "Tyler, are you okay?"

He took off his shoes and looked up at her dazedly.

"Hm?" He was not as sharp as he usually was, and there was a delay in his response. "What?"

She studied him and whispered, "Have you been drinking?"

He pinched the bridge of his nose and said, "Yeah."

He fumbled toward the living room and came close to tripping, so Vicky hurried over to steady him. "Watch out."

He regained his balance. "Thank you."

Judging from his current state, Vicky had no choice but to help him back to his room.

Once he was on the bed, she said gently, "Lay down for a while. I'll make you some tea."

He scowled in discomfort and did not respond.

After making the tea and allowing it to cool, Vicky went into Tyler's room and came close to dropping the glass when she saw Tyler taking his clothes off in bed.

She set the glass on the table and asked, "Tyler, what are you doing?"

He shot her a dazed look and slurred, "I'm going to shower."

Knowing that Tyler would probably faint in the shower if he headed into the bathroom in his state, she took a deep breath and said, "Drink the tea first before you shower, okay?"

"Why?"

"To help prevent dizzy spells."

"..." Tyler stilled and stared at her quietly.

'I guess he's behaving rather fine despite being drunk,' she commented inwardly before walking over to press the glass against his lips. "Come on, open up."

Her voice was gentle and pleasant as she looked at him worriedly.

Though Tyler was drunk, he managed to keep a leveled mind to some extent as he would never place himself in danger by becoming unconscious.

Her faint fragrance lingered in the air and filled his lungs, carrying an inexplicable charm.

The images of bathing her and seeing her out of the bathroom crossed his mind.

His deep gaze darkened, and he gulped hard unconsciously.

Feeling intoxicated by the moment, he could no longer restrain his feelings and moved to pin Vicky down beneath him.

C 704

The glass in Vicky's hand fell to the ground with a dull thud, and the tea inside splashed all over the floor.

Vicky jumped in fright, but before she could react, Tyler's presence overwhelmed her as his lips caught hers.

His kiss was hardly skillful but sent chills down Vicky's body nonetheless. Overwhelmed by the strange, unfamiliar feeling, she forgot to struggle.

Tyler had never kissed a woman before, but he acted on instinct. Under the influence of alcohol, he tentatively kissed Vicky's lips at first. He became increasingly proficient by the second.

Vicky's heart was beating like a drum as she had never experienced anything like this before. Strangely enough, she was not...appalled by it.

As Tyler's kiss deepened, Vicky grew lost in the moment and was rendered incapable of any thoughts.

Suddenly, a cold breeze swept in, and Vicky shivered.

She realized that the buttons on her shirt had been undone, and Tyler's kiss was accompanied by a slight tingling sensation.

She immediately sobered and shoved at Tyler. "Don't!"

Her voice was hoarse and soft with no sense of authority, sounding alluring almost.

Tyler looked up in response to her protest.

His black eyes were brimming with a deep, dark radiance like the depths of the ocean at night, emanating a dangerous aura through a thin layer of fog.

Vicky felt her scalp tingling under his gaze, and her dazed state disappeared. She felt like prey stalked by a wild beast, and the slightest movement could result in her being devoured.

After just a few seconds of looking at her, Tyler lowered his head and kissed her again.

No longer enticed by his kiss, she resisted and struggled. "Tyler, let me go... Let me go... Mmph!"

His kiss swallowed all her refusals, as he ignored her protest and proceeded to do as he pleased.

Vicky kept struggling, but Tyler easily overpowered her using just one hand to hold down both of hers with ease.

His ragged breathing caressed her skin heatedly, and she spotted a sense of victory in his eyes.

The difference in strength between men and women was hard to overcome, and Vicky never felt more powerless before.

Fear and despair spread through her, and tears scrolled down her cheeks.

He stilled and lowered his gaze at Vicky to find fear in her eyes. There were tears in her eyes and she was trembling like a battered kitten.

He instantly sobered and thought, 'What am I doing? Am I forcing myself on a woman like some animal in heat?'

The fog caused by the alcohol lifted, and he swallowed hard before apologizing hoarsely, "I'm sorry."

Tyler let her go, and she immediately covered herself as she stared at him warily.

He took one last look at her and turned to head into the bathroom.

The sound of water running echoed in the room after a few moments, and Vicky immediately ran back to her room before locking the door behind her and relaxing.

She leaned on the door helplessly, feeling both frustrated and scared.

C 705

Vicky did not resist Tyler at first, but at this moment, she did not feel appalled at all apart from the fear she felt from earlier.

...

The next day, Vicky woke up with dark eye bags.

She had woken up half an hour late as she would often wake up early to prepare breakfast for Tyler. However, after what happened the night before, she did not know how to face him.

His handsome looks and cold demeanor had eaten away her guard. He did not seem interested in women and would often be extremely distant, so Vicky forgot that he was still an adult man and that it was dangerous for her to be alone with a man under the same roof.

What happened the night before was the perfect example of it.

She went to wash up and thought that Tyler must have already left at this time, only to find Tyler sitting elegantly on the couch in the living room.

There was not a single wrinkle on his shirt, and his black trousers outlined his long legs.

He seemed to have returned to normalcy without a trace of his discomfited state the night before, nor was there any guilt or embarrassment on his face.

She came to a sudden halt when she saw Tyler.

Tyler spotted her as well, but instead of choosing to run away like Vicky, he said, "Let's talk."

Vicky stood still for a while before dragging her feet over to him and sat on a spot that was furthest from Tyler as though afraid he might pounce on her.

Vicky knew her action had no meaning and that she would be powerless if Tyler truly wanted to force himself on her.

Silence fell over the room, and Tyler took the initiative to start. "Last night... I'm sorry. I was drunk."

Men would often blame their actions on alcohol as though anything could be excused if they were intoxicated.

After a long silence, Vicky intended to respond when Tyler added, "I can...take responsibility for what I did."

'Take responsibility?' Vicky thought as she gaped at him, wondering what prompted him to say something so ridiculous.

Though they had come close to sleeping together, they did not do anything in the end, and she could not bring herself to imagine what it would be like to date Tyler.

The thought alone felt extremely odd.

"It's fine!" she blurted out sharply.

He lifted an eyebrow and looked at her. "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I'm sure." She nodded. Worried that Tyler might not remember exactly what happened the night before, she added, "Nothing...happened between us last night, so...you don't have to take responsibility for anything."

He scowled. "Nothing happened?"

"Yes. We didn't go all the way last night..."

"But I recall kissing you."

"You did kiss me, but you don't have to take responsibility for that."

Even if they had spent the night together, no one would expect any consequence as long as the act was consensual.

'Taking responsibility over a kiss... What year does he think we're in?' she thought.

Though Vicky was an innocent woman, she knew that asking a man to date or even marry her over a kiss seemed absurd.

Chapter 706

Tyler's expression hardened. "Fine, then." He stood, his towering height giving him an intimidating presence. "I'm off to work."

She stared at him as he turned around and said, "Mister Hart, I've been here...far too long. I should get going now."

He stilled and turned to look at her. "If it's because of what happened last night, I can assure you that it won't happen again."

She instinctively looked away from his piercing gaze. "No, that's not it. The matter with Jonathan is about to be resolved, and it's just time for me to go back..." she spoke hesitantly.

Up until this point, she had not received any update from Gloria and Mister George, so she was merely leaving because she realized how dangerous it was for her to stay with a man under the same roof.

She thought everything through the night before and noticed that part of what happened was her responsibility, as well as some of her actions, which might have been misleading.

Vicky hated owing people and thought Tyler was only taking care of her for what she had done for him in the past. She still felt bad and wanted to do something to make up for it, so she took up the task of cooking three meals a day.novel.xo

Tyler would occasionally return home later than usual, and she would wait in the living room to check if he had eaten.

When he burnt the midnight oil working, she would offer him a warm glass of milk or some snacks.

She meant well but neglected the fact that her actions were out of line and that it was normal for Tyler to misunderstand her intention.

After what happened the night before, Vicky could sense that something was bound to go wrong at some point, so she had to leave.

He stared at her and asked, "When will you leave?"

"... Today."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded with determination. "Yeah."

"Where will you go? I'll give you a lift."

She shook her head. "It's fine. I'll leave on my own..."

Tyler took a step forward, and she instinctively backed away.

The wary look on her face looked ironic from his perspective, and he said, "Do whatever you want."

With that, he grabbed the car keys and left.

Vicky had nowhere to go apart from the dorm, but since she could not return to the academy, she could only stay in a hotel.

The living expenses in Molivia were extremely high, and she could not afford to stay in a proper hotel. In the end, she had to settle in a motel that was located in a remote area.

After checking in, she walked a long way to a supermarket.

Living in a motel was different from staying home, and since she could not risk going out too frequently, she bought bread, biscuits, and instant noodle packs.

Despite having everything planned, an accident happened on the very first day.

After closing the lights, darkness fell over the room, and since it was a cheap motel, there was a faint moldy scent in the air.

Sometime later, she heard noises coming from the door that were barely noticeable.

She sat up immediately as she had not allowed herself to fall deeply asleep in such an unfamiliar environment.

She jolted awake, and at the same time, the door opened quietly.

Chapter 707

Vicky, having gotten used to the darkness, spotted two figures sneaking into the room.

Her eyes widened, and she started hyperventilating.

She had not expected such a thing to happen in a motel and instantly fell into a depth of intense panic.

She did not know if the men who entered the room were local thugs or if she had been discovered by Jonathan's men. Nonetheless, this was not the time to debate that; she knew she had to focus on escaping.

Not daring to make a sound, she quietly picked up her phone and slipped out of bed.

The men who entered were still adjusting to the darkness and were extremely careful not to make a sound.

Vicky, too, did not search for weapons out of fear she might make a sound.

'If they came looking for money, they'd leave after taking my purse on the nightstand. But if they came to take me...' she thought.

Knowing she would not stand a chance against two men, she decided to run as soon as they got close to the bed.

Despite the fear that threatened to overwhelm her, she managed to keep a leveled head and she puffed the blanket in a way that looked as though someone was sleeping on the bed.novel.xo

Soon, the two figures arrived by the bed, and instead of reaching for her purse, they leaped onto the bed right away.

Vicky's eyes widened, and she immediately ran past the two men.

Realizing that there was no one in the bed, the two turned and noticed Vicky, who ran out of the door.

Since Vicky had noticed them, they did not bother hiding and darted after her.

Vicky was in such a hurry that she did not even have time to put on her shoes as she ran outside frantically.

The lights in the corridor were dim, but she managed to see the faces of the men who were chasing after her; they were the same foreign men who queued after her when she was shopping for groceries. The men followed her as soon as they spotted her and whispered to one another as they glanced at her oddly.

Not daring to remain in the supermarket, Vicky hurried back to the hotel in the end.

To her bewilderment, the men followed her all the way to her hotel and forced her door open.

She lived on the second floor, and though she kept screaming for help, not a single soul was seen along the way, and even the owner of the motel was nowhere to be found.

Her heart sank at the realization that she had likely checked into a shady motel.

Thankfully, the door on the first floor was not locked, and Vicky managed to get out of the motel.

However, the two men behind her would not give up.

The area was so remote and isolated that even the streetlights were broken.

Vicky did not know the area well, whereas the men seemed to know their ways, so she knew that it was only a matter of time before they caught up to her.

Her heart was instantly filled with remorse as she should have never moved out of Tyler's apartment.

She had lived in the dorm ever since she came to Molivia, and she did not know how dangerous the world could be.

In comparison to the outside world, Tyler's apartment seemed so much better.

She hid behind a dumpster and made a call with trembling hands.

Beep, beep...

The wait seemed to expand indefinitely at a time like this, and though it had only been a few seconds, it felt like a decade had passed.

The call was eventually answered, and she heard a familiar, cold voice.

"Hello?"

"Tyler, I'm-"

Before she could respond, her phone was slapped out of her hand.

Chapter 708

Vicky turned around and realized the two men were right behind her.

Before she had the chance to call for help, they covered her mouth and dragged her outside.

She watched as one of the men picked up her phone from the ground before shutting it down with a big grin on his face.

It was at this very moment that Vicky learned what true despair felt like.

She struggled with all her might, causing the men to slow down and making it difficult to drag her away.

Though there were not a lot of people around, their plan would be ruined if Vicky managed to draw any attention to her.

They thus exchanged a knowing glance before knocking her out.

When Vicky woke up, she found herself in an abandoned warehouse and heard the two men talking from a distance.

“This chick looks ravishing.”

“Yeah. She’s better-looking than any Zendonian I’ve ever seen.”

“Today’s our lucky day.”

“I heard that Zendonian women tend to be more conservative, and she might try to kill herself when she wakes up. That’d kill all the fun, so...should we drug her?”

“That’s boring. I like women when they’re sober.”

“Let’s tie her up, then. There’s no one around, so she can scream all she wants, and no one would hear her...”

“Hahaha. I’ll bring my whip in and have the best fun today!”

“Oh, remember to bring my cuff as well...”[novel.xo](#)

Vicky’s heart sank as she listened to their conversation.

She had thought that the men worked for Jonathan, but to her bewilderment, they were just some random thugs.

Since they were in a remote warehouse, there was a chance that they might kill her once they were done with her.

Vicky’s blood ran cold.

The men continued to chat in vulgar language as they did not notice that Vicky was already awake.

Vicky took the chance to observe her surroundings.

There was only one entrance and no window at all. At the moment, she had been placed on a single bed.

She wanted to find a weapon, but the lights were dim with only one lightbulb hanging from the ceiling, so she could not see everything.

The two men were standing by the entrance, so it was impossible to escape.

After the discussion, one of the men went out and said, "Wait here. We'll have fun later. Don't start without me!"

"Don't worry. Playing alone isn't as fun as doing it together."

One of the men left.

Vicky clenched her fists, knowing that this was her only chance to escape.

Though fighting one man was challenging as it was, she would be doomed if she had to deal with two men at once.

The other man walked over to check on her.

Vicky knew that pretending to be unconscious would only waste time. To prevent the man from touching her while she was unconscious, she made some noises on purpose to alert the man that she was awake.

He hurried over and said, "Oh, my. Are you awake, darling?"

Vicky made a point to look extremely terrified. "D-Don't kill me. As long as you don't kill me, I can do anything..."

The man smiled. "Cooperate, and we won't kill you, darling."

Chapter 709

Vicky looked at the man hopefully. "Really?"

The man studied her greedily. "Of course. We wouldn't want to kill you either."

It was strange that though Tyler tried to be intimate with her the night before, Vicky was not at all appalled and only felt scared. On the other hand, the man before had not even touched her, and she was already disgusted beyond words.

Vicky lowered her gaze to hide the contempt in her eyes. "... I'm a little nervous. Can we chat for a bit?"

The man was bored as well and was overjoyed that Vicky was willing to cooperate. He sat by the bed and said, "Sure. What do you want to talk about? Oh, I don't know your name yet... What's your name?"

"What's yours?" Vicky asked.

"My name is Tom."

Vicky pretended like she did not hear him. "What? I can't hear you."

The man leaned closer. "My name is Tom. Did you hear me this time?"

Vicky smiled. "I heard you."novel.xo

The man was practically drooling when he saw the smile on Vicky's face. He rubbed his mouth and asked, "What's your name, darling?"

"My name is..." She abruptly raised her arm and slammed the wooden stick she found earlier at the man.

However, her hand was caught mid-air, and she froze.

The man looked at her with a vicious smile. "You're far too confident if you think you can fool me. I knew Zendonian women were rebellious!"

She breathed heavily, and the man slapped her harshly across the face.

Her head swung to the side, and blood scrolled down the corner of her mouth.

"I thought that I'd save the beating for later, but since you asked for it, I'm going to beat you to death now!" The man's face twisted with anger as he slapped her repeatedly.

Just then, the door to the warehouse opened, and the other man returned with some tools.

When he saw that his partner was hitting Vicky, he protested, "Tom, I thought I told you to wait for me! Why are you starting without me?"

Tom stopped and shrugged. "This woman seduced me. It's not my fault."

The other man hurried over with a whip, handcuffs, and some candles. "Since you've had your fun, it's my turn now."

Tom was indeed a little tired and agreed, "Sure, you can go ahead. I'll cuff the woman for you so she won't run."

"How thoughtful." The man waited until Vicky was handcuffed and picked up the whip before landing a hard blow on Vicky.

The whip pierced through the air with a sharp noise.

Snap!

Vicky's body curled at the pain.

Snap! Snap! Snap!

As the whip landed on her delicate skin repeatedly, her skin tore under the assault, sending burning pain throughout her body.

The men chuckled devilishly, and their laugh sounded almost demonic in her ears.

Chapter 710

Vicky never expected the men to be sadists.

The pain numbed her mind, and she could only try to protect her head instinctively.

'Am I having a nightmare? If it is, please...let me wake up,* she whimpered internally.

The pain and despair had stopped her from crying entirely.

The men enjoyed beating people because they were aroused by others' wails and screams, so they were both displeased by Vicky's silence.

"Why isn't she screaming?"

"Yeah. She isn't crying either. How boring."

"Are we not beating her hard enough? Or is it not painful enough?"

"Let's hit harder, then."

The two men rested for a while and were about to start beating Vicky again when they heard a loud sound coming from the warehouse entrance.

The rusty door collapsed, startling the two men.

A tall man dressed in a black trench coat stormed in and scanned the room, immediately spotting Vicky on the bed.

She curled herself into a ball and shivered as her long hair covered her face, concealing any emotions she had on her extremely pale face.novel.xo

There was a faint scent of blood in the air.

Since the men were taken by surprise by the intruder, they did not even have the time to throw away the whip.

Tyler instantly figured out what had happened after one glance.

He pursed his lips, and his face tensed maliciously.

It had been a long time since he was in so much rage; he had abandoned all powerful emotions years ago. To his surprise, he found himself fuming with anger at the sight and could not understand why it enraged him so. After all, he had not been so angry even when Vicky came close to being assaulted by Jonathan.

"Hey, what are you doing? Who permitted you to come in here?!" Tom roared with the whip in his hand.

Tyler shot him a dark look before striding over.

Startled, the two men exchanged knowing looks and nodded in unison as they thought to themselves, 'There are two of us, so we have nothing to fear against a Zendonian!'

They immediately charged at Tyler, and Tyler simply backed away to dodge the attack from the whips on their hand.

He took the opportunity to kick Tom in the calf.

Crack!

Following the chilling sound of bones cracking, Tom

collapsed onto the ground. His bones had suffered a fracture from one single kick.

His companion was disabled by Tyler as well.

Tyler stepped on the other man's face and applied pressure until the bridge of his nose and teeth broke. As blood ran down his nose, Tyler seemed unsatisfied and scanned the man intently as though deciding what to do next.

The men felt chills down their spines, but just when Tyler was about to attack again, Vicky called out weakly.

"Tyler..."

Tyler widened his eyes and turned to look at her.

She was staring at her with a strange mixture of hope, fear, and confusion in her eyes, and he felt as though he had been stung in the heart by the sight.

Tyler turned and hurried to Vicky. "Are you okay?"

Vicky seemed to have missed his question and continued to stare at him unblinkingly. "Is it really you, Tyler?"