

Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 871

Orion glanced at the servant and said, "Tyler, your mother and I had no idea why she'd say something like that. Besides, she's brought from the Harts' old mansion...so who knows, she might be a spy sent by another relative to drive a wedge between us."

Although Vicky was found here, the words of a servant alone were not enough evidence to pin the crime on them. What could Tyler do to them as long as they denied, denied, denied it repeatedly? No matter what, they were his biological parents, which meant they could do no wrong. There was nothing Tyler could do even if they killed Vicky. If he did, he would be labeled as 'the unfilial and ungrateful son' for the rest of his life. Tyler narrowed his eyes, which were overflowing with coldness. He was about to say something when he felt someone tugging on his arm. He turned around just in time for Vicky to pass out gently into his arms. Tyler drew his lips into a thin line and lifted Vicky. Then, he took one glance at Orion and Valencia before wordlessly striding off.

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The night air was cool and quiet.

Tyler carried Vicky into the car parked by the door, and not long after,

Harry sat in the driver's seat.

"To the hospital, Mister Tyler?"

"No. Back to the mansion, and ask the doctor to wait there for us."

Harry was a little shocked, but he did as Tyler instructed. After getting off the phone with the doctor, he started the car engine.

Tyler looked down at Vicky and said softly, "How long are you going to keep up your act?"

Harry looked up at the rearview mirror, only to see Vicky slowly opening her eyes.

She was a little puzzled. "How did you know I was pretending?"

"Oh, please. The more accurate question is what don't I know about you?" said Tyler coldly.

Vicky was speechless for a few seconds. Then, she sat up. However, Tyler was not going to let her go just yet. He held her tightly to his chest and looked deeply into her eyes with some kind of emotion she could not quite put a finger on.

Vicky lowered her head. "I'm sorry. I just didn't want you to keep fighting with them."

The fact that Orion and Valencia dared to say what they said meant that they must have removed all traces of their crime. Besides, even if they were truly the culprits, what did it matter? She was only locked up for a few days, and nothing happened to her during that time.

No matter how unfit they were to be parents, they were still Tyler's parents. As their son, he would never do something that would hurt them. However, as their parents, they could do whatever they want to Tyler and called it their right as a parent.

Vicky could not help but worry whenever she thought of how cruel and vicious Tyler's parents were. Besides, he would surely be criticized by others if he was ninjanovel.com to have an all-out fight with his parents under the watchful eyes of everyone there. This would not bode well for either Vicky or Tyler since the more he was criticized, the easier it was for them to have something to hold over Tyler's head.

Tyler looked at Vicky's pale, haggard face. "Regardless of whether you're thrown into the mix, some fights are bound to happen between a parent and a child."

Vicky understood the underlying meaning of what he said. She raised her eyebrow and asked, “Does that mean that, apart from me, you and your parents have conflicts about other matters, too?”

“Of course. Conflicts are inevitable once their adopted son is involved,” replied Tyler, who absent-mindedly raked his fingers through her hair.

“Vicky, do you know why they didn’t just kill you?”

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Vicky looked up at Tyler and answered, “Because...I’m your wife?”

Tyler laughed. “Wrong. It’s because I’m still useful to them.”

“How are you still useful to them?” asked Vicky with a puzzled expression on her face.

“I can help their adopted son to successfully get the position of being the heir to the entire Hart family’s fortune.”

Vicky was a little taken aback. “They want you to help him? But aren’t you their real kid...?”

“So what?” Tyler asked back indifferently.

Vicky fell silent.

Tyler was right—what did it matter that he was their biological child? He had long been labeled as the ‘rebellious one’, and it was all because of her. If she was not in his life, he would not have been hated by his parents nor would he have to suffer through so much torture.

This new knowledge made Vicky feel as if a giant boulder was pressing against her chest and making it hard for her to breathe.

Since Vicky did not continue the conversation, neither did Tyler.

Vicky—who on account of being locked up for so long—was feverish.

The emotional shock of seeing Tyler had subsided, leaving her feeling sleepy and cold.

Tyler noticed her trembling, so he hugged her tighter. Instinctively, Vicky began to struggle even though she had no energy left. Her resistance made Tyler's eyes darken because he realized she would only be nice when she needed something from him.

"We've done everything a married couple does, so why are you still acting like we are strangers?" asked Tyler coldly.

Vicky knew he had misunderstood her. "I'm dirty...and I'm worried that I'll get your clothes dirty too," she said softly.

She had been locked up in a dirty and cold basement for the past several days without a chance to shower, and only god knew what bugs had been crawling all over her.

Tyler had always been a clean freak, so she was afraid of dirtying him. Tyler's face softened after having heard her explanation. "It's fine," he said lightly.

However, a woman would always want to present her best side to the man they loved. Therefore, Vicky could not imagine just how unkempt and unsightly she must have looked at the moment. Even though they were husband and wife, she was still embarrassed to have him see her like that.

She lowered her eyes to avert his gaze, thinking that as long as she did not look at him, she could pretend he was not looking at her either.

'Yes, this is how it must be,' she thought in a bid to comfort herself.

However, Vicky's evasive behavior made Tyler very upset.

"Vicky, are you disappointed at the fact that I was the one who got you out of there?"

"What?" She looked up at Tyler. "Why would I be disappointed?"

"Because you were hoping for a certain someone to save you instead."

"Who are you talking about?"

Suddenly, she remembered the maid standing in the crowd smiling at her when Tyler carried her away.

That maid was very likely to work for the mysterious person, but who exactly was the mysterious person?

Tyler became even more upset when Vicky made no response. Instead, her mind seemed to be elsewhere. He thought she must be thinking about that mysterious person again.

All of a sudden, he lowered his head and bit down on her lip harshly. The pain pulled Vicky out of her thoughts. She turned around only to be met with a pair of deep, dark eyes.

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“You...” Vicky did not even have the chance to get the rest of her words out before Tyler kissed her aggressively.

Vicky’s eyes widened in shock. She wanted to tell him to stop, but all of her words had been forced back into her throat by Tyler to the extent she could not even make a peep.

At first, she still put up a fight, wanting to push him away. However, not long after, she gave in to his kiss. She no longer struggled or resisted. Instead, she let Tyler do whatever he wanted to her, and the two of them devolved into an interlude of tongue and moans and sweat and hands. Harry—who was driving the car—broke out in cold sweat. The gas pedal was pressed to the limit, and because they came in a hurry, the car they had chosen did not have a privacy glass partition that separated the front and back seats of the car.

Tyler was totally out of control as if he wanted nothing more than to devour Vicky then and there.

‘Please don’t. Please don’t. Please don’t.’ Harry repeated the same phrase mentally. He knew how possessive Tyler could be, and he was

sure Tyler would gouge out his eyes if he even saw as much as a little of
Vicky's skin.

Harry had not forgotten how harshly Tyler dealt with the guy who lusted over Vicky. Tyler would rain down his revenge on any guy who so much as glanced at Vicky covetously. In fact, Noah—still lying in the hospital—was the best example of just how Tyler would go to keep any man from
looking at Vicky.

How did Harry know all this? Well, he was the one who carried out
Tyler's order.

Just when he was thinking about abandoning the car, Tyler finally
stopped what he was doing.

Tyler's chest heaved unsteadily, and his breathing was erratic. The way he looked at Vicky made his eyes seem ablaze with undisguised
aggressiveness and possessiveness.

Vicky knew that look very well. After all, that was how he always looked at her during the year he kept her imprisoned in the room. Even though she loved him very much then, she nonetheless felt only horror at being
stared at all the time.

At that time, she desperately wanted to run from him, so she had no choice but to lie to him. Unfortunately, her plan to escape failed. What was even worse was that he lost his trust in her after that and began to watch her more closely. His mood became even more volatile, and his
attitude toward her became stranger.

Sometimes, she would wake up in the middle of the night and find that he was still wide awake. He would simply be sitting beside her bed, watching her closely. The look in his eyes terrified her so much that she
found it hard to breathe sometimes.

More than once, she suspected that she had crossed a psychopath who knew how to disguise himself well. However, after she heard what the

maid told her, Vicky finally understood how Tyler came to be how he was.

He did not tell her anything at the time, but for over the 20 years he was alive, he did not receive any warmth or care. This resulted in a loneliness in him that could not be easily cured.

In the beginning, his adoptive parents deliberately alienated him, and when he grew up, he was so used to being alone that he refused all those who tried to get closer to him. Vicky was the only person who successfully knocked down all the walls he built around himself; the only one who gave him warmth and care.

Tyler was like the drifter at sea, Vicky the island. He was the darkness, and she the light. Anyone would have grabbed onto the only lifeline in their lives.

Vicky's heart ached for him. Regret filled her very core while she mentally berated herself for treating him badly in the past.

She leaned against his strong chest and said softly, "I'm sorry."

Tyler's attention was glued to her luscious red lips, but he shifted his gaze to her eyes when he heard her apologizing to him.

"Why are you saying sorry to me?" he asked in that husky voice of his. Vicky looked deeply into his eyes and said, "I'm sorry for not knowing any better back then."

Tyler's eyes narrowed slightly, and his voice became deeper. "You remember everything?"

That question sobered up Vicky instantly; she felt as if a bucket of cold water had been poured onto her head. Her memory had been manipulated by Tyler as if he did not want her to remember the past.

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Chapter 874**

Although Vicky had recovered most of her memory, she still could not remember the most important ones. After thinking it over and carefully combing through whatever memory she recovered, she still did not understand why Tyler wanted her to forget her past.

Thinking about this, Vicky clenched her fists.

“No, I don’t. Your mother told me some of the things that happened in the past. I’m sorry for putting you in such an awkward position.”

Tyler’s eyes suddenly darkened. He looked at her quietly and asked, “Is that so?”

Vicky nodded. “No new memory from the past came back ever since I woke up from the coma.”

Tyler kept staring at her with his deep, dark eyes as if he could reveal her inner secrets.

Vicky was starting to worry that he was on to her. The way he looked at her made her feel pressured and nervous.

“Ty—” Just when she was about to say something, Tyler averted his gaze and said, “She’s good at making up things, so you don’t have to believe what she said.”

Vicky breathed a sigh of relief. She made up her mind to only tell Tyler that she had recovered some of her memories after she figured out why Tyler hypnotized her. Also, the mysterious person once told her that Tyler was the one responsible for her car accident.

She did not quite believe the mysterious person at that time, but at this moment...since she had regained part of her memory, she did not know who to believe anymore. ‘Tyler is capable of doing anything once he’s driven to the edge,’ thought Vicky.

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The car sped all the way back to the mansion. When they arrived, Vicky had already fallen asleep in Tyler’s arms.

The doctors were already on standby at the door.

Tyler carried Vicky out of the car and into their bedroom before letting the doctors check on her. Apart from experiencing a fever, Vicky suffered no other injuries. The doctor put her on a round of IV drip and prescribed some medicine for her. Then, they gave some instructions to Tyler before leaving the mansion.

Once the doctors had left, Tyler sat beside the bed and quietly watched Vicky sleep. She seemed to be experiencing a nightmare as her eyebrows were furrowed and her forehead was slick with sweat. 'Is she dreaming about being locked up again? Or...is she dreaming about her past?' wondered Tyler.

He pulled some tissues out of their box and gently wiped away the sweat on her forehead.

"Ahh—!" Vicky's eyes snapped wide open in horror and she began to gasp for air.

"Did you have a nightmare?" Tyler asked her softly.

However, the moment Vicky saw him, her pupils immediately became pinpoints, and she instinctively backed away from him.

Tyler's eyes darkened. "What did you dream about?"

It was only then Vicky looked around and noticed that she was back in her room. 'It was only a nightmare,' she told herself. 'And not a memory from the past.'

Perhaps because Valencia had locked her up, Vicky dreamt that she was imprisoned again. However, her jailer was not Valencia but Tyler instead.

In her nightmare, he kept calling her names because she tried to run away again and again until he stabbed her with a knife. That was when she woke up.

The first reaction she had was fear after waking up and seeing her 'murderer', but after coming back to her senses, she gradually calmed down.

She rubbed her temples and asked, "When did we get home?"
She could not believe she did not even know when she got home.

"Not too long ago," Tyler answered gently.

Vicky looked out of the window and saw the sky was still dark.

"It's getting late. You should go to sleep, too," she said.

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Chapter 875

Tyler did not say anything. He simply remained sitting beside Vicky's bed.

Vicky looked at Tyler with a puzzled expression on her face and saw how intently he was staring back at her with his ocean-blue eyes; eyes that were filled with scrutiny, questions, and many other complicated emotions.

She thought there was something on her face, so she instinctively rubbed her face.

"Is there something on my face?" she asked.

"No."

"Then...why are you looking at me like that?"

"I was just thinking why you're not surprised at all after you found out what I had been through in my life," asked Tyler with a smile that did not reach his eyes. "Could it be you knew about it already?"

The corners of Vicky's eyes started to twitch. Whether it was before or after she had lost her memory, Tyler never brought up his life story with her. She, too, did not tell him that she had met Valencia many years before.

Her eyelashes quivered slightly as she calmly answered, "I met Old Mister Hart a few days ago, and that was when I found out everything.

That's why I wasn't surprised at all."

"Is that so?"

"I have no reason to lie to you."

"Then, do you have anything you want to ask me?"

The room was brightly lit, but it was not glaring. At that moment, both of them could see each other's expressions very clearly.

Vicky noticed his bloodshot eyes and realized he must not have gotten enough rest in all the time that she went missing. Her heart went out to him.

"Go to sleep. We can talk about it tomorrow," she said softly.

Tyler looked silently at her, and after a few seconds, he finally got up.

"Okay, you sleep early, too. Good night."

The next day, Vicky felt dizzy and sore all over the moment she opened her eyes.

Tyler was nowhere to be seen, and while this was a common occurrence, she could not help but feel a faint sense of loss for some reason. It was an emotion she rarely felt before.

She touched her forehead and realized the fever had subsided a little.

Then, she tried to get out of bed, wanting to take a shower.

Last night, she wanted to take a bath, but Tyler would not allow her, so she had to give up the idea in the end. She could not find her shoes since she was carried into the

room. Fortunately, the carpet on the floor was clean enough for her to walk on, and she was grateful she did not have to walk on cold ground.

She had just taken a few steps when the bedroom door was pushed open. Tyler walked in with a tray in his hand, and on the tray was a bowl of chicken soup.

A frown appeared on his face when he saw Vicky was about to go into the bathroom.

“Vicky Shaw, what do you think you’re doing?” he asked coldly as he strode toward Vicky. His handsome face seemed to have a layer of frost on top of it, and his vibe was so oppressive that it seemed to have created a black hole.

Vicky was startled at first, and she backed away when she saw him coming for her. She must have been too flustered or too weak because her legs betrayed her at the last moment, and she fell to the ground. Tyler’s pupils became pinpoints. He quickly put the tray on the table before picking her up from the ground.

“Did you hurt yourself?” His jaws stiffened as he pursed his thin lips tightly.

He examined every inch of her body to make sure she did not suffer any injury.

The sun’s rays shone on his face, highlighting his perfect and angular jawline.

Vicky’s heart skipped a beat, and she became dumbstruck while looking at this handsome profile.

Seeing that Vicky had not spoken a word since she fell, Tyler turned around to look at her and was met with a pair of swooning eyes.

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Chapter 876

The way Vicky looked at Tyler was both strange and familiar. Many years ago, she had looked at him like that as well. The look was one of worship and adoration. However, she never looked at him like that ever again.

Vicky nervously averted her gaze from his as if she had been caught red-handed doing something she should not have been doing.

Suddenly, she felt her cheeks burning up.

Tyler put her back on the bed and said, "You do know that you still have a fever, right?" "I just wanted to take a shower," said Vicky, her voice still feeble and hoarse. "I haven't taken a shower in days, and it's making me feel uncomfortable..."

Tyler was quiet for a while, then he picked up the tray from the table.

"Have some soup first."

Vicky reached out for the bowl, only to have Tyler move the tray out of her grasp. "I'll feed you." "There's no need. My hand is fine. I can feed myself." "You haven't washed your hands in a long time. They could be covered in all kinds of germs for all we know," said Tyler coldly.

Vicky balled her hands into a fist. Tyler was right... She had not washed her hands ever since she was locked up. She wanted to take a bath last night, but he would not allow her. Besides, how could he mind that she was dirty when he was the one who hugged her to sleep last night? She might not be as obsessed as him in the cleanliness department, but she was nonetheless a woman who preferred to be clean and was embarrassed by just how dirty she was.

"I think it's best if I wash my hands first," said Vicky as she moved to get out of bed.

Tyler's face became cold as did his tone. "If you want me to carry you, just say so. There's no need to beat around the bush." "No, it's not like that." Vicky looked at him with a confused expression. "I can get to the bathroom myself. You don't need to carry me there."

She had benefited from the round of IV drip the doctors gave her, and she would not have fallen to the ground if Tyler had not startled her.

Tyler's gaze grew colder, and his tone was starting to sound vicious.

"What are you going to wear to go to the bathroom?"

Indeed, her shoes were nowhere to be seen.

“I don’t mind walking barefoot...” said Vicky timidly.

“Have you forgotten that you haven’t washed those feet of hers in a long time? Aren’t you worried that you’ll dirty the floor?” remarked Tyler in an even more vicious tone.

“Then can you please bring me my shoes?” “Is that an order?”
Vicky was completely speechless. It was like she could not do anything at all.

Tyler glanced at her. Then, he spooned some soup and brought it to her mouth. “Open up.”

Vicky suddenly had a realization when she saw what Tyler did. “Tyler Hart, why don’t you just admit that you want to hand-feed me?”

Tyler’s hand froze mid-air, but he quickly snapped out of it. “Don’t flatter yourself,” he said coldly.

The corners of Vicky’s lips curled up on their own. She looked at the spoonful of soup and opened her mouth. The taste of the soup was very familiar as if it came from a distant dream.

Vicky spaced out for a moment. Their relationship had gone from bad to worse over the years. She could count on one hand the number of times he cooked for her.

Her eyes began to sting with years. All of a sudden, she felt a rush of impulse, and without thinking about it, she blurted out, “Tyler, let’s start over again.”

Tyler’s eyes flashed with an emotion that was too fast to catch. He then said indifferently, “We’ve never ended our relationship in the first place, so why is there a need to start over?”

Vicky was a little stunned and started to explain, “What I mean is...no more tit for that between the two of US. Let’s all put down our weapons and be nice to each other...”

Tyler's thin lips curled into a mocking smile, and his eyes gleamed sinisterly. "You never once said that to me before you lost your memory, but it seems like that's all you can say after you've lost your memory." "I just..."

Tyler cut her off coldly, "You just have another purpose, or you need to use me for something."

Vicky wanted to defend herself but realized what Tyler said was true-her motives for wanting to make the relationship work were not pure in the previous few times. She lowered her head and said nothing. At the same time, she mentally berated herself for saying those words out of impulse.

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Chapter 877

Initially, Vicky wanted to wait until she regained all of her memory before reconsidering her relationship with Tyler.

However, that piece of crucial memory did not seem to be coming.

Then, she found out from the servants that Tyler had suffered gravely because of her ruthlessness. It was under these factors, combined with the many mixed feelings she was having, that Vicky suddenly had the impulse to start over again with Tyler.

However, she had forgotten how much it would take for a relationship to work, especially one as complicated and convoluted as theirs.

Therefore, she should not jump too quickly into starting over again just because her heart was telling her to.

At least, that was what she told herself, despite feeling disappointed over Tyler's response.

"Reason?" said Tyler coldly out of the blue.

Vicky raised her head.

“What?”

“Why do you want to start over with me again?”

“Must there be a reason?”

“Yeah.”

“I’ll tell you sometime in the future.”

Tyler let it go at that.

After Vicky had finished her soup, Tyler carried her to the bathroom where the bathtub was already filled with water and the temperature set to constant.

With Tyler’s help, Vicky was able to comfortably enjoy a bath.

This time, Vicky’s recovery was quick.

It only took her three days to feel like she had been born again.

The first thing she did was to buy a new phone since she had lost her old one.

However, except for the phone numbers she had memorized by heart, the rest of the other phone numbers in her old phone were gone.

She wrote a short text message and entered a string of numbers.

[Thank you.] The mysterious person she had met had been using an unknown number.

She could not contact them since she had lost her old phone, so the only person she could contact was this other mysterious person.

Even until this very moment, Vicky suspected the two mysterious people to be the same person.

There was a high possibility that the two mysterious people are the same person if they did not exist in the key memory that Vicky had lost.

The other mysterious person did not instantly text back, so Vicky thought she might as well do something else.

After checking the time, she picked up the thermal lunchbox and made her way to Hart Corporation.

Even though she had blurted out wanting to start all over again without much thought, she thought she might as well cherish whatever time they had left with each other since they were technically still together.

Tyler was not in his office.

However, his phone and car keys were on his desk.

It was obvious that he left only for a moment.

Vicky made herself comfortable on the sofa, and not long after sitting, her phone rang.

There was a complex look in her eyes the moment she saw the phone number.

“I’m leaving soon,” said Gloria ethereally as soon as Vicky answered the call.

After a pause, she added, “Vicky, can you come and give me a send-off?”

“What time is your flight?”

“One o’clock tomorrow afternoon.”

Vicky was silent for a few seconds before she finally said, * Alright.”

After hanging up the phone, Vicky looked at the phone in a daze.

Vicky had been out of the loop of Gloria’s situation because she was locked up by Valencia.

Therefore, it never crossed her mind that Gloria would truly leave the city.

Creak! The door of the office was suddenly pushed open while Vicky was still in a daze.

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Chapter 878

Vicky snapped out of her trance, put away her phone, and turned to look at the door.

A man in a suit and leather shoes walked in with a document. He stopped in his tracks when he saw Vicky.

“What are you doing here?” Tyler asked.

Vicky smiled and said, “I’ve come to bring you lunch.”

Tyler’s gaze shifted to the thermal lunch box sitting on top of his desk and said nothing.

Vicky sensed something was off, so she asked, “Do you have an appointment later?”

“Yeah.” Tyler closed the door. “Why didn’t you give me a call before coming?”

It was because Vicky wanted to give him a surprise. She had checked his schedule and found he had no appointments, so she came to deliver his lunch to him.

“Sorry for not giving you a heads up,” Vicky said.

Tyler picked up his phone and car keys from the table before checking the time. He was about to say something when someone knocked on the door.

“Tyler, can we go now?” said a beautiful, voluptuous young woman with fair skin.

Vicky was shocked to see her there. She had met her at

Fashion Week before. Her name was...Aria Everly.

Aria was shocked to see Vicky as well but was quick to recover. She nodded and smiled at Vicky as a form of greeting.

“Ms. Shaw, you’re here too.” Her attitude was polite and distant, and she did not pretend not to know her.

Aria was dressed in a set of business attire: a pair of women’s trousers, a simple white shirt, and a pair of black high-heels. She looked

dependable and capable, which was far different from how she looked at Fashion Week.

Vicky's smile faded a little. "Miss Everly, what a coincidence. N She would not even have found out about Aria's existence if Old Mister Hart had not told her about it. In fact, Tyler never brought up anything about Aria until this moment.

"Tyler and I are just about to go have lunch. Since you're here, why don't you join us, Ms. Shaw?" Aria asked with a smile.

Without waiting for Vicky to answer, Aria then turned to Tyler and said, "Tyler, you don't mind me inviting Ms. Shaw without asking you first, do you?"

Tyler naturally would not care about such trivial matters, so he said indifferently, "Whatever you want."

Aria's smile deepened. "What do you say, Ms. Shaw?"

Vicky was very experienced in dealing with women who wanted to steal her husband away, so she simply smiled and said, "That would be lovely."

In the restaurant, Vicky sat beside Tyler while Aria sat across from him. Unlike other women, Aria deliberately did not act like she was close to Tyler but instead showed curiosity about what he ordered by asking him questions from time to time.

"Oh, is this your favorite dish?"

"Have you always liked Italian food?"

"Do you not like spicy food?"

It was obvious that Aria was not as close to Tyler as compared to him with Gloria. However, from their interactions alone, Vicky could not help but feel they were not that unfamiliar with each other either.

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Chapter 879

The relationship between Aria and Tyler was not that close and yet not that distant either. In fact, it was just right. Vicky would not have even been able to feel Aria's malice if it was not for the fact that she stepped on her deliberately that day.

After they had finished ordering, Aria and Tyler struck up a conversation.

They did not reminisce about the old days but instead talked about matters relating to work. From their conversations, Vicky learned that Aria had come to

Stoneford City to discuss a potential collaboration with Hart Corporation.

Working together was the best way to get closer to one another. Tyler did not say much, and their conversation soon came to a standstill.

It was then Aria turned her attention to Vicky.

"I heard that you're a fashion designer, Ms. Shaw."

Vicky nodded and replied in the affirmative.

Aria looked at her. "Then it shouldn't be a problem for you if I want you to design some clothes for me, right?"

"Sure." Vicky took out her business card from her purse and passed it to Aria. "You can contact me anytime, Miss Everly."

"Thank you in advance," said Aria with a smile as she accepted Vicky's business card.

Not long after, the waiter brought out the food they had ordered. The three ate their lunch in silence, and Vicky did not purposely put on a show of affection with Tyler. She did not put food on his plate or feed him. Tyler's expression and attitude were as calm as usual, therefore making the whole lunch seemed eerily normal.

After lunch, Vicky went to the bathroom.

She was standing in front of the sink washing her hands when, from the mirror, she saw a graceful and slim figure approaching her. Soon, she stood in front of the sink that was next to Vicky's. Turning on the tap and washing her hand, she nonchalantly said, "I've always wondered if there's a limit to how shameless a person can be, but now that I've met you, Ms. Shaw, it seems like my question has been answered."

"So you've finally decided to drop the act huh, Miss Everly," said Vicky indifferently.

"Drop the act?" Aria scoffed. "As if I can ever put up an act as good as yours. Did you really think that you can erase all the hurt you've caused Tyler just because you faked your memory loss? Vicky Shaw, if I were you, I'd never be able to face Tyler again, let alone marry him!" Then, she turned around to look at Vicky with a puzzled expression on her face. "How can you live with yourself knowing that the only reason you married him is to hurt him even more?"

Vicky furrowed her eyebrows. "I have no idea what you're talking about."

Aria straightened up her body and looked right into Vicky's eyes.

"Vicky, you were the one who poisoned Tyler, right? Did you know he nearly died that time? In fact, he would've been dead if my family-who have been generations of medical practitioners-didn't happen to have a precious and rare antidote."

Aria's eyes were filled with sarcasm as she added, "Oh, I forgot. You wouldn't know about this since you've 'lost' your memory."

Vicky looked at her. "Are you sure that I was the one who poisoned him?"

"You were the only one with him that week, so who else could it be other than you? Besides, you even admitted to it at that time."

"Well, did you see it with your own eyes?"

“I didn’t know Tyler at that time, so how could I possibly be there to witness it? However, there were many others at the crime scene. The walls have ears, Vicky. If you don’t believe it, just ask Tyler yourself.

After all, he’ll never lie to you, right? IV

‘Ask Tyler myself?’ thought Vicky. ‘He’d never bring up something from the past... Those things had become a sort of forbidden thing to talk about.’

Aria pulled out a tissue. “To be honest, I might not even be here talking to you like this if Tyler had married someone else. But to me, it doesn’t matter if his wife is you or someone else because the two of you are destined to be apart from one another.”

Her eyes flashed with an emotion too fast to capture. “Vicky Shaw, you two are destined to never last ever since you got him involved with the Hart family. The reason why he married you wasn’t because he could not bear to be apart from you but because of other reasons. Oh, by the way, do you know why the Hart family has never come over until now?”

Read Loving You In Secret by Debbie Meza Free - Chapter 880

Chapter 880

“Why?” Vicky asked.

“That’s because when he first returned to the Hart family, not a single one of them welcomed him back. In fact, he was ostracized by everyone there. After all, he didn’t grow up in the family. Besides, who’d welcome a person who suddenly appeared to fight for the family’s inheritance?” Vicky already knew Tyler’s biological parents were not kind to Tyler, but she could not help asking, “What about his parents? No matter what, he’s their biological son, so they must’ve welcomed him.”

Aria scoffed. “Thanks to you, Tyler’s relationship with his parents is very strained. In the beginning, his parents had someone in mind for him to marry once he was back. This was their way of showing him they cared about him.

“However, for people like you and him who think love triumphs over all, you guys think that it’s ridiculous to be in an arranged marriage in this day and age. In a family like mine, it’s something quite common. The family’s survival trumps everything, Vicky. Only then do we have the time to think about other things such as matters of the heart.

“At that time, Tyler had just returned to the Hart family. The fastest way for him to gain a firm foothold is to form an alliance with another family through marriage. But he was dating you then, and he refused to break up with you. In fact, he even said that he could do without the Hart family, but not without you.

“His parents were enraged. They felt that Tyler didn’t understand that with his status at that time, he’d be as good as dead if he didn’t return to the Hart family as the rest of the family would never allow someone like him to exist.

“Thus, to make him understand the importance of power, his parents decided to make his company go under. They were confident that Tyler would have no choice but to grovel himself before them after he was left with nothing.”

Vicky was shocked to hear all that. “Are you saying that the period where he was dealing with one problem after another in his company was because of his parents?”

“Yes,” said Aria. To destroy a company that Tyler built with his sweat and tears over the years was nothing but child’s play to the Hart family, who have all the power and

resources in the world. However, to let him experience what true despair tastes like, his parents deliberately gave him some hope that his company would survive the attacks before dealing him the fatal blow.” Here, Aria paused for a while and looked straight at Vicky with eyes filled with contempt.

“Fortunately for his parents, it was at that time you told him you wanted a divorce. Not many would’ve survived the loss of a company and marriage at the same time. However, to everyone’s surprise...” Aria shook her head and sighed lightly. “He’d rather give up the whole world than give up on you.”

Vicky felt as if she had been struck by lightning. She never knew these things.

Aria smirked and said, “His parents had many tricks up their sleeves which are more than enough to deal with a poor, powerless girl like you. I’ve seen you from afar in some of the banquets you’ve attended with his mother. My, my, how those who only know how to suck up to those more powerful than them bullied you.

“Of course, you were one tenacious woman, I’ll give you that. You didn’t back down and kept persisting in the face of all difficulties. After that, she knew it’d take more than that to make you give up your marriage so she changed her tactic ...and in the end, you did break up with Tyler.”

By then, Vicky’s breathing had become labored, and she sweated profusely.

“Do you know...what tactic she used?” she asked.

“For those who like money, you can give them money. For those who aren’t confident, you only need to bring down their self-esteem. And for those who passed every test... Well, let’s just say their love must be real,” Aria answered.” Your weakness was Tyler, and his parents only needed to manipulate him for you to do what they wanted.

“Although the two of you were indeed forced to break up, the hurt you caused him during the process was very real to him. Moreover, poisoning him was the most unforgivable sin you made against him...” Aria’s voice gradually became blurrier as if it was coming from another world, until the words became completely meaningless to Vicky. While this was all happening, she suddenly got a splitting headache before finally passing out.

Aria, who was still talking, was startled by Vicky’s sudden fainting. At first, she thought that Vicky pretended to pass out so that she could frame her. However, she turned to look back at the door and did not see Tyler.

She nudged Vicky’s body just to make sure and realized that Vicky genuinely had fainted. It was then she, in a panic, went to look for Tyler.