

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

Chapter 761

“What else?”

Doctor Yelmon froze in shock as she did not expect Tyler to be so sharp. Not daring to lie, she explained everything she saw in detail. Tyler listened quietly and said, “Alright.”

He hung up afterward.

At night, Vicky sat in her study and stared at the designs she drew on the computer screen. She had not moved at all for hours.

Harvey’s words filled her mind, and she could not find peace in any way.

‘If Harvey was telling the truth...what exactly is Tyler trying to achieve here?’ she thought.

Suddenly, the door was pushed open. Vicky looked up at the door and saw Tyler walking in with a glass of tea.

“It’s time for your medicine,” he said.

“Sure.”

Vicky accepted the glass from his hand and drank the tea in one smooth motion.

After that, she noticed that Tyler was staring at her with his dark eyes that resembled two bottomless holes. She twitched and accidentally dropped the glass.

Crash! The broken pieces shattered in all directions.

Startled, Vicky instinctively tried to look for something to clean the floor but accidentally stepped on one of the broken pieces. She was wearing slippers, so the broken piece did not stab into her foot and only left a long wound on the back of her foot. Blood oozed out and tainted the slipper.

Tyler narrowed his eyes and lifted her off the ground immediately.

“Why are you moving around when there is shattered glass lying around?” he asked sternly.

Vicky kept her head bowed in silence. He carried her to the couch inside the room.

“I’ll go get the first-aid kit.”

A few minutes later, Tyler returned with the first-aid kit.

Vicky’s wound was long but not deep, so the bleeding had already stopped.

The dark expression on Tyler's face remained as he skilfully sanitized her wound.

"Don't get water onto your wound for the next few days," he said.

"No shower."

Vicky could not possibly agree to not showering for days, so she blurted out, "Back when you had a fever all those years ago, you insisted on getting a shower. I've only cut myself now, and you won't let me shower?"

Both Vicky herself and Tyler were stunned by her words.

All that happened in the past felt like a lifetime ago to Tyler.

Ever since he married Vicky, both of them had kept quiet about what happened in the past and acted as though they had not dated for a year. They both acted like they were strangers to one another.

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Instantly, tension rose in the air as Vicky's words seemed to have triggered a taboo.

She came to realize why Tyler never mentioned anything about their past; he was not hiding the truth on purpose but was simply reluctant to mention it because the past was taboo for him.

Tyler fell into silence and treated Vicky's wound quietly.

Vicky desperately wanted to shower, but she could not summon the courage to argue with him.

Tyler put the first-aid kit away and walked over to the bathroom while Vicky stared at her foot and decided to give up on a shower.

The way Tyler looked at her when she was drinking the tea was strange. She felt trapped under a gigantic net, and one look was all it

took for her to drop the glass. She felt like he was observing her because he found out about something.

Just as she was absorbed in her thoughts, Tyler stepped out of the bathroom.

“Your wound can’t touch water,” he said.

“So you need to use the bathtub for a few days.”

“...Okay.”

Vicky was about to walk to the bathroom when he picked her up with a scowl.

“Your foot is injured.”

“It’s just a small wound. It won’t stop me from walking.”

Indeed, it was a minor wound that no longer hurt at this point.

Apparently, Tyler disagreed and said, “Don’t think that I’m going to keep carrying you around just because you hurt your foot.”

“...”

Vicky had not imagined that Tyler would make it sound like she was hurting herself on purpose so that he would carry her.

“You kept saying that I hurt myself repeatedly to get your attention...and if injuries like this are what you’ve been referring to, I’m starting to think that you’re reading too much into the lines.”

She highly doubted if he was telling the truth when he said that she did everything in her power to avoid getting a divorce.

After all, Tyler hired someone to steal her bag and blamed her for not wanting a divorce only recently.

Vicky looked up and studied his face.

“Tyler, is it possible that all the things you accuse me of are only products of your imagination?”

Tyler stared at her and spat, “Why would I do that?”

Refusing to back down, she stared into his eyes and said, “Because of me.”

He paused, and the look in his eyes darkened as he reached out to tear her clothes off.

Vicky instinctively covered herself.

“Tyler, what are you doing? My foot is injured. Are you seriously going to—”

“Don’t you need to remove your clothes to get in the shower?” He stared at her.

“What were you thinking, Vicky?”

“It’s no wonder that they call women past the age of thirty ‘cougars’,” Tyler mocked.

“Vicky, you aren’t even thirty yet, so why is your head filled with dirty thoughts?”

Vicky blushed furiously at how good Tyler was at distorting right and wrong.

In the end, Tyler removed all the clothes on her and carried her into the bathroom.

As steam rose, their faces were clouded, and Vicky felt dazed as she looked at the man who bathed her. She did not remember much to begin with, so it was easy for memories that she had to pop up in her head.

Reminded of the time when Tyler bathed her in the past, his face started to overlap with how she remembered him and she could not help but feel nostalgic.

Tyler focused on bathing Vicky.

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Chapter 763

Tyler looked up and caught the dazed look in Vicky's eyes as though she was looking at someone else through him.

The look in his eyes darkened, and he started to move roughly.

Sensing the pain on her skin, Vicky snapped out of it. Her heart sank when she found herself staring into a pair of cold, devilish eyes.

'I...didn't even say anything just now, so why is he looking at me like that again?' she thought.

Not knowing how she had provoked Tyler, she lowered her gaze to avoid looking at him, only for him to lift her chin with his damp, long fingers.

"Who were you looking at?" he asked.

Vicky was stunned.

"I was looking at you."

Tyler was the only person in the bathroom apart from her, so she could only be looking at him. His anger seemed to have escalated in response to her words. He leaned closer and repeated, "I'm going to ask you one more time. Who were you looking at?"

They were so close to one another that they could practically hear each other's heartbeat.

Vicky felt confused as to why Tyler would take such great care of her one moment, only to get upset the next instant.

"Tyler, are you just purposefully trying to pick a fight?" said Vicky and tried to shove his hand away.

Tyler tightened his grip and stared into her eyes as he repeated like a broken record, "Who were you looking at?"

Since he did not seem happy with her first answer, Vicky said, "I wasn't looking at anyone."

The look in his eyes darkened.

"You won't say?" Vicky was running out of patience.

"Tyler, can you stop picking a fight out of the blue? I said I was looking at you, and you weren't happy with that. I then said I wasn't looking at

anyone, and you're not happy about it either...What kind of answer are you expecting?"

Tyler pursed his lips in silence and lifted her out of the bathroom.

"Ah!"

Vicky screamed when her feet were lifted off the ground. She had not dried her body completely, so Tyler's shirt was soon soaked, revealing the powerful muscles hidden underneath. His expression was cold, and it terrified her.

"Tyler, what exactly are you trying to do?"

He did not answer and tossed her onto the bed.

Before she could react, he pressed his body up against hers and grabbed her by the jaw to prevent her from looking away.

"Vicky, tell me. Have you remembered about him?"

"Who?" she blurted out asking.

"The person you've been in love with."

"..Is there someone like that?"

Vicky felt even more confused.

'So far, he has mentioned my ex-boyfriend and my ex-fiancé, and now, he's saying that I've been in love with someone else the whole time?'

"You said so yourself last year," he said.

Vicky was suspicious of his words.

"Are you sure I said that?"

He stared at her for a few moments and got up to retrieve his phone. He pressed a few buttons, and seconds later, a woman's voice came out of the speaker.

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"Tyler, I have my own career. I'm not here to clean up your mess. Can you stop your girlfriends from coming to my studio to cause trouble?!"

The voice was familiar, and Vicky recognized her own voice.

"She was the one who found you, so how is that my fault?" Tyler said coldly in the recording.

"She wouldn't have come to me if you weren't messing around with women all the time."

"As if you don't play around," he said.

"Think about how many times I've cleaned up your mess."

"Those are accidents. I didn't cause those things to happen on purpose."

"Accidents? You sure are in a lot of accidents."

"I'm talking about you, not me!"

“You haven’t even resolved your own drama with other men and here you are, confronting me. How ridiculous,” he said impatiently.

“If this is why you called, I’m hanging up.”

“Tyler,” she said.

“I’ve explained over and over again, telling you that I’m not involved with him in any way.” Tyler chuckled darkly.

“Your lover came banging on our door, and you claim you are not involved with him?”

“Tyler, do you really have to be so sarcastic?”

“Tell me who you saw that night, then.”

There was a long silence after that, and the call ended.

The room quieted down. It was a recording.

Vicky had a lot of clients and would record her calls with them as well to prevent any disagreement afterward. She stared into Tyler’s eyes, uncertain of what to say as she could not deny his accusation.

It was clear that she had gone to see someone that night, and though she claimed that nothing had happened, she could not answer his question as to who she went to meet.

“Can it be a misunderstanding...?” she said.

“Maybe it’s just a customer who wanted their identity to remain confidential...” Tyler sneered.

“You’ve never made clothes for men, so why would you have a male customer?”

“Are you sure it was a man?”

“If it was an ordinary female customer, why wouldn’t you tell me?”

Vicky fell into silence for a while before saying, “I can’t answer that question, but I can assure you that I won’t be romantically involved with anyone unless I get a divorce. I can only answer your questions after I get my memories back...”

He stared at her intently, and Vicky met his eyes.

Seeing how she did not appear to be lying, he looked away.

Vicky relaxed, feeling the sweat scrolling down her palm and her back.

She did not know who Tyler was asking about or if he was merely testing her after being told about her odd behavior by Isabella.

Either way, Isabella seemed to have noticed that Vicky was reacting oddly and had reported it to Tyler.

‘Harvey didn’t lie to me’

Vicky concluded inwardly. Because of her injury, Tyler did not attempt to be intimate with her, and the two went straight to sleep.

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Vicky would not undergo hypnosis every day and would only attend one to two sessions each week as over-exposure to hypnosis could be harmful. It was challenging to stop attending the session without raising Tyler's suspicion as he was far too sharp.

"It's not that difficult," Harvey said when she expressed her concern.

"I'll arrange a large group of customers for you. If you get busy, you won't have time to go to your treatment. I'll get the hypnotist into the mix, and when your 'customer' comes over to your studio, she can treat you."

"But Tyler has eyes everywhere. If he finds out..."

"Don't worry. I'll make arrangements accordingly, so there won't be any issue." Vicky relaxed.

"Thank you, Harvey."

"Don't thank me. I'm just doing what I should. Had it not been for you, I would've..."

Harvey paused and changed the subject.

"Remember not to raise Tyler's suspicion in any way for now."

"Okay."

Under Harvey's arrangement, Vicky started getting busy. She had not acted out of character in any way and had only been working with female customers, so Tyler had not been watching her every move.

Still, Harvey told her that Tyler did look into the female customers Vicky was working with, and because of how careful Tyler was, she knew that the investigation on all her customers would be thorough. Harvey had been Tyler's rival long enough to know his way of handling things, so Harvey knew exactly what to do to cover his tracks.

Two weeks later, Vicky started undergoing hypnotic treatment.

Unlike the hypnotist Tyler had hired, Vicky would wake up from each session with a horrible headache.

Strangely, she still had not managed to remember anything.

After a few sessions, the hypnotist noticed that something was wrong and said to Vicky, "Miss Shaw, you've been in enough of these sorts of sessions to know how hypnosis works.

People who are appalled by the idea of being hypnotized or people with strong will are difficult for us hypnotists to work on."

Vicky nodded.

“I know.”

“Hypnosis isn’t magic, and it requires the patient to open up. A lot of people have mental guards up their heads, so it’s challenging to hypnotize this type of person. One’s subconscious can display a completely different persona compared to how a person normally behaves. Miss Shaw, you seem corporate on the outside, but your subconscious is fighting me. We’re attempting deep hypnosis, and resistance is expected, so I’ve given you some medication to prevent you from waking up. You didn’t wake up once during the sessions, but...” She paused hesitantly.

“But, what?” Vicky asked.

“Nor have you interreacted with the hypnosis that followed. You’d always just fall asleep right away.”

“Which means?”

After a long thoughtful moment, the hypnotist asked, “Have you been taking any relaxants? Some relaxants can put people into a deep sleep as soon as they go to bed.”

“Relaxant? No, I haven’t been taking any...”

Vicky instinctively wanted to deny only to pause when she recalled something. She had not taken any relaxant, but she had been drinking the tea Tyler prepared for her every day.

‘He claimed that it’s just some type of supplement to help me get pregnant. Is something wrong with that tea?’ she thought.

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766**

Tyler would make sure that she finished the tea every night, and Vicky once questioned if she was being drugged. However, she soon denied the thought that Tyler was poisoning her as he had other options if he wished to kill her.

Using poison would require a long-term commitment when he could simply hire an assassin to do the job.

Vicky could tell that Tyler truly wanted a child, so she stopped having doubts about the tea.

What the hypnotist said reminded her that the tea did not have to be poisonous.

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Vicky wanted to find a chance to test what the tea was truly for but saw no opportunity in doing so whenever Tyler was around.

Still, Tyler was a busy man and would not always be home in time, and whenever that happened, he would have Jade take his place instead.

Since Vicky had been cooperative, Jade had not been as strict, and Vicky managed to keep some of the tea when Jade was not looking before handing the tea to Harvey for chemical testing.

Harvey replied swiftly, "The tea is indeed meant to promote your health and there's no side effect at all, so the doctor who prescribes it must be really experienced."

"So, you're saying that the tea is fine, right?" Vicky asked.

Harvey fell into silence for a few moments before saying, "I can say for sure that it's not poisoned, but I'll need to run a few more tests to see if there's something else. Ingredients that aren't poisonous are hard to detect, and considering how resourceful Tyler is, it's a piece of cake for

him to find some type of drug that's hard to detect." He paused and continued, "Don't worry, though. I know a few doctors. Any drug can be detected. It's just a matter of time."

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Another week went by until Vicky received another call from Harvey.

"Vicky, the tea Tyler has been feeding you is drugged."

Her heart dropped. "Can it be that..."

"It's a complicated formula, and there's a component of relaxant inside," Harvey explained. "It's not harmful to your body and can even improve your sleep, but..." He paused. "Because you'll fall asleep right away, hypnosis won't work on you."

Hypnosis was not meant for the patient to truly fall asleep but to allow their minds to access their subconscious. Hence, it was impossible to hypnotize a person that was deeply asleep.

"If I'm not mistaken, Tyler has been instructing Isabelle to seal your memories with hypnosis, all the while feeding you this tea so that no hypnosis would work on you," Harvey continued. "You haven't developed immunity toward hypnosis just yet, so you can still correct it."

"Tyler is far too cautious, so I'm going to alert him if I stop drinking the tea."

"The tea isn't harmful in any way, so you don't have to stop it. I'll get my hypnotist to work on a solution. Now that we know what the problem is, it's not as challenging to find a solution."

Sometime later, Harvey had one of his men deliver a bottle of pills.

“Dreams are reflections of reality. These pills won’t affect your sleep, and I can assure you that you’ll remember everything within three months,” he promised.

Three months were hardly a long wait for Vicky, so she said, “Okay.”

Just as she was about to hang up, Harvey blurted out, “Vicky.”

“Yeah?”

“Your birthday is coming up,” he said. “I wish you a happy birthday.”

Vicky realized that her birthday was approaching.

On her previous birthday, she received a text from Tyler saying that he wanted a divorce, and she ran into a car accident shortly after that.

A year flew by before she realized it.

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Harvey knew that he would not get to see Vicky during her birthday.

Considering how insanely possessive Tyler was, Tyler would make Vicky suffer if he found out that she was in contact with him. Hence, Harvey decided to give her his blessing ahead of time to keep her out of trouble. Vicky understood that he was being considerate and said, "Thank you."

Harvey ended the call with a smile.

...

Since the relationship between Vicky and Tyler had been rather harmonious, Tyler did not intend on spending time with other women on her birthday,

He sent Jade to deliver a dress to Vicky and informed Vicky of the location of the restaurant that he had reserved.

After Jade left, Vicky tried on the beige dress and was enticed by its beauty. The dress moved gently as she moved, giving her a heavenly look.

Vicky rarely dressed in such a lady-like style, and she felt a lump in her throat as she studied her reflection in the mirror, recognizing that this was a dress that Gloria tended to wear.

At night, Vicky put on a minimal amount of makeup and changed into the dress before heading out of the door where Jade had been waiting to drive Vicky to the restaurant under Tyler's order.

40 minutes later, they arrived at the restaurant that Tyler had reserved.

The interior of the restaurant was grand and unique, where there was piano music playing in the background.

Vicky noticed that there was no one else inside the restaurant as she walked inside and spotted roses and wine on a table near the window.

Tyler had not arrived, so she sat on the chair and waited patiently.

No woman could resist a surprise, and she could not help but wonder what kind of surprise Tyler had planned for her.

Countless possibilities crossed her mind, but never had she expected to fall asleep waiting for Tyler.

When she eventually jolted awake, she realized that Tyler had not arrived. She noticed that it was past 10 when she checked her phone, and she had not received any call or text from Tyler.

Confused, Vicky found a waiter and asked, "Where is Tyler? Is he not here yet?"

The waiter looked around. "Well...we don't really know. All Mister Hart said was to serve dinner after the candles were lit."

Vicky was left with the only option to call Tyler, and after waiting for half a minute, the call was automatically dropped.

Just as she was about to make another call, a notification of the latest news popped up on the screen.

[Breaking news! The famous pianist, Gloria Shaw, has been kidnapped on her way to her concert! The kidnapper is currently running with Miss Shaw in his car! According to reliable sources, Miss Shaw's number one fan, Mister Hart, is currently planning the rescue.]

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Vicky's first reaction to the news was that Alex had kidnapped Gloria again.

However, she thought back to how Alex sounded when he wished her 'happy birthday' earlier that morning.

Vicky immediately gave him a call, and Alex picked up right away.

"Vicky?" Alex sounded surprised.

Alex had been warned by Harvey to not head outside, and Harvey even went as far as to assign a few bodyguards to keep an eye on Alex.

Alex pouted in response, wondering why Harvey treated him like he was a troublemaker.

Vicky had recently started undergoing treatment, so Harvey was exceptionally careful and kept Alex on a short leash to prevent him from raising Tyler's suspicion.

When Alex was told by Harvey that Vicky might have lost her memories because of Tyler, Alex learned his lesson and decided to stay indoors before Vicky recovered her memories.

Out of concern that he might cause Vicky any trouble, he did not even buy her any gift and only gave her a call on her birthday.

"Alex, did you kidnap Gloria again?" Vicky asked.

Alex was stunned for a moment. "No. She isn't the center of the world, and my life doesn't revolve around her."

Alex was a reckless man who was not used to thinking before he acted, but he was only a loyal friend who would never lie.

If he was involved in the kidnapping, he would admit to it.

Alex sensed what happened from Vicky's question and said, "Vicky, was Gloria kidnapped once again?"

Vicky sighed a breath of relief that he denied it. "Yes."

"Hahaha!" Alex instantly burst out laughing. "Looks like I'm not the only one who hates her! I told you that that woman is horrible... It's only been days, and she's kidnapped again! She deserves it for being such a drama queen all the time!"

Vicky did not share his joy and excitement as her husband, who was supposed to celebrate her birthday with her, was risking his life for another woman.

She did not mention any of that and simply said to Alex, "It's good to know that you aren't involved. I need to go now, so I'm going to hang up."

"Sure," he said, before calling out to her again before she ended the call. "Vicky."

"What is it?"

Alex lowered his voice. "Are you going to stay by Tyler's side once you get all your memories back?"

To prevent Alex from acting rashly again, Vicky had told him that she did not intend to divorce Tyler at the moment.

Ever since Alex found out that Tyler was Vicky's first love, he gave up on the idea of taking Vicky away and remained in Harvey's custody obediently.

Vicky fell into silence for a while before saying, "I don't know. I guess I'll make that decision once I remember everything."

Since Gloria was not kidnapped by Alex, Vicky could deny any involvement in the incident.

She glanced at her phone and smiled bitterly, knowing that Tyler would not show up.

Vicky did not bother to wait any longer and put her phone away before leaving the restaurant.

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Cold breeze blew through the streets of Stoneford City, and after a few hours of effort, the kidnapper was finally captured.

Gloria fainted as soon as she was carried out of the kidnapper's car, but since there was an ambulance waiting nearby, she was rushed to the hospital right away.

Tyler glanced at the time and noticed that it was past eleven.

He took out his phone to call Vicky, only to realize that Vicky had called him once an hour ago when he was dealing with the kidnapper.

There was only one missed call and no text message, so Tyler called Vicky back.

Beep, beep, beep...

No one came to the phone, and the call was eventually automatically dropped.

Tyler scowled and made another call, but the outcome was the same.

After a long thoughtful moment, Tyler made a call to the restaurant he reserved instead. "Where is Missus Hart?"

Both Gloria and Tyler were famous, so the news about them instantly spread throughout the city.

“M—Missus Hart left an hour ago,” the waiter said gingerly.

“Did she say anything?”

“No.” The waiter proceeded to repeat every question Vicky asked before she left.

The look in Tyler’s eyes darkened when he hung up.

Just as he was about to leave, a person stood in his path. “Tyler, where are you going?”

Tyler glanced at Selene and said, “How’s that any of your business?”

Selene’s breath caught in her chest, and she instinctively lowered her voice. “Gloria has been traumatized and fainted. Right now, she needs someone to stay by her side—”

Before she could finish, Tyler interrupted her. “Are you not ‘someone’?”

Selene stuttered, “I... I’m not like you. Y—You are the person Gloria wishes to see most... Having you by her side is better than having me around.”

Tyler was starting to lose patience. “You’ve known her for over a decade, and I’ve only known her for a few years. Are you saying that a friend of over a decade can’t be compared to a man she has only known for a few years?” Tyler questioned coldly. “Are you two even friends?”

“...” Tyler had not shown any mercy, and even a woman as unreasonable as Selene was at a loss for words.

If she admitted to his assumption, she would be implying that Gloria chose a man over her friends. If she denied it, she would not be able to keep Tyler in the hospital.

'Today's Vicky's birthday, so I can't let Tyler go celebrate it with her!' Selene thought. She recalled how depressed Gloria had been and took a deep breath.

"We've already identified the kidnapper, but don't you think it's odd that Gloria has been kidnapped so many times over such a short period? The police said that the kidnapper was an extreme fan of Gloria's, but she isn't an actress, so it doesn't seem to make sense that she'd have a fan who does something like this..."

Selene paused and forced herself to swallow the mention of Alex. "All the culprit did was get someone else to kidnap her and make up an excuse saying that it's done by a frantic fan... No one is getting fooled here!"

Selene stared at Tyler sternly. "Tyler, you know that Alex has always been Vicky's minion. He'd do anything she asks of him, and as you can see, he's hardly the brightest bulb in the box. He would've never kidnapped Gloria if it wasn't for Vicky who told him to do it. I think that Gloria is kidnapped once again because of Vicky, too..." she said sarcastically. "Vicky has the perfect scapegoat, so she won't have to take any blame. I pity Alex. He's been betrayed and doesn't even know it... I guess he's going to take the blame for this again."

Annoyed, Tyler said, "Are you done? Get out of my way."

Selene froze. "Tyler, Gloria—"

Tyler completely lost his patience and shoved Selene aside before storming off.

Selene watched as he left and stomped angrily.

...

Five minutes before midnight, Tyler arrived home and found the bedroom in darkness.

The moonlight shone in through the gap of the curtains, and he could faintly see Vicky underneath the cover.

Relieved that she was home, Tyler went inside, making sure not to make a sound.

Ever since Vicky started undergoing treatment, she had not had any dreams.

At this moment, however, the treatments had finally started to work, and she finally had another dream of her in a hospital.

In her dream, Tyler was laying in a bed with a pale look on his face while she sat next to the bed in tears.

Just then, Tyler finally woke up, and Vicky, who kept her eyes on him the entire time, noticed it right away.

“Tyler, you’re finally awake!” She tested his temperature and pressed the bell next to the bed. “Are you feeling? Are you thirsty? Do you need water? You haven’t been eating, so you must be starving, right? Is there something you’d like to eat? I can cook for you...”

Though there was joy on her face, tears continued to scroll down her cheeks.

Tyler was stunned for a few moments before he snapped out of it and reached out to wipe away her tears. “I thought you were performing.”

She burst out crying at his words. “Why didn’t you tell me that you were sick?!”

“It’s just a cold.”

“You are practically burning up, and you call this a cold?!” The tone of Vicky’s voice was extremely stern. “Tyler, if you keep neglecting your own health like this, we might as well just break up now!”

Throughout the year they had dated, Vicky, being the gentle woman she was, had never spoken to him in such a tone even when she was angry. She was never one to threaten him with the idea of a breakup and though they had countless arguments, she had never once asked to end the relationship.

Up until that point, Vicky was still confused as to how they started dating.