

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

Chapter 11

The front desk women knew what Sasha Young was hinting at and smiled. "Don't worry, Miss Young. We won't let any strangers walk in."

Sasha looked pleased by this response. Those who did not know who the real Missus Hart was could have mistaken her for Missus Hart instead.

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Half an hour later, the elevator door opened, and Sasha, as well as Tyler Hart, walked out one after another.

Vicky Shaw stood up. "Tyler—"

Before she could say anything else, Sasha interrupted her and said, "Tyler, we need to hurry. Sheila doesn't seem to be doing alright. You should go see her quickly..."

Tyler, on the other hand, never intended to deal with Vicky. While Sasha spoke to him, he did not even lay his eyes on Vicky and walked past her.

To this, Vicky quickly stood in his way and stopped him. "Tyler, just give me one minute."

"Vicky Shaw! No matter how hungry you are for attention, can you at least read the room?" snarled Sasha. "Sheila is in a bad situation. Are you trying to kill Sheila on purpose by stopping Tyler from leaving? Why are you so despicable?"

"I don't see you in a rush when you mock me recklessly," replied Vicky level-headedly. "Why are you rushing now?"

Sasha did not answer this. Instead, She pointed at Vicky arrogantly. "Stop wasting our time. If something bad happens to Sheila, Tyler will be the first one coming after you!"

Vicky smiled. "You're so funny. Why don't you go look for the one who hurt your cousin instead of me if anything bad happens to her? Even if the victim had the most say in her story, she's probably not as absurd as you."

"You—!"

"That's enough!" snapped Tyler, running out of patience.

He then looked at Sasha. "Where's Sheila? Take me to her."

Vicky's brow furrowed as she grabbed onto Tyler's sleeves. "Tyler, I—"

Tyler cut her off instead and said warningly, "If anything happens to Sheila because of you, then... Maybe I will blame it on you."

Vicky's grip on his sleeves loosened unconsciously, allowing him to walk out. Sasha, on the other hand, gave her a contemptuous look and haughtily left with him.

It was not often that Tyler returned home, and she did not know when she would be able to see him. Most importantly, it would do no good for Cece's case to drag on.

Vicky hailed a taxi to follow Tyler's car.

He arrived and parked at the entrance of Stoneford City's biggest clubhouse, where only members were allowed to enter.

The attendant at the door recognized Tyler and thus greeted him respectfully, "Good day, Mister Hart."

Tyler did not even need to show the attendant his membership card to enter. When Vicky wanted to follow suit, however, she was stopped.

"Miss, please show me your membership card."

Of course, she did not have the clubhouse's membership card. She thus pointed at Tyler, who had walked too far away, and said, "I'm here to look for Tyler."

Still maintaining his smile, the attendant did not budge. "Please show me your membership card."

He was polite indeed, yet he scanned her from head to toe as though she was just another woman intentionally trying to get close to Tyler.

Without a choice, Vicky could only wait outside.

Tyler walked out several minutes later with a disheveled-looking woman in his arms. Tyler's coat hung on her shoulders, yet her hair seemed tousled and one side of her cheek was swollen. She was none other than Sheila.

Sasha walked anxiously beside Tyler and said something to him. He then walked to his car and placed Sheila in the backseat while Sasha quickly got into the car.

Guessing that their next destination had to be the hospital, Vicky hailed another taxi to follow Tyler's car. However, Tyler drove so speedily that the taxi driver lost sight of his car. Luckily, Vicky had guessed their destination and got off at the nearest hospital.

As expected, she saw Tyler's car parked at the entrance of the hospital. Nearly half an hour later, she finally found the ward Sheila was staying in.

There were only Sheila and Tyler in the ward. Sasha was nowhere to be seen.

Naturally, Vicky would not just rush in blindly. She waited outside the ward for Tyler to come out to talk so she could talk to him about Cece's case.

The door to Sheila's ward was ajar; Sasha must have left in a hurry to not have noticed this.

Vicky could listen in the room, although she could barely make out the words.

"I'm sorry for troubling you with my problem again, Tyler," rang Sheila's feeble, hoarse voice.

"You don't have to be so polite with me," replied Tyler, his voice cool and low. "If it wasn't because of me, you'd still be able to play the piano."

Sheila's expression changed, and she looked depressed and upset. "Even though I can't be a pianist, my current career is doing very well. I'm quite satisfied."

After a few seconds of silence, Tyler muttered, "Sheila, I'm sorry."

Sheila shook her head and smiled. "Tyler, It's not your fault. You don't have to apologize to me."

Vicky's gaze faltered when she overheard their conversation. Automatically, she started to imagine the story of a soap opera...

Sheila used to be a pianist, but due to whatever happened because of Tyler, her hand was injured and she could no longer play the piano, thus forcing her to change her career. After she saved Tyler, she became Tyler's first and unforgettable love. They had a good relationship and nearly got engaged.

In came Vicky, who appeared out of nowhere and used despicable measures to force Tyler to marry her and became Missus Hart. Perhaps Sheila was too heartbroken, or perhaps something else happened to her, that she had to leave Stoneford City.

All these years, Tyler was disgusted with Vicky for breaking up Sheila and him. He hardly returned home and was reluctant to even look at her. Their marriage stayed because Vicky found all kinds of excuses and methods to make it stay intact.

Sheila returned to Stoneford City on Vicky's birthday, and when Tyler knew this, he decided to get a divorce when he knew he could no longer continue with this marriage.

This was the story, was it not?

While Vicky was deep in thought, a voice called out to her. "Miss Shaw?"

Vicky looked back and noticed a young adult looking at her with what seemed to be surprise in his eyes.

Not having an ounce of recollection of him, she asked, "Who are you?"

The man was evidently stunned. "I'm Mister Hart's assistant, Harry Gardner. You don't remember me?"

Harry Gardner? Vicky mumbled in her heart and found nothing in her mind. When she was about to explain to him that she had lost her memory, the door in front of them opened.

The handsome yet uninterested man stood at the door, and his expression matched the apathy in his voice.

"Vicky, why are you here?"

Chapter 12

Vicky Shaw stared at Tyler Hart. "Since you refused to meet me, I can only come to you."

To this, Tyler said nothing.

"Tyler," rang Sheila's voice, having overheard someone else talking, "is someone here?"

Vicky smiled. "Miss Young. I heard you were in an accident, so I came to see you."

Though she was Sasha's cousin, Sheila Young did not share her insolent personality. She would never make a scene without thinking twice. When she heard Vicky's voice, she replied, "Thank you for your concern, Miss Shaw."

Polite as she was, she did not have any intention to let Vicky in.

Cece's case must not be pushed to the back burner, and Vicky had made up her mind that no matter what, she was not about to lose sight of Tyler.

She smiled gently. "Miss Young, are you going to ask me in?"

Sheila acted like she realized she was being impolite and apologized, “Look at how silly I’m that I forgot to invite you in.”

She paused and looked at the handsome man who was still standing by the door. “Tyler, why don’t you let Miss Shaw come in?”

Tyler looked at Vicky quietly for a while. A few seconds later, he turned around and returned to the ward.

Ironic, Vicky thought to herself. She was his wife, and legally so, yet she had to seek another woman’s permission to meet her husband.

The atmosphere in the ward was rather...peculiar.

Sheila sighed. “I’m so ashamed. It’s not really a big deal that Miss Shaw needs to come here personally.”

Vicky looked aloof and did not express any comments.

Sheila lifted her head to look at the tall figure standing next to her. Gently, she spoke, “See, Tyler? I’m fine, and it wasn’t a big deal. Since Miss Shaw is here, why don’t you go back with her?”

She furrowed her brow and looked helpless. “I’m sorry. Sasha has a big mouth...”

“Fine?” Tyler’s expression looked cold. “Tell me, then. What is the definition of ‘big deal’ to you?”

Sheila lowered her head. “I’m sorry. It’s not too long since I came back here. I don’t really know what’s the current situation of the industry, and I also didn’t expect Director Jones would dare to...”

Tyler looked at Harry, who came into the ward as well. “So what happened?”

Harry looked at Vicky cautiously and reported with a low voice, “The director’s name is Zachary Jones, and he’s quite famous in the industry. I think this was the first time he saw Miss Young and thought she was a newbie. After a couple of drinks, he started to have bad intentions with her...but Miss Young smashed his head with the wine bottle and caused him to suffer from a concussion. He’s currently being treated in the hospital.”

He gulped and continued, “The one backing Zachary is Johnson Corporation—”

Before Harry could finish reporting, Tyler cut him off coldly. “I don’t want to hear this name in this city ever again.”

Harry understood what he was getting at. Zachary Jones...was suspended from this moment onward.

Just as he was about to leave, Tyler stopped him. "Wait."

Harry looked back. "Is there anything else, Mister Hart?"

Tyler's eyes looked dark like the night sky. "This scumbag shouldn't be allowed to get away with it."

Harry instantly knew what Tyler meant. "I understand. Zachary Jones' action is enough to constitute a crime. I'll report him to the police station."

Looking at it, Vicky thought of a saying, 'Flipping out for a confidante.'

He suspended a famous director and offended the ones backing him without thinking twice or even blinking.

Landing on the moon would have been far easier for Vicky instead of getting to see her own husband. She had begged him vehemently for Cece's sake and was close to kneeling, yet he refused to help her.

After Harry left the ward, the atmosphere became peculiarly quiet again. Sheila looked at Vicky, then at Tyler, and said, "Tyler, I'm fine now. I bet Miss Shaw must have something urgent to talk to you about for coming over to find you. You should return home with her."

Although Vicky did not say anything, she had strongly expressed that she would stay until Tyler was willing to leave with her.

Tyler was quiet for a few seconds before he replied, "Alright. I'll be leaving now. Call me if there's anything."

Sheila nodded. "Okay."

Tyler glanced at Vicky. "Let's go."

Vicky got on her feet and turned to leave.

"Miss Shaw," Sheila called out when she was about to reach the door.

She looked back. "Is there anything else, Miss Young?"

Sheila smiled weakly. "Tyler was just worried something bad happened to me. That's why he was here. I hope you won't misunderstand him."

'Misunderstand him? Just because he was worried about you? Heh.' Vicky sneered inwardly. Without replying, she finally left the ward.

...

Vicky left the hospital with Tyler, who got into the driver's seat of his car. She opened the front passenger seat and was about to get into it when Tyler coldly said, "Sit at the back."

Vicky stiffened upon hearing this but nonetheless closed the door and sat at the backseat. With a rev of the engine, the car drove away.

Instead of returning to his office, he drove back home instead.

Vicky looked at the passing scenery through the window. Suddenly, she asked, "Is your front passenger seat reserved for her?"

Both of them knew who Vicky was referring to.

Tyler's bony hand froze for a while, and the atmosphere in the car felt rather suffocating. Just as Vicky thought he would answer, his cold and low voice was heard.

"Yes."

Vicky knew this would be his answer. Nonetheless, she was startled to hear it from him.

Quickly enough, she calmed herself down. "Since you're reluctant to upset her, why don't we settle our divorce as soon as possible? I'm not asking for much; I just hope you can help save Cece—"

Before Vicky finished talking, Tyler cut her off.

"Hector is the only son of the Larson family. They were benevolent enough not to blame us since it happened during the party. Vicky, I hope you can stay out of this and stop causing trouble for the family."

"But if I don't help Cece, she's never going to come out ever again."

Tyler replied coldly, "What does that have to do with me?"

That answer was like a sharp knife stabbing into Vicky's heart—quick, cruel, and so precise that it caught her off guard.

After a while, she finally found her voice. "Then, aren't you afraid of causing trouble for suspending Zachary Jones and offending the people behind him?"

Her words sounded borderline satirical.

“Tyler. Sheila didn’t say anything, yet you helped her get rid of the one who laid his hands on her. I’m not asking you to seek justice for Cece or put Hector in jail. I’m just asking you to help me get Cece out of there, physically. Is it really that hard?”

Chapter 13

“Vicky Shaw, what makes you think I’d get into a fight with the Larson family because of an insignificant assistant?” sneered Tyler Hart.

An insignificant assistant? Cece, insignificant? She knew it was she who was insignificant.

Gazing at Tyler, she stared at his angular side face with a perfect jawline and spoke in a low voice, “Tyler, please, I beg you. Please, help me just this one time... Please.”

Tyler, however, said nothing, which meant he refused. Vicky balled her fists so tightly that her fingers dug into her palms. Still, she could not feel the pain. Her chest felt stuffy and heavy as though a giant stone was pressing onto her.

The conversation ceased at that moment.

Vicky stared out of the window. She knew even if she knelt to beg him, he would not help her.

...

The next day, Vicky went to visit Sheila Young in the hospital once more. At this moment, Sasha was talking to Sheila about everything that happened, albeit with more embellishments.

“Sheila, you can’t imagine how humiliating it was for Vicky when she waited in the lobby. The two front desk women didn’t recognize her and thought she was a sl*t who wanted to seduce Tyler! Haha! She’s even worse than a dog being Tyler’s wife!”

Sheila leaned on the bedhead, her long hair resting at the sides of her pale face as she peeled the apple quietly.

“I heard Cece offended the Larson family. Vicky begged Tyler to help her bail Cece out, but Tyler ignored her totally. Director Jones who harassed you yesterday wasn’t an easy person to deal with, but Tyler didn’t even hesitate to suspend him. Now, everyone knows you’re his woman. Those people will never dare to bully you ever again!”

Sasha basked in self-gratification the more she talked as though she was Sheila.

“I think Tyler is about to divorce Vicky.”

Sheila’s hand paused, and the apple peel was cut off by her.

Just then, someone knocked on the door, and Vicky subsequently entered the ward with a fruit basket.

“Miss Young, are you feeling better today?”

Sasha’s expression changed when she saw Vicky. Pointing at Vicky, she shouted arrogantly, “Vicky Shaw! What are you doing here?”

Vicky ignored Sasha and talked to Sheila instead. “Miss Young, can we have a word privately?”

Before Sheila could even answer, Sasha’s shrill voice interjected her, saying, “Sheila, she knew you were in trouble and stopped Tyler from leaving. She purposely delayed Tyler from rescuing you. She’s definitely up to no good, coming here today. You shouldn’t be alone with this cruel woman. She’s probably here to hurt you!”

Sheila’s brow furrowed at this. “Miss Shaw, what is it that you can’t say now?”

Vicky replied, “It’s about Tyler.”

When Tyler’s name was mentioned, Sheila’s pupils flashed. She lifted her head and said, “Sasha, can you please give us the room for a while?”

Sasha’s expression changed. “No. What if this woman tries to do something bad to you—”

“Sasha,” interjected Sheila. “Go out, please.”

...

In the VIP ward.

Sheila looked at Vicky with a curious look. “Miss Shaw, what is it that you have to tell me today?”

Vicky, not beating around the bush, instantly replied, “I think you’ve heard about what happened during Senior Hart’s birthday party. Cece is now in jail because she was charged with intentional harming. I can’t bail her out.”

“I did hear about this before, but...the Larson family is very powerful. I’m afraid there’s nothing I can do to help Miss Lynn.” Sheila looked at Vicky and added, “You should go

look for Tyler. He has a good relationship with the Larson family. It'll be easier if he's the one helping."

"He refused to help me." Vicky looked indifferent. "He thinks it wasn't worth it offending the Larson family because of me."

"Are you thinking of asking me to request Tyler to help you?"

Vicky nodded. "That's right."

Sheila furrowed her brow. "Even if I do, Tyler might not listen to me too."

Vicky looked into Sheila's eyes. "If you're willing to help, I'll agree to get a divorce with him immediately."

This offer shocked Sheila, and she looked to be in sheer disbelief. "You're... divorcing him?"

Sheila's reaction showed how much Vicky tried not to end up in a divorce with Tyler.

Vicky said, "Yes."

"And Tyler agreed to it?"

Vicky was puzzled by Sheila's question, but she did not think too much. "Yes."

Sheila lowered her head. Her long hair covered her cheeks, and none could see her expression.

Vicky continued, "Because of my interference, you two couldn't be together. After so many years, it seems like you're not looking for a boyfriend, and I think you have a hard time forgetting Tyler. Now, both of you have the opportunity to be together again. It's a waste if you miss this opportunity."

She paused and said, "I've temporarily lost my memory, and I'm not going to make it difficult for him to get a divorce. Who knows? One day, I may get my memory back, and I'll turn back into the old me—willing to do anything to maintain my marriage and stop you two from being together. When the time comes, it won't be so easy if you want to be together with Tyler.

"Miss Young, you're a smart woman. Surely you know opportunity awaits for no one."

Finally, Sheila lifted her head, and a complex look was in her eyes. "I think you really lost your memory."

The change of topic stunned Vicky, and she did not know how to respond. A few seconds later, she regained her senses. “Miss Young, about my proposition...”

“I’m sorry,” interjected Vicky curtly, “but I can’t agree to your proposition.”

Once again, Vicky was stunned.

Unlike Sasha, Sheila was a smart woman. She took her time slowly to progress and was good at judging the situation. Although Vicky was reluctant to admit it, she had to give it to Tyler—he had good taste.

Such a good opportunity was offered to Sheila. All she needed to do was make a request to Tyler, and she could be with Tyler for the rest of her life. Why did she reject it?

Just as Vicky was about to ask this, the door opened.

Tyler walked into the ward and spoke, his voice rather ruthless, “Vicky, what are you going to do to Sheila?”

Chapter 14

Vicky Shaw looked back and saw the angry man entering the ward. “I didn’t do anything to her,” she declared.

Sasha walked out from behind Tyler Hart and pointed at her while screaming hysterically, “You’re a wicked evil woman, Vicky Shaw! When Sheila was in trouble, you stopped Tyler from saving Sheila. Now that Sheila is in this hospital, you even came here! How shameless can you be? Get out of here, now! No one welcomes you!”

Sheila Young furrowed her eyebrows and reprimanded her cousin, “Sasha, quit it.”

She then looked at Tyler and kindly reasoned, “Tyler, you’ve misunderstood Miss Shaw. She’s just visiting me and is asking for my help.”

Tyler’s pupils darkened. “Help?”

“It’s about Miss Lynn’s case,” she replied, not intending to hide their conversation. Her face looked apologetical.

“I’m sorry, Miss Shaw. It’s not that I don’t want to help you, but it’s out of my reach.” She looked at Tyler and said helplessly, “No one can change the decision Tyler made... Not even me.”

She did not purposely slander Vicky. Instead of that, she told the truth to Tyler frankly.

Since Sheila had said this, Vicky knew there was nothing else she could say to change Tyler's decision and thus nodded. "Okay. Well, I won't keep you from resting, then."

When she walked past Tyler, she did not even look at him once. It was just like how he used to treat her—like she was thin air.

All of a sudden, a hand reached out to grab her by the wrist, which earned a frown from her. Looking up, she noticed that it was Tyler who grabbed her. "Tyler, what do you want?"

Tyler did not answer her question and instead said to Sheila, "I'm leaving."

Before Sheila could reply, Tyler left the ward while dragging Vicky by her wrist. Sasha was dumbfounded to see it.

"Tyler, where are you going? Tyler!"

Tyler ignored her as both he and Vicky vanished from sight.

Sasha was so angry that her face contorted darkly. She gritted her teeth and snarled, "That sl*t! She's so cheap, seducing Tyler right in front of us!"

She looked at Sheila disappointedly. "Sheila, you shouldn't let Tyler leave so easily with that wench!"

Sheila replied, "Those who want to leave will never stay. No matter what I do, he won't stay. Why should I embarrass myself?"

"That's the thing with you; you never fight for anything," Sasha advised earnestly.

"That's how that woman got the chance! If you took more initiative three years ago, I bet your kid is already this tall!"

Sheila said nothing as she gazed outside the window in a daze.

Sasha continued, "Tyler is treating you even better now compared to three years ago. Sheila, you need to fight for your happiness. Although Vicky was so shameless back then, she..."

"Ultimately, she's the one who became Tyler's wife. The result is more important than the process."

Sheila moved her eyes and mumbled, "The result is more important than the process, huh?"

...

At a quiet corner, Vicky was pressed onto the cold wall by Tyler. His body encompassed a cold temperature that felt suffocating.

His cold pupils stared into her, and his emotions were unreadable. "Vicky, what did you tell Sheila?"

Vicky wanted to break free, but Tyler held her head still by gripping her chin so she would not be able to look away. As they made eye contact, Vicky's heart dropped. She dazed out for a moment.

"Answer my question."

It was that low voice again.

His breath circled between her breaths with strong pressure. It felt strange yet quite familiar too, like they used to be very intimate in the past.

Vicky looked up and into his dark, complex eyes. Suddenly, she giggled. "What are you afraid of?"

His eyes flickered. "What did you say?"

Vicky looked into his eyes. "Are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" It felt like a joke. He curled his thin lips into a mocking smile. "Tell me, then. What am I afraid of?"

To be honest, Vicky, too, did not know why she said that. Maybe it was her instinct, or maybe...his aura was too strong that she blurted a random response.

"You arrived shortly at Sheila's ward after I was there, like you were so afraid I was going to bully your first love." Vicky smiled. "I'm the one begging for help now. With this weakness exposed to you, what right do I have to bully the woman you hold dearly? I wonder if you're blind, or if there's something wrong with your mind. Can't you figure out this simple logic?"

She examined Tyler from head to toe with a doubtful expression. "Is the qualification to be a CEO so low now?"

Not only did she imply Tyler to be 'blind', but she also ridiculed him for having a low IQ and leaving him with no dignity.

His handsome face darkened. "Do you know it's not the best time for you to provoke me now?"

“Even if I grovel to you, you’re not going to help. Why should I do it?” Vicky looked indifferent. “I did nothing yet is still treated as a bad person, being accused of things I didn’t do. If that’s the case, why don’t I be the bad guy now, so I won’t be accused?”

Tyler got so angry that he ended up laughing. “So you’re smashing the cracked pot now?”

“Yes.” She smiled gently, much like her voice. It was akin to a lazy cat fiddling someone’s heart. “Since you’re making it bad for me, then...I’m not going to make your life easy, too.”

He looked at her cold, proud face, and all of a sudden, he found himself dazed.

Fragments of old images appeared in his mind.

She realized he was staring at her with a look she never saw before, and it felt rather unnerving. He was looking at her, yet it felt like he was looking at another person.

Was that...gentleness in his eyes?

When Vicky tried to look closely, Tyler released her chin and put down his hand. He was back to his usual self as if what she saw was just an illusion.

“Not going to make my life easy, you say?” Tyler’s voice sounded emotionally distant, yet alluring and crisp altogether. “How are you going to do that?”

Vicky was stunned. A cruel thought merely flashed past her mind, and she had said that just to make him angry, knowing that she could not do anything to him even when he refused to help. Therefore, this was the only form of counterattack she could think of.

Unexpectedly, he was not even as angry as he was before. Contrary, he had calmed down. Nonetheless, the way he looked at her was deep and dark, just like the deep ocean that no sunlight could reach.

Vicky panicked and felt like she was the prey that voluntarily jumped into the hunter’s trap.

Looking away, she found words to retort.

Chapter 15

“Why should I tell you? So you can be wary of me?” sneered Vicky Shaw. She pushed the man away and hurriedly spoke, “I have errands to run. Bye now.”

She walked away so quickly as though beasts were chasing after her. Every time she was with Tyler Hart, there was always this weird feeling she felt.

Just as she thought she nearly escaped, she heard Tyler's voice from behind. "Vicky."

She paused but did not plan to look back.

Coldly and remotely, he said, "Don't look for Sheila again."

Her brow shivered once, and she finally looked back. "Are you really afraid that I'll come to bully your lover?"

Tyler answered, "Yes."

She was stunned for a few seconds. Her lips curled into a smile, yet her eyes looked indifferent, suggesting she was not truly smiling from the bottom of her heart.

Wordlessly, she shook her head and turned to leave.

"Don't disturb Sheila ever again," reiterated Tyler. "You're the reason she can't play the piano anymore."

Her pupils dilated in shock upon hearing this. "What did you say?"

At this moment, Tyler was already turning to leave.

"Tyler, what did you mean?"

He did not answer as his aloof figure walked away from Vicky's sight.

She felt rooted on the spot in her bewilderment. 'So he refused to help me not just because he hated me? Is it because of the things that happened in the past too?'

What else had she done before she lost her memory?

...

Three days later, Vicky went to the hospital again. This time, she was not there to visit Hector or Sheila; she came to have her check-up.

The doctor looked at the test result and smiled. "Miss Shaw, you're recovering very well. I don't see any sequelae."

After a few seconds of hesitation, Vicky said, "I've lost all of my memory after the car crash. I'd like to know... Those memories I lost, will I remember them again? When will I remember?"

The doctor took a look at her diagnosis and sighed. "The human brain system is very complicated. There are many examples where patients lost their memories after the car

crash. Some patients regained their memories after a while, but there are also some who never regained their memories. So...there's no exact answer to your question."

Vicky was disappointed.

"But..." The doctor looked at her. "If you really want to regain your memory, you could ask your family and friends to visit those familiar places and do the things you used to do. It'll help with the recovery of your memory."

She nodded at this advice and replied, "Thank you, Doctor."

...

At 7 p.m., the banquet hall was already lit up with bright lights and was lively.

Vicky arrived at the dinner party right on time. She received news that Tyler would be attending this dinner party, too.

It definitely felt good to say harsh words. Albeit that, she still needed to look for Tyler.

Try as she did, however, she could not spot Tyler's tall, familiar body at all. She thus went to the garden to continue her search.

There was a huge outdoor swimming pool in the garden of the venue, and the crystal clear seemingly sparkled under the light. There were a few guests standing and some were sitting on chairs, chatting with each other.

Vicky took a look around and, spotting the man she was looking for, approached him. "Hi, Tyler."

Tyler looked back at her, and he gave her a distant feeling. "What's up?"

He did not even ask why she was there, just like it did not matter anymore or he expected her to be there.

"I..."

Vicky only managed to get a word out when Tyler's phone rang. He answered it.

On the other side of the phone was Sheila's manager. "Mister Hart, something bad happened! Sheila... She..."

There were shouts and noises in the background; it was as though the manager was in the midst of a commotion.

"Just say it," said Tyler impatiently.

The manager nearly broke down in tears. "There was an accident during the shooting. Sheila got pushed by someone from the stairs and broke her legs! I already called the ambulance, but there's another actress stopping us from leaving... The set is now chaotic! I don't know what to do..."

"Alright, I understand." He hung up the phone and left.

Vicky was bewildered. "Tyler..."

When he walked past her, he seemed to stop for a brief moment before he started to walk away again.

Vicky turned and wanted to follow suit when all of a sudden, someone stopped her from doing so.

"Stop right there!" rang an arrogant voice.

Vicky looked up and noticed Sasha was standing right in front of her domineeringly. She haughtily lifted her chin lightly to give Vicky a contemptuous look.

Vicky merely spared her a glance before she walked forward, trying to bypass Sasha. Nevertheless, Sasha blocked her from leaving, her expression full of hatred and annoyance.

"You shameless mistress. Stop following Tyler everywhere! Would it kill you to be without a man? Why are you so desperate?!"

Vicky was taller than Sasha, more so at this moment as she wore high heels and thus was a head taller than Sasha. Her aura was enough to squash Sasha just by standing there quietly. She looked at Sasha with an indifferent expression.

"Miss Young, I've been married to Tyler for three years now, and we're a legal couple. You should use that title for women who know the man is married to a wife yet likes to throw herself at the married man. I mean, those with dignity will never interfere in someone else's relationship, even if they like the married man.

"On the other hand, those who are disgraceful will only think of it as an honorable thing, making sure the whole world knows by shouting it out loud and publicly."

Vicky spoke in a very composed manner, without any changes in her tone and speed. Her expression was calm, too.

Nevertheless, it sounded very sarcastic to Sasha. She felt like Vicky was provoking her arrogantly.

The thing she hated about Vicky the most was how she thought she was better than anyone else and disregarded everyone.

Having said her peace, Vicky looked away and walked past Sasha.

Sasha looked at Vicky's elegant and attractive figure from the back, and her sweet face contorted uglily. Although she refused to admit it, she did think Vicky had the potential and quality to be a sl*t.

Before the Shaw family's downfall, Vicky was a rich and beautiful girl from a reputable, notable family. She was also the most beautiful woman in Stoneford City. She was someone who was good at almost everything, the goddess and dream lover of every man yet was unreachable, and a girl every woman envied.

After the Shaw family's downfall, however, everyone wanted to see how badly the most beautiful woman would end up and how the men would toy with her. However, she successfully seduced Tyler and became his wife.

Not only did she not suffer, but she even climbed her way back to power!

'Why did she deserve to have such a good life?' Sasha growled internally.

Jealousy made Sasha become an ugly woman.

All of a sudden, she walked forward and pushed Vicky into the swimming pool.

Chapter 16

Splash!

Ripples formed the moment Vicky fell into the swimming pool. It was the start of winter, which meant the water was freezing due to the drop in temperature.

Engulfed by the water, Vicky felt as though she had fallen into a different dimension. Even Sasha's voice sounded distorted as she struggled to stay afloat.

"Goodness! Why did you jump into the pool in this weather, Miss Shaw? Felt like swimming?"

The pool was two meters deep, and Vicky's feet could not reach the bottom.

Being a great swimmer, she could have gotten out on her own. However, the freezing water caused Vicky's leg to cramp. Even for skilled swimmers, having muscle cramps in the water was extremely dangerous and could be lethal, not to mention if the water was gelid.

Meanwhile, Sasha cackled evilly next to the pool, enjoying the way Vicky was struggling.

There were not many people in the backyard due to the cold weather, and no one noticed that Vicky was drowning.

Sasha stood by with her arms crossed and watched Vicky, sneering. "What are you doing inside the pool, Vicky? Are you waiting for Tyler to come save you? Dream on! He went to help Sheila, and he won't be coming."

Vicky shivered and paled in the cold water. She closed her eyes and struggled to keep her head afloat before hissing, "My leg is cramping... Pull me up!"

Before she could continue, the cold water rushed into her mouth and nostrils.

Sasha was stunned for a moment, but her face was soon taken over by an excited look.

No one else was around them, and this was her chance to humiliate Vicky.

The thought that she could dominate the high-and-mighty Missus Hart, who was once known as the most prideful and beautiful woman, was thrilling. She ignored Vicky's struggle and instead took her phone out to record the moment so she could share it with Sheila.

When the time was right, she could post the video on social media as well, so that the world could see how wretched Vicky was.

Sasha's hands trembled in excitement as she started recording and pointed the camera at Vicky. "Vicky Shaw, obey me if you want me to pull you up. Otherwise..." she said smugly, sneering. "Otherwise, I'm going to let you drown!"

Vicky was choking on the water, and as her body froze, her mind began to stray and the survival instinct within her drove her to call for help.

Sasha giggled happily as she enjoyed Vicky's suffering. "Want me to pull you up? Beg me. Beg me to help you."

"Help me... Help me!" Vicky called out weakly.

"Hahahaha!" Sasha cackled hysterically. "What are you saying? Speak up; I can't hear you! Why not say this? 'I humbly ask for the queen, Sasha, to have mercy and save me. I'll be your slave and will do whatever I can to repay your kindness toward me!'"

Sasha's words sound like the devil's whisper in Vicky's ears, and her twisted smile looked awfully evil through the water.

Despair drowned her like the cold water that surrounded her.

Vicky froze and soon lost all strength to struggle. With that, she sank helplessly.

...

Tyler arrived at the set where Sheila was and found the entire cast in chaos. He walked over and asked, "What's going on?"

Sheila's manager, Maggie, felt as though her savior finally came when she saw Tyler.

"Mister Hart, please help Sheila!" She pointed at a young woman in the crowd and said, "That's an actress called Maria Sparks. She keeps causing trouble with Sheila whenever they're filming, and when it got to the scene where she was supposed to slap Sheila on the face...she purposely messed up and had to redo the scene over and over again until Sheila's face was all swollen. Sheila was provoked into arguing with her, and Maria pushed her down the stairs!"

"That's not even the end of it. She insisted that Sheila has to apologize to her, or she's not allowed to leave!"

In the crowd, Maria stood before the ambulance as she stared down at Sheila arrogantly. "Apologize, Sheila, or you won't leave this place today!"

Sheila sat on the ground, her cheek swollen and her leg bleeding from a large wound. She looked up stubbornly and retorted, "I didn't do anything wrong, so why should I apologize?"

Maria glared at her in contempt. "Keep sitting there if you refuse to apologize! I have time. Let's see who can last longer!"

Sheila remained quiet, and the director next to them started sweating nervously at the situation. He wanted to say something, but as Maria was introduced into the cast by investors, he was in no position to challenge her.

Just then, the crowd parted and Tyler walked in elegantly. When he spotted Sheila on the ground, he questioned sharply, "What are you doing?"

The director paled at Tyler's appearance. "M—Mis... Mister Hart!"

Maria's lips curled into a smug smile when she spotted Tyler.

"Tyler..." She batted her eyelids in shock. "Why are you here?"

He ignored Maria and turned to the medical staff next to him. "What are you all doing? Help her up!"

The staff immediately helped Sheila up and rushed her to the ambulance. This time, Maria did not stop them.

Once Sheila was in the ambulance, Maria beamed at Tyler. "It's been so long, Tyler. I didn't expect to see you here—"

Before she could continue, Tyler's phone started ringing, and he glanced at it, noticing Vicky's name on the display. He hung up without a moment of hesitation, but another call immediately came in from the same number.

Vicky had been calling him more frequently compared to the year before.

He merely sneered before he turned his phone off.

Chapter 17

Sheila was rushed to the hospital shortly after. Just as she was taken to the ward, she spotted a group of doctors wheeling someone on the bed out of the emergency room. With the doctors standing in the way, she could not see the patient's face and only heard the doctors whispering to one another as she went past them.

"Have you managed to reach the patient's family?"

"Not yet. She didn't have that many contacts on her phone to begin with... We tried calling the person she called most recently, but no one has picked up so far."

"Oh, dear. I pity her. She almost drowned to death, and she doesn't even have a friend or a family member with her..."

Sheila looked away carelessly.

Inside the ward, the doctor was treating Sheila's wound when Tyler walked inside.

"How is she?" he asked.

"It's just a scratch, so she's alright. She should recover in a few days," replied the doctor.

Tyler nodded.

Sheila looked at him longingly. "I've caused you trouble today, Tyler," she muttered, her voice gentle and pleasant. "If it wasn't for you, Miss Sparks wouldn't have let me go that easily."

Tyler remained expressionless. "It's not your fault. Someone just decided to take it out on you."

She was stunned for a moment but immediately realized what he meant by that. He had given his word and no one out there would dare to bully Sheila...or so it was supposed to be. It was clear that Maria was determined to make Sheila suffer.

“Tyler, did you know...Miss Sparks?”

She had known Tyler for years and knew that despite playing around, he did not have many female friends, so she had not expected Tyler to act as though he had known Maria for a long time.

He did not answer her question and simply said, “Rest. This type of thing won’t happen again.”

...

Vicky had a long dream where she was standing in a chapel with Tyler in a white wedding dress. He stared at her darkly as he warned her in the most devilish voice, “You better be ready, Vicky Shaw. Once we’re married, you won’t ever escape me.”

She lifted her veil, revealing the determination in her eyes as they met his own. “You listen here, Tyler Hart. We’ll never get a divorce unless I die!”

All the voices and scattered memories crowded her brain.

On the day of their wedding, she waited at home until midnight, but he never returned home and was seen with another woman that same night.

After they had gotten married, she would cook every night and wait for him to come home, but he rarely did. On the rare occasions that he returned, they never shared a dinner.

He did not remember her birthday or their anniversary, nor did he bother to spare her a single look in the eye, but she held on stubbornly and refused to give up.

Suddenly, her surroundings changed, and the man was strangling her with bloodshot eyes. “Vicky Shaw, how dare you kill my child?!”

His eyes were filled with hatred and malicious resentment as he tightened his grip around her neck. Slowly running out of breath, Vicky choked and sensed that the end was near...

“Ah!” She jolted away, and before her was a plain white room.

“You’re finally awake, Vicky.” Someone approached her and asked, “Vicky, are you alright?”

She blinked and slowly focused on the beautiful face before her.

It was a young, elegant-looking man whom Vicky did not recognize. "You're..."

The man's expression darkened. "Vicky, don't you recognize me?" He seemed to have concluded that Vicky lost her memories from drowning and blurted out, "I'll call for the doctor. Hang on!"

"Wait," she uttered hoarsely. "I was in a car accident some time ago and lost my memories."

The man stilled. "You were involved in a car accident?"

She nodded, feeling light-headed at the simple movement.

The man walked back to Vicky and introduced himself, "Vicky, my name is Sebastian Mills. We grew up together."

The sight of Vicky's pale face filled Sebastian's heart with regret and pain. "I'm sorry, Vicky. I shouldn't have left you with Tyler Hart."

She did not respond. Her head was spinning, and she could not even recall anything about the man standing before her.

Realizing that he was practically a stranger to her at the moment, Sebastian decided not to mention the past again and asked hesitantly, "Vicky, why did you drown? Did you forget how to swim because you lost your memories?"

He had known Vicky since they were children and knew that she was an excellent swimmer who could not have drowned.

Vicky closed her eyes for a few moments before saying, "I was pushed into the pool. The water was too cold, and I had muscle cramps. That's why I drowned."

His expression darkened. "Who pushed you?"

"Sasha Young."

The mention of Sasha's name filled Sebastian's face with contempt. "It's that haughty woman again! Does Tyler know about this?"

Her pale lips curled into a bitter smile. "Even if he knows, he'll only say that I deserved this."

Sebastian sighed helplessly at the state she was in. "Try and get some sleep, Vicky. I'll bring the doctor here."

Feeling drained, Vicky closed her eyes weakly.

...

Sebastian exited the room and was about to call out to the doctor when he spotted Tyler in the corridor.

He stilled.

Tyler turned to meet Sebastian's eyes, his expression darkening when he saw his face.

"It's been a while, Mister Hart," Sebastian greeted him calmly. "Are you here to see Vicky?"

"Vicky?" Tyler narrowed his eyes. "What's wrong with her?"

He had just seen Vicky at the party a few hours ago.

Sebastian sneered. "Looks like I've overestimated you once again. I thought you were here to check on Vicky, but it turns out that you don't even know what happened to her."

His voice grew colder as he continued, "Tyler Hart, you probably won't even bat an eye if Vicky dies, will you? If you care so little about her, why won't you let her go?!"

Chapter 18

Tyler glared at Sebastian as his eyes darkened. "Even if I divorced Vicky, do you think you can marry her, a high-born woman who has fallen off her pedestal and has married once before?" Tyler sneered sarcastically. "If only you were persistent, I wouldn't have been the one who married Vicky back then."

Sebastian froze.

He was right. The moment the Shaw family fell, Vicky was no longer considered a match for the Mills family.

His family had always been snobbish, and before the Shaw family fell, Missus Mills had fawned over them and wished that her son could marry Vicky. Once the Shaw family met their downfall, however, Missus Mills instantly distanced herself and forbade Sebastian from contacting Vicky by sending him overseas despite his protest.

More precisely, Sebastian had not protested enough. Had he insisted on staying, no one could have forced him to leave. However, rumors that Vicky had slept with Tyler started circulating just as he fought his family for a chance to be with Vicky. Disheartened, he agreed to his mother's arrangement and left the country.

Tyler took one last glance at Sebastian, who was frozen in place, and went into one of the rooms where he saw him walk out of.

...

Vicky was half asleep when she heard the sound of footsteps approaching, but she decided to ignore it as she was too exhausted to react.

At first, she had thought that Sebastian had returned with the doctor. However, the person who walked in said nothing at all.

Knowing that she could not survive another 'accident', she struggled to open her eyes. Tyler's slender yet towering figure came into sight.

She looked up dazedly and instantly sobered up when her eyes landed on his elegant features.

"Why are you here, Mister Hart?" she said, her voice weak. "Oh, I see. You're here to check if I'm dead, aren't you? Since we can't get married, being widowed...seems like a good alternative."

He narrowed his eyes coldly. "Vicky Shaw!"

She glanced at the dark look on his face, as her pale lips curled into a sarcastic sneer. "Are you mad because I'm right?"

He studied her face and noticed that she was on the brink of fainting, so he slowly regained his composure and asked, "What happened?"

Though she had merely said a few words, it had already exhausted all her strength. After taking a few seconds to catch her breath, she looked up again to meet his eyes again, her dark, doe-like eyes an extreme contrast with her pale skin.

"If I tell you what happened, are you going to make it right?"

He scowled. "You haven't even told me what happened."

She paused for a few moments before answering, albeit hoarsely, "Shortly after you left, Sasha pushed me into the pool."

He shot her a look. "I thought you knew how to swim."

"My leg cramped after I was pushed inside. Not only did she not help me out, but she even took photos of me drowning until I was rushed into the ER," she said expressionlessly.

Tyler did not respond and simply stood thoughtfully. A while later, he took out his phone to make a call.

“Mister Hart, if you want to call Sasha here for a confrontation...save it,” Vicky said. “As you can see, I’m in a terrible state, and I don’t have energy left for her.”

He studied her for a few seconds. “I understand.”

Instead of making a call or leaving, he took a seat on a chair nearby while she decided to ignore him and went back to sleep.

She was about to drift back to sleep when the ringing of Tyler’s phone echoed in the room.

She opened her eyes again and watched as Tyler hung up and switched his phone to silent mode.

Before he could put his phone away, his phone began vibrating again. Frowning, he decided against hanging up and glanced at Vicky, noticing she was awake. “I’m going outside to take this call. I’ll be back soon.”

She did not respond when he exited the room.

Vicky turned and spotted her phone on the nightstand next to the bed. Her phone was water-proof and had not short-circuited from being soaked in water.

She unlocked the screen swiftly as she did not have any password set for her phone and the menu popped up. She opened the contact history and saw Tyler’s name all over the screen from a few hours earlier, right after she had been rescued.

The employees of Hart Corporation had not seen her before, but most of the members of the elite society knew that she was Tyler’s wife and had probably used her phone to call him. The doctor seemed to have made a few calls with her phone as well an hour after she had been rushed to the hospital, but none of the calls was answered.

She narrowed her eyes bitterly.

She had called Tyler frequently over what had happened with Cece. Alas, he ignored her calls mostly and would hang up before shutting his phone off completely once he ran out of patience.

‘That’s probably what happened just now...I guess,’ she thought. ‘As for why Tyler is here, it’s probably because of Sheila.’

Vicky placed her phone back onto the nightstand. Shortly after, Sebastian returned with the doctor to check on Vicky.

“Miss Shaw’s condition has stabilized, so she only needs to rest to recover.”

Sebastian nodded. “Thank you, Doctor.”

Once the doctor left, he turned to look at Vicky. “Where’s Tyler? Isn’t he here with you?”

“He went outside to take a call. Maybe he’s busy,” she replied casually.

Sebastian scowled in annoyance but decided against speaking ill of Tyler. “I’ll stay with you for a while, then.”

She shook her head. “It’s fine. You should go home.”

“Vicky…”

“We might be friends, but I’ve lost my memories, and I don’t really remember you,” she said, her voice gentle even when she interrupted him. “Besides, I’m a married woman, and it’s inappropriate for us to be in a room alone. You should go back. Tyler should be back soon. Thank you for staying with me just now.”

Knowing how stubborn she could be, Sebastian sighed and did not insist. “We’re friends, so you don’t have to thank me… Call me if you need anything. I’ll drop by tomorrow again.”

Silence fell over the room after Sebastian left, and Tyler, who promised to be back, had not returned.

Exhausted, Vicky soon drifted off to sleep.

...

Thud!

An unknown period of time had passed when she heard the sound of the door being slammed open.

Chapter 19

Vicky, who had not been fully asleep, jolted awake as she heard a voice screaming at her. “Vicky, you sure were smug, huh? What’s with this poor, innocent act now?”

Vicky opened her eyes and found Sasha standing before her with her hands on her hips as she cursed at the top of her lungs.

“Who do you think you are, Vicky Shaw? You want me to apologize? You didn’t get my apology the last time, so what makes you think that you’re getting that this time?! As long as Tyler is around, you won’t be able to touch me!”

Vicky glanced at the clock on the wall and noticed that it was only half past six in the morning. She had struggled through the night and only managed to go to sleep at two in the morning.

At the moment, she and Sasha were the only ones inside the ward.

Vicky struggled to get up. “What are you doing here?” Her voice was frail and hoarse, and one would not be able to hear her if the room was not as quiet as it was.

Sasha pointed at Vicky and shouted, “Keep pretending, why don’t you? Vicky, did you think that you’d scare me by telling Tyler?”

Sasha thought back to how Sheila told her to apologize to Vicky, and her face twisted with anger. She darted forward to grab the glass of water on the nightstand before splashing the water onto Vicky.

The lethargic Vicky could hardly react in time to dodge before she was instantly drenched.

“You want me to apologize? Fine, if I have to apologize no matter what...” Sasha narrowed her eyes viciously. “I might as well have my fun first!”

She raised her hand to slap Vicky across the cheek but Vicky grabbed her hand midway, successfully blocking the assault. Perhaps it was because she was still in a fever, but her skin was burning hot.

Sasha was stunned for a few moments and instinctively wanted to withdraw her hand, but Vicky’s grip around her wrist never wavered.

Sasha had not imagined an ill person could be this strong. She wiggled to escape when Vicky let go without any warning.

Sasha had not expected Vicky to let go all of a sudden and thus fell backward, the glass in her hand flying off and shattering on the ground.

Crash!

The glass made a deafening sound, and the two immediately heard footsteps approaching.

Tyler appeared by the door. He had thought that something had happened to Vicky at first, but narrowed his eyes when he saw Sasha on the ground.

Soon, Sheila arrived in the room with her assistant. She glanced at Vicky before turning to Sasha. "What's wrong? What happened?"

Sasha lifted her chin and panicked slightly when she saw Tyler, but she immediately started tearing up. "Sheila, Tyler, I came to visit Vicky and to apologize to her, but... Not only did she not accept it, but she shoved me onto the ground. I told you that she's probably faking illness, and you just won't believe me, insisting that she's extremely ill..."

Sobbing, she added, "How could a woman who almost drowned be strong enough to shove me to the ground?"

Sheila's expression darkened slightly as she turned to look at Vicky.

"I'm sorry, Miss Shaw. My leg was injured last night and couldn't be here to visit you sooner. It was already late by the time I found out that you drown, so I didn't dare to come and disturb you. Can you tell me how you fell into the pool that night?"

In a stone-cold expression, Vicky said, "Your cousin, Sasha, pushed me int—"

Before Vicky could finish her sentence, Sasha raised her voice. "Are you saying that I pushed you in? Do you have proof? I saw you jumping in there on your own..." She turned around to look at Sheila. "She kept getting in Tyler's way, and as soon as he left, she fell into the pool. She just didn't want him to leave and jumped in to catch his attention. It's a shame that he didn't even care!"

Tyler narrowed his eyes as he stared at Vicky. "Is that true, Vicky?"

Vicky wanted to explain but was interrupted once again.

"Also, everyone knows that Vicky is a great swimmer. She has won a couple of swimming contests. How could someone like her drown?"

Sheila scowled at Vicky. "Miss Shaw, why aren't you saying anything?"

Sasha sneered. "She has been exposed and is too guilty to say anything, of course."

Instantly, a sarcastic, dark giggle echoed around the room.

Everyone spun their heads to look at Vicky, who snorted in contempt. All of a sudden, she widened her eyes coldly and spat, "Get. Out!"

Feeling smugger since Vicky did not bother to explain, Sasha stood up from the ground and laughed. "Aren't you great at debating, Vicky? Cat got your tongue?"

Vicky squeezed her eyes close before opening them again to stare at Tyler. “Mister Hart, are you that disappointed that I didn’t drown and die, so you brought these clowns into my room to cause a scene? Since I didn’t die in that pool, making me have a heart attack just seems like a good alternative, huh? Should I just jump off this building and disappear already?”

He lowered his gaze and noticed the dripping water all over Vicky’s face and hair. “Why are you drenched?”

“Tyler,” Sasha blurted out, “she grabbed the glass and splashed water onto her own face and then tossed it onto the ground.” She pointed at the shattered glass on the ground. “See? That’s the glass! She must’ve heard you coming and was about to frame me for doing it!”

Tyler shot Vicky a look. “Is she telling the truth?”

Vicky simply smiled without a word.

“Vicky Shaw.”

“Get out,” she uttered as she scanned the three in contempt and resentment as though she was watching a few pathetic fools.

Sasha felt so smug that she could no longer hide her excitement. “Vicky, you said that I pushed you in, right? You want me to apologize, right? Why aren’t you saying anything? Speak y—ah!”

Swiftly, Vicky grabbed another glass cup and threw it toward Sasha.

Chapter 20

Sasha never expected Vicky to beat her in public and failed to dodge the incoming glass.

Thud!

The loud thud stunned everyone at the scene.

Blood scrolled down Sasha’s head, and she immediately fainted.

“Sasha!” shrieked Sheila. She forgot about the injury on her leg and instinctively got up, wanting to help. Sasha up. She was so quick that her assistant could not react in time.

Sheila slammed onto the ground where there was shattered glass all around. Her skin instantly tore and blood gushed out.

“Sheila!”

Maggie hurried over to help her up, but as Sheila could not move her leg and was injured once again, Maggie did not have the strength to lift her off the ground. After all, Maggie, despite having a strong, decisive demeanor, was a woman in her thirties with short hair.

She thus turned to look at Tyler for help. “Mister Hart, can you please help us?”

stood his ground for a few moments before lifting Sheila off the ground. “Call someone over to clean the glass off the ground, and take Sasha out to get her wound treated.”

He then carried Sheila out of the room and Sheila took one last glance at Vicky before they exited.

Vicky had closed her eyes and laid back on the bed expressionlessly as though she was not a part of everything that had happened.

Sheila soon turned her attention back to the man carrying her.

He remained expressionless as well, and though Sheila could not tell what he was thinking, she noticed that Tyler had not condemned Vicky’s public act of violence. She had a strange feeling that Tyler was not upset with Vicky.

Shortly after, someone came into the room to clear the glass on the ground and took Sasha away with them.

Vicky had her eyes closed the entire time, but she was not asleep at all. Her entire body was aching, but she had never been more awake in her life because she knew that a storm awaited her.

Once Sasha and Sheila were treated and recovered, they would come back to the room to make sure that she suffered.

As expected, she heard footsteps approaching in an hour’s time, followed by Sasha’s sharp voice.

“Let me in, Sheila! That b*tch beat me! I was bleeding from my head! She was trying to kill me! I’m going to send her and that Cece b*tch to jail!”

*Sasha, watch your tongue!” Sheila warned her.

“Look at what she did to me. Why do I have to watch my tongue? You all saw her! I didn’t do anything to her. She was the one who started it!”

Sasha seemed extremely hysterical, and Vicky could hear her shouting through the door. No matter how hard Sheila tried to calm her down, it did not seem to work

A few moments later, another person's footsteps approached, and Vicky heard a familiar cold, husky voice. "Sasha, you and Maggie will wait out here."

Sasha audibly cowered, evident by the way her voice lowered. "But Tyler..."