

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza

Chapter 21

Tyler merely ignored Sasha and knocked on the door of Vicky's ward before stepping inside.

Vicky opened her eyes and leaned against the bed as she watched the two enter

Sheila was still in her wheelchair, and she had put ointment on the wounds on her arms and legs.

Vicky merely glanced at the wounds for a second before looking away, and Tyler frowned at how little she seemed to care.

"Is there anything you wish to say for yourself, Vicky?"

She pressed her back against the cold bedhead and shot them a cold look. "What should I say? You took the liberty to say everything there was to say, didn't you?"

Sheila stared at her. "So you're admitting what you did, then?"

Vicky did not bother to look at them. "Whatever you say "

"Since you nearly drowned, I'm sure that you're physically and mentally worn out, Miss Shaw, so....

Speak on Sasha's behalf and forgive you for hitting her. However, she's now injured, and I hope that you can apologize to her in person too. That way, we can all let it be bygones.

Sasha had been eavesdropping the entire time and immediately shouted across the door, "No! She almost killed me! I want her to go to jail!"

Sheila turned her head and roared, "Sasha. That's enough!"

Sasha wanted to argue, but since Tyler was in the room, she reluctantly quieted down and thought to herself, 'Hmph! We'll make her apologize for now. Just wait until I mess this b*tch up!"

Vicky did not react at all and simply closed her eyes as though she did not hear a word they said. The sunlight shone onto her pale face through the window, and it looked as though her skin was turning transparent under the glow.

Tyler narrowed his eyes and said, "Vicky-

"Do whatever you want to me. Hit me or send me to jail, but just stop acting like hypocrites here," she interjected curtly, uncaring. "It's boring me, and you're wasting my time."

People tended to be frail, both physically and mentally, when they were ill or injured. At this moment, Vicky had no motivation to defend herself and simply gave up.

'What's the point?' she mused to herself. 'They don't want to believe me, and even if there's proof, they'll just turn a blind eye to it, so why should I make a fool of myself by trying to argue?'

She had no one to rely on and was no match to Tyler, so even if they were to bend the truth, there was nothing she could do.

Enraged by Vicky's attitude, Tyler questioned coldly, "So you're admitting that you did it?"

"Whatever you say," she repeated.

"Very well," he sneered. "I hope you don't regret it, Vicky Shaw."

"Don't worry, I won't," she drawled with her eyes still closed. "After all, I've already been through the one thing that I regret most in my life. What's this compared to that?"

"The one thing you regret most in life?" Sheila asked curiously, "What do you mean, Miss Shaw?"

Vicky opened her eyes with a faint smile. "What I regret most in my life is marrying Tyler Hart, if only I get

to do it all over again..." She turned to look at Tyler. "I would've never married you."

Tension instantly rose in the air as Tyler's expression darkened.

Chapter 22

Just then, the door to Vicky's room was knocked on again, and a slender figure stepped through the door shortly after.

"Vicky, you haven't eaten, right? I brought you some soup..."

Sebastian froze when he saw Sheila and Tyler inside the room.

“Why are you here?” asked Sebastian, before thinking back to spotting Sasha outside the door. “Are you here to confront Vicky?” He sneered at Tyler. “Tyler Hart, even if you don’t love Vicky, you don’t have to team up with outsiders to bully your wife, do you? Can’t you see that she’s sick in bed right now?”

“So you do know that she’s my wife,” remarked Tyler pointedly as he glanced at the thermal flask in Sebastian’s hands. “Mister Mills, I can’t imagine that it’s appropriate for you to treat a married woman with such care.”

Sebastian glanced at Sheila in her wheelchair and lifted an eyebrow. “But it’s okay for a married man like yourself to care for another woman, huh? Tyler Hart, enough with the double standards. Everyone knows that Vicky and I grew up together. We’ve always been good friends and nothing else. You two, on the other hand... Well, you two are hardly just friends, are you?”

Tyler’s expression darkened.

“Mister Mills, you’ve misunderstood. We’re not like that. Tyler and I are friends, and we’ve never stepped out of the line.... We’re only here to ask about what happened last night,” Sheila said frantically.

Sebastian stopped her. “The two of you decided to ignore the actual person who attempted murder and came confronting the victim?” He shot them a sarcastic look. “Is that what they say about blaming the victim?”

Sheila smiled and explained, “But Sasha said that she didn’t push Miss Shaw into the pool. Miss Shaw jumped in on her own.”

“Jumped in on her own?” he repeated. “Are you saying that Vicky jumped into freezing water for fun in this weather?”

“I can understand that you’re worried about her, Mister Mills, but you probably don’t understand what happened last night,” Sheila said gently. “I was in a conflict with someone else, and an accident. happened. Tyler rushed over to find me, but Miss Shaw kept standing in his way... I asked the other guests at the party, and they said that Miss Shaw was found in the pool shortly after Tyler left.”

Sebastian immediately understood what Sheila was hinting at. “Are you saying that she jumped in there to get her husband’s attention?”

Thud!

The door was pushed open and Sasha, who had been eavesdropping the entire time, rushed into the room.

“Vicky jumped into the pool of her own volition! She’s a vicious woman, and since she now realizes that she can’t get Tyler on her side by jumping in there, she’s trying to blame me for it! She just smacked me with a glass cup and tried to kill me!” She raised her voice sharply, overpowering all other sounds inside the room. She pointed at Vicky angrily. “She admitted to doing it just now. Stop defending this murderer!” Sebastian glanced at Sasha in contempt before turning to look at Vicky. “Vicky, what’s going on?”

Vicky had decided not to waste any effort in defending herself from anyone, but Sebastian was the only one who trusted her, and she did not want to betray his trust. “They...” She muttered in a hoarse voice.

Before she could continue, Sasha shouted, “What else? She admitted to it herself! Stop making excuses for this woman. She is a vicious b*tch with an evil mind-”

“Miss Young.” Sebastian glared at Sasha coldly. “Did your parents not teach you not to interrupt others when they’re speaking?!”

Sebastian was an elite from a powerful family who had a natural air of majesty about him. One look from him and Sasha immediately quieted down.

He turned his attention back to Vicky, his face easing back into a gentle expression. “Go on, Vicky.”

Vicky repeated what she said before.

“Sasha pushed me into the pool. The water was so cold that I had muscle cramps, but she just stayed up there to film me as I drowned... Someone else found me and helped me out of the pool afterward.” Sheila frowned. “Miss Shaw, this isn’t what you said just now...”

Chapter 23

Vicky shot Sheila a half-hearted smile. “What exactly did I say, then?”

“Miss Shaw, you admitted to jumping into that pool just seconds ago. Are you trying to go back on your own statement?”

“Did I?” Vicky stared at Sheila. “How did I admit to it?”

Sheila froze and muttered, “You...” Halfway through her sentence, Sheila paused, unable to make another sound.

“Whatever you say, is all I said, but you three were the ones who had been speaking the entire time. Every time I try to say something, Miss Sasha over there just tries to overpower my voice by yelling. I’m injured, so am I supposed to shout back?” She gave one final sarcastic look to Sheila and added, “Or is the louder one the one in the right?”

Furious, Sasha pointed at Vicky and shouted, "I didn't push you, Vicky Shaw! Don't even think of blaming this on me! I haven't even called the police on you for hitting me in the head... You'll be in jail soon!"

Vicky simply repeated what Sasha once said about Cece. "Whether you did it or not, it's not up to you. It's up to the police to decide." She then closed her eyes and leaned back against the bed head in exhaustion. "There were plenty of surveillance cameras in the backyard, so all we need to do is to check the footage, and we'll learn the truth."

Silence instantly fell over the room and Sasha started to panic.

"Oh, by the way," Vicky added, "she recorded me the entire time I was struggling in the water, so why don't you check her phone? Maybe you'll make some discoveries."

Sasha tensed nervously. Indeed, she had recorded the process, hoping to watch the way Vicky suffered again afterward, not knowing that it would become proof of her crime.

Everyone inside the room was smart enough to know what had happened by the look on Sasha's face, and Sebastian immediately took out his phone to call the police.

Sasha tried to run, but he blocked the exit of the room. Terrified, she turned to Sheila for help. "Sheila..."

Sheila's expression darkened and she ignored Sasha's plea.

Sasha turned to Tyler with tears in her eyes. "Tyler, I didn't... I didn't mean to..."

Tyler refused to look at her.

Shortly after, the police arrived, and once Sebastian explained what had happened, they arrested Sasha, and silence returned to the room.

Vicky closed her eyes as she laid on the bed. "I'm tired and want to rest now."

Sebastian nodded. "Alright. Remember to eat your breakfast."

"Thank you."

Before leaving, Sebastian glanced at Sheila and Tyler. "Can you two be more considerate? Vicky said she's tired and needs to rest."

The two finally left, and Sheila called out to Tyler as they walked out of Vicky's room. "Tyler, can I talk to you for a while?"

Chapter 24

In Sheila's ward.

Sheila stared at the man before her and asked, "Tyler, what do you... think about what happened?"

"I'll need to check the surveillance footage and understand what exactly happened before I can draw a conclusion."

"And if Sasha really is at fault..."

"Then she has it coming," he said with a cold expression.

She instantly realized that Tyler despised Sasha for what she did and did not intend to interfere.

After a few moments of silence, she said, "Tyler, can you please help Sasha out? She's been the one by my side ever since I returned. I know that she has a terrible temper, but...you know that she's not a bad person. What's on her mind is all over her face.

"Besides, Miss Shaw hit her in the head, and she got badly injured from it, so I'd say that's enough of a punishment.

"All these happened because of me. Had my arm not been injured, Sasha wouldn't have resented Miss Shaw. Tyler, I know that Miss Shaw is your wife and you're in a difficult position, but please, for our friendship's sake, can you please...help Sasha?"

Noticing that Tyler remained quiet, she gritted her teeth. "I'm begging you. Just this once, okay?"

Sheila had been injured on the arm and suffered another injury on her leg inflicted by Maria because of Tyler.

At this point, it was hard for him to refuse, and it eventually came through as he nodded. "Alright."

Before Sheila could beam at him, he coldly added, "But this will be the one and only time I help her. If she gets herself into trouble again, I'm staying out of it."

Expressionlessly, he narrowed his dark eyes casually as he warned her, "She's an adult now. No one else should suffer the consequences of what she did in her place."

Sheila froze and forced a smile. "I understand."

Sebastian went to check the surveillance footage and left Vicky's room.

Vicky remained inside her room, her head heavy and her body consistently drifted between feeling too

hot and too cold.

The door opened once again and she opened her eyes to glance over, only to spot a familiar, towering figure.

Tyler walked over to the bed. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm not dying anytime soon, if that's what you are asking," she said hoarsely.

"I've already hired the best team of doctors to look after you."

"Okay."

"Nanny Paterson will bring some daily necessities over later. I've made arrangements for you to be transferred to the VIP ward as well."

She looked Tyler in the eyes. "Just say whatever you need to say. There's no point in beating around the bushes."

He studied her pale face and asked, "What do you intend to do about Sasha?"

"It's not my role to determine what crime she committed and what punishment she should suffer. It's up to the police."

"So, you're not letting her off easy?"

She chuckled. "Tyler, I nearly died drowning because of her. What reason do I have to let the person who attempted to murder me go? Do I look like a saint or a fool to you?"

After a few moments of silence, he said, "If I ask you to let her go?"

She blinked expressionlessly. "What you ask is none of my business."

"Vicky, you didn't hold back when you hit her in the head. You already had your fun." He stared intently into her eyes. "You should know that what I don't want happening will never happen."

She met his eyes and drawled, "I don't know if what you don't want happening is going to happen, but I know that I'll do whatever I want to do."

Chapter 25

Tension rose in the air, and silence fell over the room as both Tyler and Vicky remained quiet.

After a while, Tyler said, "And what if I trade Cece for Sasha?"

Vicky jolted in shock and stared at the cold expression on his handsome face "Are you threatening me?"

He shot her a careless glance. "It's not a threat, it's a trade. Lay off on Sasha, and I'll help get Cece out

"Sebastian is my friend growing up. I can ask for his help on that. I'm sure he's more than capable of that, considering the Mills family's status "

"That's right. He's capable of getting Cece out for you Tyler did not deny it, but continued, "But you won't ask for his help

"Why not?"

"His mother, Missus Mills, doesn't want you to contact him to begin with. Besides, you've lost your memories and have only seen him once. You'll never make such a request to someone that you're not familiar with."

She scowled and was about to speak when he interrupted her. "Maybe you'd seek his help if you have no other options, but you do now." He lowered his gaze to scan her face. "You never enjoyed owing people. You're the kind of person who'd choose to suffer instead of asking for others' help."

She was stunned.

Indeed, a debt of favor was forever the hardest to repay. Not only did Tyler know her personality, but he also knew her mentality like the back of his hand, and he was right.

Between owing someone a favor and suffering on her own, she would choose the latter without

hesitation.

She knew that the man before her knew everything and simply pretended not to when he did not want to get involved.

"Nonetheless, Sasha crossed the line this time, so I'll make her apologize to you. If you have any more requests, you can list them out as well," he continued, no longer trying to convince Vicky as he knew with certainty that she would agree to his terms.

No matter how much he hated Vicky, she was still his wife, and it was a life-or-death situation. All things aside, he never liked Sasha, and if only Sheila did not plead on her behalf, Tyler would have let Vicky have

her way.

Vicky seemed slightly taken by surprise. "I can request other things, too?"

He nodded. "Sure."

After a brief moment of silence, she closed her eyes again. "I haven't thought of anything yet. I'll let you know once I know what I want."

"Alright."

"I'm tired, and I want to rest."

"Alright. I'll leave now." Tyler did not insist on staying and Vicky did not respond.

In the evening, Sebastian returned to the room hastily. "Vicky, why did you drop the charges? Did Tyler

blackmail you or something?"

Vicky felt more energized after resting for most of the day and was reading on her bed. She looked up from her book and said, "No. I decided this on my own."

"I checked the surveillance footage, and they captured the moment when Sasha pushed you into the pool. The police found the video she recorded on her phone as well. This is attempted murder with malicious intention. They could've put her in jail!"

Chapter 26

Sebastian's expression darkened. "Vicky, if nothing is troubling you, you can tell me. Others might be **scared** of crossing Tyler, but I'm not."

The Hart family was one of the most powerful families in Stoneford City, but the Mills family was among

those on the list as well.

Feeling moved, Vicky said, "I've already decided, but thank you, Mister Mills. I've caused you a lot of trouble in the past two days."

He scowled. "Vicky, we've known each other most of our lives, so you don't have to thank me... Don't call me

Mister Mills. Just call me Sebastian.”

“Alright, Sebastian.”

He walked over to her bed. “Vicky, you might not remember this, but we grew up as friends. I know that I’m a stranger to you now and you can’t trust me, but...” He looked into her eyes. “I know you. You would’ve never dropped the charges for no reason at all.”

She did not respond.

trained on her. “Vicky, can

After a long moment of silence, she confessed, “I made a trade with Tyler. He’ll help to get Cece out, and I’ll drop my charges on

Cece? Even if you don’t agree to Tyler’s terms,

trap, yes, but she did hit Hector Larson. He’s the only son of the

let Cece go. It’s not that easy to get her

and wanted her friends to suffer; he was not that petty. In his perspective, crossing the Larson family for a mere assistant was not worth it. More

effort.

anything to

the look on her face and muttered huskily, “Even if it’s

”

you for that, Sebastian, but...” She paused hesitantly and said, “I don’t want you and Missus Mills

about that, Vicky?” Soon, he came to

head. “I did some research on the Mills family

instantly realized that there was more to the story. Afterward, it was not at all difficult to put

together from news online.

“Vicky, Mother just has some misunderstandings about you...” Sebastian blurted out.

"You don't have to explain, Sebastian. I understand," she said with a smile.

"Vicky..."

Sebastian wanted to say more when someone knocked on the door and Nanny Paterson walked in. "Missus

Hart, it's time for dinner. You need to take your medicine after this..."

Nanny Paterson froze when she spotted Sebastian in the room. "And this is..."

"My friend," said Vicky before turning to look at Sebastian. "Sebastian, I'm well taken care of here. You should head back."

Despite losing her memories, Vicky remained to be the same person as she was before.

Chapter 27

Sebastian did not protest and simply said, "Alright, then. Rest well. I'll go now."

Right before leaving, he added, "Vicky, do you still have my number?"

Vicky thought back to her contact list and shook her head. "I don't think so."

Sure enough, Sebastian's name was not on her contact list. The two exchanged numbers before he finally left.

Shortly after he left, Vicky received a text message from Sebastian and she clicked it open.

Enter title...

It was a photo taken outside the rooms of two figures, their backs facing the camera. Even so, she still managed to recognize them: Tyler and Sheila.

Underneath the photo was a caption where Sebastian wrote, [Vicky, Tyler is in Sheila's room].

Vicky took one last glance at the photo before looking away inattentively.

The next day, someone knocked on Vicky's door shortly after she had finished her breakfast, and Sheila

entered the room in her wheelchair.

"Miss Shaw, are you feeling better now?"

"Much better. Thank you for asking, Miss Young."

Sheila turned to look at her manager. "Maggie, help me up."

Maggie frowned. "But your leg..."

"If you don't help me up, I'm going to try to get up on my own," Sheila insisted.

Feeling defeated, Maggie helped Sheila up, and Sheila got on her feet.

"Miss Shaw, I'm really sorry about what happened with Sasha. She resents you for what happened in the past and did something stupid. I'd like to apologize to you in her place," she said before bowing deeply to Vicky.

Sheila was not involved in the incident at all and did not have to apologize.

Moreover, with Tyler on her side, she did not need to be respectful toward Vicky at all.

Ordinary women would have lost sight of their places if they were protected by

Tyler, but not Sheila.

Vicky studied the woman before her and sneered inwardly.

She had begged for Tyler's help multiple times to help Cece, but he did not budge until this incident with Sasha happened.

According to what Vicky knew about Tyler, he would have never gotten involved if it was not for Sheila, which meant that Cece was saved because of Sheila.

Despite how humble Sheila looked at the moment, Vicky realized something important; even her near-death experience was not as convincing to Tyler as a few words from Sheila.

'What a woman! I've underestimated her,' Vicky thought. 'Sasha might be a witless, reckless little wench, but

she wouldn't get to be that way if she hasn't been allowed by people around her.'

Vicky remained quiet and because of that, Sheila stayed frozen in the bowing position.

Unable to stand it any longer, Maggie interfered. "Miss Shaw, Sheila has nothing to do with this. Her leg is injured. Don't you think it's too much for you to bully her like this?"

"That's right. She has nothing to do with this, so why is she apologizing?" Vicky whispered gently before turning to stare at Maggie. "Besides... If you know that she's injured, why did you take her around, Miss Perez? Am I bullying her, or are you making it look that way on purpose? Don't tell me that you can't even control an injured patient when you're perfectly healthy."

Maggie was instantly rendered speechless.

Just then, there was another knock on the door, and a man in a suit strolled in elegantly.

Tyler stilled when he saw the scene inside the room and asked, "What's going on?"

Maggie was sharper than Sasha and glanced at Vicky before saying, "After finding out what happened, Sheila was plagued with guilt toward Miss Shaw, so she insisted on coming here despite her leg injury and my objection to apologize Enter title...

to Miss Shaw, but..." Maggie paused before continuing pointedly, "It seems that Miss Shaw is still angry."

Seeing that Sheila refused to get up until she accepted her apology, Vicky smiled and said, "Miss Young, Miss Perez is right; you have nothing to do with this. You didn't do anything wrong, so you don't have to apologize to me."

She was wondering why Sheila would go through all the trouble to go to her room for this.

She realized Sheila had staged it for Tyler to see.

Sheila forced a smile. "Sasha is my cousin, after all. She has some misunderstanding about Miss Shaw because of me. That's why she keeps targeting Miss Shaw, and a part of it is my fault as well..."

Vicky remained expressionless. "If you're truly sorry, then...you should get Sasha here to apologize to me. She's an adult, not a baby. You're just her cousin, not her mother. You don't get to take the blame for

everything.”

The smile on Sheila’s face collapsed, and she lowered her eyes as though she was being bullied. “You’re right, Miss Shaw. I’ll remember that.”

“Your leg is injured, so you shouldn’t walk around like this. You should go back and rest, Miss Young,” Vicky said.

Sheila glanced at Tyler and, seeing how he did not say a thing, took the hint.

“Alright, I’ll go back now.”

After Sheila left, Vicky noticed that Tyler remained in her room and reminded him,

“Mister Hart, Miss Young

has left.”

“Hm?”

She scowled. “You can go with her now.”

He remained quiet for a few moments before saying, “I’m here to talk to you.”

Surprised, she asked, “About what?”

“Cece is out.”

She sighed in relief. “Good.”

She did not thank Tyler. After all, she did not owe him anything. He did not release Cece as a favor to her, and

it was merely an opportunity Vicky had earned by risking her life.

It was nothing but a fair trade because her words meant nothing to Tyler.

In the afternoon, Cece was informed that Vicky had been admitted to the hospital and immediately came to visit her.

Cece seemed to have suffered a great deal in prison and slimmed down quite a bit; her face and body were covered in bruises.

Upon arriving, Cece softly asked, “Vicky, how did you end up in the hospital again? What happened?”

Chapter 29

Cece quieted down as her eyes reddened with tears. “Vicky, I know what happened. Sasha pushed you into a pool and was forced to forgive that murderer, just to get me out.”

Vicky narrowed her eyes. “Cece, how did you know that?”

Cece clenched her fists. “I ran into Sasha on my way here, and she smugly told me everything.”

Not only did Sasha not regret her action, but she was proud to be released and bragged in front of Cece. She was close to beating her again..

She recalled how Sasha pompously bragged, "Try laying a finger on me, b*tch. I'll send you back to prison right away! Vicky has been begging Tyler to help you out. She almost died trying, but seems like she pulled through. Let's see what she has left as leverage if you get into trouble again."

Tears welled in Cece's eyes.

"I'm sorry, Vicky. Sasha wouldn't have pushed you into that pool if it wasn't for me... And now, she runs free.

wound on her forehead. I was the one who did it,

punished at all. She's only going to be worse in the future. She might do much worse

the window and said, "It's not just a possibility; she definitely will do worse next time. After all, she has her 'wonderful' cousin to back

can destroy the world or something and face no repercussions."

Vicky as a

she was discussing a person that she felt no love for.

you and...Mister Hart gets a divorce and you try to stay out of their way, will

told by Vicky that

Sasha's face when she pushed her

only escalate in the future because it

already doing whatever they want. If you get a divorce, they'll..." She paused, not daring to finish her sentence.

smiled. "Why should I divorce Tyler,

Stunned, Cece asked, "Vicky, you don't want to divorce him

"At the moment, getting a divorce won't work in my favor."

All expressions faded from Vicky's face as she mused, "Why should I get a divorce, if that's the case? They're

only doing this to me because they want me to face reality and feel disappointed enough to divorce Tyler." She smiled coldly. "I've given them plenty of chances, but they didn't care to take them. Besides, the culprit who almost drowned me to death hasn't

learned her lessons yet and is still running rampant. They don't get to get out of this scot-free."

Cece felt slightly nervous as she studied the look on Vicky's face.

Vicky had been nice to her before losing her memories, and Cece had treated her as her best friend all along, but Vicky rarely troubled others and would not go to Cece even when she was in trouble.

Ever since Vicky lost her memories, the two had grown even closer.

Perhaps it was because she had forgotten about some of the painful memories, but Vicky had brightened up a lot, but for some reason, Cece had a feeling that Vicky had changed.

"Vicky, what are you...planning on doing?"

Chapter 30

Vicky did not answer Cece's question, and Cece decided against asking any further questions.

After staying for a while, Vicky asked Cece to head home and rest.

In the evening, Vicky stared outside the window as the sun set and made a phone call.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

After a while, the call was answered and a cold, husky voice appeared on the other end of the phone. "What?"

"I want to eat the ravioli from Legend Pasta House. Can you buy some for me later on your way here?"

He stayed quiet for a few moments, seemingly taken by surprise by her request.

to...bring

"Is something wrong?"

that you want

so is it so weird to

He fell back into silence.

dinner from now on. Remember to get here

was her first time ever

seven in the evening, Tyler arrived with a bag that

food made Vicky feel hungrier than

and asked, "You

accident, Cece took me to this restaurant for the ravioli. She said that I loved that place before losing my

not respond to

After finishing the ravioli, Vicky sighed in satisfaction and came to a sudden realization that Tyler was still inside the room.

He had always been a quiet person and would rarely take the initiative to talk to her.

She glanced at him and asked, "I forgot to ask, but have you

He stared at her expressionlessly and uttered, "No."

eaten?"

She looked down at the empty takeout box in front of her sheepishly and picked up her phone. "I'll call Nanny Paterson to bring some food over."

"It's fine-"

Before Tyler could finish his sentence, Vicky went ahead to make the call.