

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 161 – 170

Chapter 161 Gone

Dante suddenly jolted back to life. He straightened up, his gaze locked **on** Anne's abdomen, and instinctively reached out to touch her.

"Anne, the baby..."

Anne was barely over a month into her pregnancy. Her belly was still flat, so there was no visible sign of her condition.

From the outside, it was impossible to tell if the baby was still there.

Anne didn't look at Dante. She passed by him with a cold indifference, like a stranger.

Dante stood frozen for a moment before spinning around, his eyes following her. "Anne?"

Anne didn't respond.

At that moment, Meryl spotted Anne.

She quickly set aside Lola, who was barely clinging to life, and rushed over to Anne.

"What do you want to eat? My treat!"

Anne hadn't eaten since the night before due to the upcoming

Chapter 161 Gone

surgery, so Meryl guessed she must be starving **by** now.

2/5

Anne pondered for **a** moment before saying, "If it's on you, let's go for something big! Your husband's got money, after all!"

Having switched to modeling and needing to maintain her figure, Anne hadn't had a hearty meal in ages.

But today was different.

It was a new beginning, which was worth celebrating.

Meryl said, taking Anne's arm, "Great. We'll go now. Should be perfect timing, no lines."

As they were about to leave, Dante abruptly blocked their path.

His eyes were bloodshot as he stared at Anne. "Why are you ignoring me? Anne, what about our baby?"

Anne's response was chillingly blunt. "Gone."

Dante stumbled backward, his eyes filled with pain as tears began to slowly roll down his cheeks.

He was incredulous. "Why? The baby is your flesh and blood too. How could **you** be so heartless to terminate it?"

Anne retorted, "I wanted to. It's **my** body. What's **it** to you?"

Dante felt like her words had cut him to the core.

Chapter 161 Gone

3/5

He thought, "How have things between us deteriorated to this point?"

"Anne, how could you be so cruel?"

"How could you not even give me a heads-up, just..."

Anne pointed at Lola, who was lying on the ground, looking distressed. "I was going to tell you, but you were pulled away by her call, weren't you?"

Dante was taken aback. "So, what you were going to **tell** me was that you were going to abort the baby?"

Anne said, her gaze icy as it swept across his face, "Yep. Dante, I gave you a chance."

A cold sweat broke **out** on Dante's back. He was engulfed by an overwhelming sense of dread.

Anne had given him **a** chance.

If only he had sat down to listen to her instead of walking away because of Lola's call, he could have stopped this.

He had abandoned Anne because of Lola's call.

It was all a tragic series of missteps.

The pain, confusion, helplessness, and anxiety wrapped around Dante tightly.

Chapter 161 Gone

His eyes were dazed, his hands hanging limply at his sides. Dante even lacked the courage to look at Anne again.

He thought, "It's my fault. It's **all** my fault!"

4/5

The doctor didn't kill Anne's baby. The machines didn't. It was

me!

My constant indecision, my inability to manage my relationships. with other women, that's what ruined everything!"

Anne looked at Dante with calm detachment.

She had truly loved him once, but now she truly no longer did.

"Are you done? If you're done, move out of the way."

No matter how good the soundproofing **in** the operating room, it couldn't block out Dante's shouting.

As Anne lay on the operating table, she could hear him pounding on the door and his desperate pleas.

The doctor turned to Anne and asked, "Your husband seems to be outside. Do you want to reconsider? You're **a** couple. Have you ever sat down and talked things through?"

She thought, "Reconsider it? I've already made up my mind.

I gave him plenty of chances, but Dante repeatedly ignored

them.

Chapter 161 Gone

That was just the final straw.

If you can't wake someone who's pretending to be asleep, you have to learn to cut your losses."

Chapter 162 Lose Her

She thought, "The baby's gone. Am I heartbroken?"

Of course I am. The child was mine, growing inside me. How could I not be devastated?

1/4

But I also have to take responsibility for my own decisions. The child might not have wanted to be born into such a family.

More importantly, I don't think Dante deserves to be the father."

Anne's sorrow was more profound than mere heartbreak. She then bypassed Dante and prepared to leave.

Dante rushed to her, clutching her sleeve **with** desperation.

"Anne, please don't go. Let's talk this through!"

"Let go!" Anne snapped, trying to pull away.

"You've just had surgery. Let me take care of you. I want to make things right. I know I've made mistakes. Please don't leave me!"

Dante understood clearly. Once Anne walked away, she wouldn't be coming back.

Yet, he couldn't bear the thought of losing her.

Anne said coldly, "Dante, the divorce papers will be sent to your

Chapter 162 Lose Her

office this afternoon. If you don't sign them, expect a court summons within a week."

Then, Anne yanked her arm from his grasp and turned away, leaving without a single backward glance.

This time, she departed with no lingering sentiment.

Dante stood there, paralyzed and hollow.

The crowd around them, which had gathered to witness

2/4

the drama, began to dissipate. As the throng thinned and conversations faded, Dante remained rooted to the spot, his tall frame motionless and isolated.

It was as if he had been cut off from the world, a statue of despair with no direction or purpose. He was lost and uncertain of what to do next.

“Dante...” Lola managed to maneuver her wheelchair toward him despite the pain she was in.

She saw this as her chance to seize the moment.

“Even without Anne, you still have me. I’ll always be by your side, never leaving you.”

Lola boldly reached out, wrapping her arms around Dante’s waist, her head nuzzling against him.

“Dante, I’ve liked you **for** a long time. It doesn’t matter that Anne had the baby removed. I can give you children. Let me be

Chapter 162 Lose Her

3/4

with you in the future. Okay?”

Samuel, waiting nearby for Lola’s surgery, was stunned.

He thought, “I thought they were together, but it turns out she’s the homewrecker.

And now, just after a fight, she’s jumping in? What happened to her sense of decency?”

Lola, thinking that Dante might be wavering, tried to hold his hand.

But as soon as she touched his fingers, he shoved her away with a force that sent her wheelchair skidding backward.

The wheelchair spun around several times.

Lola watched helplessly as Dante's figure grew distant. Dante left without a second glance, moving further away.

Lola, in her desperation to follow, misjudged her maneuvering.

The wheelchair's rear wheels caught on the edge of the stairs, causing the entire chair to tip.

Her face paled in shock as her body lurched backward.

"Dante! Help me!" Lola cried out, but the force of her fall and her broken legs left her powerless to stop her descent.

She and the wheelchair tumbled down the stairs in a chaotic,

Chapter 162 Lose Her painful crash.

4/4

The loud noise of her fall didn't faze Dante; he didn't even turn around.

Lola's eyes widened in disbelief as she landed heavily on the cold, unforgiving floor, her hopes and dreams shattered with the impact.

Chapter 163 Hefty Meal

1/4

Lola was thrown from her wheelchair due to the force of inertia, and it quickly rolled away down the stairs.

She crashed headfirst onto the landing, her body contorted into an agonizingly awkward position, with her legs dangling over the railing.

The sharp pain surged through her like a ruthless blade, slicing through every nerve and amplifying every sensation of agony.

Lola's cries were deafening, reminiscent of a slaughterhouse's distressing sounds.

Her body lay immobilized as if run over by a truck; her pain was so overwhelming that it rendered her nearly motionless.

The scene was gruesome and shocking; for a while, no one dared approach her, leaving her abandoned in the corner as if forgotten by the world.

In a high-end restaurant, the servers brought out a pair of luxurious steaks.

The glossy, well-scared exterior of the beef looked almost like it was coated with a delicate layer of gold.

With a sizzle that filled the air, the steak promised a rich, mouthwatering experience, crispy on the outside yet tender on

Chapter 163 Hefty Meal

the inside.

2/4

Anne ordered two more portions and, with extravagant flair, instructed the waiter to announce to the entire dining room that all expenses for the day would be on her tab.

The restaurant erupted into thunderous applause.

This was an upscale establishment where even a bottle of wine could cost tens of thousands of dollars. A meal here could easily run into the tens of millions of dollars.

Anne, however, didn't care. Having left the hospital, she and Meryl had decided to put a dent in Dante's credit card.

She thought to herself, "We're getting divorced anyway. Why save him any money? Let him go bankrupt! Treating people to dinner can be my way of doing charity."

Soon, customers started coming over to toast Anne and Meryl's table.

In such a setting, where guests were often prominent figures, pleasantries and small talk were expected.

When someone recognized Anne and asked about the celebration, she responded with a cheerful smile, "I'm getting divorced from Dante!"

The one who asked fell silent for a moment. Dante's name was well known. The Paltrow family was only second to the Aniston family in Kingsdom.

Chapter 163 Hefty Meal

3/4

The person thought, "Everyone is eager to associate with such high society, so why is Anne so happy about a divorce?"

Anne noticed the curiosity and, unfazed, said, “You think being part of a high society family is great? I don’t. I’m just thrilled to be out of that marriage! Why don’t you congratulate me instead?”

The person awkwardly laughed it off and said a few complimentary words.

Gradually, everyone who came to toast had to offer their congratulations.

Though it was a divorce, the atmosphere turned celebratory, resembling a festive occasion.

To keep Anne in good spirits, every guest was encouraged to take a jab at Dante..

After all, not everyone knew who he was; such high-profile families were not often encountered.

So, flattering the benefactor with a few disparaging remarks about Dante was only natural.

Meryl kept a close eye on Anne to make sure she didn’t drink.

Even though Anne could leave the hospital on the same day as her surgery, caution was still necessary.

Chapter 163 Hefty Meal

4/4

The bill came to over 50 million dollars, and Anne didn’t bat an eye.

Meanwhile, Dante received a notification on his phone about the hefty charge.

He thought, “50 million dollars for a meal? Did they eat unicorns or something?”

By the time Dante rushed to the restaurant, Anne was long gone.

Chapter 164 Vanished

Someone said, just as they walked out of the restaurant, “Anne’s really generous, huh? I ordered a bottle of wine, that’s pretty grand! I’ve never been willing to spend that much on a drink in my whole life.”

“And what’s up with Dante? How can the woman be so thrilled about the divorce?”

“Seriously, treating the whole place to a meal and celebrating with a lavish feast. What’s the difference? Haha, the ultra-rich really live differently. Even divorce is an event for them.”

As they chatted, they walked further away.

Dante, who overheard everything, staggered with shock.

The pain **was** unbearable; **his** heart felt like it was being shredded. He wandered aimlessly through the streets, searching for Anne, but here she was, throwing a party to celebrate their divorce.

The agony was excruciating. It felt like being thrown into an endless abyss, surrounded by icy walls, locked away with no light or hope.

Anne’s actions were like a knife twisted in his chest.

“I don’t want a divorce! Not at all!” Dante thought, his mind

Chapter 164 Vanished

But three days was his limit..

3/4

Chandler, dressed **in** black pajamas, stared at the empty side of the bed.

On the pillow lay a single strand of Meryl’s long hair from three days ago.

Since Meryl left, the only company Chandler had was this hair, which he had twisted and turned.

He wrapped the hair around his finger, holding his phone, his voice tinged with sadness.

“Honey, when are you coming back?”

Chandler wondered, “Meryl can skip work, that’s fine.

But why isn’t she even coming home?

And not a single call or text in three days!

This doesn’t feel like being a wife.

We’ve only been married a little over a month.

Isn't this supposed to be the honeymoon phase?

It's driving me crazy."

Chandler couldn't focus on anything. Whether it was meetings,

Chapter 164 Vanished

paperwork, or social events, he kept checking his phone, unlocking and locking it repeatedly.

4/4

However, three days had passed without a single call or even a text message from Meryl.

Dante had dragged Chandler out for drinks two nights in a row.

When drunk, Dante ranted about how miserable he was, how he couldn't live without Anne, and how he regretted being blinded by his own stupidity.

He lamented that Anne seemed to have vanished from the earth, and he couldn't find her anywhere.

Chandler's head was spinning from all the complaints.

Chapter 165 A Secret

Chandler thought, "At least Dante can't find Anne because she's intentionally avoiding him due to their divorce. But what about

me?

Meryl and I are fine; hell, we were great three days ago when we were rolling in the sheets.

Everything felt amazing, and when the passion was **high**, I held Meryl close, calling her name as she responded drowsily under

1. me.

We hugged, we kissed, we made passionate love.

Everything was so perfect, so compatible.

But Meryl just disappeared for three days without a word, and I can't shake the feeling of being used and discarded."

When Meryl received Chandler's call at midnight, she glanced at Anne, who was already asleep, and quietly stepped out to the balcony.

She had been taking care of Anne for the past three days.

There were reasons why she hadn't called Chandler.

For one, Chandler and Dante were friends, so she was afraid of accidentally revealing Anne's address and having Dante show

Chapter 165 A Secret

Secondly, that night, their sexes were too wild, so she needed some time to process their relationship.

"I... um, can I come home tomorrow?" Meryl asked softly.

Chandler seemed to sigh on the other end of the phone.

Tomorrow meant he had to wait until he finished work to see her, a whole day away.

2/4

Meryl thought for a moment and smiled, "Actually, I'm planning to return to work at Galaxy Holdings Group tomorrow."

At this, Chandler finally smiled and said, "Okay."

Remembering the late hour, Meryl whispered, "Well, goodbye."

"See you tomorrow," Chandler replied.

The next day, as soon as Meryl arrived at the office, Freya pulled her aside and complained, "It's been hell, you wouldn't believe it. With you on leave these past few days, Mr. Aniston's aura has been so cold."

"What's going on?" Meryl asked, heading to the pantry and rinsing out a cup.

Freya said, shrinking her neck, "Well, he's always been like that, but it's like he's having a really bad PMS week."

Chapter 165 A Secret

“Several executives have been reprimanded by Mr. Aniston these days.”

Although the Aniston family knew they were married, the company was still in the dark.

Meryl had no intention of telling her colleagues, as she had planned to keep their marriage a secret from the start.

3/4

Chandler was the president of Galaxy Holdings Group, and she was just a small assistant.

Revealing their relationship would only invite unwanted attention and judgment.

Freya whispered, “I’m just telling you this as a heads up. Be careful not to get on Mr. Aniston’s bad side.”

In the eyes of their colleagues, Meryl was still chasing after Chandler, and it wouldn’t be wise to approach him now and risk irritating him.

Freya’s advice was well-intended.

Suddenly, Lisha appeared behind them.

She sneered, saying, “Meryl, you’re really something. You’ve been here for less than a month and you’ve taken four or five days off already. You’d think the company was your own!”

Meryl turned around and met Lisha’s gaze.

Chapter 165 A Secret

4/4

She remained silent, realizing that her frequent absences were indeed excessive.

Lisha continued, “I heard Mr. Aniston is married. Meryl, you’re not still hung up on him, dreaming of becoming Mrs. Aniston

every you? Some girls these days just want to get

, are

something for nothing. Frankly, it’s just being a gold digger!”

Medea, the office gossip, chimed in, “Ms. Walsh, Mr. Aniston is married? Who told you that? I hadn’t heard anything!”

Write your comment

Chapter 166 Personal Issues

1/4

Lisha placed the cup under the coffee machine, saying, “I have a cousin who married into high society. She mentioned it while we were having dinner yesterday.”

Medea’s curiosity was piqued. “What else did your cousin say? Who’s Mr. Aniston’s wife?”

“She said Mr. Aniston had a whirlwind marriage. Everyone in the Aniston family knows about it, and it seems even the Kingdom elite are aware. As for who his wife is...”

Lisha’s gaze flicked deliberately toward Meryl with a trace of derision. “That’s unclear. Probably some high–society heiress, definitely not someone like you or me!”

Medea and Freya followed Lisha’s gaze towards Meryl.

Freya leaned in and whispered, “Meryl, now that Mr. Aniston is married, maybe it’s time to move on from your pursuit... If he’s already taken, chasing him could be a bit...”

If Chandler was single, pursuing him would be fine. But going after him when he was already with someone was just plain shameless.

Meryl felt like she had just lifted a rock, only to drop it on her own fool.

Chapter **166** Personal Issues

She felt a jolt, realizing how quickly the news of Chandler’s sudden marriage had spread through the office.

2/4

Facing this, she knew she couldn’t continue playing the role of the relentless pursuer.

It was a matter of ethics.

Meryl quickly adjusted her stance. “I’ve taken a few days off to reflect. I’ve realized my feelings for Mr. Aniston were merely admiration, like a fan for a celebrity...”

She paused, watching the reactions of her colleagues. When they seemed satisfied, she added, "So, I don't have any romantic feelings for Mr. Aniston. I'll keep my distance from now on."

Just then, Chandler happened to pass by the break room and overheard the conversation.

He paused, his jaw tensing slightly, and his faze seemed colder than usual.

Walter, following behind him, was taken aback.

He thought, "No wonder Mr. Aniston has been in a bad mood. lately. Was **this** related to an argument with Mrs. Aniston?"

"Meryl, come to my office." Chandler's voice, cold and commanding, cut through the air.

Everyone turned to look, noting Chandler's icy demeanor as he walked away, leaving behind a chilling impression.

Chapter 166 Personal Issues

He looked like someone one wouldn't want to mess with.

Everyone instinctively shrunk back, remembering how particularly intimidating Chandler had been in the past few days.

Freya looked sympathetically at Meryl, thinking, "Looks like she's in for it now."

3/4

In the office, Chandler sat at his desk, engrossed in paperwork. When Meryl entered, he didn't look up, seemingly ignoring her

presence.

Three days without seeing him had made Chandler appear leaner, his jawline sharper.

He gripped a pen tightly, scratching away on paper.

Recalling what Freya had mentioned about Chandler's recent temper, Meryl approached cautiously.

"Mr. Aniston, you wanted to see me?"

Chandler finally lifted his gaze, locking eyes with Meryl. "Come

closer.”

Meryl moved toward him, stopping just in front of the desk.

Chandler frowned and gestured. “Closer.”

Meryl rounded the desk and stood directly in front of Chandler.

Chapter 166 Personal Issues

4/4

Before she could steady herself, Chandler pulled her into his lap.

He held her tightly around the waist, his breath warm against her ear.

Chandler murmured, his voice dripping with cold amusement, “So you’re just admiring me like a fan?”

“You don’t like me?”

“You want to keep your distance from me from now on?”

“Mrs. Aniston, don’t you think you owe me an explanation?”

Meryl’s heart raced as she realized that Chandler had heard every word she said in the break room.

The meeting wasn’t about work; it was about dealing **with** their “personal issues”.

“Honey, let me explain!” Meryl stammered, her voice urgent.

Chapter 167 Agree

Chandler’s eyebrow quirked up playfully. “Speak up.”

“Rumor has it around the office that you’re married now, so I suppose I can’t keep up this chase anymore,” Meryl said, her voice tinged with resignation.

Chandler, feeling a bit restless, fiddled with his tie. “So **why** don’t you just tell everyone that the person I’m married to is you?”

“No way! If everyone finds out I’m the CEO’s wife, how am I supposed to work properly? I’d just be swarmed by people trying to get close to you, trying to flatter me. How would I ever get ahead?”

“So you’re saying we should keep up the pretense of being secretly married in the office?”

Meryl nodded.

Chandler narrowed his eyes. His expression suggested he wasn’t too keen on the idea.

He thought, “We kept this secret initially to avoid the backlash.

But now that Dalton and Lydia are married, they’ve taken the heat off us.

Chapter 167 Agree

2/5

Plus, everyone in the high society of Kingdom already knows I’m married.

News travels fast; it’s only a matter of time before the office finds out.”

Chandler rested his chin against Meryl’s neck, breathing in the scent of her hair.

The close proximity made Meryl’s heart race.

But she noticed Chandler’s mood had soured since she proposed keeping their marriage a secret at work.

Meryl tentatively asked, “Is it okay?”

“First, give me a kiss. Then I’ll think about it.”

Meryl swallowed hard.

With trembling lashes, she gently tugged at Chandler’s collar and leaned in to press her lips against his.

It was a brief, soft touch before she pulled back.

“Are we playing at make-believe here?”

Chandler’s fingers lightly traced his lips. Clearly, he was craving.

more.

His **eyes** darkened, as if something deeper was at play.

Chapter 167 Agree

Before Meryl could fully grasp his meaning, his hand was already wrapped around her waist.

The heat from his breath was overwhelming, making Meryl's heart race uncontrollably.

3/5

With his large hand cupping the back of her head, he tilted her face up. As her lips parted, Chandler's agile tongue met hers in a passionate dance.

His kiss was intense; every touch of his lips seemed to suck the air out of her, merging her into his very being.

Meryl's mind went blank under the force of his affection.

Chandler wouldn't let her close her eyes; he wanted her to witness their kiss in its entirety.

Meryl was embarrassed to the point of discomfort, suddenly recalling how he had whispered hotly in her ear that night.

He had said, "Meryl, yes, just like that. Look at me.

"Alright, I surrender! I'm almost there!"

Remembering that night made her even more uneasy.

Unexpectedly, the sound of high heels clicking outside the door interrupted them.

Meryl's face flushed, and she tried to scramble off Chandler, but he kept his hold tight.

Chapter 167 Agree

4/5

Chandler, eyes downcast, was reluctant to let go. "How about you come home early tonight?"

The implication was crystal clear.

Meryl, still perched on Chandler's lap, felt every bit of his erection.

She whispered, "I can't. I need to stay with Anne for a few more days."

Chandler frowned, his demeanor growing colder. "Didn't you say you'd be home tonight?"

Meryl quickly explained, "She's alone. I'm worried about her."

At least for the next two weeks, she would need to stay with

Anne.

A knock came from outside the door. It was Freya.

"Mr. Aniston, there's a document that needs your signature. urgently."

Meryl gently tried to slip out of Chandler's embrace, but he still

held her fast.

She looked at him pleadingly, worried about the possible awkward explanations if some one walked in.

She softly said, "We agreed to keep it a secret. Could you let me

Chapter 167 Agree

go?"

Chandler wore a mischievous grin. "Did we?"

"I seem to remember that I never actually agreed."

Chapter 168 Unexpected Fall

Freya pressed her forehead against the door and asked, "Mr. Aniston, are you in there?"

She thought, "It doesn't make sense. Meryl went into Mr. Aniston's office and hasn't come out."

1/4

Worried that Meryl might be getting an earful, Freya had come to "rescue" her.

But there was no sound coming from inside.

Chandler glanced at Meryl's pale face, a mischievous grin appearing on his face. He was suddenly seized by the urge to tease her.

“The door isn’t locked,” Chandler said casually, making Meryl tense up.

Freya responded lightly, “So I should just open the door?”

Meryl’s heart was in her mouth.

Her senses were heightened; she could almost hear Freya’s hand turning the doorknob.

Chandler, still holding Meryl’s waist and resting his head on her neck, was fully aware of the chaos he was causing within her.

Chapter 168 Unexpected Fall

2/4

As Freya pushed the door open, Meryl’s mind raced. In a flash, she grabbed the chair behind Chandler and shoved it backward with all her strength.

Chandler was caught off guard and fell sideways with the chair.

As he realized he was about to fall, he quickly released Meryl.

“Mr. Aniston, what happened with the chair? Why did you suddenly fall?”

As Chandler hit the ground, Meryl’s **guilt** surged.

But she quickly composed herself, crouching beside him with a concerned expression, pretending to help him up.

Inside, she was a bundle of nerves.

She thought, “Chandler won’t be too angry, will he? I had no choice; he wouldn’t let go of me.”

Chandler, sprawled on the floor with one knee bent and one hand supporting his head, looked up at Meryl with a half-smile that hinted at a touch of irritation.

He said with mock innocence, “Really strange, how did the chair fall over like that. Ms. Stone, aren’t you going to help me up?”

Meryl felt uncomfortable under Chandler’s gaze but forced herself to assist him.

As she touched his arm, Chandler leaned in close, his voice low

Chapter 168 Unexpected Fall

and threatening. "Sweetheart, you're in trouble now."

Meryl's spirits plummeted.

Freya, who had just walked in, was stunned.

3/4

She thought, "Mr. Aniston, usually so composed and aloof in front of employees, just fell from his chair in a way that ruins his entire image.

I have to keep this a secret!"

Seeing that Meryl didn't appear to be scolded, Freya set her files down and left the office.

As the door closed behind her, Chandler slowly stood up and advanced towards Meryl with a commanding presence.

Meryl instinctively backed away. "I'm sorry, darling. I truly am."

Chandler's smile grew, his eyes filled with a predatory gleam.

He placed one hand on the wall and wrapped the other around her waist, pulling her into his embrace.

When Meryl collided with him, Chandler's lips descended on hers in a fierce, dominating kiss.

His kiss was intense and unyielding, making her breath uneven.

From the corner of her eye, Meryl saw Chandler's glass-fronted liquor cabinet.

Chapter 168 Unexpected Fall

4/4

In the glass, she could see that he was kissing her neck with a fervor that left her tingling all over, her body tightened with the

sensation.

Chandler murmured, his voice thick with seduction, "Mrs. Aniston, let me show you how to apologize properly."

Meryl's body stiffened as she felt his rough fingertips trailing down her spine.

Write your comment

Chapter 169 Torture

I was getting high.

1/4

Chandler's eyes had a lazy, casual look. His handsome face was filled with desire.

Meryl froze. Her heart pounded as if it would leap out of her chest.

How could she not understand the meaning?

Meryl gently held down Chandler's restless hand and said, "No, this is the office." Her voice was trembling.

"This is my place. So we play by my rules," Chandler said.

The temperature in the room kept rising. There was a growing sense of intimacy.

Their breathing grew heavier. Desire flickered in both their eyes.

But just then, someone came to the door.

This time, the person didn't knock and just walked right in.

"Chandler, I heard Meryl came to work today. What about Anne..." the person said.

Halfway through his sentence, Dante met Chandler's icy,

Chapter 169 Torture

2/4

murderous gaze and instantly swallowed the rest of his words.

Chandler was holding a woman in his arms.

Although they were fully dressed, Chandler's chest was heaving. The woman in his arms had a flushed face.

It was clear that if he hadn't walked in, their clothes might not have stayed on much longer.

Dante suddenly realized what was happening and looked extremely awkward.

The door was already closed. Now he was stuck in a situation where he didn't know whether to stay or leave.

Finally, he just decided to go all in.

"Meryl, where's Anne? Where did she go? I haven't been able to find her these past few days! I can't reach her by phone either!" Dante said.

The warmth in Meryl's heart vanished instantly.

Anger flashed across her face as she immediately pulled away from Chandler.

"Dante, how dare you still look for Anne? Don't you know she doesn't want to see you?" Meryl said.

"Tell me where she's staying. I need to talk to her!" Dante said.

Chapter 169 Torture

Dante's face was pale. Dark circles under his eyes showed he hadn't rested in days. He hadn't even shaved.

The suit he wore was the same one from three days ago. The smell of alcohol was evident from a distance.

3/4

"If you feel any guilt towards Anne, sign the divorce papers and stop dragging it out," Meryl said sternly.

"No, I won't divorce her!" Dante said defiantly.

"At this point, do you think not signing **will** make a difference? Anne is determined to leave you. If you don't sign, she'll sue. You're a public figure. Are you sure you want it to get that far?" Meryl said.

Dante let out a bitter laugh.

"Didn't she already tell everyone at that dinner party that I wronged her, that I'm a jerk? Everyone already knows. What more do I have to fear from rumors..." he said.

Meryl frowned.

"I don't care about my reputation anymore. I'll give up everything if Anne comes back," Dante said.

He walked towards Meryl. "Help me, please! Tell me where Anne is! Every day, I feel like torture!"

As he got closer, Meryl noticed the red veins in Dante's eyes, making him look quite frightening.

Chapter 169 Torture

4/4

In her memory, Dante had always been very concerned about his image. He had all his clothes sent to the dry cleaners.

Whether it was formal suits or casual wear, he was always meticulously dressed.

Meryl felt a bit sorry for him, but she didn't soften.

Anne was currently in postpartum recovery. Meryl couldn't let Dante disturb her.

"I'm not going to tell you," Meryl said, leaving the office.

Dante instinctively tried to follow, but Chandler immediately blocked his way.

Chapter 170 Wrong Password

Chandler's gaze was cold. "Dante, you've crossed the line!" Chandler said sternly.

1/5

It was work hours. What would people think if they saw Dante running off to find Meryl?

Dante's face was pale. "Chandler, what should I do? You know I've always had feelings for Anne. I love her so much, but why did she have to get rid of our child and want a divorce?" Dante said. His voice was trembling.

"Why?"

It's because you didn't cherish what you had when you had it.

Now that it's lost, it hurts deeply. Only now do you regret it and want to make amends."

Being a friend, Chandler didn't voice these thoughts. He didn't want to hurt Dante more.

Chandler pulled out a cigarette and lit it.

Smoke swirled around him, making his features appear more rugged. "How's Lola doing now?"

"I don't know."

Chapter 170 Wrong Password

After that day, Dante hadn't seen Lola again.

He used to meet her often, but that was only because she had saved his life.

Lola came from a poor family. Her parents had four children, with her being the third daughter.

2/5

In a family like that, she couldn't expect any help. So, she had to work hard.

In the Kingdom, there were many well-connected people.

Back then, he had asked Lola, "You saved me. What do you want in return?"

Dante had thought she would ask for money. But to his surprise, she had only said, "Dante, if I ask for something in return, what does that make me? How about this? Just take me along when you go out with your friends. So, I can see the world a bit."

Back then, Dante hadn't thought it was too much to ask.

But looking back now, he realized that his social circle was the most elite in Kingdom.

Over the years, Lola had probably leveraged her proximity to him to gain advantages.

Take her position as lead dancer, for instance. Dante had seen her dance, and she was nowhere near as good as Anne.

Chapter 170 Wrong Password

3/5

There were plenty of better dancers in the troupe, yet Lola had held onto the lead position for years. Why was that?

He couldn't believe it had taken him this long to see through it all.

Chandler exhaled a cloud of smoke. "As a friend, I advise you to let her go peacefully."

"Let her go peacefully? I've hurt Anne so much, and she just lost the baby. If I divorce her now, won't that make me a total jerk?" said Dante.

"So what do you **want** to do? Keep dragging this out forever?"

"I want to know where Anne is. I want to take care of her. **I'll** be her servant! I'll even help her through her recovery!"

Meryl, who had been lingering just outside the door, walked **in** at that moment.

"Top floor, Building A, Tanaxes residence. You can go there," said Meryl.

After getting Anne's address, Dante didn't go to see her right **away**.

He went home first. He freshened up, changed into clean clothes, and even shaved his beard.

He checked himself **in** the mirror, ensuring he looked presentable before driving to the Tanaxes residence.

Chapter 170 Wrong Password

But when he reached the top floor and was about to ring the doorbell, he saw a sign hanging on the door.

"Sleeping. Do Not Disturb."

It was in Anne's handwriting.

4/5

Dante pulled his hand back from the doorbell and walked over to the window, lighting a cigarette.

Time passed slowly. Before he knew it, he had finished an entire pack of cigarettes.

More than three hours had passed, and there was no movement from inside the apartment.

“Does Anne really live here?” Dante thought.

Seeing the door had a code lock, Dante hesitated for a moment before entering his own birthday as the code.

Anne had always used her birthday as the code for everything.

Because she had a poor memory, using his birthday had been the only way for her to remember it.

But as soon as he entered it, the system indicated that the password was incorrect.

Dante’s eyes trembled with emotion.