

Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Online Free - Chapter 821

However, the physical pain that plagued Tyler's arm was not as painful as the emotional pain in his heart. Vicky's beautiful hand was like a sharp knife, cutting his flesh little by little, causing his whole body to stiffen in pain.

Being at the receiving end of betrayal was inherently painful, but what was even more painful was being betrayed by a loved one when one was at their most vulnerable.

Magnus sighed inwardly and thought, 'No matter how many of my elite men I brought to take down Tyler, they'll never be as powerful as Vicky's womanly wiles.'

Seeing the opportunity, Magnus immediately signaled his subordinates with his eyes to take down Tyler. One of them immediately knew what he was hinting at and without a moment of hesitation raised his hand and swiftly brought it down on the back of Tyler's neck.

Even when he fell unconscious, Tyler still held onto Vicky's hand; he never let her go.

Magnus walked over to Vicky and asked, "Miss Shaw, are you okay?" Vicky did not answer him. She simply stared blankly at the unconscious Tyler while the image of him looking at her with eyes filled with shock and hurt before he ultimately passed out replayed in her mind.

Vicky never imagined she would live to see the day when she would come across that kind of expression in Tyler's eyes.

Magnus did not get upset when Vicky ignored him.

“Miss Shaw, let’s take you back now.”

Vicky closed her eyes and nodded lightly.

Just as she was about to get up, Vicky felt her sleeves tightened. Her heart skipped a beat when she instinctively looked down at the still-unconscious Tyler and discovered his hand was gripping tightly onto her sleeves.

She tried to loosen his grip, but alas, he was too strong. In the end, she failed to break free.

“Here, let me do it,” said Magnus when he saw her struggling. He took out a knife and cut off Vicky’s sleeves.

Tyler’s hand gradually dropped to the ground with the piece of fabric still clutched tightly in his palm.

Vicky’s eyes reddened. She hurriedly turned her head away, not having the heart to look at him any longer.

Magnus ordered his men to carry Tyler away, while Vicky was quickly brought back to her school.

She knew Tyler would not have the opportunity to see her anymore since he would be locked up, but then again, he might not want to see her even if the opportunity presented itself. After all, she was the one who shattered his heart into a million pieces.

...

Vicky went back to her peaceful albeit busy life of studying and working.

She never touched the 150 million dollars Magnus wired to her, even though she could not return it to him.

Another month passed in this way.

One late night, she just got off her shift and was locking up the cafe when she had a sudden strange feeling. She immediately frowned and looked around her.

Vicky did not know whether she was imagining things, but for the past few days, she kept having the feeling someone was secretly following her. However, every time she looked back, there was no one.

Suddenly, Vicky's phone rang. She took out her phone and saw the caller's name—Noah Canyer.

She answered the call. "Hey, Noah."

"Vicky, I just received news that not only did hypnosis fail to work on Tyler, but he also took the opportunity to escape! We don't know where he is now, but it's very likely that he'll look for you, so please be careful and try not to go out unless necessary."

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Before Noah could finish speaking, he heard a weird noise coming from the other side of the phone, and his call was cut off.

He tried calling Vicky again, only to be greeted by the sound of the automated voice message telling him that her phone had been turned off.

Noah was gobsmacked. "Oh, sh*t! I never thought Tyler would move so fast. He's crazy, absolutely crazy!"

He anxiously paced around the same spot over and over again with the phone in his hand.

Noah had ways of getting the latest news about Tyler, so had been keeping a close watch on him all this while. He heard that after Tyler was taken away, he was first locked up in a dark room for a week as punishment.

However, Tyler remained stubbornly obsessed after he was released from the room. Later, he was diagnosed as being mentally ill, so they administered electric shocks to his brain.

When Noah found out about this from his father James Canyer, he found the whole thing unbelievable instead of feeling happy.

“While it’s true that Tyler isn’t right in the head, he’s still the eldest son of the direct descending line of the Hart family after all. Aren’t they afraid that the electric shocks will fry his brain, or worse, kill him?”

James was known to have a fiery temper. He had been a soldier when he was young, and he firmly believed in the saying ‘spare the rod, spoil the child’.

He would not hesitate to discipline Noah if he was unruly. His anger made it hard for him to go easy on Noah, but deep down, he always saw him as his son. As a father himself, he understood where the Hart family was coming from, but he would never use an extreme method like electric shock therapy to discipline his children.

James shook his head out of pity. “Senior Hart was the one who ordered him to be locked up in the dark room, thinking Tyler would give in by doing that. However, after Tyler was released, instead of showing any sign of repentance, he became even more extreme. In the end, the elderly Senior Hart became so angry, he nearly had a heart attack and had to be hospitalized.

“Tyler’s parents had always preferred their adopted son over him, and now that Senior Hart is in the hospital because of him... Well, I’m not surprised they’d want to make him suffer as much as possible. He might be their biological son, but he hasn’t been back home for so long that their relationship with each other is practically non-existent.

“Tyler and his adopted brother have starkly different personalities. His adopted brother is obedient and filial, whereas Tyler is rebellious and stubborn. They probably wish they could wash their hands off him. In fact...”

Here, James scoffed. “I won’t be surprised if they use this opportunity to get rid of Tyler once and for all.”

Noah was shocked. “No matter how much they hate him, he’s still their son! How can any parents bear to get rid of their own flesh and blood? Why, that makes them worse than animals!”

“I heard Tyler’s adopted brother ordered someone to rough up his girlfriend, Vicky...” James looked at Noah. “The very same Vicky who is your junior at school, and who also happened to be the one who called the cops on me when she saw me beating you up.”

Noah was a little embarrassed. He cleared his throat and said, “She didn’t know you were my father.”

“It was a good thing she called the cops because I might’ve beaten you to death then,” said James, knowing that his anger always got the better of him.

However, he knew he would no doubt regret doing that once he had cooled down, and that was why he had nothing but gratitude toward Vicky.

After that incident, he realized he needed to change and had been trying to control his temper ever since then.

As for Noah, he did not truly take the whole incident to heart because having grown up being naughty, he had slowly become immune to his father's beating.

"What the hell is wrong with Tyler's parents? Why are they being so cruel toward him?" asked Noah.

"Putting Senior Hart into the hospital was only the tip of the iceberg. The tipping point came when Tyler crippled his adopted brother right in front of their parents once he found out his adopted brother had ordered someone to rough up Vicky," replied James.

"Crippled his adopted brother? In what way?" Noah asked hesitantly.

James glanced at him and said, "Let's just say his adopted brother will never get to enjoy his manhood again."

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A shudder coursed through Noah's body, and he could not help but curse, "Holy sh*t! This Tyler is ruthless."

'Thank heavens my manhood is still intact,' he thought after remembering the one time when he pretended to be Vicky's boyfriend. Just thinking of this sent a chill running up his spine.

"How could Tyler's parents not be angry when both their beloved adopted son and father have been sent to the hospital because of him?

So while Senior Hart was lying unconscious in the hospital, Tyler's parents began the so-called 'treatment' on him, but anyone with a brain

could tell that it was clearly a form of torture. I don't know any other specific details since I only found out by overhearing the discussion from the other Hart family members."

"And then what happened?" prompted Noah.

"It's not like Tyler's parents could kill Tyler there and then because, as you said, that'll make them no better than animals. Senior Hart values his bloodline more than anything in the world. Once he woke up from his coma and found out what happened to Tyler, he was so angry and so heartbroken. But..."

The expression on James' face turned into a sneer. "Even though Senior Hart thinks Tyler has potential, and he didn't want a progeny of the Hart family to be left wandering outside...it still doesn't change the fact that Tyler didn't grow up with the Hart family. As much as Senior Hart hates that Tyler and his adopted brother were swapped at birth, his own son will always trump his own grandkid when it comes to crunch time.

"Plus, nothing serious happened to Tyler during the electric shock therapy, so Senior Hart only reprimanded Tyler's parents and dropped it at that. After that, Tyler's parents must've gotten some inspiration from the electric shock therapy and decided to use hypnosis on Tyler."

"Hypnosis? What is their end goal by doing that?" asked Noah with a frown.

"They most probably want to erase the existence of Vicky from Tyler's memory," answered James. "It is said that he was very cooperative at the beginning. Those from the Hart family all thought that he was afraid of being tortured again, so that was why he was being submissive, and they even praised Tyler's parents for their ingenious ideas. But..."

James scoffed. "Tyler took this chance to escape."

Noah stayed silent for a long while. In the past, he had been at the receiving end of Tyler's beatings and underhanded tricks. However, after listening to what James told him, he could not help but feel a little sorry for him.

...

Vicky slowly opened her eyes, only to be greeted by darkness. She recalled being on the phone with Noah, but before their conversation even ended, a hand came from behind her and covered her mouth. After that, she lost consciousness.

She blinked a few times to wake herself up. Then, she tried to get off the bed but discovered that both of her hands and feet were tightly bound up in iron chains. It was impossible for her to sit up at all.

Her movement caused the iron chains to make a clinking sound in the quiet air. She became horrified when she heard the sound of footsteps coming from somewhere—her kidnapper had realized she was awake!

The only light in the room was a table lamp by her bedside. It was dim and unable to illuminate the whole room. The footsteps were getting closer and closer, and the face of the approaching figure became clearer and clearer until...

A handsome face fell into her sight. Due to the angle of the light, half of his face was hidden in the shadows, making it seem sinister.

Vicky's eyes became pinpoints.

"Tyler..."

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Tyler emerged from the darkness; his twisting tall shadow was reflected on the wall.

Vicky sensed something was different between the kidnapping this time and the kidnapping last time. Her palms became slicked with cold sweat as she stared at the approaching man with wavering eyes. She could feel a wave of oppression washed over her, and the temperature around her dropped to zero as he approached.

“You...” croaked Vicky. It was only then she realized her voice was hoarse.

“Are you surprised?” Tyler condescendingly looked down at her with cold, cold eyes. She had never seen him look at her like that as if she was nothing but a stranger to him. In fact, his eyes were even colder than the first time they met.

Tyler seemed to have changed a lot in a short month. He had lost a lot of weight, but apart from that, Vicky could not quite put her finger on the other changes Tyler had undergone as she had no idea just what kind of torture he had been put through.

Noah called her before she was kidnapped, but their call was cut short by Tyler. She could only vaguely remember Noah saying something along the lines of Tyler escaping from somewhere or something.

Tyler leaned down slightly. He looked at her with none of the usual warmth in his eyes.

“Did you really think it’ll be that easy to get rid of me?” asked Tyler.

Vicky could feel his icy breath on her face; the chill immediately seeped into her pore and traveled down to her heart. They were once lovers, but at this moment, they were nothing but strangers to each other.

His gaze was like a sharp knife cutting into her, so she quickly lowered her head to avert his eyes. However, he was having none of that. He roughly grabbed her chin and jerked it up, causing her to yelp out in pain.

There was a cold, sinister glint in his eyes. Every pore on his body seemed to be emitting an air of hostility.

“I told you. If I die, you die too,” said Tyler, enunciating each word clearly.

Vicky’s eyelashes quivered lightly, and she opened her mouth to say something but decided to swallow back those words.

Tyler waited for her to say something. His eyes became blood-red when he finally realized she was not going to say anything.

“Vicky, don’t you think I’m worth more than a hundred and fifty million dollars you’ve sold me out for?” He squeezed her chin tighter, and two red fingerprints immediately appeared on Vicky’s face.

She turned pale, feeling as if her lower jaw was about to explode.

“It’s pain—” She wanted to say something, but the pain prevented her from finishing her sentence.

Tyler’s eyes became colder when she stopped speaking.

“Why aren’t you talking? Do you have nothing to say to me?!” roared Tyler. Although he was not known to be a gentle person in more normal times, he was definitely not as rough and cruel as he was at this moment.

Vicky’s eyes began to water from both the pain in her heart and the pain in her body. Then, drops of tears flowed down the corner of her eyes, dripping onto Tyler’s slender fingers.

Tyler was startled by the cold, salty liquid falling onto the back of his hand. However, he soon returned to his icy self.

“Putting on an act, are we now?” he asked cruelly. “Vicky Shaw, I’ll never believe you again.”

Vicky remained silent while her tears never stopped gushing out of her eyes. It was only then Tyler realized that purple bruises were beginning to form on her skin, causing him to instinctively let go of her.

The pain subsided for Vicky, but still, she cried silently. She was never the type to wail and sob uncontrollably. Not knowing why, Tyler suddenly became anxious when he saw Vicky like this.

He swallowed back his anxiety and coldly said, “Stop crying.”

This only made Vicky lower her head to hide her tears.

“I said, stop crying! Didn’t you hear?” thundered Tyler impatiently.

“Tyler, why don’t you just kill me already,” pleaded Vicky tearfully.

Tyler grabbed her neck and snarled, “You don’t think I have that in my mind?”

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“Do it, then!” Vicky closed her eyes, her willingness to face death head-on apparent.

Tyler squeezed her neck tighter and tighter, making it harder for Vicky to breathe. Even with her eyes closed, she could feel Tyler staring coldly at her. She knew then that the man before her would be crazy enough to do anything.

Vicky was starting to feel like blacking out from the lack of oxygen as Tyler's fingers closed around her neck. Still, she did not put up a struggle; she quietly waited for death to claim her.

Suddenly, Tyler released his grip. A burst of fresh air immediately rushed into Vicky's lungs, causing her to cough violently.

"I'm not going to let you die that easily," said Tyler coldly.

Vicky wheezed and panted, and it took her a while to finally calm down.

She did not say anything, nor did Tyler.

The two of them stared silently at each other. The room was so quiet that one could hear a pin drop. Tyler sat on the bed and looked at her with his piercing eyes as if he wanted to bore a hole out of her.

After a while, Vicky could not take the silence anymore since she had never been the type to stay quiet for long. She looked around but could not see anything clearly because the table lamp did not give off enough light.

"What is this place? What time is it?" asked Vicky.

"Why should I tell you? So that you can escape or so that you can send a message to someone who can save you?" retorted Tyler with a sneer.

'Send a message to someone who can save me?' Vicky's pupils suddenly froze at the thought of something.

"The tracking device on my body..."

"Are you talking about this?" sneered Tyler, cutting Vicky off mid-sentence. He was holding an extremely small object with the tips of his fingers. It was so small that it would be hard to notice the object unless one looked carefully for it.

Vicky's face changed. "Where did you find that?"

Tyler scoffed. "You're really willing to do anything to get your hands on the hundred fifty million dollars, huh? I can't believe you hid a tracking device in your body."

"Inside my body?"

Tyler stretched out his hand and pressed it on the back of her neck. Immediately, she felt a sharp pain on the spot he was pressing.

"Agh! That hurts!"

"Oh, so now it hurts? Did you not think it hurt when you got it implanted into the back of your neck?"

Vicky simply stared at Tyler's cold face and said nothing. The Tyler before her had become so traumatized that every little thing could trigger him.

Tyler toyed with the tracking device with his fingers before he suddenly crushed it with his bare hand. He then threw the broken tracking device into the trash can.

"No one will be coming here to save you." Tyler stood up and towered over her like the grim reaper. "Vicky Shaw, you will never escape from me, for I will chase you to the ends of the earth."

...

The next day, the sun poured in through the window.

Vicky opened her eyes and noted that she was alone in the bedroom.

With the sun up, Vicky could finally check out her surroundings. Needless to say, the bedroom was decorated in the same way as the place where they were hiding before.

It seemed like no matter how Tyler changed, there would always be something that would never change inside of him.

At that moment, the door to the room swung open. Tyler came in with breakfast in his hand.

Vicky realized her hands and feet were still bound in iron chains. She was like a small wild animal kept captive in a bedroom...or to be more accurate, on the bed.

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“Eat this,” ordered Tyler coldly.

“I want to eat with my own two hands.” Vicky looked at Tyler. “Can you please untie me?”

Tyler scoffed. “So that you’ll have the opportunity to shout for help?”

“You’ll need to untie me sooner or later.” Vicky had calmed down a lot after a night’s sleep. “I’ll need to brush my teeth, take a shower, use the toilet...”

In short, it would be impossible for her to live her life out on the bed.

After a few seconds of silence, Tyler unlocked the iron chains on her hands and feet.

Vicky instantly felt her body lightened. She moved her wrist and ankle to shake off the soreness before turning to Tyler.

“Can... Can I take a shower?”

Tyler glanced at her and said nothing.

Vicky took his silence as consent and got off the bed cautiously. However, her feet had been chained up for too long, and they immediately went numb the minute they touched the floor.

She nearly fell to the ground, but Tyler caught her just in time. She did not even have the time to thank him before he scooped her up and carried her to the bathroom. Once there, he used his other hand to pick up some toiletries and, judging by his movement, seemed to be planning on helping her wash up.

Vicky's face became red hot. "You can put me down then. The numbness in my leg is gone..."

She had not reached the point where she could not take care of herself.

Tyler completely ignored her. He opened up a brand-new toothbrush, squeezed some toothpaste on it, and handed it to her.

Vicky was speechless. She silently took the toothbrush and started to brush her teeth under Tyler's watchful gaze. She could not help but feel uncomfortable to be stared at like that.

She would still find it weird even if they were an old couple who had been together for decades. In fact, it would be difficult to find anyone who would be comfortable being stared at by someone who was not doing anything else. Not to mention, Tyler's gaze had always been very penetrating, which only served to intensify Vicky's discomfort.

Vicky quickly finished brushing her teeth and asked hesitantly, "I need to use the toilet. Can... Can you please go out?"

Tyler looked down at her for a few seconds and finally put her down. Vicky only dared to relax after he had left the bathroom and closed the door behind him.

...

After breakfast, Tyler locked up her hands and feet in iron chains again. Vicky spent her time lying on the bed and staring up at the ceiling while Tyler sat on the chair beside the bed, reading a book.

The day passed quickly like this.

Except for lunch and dinner, when Tyler would go to the kitchen to cook, he would stay in the bedroom and read the rest of the time. All this time, Vicky would be confined to the bed and kept under his surveillance.

The next day came and passed the same way, and Vicky finally could not take it anymore.

“Tyler, can you at least untie me? It’s not like I can go anywhere with you watching me all the time. My body will start to rot if I stay in bed the whole day.”

Tyler put down his book and coldly said, “I thought we broke up already, so why should I care about what happens to your body?”

His words were like a thousand knives stabbing her heart, and she suddenly could not catch her breath. She lowered her head in a panic and stopped talking.

Tyler picked up his book and continued reading where he left off. However, not a single word entered his brain. He glanced at Vicky, who was lying listlessly on the bed, and thought she looked like a flower that was about to wither.

Before he kidnapped her, he had planned to chain her up to the bed just like what he was doing at the moment, so that she would not be able to go anywhere. He would break her legs if she tried to run away again.

He blamed Vicky for all that had happened to him—being forced to go back to the Hart family, being locked up in a dark room, and being subjected to various ‘treatments’.

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Chapter 827

However, Tyler started to get irritable again when he saw Vicky’s listless appearance.

Still lying on the bed, Vicky closed her eyes and was just about to fall asleep when she suddenly heard a click. Her eyes snapped open and saw Tyler unlocking the iron chains on her hands and feet.

‘Thank you,’ said Vicky softly. She was probably the first person to ever thank a kidnapper.

Tyler did not say anything.

Since she regained a sliver of her freedom, Vicky could not wait to get out of bed. She walked over to the window and stared out of the window.

Although the sun was shining outside, she could not clearly catch a glimpse of the scenery outside as the windows were outfitted with thick iron bars. So densely packed were they that Vicky could not even put one of her fingers between them.

Just when Vicky was trying to take a closer look, she suddenly felt a piercing gaze burning a hole in the back of her neck. Startled, she turned to look back, only to discover Tyler sitting on the chair and scrutinizing her sharply.

Vicky immediately turned her head around and walked away from the window. She was afraid that if she stayed a while longer, Tyler would think she was trying to escape or shout for help.

Tyler only went out when he needed to buy some food or daily necessities. When that happened, he would chain Vicky to the bed as if afraid that she would try to escape while he was gone.

As time went by, Vicky was slowly allowed to roam around the whole house. She was usually bored out of her mind, so she volunteered to take charge of their daily three meals. To this, Tyler did not comment. While he might not smile at her, he said fewer harsh words toward her.

One day, Tyler received a call.

The caller said something to him, to which he simply replied, "I'll be there right away."

He then got ready to go out. At that moment, Vicky was carrying their lunch out from the kitchen.

'Are you heading out?' she asked when she saw Tyler putting on his jacket.

"Yeah," he said after glancing at her.

'Do you want to have lunch first?'

'No.' His expression was indifferent. 'I'm in a rush.'

Vicky wanted to ask him what the urgent matter was about, but she was afraid that asking him would make him overthink, so she decided against it in the end. This time, Tyler did not chain her to the bed before he left since she had been showing that she could be trusted.

Plus, it would be near impossible for her to escape from the house, so it did not matter one bit whether or not he chained her to the bed.

When Vicky wandered around the house, she discovered that all of the windows, doors, and locks in the house were specially made. Not even a bullet could damage them, let alone Vicky herself.

Tyler entered the passcode to unlock the door and left in a hurry.

Vicky stood where she was; her eyes focusing on the slowly closing door. From her angle, she could accurately read the numbers Tyler had punched in.

Vicky had a good memory, so it was easy for her to remember the passcode. After lunch, she took a walk around the house, and for some reason, the string of numbers kept appearing in her mind.

Before she knew it, she found herself standing in front of the main entrance door. After hesitating for a few seconds, she convinced herself to give it a try and entered the passcode on the door lock.

Immediately, the door lock made a whirring sound before unlocking with a click.

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Chapter 828

Vicky was a little taken aback. The door opened!

She felt like she was dreaming when she peeked out at the empty corridor outside of the door. A cool breeze washed over her, bringing with it a freshness that she never experienced in the house.

Vicky took a deep breath and instinctively stepped out of the door. However, that was only as far as she got before she suddenly came to a halt. Her eyes revealed the hesitation she was feeling inside.

‘Tyler will never trust me again should I end up falling into his hands the next time...’ she thought.

Vicky had been locked up in the house for too long, and her longingness for freedom was like an irresistible temptation. Her heart began to beat faster with each step she took outside of the house.

She came upon a quiet and pleasant, though somewhat remote, courtyard. There were all sorts of green foliage and flowers. The afternoon sun fell on her, warming and comforting her. She closed her eyes and yawned lazily.

Vicky loved being in the courtyard. Everything was up to her taste. At that moment, she did not mind so much the idea of staying there forever. However, she could not help but shudder after that.

‘What was I thinking? It’s impossible for Tyler and I to get back together!’ she exclaimed inwardly. ‘Besides...’

She raised her hand and touched the back of her neck. ‘He’s already destroyed the tracking device found in the back of my neck, and we’ve been here for so long but no one has ever come to look for us. Does that mean...no one really has a clue as to where we are?’

Her heart started to beat wildly against her chest at the thought of that.

Vicky walked to the gate of the courtyard and carefully observed the surrounding environment. The residential area was sparsely populated; the distance between each courtyard was very far and no one was walking on the road outside the gate. She decided to take a walk around and then go back to the house.

After walking for about 10 minutes, Vicky started to head back to the house when a voice called out to her from behind.

“Excuse me, gorgeous, but can I have a moment of your time?” said the young man who appeared in front of her all of a sudden.

‘ And you are...?’ Vicky asked curiously.

The young man had a camera around his neck, dressed in a camouflage uniform, and was carrying a backpack. A hint of surprise appeared in his eyes the moment he saw her.

Seeing that he did not answer her question, Vicky warily took a few steps back and turned around to leave.

The young man immediately snapped out of his trance when he saw her leaving.

“Hey, don’t go! I just want to ask for directions.”

‘ Ask for directions?’

“Yeah, I’m lost.” The young man scratched his head in embarrassment.

“I’m a photographer who specializes in nature photography. I got lost while taking pictures of the beautiful scenery here. I tried to find my way back by using the map on my phone but found it difficult to get a sense of direction since nothing was marked on the map.”

“You can call someone for help.”

The young man showed her his phone. “The signal here is very poor. My phone barely has any signal at all.”

Vicky glanced at his phone and found out the young man was telling the truth.

The young man looked at Vicky and said, “I’ve been walking around for a long time but have yet to come across a single person. This might be a residential area, but it doesn’t seem like anyone is actually living in the houses. It wasn’t easy bumping into you, you know.”

Then, a sudden thought occurred to him. "I'm Monty. What's your name?"

Vicky did not answer his question but instead said, "I'm not very familiar with the place either. You should ask someone else for directions."

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Chapter 829

Vicky then turned to leave, prompting Monty to grab her wrist out of panic.

"Hey, don't go!"

Vicky's expression turned cold.

"Sir, please let go of me."

"There's no need for you to be afraid. I'm really just asking for directions. I have no other intentions. I—"

"Let go of me now!" Vicky interrupted.

"No, I can't do that. My phone is almost out of battery, and I'm not familiar with the place here. I might be stuck here forever if you leave..."

Vicky had completely lost her patience. She was about to put up a struggle when a cold voice sounded from behind her.

"What are the two of you doing?!"

Vicky immediately froze, and her face changed drastically when she heard the voice.

"Let me go!" she said as she instinctively shook off Monty's hand.

Monty, on the other hand, had not realized the gravity of the situation yet.

“Hey, what’s wrong? Are you feeling unwell?”he asked with surprise when he saw how pale Vicky’s face had become.

“I told you to let go of me!”

“And I’ve already told you I can’t let go.I can’t have you running away.I...”

However, Monty was pushed away by a strong force and kicked to the ground before he could finish his sentence.He stared blankly at the man who suddenly appeared in front of him.

“Who...Who are you?” he stuttered fearfully.

The man was tall and handsome.

No, it would be more accurate to say he had the classic good look of a Greek god.

However, he seemed to be surrounded by a cloud of gloomy hostility at the same time, not to mention those dark blue eyes of his that were as cold as icebergs, chilling him to the bone.

Tyler paid the young man no attention.His gaze was fixed on Vicky.

“I haven’t even left for a minute, yet you’ve already tried to run away?”

All the colors immediately drained out of Vicky’s face the moment she laid on him.

“No, I wasn’t trying to run away.It was just...I’ve been cooped up for too long and wanted to get some fresh air.I was on my way back when I bumped into someone asking for directions,” explained Vicky.

“Asking for directions? You call what the two of you were doing asking for directions?” Tyler asked with a faint smile on his face.

“Tyler, you’ve misunderstood. He wouldn’t let me go, and I was just—”

“Vicky Shaw, do you seriously think that I’m ever going to believe you again?” interrupted Tyler coldly.

His dark blue eyes were as cold as the deepest depth of the ocean.

“You have lost my trust the moment you stepped out of the house.”

“The moment I stepped out of the house?”

Vicky was keenly aware there seemed to be something off about those words.

“Wait a minute... How did you know that I stepped out by myself instead of me being rescued by someone?”

Even if Tyler misunderstood the relationship between her and Monty, she could not help but wonder how Tyler could be so sure that she was the one who opened the door.

Suddenly, Vicky’s eyes widened. She remembered seeing with her own eyes that Monty’s phone had no signal, yet Tyler only left the house because he got a call from someone.

Instantly, she understood everything.

“Tyler, were you testing me?”

“That’s right, and you didn’t disappoint me at all.”

Looking at Tyler’s handsome face, Vicky’s heart gradually became colder and colder. She should know better than anyone else just how cautious of a man Tyler was. He would never make such a foolish mistake as to let her find out the passcode to unlock the door.

However, the surprise of being able to get out of the house caused her to ignore all the little signs pointing to the whole set-up being a trap.

“Why am I not surprised to find out you’re willing to seduce just about anyone if it means you can get out of this place,” said Tyler darkly as the look in his eyes became colder and colder.

“Vicky Shaw, you have no qualms about doing anything for the sake of reaching your goal, huh?”

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Needless to say, the look in Tyler’s eyes was all the proof Vicky needed. He had indeed set the whole thing up to test whether she would escape.

Then, when she bumped into

Monty, he made up his mind that she was trying to seduce Monty to help her escape.

Vicky was a little disheartened. No amount of explanation she could give would ever convince Tyler of otherwise.

Tyler’s eyes became more sinister-looking when he noted Vicky’s silence. He grabbed her wrist and turned his attention to the stunned Monty on the ground. His eyes narrowed as he made his way over to him.

Vicky’s heart tightened when she saw the murderous glint in Tyler’s eyes. She instinctively grabbed his arm and said, “ Tyler, he’s just an innocent passerby.”

No matter how clueless Monty was, he could tell something was wrong at that moment.

“That’s right, that’s right! I’m just an innocent passerby! I never met this woman in my life...” He gulped, afraid that he would be killed if he said the wrong thing by accident. No one would be able to find his dead body in this godforsaken place!

Upon hearing Vicky’s words, Tyler’s eyes became even colder.

“The two of you just met, yet you can’t bear to part ways already?”

Although Tyler’s face was calm, Vicky felt a bone-crushing pain shooting up her nerves as he tightened his hand around her wrist. He was not as calm as he seemed; he was just good at keeping his emotions out of his face.

“What would Noah say if he knew that you’ve moved on so fast? Huh, Vicky?” Tyler’s eyes seemed to be ablaze. “I can’t believe you’ll even try to seduce a man like him. Is it because you’re just dying to be with a man after having gone without for such a long time? Just how many men have you seduced in the time I was gone?”

Vicky was stunned for a few seconds before she angrily said, “Tyler Hart! You’re being ridiculous!” She could not believe he said that about her, so much so she badly wanted to ask him whether or not he saw himself as a man.

For some reason, Tyler felt his chest heave sharply.

“Tell me! Did you or did you not seduce other men?”

“That’s enough, Tyler!”

Vicky just about had enough with him and was starting to really think he was crazy.

“You won’t say?” Tyler’s eyes began to gleam dangerously. * Very well. I guess I’ll just have to find out myself using another way.”

Tyler must have been blinded by so much rage that he completely forgot about Monty’s existence. He dragged

Vicky home by the wrist, and it was when he passed by Monty did he remember him.

He stopped in his tracks and turned his cold eyes toward Monty. The way he looked at him was as if he was the hunter and Monty the prey.

A chill immediately ran up Monty’s spine.

Vicky put herself between Tyler and Monty.

“Tyler, please calm down. He’s...” Vicky paused. “He’s not my type!”

As expected, this caught Tyler’s full attention. He turned his cold and ruthless eyes toward her. “He’s not your type?”

The way he looked at her made her scalp tingle. She quickly motioned for Monty to leave. She did not know how long she could stall Tyler.

Vicky decided to bite the bullet and said, “That’s right. I prefer guys like Noah...”

‘Sorry, Noah. I can’t drag anyone else into this mess, and you’re the best guy for the job since Tyler already thinks you’re my boyfriend,’ she thought.

Monty’s legs had actually become as weak as jelly, but his survival instinct finally kicked in, and he immediately scrambled away once Vicky successfully diverted Tyler’s attention.

Tyler’s eyes darkened when he saw Monty making his escape, but he did not chase after him.

