

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

Chapter 71

“Since you’re later than usual, I thought I could help apply the ointment for Missus Hart... I’ll leave this to you now that you’re here.”

Nanny Paterson hurried outside after explaining the situation.

Vicky was the one who asked Nanny Paterson to help her with it. Though she was technically married to Tyler, they had not been intimate since she lost her memories. She could not get used to taking her clothes off in front of him.

Tyler took off his jacket and went into the bathroom to wash his hands. He sanitized his hands before proceeding to apply the ointment to Vicky’s wounds.

Enter title...

His fingers were beautifully long, and she could distinctly feel his cold touch on her skin.

Tyler immediately stopped when he felt Vicky twitch. “Does it hurt?”

She looked down. ‘It’s fine.’

She tried her best to regain her composure, but the blush on her face soon betrayed her.

Tyler was a sharp man, and when he noticed the way she looked away and the blush on her face, he narrowed his eyes and smiled. “There’s no need to be shy.

You used to get yourself injured on purpose so that I’d apply ointment for you.

Besides...we’ve been married for three years. I’ve seen every inch of you there is to see.”

Without another word, Tyler continued to apply ointment to her wounds.

He moved steadily, careful not to do anything out of line. He held onto the tube of ointment and his dark, brooding eyes were fixated on the wounds without making her uncomfortable.

Tyler was an extremely handsome man with features that looked as though they had been carved into perfection, graced with a figure that rivaled that of models.

His presence was majestic.

With all combined, he attracted attention wherever he went.

For a moment, Vicky came to an understanding that any woman would throw herself at this man’s feet-even if he showed her the smallest act of kindness.

The next day, Vicky turned on the television.

“Following the news that Hart Corporation had severed their partnership with Hachett Group, the chairman of Hachett Group, Mister Jason, has been involved in yet another scandal...”

Hearing the familiar name, Vicky was stunned and stopped herself from changing the channel.

She had not asked about Jason since the day of the incident.

Though she did not know much about the business world, she did have a habit of reading the news and knew that Hart Corporation had just partnered with Hachett Group.

The Hachett family was one of the top families in Hatchland in terms of influence and financial power, so if the partnership was terminated, Hart Corporation would lose millions of dollars.

Vicky was not arrogant and would not allow herself to believe that Tyler had done this for his wife, whom he did not love, as she did not worth much in his eyes.

According to why Vicky had wandered into Jason's room, Jessica explained that she typed the wrong room number and had re-sent the message as soon as she realized that, but all was too late by then.

Vicky did not know if Jessica was telling the truth. Moreover, since she was still recuperating in the hospital, she had no energy to look into it.

She had thought that she could investigate after she was discharged, so she was surprised to see the news report on the television. She listened to the news reporter explaining the details and for a moment could not tell how she felt about it. i

Meanwhile, in a certain room.

The tension in the air rose as Sheila looked at the man on the couch and explained hastily, "Tyler, I have nothing to do with this!"

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The man before Sheila leaned back against the couch elegantly as he drawled, "Sheila, you met with Jessica when the incident happened. Did you not know that Vicky was supposed to meet someone else?"

"I knew," Sheila blurted out of fear that Tyler would interrupt her. "Our managers arranged for us to meet there to talk about the casting, and we just stayed there to get to know each other a little...because we're going to play good friends in the movie. I didn't have other plans, so I stayed back to chat with her while going through the script.

Enter title...

"She said that her manager referred a really talented fashion designer to her, and the designer was supposed to come and take her measurements. She said that this designer has a unique fashion sense, so one would never see the same dress twice on a different person.

"Jessica told me to check out that designer and since I felt curious as well, I waited with Jessica. However, the designer didn't show up even past the arranged time. Jessica thought that the designer was just running late and didn't pay attention to it until it was starting to get late.

"When Jessica tried to contact the designer, she realized that she got a number wrong when she gave the designer the room number. She immediately made a call to the designer, but the call didn't go through. We didn't realize what happened until we heard noises outside and went outside.'

Sheila had not expected something like this to happen when all she did was run the script with a fellow cast member, nor had she anticipated that Vicky was the fashion designer she had been waiting for.

Darkness loomed over Tyler's face, and she could not see the expression on his face as he listened to Sheila's explanation.

Despite knowing Tyler for years, she still could not tell what he was thinking even in the present.

After a while, Tyler said, "According to what I've learned, your manager was the

one who suggested to Jessica to meet there.”

Sheila froze and paled as she came to a realization. “Tyler, don’t you… believe me?”

“I only believe what I see.”

She smiled bitterly. “So you think I asked Jessica to meet me there on purpose and got Jessica to type the room number with just one digit wrong?” She became increasingly hysterical as she spoke, “Let’s assume I did it. If Vicky went into the wrong room, she should’ve been able to walk out of it as soon as she realized that it wasn’t the right one. How can I manipulate the people inside that room to hurt her?”

“If you looked into Jason’s character and found out about where he might be, it’s not hard to plan all these,” Tyler said coldly.

Sheila was as pale as a ghost as she looked at the man before her. ‘ And you think that I did this?’

Instead of answering her question, he asked, “How have I been to you throughout the years, Sheila?”

Not knowing why he would ask such a question, she muttered dazedly, “ You’ve been good to me.”

Indeed, Tyler had spoiled her throughout the years and would offer help whenever she needed it.

Everyone thought that she was Tyler’s first love, but she instinctively knew that he was in love with someone else before meeting her.

She did not know who it was, and there was no evidence to prove that there was ever someone he liked, but Sheila knew that he never truly loved her because he had remained distant despite how well he looked after her.

If he loved her, he would have never broken up with her without hesitation when he was about to propose to her.

As she was absorbed in her thought, Tyler said, “Go apologize to Vicky when you have the chance. I’ll handle the rest.”

Sheila’s breath caught in her chest as she gaped in disbelief.

Tyler ignored the expression on her face and stood up. “I still have work to do, so I’m going now

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Without giving Sheila the chance to respond, Tyler opened the door and left the room.

The cold wind rushed into the room, and Sheila stood still as Tyler’s voice echoed inside her head.

‘How have I been to you throughout the years, Sheila?’

‘Go apologize to Vicky when you have the chance. I’ll handle the rest.’

Sheila chuckled darkly as though she was mocking herself for her foolishness.

Someone knocked on the door to Vicky’s ward, i

Enter title…

Thinking that it was Cece, Vicky placed the remote controller in her hand.”

Come in.”

The door opened as a slim figure walked in with a bouquet.

“Miss Shaw, I heard that you were admitted into the hospital, so I came to pay you a visit.”

Vicky narrowed her eyes when she saw the woman who came in. “Miss Young?”

Sure enough, it was Sheila.

Tyler had taken the initiative to inform her of the results of the investigation. Sheila was with Jessica on the night of the incident, and Vicky only went into the room where Jason was in because Jessica typed the wrong room number. Every soul in Stoneford City knew how Sheila felt about Tyler, and she only pleaded for Sasha the time before in hope that it would deepen the conflict between Tyler and Vicky. To Sheila’s bewilderment, the married couple seemed to have grown closer after that.

Ever since Sasha was sent to prison, it became obvious that Tyler began to turn his attention to Vicky, and it was understandable for Sheila to act as it would put her at a disadvantage if she allowed Tyler and Vicky to grow closer.

Sheila set the bouquet down by the window and said, “Miss Shaw, I’m very sorry about what happened... I apologize.” She then proceeded to bow deeply. Vicky narrowed her eyes. Miss Young, are you...admitting that you caused the incident?”

Something felt odd.

If Vicky was assaulted, Tyler would have been disgusted by her and if the video of the event was posted on the internet, divorce was inevitable.

Since Sheila was with Jessica, it was natural for others to consider her the culprit. However, the entire plan was not well-planned, and Sheila would risk enraging Tyler if he found out that she was the one who did it.

All in all, it did not seem to be something that Sheila would do, but Vicky could not figure out who would have done such a thing.

Sheila lowered her gaze. ‘ All the evidence is on the table. Even if I want to deny it, I won’t be able to. I might as well apologize.’ 1

Vicky sensed that there was more to the story from Sheila’s words. “Miss Young, are you trying to say that you didn’t do it and that someone else framed you for it?”

Sheila smiled. “No. I’m just here to apologize. I know that an apology isn’t enough to make up for the mistakes I’ve made, but...”

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Vicky looked at Sheila, but she did not seem angry at all. “But what?”

Sheila met her eyes. “You’ve secured your position as Missus Hart. I guess that’s the silver lining.”

Vicky paused. “What?”

“Tyler has decided that I’m a vicious woman who’d do whatever it takes to get what I want, which contradicts the understanding, gentle character I’ve built for myself over the years.’ Sheila smiled bitterly. “All my hard work has been ruined. Miss Shaw, did you really think that Tyler would love a vicious woman like me?”

Enter title...

Finally realizing what Sheila was saying, Vicky asked, “Are you trying to say that

I'm behind all of this?"

"It doesn't matter anymore." Sheila forced a smile. "Congratulations, Miss Shaw, for securing your position."

She then turned to leave.

Vicky watched as she turned and said, "Shouldn't you be happy, Miss Young?"

Sheila stilled with her hand on the doorknob but did not turn around as Vicky's voice echoed in the room.

"To make up for what you did, Tyler has given up on a contract that could've brought his company millions of dollars. He's been coming to the hospital every day to take care of me and, on top of that, has to stay married to a woman he doesn't love.

"He's sacrificing a lot for your safety, Miss Young. Arent you at least a little touched?"

Sheila turned around and studied the pale look on Vicky's face, before saying sarcastically, "Yeah! Tyler only asked me to apologize and didn't even ask that I bear responsibility for this. I should feel really touched."

Without another word, Sheila turned and left.

Shortly after Sheila left, Tyler came in to find Vicky staring out of the window blankly.

He walked over and asked, "Any other request?"

Hearing his voice, she turned around to look at him with an odd smile on her face. "Oh, do I get to make requests again?"

He did not respond.

"To keep me from seeking revenge on Sheila, you've lost a contract that cost you millions, and you also want to throw in another request that I get to make. Is it all worth it?"

After a brief moment of silence, he said, "I won't talk about the divorce again from now on, and you get to stay as Missus Hart."

Vicky had already guessed what might happen from what Sheila said, so she was not overly surprised by his suggestion. "Sheila said that I'm good at this for managing to secure my position within such a short period.

Tyler, hasn't it crossed your mind that I might be the one pulling the strings? M Sheila had motives to do such a thing, but so did Vicky. After all, she ended up being the one who profited from it.

"You wouldn't have done it," he said calmly.

She paused and thought to herself, 'Even Sheila suspected me for pulling the strings, but he doesn't?'

"What makes you think that?" she asked.

He looked into her eyes. "You've forgotten about how you feel about me after you lost your memories, and all you've been thinking is how to secure your gain before we eventually get a divorce. You wouldn't have taken such a big risk for my sake."

It was a big risk as Vicky's reputation could have been in complete ruin, and she would not have done this to herself to win over Tyler. 1

"Looks like you are beginning to know me," she said.

"You know that you won't be able to do a thing to Sheila if I insist on siding with

her. You've gotten smarter ever since you lost your memories and know better than to act on impulse." He paused for a few moments and said, "There's no point in dwelling over the past now that you don't remember a thing. If you don't go back to your old ways, there's no reason that we have to end this marriage." Vicky froze at his words.

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"H-Haven't you always wanted to divorce me so that you can marry Sheila? ■

"When did I say that?" asked Tyler.

Vicky thought back to what happened in the past.

Tyler did want to divorce her, and she still had the message from him that she received on the day of the accident. However, from what she could remember, he never mentioned anything about marrying Sheila.

She narrowed her eyes in confusion. "So you don't want to marry her?"

"If I wanted to marry her, I wouldn't have married you," he said coldly.

Enter title...

"But wasn't I the one who sabotaged your relationship, forcing you to marry me?"

"Yes."

"So Sheila...should be the one you wanted to marry at the time, right?"

"Yes."

"But now—"

"I would've married Sheila had you not come into the picture. However, it's been three years and I no longer have a specific reason to marry her," interjected Tyler before she could finish.

Vicky caught on immediately. "So there was a specific reason that you wanted to marry her."

"Yes, but you ruined it."

"It's not something like a political marriage, right?"

He shot her a resigned look. "Sheila comes from an ordinary family. She can't compare to you in terms of family background."

"So why did you want to marry Sheila, then?"

His eyes lit up slightly at the memory. "She plays the piano well."

Vicky jilted in shock as she remembered what she heard the other day outside the ward. "Her hands are destroyed, and she can't play piano anymore," she muttered. "That's why...you don't want to marry her anymore? N

"That's a part of it," Tyler said emotionlessly. "On the other hand, I've not been in touch with her since we were married, and after three years, even the deepest love will fade."

"You wanted to marry her when she could play piano and lost interest when she couldn't... Don't you think that's too heartless of you?"

"Would it be less heartless of me to give her hope even after I was married?" he retorted.

Vicky was instantly rendered speechless. Though Tyler was not entirely wrong, losing the interest in marrying a woman simply because she could no longer play piano seemed like something a womanizer would do.

It was almost the same concept as a man losing interest in his wife because she was no longer young and beautiful.

"Tyler, have you ever loved Sheila?"

"I love it when she plays the piano. Does that count?"

"...suppose."

Any kind of love that started with an appreciation for the other person's talent, personality, or looks would be considered valid. However, Vicky could not help but feel like something was odd with the relationship between Tyler and Sheila. She studied his face and said, "So? I'm sure you didn't decide to continue this marriage simply because you wanted to repent for what Sheila did out of guilt, right?"

He narrowed his eyes darkly. After a few moments of silence, he said, 'Hart Corporation is growing, and it's not the time for scandals of a divorce.'

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Vicky knew that both Sheila and she were set for failure the moment they fell for Tyler.

He wanted to marry Sheila, and after what Vicky did to Sheila, his feelings for Sheila faded as soon as she was deemed incapable of playing piano.

Shocked by how cold he was, Vicky asked, 'But if you don't want to marry Sheila anymore, why...did you insist on divorcing me before I lost my memories?'

Tyler narrowed his eyes coldly. "Why?" he repeated sarcastically. 'You should ask yourself what you did.'

"I don't remember."

He stared down at her in contempt as memories came rushing back to him. "Not remembering what you did doesn't mean that none of it ever happened. Take some time to consider if you still want a divorce."

you managed to punish those who bullied you. If you were only an ordinary woman, do

Shaw', not only would she failed to seek justice for herself, but

the powerful preyed on the weak, she weighed about as much

team to treat Vicky, she soon recovered and no longer needed to apply ointment on her wounds every

came to a sudden realization that she had been frequenting the hospital ever since

reconsider if she wanted a divorce, but since she could get out of bed and no longer needed someone to apply ointment for her, she did not

was giving her space to think, but she could not decide
might have insisted on the divorce because of something else that she
was eventually sent home and Cece came to pick her up like the
gleefully, "Did you know, Vicky? That Jason guy who tried to make a move on you has
been suffering a great

"Are you referring to the termination of the partnership between the Harts and the
Hachett Family, or the rumors saying that he was cheating with his own sister-in-law?"

Vicky learned all these from the news.

"That's old news!" Cece chirped. "Jason has been playing around because he knows he
has power in Hatchland and that no one can harm a hair on him, but..." She snorted.
"What goes around, comes around. Someone had taken revenge on him a few days
ago."

"Revenge?" Vicky repeated in surprise.

"Yeah! It's all over the internet. They said that Jason killed a woman over a decade ago,
but he went unpunished because of his influence in the country. That woman's younger
sister underwent plastic surgery..." Cece lowered her voice. "To take revenge on Jason,
this woman spent all her hours going through countless surgeries to look like Jason's
type. She became so skilled in the art of seduction that Jason fell head over heels for
her. He even calls her his dream girl and a while back, his 'dream girl' finally agreed to
sleep with him. Eventually..."

Cece paused.

Curious, Vicky asked, 'What happened? Did she kill him?'

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"No, he wasn't killed. He was...cut down there."

Vicky did not realize what she meant until a few moments later. "Are you saying that he
is no longer a whole man?"

Cece giggled. "Yeah! I heard that this guy is a womanizer, and it's probably worse than
death for him to be able to see beautiful women but not be able to do anything to them!
It's a good thing that he has a son now, or he'd be childless for the rest of his life!"

Vicky despised Jason and did not feel any sympathy for him. Frankly, she was
extremely glad that he would no longer be able to hurt another woman.

Overjoyed to hear such great news on the day she was discharged from the hospital, Vicky said, "I know a new restaurant that makes great food. Come! I'll buy you lunch."

Cece's eyes lit up. 'Sure!'

Vicky handed her belongings to Nanny Paterson and took Cece to the restaurant she mentioned. Since it was lunch hour, the restaurant was packed with customers.

them with

"No."

"Are you our members?"

"We...are not."

tables are reserved," the waiter said politely. "Please be sure

Vicky had been in the restaurant with Tyler a few times when they were at peace, but she had never had to make

walked in and the waiter immediately ignored Vicky to greet

know if you have a

"No."

"Are you our members?"

the women handed the waiter a membership

waiter smiled. "Please

"They don't have any reservations either. Why do they get to go inside?" Cece blurted out.

Though still polite, the waiter's tone was laced with contempt. "We prioritize members. Please visit us another day."

Cece's expression darkened at the difference in treatment but was stopped by Vicky just as she tried to argue with the waiter.

"Forget it. Let's just go to a different restaurant.' 1

"Even restaurants treat people differently nowadays." Cece pouted.

As they were about to leave, the main door of the restaurant opened again.

A tall, handsome-looking man walked in with a young woman.

“Tyler, this restaurant is packed every day, and it’s really hard to get a table here...”

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Cece was the first to notice and instinctively tried to block Vicky’s sight so she would not see Tyler with another woman.

“Vicky, since they don’t have a table for us here, let’s just go somewhere else.”

Just then, Maria spotted Vicky as Vicky naturally stood out from the crowd.

She glanced over and immediately realized what happened when she saw the way Vicky was cast aside by the waiter.

Maria smirked viciously and raised her voice as she put on a confused expression, “Oh? Tyler, isn’t that...Vicky? Vicky, why are you here? Are you here to dine with your friend?”

no one would raise their voices, so Maria’s voice echoed distinctly inside the eyes instantly focused on

ignored them and walked

Cece could block her sight, and judging from the grin on Maria’s

waiter and said pretentiously, ‘Is this how you run a restaurant? Don’t you know what ‘first come, first serve’ means? Since they’re here first, you should give them a table. It’s not appropriate for you to skip them and serve someone who

We accept customers with reservations and members only. These two ladies aren’t our members, and they didn’t make

“But we don’t have a reservation. Does that mean we can’t dine here as

at Tyler. “Mister Hart...doesn’t need any reservation. We

hand, and restaurants that had a membership system installed would have their waiters

a membership to enter certain venues, Tyler only needed to show

appropriate. Why don’t you

The waiter frowned. "I don't mean to discriminate against these two ladies, but rules are rules. The rules are set and implemented in all our branches across the globe, so..."

The manager's attention was caught as there were customers lining up outside the restaurant, so he walked over. "What is happening?"

The waiter immediately explained the situation.

The manager glanced at Tyler, before turning to look at Vicky, paling when he saw her face. "Missus Hart, are you here to dine with your friend?"

Vicky paused for a moment and nodded.

"This is Missus Hart, so she doesn't need a membership or a reservation to enter," said the manager humbly before turning to Tyler. "Will Mister Hart and Missus Hart be dining together, or..." "Vicky, there's something I need to talk to Tyler about in private. You wouldn't mind, would you?"

Chapter 79

"You may proceed, Miss Sparks," replied Vicky nonchalantly.

The manager, a perceptive man, immediately comprehended the situation and asked, "Missus Hart, would you prefer a room or a table by the window? R

"By the window, please."

The manager immediately led the way. "Please follow me."

Vicky had not spoken a single word with Tyler, and the two had not bothered looking at one another.

Once they arrived at the table, the manager immediately apologized. "I am deeply sorry, Missus Hart. That waiter has just started working here and has offended you..." He then turned to the waiter and said, "Don't you know Missus Hart? Get over here and apologize!"

tears gathered in his eyes when he realized who Vicky was. When lectured by the manager, the waiter bowed deeply and said, "Missus Hart, I'm so

was looking down on them earlier, apologize, but Vicky did

picking up the

sighed a breath of relief when they realized she was not going to hold

has something to talk about with that woman,” said Cece out of concern that Vicky would be

upset. I just think that what Tyler said

at Vicky in confusion. “What did Mister Hart

at her. “If I’m not

If this carries on, their reputation will soon be in the dust and they’ll be

you

customers, right? This is a sorry excuse for

“That’s not right, Cece.” 1

“Huh? Why so?”

“You heard what the waiter said, right? This is a global chain restaurant, and if they were going to be out of business because of this rule, that would’ve happened a long time ago.

“Stoneford City is ranked within the top ten hub cities of the world, and the competition here is fierce. Do you really think that this restaurant would be able to open a branch here if they don’t have the ability to survive here?”

Cece’s eyes widened in confusion. “As good as their food might be, they still won’t survive if they offer horrible service, right?” ‘

“Why is it horrible?” “They didn’t give us a table at first and only did so when they found out that you were Missus-”

Cece was a sharp young woman and instantly realized the flaw in her logic.

Chapter 80

“Vicky, are you trying to say that this restaurant isn’t open for people like us? ■

Vicky nodded. “Why else would they implement a rule to prioritize members? The membership system is meant to filter customers so that people who failed to fulfill certain requirements would stop coming here.

“This restaurant targets not only wealthy people but customers of high status as well. They might anger some people during this process, but

most of their customers would appreciate this. If you're a prince, will you be happy if they let a commoner dine in the same restaurant as you do?"

Cece finally came to a realization. "I get it. Different social circles don't blend...and to dine with people of lower status would disconcert them."

"The higher their status, the more need they'd feel to distinguish themselves from others, and people aren't equal in their eyes. They want to feel superior because they are. Ordinary people consider prices when they buy something, but when rich people buy brand-named products, they do so to emphasize their status." 1

Vicky glanced around her and said, "The so-called 'customer service standards' that we know are limited by our own experience, and rich people might find this pleasant because this separates them from commoners." i

dishes were served

their lunch, and neither Tyler nor Maria was seen walking out of the private room even after

again and offered her a membership card as compensation, which she

walked out of the restaurant, Cece whispered, "We're not coming back to this place again,

might need this somewhere in

passed, and Vicky received another request for tailor-made

what happened with Jason, Vicky had established a rule to not accept requests from anonymous customers as she learned from her previous experience

this time was a high-status lady who was supposed to be handled by Cece, but Vicky took

be held at the famed Eden

the servant her purpose of visit, she was guided

seat, Miss Shaw. I'll get Miss

"Alright," replied Vicky politely.

Vicky sat on the couch and studied

"Woof, woof!"

Something darted toward her and barked.

Vicky looked down and spotted a gigantic white dog that was half her size, and since she did not know much about dogs, she could not tell its breed.

The dog seemed to be extremely wary of strangers and would not stop barking and growling at her.

She scowled but did not chase it away or move since she knew that the dog was the pet of the house owner.

“Woof! Woof!” The dog grew increasingly vicious as, all of a sudden, it leaped into the air.

Before she could react, it bit her, and she instinctively shoved the dog aside at the sharp pain on the back of her hand.

The dog relentlessly tried to launch itself at her.

She looked down at the wound on her hand and narrowed her eyes dangerously, before kicking the dog in the stomach as hard as she could.