

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 211 – 220

Chapter 211 Three Years Ago

Yeah... Bianca agreed to Malcolm's proposal three years ago to send Meryl to prison for training due to Meryl's outrageous actions.

Recalling what happened three years ago, Bianca still felt scared.

What if Chandler found out about that?

Would he be disgusted with Meryl?

Outside the office, Lydia listened to the conversation between the two and clenched her fingers tightly.

Her fingertips were pinched until they turned pale.

Lydia had done so much for the Stone family, but she didn't expect Bianca to take her as an outsider due to the blood relationship!

"Ms. Lydia Stone, why don't you go in?" The secretary saw Lydia standing outside the office for a long time and suddenly asked curiously.

Her voice was so loud that it alarmed the two in the office. Malcolm opened the door, surprised. "Lydia? You're here?"

"Dad, this document needs your signature." Lydia walked in, as

Chapter 211 Three Years Ago if she had just discovered Bianca.

"Mom, here you are."

Bianca nodded.

Lydia immediately said, "I didn't know you were here. The diamond bracelet is on my desk. I'll bring it up to you later."

2/4

"No need," Bianca said softly, "Keep it for yourself. You just got married to Dalton, so you should wear more beautiful jewelry."

Lydia tilted her head, acting coquettishly. "But I bought it specially for you."

"You're my daughter. No need for such formalities."

Bianca refused to accept it as her birthday had passed, rendering the gift unnecessary.

Lydia was surprised to find a rift between her and Bianca due to a mere diamond bracelet.

Bianca viewed Lydia similarly to how she used to, yet Lydia felt an unexplainable awkwardness.

Malcolm finished reading the document and said, "Lydia, there is nothing wrong with this document. But the project with Galaxy Holdings Group some time ago..."

"They directly rejected it this morning and said they would not cooperate with us."

Chapter 211 Three Years Ago

3/4

Malcolm's face changed. "Why? There are three competing companies in total. In terms of comprehensive strength, we are ranked second! We're sure to be one of their choices! Why doesn't Galaxy Holdings Group cooperate with us?"

Lydia looked quite innocent. "Dad, I also find this very strange. Did Uncle Chandler remove us from the list because Meryl said anything to him?"

Malcolm's face was gloomy. "Damn it! That rebellious girl!"

Bianca retorted, "Did you forget what Chandler said that day? How we see Meryl will affect how Chandler feels about Celestial Ventures Group. I think this whole thing is more about Chandler than Meryl."

"So what should we do now?"

"Why is Meryl angry? Of course, we should appease her."

Malcolm and Bianca then both looked at Lydia.

Malcolm said, "Lydia, how about you give the old manor under your name to Meryl?"

Lydia was surprised as she reluctantly gave up this manor, which was originally given to her by Malcolm.

But since he asked, if she refused, Malcolm would probably be displeased.

Chapter 211 Three Years Ago

4/4

Bianca had a problem with her now, so Lydia certainly couldn't lose Malcolm's favor.

"Dad, as long as Meryl can be happy and stop targeting our company, it doesn't matter if I lose some personal interests."

Malcolm didn't say anything. After Bianca left, he looked at Lydia with a distressed look.

"Lydia, I'm sorry for that. I will give you shares to compensate you."

Lydia gently shook her head. "Dad, money doesn't mean much to me. I'm married to Dalton now, so I'll have a rich life later on. You don't have to worry about me."

"Lydia, you are so considerate..."

Lydia maintained a fake smile.

She then turned her head and glanced towards the door, ensuring Bianca wouldn't return before speaking, "Dad, the person from Peace Street called me and said she wanted to see.

you..."

Malcolm was stunned, a trace of guilt creeping onto **his** face.

Write your comment

Chapter 212 House

1/4

"Bianca's been watching me closely lately, and the company just lost a major project, so I'm pretty busy. Let's talk about it once. I'm free."

Lydia nodded. "Okay, I'll tell her that."

Malcolm looked at Lydia with a complicated expression. "Lydia, you must help me keep the secret."

Lydia smiled innocently, "Don't worry, Dad. I know what to do!"

After Meryl discarded the flowers Malcolm sent, he sent bouquets for three days straight

The entire company became aware of it within days due to its excessive and prominent nature.

Rumors were outrageous, with some claiming Meryl was favored by a particular boss pursuing her eagerly and others alleging a married man desired her as his mistress.

Meryl ignored these rumors, but Malcolm's behavior successfully forced Meryl to contact him.

Malcolm, fresh from losing two collaborations, angrily threw cups in the office when he received the call.

Nothing had been going well lately. Malcolm was so upset that

Chapter 212 House

he had no appetite.

2/4

"Malcolm, you're pretty old, right? Why do you do those gross things? Aren't young guys supposed to send flowers?"

Malcolm was aware that his recent contract losses were tied to Chandler, who was attempting to exert pressure on him.

"Meryl, my dear daughter, if you ask Chandler to stop targeting my group, I promise that I will not send flowers to **you** starting

tomorrow."

Meryl sneered, "Your dear daughter? I have disowned you, so stop harassing me. If you send me flowers again, I'll have to tell the tax bureau you're avoiding tax payment."

Malcolm panicked. "Don't! By the way, Lydia and I have agreed that she will take you to handle the transfer since she's free on Friday. The old manor can be transferred to you."

"I've told you. I don't want it anymore, and I've severed ties with the Stone family, so don't contact me anymore!" Meryl said, prepared to hang up the phone.

Malcolm hurriedly said, "Meryl, don't do this. Even if you are mad at me, don't refuse the money. I know I was wrong. Do take back the manor! This Friday! It's settled!"

Meryl was cruel. "Who made the agreement with you? Galaxy Holdings Group **will** hold its annual party on Friday, and the entire group will go to Griffore. I'm not in Kingsdom! I'm not available!"

Chapter 212 House

Meryl's attitude towards Malcolm was cold and ruthless.

3/4

Malcolm, though bitter, recognized Meryl's anger as the cause of her coldness.

He aimed to win her favor through benefits, yet Meryl was so arrogant that she disdained the property offered.

Malcolm just couldn't understand why there were people refusing money!

If Meryl accepted the manor, it signaled forgiveness. Malcolm could then discuss group affairs with her, pleading for Chandler's mercy.

But Meryl refused, which made Malcolm feel troubled..

And he couldn't make any requests.

Though there was no evidence of recent collaboration losses by Celestial Ventures Group being linked to Chandler, who else but Chandler would target them now?

After **hanging** up the phone, Meryl stood in the corridor and sighed.

In the trash can next to her were the lilies that had just been thrown away.

The janitor arrived just in time to clean the **garbage**, finding it pitiful to see a large batch of lilies discarded.

Chapter 212 House

4/4

"You've been throwing away flowers for three days **in** a row. My house is full of flower arrangements. Did you have a fight with your boyfriend?"

The janitor picked up the flowers from the trash can again.

Meryl said casually, "Not my boyfriend. My biological father."

The janitor was even more surprised. "Your father is quite a weirdo. Why would he send flowers to his daughter's workplace?"

Meryl said in a mocking tone, "He's strange and he can't see very well."

The janitor sighed, "Does he have an eye disease?"

Meryl replied, "He's blind."

"Well...poor guy."

Chapter 213 Dream

Meryl opened the stairwell door and returned to the office as the janitor descended the stairs, holding flowers and a broom.

On descending one floor, the janitor encountered Dalton puffing smoke in the stairwell..

He leaned against the wall, surrounded by cigarette butts, puffing smoke that softened his harsh features.

The janitor grabbed a few more glances at Dalton.

She seemed to be meeting this guy many times recently.

But if she remembered correctly, this floor housed the high-level conference room, and no one worked there.

The janitor was warm-hearted and talkative, and she could chat with anyone she met.

"Young man, what's bothering you? Smoking is harmful to your health. You can't smoke like this."

Dalton responded softly, "Yeah."

He glanced upstairs and saw that Meryl was gone. His eyes dimmed.

The janitor followed Dalton's gaze upstairs and suddenly

Chapter **213** Dream realized something.

"You like the girl upstairs?"

Dalton was slightly startled. "What?"

2/5

The janitor smiled. "I know it. From the look in your eyes, I can tell you like that girl."

"I just came here to smoke."

Dalton pinched out his cigarette in a panic.

"You are a handsome man. If you like her, just go up and confess your love to her! Why are you hiding here and peeking at her?"

"I told you, I'm just here to smoke!"

Dalton's tone turned stern, his words reverberating down the

empty s

His face darkened, and he spun around and left, slamming the fire door behind him with out a backward glance.

Seeing Dalton's **angry** and embarrassed look, the janitor shook her head helplessly.

"Such a bad temper. So what if you like her? Why so

embarrassed to admit it? So shy. You are not a student anymore. Be brave."

She muttered, "She's a pretty girl. If some brave guy gets her

Chapter 213 Dream

first, you'll regret it then!"

Meryl had no idea what had happened downstairs.

Nor was she aware that Dalton's repeated appearance in the downstairs stairwell was due to his belief that someone was pursuing her.

Dalton learned through the company chat that someone had sent flowers to Meryl and wished to identify the sender.

3/5

Hearing the phone call that Meryl made in the stairwell and knowing that it was Malcolm who sent the flowers, he breathed a sigh of relief.

No wonder Chandler let the rumors spread but did not intervene.

Dalton sat in the office and rubbed his forehead.

He heard every word the janitor said at the end.

He liked Meryl?

Dalton wasn't sure. But he had insomnia recently and had some strange dreams every night.

After returning from the Stone Villa that day, he often woke up in the middle of the night, feeling inexplicably lost.

He felt as if he had lost something crucial but couldn't identify it, making him irritable and exacerbating his insomnia.

Chapter 213 Dream

4/5

Just then, Elias knocked on the door and came in. "Mr. Dalton Aniston, we're off to Griffore for our annual party day after tomorrow. Mrs. Lydia Aniston mentioned she hasn't been there. yet and would like to tag along to explore."

Galaxy Holdings Group's annual party, always well-funded, was held in a coastal city in Griffore, booking an entire five-star hotel.

There were three days of holiday connected with the weekend, so many employees would bring their families there and treat it as a trip.

Dalton said casually, "Well, if she wants to go, then help her book a plane ticket."

Elias responded and turned to leave.

Dalton thought of something else. "How many rooms did they book for the president's office this time?"

Elias was stunned, obviously stumped by the question. He scratched his head and said, "Well... Maybe I should go ask about it."

Ten minutes later, Elias came back.

"The president's office has arranged for eight rooms for each of them. Mr. Aniston is staying in the presidential suite, while everyone else is in regular king-sized rooms."

Chapter 214 Griffore

1/5

The night before going to Griffore, Meryl packed her luggage at home.

This time, she would be away for several days, so she packed her suitcase full and even brought her swimsuit.

Chandler assisted her in carrying the suitcase to the car early in the morning on the day of departure.

Meryl thought about it and felt that something seemed to be wrong.

She asked, "You are going to the airport to catch a plane, right?"

Chandler nodded.

Meryl frowned. "But I'm just an ordinary employee. I have to take the high-speed train with the rest of the team!"

Only the management flew for this business trip due to the large number of employees, while the rest took the high-speed rail.

Chandler found it funny. "I've booked the first class for you. And **you** wanna take the high-speed train?"

Meryl had practiced the cello **at** home after work **in** the past two days to avoid embarrassing the president's office.

Chapter 214 Griffore

They resided in a garden house, sparing concerns over piano practice disturbing others, yet Meryl still evicted Chandler.

She said, "It's really unfair to your ears to hear me make so much noise at home."

2/5

Chandler tried to struggle. "You play the cello very well. It's not noisy, and it's fine for me at home."

"But I need to practice the basics. It's very boring. If you listen to it too much, you'll think it's just noise."

At Meryl's firm request, Chandler was kicked out of the house.

So, these days, Chandler had been staying in a hotel.

His face remained grave, obviously not satisfied.

He couldn't understand why Meryl had always separated from him even though they had been married.

But the group had been bustling these days, with a lot of year-end summaries to deal with.

Therefore, the two of them couldn't spend much time alone together in the company.

Since the annual party coincided with a weekend, Chandler wouldn't miss a chance to be alone with Meryl.

Meryl was worried. "No, if I take the plane with you, what if everyone finds out about our relationship?"

Chapter 214 Griffore

Chandler was careless. "If they find out, just make it public. What's the big deal? Do you intend to keep your marriage a secret for the rest of your life?"

Meryl pressed her lips, still feeling it was inappropriate.

"Then tell everyone that you have work to report to me!" Chandler suddenly wrapped around Meryl's waist. "Why so pretentious? You want me to carry you up?"

Meryl blushed instantly due to his words.

Walter, standing aside, feigned ignorance and looked away silently.

3/5

But Meryl still noticed it and, feeling embarrassed, got into the car obediently.

Only then did Chandler smile in satisfaction.

The door of the car closed automatically, and Walter sat in the driver's seat.

He looked straight ahead, like an emotionless machine, and drove towards the airport.

An hour later, they arrived at **the** airport.

Chandler signaled Meryl to check in the cello, but Meryl held it tightly and refused to let go.

Chapter 214 Griffore

Chandler asked, finding it amused. "What's wrong?"

4/5

Meryl looked serious. "It's so valuable. What if it gets damaged? How can I check it in? I want to carry it with me!"

Chandler sighed helplessly, "Are you sure you want to carry such a big cello with you?"

Meryl nodded vigorously.

She treated the cello worth 20 million dollars as a treasure and cherished it. How could she let it be checked in together with the luggage!

Chandler remained silent for a few seconds before turning to Walter and speaking.

Walter was stunned, his expression speechless. Then, he nodded and walked towards the check-in counter.

Meryl was a little surprised. "What did you say to him?"

Walter's glance at her moments ago seemed to convey a mountain of unspoken words, leaving Meryl unable to forget its complexity.

Chandler raised his eyebrows slightly, but his tone was serious. "I just asked him to grab another ticket. Once we board the plane, he can sit with the cello and help you watch over it."

Meryl didn't know what to say.

Chapter 215 Melody

Dalton and Lydia were sitting behind them.

1/6

Seeing Chandler and Meryl coming up, Dalton and Lydia were also stunned.

Ever since Lydia married Dalton, the Aniston family ignored her, and Charlotte, Dalton's mother, disliked her.

Chandler was the elder and the head of the Aniston family, so Lydia quickly pulled Dalton to greet him, "Uncle Chandler, Meryl."

"Yeah." Chandler responded lightly and sat down in the front row.

There were six seats in first class, and they occupied four.

There were two more, sitting Walter and the cello.

People who boarded the plane later saw that a cello occupied a single seat in the first-class cabin and stared at Walter as if he were an idiot.

Even after walking away, their discussions could still be heard.

"That **man** looks quite smart, but how come he is a little bit stupid? He didn't check in such a big cello. Is he rich but stupid?"

Chapter 215 Melody

Walter was speechless.

2/6

The cello Walter brought was too conspicuous, stunning Lydia. "The cello..."

"Chandler gave it to me," Meryl answered calmly.

Lydia was taken aback. "Meryl, you're traveling so far on business, and you're bringing a cello with you?"

Meryl nodded. "Yes, because I'm going to perform at the annual party."

Lydia was panicked by her words, and her voice rose as she asked in surprise, "You're playing the cello at the annual party?"

Meryl turned her head calmly and looked at Lydia. "Yeah. Is there any problem?"

Lydia felt flustered, with her heart pounding.

Meryl was actually going to play the cello at the annual party! Didn't that mean that Dalton would listen to it!

Oh, no!

She was screwed!

What if Dalton realized that the person who played the cello was actually Meryl?

Chapter 215 Melody

Lydia subconsciously clenched her palms and glanced at the cello placed right behind her.

The musical instrument was wrapped tightly in a bag, and Walter stared at it intently.

3/6

No! She had to think of a way to prevent Meryl from playing the cello...

Otherwise, if she just watched it happen, she'd be doomed!

If Dalton found out that he had recognized the wrong person from the beginning...

Lydia didn't dare to think any further!

Dalton was a little distracted.

So, the cello piece he heard on his colleague's phone a few days prior was performed by Meryl?

How would Meryl know that song?

The melody was unpopular, and Lydia claimed to have composed it. It was this tune that awakened him from a coma in

a car accident, saving his life.

But how did Meryl know that?

Didn't she stop playing the cello a long time ago?

Did Meryl overhear Lydia playing the cello and learn it from

Chapter 215 Melody her?

No, it sounded wrong.

Meryl was better at the cello than Lydia.

4/6

Despite some errors in the phone recording, she managed the emotional aspects more effectively than Lydia.

And it was more like the melody he heard while he was unconscious.

Dalton felt extremely irritated.

Back then, because of this piece of cello music, he started to admire Lydia.

The person he liked was Meryl, but a car accident when he was eighteen changed everything.

After waking up, he asked Meryl why she suddenly stopped playing the cello.

Meryl just said it was boring.

He wanted to hear her play the cello, but Meryl had never played for him.

Dalton thought Meryl's interest in the cello was just a passing fancy, so he didn't force her.

But unlike Meryl, who always made excuses, Lydia always met

Chapter 215 Melody his requirements.

5/6

Because of their musical compatibility, he began to get closer to Lydia.

Lydia was good at the cello as well as the piano.

At the centenary celebration of the school, Dalton and Lydia planned to play the piano together.

However, Lydia was unable to perform after sustaining an injury to her hand.

That was the first time Dalton lost his temper with Meryl.

He didn't anticipate Meryl's jealousy leading to Lydia's pain, and it was the first time he found her hateful.

Dalton was in a daze until he got off the plane.

Lydia called him several times, but Dalton never came back to his senses.

Lydia frowned. "Dalton, what's in your mind? Why are you ignoring me? We should get off the plane."

She glanced at the row ahead and noticed Chandler and Meryl were gone.

Dalton didn't move but looked at Lydia and asked, "Lydia, are you hiding anything from me?"

Chapter 215 Melody

Lydia was startled and inexplicably panicked. "What do you mean?"

6/6

Dalton stared into her eyes. "If you have something to hide from me, you'd better tell me now. I hate being deceived."

Lydia forced a smile, realizing that Dalton might know it!

However, since that incident, Meryl had never played the cello in front of Dalton, so he couldn't possibly know!

Lydia felt relieved.

No matter what, she must stop Meryl from playing the cello at the annual party!

She couldn't lose Dalton!

Write your comment

Chapter 216 Calling Her Name

The annual meeting was set for the following evening, leaving everyone free to enjoy the first day.

The salty sea breeze was invigorating, and Meryl quickly swapped her travel clothes for a breezy beach dress as soon as she checked into the hotel.

The main group was arriving by high-speed train and wouldn't get there until the afternoon. Meryl decided to take advantage of the quiet and explore the beach while it was still relatively empty.

But just as she opened her door, she was surprised to find Chandler standing there.

He was a far cry from his usual suited self, dressed casually in a plain white t-shirt, exuding a laid-back vibe.

It looked like he was about to knock.

Meryl instinctively glanced around, relieved to see no familiar faces.

She tried to pull Chandler inside quickly, but he didn't move.

With a frown, he asked, "Are we married or just sneaking around like an illicit affair?"

Chapter 216 Calling Her Name

2/4

To avoid any gossip about their relationship, they had booked separate rooms for this trip, a decision Chandler had grumbled about incessantly.

Sensing his irritation, Meryl hurriedly explained, "I just didn't want our colleagues to know I'm your wife. It might complicate things at work..."

Chandler pulled her closer, hooking his finger around hers. "Do you plan to keep it a secret forever?"

"You worry too much," he said, tapping her forehead gently. "Everyone at Kingsdom knows I married you. It's only a matter of time before they all find out."

He had a point.

Meryl mulled it over for a few seconds before sighing, "Alright, let's just let things happen naturally."

Chandler's lips curved into a smile as he slipped an arm around her shoulders. "So, tonight, are you coming to my room, or am I going to yours?"

The implication in his words was unmistakable, making Meryl's fingers tremble slightly and her cheeks turn pink.

Chandler smelled freshly showered, a pleasant mix of his body wash's minty scent.

Meryl took a deep breath, savoring it.

Chapter 216 Calling Her Name

"I'll... come to your room," she whispered.

His smile widened, and at this moment, she felt like a lamb walking into a wolf's den.

His eyes stayed fixed on her. “What time?”

“Ten o’clock?”

“Alright. If you’re not there by ten, I’ll come get you.”

3/4

Meryl’s cheeks turned bright red, the blush spreading to the tips of her ears.

When the elevator reached the lobby, Chandler wrapped his arm around her and led her out to the beach.

As they passed a glass window, Dalton, who was dining inside, froze mid-bite.

His eyes trailed after them as they walked away.

Next to him, Lydia noticed his distraction and felt a twinge of jealousy.

She tugged at his sleeve and said, “Dalton, it looks like Chandler and Meryl are getting along really well. They must be heading for a beach stroll. Why don’t we go too later?”

Dalton’s expression darkened.

He quickly finished his spaghetti and set down his fork.

Chapter 216 Calling Her Name

“No, I’m going back to the room to get some rest.”

Work had been exhausting lately, and coupled with sleepless nights, Dalton was worn out.

Lydia followed him back to their room.

4/4

As soon as they were inside, she hugged him from behind, her hands lightly pressing against his stomach.

“Honey...”

Dalton knew what she wanted, but he just wasn’t in the mood.

He gently pulled her hands away and turned to face her. “Lydia, not now. I really need to rest.”

Lydia bit her lip and looked up at him. "Do you even care about me? You don't like me, do you?"

Dalton sighed and rubbed his temples. "Why would you think that?"

"Because the other night, you called out Meryl's name!"

Write your comment

Chapter 217 Be Caught Red-handed

The moment Lydia brought it up, she felt utterly humiliated. This was the worst embarrassment of her life.

She had waited a month after their wedding to be intimate with Dalton, and when he finally did, he called out another woman's

name.

Dalton's temples throbbed painfully, as if a nerve was being stretched to its limit.

Without a word, he took off his jacket, grabbed his pajamas, and headed straight to the bathroom.

His shower was quick, just a few minutes.

Lydia had hoped he would say something when he came out, but he simply lay down on the bed, turned on the air conditioner, and closed his eyes.

Stunned, she couldn't believe he was treating her this way.

"Dalton, don't go to sleep. We need to talk!"

Her eyes filled with tears. Normally, Dalton would have come over to comfort her, but now he just lay there with his eyes closed, one hand resting on his forehead.

"We'll talk after I get some sleep."

Chapter 217 Be Caught Red-handed

2/4

Lydia's hands clenched into fists, tears streaming down her face.

Realizing he had no intention of talking, she stormed out of the room and took the elevator to the front desk.

“Hi, I’m staying in room 808, and I left my key card inside. Could someone help me get back in?”

The receptionist eyed her warily. “May I have your name, please?”

“Meryl Stone.”

The receptionist checked the computer and confirmed the name.

“We can let you in, but we’ll need to see some ID first to verify your identity.”

“My ID is also in the room. I can show it to you once I’m inside,” Lydia said quickly.

The receptionist hesitated for a moment before picking up the phone.

Lydia assumed she was calling the hotel manager, but to her surprise, the call went directly to Walter.

Soon, Walter arrived. The receptionist pointed to Lydia and said, “This lady says she left her room key inside.”

Lydia turned around and her face fell when she saw who it was.

Chapter 217 Be Caught Red-handed She forced a smile. “Oh, it’s you.”

Walter studied her for a moment, then smirked.

“Ms. Lydia Stone, what exactly are you trying to do, sneaking into Mrs. Aniston’s room?”

3/4

Lydia quickly recovered. “Oh, come on. Meryl is my sister. I just wanted to leave a surprise gift for her.”

“But hasn’t Mrs. Aniston cut ties with the Stone family?” Walter replied, his tone dripping with sarcasm.

Lydia’s face burned with embarrassment.

How dare Walter, just an assistant, humiliate her like this?

To her astonishment, Walter pulled out his phone and called Meryl right in front of her.

“Mrs. Aniston, Lydia is at the front desk trying to get into your room, claiming she has a surprise for you.”

After listening for a moment, Walter nodded and hung up.

He turned to Lydia. “Mrs. Aniston asked me to pass on a message to you.”

“What is it?”

“Get lost.”

Chapter 217 Be Caught Red-handed

4/4

In the evening, Meryl had fondue with some colleagues from the executive office.

By the time she returned to her room, it was late.

She quickly showered, and when she came out, it was 9:55 PM.

Chandler had told her to meet him in his room at 10 PM, or he'd come down to get her.

With colleagues from Galaxy Holdings Group on the same floor and some playing cards with their doors open, she couldn't risk him making a scene.

Meryl changed into a fresh dress and headed upstairs, timing it perfectly.

Standing outside Chandler's room, she took a deep breath and knocked.

Three seconds later, the door opened.

Chapter 218 Seaside Sunrise

1/5

Chandler had just finished his shower, with a few damp strands of hair casually falling across his forehead.

He was only wearing a towel around his waist, showing off **his** toned abs.

Meryl froze for a moment, her eyes wandering down before she quickly covered them with her hand.

But curiosity got the better of her, and she peeked through her fingers.

She had to admit, his physique was impressive, every muscle defined and powerful.

Not missing her sneaky glances, Chandler leaned against the door frame, still slightly damp.

He chuckled softly, his voice low and teasing.

“Come in, take a proper look.”

Before she could respond, he grabbed **her** wrist and pulled her inside.

With one smooth motion, he turned, pressing her against him as he kicked the door shut.

Chapter 218 Seaside Sunrise

The presidential suite was much larger than the standard rooms.

2/5

In the entryway, a full-length mirror reflected the sight of Chandler holding her close, kissing her deeply.

He twirled a lock of her hair around his finger, **his** other hand tilting her chin up to meet his fierce kisses.

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He was impossibly sexy, and it was driving her crazy.

Meryl's blood was boiling under his touch. She tried to turn her head away, but he just trailed his lips down to her collarbone, kissing her softly.

Her legs felt like jelly, and she almost lost her balance.

“Did you have fondue with them tonight?”

“Yeah.”

In the executive office chat group, Freya had suggested fondue for dinner.

Almost everyone agreed, except for Chandler and Walter.

With a multinational conference scheduled at the same time, Chandler ended up with a boxed lunch that Walter brought

over.

It made sense now why there were rumors about Chandler and Walter being an item...

Chapter 218 Seaside Sunrise

3/5

"I was really craving fondue too. What should I do about that?"

"Tomorrow, after the annual meeting, I'll take you out for steak."

Chandler turned to her, burying his face in her neck and planting soft kisses.

The way he kissed her made Meryl blush deeply.

She found herself shivering under his touch and instinctively leaned into him, feeling her cheeks heat up.

Chandler noticed her reaction and grinned.

"If you're this affected now, what are you going to do later?" he asked, his voice a seductive murmur.

Meryl's face turned scarlet as she realized the implication of his words.

"Chandler..."

"Hmm?"

"You're such a tease."

Chandler chuckled, then swept her into his arms effortlessly.

He carried her into the room, where he gently laid her down on the bed.

Chapter 218 Seaside Sunrise

4/5

He took his time, kissing her tenderly, and Meryl found herself gripping the white sheets, her body melting into the bed.

Her eyes were glassy, with the corners turning a soft red.

Before she could utter another word, Chandler silenced her with a passionate kiss.

As their desire reached its peak, Meryl clung to him, her fingers tangled in his hair.

Chandler, ever the businessman, spent the night making up for every moment Meryl had missed over the past few weeks, collecting every bit of the debt she owed.

By the time they finished, it was 4:30 AM, and the sky was starting to brighten with the first hint of dawn.

Meryl lay on the bed, utterly spent and ready to fall asleep.

Chandler, ever the perfectionist, had already prepared a warm bath.

He adjusted the temperature just right and gently carried her to the tub, helping her clean up.

When they stepped out, the view through the floor-to-ceiling windows took Meryl's breath away.

Chapter 218 Seaside Sunrise

5/5

The ocean shimmered in the early morning light, with the first golden rays piercing through the clouds.

The scene was like something out of a painting, soft, golden light turning the deep blue of the sea into a sparkling expanse.

Meryl couldn't tear her eyes away, mesmerized by the unexpected beauty of the seaside sunrise.

Chapter 219 Holding a Meeting

Suddenly, Chandler's arms wrapped around her from behind.

He kissed her neck lightly, lifting her wrists and pressing her gently against the floor-to-ceiling windows.

As he leaned in, he pulled her into a deep kiss.

Meryl's heart raced as their lips and tongues intertwined.

1/4

Chandler's kisses were a mix of fiery passion and tender affection, making it impossible for her to think of anything but the moment.

His eyes locked onto her neck as he murmured in a low, hypnotic tone, "Mrs. Aniston, how about another round with the sunrise as our witness?"

Even though he asked, he didn't give her a chance to respond.

Meryl was taken aback by Chandler's creativity and persistence.

His relentless affection left her breathless.

When the sun finally rose, Chandler let her rest.

Exhausted from the night, Meryl curled up in the soft bed, longing for a deep, uninterrupted sleep.

Chapter 219 Holding a Meeting

Unfortunately, she only managed to doze off until 4 PM.

Upon waking, she found the room empty.

2/4

Barefoot, she got up to look for her clothes, only to realize her dress was torn into pieces on the floor.

It dawned on her that Chandler had been so eager last night that he had torn the dress open when he couldn't undo the zipper.

She considered the bathrobe but decided it wasn't appropriate.

Instead, she rummaged through her suitcase and found one of Chandler's shirts.

It fit her well enough to cover what needed to be covered, though it was a bit short.

Deciding to make do with the shirt until she could change, she checked herself in the mirror to ensure she wasn't showing too much.

Satisfied, she headed out the door, ready to face the day.

As the door swung open, Meryl was met with a roomful of surprised faces. Several executives in the living room stared at her in shock.

Chandler, seated with a stack of documents, barely looked up from his work.

Meryl's eyes widened in disbelief.

Chapter 219 Holding a Meeting

Chandler was holding a meeting in the presidential suite?

The hotel's soundproofing was so effective she hadn't heard a thing.

3/4

The executives of Galaxy Holdings Group looked at her, clearly taken aback.

They had heard rumors about Chandler's marriage, but seeing a woman in his suite was a shock.

In the corporate world, it wasn't unheard of for executives to have affairs with their assistants, but no one expected Chandler to be involved.

His image as a man who shunned scandals made this revelation all the more stunning.

The executives exchanged glances, their curiosity piqued. They wondered what made Meryl special enough to break through Chandler's defenses.

Given the recent buzz about her pursuit of him, it was clear she had made quite an impression.

Most men wouldn't easily reject a young, attractive woman who made advances, and it seemed Chandler was no exception.

In just a few seconds, the executives processed this unexpected development and silently sympathized with Chandler's mysterious wife.

Chapter 219 Holding a Meeting

Dalton, who had been mid-report, froze when he saw Meryl.

The shock was evident in his expression.

4/4

He knew that Chandler and Meryl had separate rooms for this trip.

Seeing her in one of Chandler's shirts confirmed that they had spent the night together.

Dalton's jaw tightened, his lips pressed together.

"So, they spent the entire night together?" he thought, feeling a mix of frustration and unease.

He couldn't help but wonder, "Is Meryl so irresistible that she could make someone as disciplined as Uncle Chandler lose control?"

Secret Admirer: Finding True Love After ...

Chapter 220 The Revelation

Chandler was seated with his back to the door, but as he saw Dalton's pen drop to the floor, he raised an eyebrow in mild curiosity.

Walter, noticing Meryl, quickly leaned in and whispered something into Chandler's ear. Only then did Chandler turn around.

When his gaze met Meryl's, his expression darkened. She was wearing his shirt, and her long legs were exposed.

The room fell silent as everyone's attention shifted to her. Chandler's eyes narrowed, and he said curtly, "Go back to the room."

Meryl's heart skipped a beat.

She had no idea the living room would be filled with senior executives.

1/4

Her face flushed with embarrassment as she quickly turned and shut the door behind her with a loud thud.

Her mind raced. "What now? Everyone can tell what's going on.

This is so mortifying."

As Meryl hurried back to the room, Chandler gave Walter a brief

Chapter **220** The Revelation

instruction.

Walter nodded and left, shutting the door behind him.

In the living room, the atmosphere was palpably awkward. Every tiny sound seemed amplified in the tense silence.

2/4

The executives exchanged nervous glances, aware of Chandler's icy demeanor.

The awkwardness was palpable as they had inadvertently walked in on a private moment and were unsure of how to react.

The realization that they had stumbled upon something deeply personal was heavy.

None of them wanted to be the one to break the silence or make things worse.

The silence stretched on until Chandler slammed the file he was holding onto the table, making everyone jump.

His frustration was evident, and it only heightened the executives' anxiety.

They feared that their intrusion might have serious consequences.

One executive, clearly anxious, wiped the sweat from his brow and stammered, "Mr. Aniston, **we'll** be discreet. We won't talk about what we just saw."

Chapter 220 The Revelation

Chandler looked at him, raising an eyebrow. "Oh? And what exactly is there to talk about?"

3/4

The executive faltered, unable to answer. He wiped his forehead again, sweat continuing to bead.

It was clear Chandler's question was a test, and no one was willing to risk their jobs by making assumptions about his relationship with Meryl.

Leaning back on the couch, Chandler took a slow drag from his cigarette, relishing the discomfort in the room.

Just then, Walter returned, holding a tote bag.

He walked to the door and knocked lightly.

“Mrs. Aniston, Mr. Aniston has something for you.”

Walter’s voice wasn’t loud, but it was clear enough for in the living room to hear.

everyone

The executives exchanged stunned looks, unable to believe that Walter was referring to Meryl as “Mrs. Aniston.”

In a matter of moments, it dawned on them that Meryl was indeed Chandler’s elusive wife.

Chandler, observing the reaction with a smirk, said, “Why is everyone looking so shocked? Did someone lose their dentures?”

The executive who had spoken before quickly closed his mouth,

Chapter 220 The Revelation realizing he had been caught off guard.

“Mr. Aniston... is Ms. Stone really your wife?”

4/4

Chandler chuckled, took a drag from his cigarette, and replied, “Or is she your wife?”

At this moment, Meryl emerged from her room in the clothes Walter had brought.

Unaware of the commotion, she walked into the living room only to find the executives standing rigidly as if at attention.

Startled, she took a step back. To her surprise, the executives, typically so proud and aloof, bowed to her in unison.

“Mrs. Aniston!”

“Mrs. Aniston!”

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