

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 811

Vicky stared at Tyler. "I thought you said it's resolved. What happened?"

He walked over to grab the remote controller before turning the television off. "Isn't it more fun to give someone hope, only to devastate them once again?" he said bitterly.

"What do you mean?"

"It's none of your concern." Tyler had no intention of discussing the subject further. "Go take a shower and get ready for bed."

She observed his expression for a few moments and decided against asking any more questions.

...

The night was quiet and peaceful, but Vicky jolted awake in the middle of the night, likely due to the change of environment.

She reached out next to her and noticed that Tyler was not by her side.

She rubbed her eyes and sat up before stepping out of the bedroom to find the living room in the dark.

Vicky frowned and wondered, 'Where can Tyler be at this time?'

She looked around and suddenly noticed that there was light coming from the gap in a door that led to a certain room.

It seemed to be Tyler's study.

Vicky had thought that she knew Tyler like the back of her hand, but her knowledge about Tyler had been proven inadequate ever since she broke up with him.

His actions spiraled out of control, and his measures became increasingly extreme. There were times when she wondered if he was mentally ill.

Noah had warned her multiple times to not provoke Tyler as Tyler might transform into a murderer one would see in movies one day.

Vicky did not pay much mind to his advice at the time. She felt that she knew Tyler and did not think that he would do such a thing.

It was not until she was kidnapped that she realized Noah might be right.

After all, Tyler had lost his company and was betrayed by her. A man who had lost everything had no fear.

Just as she was absorbed in her thoughts, a noise came from the room.

Thud!

Her heart raced and she thought, 'Can he be...preparing the tools to kill me with?'

She felt terrified and curious at the same time as she desperately wanted to know what Tyler was up to.

She snuck over to the room and took a deep breath before opening the door abruptly, slamming the door hard onto the wall.

Tyler was startled and dropped the container in his hand.

Vicky scanned the room and was surprised as she did not see any weapon in sight.

"Are you hurt?!" Her eyes widened, and she hurried over to him.

His shirt was unbuttoned, revealing large wounds.

The look in his eyes darkened and he immediately buttoned his shirt up, but Vicky arrived before him before he could do so and tore his shirt open roughly to the point that the buttons flew off his shirt.

She studied the wounds and questioned, "What happened?"

Her eyes widened at a certain thought. "Can it be that..."

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"Did you get hurt in prison?"

Tyler mentioned that he thought Vicky wanted him dead in prison during the day, and though she did not understand what he meant at the time, she finally realized that he was beaten in prison.

She knew that Tyler was sent to prison, and at the time, she thought that it would be good that he could stay away and calm down for a while.

He had gone too far with no concern for consequences.

Noah was not a man he could simply beat and get away with it.

She was never truly dating Noah. He wanted to repay the favor of the assistance she provided him in the past, or he would have never put up with Tyler repeatedly. Regardless, Tyler's actions escalated, and even Vicky herself was starting to lose patience.

When the Canyers found out that Noah was rushed to the hospital for what Tyler did to him, they decided to send Tyler to prison, and Vicky stopped begging for mercy on Tyler's behalf.

However, she had not expected Tyler to get hurt.

She tore on his shirt and spotted countless scars and wounds over his chest; some had started healing while others remained bruised.

She felt as though someone had a tight grip on her heart, and it felt hard to breathe.

Vicky did not know if the Canyers or Noah were responsible for Tyler's injuries, and she knew she could hardly blame Noah even if he was responsible.

Vicky picked up the ointment from the first-aid kit and said, "I'll do it."

Tyler did not try to hide his wounds any longer and simply looked at her intently.

Vicky ignored him and focused on applying the ointment.

After treating the wounds, Vicky looked up at him and said, "Your wounds can't come into contact with water for now. A few of them are healing really slowly, and even if you sanitize them after a shower, you can easily get an infection."

Throughout the process of her treating his wounds, his eyes remained on her, but Vicky refused to look at him.

At that moment, her heart threatened to leap out of her chest when she finally met his eyes.

"I thought you said you don't love me anymore." He reached out and wiped away the tears hanging onto her lashes. "What is this, then?"

She flinched and looked away. "Consider this crocodile's tears," she said sternly. "I wanted you to learn your lesson, but I didn't want you dead...

If something bad really happened to you, I'd feel guilty."

His lips curled into a smile as he observed the pale look on her face.

"Guilty? Here I thought you desperately wanted me dead."

She frowned and was about to say something when he continued, “Even if I am to die, I’m taking you with me.”

Her eyes widened as she realized that he was not joking.

“Why?” she asked.

“I’m too concerned to leave you alone.”

Vicky was not sure if something was wrong with her to discuss such a subject with Tyler, but she continued regardless. “I’m a grown woman, so what are you concerned about?”

“Once I die, you’ll forget about me and start your life with some other man.”

“...” Vicky’s lips twitched at his words.

Not knowing what to say in response, she ended the discussion by closing the first-aid kit and saying, “It’s getting late. Let’s go back to sleep.”

Tyler remained quiet, and the two did not say another word to each other for the rest of the night.

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They stayed in the same mansion for a little over a week in peace, and throughout their stay, Tyler had gone outside a few times to make purchases of living necessities.

He would lock the door every time he left, and Vicky had not been allowed to go outside the house.

So long as she was careful not to provoke him or mention anything about leaving, Tyler was kind and would not force her to do anything she did not want.

Still, being confined in a house left Vicky feeling a little depressed. Sensing her mood, he said, "Wait for a few more days. We're leaving soon."

Vicky knew he was not only out buying things they needed but also to make arrangements for their departure. However, she was clueless as to when they were leaving and where they were heading to.

After painting for a while in the study, Vicky felt tired and decided to return to the bedroom to sleep.

Sometime later, someone woke her up.

"Vicky, wake up."

She opened her eyes and saw Tyler's face right before her. "Tyler?"

"Gather your things. We're leaving," Tyler said sternly.

Vicky did not know what happened but got out of bed to gather her belongings anyway.

They never planned to stay for long, so they did not have much to bring with them.

10 minutes later, Tyler brought her out of the house, and freedom never tasted sweeter.

Tyler's expression darkened slightly when he saw Vicky's reluctance to get into the car and said, "Vicky, get in the car. You can go anywhere you want after some time."

She shot him a look before heading into the car.

Shortly after, she realized that they were being followed and turned to look at Tyler.

Tyler clearly noticed the cars following them, and his expression hardened as he sped up.

Vicky knew just how skilled Tyler was in driving. Though he looked elegant and cold, he was a great fighter with top-notch skills when it came to car racing, which contradicted his usual image.

He had managed to fool most people with his majestic demeanor, and Vicky would have never known this side of him had she not broken up with him.

Just as she was absorbed in her thoughts, Tyler managed to lose the cars that were following them.

Another hour later, Tyler stopped the car at another mansion.

As Vicky studied the interior of the house, she asked, "Just how many houses have you prepared that look exactly the same?"

Vicky could not help but feel like she was teleported back to the same room as it looked exactly like the one she had been staying in.

"A dozen," Tyler said.

"Why do you need so many empty houses?"

Tyler shot her a look but did not explain anything in the end.

...

Three days later, Vicky was deeply asleep when Tyler woke her up in the middle of the night.

"Vicky, wake up. We need to leave now."

She rubbed her eyes. "Leave... You mean, now?"

“Yeah.” He frowned. “Get changed. We’re leaving immediately.”

He had given her time to pack the time the last time, yet this time, she only had time to get changed.

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In the following days, Tyler continued to take her from house to house, and the time they managed to stay in each house shortened with each relocation.

Vicky was no fool and soon realized that they were being chased.

One day, Tyler left her in one of the houses and headed out right away. She did not know where he went, but that night, he returned with injuries.

There was a gigantic cut on his left arm, and the blood drenched his shirt.

As soon as he stepped into the house, she caught onto the scent of blood and paled. Not wasting any time asking questions, she blurted out, “I’m getting the first-aid kit.”

However, he stopped her immediately. “I’m fine,” he said in a low voice. “Leave with me right now.”

She glanced at his left arm. “But your arm...”

“Let’s leave first,” he repeated sternly and started dragging her outside.

Guns were fired at them as soon as they stepped foot out of the house, and Vicky was startled.

Tyler pulled her behind him and said, “Don’t be afraid. I won’t let you get hurt.”

He pulled out a gun and fired two shots in the direction where the bullets came from.

It was the first time Vicky ever found herself in such a situation, and she was as pale as a ghost as her heart sank.

These men were definitely not working for Noah, or they would never use guns.

'Who else can it be though?' she thought. 'An enemy of Tyler, or...?'

Tyler dragged her to the car and opened the door to the driver's seat.

"Vicky, you'll drive."

She froze. "Me?"

"I taught you before, remember?"

"But..."

She was a decent driver under Tyler's guidance, but she was not confident enough to drive under such circumstances.

"There's no 'but'." Tyler pushed her in. "They're armed, and someone needs to fire back or none of us would get out of here alive."

Vicky knew that they could not afford to waste any time and clenched her jaw before fastening the seat belt.

Tyler fired his gun in a certain direction and went onto the passenger's seat.

Once he was seated, the car darted out.

Vicky's head remained dazed and started to sweat on her palms as she drove.

The sound of gunshots never ceased, and the mirror on the left side of the car shattered.

The cars behind them continued to follow them, and since Vicky had not been exposed to car racing for long enough, she was hardly as skilled as Tyler and could not shake the cars off despite her effort.

Tyler shot at the tires of the cars behind them, but there were simply too many people. Moreover, other cars would simply take up any empty space Tyler created.

After getting rid of four cars behind them, Tyler said, "Stop the car."

Vicky stepped on the brake. "Are we not driving?"

"They seem to be able to track us wherever we go." Tyler frowned.

"Maybe they placed a tracker in the car. Let's try driving another car instead."

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Vicky thought the same as anytime Tyler would get rid of the cars behind them, other cars would catch up to them shortly after.

It would be impossible for these people to locate them so swiftly if they did not have the means to do so.

The two went into another car, but the same thing happened.

...

The night enveloped the surroundings with its deep and mysterious hues, while the dim glow of the street lamps by the river cast an eerie light, twisting the trees on either side of the road into peculiar shapes.

Two figures moved through the vastness of the night, weaving their way through the shadows.

Since the second car seemed to have a tracker as well, they abandoned the car and started running on foot.

The people who were chasing them did not catch up, and Vicky slowly began to relax.

Suddenly, Tyler stopped.

Vicky, who was deep in her thoughts, bumped into his back. She lifted her gaze and saw a car in their way.

At the same time, she heard footsteps approaching from behind, and as she turned around, she realized that they were surrounded.

The cold wind blew, and Vicky shivered as her blood ran cold.

“Tyler Hart,” said the leader. “Let go of Mister Canyer’s girlfriend, and we’ll let you live.”

‘Mister Canyer? Do they mean...Noah? No way. Noah won’t arm his men with guns or send people to assassinate us,’ Vicky thought.

Tyler did not let go of Vicky and tightened his grip around her wrist. “Are you sure that the Canyers are the ones who sent you?” he asked.

The man before them was unfamiliar, and Vicky did not recognize him.

The man chuckled. “Have you offended so many people that you have other enemies, Mister Hart?”

Tyler sneered. “I am just confused why you don’t seem concerned that you might injure Vicky. That doesn’t seem like how a boyfriend should treat his girlfriend.”

“Mister Canyer won’t accept that his woman has been touched by another man,” the man explained calmly. “Nor can he accept that his girlfriend is dating two men at once.” He turned to look at Vicky in

contempt. "There's no point in showing mercy to a woman like that, don't you think?"

Tyler did not waver. "If Noah doesn't want her, he can just let me have her."

"Tyler, Mister Canyer has his pride and wouldn't simply let a woman who toys with his feelings live. Just hand Miss Shaw over, and we won't hurt you."

"I don't know what Noah thinks, but I know that you're terrible at lying."

Tyler stared at the man and lifted an eyebrow. "Is your master so ashamed of himself that he doesn't dare to show his face?"

Despite the circumstances, Tyler did not lose his composure and remained as majestic as ever as he spoke.

The man's expression darkened.

Realizing that Tyler could not be fooled, the man decided to end his lies.

"Since you have it all figured out, why bother asking the obvious question?"

He turned to look at Vicky, who stood behind Tyler. "Miss Shaw, don't worry. Tyler isn't getting away today." He paused and smiled mysteriously. "We would've never found him without your help, Miss Shaw. Our master will definitely reward you for your effort."

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Before Vicky could respond, the man laughed and said, “Tyler, you should know what’s best for yourself. It’s not worth it to throw your life away over a woman who doesn’t even want you. Let her go.”

Tyler narrowed his eyes and gazed down at Vicky.

He was never a man who could be easily convinced and had his way of judging the world.

He only looked at Vicky because he wanted her to deny it, but she simply looked away.

The look in his eyes darkened, and his grip around her wrist tightened until it started to hurt.

Vicky dared not to look up or meet his gaze.

A few moments later, Tyler said, “Get out of my way.”

The man did not expect Tyler to be so insistent and frowned. “Tyler, why bother? There are plenty of women—”

Bang!

Before the man could finish, a shot was fired.

The man was clearly trained and managed to narrowly dodge the bullet as it flew past his cheek.

Terrified, the man instantly realized that the bullet would have hit his head if he did not dodge it in time.

Vicky’s heart sank, and she immediately looked up at Tyler.

Tyler stood expressionlessly, his eyes glittering with malicious intent.

“Tyler Hart.” The man glared daggers at Tyler. “Do you know what would happen if you kill me?”

“I don’t, but I know what would happen to the people standing in my way,” Tyler responded coldly and narrowed his eyes. “They die.”

“If you kill me, you won’t get out of here alive either!” the man gritted out.

“So what?” Tyler retorted before firing his gun again.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Three shots were fired at the man, and he swiftly dodged two only to be hit by the last bullet in the shoulder.

His hand that was reaching for his gun went limp, and his gun was instantly dropped.

He widened his eyes in disbelief at Tyler, marveling at how skilled Tyler was.

It had been Tyler’s intention all along to disable the man, so he held the man at gunpoint and said, “Get them to move.”

Tyler did not need to say anything and the man already knew that Tyler would kill him if he refused to move; Tyler only spared him to get the assassins out of the way.

When the man did not move, Tyler used his words against him and said, “I don’t know who you are, but it’s not worth it to throw your life away over a woman who doesn’t have anything to do with you, right? On the count of three, move out of the way, or I will shoot.

“One. Two.”

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Chapter 817**

Before Tyler counted to three, the man finally spoke out. "Move out of the way, guys."

His subordinates exchanged knowing looks and made a path, while Tyler dragged Vicky out of the crowd with his eyes trained on the man.

The man was a seasoned assassin, and Tyler knew that he could still grab the gun with his other arm. However, since the gun was on the ground, Tyler was more than capable of killing the man while he reached for it.

With that, Tyler and Vicky left under the watchful eyes of the group. Once they were gone, the man did not order his subordinates to go after them.

Just then, one of his subordinates walked over. "Eason, what should we do now?"

"They'll be found no matter where they go, so let them run. I need to get treated... Well, I guess we should send Vicky's old friend, Magnus over instead. Maybe she'll be more cooperative when she sees him," said Eason.

...

After getting rid of another group of assassins, Tyler finally ran out of ammunition and hid in an alley with Vicky.

The shadow cast by the moon loomed over his handsome features as he made a call to request help.

However, he was only in his early twenties at the time and did not have much power. After his company was destroyed, it was challenging for him to fend off the assassins.

Vicky stared at him dazedly and noticed that the wound on his arm was bleeding again after all the fighting.

Blood oozed from his wound and scrolled down to his hand on hers.

The scent of blood filled the air.

Beep... Beep...

The wait for the call to be answered seemed to scratch indefinitely, and Tyler's expression darkened with every moment that went by.

Just when the call was about to be dropped automatically, it was answered.

"Tyler."

"I have a problem here," Tyler whispered. "Send me a few men."

The person he called sucked in a breath. "There's a problem on my end as well... Our plan has been exposed, and my men reported that there are assassins all around our hideout spots. None of the places you arranged can be used, but Vicky might be—"

Before the sentence was finished, a gunshot was heard, and the call ended abruptly.

Tyler tried calling again, but the call was not answered.

Frustration emerged on his face as Vicky had never seen before.

Just then, they heard footsteps approaching, and Vicky paled at the realization that the assassins had caught up to them once again.

Tyler heard it as well and put his phone away before tightening his grip around Vicky's hand. "Let's go."

He was about to move, but Vicky remained frozen in place. He paused and asked, "What's wrong?"

She looked up to meet his eyes. “Do you really not see what’s going on, Tyler?”

He stared at her, silently waiting for her to continue.

She shook his hand off and said, “A man as smart as you should already know by now that I have a tracker on me. I am the tracker itself. As long as I’m with you, they’ll find us wherever we go.”

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“Just come with me first. I’ll figure something out,” replied Tyler as he reached for her hand once again.

Vicky backed away with a cold expression. “Do you really not get it? I purposefully let you kidnap me so that you’ll get caught, losing any chance to get back up on your feet.”

The look in his eyes darkened, and he muttered, “I don’t believe you.”

“So what if you don’t believe it to be true? It’s a fact. How else can you explain why your perfect plan was exposed, including your location? There can’t be that many coincidences.”

Tyler was a cautious man who would never make such careless mistakes, so Vicky was the only suspect for causing the failure.

He shot her a dark look. “I know that you have your reasons.”

“I do.” Vicky did not give him the chance to speak and continued, “I didn’t know how to get rid of you and someone happened to come to me, saying that they could help with that and would even pay me for it...” She looked up and met his gaze. “I’m born into a wealthy family, but the

offer they made me was simply irresistible, even to me. Tyler, what reason do I have to turn that down?"

His expression darkened. "Who came to you?"

"Does that matter?" she retorted.

"Did they force you to leave me? Is that why you broke up with me?"

She interrupted him. "Tyler, do you remember that you once said if people refuse to betray one another, it's because they aren't compensated enough for it? Everyone has a price, and no one can remain unwavering in front of temptation. I'm not a saint; I'm just like anyone else. Why should I leave simply because they asked me to? Why would I obey them? Even if they were forcing me to do this, why wouldn't I tell you about it?"

"Do I look like someone who'd get bullied without saying a thing? To tell you the truth, they came to me after I broke up with you. Technically speaking, we weren't together anymore. I only showed you kindness after that because I wanted to gain more from you one last time before leaving. Tyler, I don't know what secrets you are hiding, nor am I interested in finding out. I agreed to cooperate with their plan to avoid getting bothered by you..."

Vicky landed her gaze behind Tyler, and her tone hardened. "From now on, you won't ever get to bother me again." She then raised her voice and shouted, "Mister Hawthorne! Tyler ran out of ammunition, so you can take him away now."

An elegant-looking man strode out from a shadow with a faint smile on his face. "Thank you for your hard work, Miss Shaw."

Vicky stared at Magnus. "Mister Hawthorne, you promised that I'd be kept safe. That offer is still on the table, right?"

“Since you held your end of the bargain, anything we promised you will stand,” Magnus said. He pulled out his phone and made a phone call. “Transfer a hundred fifty million dollars into Miss Shaw’s account now.”

Though Vicky was born into a wealthy family, 150 million dollars was considered a big fortune that could sustain her for the rest of her life.

“My phone isn’t with me, so I can’t check. Can you show me the transaction proof?” Vicky asked.

“Of course.” Magnus gladly showed Vicky the proof of the transaction.

The screen of his phone shone brightly in the darkness.

Tyler made countless transactions to Vicky’s account when they first met, so he remembered her account number by heart.

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When his gaze landed on the account number, the light in his eyes dimmed.

Vicky sensed his despair and clenched her fists before loosening her grip and turning to look at Tyler. “Tyler, you still remember what I’ve done for you to get money when we first met, right?”

Tyler knew that she was in desperate need of money, and he had asked her why after they started dating. At the time, Vicky said, “I want to be free, and I need savings to achieve that.”

There was not a soul on earth that did not want money, and that was what Tyler used to believe.

However, it seemed challenging for him to accept it at the moment.

He stared into her eyes and moved his lips to speak, only to recall that he had nothing to offer.

He could not offer her what she wanted, and it seemed normal that she would want to leave as all relationships were based on mutual benefits.

Sometime later, he muttered hoarsely, "Vicky, you once said that you'd stay by my side no matter what..."

Promises were unreliable and could be broken at any moment, or contracts and laws would never exist in the first place.

Tyler had always thought that promises couples made to one another were ridiculous and he never believed in them. Hence, he never made Vicky any promise.

At this very moment, he finally realized that he had taken her promise to heart and was even attempting to make her stay with what he once laughed upon because he had nothing valuable enough left to change her mind.

Vicky chuckled sarcastically. "Tyler, don't you know that promises are nothing but words once love is gone? You know how cruel the world is, better than I do. Most people would gladly choose money over love." She handed the phone back to Magnus and said, "Mister Hawthorne, I want to know how exactly you're going to keep me safe. After all, he might come and kidnap me again."

"Don't worry, Miss Shaw. We'll continue to protect you in the days that follow. As for him..." Magnus glanced at Tyler with a smile. "He won't be able to come after you if he is locked up."

Vicky frowned. "How long will you keep him locked up?"

“That’s not up to me, but to the government here. He has injured enough people for him to remain in prison for a long time.”

After a few moments of silence, Vicky said, “It’s getting late. Send me home.”

“Sure.”

Just as Vicky was about to leave, she was pulled backward and found herself looking into a pair of bloodshot eyes.

“Vicky, I told you that you’re not going anywhere without me.”

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Magnus had not expected Tyler to be so obsessive to the point he would refuse to give up despite the circumstances.

After a few moments of silence, Magnus waved his men over. “Since Mister Hart here won’t give up, make him.”

The men crowded Tyler within a blink of an eye.

Though Tyler was a skilled fighter, he was outnumbered and had to protect Vicky, so he was instantly swarmed.

Nonetheless, his stubbornness surprised everyone.

He would rather be exposed to attacks than let go of Vicky. In the end, he simply gave up on fighting back and wrapped his arms around Vicky with all his might.

He would not dodge or attack when the men punched him, but he would react like an angry beast whenever someone tried to get Vicky out of his reach.

The men stopped eventually and turned to look at Magnus with resignation.

Tyler was simply too stubborn and would not let go even if they beat him to death. Unfortunately for them, they could not actually kill Tyler.

Even Magnus was at his wit's end and sighed inwardly at the realization that Eason had left the mess to him after getting shot once in the shoulder.

Tyler was severely injured at this point but managed to shield Vicky from all harm.

Magnus studied Tyler from afar and thought, 'It's hard to deny the fact that Vicky has betrayed him, so why is he still protecting her? Does he trust her that much?'

It was not until later on when Tyler ran out of strength and was captured that Magnus asked him about it, to which Tyler responded, "She's mine. I am the only one who can bully her. No one else is allowed to touch her."

Magnus could not help but wonder if that was what true love looked like.

At the moment, he felt as though he was at a crossroads as his gaze moved from Tyler to Vicky.

Vicky kept her head bowed, her long hair concealing any expression she might have; she was held like a soulless doll and did not resist, fight, or show any emotions.

"Miss Shaw," Magnus called out.

Vicky flinched at the sound and looked up at him with resignation as though she did not know what to do with Tyler.

The look in Magnus's eyes darkened, and he shouted, "Don't worry. We are going to save you from Tyler!"

Her lashes fluttered as she lowered her head once again.

Magnus glanced at his men again. "Carry on."

These men had seen all sorts of men but rarely saw a man who managed to put up with so much pain. They even started to respect Tyler.

Still, they could not disobey an order and resumed swarming Tyler once again.

Tyler continued to ignore them and focused on the woman in his arms. Just then, someone tried to pull Vicky out of his arms, and he narrowed his eyes darkly.

Anyone who dared to steal Vicky away would be shown no mercy, and Tyler would ruthlessly break their limbs.

Just as he was about to move, a sharp pain shot up his injured arm. He paused and looked down to find Vicky's fair, slim fingers pressing on his wounds to interfere with his movement.

He had been through countless dangers and experienced far worse pain in the past, so the pain he was suffering should not mean anything to him.