

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Chapter 61-65

Chapter 61

“Out with it,” Tyler commanded.

Hesitantly, Harry answered, “I think it’s Miss Sasha.”

That evening, Vicky finally regained consciousness.

The lights inside the room were off, and only the light of the fading sun shone through the window.

She glanced around the room and noticed the towering figure standing by the window. Shadows loomed over the figure as he stood with his back facing her in silence, perfectly blending into the darkness.

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Her heart twitched in pain for reasons she could not begin to comprehend, and through the overwhelming sorrow, she muttered hoarsely, “Tyler.”

Still weak from the injury, her head was in tremendous pain. She seemed to have hurt her head when Sasha pushed her down the stairs.

Vicky rubbed the back of her head and realized there were bandages wrapped around her head.

Tyler turned around and with the light at his back, she could not see his face but could sense the tension rising.

“What happened?” he asked coldly.

She rubbed her head and said, ‘I was in a conflict with someone and fell down the stairs.’

“With who?”

Vicky batted her eyes.

She had lost consciousness for a long time, and she knew that Tyler should have found out about everything at this point.

She looked up and smiled when she spotted his face in the dark. “Who do you think it was, Mister Hart?”

Before Tyler could answer, they heard knocking on the door, and a stern-looking mid-aged man walked in.

When the man saw that Vicky was awake, he asked, “How are you feeling, Missus Hart? Any pain?”

Though she did not recognize the man, Vicky politely answered, ‘I’m alright ...save for my head pounding, that is.*’

“You bumped your head when you fell down the stairs, so it’s normal for you to experience some pain. I’ll prescribe you some painkillers to cope with it.”

“I’m sorry, but you are...?”

“Simmons, Missus Hart. You may call me President Simmons.” After a pause, he proceeded to say, “The person who pushed you down the stairs has been caught and has been handed over to the police. They’ll charge her for intentional assault, and we’ll take full responsibility for the fact that the accident occurred here in our hospital... Please let us know if you need anything at all.*”

Vicky shook her head. “Nothing at the moment.”

Even the simple motion of shaking her head left her seeing stars.

Seeing how exhausted she seemed, President Simmons said, “Rest well,

Misses Hart. I'll come check on you again tomorrow." He then proceeded to nod his head at Tyler before leaving the room.

As the door closed, Tyler's cold voice echoed inside the room. "Satisfied now, Vicky Shaw?"

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She batted her eyes and looked at Tyler. "Do you still intend on helping Sasha?"

He scoffed mockingly and said, "If I agree to that, what else are you going to do next to get what you want?"

She narrowed her eyes. "What do you mean?"

"This hospital is run by the Simmons family, and since Missus Hart has been shoved down the stairs here, their reputation will be tarnished if they don't punish the culprit harshly. The Simmons family is well-known and respected Enter title...

here in Stoneford City for being a righteous family, and since they know who did this, they're not going to let whoever did this run free."

Tyler stood before her and lowered his gaze to study her expression. "I'll have to pay a big price if I insist on helping Sasha, and she's not worth the trouble. You know that, and that's why you did this, right?"

Her breath caught for a moment, but she immediately regained her composure.

"Are you accusing me of framing Sasha for pushing me down the stairs?"

"No."

She stared at him. "Do I have the ability to control minds and make Sasha do it?"

"It's not that hard to provoke her, but..." He paused for a moment and said, "Don't you think you're rushing into this?"

"Rushing?"

"You've been fawning over me all this time for this exact moment, right?" he said expressionlessly.

She stilled, but her fingers hidden underneath the cover twitched at his words.

After a while, she smiled and said, "Looks like you've had it all figured out."

After spending some time with Tyler, she knew him like the back of her hand.

Though she did not expect to keep him in the dark for long, she was still surprised that he found out about the truth so soon.

He bent down and leaned in closer to her. "Since the time you fell into the fool, you suggested the agreement using the guilt I felt for you, but that has just been a part of your plan to seek revenge against Sasha.

"You know that you can't touch a hair of hers if I insist on protecting her, so you turned your attention to me instead. Your hard work for the past month paid off when I helped you during that party. You made a point of asking everyone to apologize to you to see how much you mean to me, and to let everyone know that they can't bully you because you have my support.

You've been angry since you were pushed into that pool but decided to be patient because you can't fight me. If I guessed right, you've probably been thanking Sasha and Sheila a lot for their 'help', haven't you?"

He looked into her eyes, and she felt as though she was about to get lost in those dark, brooding eyes.

After a few moments of silence, she said, "From the very beginning, I've always known that I'm nothing but an annoying fly to you, so I'm surprised that you chose to help Sasha and Sheila. It's human nature, and I'd favor the ones who are important to me, too."

She looked up and added, "I was frustrated, resentful, and angry at first, but then I found clarity. You don't love, and I forced you into this marriage when you clearly don't want it. If you don't love me, it doesn't matter if I'm your wife; I reap what I sew. Since I was the one who chose this path, I'll have to finish it. I caused everything that happened, so I didn't expect you to help or side with me."

Her pale lips curled into a faint smile. "You can't do anything to Sasha because of Sheila, and I can understand that. But if that's the case, I'll have someone else take care of her. Sasha isn't all that important to you, and helping her out once for Sheila's sake should be the best you're willing to do."

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"I've told myself countless times that I need to live with my dignity intact and that I can survive without a man, but..." Vicky smiled bitterly. "I have nothing and no one to rely on in this community, and even if I don't want to admit it, I have to acknowledge that I'm helpless without you."

Tyler stared at her and asked, "So everything you've done in the past month has been for this, right?"

Vicky knew that she could not hold a candle to his brilliance, so she did not bother lying.

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"Mister Hart, I worked hard to take care of you in exchange for something that means nothing to you but means the world to me while you enjoy being taken care of... It's a fair exchange."

"So the three months of our agreement isn't your attempt to save this marriage, but the time you bought to plan your future?"

She shot him an odd look. "I've been trying to save this marriage for three years, and that hasn't changed your mind at all. What can three months do?"

"I don't believe that I haven't hovered over you in the past, but even then, you weren't swayed at all, right?"

She had to succumb to reality, and pride was worthless when it came to survival. Having the title of Missus Hart alone would not help her.

Even when Maria framed her, all it took was for Tyler to say a few words and the others' attitude toward her immediately changed. If that was the case, she did not see why she should not plan her future before the divorce.

Without a word, Tyler stood still for a few moments before leaving.

Vicky instinctively protected her head when Sasha pushed her down the stairs, but even so, her head hurt horribly. Whenever she fell asleep, she would dream of bits and pieces of past memories but would be overwhelmed by excruciating pain inside her head if she tried to focus on them. i

The next day, Vicky woke up to someone knocking on her door, and Sebastian walked in with breakfast for her. "Vicky, I brought you breakfast."

She was slightly taken by surprise. "How did you know that I was here?"

"The Mills Family and the Simmons family have been friends for decades, and I know Eric Simmons, the vice president of this hospital. They're taking this incident very seriously and once I heard what happened, I immediately came to check on you."

She studied his face and muttered, "Sasha Young... What happened to her?"

She had only heard a brief explanation from the president and did not know the details. Though she thought that it was unlikely for Tyler to go through the trouble to help Sasha, there was no telling if Sheila could convince him.

Sebastian looked at her and began to explain.

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"I've asked Eric about it, and what Sasha did can't be forgiven. The surveillance captured everything as well, so there's no room for her to argue. On top of that, considering what happened the last time...she'll be sued if you don't decide to let her go."

Vicky looked away for a moment. "Has... Has Tyler done anything to help her?" Tyler had not appeared since he left, and since he was always hard to read, she could not tell what he was thinking.

"No," he said.

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She relaxed slightly.

"Don't worry, Vicky. I've informed Eric ahead of time, and even if Tyler decides to interfere, Sasha won't get away so easily."

"Thank you."

Sebastian smiled gently. "We're friends. You don't have to thank me."

After a moment of hesitation, she said, "Sebastian, how much do you know about the man I was previously engaged to?"

He paled and asked, "Vicky, why are you asking that all of a sudden? Did... Did my mom say something to you?!"

She met his eyes. "Sebastian, I might've lost my memories, but there's no guarantee that they'll be gone forever. I'll need to know what happened in the past eventually. Besides, I wouldn't have fallen into that trap during Missus Mills' birthday party had I remembered about Maria. It's better to know more about what I'm dealing with, don't you think?"

Sebastian sighed. "What do you want to know, Vicky?"

"Where is Harvey Sparks now?"

After a long pause, he said, "I don't know where precisely, but I heard that... he ended up in prison."

Vicky stilled. "Prison?"

Sebastian nodded. "That's what I heard, but I don't know if it's true."

"Back when I married him, did I do it out of my own will, or was I pressured into it by my family?"

Sebastian's expression darkened. "You did so willingly, and...you were the one

who approached him.”

“Do I love him?’ 2

“I don’t know. Vicky. You rarely contact me, but I heard...” He hesitated. 1

Curious, she asked, “Why? Does he have a first love, too?”

“Not exactly, but...he was quite close with your cousin, Gloria, at the time. I heard that old Master Shaw originally planned to set him up with Gloria, but for some reason, you replaced her afterward.” Sebastian scowled, seemingly annoyed by the mention of Harvey’s name.

“Maria is Harvey’s sister, and you seemed to be on bad terms with her. It might not even be an overstatement to say that you’re her nemesis. The thing about the bracelet is true as well. You two were interested in the same bracelet, and Harvey was the one who stopped you two from fighting. Harvey and Maria lost their parents at a young age, and frankly, he spoils his sister because of that. Your life hasn’t been easy for you after the engagement with Harvey.” 1

Vicky frowned. “What kind of a person is he?”

“A known womanizer who still played around after being engaged to you.”

Sebastian’s words immediately left a horrible impression on Vicky for Harvey.

“What happened next?”

“Harvey lost to Tyler and left the city around the time when the Shaw Family fell... You got together with Tyler as soon as the engagement with Harvey was called off.”

“Sounds like I used to be a cold, materialistic woman,” she said thoughtfully, feeling as though she had approached whoever had power.

“Vicky, you’re not that kind of person,” Sebastian argued.

“I’ve read some news from the past, and it looks like I really loved Tyler. Did I marry him for his money, or...because I was in love with him?”

He shot her a complicated look and said, “Vicky, that’s a question that you should ask yourself.”

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Vicky fell into silence.

Sebastian had not been involved and only knew what he had been told, so he could not know the details of what truly happened.

After staying in the hospital for a week, Vicky was finally discharged. Tyler had not shown his face during that time nor had he interfered with what happened to Sasha, who would be locked up for quite some time, i

Vicky and Tyler went back to treating each other like strangers; he rarely came home and she stopped delivering food to him.

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They seemed to have reached a consensus to wait for the remaining time to pass.

While she recovered, Vicky familiarized herself with her work with Cece’s help and was fully capable of running her studio.

As a fashion designer, she opened a studio before the car accident, and Cece told her that the studio focused on designing clothes for celebrities.

One day, Vicky arrived at her studio and received a call from Cece.
“Vicky, has the client referred by Director Collins contacted you yet?”
Vicky was verifying the address and said, “Yeah. We’ve already arranged a time to meet, and I’m going there in a bit.”
“I’m done with work here. Do you need me to go with you?”
“It’s fine,” she replied casually. “The client values privacy and doesn’t want others to see her. She specifically asked me to go alone.”
Clients from the media often valued their privacy, and since Cece had met her fair deal of odd clients, she did not pay much attention to it.
“Sure. Call me if you need anything, then.”
After ending the call, Vicky gathered her tools and headed out.
Neon Club was the biggest clubhouse in Stoneford City where most wealthy individuals gathered and was only open to members.
Vicky arrived and informed the host about her appointment.
“Please wait for a moment. I’ll need to call this in to confirm your appointment,” said the host.
She stood by the side and said, “Sure.”
A few minutes later, the host smiled at Vicky. “Allow me to lead the way, Miss Shaw.”
“Thank you.”
Meanwhile, Maria smirked viciously as she stared at her phone. “Vicky Shaw, I’ll make sure you regret crossing me!”
She proceeded to make another call and said, “Mary, are you ready?”
“Yes. Director Hachett is already drunk, and he’s now waiting for his ‘dream girl’...”
Maria narrowed her eyes dangerously. “Get someone to guard the doors so she can’t escape. Are the cameras in place?”
“Yes. I’ve adjusted them all and made sure that the screen is perfectly clear.”
Maria chuckled with contentment. “Once this is done, we’re going to post photos of her in all kinds of compromising positions. Let’s see if Tyler will still keep her around then!”