

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 781

Though Gloria had not pointed the blame to anyone in specific, anyone who was involved knew who she was referring to.

Tyler remained quiet.

Sometime later, they heard footsteps approaching.

Harvey hurried over after hearing what had happened and was not surprised to find Tyler there.

He glanced at Selene and asked, "What's going on?"

Selene repeated the same thing she said to Tyler again.

Since Gloria had told Selene that Harvey was hiding Alex, Selene added, "Harvey, Alex is the person who had Gloria kidnapped. You need to teach him a lesson!"

Selene knew that the 'true culprit' Gloria was referring to was not Alex, but she dared not mention Vicky's name in front of Tyler.

Harvey did not comment on it and asked, "Why would Gloria have depression? Why haven't I ever heard about it?"

Selene glanced at Tyler gingerly and muttered, "Gloria was diagnosed with depression four years ago, and that's the main reason why she left Stonefield City. She might seem wilful to others, but the truth is...she traveled overseas to get treatment. As for why you don't know about it... It's because she won't let me mention it to anyone. She said she didn't want others to think less of her. Besides, her depression at the time wasn't that severe, so she should recover as long as she cooperated

with treatment. That's why I didn't breathe a word. I've kept in touch with Gloria throughout the years and fly out to see her all the time. She's been doing great, so I thought she had recovered... I didn't ask her much about her condition because I didn't want her to overthink. I didn't know that her condition had actually worsened..."

Harvey fell into silence.

Selene had never been able to read Harvey and since Gloria was still being revived, she decided not to say another word as well.

...

Tyler was busy lately, to the point that he no longer had time to make sure she drank her medicine.

Vicky did not know what was occupying his time until Harvey informed her that Gloria had depression.

On the phone, Harvey said, "Gloria has been revived, but she's in a horrible state, and her emotions are extremely unstable..." He paused and continued, "The doctor said that her depression is extremely severe, and her mental state has been affected. If she isn't treated in time, she might..."

Vicky knew what Harvey was implying as there were countless cases where depression escalated into other forms of psychological disorder.

"Haven't you been spending time with her?"

Vicky once had depression as well when she was being hunted by Jonathan, but her condition was not severe, and with Tyler there by her side, she soon recovered.

Had she not recalled what happened, she would not have known that she once had depression.

The best treatment for depression would always be the companionship of loved ones, yet Harvey seemed to have a lot of free time in hand.

He chuckled. "She does need a companion, but it's become clear that...she doesn't need me."

After a long silence, Vicky said, "It's no wonder Tyler is rarely seen at home these days. So he's with Gloria."

"Though I enjoy poking fun at you, I must tell you that Tyler might not want to go. Still, one simply has to bear responsibility for the mess they made," Harvey said lazily.

"Mess?" Vicky repeated confusedly. "What mess?"

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Harvey smiled but did not continue the subject. "It's good that Tyler is busy, though. With him being distracted, your treatment will go smoothly."

Vicky's lips curled into a bitter smile. "I guess I should be thanking Gloria, then."

After the call, Vicky headed to her studio.

The treatments had been rather effective. Though she had not recalled anything yet, she started having dreams again.

She was not sure how long she could keep a secret from Tyler, and to her surprise, Tyler found himself entangled in Gloria's affair, which was great news for Vicky.

...

It was late by the time Vicky left her studio.

Work had been hectic ever since she took on a few big orders, and any free time she had was placed with receiving treatment for her amnesia.

Vicky's studio was located a little further away from the city, and since it was late at night, there were only a few cars on the road.

Vicky stood for 10 minutes on the road but could not find a single taxi. Unfortunately, her phone had run out of battery, so she could not order a taxi remotely either.

She glanced at her watch and realized that it was past 11, so she decided to start walking toward the city.

After a while, a luxury car stopped next to her, and the car window rolled down to reveal the face of a young man.

"Sweetheart, where are you headed? Do you need a lift?" The man made a point to raise his wrist to show his watch that could easily cost thousands.

The man was decent-looking and seemed to be in his late twenties. Judging from the car he drove and the way he dressed, one could easily tell that he was from a wealthy family.

Vicky glanced at him carelessly and looked away. "Thank you for your offer, but I'll pass."

The young man had seen a lot of beautiful women in the past, but never one as stunning as Vicky. Reluctant to give up, he said, "Don't worry, Sweetheart. I'm not a bad person."

'Like bad people are just going to admit that they're bad,' Vicky thought sarcastically, before refusing once again. "Please go, sir. My husband will be coming here to pick me up soon."

Vicky's words did not scare the man away, and he smirked in response. "If you really have a husband, why would he leave you out on the street by yourself like this? Come on, I'm in a great mood today. Name your price. How much for one night with you?"

Vicky was used to dealing with this sort of man, so instead of answering his question, she simply kept walking expressionlessly.

Just then, the car window by the passenger's seat rolled down as well.

"Frank, why do you even bother asking her? Women love playing hard to get. She might not even be interested until you act more forcefully! Just drag her in here and pay her after you are done."

"You're right. Come on. Help me get her into the car."

The two men opened the car doors and stood before Vicky. As they had a closer look at Vicky, they whistled.

"Frank, this woman looks even better than the model you had yesterday."

"I have great senses, don't I?"

Vicky stared at the men coldly and was ready to pull out her pepper spray.

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Vicky had kept a lot of self-defense tools in her bag, including pepper spray and a Taser.

Just as she was about to leap into action, another car drove over from a distance.

Vicky's heart sank.

She might stand a chance in disabling two men, but she would be helpless if she was surrounded by a big group.

With that in mind, she decided to act quickly as it would be much easier for her to deal with others once the two men before her were on the ground.

The men were distracted by the approaching headlight, and Vicky swiftly pulled out the pepper spray and sprayed it at their eyes.

“Aah!”

The men were hit without a chance to react.

The solution in the pepper spray Vicky had been made specifically so that its victim would not be able to open their eyes for a prolonged period.

The men covered their eyes and wailed loudly, and Vicky took the opportunity to attack them with the Taser.

By the time another car stopped nearby, the men were already unconscious on the ground.

The car door opened, and a tall young man stepped out.

He paused for a moment when he saw the two men on the ground before clapping with a smile on his face. “As expected of you, Miss Shaw. You are still as fierce as ever.”

Vicky stared at the man warily, noticing from his words that he seemed to know her. She started to scan him up and down.

The man's features were sharply defined as though they had been hand-carved. He had narrow and profound eyes, and his thin lips were curved in a smile.

The moonlight illuminated his face with a soft and gentle glow. His tall and graceful figure was akin to a willow in the wind as he stood extremely still, and the air around him exuded an elegant and noble aura.

This man was exceptionally handsome, and he was also biracial.

A man of his looks would hardly be forgettable, but Vicky simply could not recall seeing him anywhere in the past, so it was likely that he might be someone she knew before she lost her memories.

She cut to the chase and asked, "Who are you?"

He lifted an eyebrow. "Don't you remember me?"

Vicky did not explain herself and answered directly, "Yeah, I don't remember you."

The man smiled. "I heard that you lost your memories before, but I didn't really believe it. I guess it's true."

Vicky narrowed her eyes. "Who are you? How did you know that I've lost my memories?"

"If you haven't lost your memories, you would've kept your promise and left Tyler by now," the man said.

Vicky paled as raised her voice sternly, "Who on earth are you?!"

"You'll know when you remember everything." The man simply smiled.

"Alright, it's getting late. I'll send you home."

"No, thanks. I can get home on my own," she said warily.

The man studied the two men on the ground. “A single, beautiful woman like you can be in all sorts of danger if you walk on the street alone in the middle of the night. The bracelet you’re wearing might alert Tyler Hart when you are in danger, but if he concludes that you’re in danger all the time, he might send his men to spy on you twenty-four by seven. Miss Shaw, you knew just how horrible it is to have someone watch your every move. If Tyler finds out that you’re secretly trying to get your memories back, I’m afraid...you’ll lose whatever freedom you have right now.”

Though the man had only said a few words, they conveyed a large amount of information, and Vicky struggled to process them immediately.

“How... How do you know all these?” Vicky blurted out asking.

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“The doctor he hired as one of my subordinates. She is a hypnotist who can rival Isabella. That’s not someone that can be bought with just money.”

Vicky noticed the message hidden between his words.

‘The hypnotist who is treating me right now works for this mysterious man,’ she thought. ‘So is he trying to hint that Isabella works for Tyler?’

“You haven’t told me how you found out all this.”

“I’ve been watching you, so I know a lot about you,” the man said.

“Why have you been watching me?”

He chuckled. “I’ll answer that question once you get your memories back.”

“Why are you so certain that I am getting my memories back?”

“Your amnesia was caused by human effort, so it can be undone by human effort.”

Vicky narrowed her eyes as she realized that man knew far more than she had anticipated.

She lowered her gaze at the bracelet she received on her birthday from Tyler. “Did you just say that this bracelet has a tracker in it?”

The man lifted an eyebrow. “You might’ve lost your memories, but you should have a general idea of what kind of a man Tyler Hart is after spending some time with him. Is it that odd for him to give you a bracelet so he can track you all the time?”

Vicky did not say a word and was not even surprised at all, as she knew that was Tyler’s way of handling matters.

“Regardless, Tyler has been focusing on dealing with Gloria Shaw’s kidnap...” He paused, and a faint smile played on his lips. “Your friend is going to suffer again, I’m afraid. This is Stonefield City. If Tyler truly wants to punish Alex, Harvey won’t be able to protect him.”

Vicky scowled. “What does Alex have to do with Gloria being kidnapped?”

The man briefly explained what he knew, and Vicky’s frown deepened. “I’ve asked Alex. it wasn’t him. He would’ve admitted to doing it if it was him.”

“Yet, all evidence points to him as the culprit. Besides, he did kidnap Gloria in the past. Tyler wants to settle the matter, and blaming it all on Alex is the best option.”

“So, now...”

“Tyler has been busy taking care of Gloria and capturing Alex. Harvey probably left that one bit out because he didn’t want to worry you.”

Vicky’s heart sank.

The man smiled at her. “Tyler would’ve found out about your secret treatment a long time ago if none of these happened. Miss Shaw, you underestimate him and how ruthless he can be. The car accident you were in...was his work.”

“My car accident?” Realization dawned on Vicky, and she widened her eyes. “Are you saying that he staged my car accident as well?”

“He arranged to erase your memories right after your accident. Do you really think that’s just a coincidence?”

Vicky stared at him unblinkingly. “Do you have proof?”

“Tyler is a careful man, so he won’t leave any trace behind.”

“Which is another way to say that you don’t have any proof, right?”

“I suppose.”

Vicky’s expression darkened. “Sir, Tyler is my husband. I trust him more than I do you.”

“I understand.” The man was not at all offended. “I’m just giving you a reminder. It’s up to you to make the choice.”

He walked over to the car and opened the car door to the passenger’s seat. “Please get in, Miss Shaw. I’ll send you home.”

Vicky stood still and stared at the handsome man before her.

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The man's lips curled into a gentle smile. His appearance was the perfect image of what one might call 'prince charming', and he was gentle and approachable.

A few moments later, Vicky went into the car, knowing that it was indeed dangerous for her to be alone on the streets.

On top of that, she wanted to know who this man was.

The car drove forward on the quiet road, and the streetlights flew by outside the window. Gentle jazz music played inside the car, creating a peaceful atmosphere.

"Who are you, sir?"

The man kept his long fingers steady on the steering wheel and his gaze straight ahead. "You will know once you get your memories back."

Vicky scowled. "Were we close?"

The man considered her question for a few moments. "Not really, but I'd say that we were closer than ordinary friends."

"Do we contact each other frequently?"

"Occasionally," he said gently. "Your husband is a jealous man, and we stopped talking ever since you two got married. I think it's been years."

Vicky turned to look at him. "Why are you here in Stonefield City now, then?"

"Your amnesia incident has been kept a secret, and I thought that you were just being careful not to contact me. It wasn't until Harvey started

looking for hypnosis experts all over the world that I realized you've lost your memories... I wanted to see for myself, so I came."

Vicky stared at him in silence.

"Don't worry. I'm here to help you, not to hurt you," he said gently.

"And why would you help me?"

"I will—"

She interrupted him, "Are you going to say that you will tell me when I get my memories back?"

"You guessed it," the man said with resignation.

"Why are you helping me?"

After a long silence, the man sighed. "Because of me, Tyler had some sort of misunderstanding about you... Consider this my resentment."

"Do you know Harvey?"

The man shook his head. "No."

Vicky wanted to ask more, but the man proceeded to change the subject or ignore her questions straight away.

Soon, the car arrived outside the mansion.

"I won't walk you to the door," the man said.

"Okay." Vicky got out of the car. "Thank you for sending me home."

He smiled. "You are welcome."

Vicky was about to leave when the man called out to her, "Miss Shaw."

She looked around. "What is it?"

He handed her a business card. "You lost your memories, so you probably don't have my number. This is my contact number. Call me whenever you need something."

Vicky accepted the card that had only a phone number written on it; there was no name in sight. "Thank you."

She closed the car door and watched as the car drove off into the distance before turning to enter the mansion.

She was home a little later than normal, and the mansion was pitch dark.

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Though she was home late, Tyler rarely returned home before midnight as of late, too.

After changing into her slippers, she was about to head upstairs when she caught a faint scent of tobacco from the living room.

She looked over and saw a red dot flashing in the darkness.

Her heart threatened to leap out of her chest, and she came close to screaming.

After taking a few deep breaths, she calmed herself and turned on the lights in the living room.

Snap! The chandelier above her lit up in blinding light, and she frowned in discomfort.

After a while, she got used to the light and asked, "Tyler, what are you doing here?"

The man stood before the balcony, his towering figure casting a long shadow over the wall.

From where she was standing, she could only see the side of his face.

He held a cigarette between his fingers absentmindedly; white smoke curled and rose around him, blurring his face.

Tyler did not turn around. "Why are you home so late?"

"Why are you home so early?" Vicky retorted.

Tyler turned to shoot her a half-smile. "Had I not come home early, I wouldn't have found out that you're dating another man."

"I'm dating a man?" Amused, Vicky mocked, "Tyler, how can you function with such double standards? Have you taken a day off from caring for Gloria and decided to meddle with my business? Tyler Hart, you are exhausting."

With that, Vicky turned and went upstairs.

Tyler remained still as he watched her leave expressionlessly.

A few minutes later, he put out the cigarette in his hand and went upstairs.

Upon returning to the bedroom, Vicky charged her phone and prepared to head into the bathroom when the door to the bedroom was pushed open.

She did not bother looking over and walked toward the bathroom, only to be grabbed by the wrist.

"Who was that man, Vicky?" Tyler questioned darkly.

His grip was so firm that her skin started to turn red.

Vicky scowled at the pain and demanded, "Let go, Tyler!"

Instead of letting her go, he tightened his grip. “Who was he?”

Her patience for Tyler had reached its limit since her birthday, and she was seething with anger that Tyler dared to confront her about a man she was seen with when he had been spending time with Gloria.

She met his eyes and spat coldly, “He is my lover. Satisfied?!”

Tyler did not expect her to admit such a thing and froze for a moment before narrowing his eyes fiercely.

“What did you say?”

Vicky sneered fearlessly. “I said, he is my lover—ugh!”

Before she could finish, Tyler pinned her against the wall and pressed his body up against hers.

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Tyler stared into Vicky's eyes and gritted out, "Say that again, Vicky."

In a fit of rage, his eyes reddened as he began panting heavily. His fingers around her wrist were trembling ever so slightly, threatening to snap her wrist in half.

Her heart sank and wondered for a moment as to why she would risk enraging him after all that she had put up with in the past.

She knew that she would only suffer if she provoked Tyler. On top of that, she was still undertaking hypnosis in secret, so it was the worst time possible to be in a conflict with Tyler.

She pursed her lips and turned her head around in silence, but her silence did not appease his anger.

He lifted her chin and glared at her with rage burning in his eyes. “Who was that man, Vicky?”

“I don’t know,” she answered. “It was late, and I couldn’t catch a taxi. That man happened to drive by, so I asked for his help to give me a lift.”

“Didn’t you say he is your lover?”

She closed her eyes. “You’ve been spending days and nights with Gloria yet confront me without so much as asking what happened first. I got mad, so I bluffed.”

“Sometimes, words said in a fit of rage are the most truthful ones.”

Her lashes fluttered as she stared at him. “You know who I’ve seen ever since I lost my memories. I’ve forgotten all about what happened before the accident, so there’s no point for me to lie to you.”

His glare remained sharp. “Why are you home so late, then?”

Her lips curled into a bitter smile. “It’s not rare for me to get home at this time when I’m busy with work. I’ve received a few new orders lately... I might be slightly later than usual today, but I’ve only arrived home half an hour later than yesterday.”

Though she did not say it out loud, she was clearly telling him that this was not the only night she returned home late, and that Tyler was merely unaware of it because he had been home even later recently.

The look in his eyes darkened. “Is that so?”

“Feel free to look into it.”

Since she did not seem to be lying, the dark look on his face eased.

“Can you let go of my wrist?” Vicky stared at him. “You’re going to break it.”

He immediately let her go.

She rubbed her wrist and noticed that her skin was already bruising. She shot one last glare at the man and said, "I'm going to take a shower."

Tyler remained still.

Vicky raised her voice, "Get out of the way. I want to take a shower."

Tyler showed no intention of moving, and Vicky finally lost her patience, so she tried to shove him away.

The moment her hands came into contact with his chest, he lowered his head to capture her lips. He seemed to have smoked quite a few cigarettes, so he was practically soaked in the scent of tobacco.

She scowled in disgust and moved away from his kiss, so his lips landed on the corner of her lips.

She refused to look at him and said, "I'm exhausted. I want to take a shower and get some rest."

"Sure," he said hoarsely. "Let's shower together."

Vicky paled as showering with Tyler would always lead to other things.

"Tyler, I'm tired." She forced herself to calm her tone, but could not suppress the contempt on her face. "Let's just get some rest."

Tyler's expression darkened when he saw the impatience on her face. "No can do," he said emotionlessly. "You are ovulating today. We need to try harder for a baby."

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Vicky sneered inwardly as she was wondering why Tyler got home early.

She lowered her gaze. "Tyler, you know my body better than I do. I don't really think... I can get pregnant again." She felt a lump in her throat and continued, "If you love children that much..."

She took a deep breath and met his brooding, dark eyes. "You might as well try it with someone else."

He stared at her coldly as he said emotionlessly, "Who should I try to have a child with, then?"

Tension rose, and after a while, Vicky smiled. "I think my cousin, Gloria, is the perfect candidate."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah," Vicky said calmly. "She is a beauty from a once-powerful family and is also a famed pianist... On top of that, she once had such a romantic history with you. I'm sure she's a worthy match for you."

"She does sound like a perfect candidate." Tyler stared at her. "But I doubt she'll be willing to sleep with me without being married to me."

"It's simple if you want that resolved, isn't it?"

"How should I resolve that?"

"You know the answer."

"I don't." Tyler's lips curled into a half-smile. "Why don't you tell me, Missus Hart?"

Vicky clenched her fist and struggled to maintain the composed look on her face.

She studied the smirk on his lips and the cold look in his eyes before looking away wordlessly.

Every time she mentioned the word 'divorce', she would only end up suffering.

He lowered his head, his shadow looming over her as he muttered casually, "What's with the silence, Missus Hart?"

His hot breath caressed her ear, and she instinctively tried to move away, but he took the opportunity to kiss her ear.

Vicky stiffened and wanted to shove him away, but Tyler simply tightened his arms around her.

"Truth is, I don't really care whether we have children. I only want one because that's what you owe me, Vicky," he said hoarsely. "Before you pay your debt, you aren't getting rid of me."

He then lifted her off her feet and carried her into the bedroom.

...

The next day, Vicky woke up dazedly at noon. Tyler was, as usual, nowhere to be found.

She struggled to get out of bed and saw the horrible state her body was in.

She had never expected Tyler to be such an insatiable beast, and it took her a while to appease the anger boiling within her.

Vicky grabbed her phone and noticed that there was an unread message, and when she opened it, she found out that it was from an unknown number.

[Your husband looked into me, as expected.]

Vicky narrowed her eyes and recalled the man from the night before.

[I'm sorry for the trouble.] She replied.

10 minutes later, the man replied.

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[Don't worry. He didn't know it was me. I pointed all the leads to a female driver. You wouldn't be able to reach me now otherwise.]

Vicky stared at the text and frowned.

Tyler was far too sharp, and it was extremely challenging for her to lie to him, so she managed to persuade him with a half-truth the night before.

Vicky knew that Tyler would get to the bottom of anything if he wanted to, yet the mysterious man claimed that he managed to point all evidence to a female driver instead.

'Is he really that capable?' she thought. 'If Tyler finds out about the truth, isn't that going to deepen the misunderstanding between us?'

While Vicky was absorbed in her thoughts, the man sent her another text.

[Oh, I forgot to mention. Alex was caught last night.]

Vicky jolted and thought, 'So Tyler returned home early last night because Alex was caught?!'

Vicky ignored the text and hastily made a call to Harvey.

It took some time for Harvey to pick up, but when he did, she could sense how exhausted he was through the sound of his voice.

"Vicky."

"Has Alex been captured?" she asked.

After a long silence, Harvey said, "I'm sorry, Vicky."

“It’s not your fault.” Vicky tightened her fingers around the phone.
“Without your help, Alex would’ve been captured a long time ago.”

Vicky knew that Alex only managed to be under Harvey’s protection for so long because Tyler did not devote much effort to capturing him. As long as Tyler wanted it, Harvey would only be able to protect himself, and Alex was bound to be captured at some point.

“Thank you for helping me out,” she said. “As for what happens to Alex, let it be.”

“Vicky...” Harvey wanted to say something else but was instantly interrupted.

“You once said that Tyler was the one who erased my memories. Did he stage my car accident, too?”

“I don’t have any evidence to prove it.” Harvey did not expect Vicky to ask such a question. “Vicky, have you found something?”

“No, but...” She hesitated before deciding to mention the man she ran into the night before.

After listening to Vicky’s description of the man, Harvey said, “I’ve never met this man before, nor have you ever mentioned him to me.
However...”

“What?”

“There had always been this mysterious man helping you from behind the scenes back then. He’s been so good at hiding his tracks that I never found out who he was.”

“Can this man be the mysterious man who helped me before?”

“I don’t know,” Harvey said. “You’ll have to confirm that once you recover your memories.”

After the call with Harvey, Vicky lost all strength to head to work and remained home to rest.

She took a nap and felt more energized, so she went to her study to read a book, though she kept getting distracted.

She stared at the sun outside the window thoughtfully.

Both Harvey and the mysterious man said that Tyler was the one who erased her memories, and she was still having a hard time believing it.

‘Why would Tyler do such a thing?’ she thought.

She remained dazed for a while before standing up and exiting the study.

Instead of returning to her bedroom, she strolled toward Tyler’s study.

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Vicky had frequented Tyler’s study in the past, but at the moment, she hesitated as she stood outside the door.

Though they were married, it would be rude to pry on another person’s privacy.

The last time she went through his study, Tyler found out and insulted her harshly over it.

Not long later, Vicky recalled how Tyler chatted with her friends with her phone and deleted people from her contact lists, and the last bit of hesitation faded.

She did not want to pry, but she did not want to remain a clueless fool either.

She walked over to the desk and flipped through the documents on the desk.

Since they were all contracts and documents related to work, she was not interested and placed them back right away.

She then proceeded to open the drawers to find confidential documents as well.

After searching for over half an hour, Vicky found nothing and was about to leave when she noticed the bookshelf behind the desk.

There were all sorts of books related to finance and foreign languages on the shelf.

As she scanned the bookshelf, she noticed some sheet music at the bottom left corner of the bookshelf.

She had been to Tyler's study countless times and knew what books he had on the shelf. However, the left bottom corner of the bookshelf had been covered by the desk, so she never paid attention to the area.

She narrowed her eyes and crouched to find sheet music and books about the piano.

Vicky took them out and scanned them when a piece of paper flew out.

She paused and picked it up, only for her breath to halt at the sight.

It was a portrait of a handsome man; his eyes brooding and his pursed lips gave him a cold, distant edge.

It was a portrait of her husband, Tyler. ninjanovel.com

The man in the drawing looked younger, and his gaze was not as unpredictable as it was in the present.

Vicky stared at the portrait and felt a tender pain in her chest as pieces of her memories flashed through her mind.

“I can let you draw a portrait of me, but you need to give it to me when you are done.”

“Not bad.”

“Where’s the portrait you drew of me?”

“Vicky, when are you going to draw me again?”

“You are not to draw anyone else apart from me.”

“Vicky, you promised that you will never part from me...”

“Vicky...”

“Vicky...”

Voices overlapped like a relentless spell that echoed inside her head.

She pressed her hands against her head and started sweating.

Sometime later, the voices faded, and the portrait had been crinkled in her hand.

She panted heavily as tears scrolled down her face.

Vicky took a few deep breaths to calm herself before wiping her tears away and putting the portrait back where it was found.

The bookshelf was enormous, and after taking the books and sheet music out, Vicky spotted a few more items hidden inside.

She picked up a small booklet on the very top and widened her eyes as soon as she opened it.

On the very first page was a photo of her and Tyler.