

## Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 841

Vicky remembered almost everything but knew nothing about the mysterious man.

A part of her memories remained lost, but that was related to the reason why she broke up with Tyler. She did not think that it concerned the mysterious man.

‘Can the man I ran into be the mysterious man who’s been helping me?’ she thought.

Just as she considered whether she should text or call the man she met before, her phone vibrated.

The man she met always contacted her with unknown caller identification, while the mysterious man who helped her multiple times had an actual phone number.

Though Vicky suspected that they were the same person, she decided to treat them like two separate individuals until she had proof.

Vicky opened the text message and jolted in shock as it was not from an unknown number but from the number she remembered to belong to the mysterious man.

[I thought you were never going to text me again.]

[What makes you think that?] Vicky replied.

[You’ve forgotten about everything, including me.]

Vicky’s expression darkened. [How do you know that I’ve forgotten about everything?]

[Because I've been watching you.]

Vicky paused before replying. [You still haven't answered my question from earlier.]

The mysterious man did not reply immediately until half an hour later.

[You are the only one who can tie him down.]

She tightened her grip around her phone and replied. [Why do you need me to tie him down?]

[Because there's something I need to do.]

[What are you trying to do?] She typed

A few moments later, she received another message.

[I can't answer that question, but since you're asking, I can tell you that this is the price you need to pay for all the help I've provided you in the past. It's hardly a big price to pay for you, right? After all, Harvey Sparks was in prison, and if you didn't marry Tyler, the Shaws would marry you off to someone else for their gain.]

Vicky stared at the text dazedly, and some time later, she sent another message.

[Last question. Have we met before?]

There was no response for a long time after that, which was what happened in the past whenever she asked about his identity.

He would often tell her that they were merely partners who worked together for one another's benefit. Still, she gained more from this mysterious individual than she had given.

When he suggested that she marry Tyler, she only hesitated for a moment before agreeing because Tyler was the best option she had at the time.

If she did not act in time, the Shaws would have married her into another big family to rise again.

Just when Vicky thought that she would not get any response, her phone vibrated, and she spotted a text message with only one word.

[Yes.]

...

In the afternoon, Vicky spoke with Cece on the phone and headed out toward the studio.

The recovery of her memories had exhausted her energy, so she soon fell asleep in the taxi after informing the driver of her destination.

She remained half-asleep for a long while and jolted awake shortly after.

She glanced outside the window to check where she was and paled when she realized that she was not on the way to the studio.

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Vicky glanced at the driver and took out her phone quietly. Her expression darkened when she noticed that she received no signal on her phone.

“Ms. Shaw,” said the driver. “Don’t worry. We won’t hurt you. We’re only inviting you over because Old Mister wants to see you.”

“Old Mister?”

“There’s a signal blocker here on the car, so don’t try anything, Ms. Shaw,” added the driver monotonously.

Vicky gazed down and confirmed that she could not make any phone calls.

10 minutes later, the taxi arrived at a mansion where someone was already waiting by the door.

It was none other than Magnus.

“We meet again, Ms. Shaw,” Magnus said.

She glanced at him and said, “I’m sorry, but I’ve suffered from amnesia and don’t remember who you are.”

Magnus was not at all offended and smiled patiently. “Allow me to introduce myself again, then. My name is Magnus Hawthorne.”

Vicky nodded wordlessly, and Magnus proceeded to guide her into the mansion.

The mansion exuded a quintessential oriental style with its winding corridors and picturesque scenery that resembled a painting. After a leisurely walk of about twenty minutes, Vicky found herself led to a secluded rear garden.

There, Magnus respectfully addressed the elderly man seated on a stone bench, “Sir, Ms. Shaw has arrived.”

The old man leaned on his cane, his gaze fixed upon the chessboard on the stone table. Without lifting his head, he said, “Take a seat.”

There was only one available seat, and it was right in front of the elderly gentleman.

Vicky stood still for a moment before taking her seat.

The old man had gray hair all over his head. Dressed in traditional attire, he exuded a sharp and lively spirit. He stared at the chessboard in front of him and spoke in a subdued tone, “Ms. Shaw, care to play a game?”

His voice carried an unquestionable air of authority that brooked no refusal.

Vicky glanced at the black and white pieces on the chessboard, realizing the two sides had reached a standstill.

As a lady from a prestigious family, Vicky had naturally dabbled in various arts including chess and calligraphy. Not only did she study traditional board games, but she also made international chess a mandatory part of her education.

Vicky's skills in chess were above average, but it had been a while since she last played, and she was a little rusty.

Casting a glance at the elderly gentleman before her, Vicky casually picked up a black piece.

As the game came to an end, Vicky was not surprised that she was defeated and looked up at the old man. "I lost."

The old man looked up and met her eyes for the first time. "Ms. Shaw, do you remember me?"

She studied his face and shook her head. "I'm sorry, sir, but I've lost my memories and have forgotten about a lot of people since then."

The old man's sharp gaze scanned her authoritatively before he proceeded to introduce himself. "Ms. Shaw, I'm Tyler's grandfather."

"Tyler's grandfather?" Vicky frowned. "Sir, are you mistaken?"

She had met Tyler's grandfather in the past and even participated in his birthday celebration before.

## **Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 843**

Senior Hart did not like her, so Vicky rarely visited him.

"I'm Tyler's biological grandfather. The one you met before isn't related to Tyler."

"Biological grandfather?" Vicky studied the elderly before her, feeling as though she had seen him before.

There was still a piece of the puzzle missing in her memories, and she had a feeling that Old Mister Hart might have something to do with her lost memories.

She recalled Magnus but had no memories of how she came to know him.

“You knew about Tyler’s background before you lost your memories. I don’t know if you’ve actually lost your memories or if you’re simply faking it, but I don’t mind explaining it to you again,” Old Mister Hart continued.

Vicky widened her eyes at the realization that she did not know about Tyler’s actual family background as Tyler had never told her anything about it.

“Does he...have another identity?” she asked hoarsely.

Old Mister Hart poured two cups of tea and said, “Ever since Tyler took over Hart Corporation, he practically rules over Stoneford City and even Zendonía. You know that, right?”

Vicky nodded.

Old Mister Hart smiled. “If on a scale, Tyler rules over Zendonía, then...my family rules over the world.” There was pride in his tone as he continued, “We are one of the top ten families globally.”

There were over 200 countries in the world, and Vicky could only imagine how powerful a family had to be that they could be ranked among the top 10 families in the world.

Tyler ruled over Zendonía, but globally, it would already be quite an accomplishment for the Harts in Zendonía to find themselves among the top 100 families in the world.

After all, there were countless powerful families across the globe. Even if there were only four major families in each country, that would amount to over 800 families globally, not to mention the fact that there were far more families worth mentioning in different countries.

She stared at Old Mister Hart and asked, “Why would there be such a drama over Tyler’s background?”

“Back then, Tyler’s adoptive and biological parents traveled to the same country and happened to have their babies in the same hospital. Because our last names are all Harts, the nurses made a mistake.”

“When did you find out about it?” she continued asking.

“Six years ago.” Old Mister Hart sighed. “Ever since Valencia gave birth to Tyler, her health suffered, and when we found out that we had the wrong baby, she was submitted to the hospital to be treated. Orion was worried that telling her about it would damage her health even further, so we delayed any action.”

Vicky did not know who Valencia and Orion were, but she could roughly guess that they were Tyler’s biological parents.

She had not met Tyler six years ago, so she asked, “Does Tyler know?”

“I’ve gone to see Tyler before, so he does.”

“How did he react?”

“He showed no emotions.” Old Mister Hart gazed into the distance. “I looked into Tyler before meeting him and found out that his relationship with his adoptive parents wasn’t exactly harmonious. They almost seemed like...strangers.”

Vicky lifted an eyebrow.

She knew that Tyler was not close with his adoptive parents because they did not even bother calling when Tyler fell ill and was admitted to the hospital.

“What are you saying, then?” she asked.

Old Mister Hart turned his attention back to her with a mysterious look in his eyes. “Tyler’s actual parents didn’t know that Lincoln was someone else’s son, so they cared for him with everything they had, so why would Tyler’s adoptive parents be so cold and distant with him? Babies get mixed up sometimes, but why would it happen specifically to us?”

“Are you saying that...it wasn't an accident but a plot all along?”

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A contemptuous look appeared on Old Mister Hart. “That Hart Family wasn't doing so badly in Stoneford City but was hardly significant when you look at the entire country. They weren't even comparable to the power Tyler possesses in the present, let alone being compared to our family. If they send their son into our family and their son manages to inherit a part of the wealth...”

He paused and continued, “Even if it was just a one percent share, that'll give them more than they had ever owned. Who wouldn't want that?” What Old Mister Hart said seemed to make sense, but Vicky remained skeptical. “That's just your theory. What if the nurses actually made a careless mistake?”

Old Mister Hart took a sip of tea. “First of all, the doctors and nurses involved in the incident had all gone missing or died. We couldn't find a single witness. Don't you think that's odd? Also, I've already found the truth about the car accident Tyler's adoptive parents ran into.”

Vicky's heart sank. “I thought they ran into a car accident on their way to sign a business contract?”

“The contract part is true, but...” Old Mister Hart narrowed his eyes sharply. “They weren't on the way to a business partner but to their biological son.”

Vicky jolted in shock. “Are you saying that...”

“The Harts faced bankruptcy at the time. They had spun their web for long enough, and it was time for them to harvest the results. That was the perfect timing for them to reach out to their actual son, don't you think?”

“What about the car accident? Was that not an accident?”

Old Mister Hart smiled. “There aren’t that many coincidences and accidents in the world. Most of them are just staged.”

At the time, she had broken up with Tyler, which meant that Tyler’s adoptive parents knew all along that Tyler was not their son.

A horrifying thought emerged in her mind. “So, they were...”

“Lincoln has always been a sweet child. Valencia and Orion love him dearly, and Valencia especially cares for her son.” Old Mister Hart poured himself another cup of tea. “When Lincoln was still a child, Orion ran into an accident and fell unconscious for face years. Valencia was left alone with her son and was bullied by the other members of the family. To survive, she even sold the company share Orion owned to others. Had she not done so, she and her son would’ve been swallowed whole by their relatives.”

The Shaws were hardly comparable to the Harts in terms of power, but as an orphan, Vicky knew just how complicated things could be in a wealthy family. The bigger the family, the more conflicts would arise. She stared at Old Mister Hart. “What about you? Did you not protect them?”

“I could protect them for a day or a year. Maybe I could protect them from harm until the day I die, but what about after I retire or die? You should know that the scheming and plotting wouldn’t stop as long as they possessed the company’s share. They’d still be isolated and bullied at places where I can’t see. They’d only be safe once they lost everything that others wanted.”

Old Mister Hart looked at Vicky intently. “It’s the same thing with who you date or marry. Once you get with someone beyond your league, others would do their best to attack and undermine you. Valencia didn’t have the ability to utilize the share she had, so she could only give it up to

protect her son and husband. Ms. Shaw, you...were in a similar situation.”

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Vicky fell quiet for a while before blurting out, “Was that the excuse you used to make me break up with Tyler?”

Old Mister Hart was taken by surprise at first but soon started chucking. “Made you? I guess you’ve truly lost your memories, Ms. Shaw. No one made you. You chose this path on your own.”

“I don’t believe you.”

“That’s the truth. You were the one who came to me, begging for help.”

Old Mister Hart smiled. “This is a big family, and Tyler isn’t exactly a necessary addition. When I said that I wanted to bring him back into the family, over half of the family members protested, including...” He sighed. “Including Tyler’s biological parents. Regardless, I don’t think the blood of the Harts should stray out there, so I took Tyler back despite all the voices telling me against it.”

Old Mister Hart was one of the most influential people in the world when he was young but was old and plagued by conservative beliefs and thoughts, so he valued blood above all.

“I’ve allowed Tyler to do anything he wanted and get wherever he wanted. Do you think you could marry Tyler otherwise?”

Vicky had not remembered everything about the past, so she did not believe in every word Old Mister Hart said. After all, the truly cunning ones would hide their lies in the truth, making it difficult to detect.

Vicky glanced at the chessboard on the table.

Old Mister Hart seemed approachable but was ruthless when it came to chess.

She knew she could not possibly rival such a man, so she changed the subject. "You still haven't talked about the car accident."

Old Mister Hart nodded. "Five years after Valencia gave up her share, Orion woke up. When he found out that his wife had remained by his side throughout the time when he was unconscious and raised their son to be obedient and kind, he felt like he owed his family a great deal.

Valencia and Lincoln relied on one another for years, so Lincoln was even more important to Valencia than her own life. She doesn't need him to be successful and only wants him to have a peaceful life. Lincoln had been behaving as though he had no ambition and didn't catch the eyes of other members of the family for years. Even I was fooled."

Vicky frowned. "So...he was just pretending to be meek and unambitious?"

"Yes." Old Mister Hart sighed. "By the time I realized what happened, he had already recovered the share Valencia sold and even obtained the support of a few family members under my nose."

Vicky's heart sank. "That means that you want Tyler to return to the family because you need him there to keep Lincoln in place, right?" The talk about blood and lineage had all been nothing but excuses. After a few thoughtful moments, she said, "So the car accident Tyler's adoptive parents ran into back then was either the work of Lincoln or Tyler's biological parents. Is that right?"

Old Mister Hart shot her an impressed look. "You've grown smarter, Ms. Shaw."

"Old Mister Hart, who exactly is the culprit?"

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Chapter 846**

“If I’m not mistaken,” Old Mister Hart said, “Orion and Valencia are probably responsible for it. Valencia loves Lincoln to death, and Orion feels guilty for what happened to his wife when he was unconscious... He knew that Valencia would fall apart if Lincoln returned to his actual parents.”

Old Mister Hart’s words left Vicky frustrated.

If Tyler had indeed gone to the wrong family as a result of a scheme, he was the biggest victim.

Lincoln grew up being loved by his parents, and his adoptive mother treasured him with everything she had even after learning that he was not her biological son.

Tyler, on the other hand, did not have a good relationship with his adoptive parents, and they did not even bother calling when he fell ill.

More precisely, they probably did not even know he had fallen sick. Tyler’s background played a great part in constructing his personality. Though Old Mister Hart said he did not want his blood relative to stray outside, he did not truly care about Tyler.

Vicky figured that Old Mister Hart noticed Lincoln’s ambition and was concerned that Lincoln might end up with the Harts’ inheritance, so he wanted Tyler back to distract Lincoln.

Tyler had never been loved by his adoptive parents, nor did his biological parents want him back. Even his grandfather wished to use him.

Vicky’s heart ached for Tyler, and she began to look down on Old Mister Hart.

“What about Tyler? Do they really not care about their real son?” Old Mister Hart frowned at the mention of Tyler. “After learning the truth, both Orion and Valencia felt sorry, and when Valencia recovered enough to travel, they went to see Tyler. However... Tyler was far too cold and

distant. Some things happened after that, and their relationship with Tyler simply worsened.”

Vicky chuckled darkly. “Cold and distant... Are those excuses for parents to not love their son? If they truly want Tyler to return to them, why wait this long?”

Old Mister Hart was not offended by her comment and smiled. “You’re right. Those are nothing but excuses. However, it’s a fact that Tyler and his parents struggle to bond. To be honest, I wanted to support Tyler throughout the years, but he wants nothing to do with us. Still, even if he doesn’t want anything, his existence alone will cause others to target him. Ms. Shaw, do you understand what I’m saying?”

Vicky kept her eyes on Old Mister Hart. “I don’t suppose that you’re telling me all these for no reason, right?”

“You knew these before you lost your memories, so I’m just informing you once again.”

“What would you like for me to do, Old Mister Hart?”

“Nothing.” Old Mister Hart toyed with the white pieces on the chessboard. “I only want you to know that humans have never ceased fighting amongst themselves over benefits, even when they’re supposed to be a family. I’ve witnessed what Tyler is capable of over the years, and even in my family where everyone is talented, he’s considered one of the very best. If he truly wants to inherit the family business, Lincoln won’t stand a chance. However, he doesn’t have a sense of belonging toward his family and is rebelling against his parents, so the more we try to prevent him from doing something, the more insistent he’d be to do it.”

Old Mister Hart looked Vicky in the eyes. “Including marrying you. Everyone, including Tyler’s parents and myself, was against him marrying you.”

“Are you trying to imply that Tyler married me to piss you off?” Vicky asked.

“After all the pain you’ve caused Tyler, do you really think he’d marry you for love?”

Vicky clenched her fists.

“Ms. Shaw, whatever love he felt for you vanished the moment you poisoned him,” Old Mister Hart added.

Vicky flinched, and it took her a few moments to find her voice once again.

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“Has the poison...been removed?”

“He wouldn’t be alive now if it hadn’t been removed.”

Vicky bowed her head and whispered, “I didn’t poison him. I don’t really know what...happened, but he didn’t believe me...”

No one would believe her, and up until this very moment, she had no idea what actually happened.

“I believe you,” Old Mister Hart said.

She gaped at him in disbelief. “Y—You do?”

He smiled. “Apart from your birth and status, I do admire you, Ms. Shaw.

You’re smart, decisive, and composed. You’re made for greatness.

You’ve come begging me for help for Tyler’s sake, so why would you turn and poison him?”

Vicky stared at Old Mister Hart with a conflicted look, and for a man as sharp as Old Mister Hart, he instantly guessed what she was thinking.

He lifted an eyebrow. “Why? Did you think that I called you here to break you and Tyler up?”

“Yes.”

He chuckled. “I like how honest you are.”

Old Mister Hart's behavior had completely taken Vicky by surprise as she thought that he would threaten her. To her bewilderment, he was rather kind and gentle with her.

As she lowered her head thoughtfully, Old Mister Hart took the opportunity to ask, "Ms. Shaw, did you really lose your memories?"

Her heart raced, and she looked up abruptly at Old Mister Hart. There was a faint smile playing on his lips, but his gaze was as sharp as an eagle.

She started to sweat, and that was when Magnus hurried over to whisper a few words into Old Mister Hart's ear.

Old Mister Hart lifted an eyebrow but did not seem surprised. "He sure is fast," he said. "Let him in. None of you can stop him, anyway."

Magnus bowed respectfully before leaving.

As soon as Magnus was gone, Old Mister Hart smiled at Vicky. "Tyler is here."

Vicky glanced at her bracelet and realized that there was a tracker in it as the mysterious man claimed. Otherwise, Tyler would have never been able to find her so quickly when the signal of her phone was blocked.

"Since Tyler is here, I suppose...we'll have to end our conversation here," said Old Mister Hart. "I enjoy our conversations, Ms. Shaw.

Please drop by to chat with this pitiful old man whenever you're free."

Just then, they heard footsteps approaching, and when Vicky turned around, she saw a familiar towering figure storming toward them.

Tyler's expression was frosty, and his lips were tightly pursed as he approached them with an intimidating presence.

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Chapter 848**

Old Mister Hart stared at Tyler and said, “Ms. Shaw, Tyler’s parents will be here in Stoneford City soon, so be prepared. They aren’t as easy-going as I am.”

Vicky scowled at the mention of Tyler’s biological parents. “If they didn’t want me to marry Tyler, why didn’t they stop him back then and come here now instead?”

Old Mister Hart narrowed his eyes. “They had been occupied trying to cure Lincoln, so they didn’t have time to come here. Now that Lincoln is cured, they finally have time to check on Tyler.”

“Cure him?” Vicky asked. “What’s wrong with him?”

Before Old Mister Hart could respond, Tyler had already arrived before them.

Tyler ignored Old Mister Hart completely and scanned Vicky up and down sternly, relaxing when he noticed that she was unharmed.

He then turned to face Old Mister Hart. “Old Mister Hart, is there a reason for you to abduct Vicky and bring her here?”

He was not rude but was hardly respectful. His tone was distant as though he was not talking to his grandfather but a complete stranger instead.

Judging from the way he addressed Old Mister Hart, one could tell that he did not see Old Mister Hart as family.

Old Mister Hart sighed. “Tyler, I’m still your grandfather. What would others think if they heard you calling me Old Mister Hart?”

“Is there something else you need? If not, I’m taking Vicky home with me,” Tyler said coldly.

“Vicky is your wife. Isn’t it normal for your grandfather to meet with his granddaughter-in-law?”

‘Granddaughter-in-law, huh?’ Vicky thought. ‘He sure makes it sound great when he’s been addressing me ‘Ms. Shaw’ the entire time. I hardly think he thinks of me as his granddaughter-in-law.’

Old Mister Hart might seem kind and approachable but was pretentious in nature and was skilled in getting others to let their guards down. “Tyler, regardless of what happened, Vicky has married you and is a part of our family. Your parents are furious that you got married without letting them know. I was told that they’ll be here in Stoneford City latest by tomorrow.” Old Mister Hart sighed. “Vicky has been married to you for years, so it’s about time for you to tell her about your background... She wouldn’t even know what she’s dealing with once your parents arrive.” Sometimes, words could cut as sharply as knives, just like the ones Old Mister Hart was saying.

It seemed reasonable to assume that Tyler did not truly take Vicky as his wife, or he would not have kept the truth of his birth from her. Vicky could tell that Old Mister Hart was trying to divide her and Tyler but felt depressed regardless as he was merely telling the truth.

Tyler’s expression darkened. “Tomorrow?”

“Yes. I heard that they are bringing Aria Everly here with them as well.” Old Mister Hart shot Vicky a pointed look. “Aria was once your fiance, after all...”

Before he could finish, Tyler interrupted him and said, “The engagement was arranged by the Harts, not me. I’ve never agreed to it.”

“Without Aria and her family, you would’ve died from poison five years ago. Do you have any idea how precious the antidote they provided you was? It can’t even be bought with money. The Everlys saved your life,” Old Mister Hart said sternly.

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“About your birth.”

Tyler scanned her expression and asked, “What else?”

“That’s all.”

“Are you sure?”

“What exactly are you implying?” Vicky frowned. “Is there some kind of secret you don’t want Old Mister Hart to tell me?”

Tyler shot her a half-smile. “Secrets? I figured...that you know just as much as I do.”

She felt chills down her spine at the thought that he might have noticed that she had regained her memories. “What do you mean?”

He stared at her unblinkingly. “You’ve met Gloria, haven’t you?”

Vicky relaxed slightly but tensed again in the next moment. “... No.”

“She’s been rescued just now.”

On their way home, Tyler answered a phone call that lasted only for a few moments. He said a simple ‘alright’ before hanging up.

‘Was that a phone call informing him that Gloria was taken away?’ she thought.

“I thought you said that she went away to be alone. Why would I see her anywhere?” Vicky asked calmly.

“Don’t think that no one would know what happened so long as you cut off the surveillance cameras and erase your track, Vicky.” His eyes darkened to the point that there was no light in them. “Did you think that I won’t know where you’d been if you left the bracelet at home?”

Vicky’s heart sank, knowing that Tyler must have found out about what she did.

“Fine. I did go there and I did see Gloria, but why would you lie to me to begin with? Don’t tell me that you were keeping her there as your lover.”

“The hospital can’t deal with her depression, so I have to,” he said calmly.

“And that requires locking her up?”

“You know how frequently she gets abducted. She’s unstable; she could wander off and get kidnapped again if I don’t lock her up.”

Had Vicky not seen how Gloria was 'treated', she would have believed in Tyler's explanation.

"If that's the case, is there a difference between her being treated by you or Harvey?"

"There's no difference at all."

She stared into his eyes. "So it doesn't really matter to you whether I've met with her or not, does it?"

"That's right."

Vicky relaxed slightly, but he then added, "I don't care that you met Gloria and informed Harvey about it. I'm just curious as to how you found her. Who erased the surveillance footage for you and got you off that bracelet?"

"... Who else can help me here in Stoneford City apart from Alex and Harvey?" she spoke.

Alex had been captured by Tyler, so Harvey was the only one who could help her.

"It wasn't Harvey." Tyler smiled coldly. "I know what he's capable of. Besides, he hasn't sent his men to search for Gloria at all, so how can he happen upon that place?"

Vicky's lashes fluttered. "You caught Alex, and when Harvey found that mansion, he thought that it was Alex who was locked in there..."

"Harvey might not be that much of a man, but he's helped you multiple times and was your fiance once. Don't you think it's cruel of you to blame it all on him when someone else is responsible?" Tyler seemed to have recalled something unpleasant, and his expression darkened. "Vicky, do you just kick people out of your life as soon as they are of no use to you?"

Startled by the look in his eyes, Vicky backed away, and Tyler was instantly provoked by her action.