

Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

Chapter 906

“So...”

Tyler’s cold gaze fell upon the two of them as he slowly parted his thin lips.

“Are you prepared to apologize, or...would you prefer experiencing what Vicky went through and get locked up for a few days?” Orion pointed at Tyler in anger.

“Tyler, you wouldn’t dare!”

“You can try me.”

Orion’s finger trembled, and his chest heaved rapidly. He wanted to say that they would never apologize, but he could not bring himself to do so with all the bodyguards surrounding him.

Tyler never bluffed and always followed through with his words.

At that moment, Valencia, who was beside them, seemed to have reached her limits and fainted.

“It seems Mother’s old ailment has flared up again.” Tyler glanced at Valencia indifferently.

“Doctor, come and see her. Make sure she wakes up as soon as possible.”

Orion’s face twitched.

They were currently in a difficult situation.

Tyler would lock them up in the cellar if they refused to apologize, but if they did, they would look like fools.

Both Valencia and Orion were cunning people and had ample experience in dealing with such situations.

Hence, Valencia feigned unconsciousness to evade the impending choice.

Alas, they had not expected Tyler to go as far as to have a doctor around. It was clear that he did not intend on leaving them any way out.

Upon hearing the instruction, the doctor squeezed through the crowd and began treating Valencia.

Since Valencia was only pretending to be unconscious, she woke up quietly within a few minutes.

The others silently watched this scene.

Although they were dissatisfied with Tyler's actions, ninjanovel.com no one was foolish enough to speak up at this point.

It reached such a stage where continuing the pretense would be meaningless, and Tyler was not giving them the chance to do so.

Orion and Valencia naturally did not wish to be locked up in the cellar by Tyler, so they could only swallow their pride and apologize to Vicky under the watchful eyes of everyone.

"Vicky, we're truly sorry for what happened last time..."

Orion forced a smile and added, "From now on, we'll discipline the servants strictly from now on and ensure that you never suffer any injustice again."

For Orion and Valencia, this was the best apology they could make, and they were prepared to enrage Tyler if he demanded anything more.

Vicky also did not want to deepen the conflict, so she nodded.

"Let's put an end to this matter."

After being publicly humiliated, both Orion and Valencia looked extremely pale.

Tyler's gaze scanned every single face in the room, and the others bowed their heads to avoid meeting Tyler's eyes.

“Vicky is my wife, and disrespect toward her is considered disrespect toward me. Anyone who insulted her is to come forward and apologize to her right away. Don’t make me come after you myself.”

Normal people would only choose to apologize if it saved them from suffering.

Everyone in the room had practically spoken ill of Vicky at some point, so they all lined up before Vicky to apologize to her.

“Sorry, Missus Hart.”

“I’m sorry.”

“My apologies, Missus Hart.”

“Sorry.”

The sight was amusing, but no one dared to laugh.

The bodyguards let the people who had apologized out, and the crowd slowly dispersed.

Chapter 907

Orion and Valencia glanced at Tyler darkly before leaving as well.

Tyler ignored them all, and once everyone was gone, he strolled toward Isabella.

Mike tensed.

“Tyler Hart, what are you doing?!”

Isabella lay sprawled across the floor, her consciousness drifting as blood pooled next to her knees.

Without Tyler's command, no one dared to treat Isabella.

With the gun in Tyler's hand, even Mike held still, knowing that Tyler could very well shoot him as well with his own gun.

Tyler lowered his gaze at Isabella.

"Isabella, do you admit your mistakes now?" She struggled to lift her head and stared at the devilish man before her in terror.

"I was...I was wrong...I apologize...to Ms.Shaw.I'm sorry, Ms.Sh—no, Missus Hart.I'm sorry.I will kneel before you..."

The smugness and pride in her eyes earlier had faded without a trace as she was utterly stunned by Tyler's ruthlessness.However, she was shot and could not get up no matter how hard she tried.

Tyler looked at her indifferently.

"You mentioned in the surveillance video that you have a video of Vicky.What video is that?" Vicky clenched her fists.

Revealing the truth would undoubtedly remind Tyler of their past, ninjanovel.com and she did not want him to know about that period when she was paraded by Valencia like a clown.

Having lost too much blood, Isabella's vision started to blur.

Her lips moved, but before she could speak, her eyelids fluttered, and she fainted completely.

Tyler furrowed his brow, and Vicky whispered, "Let's take her to the hospital first.If we delay any longer, her life may be in danger."

If someone died, the situation would escalate.

After a few seconds of silence, Tyler nodded gently.

After putting an end to the commotion, the two of them returned home in the middle of the night.

Tyler was evidently concerned about what he had heard from the surveillance.

In a low voice, he asked, "What did Isabella mean by what she said?"

Vicky's gaze flickered.

"It seems to be about...the video of me falling into the water during the banquet, which got leaked.I don't know how she got hold of it."

"Are you sure?" Vicky nodded.

"...Yes."

Tyler narrowed his eyes.

“The way she spoke to you...it doesn't seem like it's the first time she's seen you.”

“It seems like she has a good relationship with Miss Everly.Maybe she heard about me from her?”

Not long ago, Isabella did mention something about Aria, and Tyler heard it when he reviewed the surveillance footage.

Seemingly believing Vicky's explanation, Tyler shifted his gaze away and stopped pressing further.

“It's getting late.Let's go take a shower.”

Vicky did not move and stood in place as she stared at him with concern.

“Are you sure everything is okay after what happened today?”

Vicky understood that Tyler stood up for her during the family banquet because he wanted everyone to know that she was his wife and not someone to be bullied.

Undeniably, Vicky felt happy and touched.However, amid the emotions, she could not help but feel concerned as well.

“It's alright.” Tyler gently pulled Vicky into his embrace.

“With me here, no one will dare to bully you.”

Chapter 908

Vicky held him back.

“But, Old Mister Hart and your parents...”

“Don't worry about them.” Tyler narrowed his eyes coldly.

“Their actions will only escalate if we don't show them what it means to mess with us.Only pain can truly teach a lesson.That's human nature.”

He lowered his head to meet her eyes.

“They'll never dare to pick on you ever again.”

Vicky wanted to tell him that he did not need to do that for her but felt hypocritical for saying so.

“Thank you.” She buried her head into his embrace.

“Thank you, Tyler.”

“Don't thank me.You were only in these troubles because of me.”

He caressed her hair and continued in a gentle tone, “I'm just doing what I should do.”

She wrapped her arms around his neck abruptly and tip-toed to kiss him.He was stunned for a split moment but soon snapped out of it and took over control.

The following days were peaceful and serene.

Gloria had left, and Aria had not reappeared.

Even the Hart family had quieted down.

Vicky and Tyler spent a period of warm and joyful days together.

Soon, Tyler's birthday came around, and they did not throw a banquet but opted for an intimate celebration between the two of them this time.

Vicky had been preparing for Tyler's birthday for a long time, even picking up the piano she had not played in ages.

She practiced for a whole month, and on Tyler's birthday, she played the piece 'The Moonlight Bay' for him once again. That day, Vicky was excited and indulged in quite a few drinks. Under the influence of alcohol, she uttered the words 'I love you'. However, to her disappointment, Tyler only kissed her and did not say a word in response.

This disappointment did not linger for long, as Vicky understood Tyler's reserved nature and knew he seldom expressed his love for her directly. He did say those words to her once when he had imprisoned her shortly after their breakup, but their relationship at the time was strained, and his emotions were unstable.

In one moment, he would force himself on her due to her provocation, and in the next moment, he would turn around and say he loved her.

Such a confession of love, under those circumstances, was hardly something anyone could accept, and Vicky was no exception.

At the time, she had no room to savor his declaration; all she wanted was to escape.

On Tyler's birthday, they spent a romantic and sweet night together.

Before falling asleep that same night, Vicky suddenly realized that this tranquil and blissful time was as good as life could get.

The next day, Vicky woke up with a smile on her lips.

It felt like she was living in a dream, overwhelmed by happiness.

After freshening up, she picked up her phone, ready to go downstairs for breakfast.

As she unlocked her phone, she noticed an unread message on the screen.

Vicky's finger moved across the screen to open the message, and she froze when she saw the identification of the sender.

As she read the content of the message, her expression gradually darkened.

Burdened with thoughts, Vicky descended the stairs and was about to enter the dining room when she coincidentally spotted a tall and elegant figure emerging from the kitchen.

“Awake already?”

Tyler’s deep and pleasant voice sounded.

“Come, let’s have breakfast.”

Chapter 909

Vicky looked at the plates in his hands.

“Don’t you have work today?”

“Mm.”

Tyler placed the lukewarm oatmeal on the table.

“I’m not too busy today, so it’s fine to go a bit later.”

Lately, whenever Tyler had free time, he would cook breakfast for her.

The gloom in Vicky’s heart dissipated somewhat, and she smiled.

“Then I must eat more today.” Tyler sat across from Vicky.

“I have an appointment tonight, so you don’t have to wait for me to have dinner.”

With the conversation concluded, the two of them ate breakfast in silence, as usual.

Although Vicky had said she would eat more, she did not manage to fulfill her words due to her preoccupations.

Tyler gazed at Vicky and suddenly spoke up.

“What’s wrong? You don’t like your food?” Vicky snapped out of her thoughts.

“No, it’s delicious.”

“You’ve been lost in thought today.”

Vicky did not know if she had been too obvious or if Tyler was just perceptive. She lowered her gaze.

“I was contemplating whether I should hire more designers for my studio to work on men’s clothing.” Tyler’s tone was indifferent.

“Your clients are usually individual customers, right?”

Confused, she asked, “Yes. What about it?”

“Working with individual customers takes too much time. Have you considered targeting a larger group of clients?”

“I have considered it and tried, but...in our industry, it’s good enough to have individual customers. The bigger ones, like film crews or companies, are monopolized by insiders,” she said in resignation and shook her head.

“So for now, I can only work with individual customers.”

Through the accumulation of hard work over time, Vicky’s studio gained a good reputation within the industry and did not lack orders. It was an accomplishment achieved by the supreme quality of their work, but they could not rival designers who design for a large group of people at once. Tyler stared at her and asked, “Do you want to do group orders?”

Vicky twitched, understanding the implied meaning behind his words. Without thinking, she rejected him.

“The studio is doing well now; I don’t need your help.” Vicky’s rejection displeased Tyler.

“Are you finding fault with me, or are you angry that I didn’t help you earlier?”

“No.”

Vicky looked at him earnestly.

“I know that with your help, I could avoid many detours and not work as hard to become a top designer in the industry in a short amount of time. However, that’d only be made possible under the influence of my title as your wife. Strip that away, and my designs would be worthless.”

Tyler wanted to argue, but Vicky stopped him.

“I know what you want to say, but I want to become an independent fashion designer on my own and become a woman worthy of you. This field of work requires experience and senses. I won’t gain anything if I can’t bear negative comments. I don’t want to obtain a name that I didn’t earn, so...” She stared into his eyes.

“Thank you for thinking of me, but my studio is still growing, and it’s not suitable to find its way to the top at the moment.”

Tyler felt slightly dazed when he saw the determination in her eyes. She smiled at him.

“Naturally, if I find myself dealing with unreasonable clients, I’ll still need your help. It’s more than enough to have you as my backup.”

The tension on Tyler’s face eased.

After breakfast, he drove Vicky to her studio. As she watched his car disappear into the distance, the smile on her face faded.

Chapter 910

As soon as she entered the studio, Cece teased, “Vicky, are you and Mister Hart back to the honeymoon phase lately? I saw him dropping you off from upstairs.”

Vicky smiled wordlessly.

Cece instantly sensed that Vicky looked bothered and whispered, "Vicky, what's wrong? Did you fight with him?"

"No."

Vicky snapped out of it.

"I'm just thinking about some designs. I'll get to work now. Just order me whatever you get for lunch and bring it back to me later."

Cece nodded and watched as Vicky walked away in shock.

Once Vicky was back in her office, she sat on her chair blankly for a while before pulling her phone out.

The text she received earlier was from the mysterious man.

[Vicky, I need you to do something for me.]

[What is it?] she replied.

[I need you to make a copy of a certain document on Tyler Hart's laptop.]

[Why do you need it?]

[It's best that you don't know.]

[But how am I supposed to help you if I don't know what you want?]

[Vicky, there's no such thing as free lunch. I've helped you countless times before, and now, it's time for you to return the favor. Don't tell me that you're in love with Tyler.] Vicky stopped replying after that.

When the mysterious man suggested that she marry Tyler, Vicky objected to it strongly once. She did not understand what the mysterious man wanted at the time, but at this moment, she finally had a moment of clarity.

The mysterious man had been plotting all along for a prolonged period, and at this moment, it was finally time for him to reap what he sowed.

Vicky knew that there were some things one could not escape from.

After pondering for a long time, Vicky finally sent a message in response.

[I can help you, but I want to meet you in person first.]

Half an hour later, the mysterious man finally replied.

[Okay.] Vicky looked at the message and once again fell into a deep reverie.

Tyler had an appointment later that night and would not be home for dinner, so meeting the mysterious man later on seemed like the best option.

Vicky wanted to know the identity of the person who had been helping her, so she sent him the time and location to meet.

A few minutes later, the response came with a simple affirmation. At half past six in the evening, Vicky arrived punctually at the entrance of a certain club. It was one of the most exclusive and private clubs in Stoneford City, accessible only to members. After asking around, Vicky finally managed to borrow a membership card from Noah. Vicky had booked a room in advance, but instead of waiting inside, she booked another room close to the elevator and stood by the door, observing the passersby through the peephole. Without knowing who the mysterious person was, Vicky naturally would not meet with him without any reservations. Though Vicky had always been curious about this person, she never thought of meeting him until he made the request. It was precisely after receiving the text that Vicky felt it was necessary to meet with him directly. Vicky arrived at the club an hour early. The floor was quiet, and the waitstaff rarely moved. At this hour, only one person entered or exited this floor, and it was a young woman who left the room opposite Vicky's. Time passed minute by minute, and the agreed time drew closer. Vicky's heart followed suit, racing with anticipation. However, the corridor remained empty, devoid of anyone's presence. Nobody appeared. Vicky's eyebrows gradually furrowed, and she thought to herself, 'Is he not coming?' After waiting for another 10 minutes with no sign of the person's appearance, Vicky finally could not hold back and sent him a message.