

Read *Loving You In Secret* by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 861

Valencia, who was sitting in the living room sipping her tea, looked up and frowned at Tyler's impoliteness. Just as she was about to speak, Orion—who was beside Valencia—gently shook his head at her.

Suppressing her dissatisfaction, Valencia forced a smile.

“Tyler, why have you come?” she asked.

Over the years, Tyler's visits to them had been few and far between. Valencia had always held resentment toward Tyler, but because Lincoln was still recovering from his illness, she had to temporarily cast her frustration aside.

Since Lincoln's health had improved, the addition of their biological son meant that they had gained an additional competitive edge in the competition for the Hart family's inheritance.

Tyler glanced around the living room and said coldly, “Where is Vicky?” Valencia's smile froze for a moment, but she replied in a gentle tone, “I happened to run into Vicky at the exhibition, so I invited her here for a chat. Vicky left just a while ago. Didn't she tell you?”

Since Vicky was caught removing her bracelet the night before, she did not bother hiding it anymore and left the bracelet at home.

Before receiving Harry's phone call, Tyler had assumed Vicky was resting at home. Unexpectedly, she was taken away by his biological mother.

“Her phone is turned off.” Tyler's chilling gaze fell upon Valencia. “Hand Vicky over.”

Valencia could no longer contain the expression on her face. “Tyler, I am your mother. It's one thing not to address me upon entering, but do you

really have to speak to your mother with this tone? Is this how you treat your parents?"

Tyler's voice was cold as ice. "Just release Vicky. I don't want to embarrass you."

Valencia turned pale with anger and almost fainted. "Tyler, despite all the wrongs she has done, why did you still marry her and bring her home? That woman is full of lies. If it wasn't for her, you and Lincoln wouldn't be in a fight. She's the root cause of the discord between you and your brother!"

Valencia's words were abruptly interrupted by Tyler's indifferent tone.

"Where is Vicky?"

"Tyler, you..."

Orion held Valencia's hand, preventing her from speaking, and said to Tyler, "We've only recently learned about your marriage to Vicky. We only came to Zendonía to see her. She left half an hour ago." After a moment's pause, Orion continued, "There are surveillance cameras at the entrance. If you don't believe it, you can review the footage."

Tyler replied calmly, "In that case, retrieve the surveillance footage."

Orion instructed a servant to retrieve the footage.

10 minutes later, the servant brought over all the surveillance footage. Orion was not worried that Tyler would find out that Vicky was brought here against her will and started playing the footage from the moment

Vicky was brought into the mansion.

However, since the pavilion was considered a private corner for Orion and Valencia, there were no surveillance cameras around the area.

10 minutes later, Vicky's fumbling figure appeared on screen again. Her hair draped over her face and her expression was unknown, but Tyler could instantly recognize that it was Vicky.

She stepped out of the mansion and out of the range of the surveillance cameras.

After that, Orion said, “Well? We haven’t lied to you, have we?”
Tyler’s expression darkened and said to Orion and Valencia, “Since Vicky isn’t here, you two shouldn’t mind if I get my men to search the mansion, right?”
Valencia and Orion both paled.

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Tyler’s intentions were clear: He did not believe what Valencia and Orion said, even if there were surveillance cameras present.

Valencia was devastated. “Tyler, we’re your biological parents. How could we harm you? You witnessed everything that woman did to you in the past... How could you forgive her so quickly? She wanted to kill you!” As Valencia spoke, tears welled up in her eyes. However, Tyler paid no attention to her.

He turned his gaze to Harry, who was waiting outside, and said, “Search the place.”

Harry had worked for Tyler for several years, but he never met Tyler’s biological parents.

He glanced curiously at Orion and Valencia.

Tyler’s features resembled Orion’s to some extent, indicating their blood relation. Valencia and Orion both came from affluent families and exuded extraordinary grace and elegance.

Harry quickly averted his gaze and led his team to conduct the search.
40 minutes later, Harry returned.

He walked up to Tyler’s side and whispered, “Mister Hart, we’ve searched the mansion thoroughly, but we haven’t found Missus Hart.” Tyler furrowed his eyebrows. “Have you searched the warehouse and the basement?”

Harry nodded. "We searched them meticulously and even deployed search dogs, but we still found nothing."

Tyler fell into silence.

Just then, Orion spoke up, "Tyler, you've seen the surveillance footage, and the search has been conducted. Do you still suspect that we've detained Vicky?"

The team Harry brought for the search was professional, equipped with search dogs and specialized detection equipment. Even if Vicky was hidden three feet underground, they would have found her. Since they searched twice and still could not find her, it was highly likely that she was not in the mansion.

"Your wife is resourceful and managed to get in touch with your grandfather back then. She even managed to persuade your grandfather to help her... Pretending to go missing would be a piece of cake for her." Orion sneered. "Not long ago, when Vicky was invited here, your mother did indeed cause her some grievances... Maybe Vicky is harboring a grudge and intentionally disappeared, wanting to sow discord between us again?"

Tyler did not fully believe Orion's words. However, he then thought about the mysterious man he could not get any information about.

The look in Tyler's eyes darkened at the thought.

He only knew that the man was young and quite handsome, but beyond that, he knew nothing.

Despite having his people investigate the man's identity multiple times, they came up empty-handed because the mysterious man had erased his trace thoroughly.

Tyler did not say another word to his parents and simply told Harry, "Let's go."

Without bothering to look at his parents again, he turned to leave.

Tears welled in Valencia's eyes. "Look at him. He won't grow close to us no matter what. He didn't chat with us nor did he bother saying goodbye to us before leaving... Is he our son or our nemesis?"

Orion's eyebrows furrowed in displeasure, but the memories of past events brought his anger down.

"When you tortured Tyler back then, did you think of him as your son or your nemesis?" he asked.

Valencia was instantly at a loss for words and argued weakly, "He was the reason that Father was rushed to the hospital and he injured Lincoln. I was just too angry, and..."

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"Even if you were frustrated, you should've never done that to Tyler... He's still our son, after all. What kind of mother are you to electrocute your very son?"

"He was under the spell cast by that vixen, Vicky! I wanted to help him! If I truly wanted him dead, I could've just had to do so. Why would I bother doing all those things that would only make me look like the bad guy here?"

Orion shot her a conflicted look and sighed heavily. "Valencia, just because you never said anything, doesn't mean Father doesn't know. He simply chose to turn a blind eye to what you did because you didn't end up killing Tyler."

Valencia looked away. "I... I didn't do anything that bad to Tyler..."
"You locked him up in a cage with no food for days, shone bright lights on him to keep him from sleeping, and tortured him with all sorts of

devices that wouldn't leave marks... Do you take Tyler for a fool who doesn't know resentment? He just doesn't talk about it."

"H—How do you know about all that?" Valencia blurted out before covering her mouth.

Orion was on a business trip at the time and did not have any involvement in her actions. When he returned home to find his wife causing a mess, he took all the blame to prevent Old Mister Hart from punishing Valencia.

He shook his head. "Valencia, nothing can remain hidden forever. Father knew about all the things you did to Tyler."

Valencia bowed her head. "... I only meant to teach Tyler a lesson and didn't want to hurt him, but he hasn't shown us any respect from the start, and I was already frustrated about that. After what he did to Lincoln...I only wanted him to apologize, but..." Tears welled in her eyes. "He didn't think he did something wrong. Forget apologizing. He didn't even beg for mercy. I know how hot-tempered I can get, so I..." After being married to her for so many years, Orion knew Valencia like the back of his hand and asked, "And then? Did he apologize?"

Valencia's lips trembled, and she stammered, "That child has a stubborn bone. Throughout it all, he never thought he did anything wrong... He never apologized."

Orion's brow furrowed once again. "So, in Tyler's heart at that time, that woman he was with was more important than his biological parents?" 'If that is truly the case, then that woman...was undoubtedly a calamity!'

Orion remarked inwardly.

...

Vicky was awakened by a splash of cold water on her.

Tyler's parents had indeed insulted her, but they had let her go in the end. However, her captors had taken her phone, and since the place

was secluded, Vicky had only walked a short distance before someone knocked her unconscious and carried her away.

After opening her eyes, Vicky realized she was locked in a cage. The surroundings were dark and cold with only a dim, yellowish light bulb providing a faint glow.

Vicky turned her head and saw a figure standing outside the cage. Her pupils contracted sharply as she muttered, "It's you..."

It was the servant who slapped her.

Vicky came to realize what was happening. "Mister and Missus Hart deliberately let me go, creating the illusion that I had already left to deceive Tyler, is that right?"

The servant stood outside the cage, smiling faintly. "You've gotten smarter compared to five years ago, haven't you, Ms. Shaw?"

"Five years ago? You saw me five years ago?"

"Yes, back then, you were very young; just a naive and innocent girl. So easily fooled. There was no need for tricks or mind games, and you wisely chose to leave Tyler on your own."

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Vicky tightly grasped the icy iron bars. "Do you know the reason Tyler and I broke up?"

"I heard you lost your memory, and I guess it's true," the maid said, standing against the light, her expression obscured by darkness.

"Ms. Shaw, back then, you were truly too naive and were completely deceived by Missus Hart. You thought she'd treat Tyler well and love him...but you couldn't be more wrong."

She took a few steps back, surveying the cage before her and whispering softly, "Back then, Tyler was locked in a cage by Missus Hart,

just like you are now..." A peculiar smile appeared on her face. "You painfully sacrificed your love and broke up with him, unaware that you were pushing him into a treacherous abyss and a realm of despair."

Vicky was shaken. "What are you saying?"

The woman crouched down to meet Vicky's gaze, her voice slow and gentle. "Mister Tyler suffered a great deal here... Missus Hart was afraid of leaving any evidence, so she couldn't resort to obvious means. To torture him, she devised various cruel methods... First, she had someone lock him in the cage, depriving him of water, food, and sleep. Every time he was about to fall asleep, she'd turn on the basement lights and shine them on him. But you see, without water and food, a person will die. Upon someone's suggestion, Missus Hart came up with other methods..."

The woman smiled slyly. "Missus Shaw, have you ever heard of the phrase 'ice and fire'?"

Vicky's fingers trembled. "What is that?"

"Missus Hart had many blocks of ice brought in. She made Mister Tyler wear minimal clothing and set the air conditioning to the lowest temperature. When his body reached its limit, she switched to 'fire', where she dressed Mister Tyler in the thickest clothes, lighting up the surrounding fireplaces to blow hot air at him... This repeated cycle is called 'ice and fire'."

Tears welled up in Vicky's eyes, feeling as though a hand had tightened around her heart.

'Is that the actions of a mother? No! It's the act of a demon!' she thought. "You don't need to feel guilty, though," the maid continued. "You wouldn't be able to outmaneuver Missus Hart when it comes to scheming, even now. Old tricks work the best. Women involved in the power struggles of a prestigious family cannot remain kind-hearted. Leaving Tyler was the right choice for you." She straightened her posture. "However, why did

you wade into this troubled water again? Ms. Shaw, forgive me for being blunt, but without the support of a powerful family, you have no significance in the Hart family except for being a burden to Mister Tyler. Furthermore, you've become his weakness. Now that everyone in the Hart family knows of your existence, focusing their efforts on you would be the quickest and most effective way to bring Mister Tyler down... You're just an ordinary person who shouldn't have gotten involved in the first place."

Vicky stared at her dazedly. "Who are you? Why are you telling me all this?"

"That doesn't matter. The important thing is that..." The woman glanced around and lowered her voice. "Someone asked me to help you."

Vicky flinched. "Who?"

"That doesn't matter either. I'm telling you all this because I need you to hang on until someone comes to your rescue."

Vicky was reminded of the mysterious man and asked, "The person who's trying to help me... Have I met him before?"

The maid nodded. "Do you know why Missus Hart made a scene to humiliate you?"

"She thinks that I caused the differences between her and her son and resents me for that."

"Be that as it may, that's not entirely true for today's circumstances," the maid said. "There is no surveillance footage of her slapping you, but Mister Tyler should be able to find out about that soon. The more humiliated you were, the chances that Missus Hart would come after you again afterward would be slimmer. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

Vicky stared at her. "Because she's already vented her anger, is that what you're implying?"

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“Yeah.” The maid nodded. “Mister Tyler searched the entire mansion and didn’t find you anywhere, so his attention will be drawn elsewhere.”

“Do Mister and Missus Hart plan on killing me?”

“They want to but are both hesitant about it. Right now, they don’t want to worsen their conflicts with Mister Tyler. If they kill you and Mister Tyler finds out, he might not stop at severing all ties with the Hart Family...

Who knows what cruelty he’ll be capable of?”

Vicky frowned and wanted to argue but decided against it in the end.

“I can’t stay here for too long. If Missus Hart finds out that I’m a spy, I can only imagine what’ll happen to me,” the maid continued. “She doesn’t want Mister Tyler to find out about any of this, so no one is allowed to get out of the mansion. All communication devices have been confiscated, so I can’t seek help from the outside world for you.”

She glanced at her watch and sped up her speech. “The most dangerous place is often the safest as well. You’ve been transported back to the mansion, and it’s all up to the odds whether Mister Tyler can find you in time. Ms. Shaw, hang in there.”

...

For three whole days, Vicky was confined in the dark basement. Orion and Valencia had only come once and, upon hearing from the servant that a surveillance drone had been discovered around the premise, they did not stay a moment longer and hurriedly left.

Since then, no one had set foot in the basement again.

The light in the basement had long since gone out, leaving the surroundings devoid of any glimmer. Enveloped in complete silence, she lost all sense of time.

In a daze, she pondered if Tyler, just like her, had felt despair and helplessness back then.

She arrogantly believed that she had done the right thing when in truth, she was the one who pushed him into the abyss.

She was the true culprit, after all.

The maid had come once and given Vicky some water and food, hoping it would sustain her for a while. However, she could not visit Vicky frequently or bring too much for fear of arousing Valencia's suspicion. Vicky dared not eat too much at once, telling herself that she must hold on until Tyler rescued her.

She was determined that she would apologize to him when they reunited once again.

What he had done to her back then did not even come close to what he had endured, and the most terrifying part of all the horror was that the people who had inflicted the most harm on him were his parents and Vicky herself.

Lost in these thoughts, Vicky's consciousness gradually grew hazy...

For the past three days, Tyler had been unable to find any trace of Vicky's whereabouts.

There were moments when he even absurdly entertained the thought that Vicky had eloped with another man. After all, the mysterious man who had been secretly helping Vicky had remained elusive. With the mysterious man's abilities, it would not be too difficult to spirit Vicky away without him noticing.

Tyler had barely rested and he found himself leaning back in his office chair, unknowingly drifting off to sleep.

In his dreams, he relived events from long, long ago.

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“Tyler, I agree to leave with you... I like the ocean, so let’s settle down somewhere near the ocean, okay?”

“Can you remove my cuffs? I want to design our home.”

“How does this design look? Do you want to make any amendments?”

Vicky put up a great act and appeared to be dreaming of their future together, so Tyler eventually started envisioning their lives together as well.

He had always been composed and realistic, so he was never one to fantasize about the future.

He let his guard down and found himself drowning in the idealistic picture she painted for their future, only to find out that everything was merely an act.

She escaped when he went outside and came close to truly getting away.

He was furious like he never was before, in a way that he had never felt even when he was tortured by his mother.

When Tyler caught her once again, Vicky stared at him with despair in her eyes.

“Why does it have to be me? Why?”

Tyler never asked why things were the way they were and had not considered what prompted him to be so obsessive over Vicky, so he was stunned by the question.

‘Why, indeed?’ He thought at the time. ‘Why does it have to be her? Is it because of love? But love is fickle and cheap. She once claimed to love me, yet when she left me, she showed no trace of reluctance.’

Tyler never proclaimed his love for Vicky, but he never thought of parting ways with her.

At that time, he pondered for a long time about his obsession but could not make sense of it until he overheard a certain passage somewhere after a considerable time had passed. 'She was the only light in the darkness, providing warmth, dispelling the shadows, and introducing him to many things he had never experienced before. However, that flickering light eventually extinguished and vanished into the boundless darkness.'

Knock, knock, knock!

Just then, the sound of knocking woke him up. The person outside seemed to be in a rush and barged in without waiting for him to respond. "Mister Hart, I've re-watched all the surveillance videos... Since Missus Hart left the estate, she hasn't appeared again. I'm not sure if she managed to avoid the surveillance cameras, or..." Harry's face also showed signs of exhaustion. He had been working tirelessly, foregoing proper rest.

The terrifying thought that something bad might have happened to Vicky prevented Harry from finishing the sentence, and the look in Tyler's eyes darkened.

He remained silent for a while, absentmindedly tapping the table with his slender fingers, producing a dull sound.

After some time, he suddenly stood up. "Gather a team and come with me to the Harts' mansion."

Harry was taken aback. "We've already searched there last time, and Missus Hart wasn't there..."

"That was then." Tyler's eyes were as cold as an abyss. "If she was transported elsewhere, there's no reason why we couldn't find any trace of her."

"Could it be that your parents lied, then?" Harry asked.

That mysterious person who helped Vicky last time, no matter how powerful they were, could not secretly transport someone away without anyone in Zendonía noticing.

A faint, chilling smile appeared on Tyler's lips. "That's the only possibility."

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The night was as dark as ink when the door to the mansion flew open.

Before the guards had time to react, they were all restrained by the intruders.

Tyler glanced at Harry and ordered, "Gather everyone in the mansion. Quickly."

Harry instantly realized that Tyler wanted to prevent anyone from leaving through the secret passages.

Everyone who worked for Tyler was professional and quick on their feet.

Soon, every person in the mansion was gathered in one place and guarded.

Orion and Valencia, who were informed about the intrusion, hurried over.

"Tyler, how dare you barge into your parent's house in the middle of the night like this?!" Orion questioned furiously.

Tyler shot them a cold look. "I'll ask you one more time: Where is Vicky?"

Orion and Valencia both guessed why Tyler was there and managed to keep their composure.

Valencia frowned. “How would we know where she is? You didn’t believe us and searched the mansion once before, didn’t you? What do you want now?”

“I think you know what I want.” Tyler stared at Orion and Valencia as though he was merely looking at two strangers. “Hand Vicky over right now, and save yourself the embarrassment.”

Though Orion felt guilty toward Tyler, he was still infuriated by Tyler’s attitude at the moment.

“Tyler, is this the way you should treat your parents?” Orion’s voice was as cold as frost.

“Will you willingly hand her over, or do I have to search for her myself?” Tyler questioned coldly.

Orion’s breath hitched as he knew very well that Vicky was currently being held in the mansion.

‘If we let Tyler search the mansion...’ Orion thought. ‘No way. We can’t let him.’

Orion’s expression grew serious. “Tyler, we cooperated when you tried to search the mansion last time. Vicky isn’t here, and you know that. Your mother is in poor health. Have you considered her well-being when you barged in here causing a commotion so late at night?”

“If you want to rest, hand her over already,” Tyler said.

Orion grew frustrated. “I’ve told you! Vicky isn’t here!”

Tyler lost his patience and turned to Harry. “Grab the others and start searching.”

Before Harry could leave, a figure stood in front of everyone.

“Tyler, are you really willing to go to such lengths to the point of hurting the relationship between you and your parents, all for the sake of one woman?” Valencia stared directly into Tyler’s eyes.

Indeed, Tyler’s actions seemed to indicate a disregard for his own family.

The couple before him were Tyler’s biological parents.

Though time had changed, anyone who showed disloyalty and disrespect toward their own parents would still be universally condemned, and Tyler's actions were clearly immoral.

Instantly, all eyes were on Tyler, and even Harry stopped to look at Tyler for instructions hesitantly as continuing to search the mansion would invite criticism.

Once news of Tyler's disrespectful actions toward his parents spread, his name would be forever tainted, greatly affecting his future chances of inheriting the Hart Family's wealth.

Tyler's expression darkened, and his lips curled into a cold, disdainful smile.

He spoke coldly, "Harry, what are you waiting for? Didn't you hear what I said?"

A flicker of disbelief flashed in Valencia's eyes, and her voice became sharp. "Tyler, are you truly willing to sever ties with your parents for the sake of that woman?!"

Tyler's lips parted slightly to respond when hurried footsteps interrupted. Harry's subordinates brought a maid with them.

"Mister Hart, all the staff in the estate have been gathered except for this maid who was acting suspiciously. I found her running off somewhere, so I brought her here."

As soon as Orion and Valencia saw the maid, their expressions changed drastically as they recognized that it was the same maid who was supposed to transport Vicky elsewhere.

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There were secret passages in the mansion, so none of them understood why the maid was found.

Before Orion and Valencia could comprehend the situation, Tyler was already standing before the maid.

“Everyone was gathered in the yard, so where were you going?” he asked.

The maid kneeled on the ground, panicking. “I... I...”

“Speak up.” Tyler narrowed his eyes sharply.

The maid trembled under his glare and glanced at Orion and Valencia for help.

Tyler instantly caught onto the look she directed at the couple and glanced at Harry, who immediately stepped forward to stop the maid from looking at Orion and Valencia.

“Miss, you should know that you’re in Zendonía, as well as who it is that rules over this land.” Harry’s voice was soft but steady, so everyone could hear him. “Missus Hart has gone missing right now, and if Mister Hart finds out that someone knows Missus Hart’s whereabouts yet fails to report it...do you really need me to spell out the consequences for you? Naturally, if you come clean now, I can ask Mister Hart to show you mercy, but if you refuse to speak and we end up finding Missus Hart here, well...” He scanned every face around him and said, “No one here can escape punishment!”

Orion and Valencia were Tyler’s biological parents, and he might not do anything to them. However, the remaining people were just servants, and Tyler would not think twice before punishing mere servants.

Moreover, they were all in Stoneford City, not Molivia, and Orion and Valencia were in no position to flaunt their power. Going against Tyler and kidnapping his wife would be a suicide attempt.

Before Valencia and Orion could issue a warning, the maid panicked and spoke hastily, “I’ll talk... Mister and Missus Hart instructed me to transfer Ms. Shaw to another location, but I hadn’t entered the secret passage when Mister Tyler’s men arrived. I thought I could hide and head to the

basement when no one was looking, but I was discovered before I could do so...”

As they listened to the maid’s confession, Valencia and Orion were so enraged that they almost fainted.

“Where is the basement? Take us there,” Harry said.

The bodyguards immediately lifted the maid by the arms and pushed her along to find Vicky.

Valencia and Orion’s expressions instantly darkened.

...

Though Vicky could sustain herself for a few more days with the food and water she was given, the basement was cold and damp, and her body alternated between chills and fevers, so she soon developed a high fever.

Her consciousness gradually grew hazy, and she had a dream that she never had before.

She was brought to a vast building by the maid who had slapped her but also helped her; It resembled the architecture of ancient palaces.

They walked for a very long time until the maid stopped in front of a courtyard and said casually, “Here we are.”

Vicky glanced at her and entered the serene and elegant courtyard. The courtyard was filled with all sorts of exotic flowers and plants that Vicky had seen before, and she knew that each of these plants was valued in the thousands. The worth of the plants in the courtyard alone amounted to millions.

Even the Shaws, one of the top noble families in Stoneford City, could not possibly afford such extravagance.

As Vicky walked closer to the garden, she heard the sound of women talking and soft laughter.

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Vicky stopped and glanced around before spotting the elegant ladies sitting under the pavilion in the distance.

Vicky stepped over and the ladies immediately stopped chatting to stare at her in contempt.

One of the women said, "Are you Vicky Shaw?"

Vicky looked at her. "Yes. And you are?"

The woman lifted her chin with a prideful look on her beautiful face. "I'm Tyler's mother."

Vicky jolted in shock.

Tyler rarely mentioned his parents, and all Vicky knew was that his relationship with them was astringed. She also knew that the status of the Harts had been falling in recent years.

Sensing her confusion, Valencia said, "I'm Tyler's biological mother. The couple you're probably thinking of is merely his adoptive parents."

Vicky was shocked for a few moments but soon accepted it.

'It's no wonder that Tyler isn't close with his parents. So they aren't related after all,' Vicky thought, feeling happy for Tyler as she thought that this was Tyler's chance of being loved by his true family.

"Aunty Hart, does Tyler know about this...?"

Vicky's words were interrupted by Valencia's scolding voice. "Ms. Shaw, please address me as Missus Hart!"

The smile on Vicky's face froze, as it was evident that Tyler's mother did not seem to like her very much.

Suppressing her disappointment and sadness, Vicky forced a smile. "I apologize, Missus Hart."

The other beautiful women sitting nearby looked Vicky up and down, whispering to each other. "Missus Hart, your son's taste cannot be

condoned, don't you think? This girlfriend of his lacks manners and proper etiquette. She can't even stand properly..."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk! I heard she's an orphan from a small family... With such a background, how can she be a good match for your son?"

"The disparity is too great. If words about this get out, your family will become a laughingstock..."

The women chattered on without a care for Vicky's presence.

Vicky's heart sank at the realization that Valencia had likely summoned her here to end the relationship between her and Tyler.

To her bewilderment, Valencia did not immediately suggest a breakup.

Instead, she gave a brief introduction of the Hart Family's status and influence, and said, "Although your social status does not quite match ours, Tyler is still my biological son, and he has suffered out there for so many years. Since he likes you, there's nothing much I can do about this situation. However..."

She shot Vicky a side-long glance. "The Harts are far more superior when compared to your small, puny family. To avoid future embarrassment for Tyler and us, you'll first have to learn etiquette from me."

Valencia remained prideful, but she did not seem to reject Vicky entirely, which came as a pleasant surprise for Vicky.

Naively, she believed that as long as she worked hard to change and met Valencia's standards, Valencia would gradually come to accept her.

Vicky was reluctant to give up on Tyler and was determined to work as hard as possible.

With that thought in mind, Vicky nodded earnestly. "I understand, Missus Hart. I'll make an effort to learn."

At that time, Tyler was still dealing with his company's crisis. After consideration, Vicky decided to wait until she gained Valencia's approval before telling him about what happened.

However, what she did not expect was that Valencia's words were not meant to approve of her but rather to make her realize the gap between her and Tyler, forcing her to give up willingly.

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Vicky's status was not considered low, but compared to the Hart family, the difference was indeed immense. Even with the support of her family, she was hardly worthy of being wed to the likes of Tyler.

During that time, Tyler was busy resolving his company's crisis, so they rarely saw each other.

As a result, Vicky was constantly invited by Missus Hart to accompany her, under the guise of teaching Vicky proper manners and etiquette. In reality, she did not learn much about etiquette, and Missus Hart simply took her to numerous banquets and social gatherings.

At first, Vicky thought Missus Hart wanted to broaden her horizons, but as she faced more and more ridicule and gossip, Vicky finally realized the truth.

Missus Hart was a force to be reckoned with and managed to hide her true intention all along. Despite all the difficulties, mockery, and grievances, Vicky did not admit defeat. She silently endured and kept herself from mentioning any of the events to Tyler.

"Vicky. Vicky..." A deep and melodious voice echoed, sounding as if it came from beyond a distant dream.

Vicky's eyebrows quivered as she broke free from her slumber. She opened her eyes and beheld a handsome and noble face, familiar enough to bring her solace. At that moment, he gazed at her intently, his deep-black eyes mirroring her figure.

It felt as if she traveled back many years within an instant when he once looked at her with the same gaze. Feeling a lump in her throat, she abruptly threw herself into the man's embrace, unable to hold back her tears.

Tyler remained stunned for a few seconds before instinctively holding her delicate and frail frame.

Over the years, she had seldom been affectionate toward him, let alone initiating any form of intimacy with him. Even after her memory loss, any affectionate gestures she made toward him had always had ulterior motives.

Tears dampened Tyler's white shirt as he gently patted her back, his eyes showing a tenderness that even he failed to notice.

"It's alright now, everything's going to be fine," he muttered.

It was a rare, tender moment, and the others stared at the two from afar without a word, refraining from interrupting. However, at that very moment, Orion and Valencia entered, breaking the tranquility with their words.

"Oh my, how did Vicky end up here?"

The tender atmosphere dissipated in an instant.

Vicky lifted her head and, through tear-filled eyes, saw the middle-aged couple. Her pupils contracted, and she unconsciously clenched onto Tyler's shirt.

Sensing Vicky's unease, Tyler stood in front of her, blocking their line of sight. His gaze swept lightly over the approaching couple. "I was about to ask you two why Vicky is here," he questioned.

Orion and Valencia had both come up with an excuse as they imprisoned Vicky.

"We did let Vicky go. We have witnesses and surveillance footage to prove that, but..." Valencia looked at Vicky in surprise. "Vicky, why are you here? Do you know that Tyler has left no stone unturned here in our

house, searching for you? I did humiliate you when I invited you here, but if you're upset with me, you could've told Tyler or talked to me about it. There is no reason for you to go into hiding... Do you have any idea

how much Tyler has suffered in the past few days?"

Valencia attempted to blame it all on Vicky, implying that Vicky was hiding on purpose to frame Tyler's parents for her disappearance.

What the maid said popped up in Vicky's mind in the past and she thought to herself, 'What kind of parents are they?'

Tyler sneered coldly. "Why do I recall that maid saying that you two were the ones who gave the orders to transport Vicky here?"

Harry immediately brought the maid over.