

Secret Admiration Finding True Love After Prison

Chapter 221 – 230

Chapter 221 Struggling with Insomnia

Meryl instinctively glanced back at Chandler.

1/4

He was leaning against the sofa, a knowing smile playing **on** his lips.

It hit her then.

Just yesterday, she had suggested they let things develop naturally.

Yet today, Chandler had gone ahead and made everything public.

She couldn't fathom why he was so eager to reveal their relationship.

Meanwhile, Dalton's expression had frozen completely.

His heart clenched painfully as he realized what was happening.

The pen in his hand snapped **in** two.

As a man, Dalton understood the strategy behind Chandler's actions.

By making their relationship public, Chandler could openly and

Chapter **221** Struggling with Insomnia confidently show affection for Meryl in the company.

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Since they were married, any gossip would only highlight their strong relationship.

Dalton felt a pang of discomfort.

After a quick rest **in** her own room, Meryl grabbed her cello and headed towards the backstage area.

Galaxy Holdings Group's annual gala was always a grand event, with professional celebrity hosts and even live streaming.

In the hotel corridor, Meryl ran into Freya.

Seeing Meryl with her cello, Freya put her hands on her cheeks, looking awestruck. “Now that’s a performance! Oh my god, my poetry recitation last year... what was I thinking?”

She made a cheering gesture. “This time, our executive office can finally hold our heads high! Is it heavy? Do you need help carrying it?”

Meryl shook her head with a gentle smile. “No, I’ve got it.”

Freya nodded. “I thought so. That cello looks really expensive...”

As Meryl stepped out of the elevator, heading to the backstage area, she was suddenly blocked by Dalton in a secluded corner.

His eyes were red, and he looked utterly exhausted, as if he hadn’t slept properly in days.

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Clearly, he had been waiting for her here because he had something important to say.

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Lately, Dalton had been struggling with severe insomnia, often lying awake until dawn before catching a brief nap.

His dreams were filled with images of Meryl, just as she used to be, with her heart and eyes solely for him.

In his dreams, they were back in their school days.

Back then, after just returning to the Stone family, Meryl had severe motion sickness from the car rides to and from school and often chose to walk along the roadside.

Worried she might get bullied, Dalton would secretly follow her.

Once, she noticed him and turned to say something.

Feeling guilty and embarrassed, he quickly changed direction and walked away.

It was the first time Dalton had felt so cowardly.

Knowing Meryl was going to perform at the annual gala tonight, he couldn’t keep his feelings bottled up anymore.

He had never heard her play the cello, even though he knew she had learned it in the past but had stopped abruptly.

Lydia, on the other hand, had suddenly developed **an** interest in

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the instrument.

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Remembering the melody he heard on a colleague's phone that day, Dalton looked into Meryl's eyes and asked, "Was it you?"

Meryl looked up, puzzled.

Dalton stared intently at her and repeated, "Years ago, when I was in a coma after the car accident, I vaguely heard the sound of a cello. Was it you playing?"

Meryl didn't understand why he was asking this out of the blue.

"You're really annoying," she said, trying to brush past him and leave.

Dalton's eyes showed a hint of desperation as he grabbed her wrist. "It was you, wasn't it? You played the cello, didn't you? Tell me it was you!"

Meryl thought Dalton was being ridiculous and couldn't understand why he was asking such a random question.

Chapter **222** The Truth

Back then, Dalton got into a car accident on his way to pick her up, and the guilt weighed heavily on Meryl. To cope with the sadness, she began playing the cello outside the hospital.

She never wanted to revisit her past with Dalton, and she certainly didn't want to talk about it.

Without saying a word, Meryl shook off his hand and turned to leave.

Dalton watched her walk away, heartbroken.

He didn't chase after her or try to stop her.

Deep down, he already knew the truth.

Anyone could learn to play an instrument, but the way a person expressed emotion through music was unique.

When Dalton heard that brief recording on his colleague's phone, he was almost certain that the person he had heard years ago was Meryl.

The only thing holding him back was the hope that Lydia hadn't deceived him.

Chapter 222 The Truth

When Meryl arrived backstage, the area was buzzing with people.

2/4

Chandler had made sure she had a private room away from the commotion.

After she placed her cello on the table, a staff member brought her a cup of water.

Meryl thanked them, but as she lifted the cup to her lips, something didn't feel right.

There was a faint, strange scent in the water.

Thanks to her past training with a practitioner, Meryl had a keen sense of smell when it came to herbs.

She detected croton oil in the water, a potent substance that causes severe diarrhea.

Lowering the cup, Meryl left the dressing room, intending to find the staff member who had brought the water.

But as soon as she stepped out, she came face to face with Lydia.

Lydia's gaze flicked to the untouched cup on the table, and her eyes darkened.

In that moment, everything clicked for Meryl.

"It was you, wasn't it? Lydia, what are you trying to do?"

Chapter 222 The Truth

Lydia's eyes filled with tears.

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She had been following closely behind Dalton the entire time, and she had seen him stop Meryl, asking if she was the one who had played the cello.

Panic gripped her. She knew that Dalton's suspicions were growing.

Meryl was about to take the stage, and with Dalton's deep understanding of music, he would recognize the truth the moment she played.

He had always been obsessed with that mysterious cellist from years ago, and Lydia had only managed to win his affection by stepping into that role.

The fear of him discovering her deception was overwhelming. She had never felt such dread in her life.

That was why she had tried to stop Meryl from going on stage, but her plan had clearly failed.

Lydia clutched Meryl's hand, her voice trembling and pleading. "Meryl, please, I'm begging you. Just this once. Let it go."

Meryl frowned, her tone sharp. "What's wrong with you and Dalton? Why are both of you acting so strangely? What have I done that you're asking for mercy?"

"After Dalton's accident, you swore you'd never play the cello again. So why are you suddenly performing at the annual event?"

Chapter **222** The Truth

Meryl, I'm begging you, don't go on stage. If you agree, I'll transfer the Stone family's old house to you immediately!"

Lydia's pitiful expression did nothing to soften Meryl, who responded with a cold, mocking smile.

"You don't want me to perform? And what's your reason for that?"

Lydia bit her lip, unwilling to reveal the truth, and Meryl's sarcasm deepened.

"You're completely irrational!"

She stepped back, intending to shut the room door.

But before she could, Lydia closed her eyes, tears streaming down her face. "It was me ... I took your place all those years ago!"

B

Chapter 223 Living in a Lie

1/4

Meryl hesitated, her hand still on the door as she turned back to Lydia, a puzzled look in her eyes. "What are you talking about? What position did you take from me?"

Lydia's voice wavered as she finally admitted, "When Dalton was in that coma after the car accident, it was your cello playing that brought him back. When he woke up, he was desperate to find the person who had played the music. I told him it was me."

Meryl was momentarily speechless.

"After that, he started to care about me, checking in and showing concern. We exchanged numbers, and over time, we fell in love."

Lydia had intended to keep this secret buried forever, but she knew the truth would come out if Meryl performed.

If Dalton learned that their entire relationship was built on a lie, she feared he would be crushed.

"Meryl, you're married to Chandler now, and it's obvious he cares deeply for you. You have everything you need to be happy.

"Please, just do me this one favor. Don't play the cello in front of Dalton."

Lydia had been on edge for a while, feeling Dalton's attention

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slipping away.

2/4

If he discovered the truth about her deception, she knew their marriage would be over.

With no real place in the Aniston family, she was clinging to Dalton as her only anchor.

As long as Meryl didn't perform, she still had a chance to win him back.

Tears streamed down Lydia's face, ruining her carefully applied makeup. "Meryl, I'm begging you. Please, let me have this."

It suddenly all made sense to Meryl.

No wonder Dalton had pulled away so abruptly after the accident.

The answer was clear.

He had been cherishing the memory of his savior, holding her up as his ideal love.

But what he didn't know was that his savior was replaced.

All these years, he had been living **in** a lie that Lydia had spun.

Meryl stared at Lydia, her expression cold and unmoved.

"What's the point of all this? If Dalton truly loves you, it wouldn't matter who played the cello that day. He would still

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choose you."

Desperate to defend herself, Lydia quickly responded, "Of course he loves me!"

3/4

"Then why are you so scared? Why rush here, begging me not to perform? You're terrified, aren't you? Afraid that your entire relationship with him is built on a lie?"

Lydia's face flushed with embarrassment, the truth hitting too close to home.

She was scared, terrified that she had lost Dalton's love, that maybe she never really had it to begin with.

That fear had driven her to this moment, desperately trying to stop Meryl from playing, afraid that once Dalton heard the music, he'd realize everything and leave her.

"You're only pretending to be pitiful because you need something from me. Does Dalton know that your entire relationship is built on a lie? If you were bold enough to deceive him, then you should be ready to face the consequences."

Lydia's frustration boiled over as Meryl wasn't budging. "I'm begging you, Meryl! Can't you just do this one thing for me?"

"Why should I? Don't twist the truth here. I'm the one who was wronged. You took what was mine, and now you expect me to cover for your mistakes?"

Tears started to spill down Lydia's face.

Chapter **223** Living in a Lie

In a final act of desperation, she grabbed the hem of Meryl's dress and sank to the floor.

The backstage area was crowded, and the dramatic scene quickly drew a curious audience.

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The crowd didn't know who Lydia was, but they were all familiar with Meryl.

"What's going on? Who is that?"

"Isn't she Mr. Dalton Aniston's wife?"

Chapter 224 The Chaos

1/5

Someone from the marketing department recognized Lydia and said, "What's happening here? Is she being bullied by Meryl? But Meryl is usually so nice!"

"I'm sorry! I shouldn't have taken all the love from our parents for so many years! Meryl, please just let me go!"

"You want me to leave the family, right? I can do that, as long as you promise to calm down and forget about this!"

"Meryl, I know you're kind. I'm begging you, have mercy on me!"

The crowd fell silent, absorbing the weight of Lydia's words.

It was becoming clear that Meryl wanted to kick her out of the family, which explained Lydia's desperate pleas.

The crowd's perception of Meryl began to change, and whispers of her being cold-hearted started to circulate.

They couldn't believe she could be so ruthless toward her sister.

own

Meryl observed Lydia's performance **with** a cool demeanor.

“Are you really trying to make a scene, Lydia?”

Chapter 224 The Chaos

2/5

Without any sign of concern, she pulled out her phone. “Go ahead and repeat what you just said. I’ll record it and send it to Dalton so he can see how desperate you are to stop me from playing.”

Lydia was momentarily at a loss for words.

Seeing her freeze, Meryl bent down and playfully smacked her on the backside.

“Stop being dramatic and just say it! Everyone’s watching. Go on. The stage is yours!”

Lydia’s confidence crumbled.

She had thought her public display would pressure Meryl into submission, but Meryl wasn’t buying it.

Defeated, Lydia stood up and ran away without looking back.

She knew she had to come up with another plan to stop Meryl from performing.

The annual gala was buzzing with excitement as Meryl prepared for her final performance.

With less than ten minutes until she was set to **go** on, a text message popped up on her phone.

[You won’t be able to go **on** stage.]

Chapter 224 The Chaos

3/5

It was from an unknown number, but Meryl had a strong feeling it was Lydia behind it.

What new scheme was she trying to pull?

Not wanting to give her any satisfaction, Meryl brushed it off and adjusted her cello.

Just then, a staff member knocked on the door, signaling it was

time for her to head out.

She grabbed her cello and followed.

As the evening wore on, the audience had seen most of the performances, and their excitement was fading.

Small groups of people started chatting among themselves while the host struggled to keep the energy alive. Suddenly, the curtains closed, and the lights went dark.

Meryl hurried onto the stage and settled herself, ready to perform.

But just as she was about to begin, the spotlight that was supposed to shine on her flickered out unexpectedly.

Even the host's microphone went silent, **as** if the venue had lost power.

A murmur of confusion swept through the crowd.

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The venue was huge, and without the ability to amplify their voices, it felt chaotic.

4/5

The dim lighting created **an** eerie atmosphere, filled only with the low hum of conversations.

In the front row, Chandler raised an eyebrow while Walter held up his phone like a flashlight, making his way toward the exit.

Although the gala was being streamed live, the backup batteries kept the feed running, and thousands of viewers were still watching.

[What's going on? A power cut on the gala? Is this a live broadcast disaster?]

[It's the last act anyway. Not much left to see. Time to call it a night!]

[Isn't this the CEO's office performance? Last year they did poetry readings that were cringeworthy. I was actually looking forward to the cello solo, but now it's turning into a disaster!]

[I bet she just picked up the cello last week.]

The live chat exploded with comments, everyone shocked that a major company like Galaxy Holdings Group could mess up so badly.

To top it off, they had a popular comedian who had performed right before Meryl, drawing the biggest crowd of the night.

Chapter 224 The Chaos

5/5

Lydia stood off to the side, a smug smile creeping across her face as she took in the chaos.

→ Write

Chapter 225 Breathtaking Performance

As the curtains were drawn, Lydia missed the look of panic on Meryl's face, and a wave of disappointment washed over her.

1/4

As some guests began to leave, Lydia grabbed Dalton's arm and said, "Dalton, how can such a big hotel just lose power like this? I'm scared of the dark! Let's get out of here!"

Dalton frowned, taking in the chaos.

With the sudden blackout and the noise, it was clear that the gala was probably coming to an end.

He straightened his jacket, ready to leave, when suddenly, a deep cello sound pierced the air.

Lydia froze, her face darkening.

She couldn't help but wonder, "How could Meryl still play without a microphone?"

In the midst of the confusion, the audience hushed, as if enchanted by the unexpected music. It was a soothing sound that cut through the chaos **and** grabbed everyone's attention.

Since the microphone was **out**, everyone had to stay quiet to hear her play.

Chapter

People started pulling out their phones, shining their flashlights toward the stage.

Gradually, the lights began to focus on Meryl, who sat gracefully in the spotlight.

She looked serene, completely unfazed by the turmoil around her. Cradling her cello, she leaned in and began to play, filling the room with beautiful melodies.

Meryl had only been playing the cello for around two years, which wasn't long at all in the world of music.

During that time, she had only gotten the hang of the basics.

Ever since Dalton's accident, she hadn't touched the cello at all. It **was** only in the last couple of weeks that she picked it up again.

Meryl had a distinct style when she played the cello. She poured her heart into it rather than relying on technical skills.

With only two years of practice, she was far from mastering the instrument, but her natural talent shone through.

Even her former teacher had said it was a shame for her to **quit**

so soon.

The teacher had gone so far **as** to visit her in person to encourage her to keep playing, believing that if she continued, she could one day have her own solo concert and become a

Chapter 225 Breathtaking Performance remarkable musician.

3/4

But Meryl had turned down that opportunity, burdened by guilt.

If it weren't for her struggle to catch a taxi with her cello, Dalton wouldn't have had to brave that rainy day to pick her up, leading to the accident that changed everything.

After playing a heartbreaking piece in the hospital, she made a vow never to touch the cello again.

As she played now, the deep, resonant notes flowed from her like a heartfelt story, pulling at the audience's emotions.

The sound reached into the depths of their souls, especially in the enveloping darkness of the room, which seemed to magnify their feelings.

In this moment, the crowd was entirely spellbound, all noise fading away as they focused on the music.

Even the online comments had come to a stop.

With her head slightly lowered, Meryl's eyes were fixed on the strings, reflecting a sense of solitude.

She seemed like a dreamer, pulling everyone into the world she had crafted, slowly revealing the tale she wanted to tell.

It didn't matter whether they were musically knowledgeable or not. Everyone was utterly absorbed, lost in the moment.

Chapter 225 Breathtaking Performance

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As the last note echoed into silence, Meryl stood and took a bow.

Only then did the audience gradually return to reality.

The room erupted into thunderous applause that resonated long after the music stopped, a testament to the profound impact of her performance.

The live chat was flooded with excited comments, capturing the awe of the viewers.

Write your comment

Chapter 226 Prejudice

[OMG! OMG! OMG!]

The screen was flooded with expressions of shock, perfectly capturing the viewers' disbelief.

[Is **this** really the company's annual party? That person playing the cello must be a pro!]

[What's up with the camera? Get a shot of her face! I want to see this lady!]

[I recognize that cello! Isn't that the one belonging to the renowned master, Casey Riley? How did it end up here?]

[Can anyone tell us who the lady is?]

Suddenly, the lights in the venue flickered back on.

After being in darkness for so long, the crowd instinctively shielded their eyes.

When they turned back to the stage, they realized Meryl had already left with her cello, though they hadn't noticed when she had slipped away.

Freya excitedly grabbed Medea's hand. "That was incredible! Our office can finally hold our heads high!"

Chapter **226** Prejudice

2/4

Medea nodded in agreement. "I thought she was just messing around, but **wow**, she's really talented! My cousin is watching the **live** stream right now and just texted me asking for Meryl's number!"

Freya cupped her face. "Give it to him! Who knows, you might end up related someday!"

"Sure! I'll text my cousin right now!"

Meanwhile, Josh coughed lightly.

The others in the executive office had no idea about Meryl's true identity, but he was fully aware.

In fact, he had caught wind of some gossip earlier today.

"Medea, hold on. Meryl... is actually Mr. Aniston's wife."

"What?!" Medea's eyes widened in shock. "You must be kidding! How did I not know something this huge?"

She had always prided herself on being the first to **know** the latest gossip, yet no one had mentioned that Meryl was Chandler's wife.

Lisha, who had been silent until now, sneered, "Josh, where did you get such ridiculous information? Mr. Aniston would never marry someone—like her."

Freya immediately jumped **in** to defend Meryl. "What's wrong with Meryl? Why wouldn't she be good enough for Mr.

Chapter 226 Prejudice Aniston?"

3/4

Lisha shook her head. “She’s just a pretty face! Let’s face it. She’s nothing more than eye candy. Mr. Aniston is a CEO. Do you really think Meryl has the sophistication of a true lady?”

In Lisha’s narrow view, a refined woman was one who wore designer clothes and carried luxury handbags.

Meryl’s simple style just didn’t fit that mold.

Josh interjected quietly, “Meryl is a true lady... just a more understated one. Have you heard of the Stone family? They own Celestial Ventures Group. She’s their daughter.”

Celestial Ventures Group was a name everyone recognized. Once a powerhouse in Kingsdom, it was among the elite companies in its prime.

However, recent years had been tough, and the company was facing decline.

Still, even in its weakened state, it held **more** weight than many smaller firms.

Lisha still shook her head in disbelief. “They just have the same name! Mr. Aniston doesn’t like Meryl. Remember how she chased after him? It made headlines, and he didn’t even give her the time of day!”

Backstage, Meryl had no idea **she** had become a sensation.

Chapter 226 Prejudice

The online buzz continued to grow, with some users editing together clips of her cello performance and posting them everywhere.

Meanwhile, Walter leaned over to whisper something to

4/4

Chandler, **who** suddenly narrowed his eyes, a dangerous glint in them.

This power outage wasn’t just a coincidence but intentional.

He scanned the room, his gaze locking onto Dalton’s area.

Chapter 227 An Eye for an Eye

Dalton seemed completely lost, staring blankly ahead while everyone around him buzzed about the cello performance.

It was as if he had drifted away from reality.

Lydia's heart raced with anxiety.

She cautiously glanced at his expression and softly called out, "Dalton..."

But he didn't respond, caught in his own world.

Just then, Walter approached. "Ms. Lydia Stone, Mr. Aniston wants to see you."

Startled, she instinctively looked over at Chandler, meeting his intense, cold gaze.

A knot tightened in her stomach. She knew something was off.

Feeling guilty about her actions, she gently tugged on Dalton's sleeve, hoping he would say something to ease the tension.

But he remained utterly unresponsive, lost in thought.

With a resigned sigh, Lydia followed Walter to Chandler.

They entered a dimly lit corridor, where an unsettling silence hung in the air.

Chandler tossed a bottle of liquid down in front of her, his face devoid of emotion. "Drink it."

Lydia felt a chill run down her spine. "Chandler, what is this?"

"You don't know? This is what you were planning to give Meryl," he replied, casually smoking a cigarette, his gaze fixed on her with a mixture of disdain and impatience.

"So, are you going to drink it yourself, or should I have Walter force it down your throat?"

Walter felt a strong aversion and was filled with contempt for Lydia.

Lydia's legs felt weak with fear, her lips pale as she gazed pleadingly at Chandler.

A harsh beam of moonlight streamed through the window, highlighting his striking features and making his cold demeanor seem even more intimidating.

He exhaled a cloud of smoke, not bothering to look at her.

Tears welled in her eyes.

When she stayed silent for what felt like an eternity, Walter interjected, “Ms. Lydia Stone, you’re perfectly capable of drinking **this** yourself, so please don’t make me force it down your throat. My girlfriend would kill me if she found out.”

Chapter **227** An Eye for

A tear rolled down Lydia’s cheek. “Chandler, Meryl didn’t drink it. Please, let me go this time, okay?”

The drink was spiked with enough powerful ingredients to cause serious stomach issues for at least three days.

Chandler shot her an indifferent glance. “She didn’t drink it because she was saving it for you. Did you even consider the consequences of messing around at the company’s annual party?”

He let out a cold laugh, crushing his cigarette butt underfoot, clearly unwilling to waste any more time on her. “Or do you want Dalton to drink it for you?”

A cold sweat broke out on Lydia’s back at the thought.

If this got back to Dalton, her standing with him would be ruined.

Biting her lip, she **finally** said, “I’ll drink it!”

Chandler watched with a smirk as she downed the concoction.

Almost immediately, a loud rumble echoed from her stomach.

Clutching her abdomen, she felt an urgent need to find a restroom.

But as she turned a corner, she found Dalton blocking her **way**.

Chapter **227** An Eye for an Eye

His eyes were cold, radiating an intimidating energy, and his gaze felt almost predatory.

Lydia’s heart raced with dread.

Tentatively, she asked, "Dalton, what's wrong?"

4/4

Dalton's eyes were devoid of warmth as they fixed on her, as if she were a stranger.

"I gave you a chance, Lydia. Why did you have to lie to me?"

Lydia froze at his words.

"You've let me down. You've deceived me all these years. The person who played the cello when I was **in a** coma wasn't you at all. Why did you pretend it was you and lead me to believe that?"

No one could fathom just how significant that person playing cello was to Dalton all those years ago.

Write your comment

Chapter 228 Was This Feeling Love?

1/5

In a haze, Dalton seemed to have fallen into endless darkness. It was the hauntingly beautiful melody that drew him back from the brink of death.

Unconscious and unable to open his eyes, he was left with only his sense of hearing. Yet, every time he heard that piece of music, his fragmented awareness began to come together, slowly coalescing.

It was as if there was a beam of light leading him through the darkness.

At some point, he even assumed that he had stepped into the cellist's inner world. They were a spiritual match and soul

mates.

Therefore, after waking up, Dalton was eager to find the cellist.

Lydia claimed it was her, and he had no reason to doubt her, as she could reproduce the whole song.

From **then on**, he gradually became partial towards her.

It wasn't until this moment that Dalton realized Lydia had deceived him. It had been a lie from the start, and she had been misleading him for years.

Chapter **228** Was This Feeling Love?

He was profoundly heartbroken, feeling as if he were a fool.

He even got the wrong person.

2/5

Lydia burst **into** tears. "Dalton, I fell **in** love with you a long time ago. I admit that it is a bit selfish, but my purpose was to attract your attention."

Since Dalton already knew everything, there was no need for her to hide it anymore.

Lydia tried to grab his wrist. "It was my only chance to get close to you. I've considered telling you the truth for years, but I feared losing you. Dalton. I love you so much. Is that wrong?"

"Can you forgive me this time? Even though I have deceived **you**, our love over the years has been genuine. You still have feelings for me, don't you?"

Dalton's expression softened.

Lydia, gentle and considerate, took care of him at all times. She was a perfect wife.

Over the years, she often looked at him with admiration, thinking that he was the best and most powerful **man** in the world.

Dalton always felt recognized by Lydia.

But was this feeling love?

Chapter **228** Was This Feeling **Love?**

It seemed that he was just greedy for the emotional value provided by Lydia.

And Meryl...

The thought of her inexplicably irritated Dalton.

3/5

She was his first love, and her image had been on his mind all the time recently.

In particular, when he saw Chandler and Meryl kissing, something within him seemed to stir suddenly.

Dalton had a sexual desire for her, but even in the same bed as Lydia, he always found something missing.

He didn't even want to sleep with her. Even if she took the initiative, he was always not interested.

Was her figure unattractive? No, on the contrary, she had a curvy figure and good looks

So what prompted this?

Dalton had no idea. Maybe he did but lacked the courage.

He didn't dare to admit that the woman he loved **was always** Meryl. –

Dalton suddenly punched the wall, wondering whether it would be of any use if he begged Meryl to pay attention to him.

Chapter **228** Was This Feeling Love?

Lydia was frightened by his behavior.

4/5

She wasn't sure how much Dalton believed her story **or** whether

he had calmed down.

However, Lydia had drunk the coffee with croton seeds in it, and now her stomach hurt intensely.

She was impatient to go to the restroom now.

She pivoted around, ready to run, but Dalton suddenly gripped her wrist.

He pressed her against the wall and leaned over to kiss her violently.

Unwilling to believe that his desire was limited to Meryl, he decided to give things another shot with Lydia.

If it had been any other moment, she would have been thrilled. and would have responded passionately to his kiss.

But now...

Lydia pushed Dalton away, urgently needing to use the restroom. She could no longer hold it and was on the verge of losing control.

He **was** surprised and thought she was playing hard to get.

He grabbed her forcefully and leaned over to kiss her again.

Chapter 228 Was This Feeling Love?

However, just as their lips were about to meet, a series of strange, firework–like noises abruptly erupted.

Chapter 229 A Bold Guess

Dalton paused and stared at Lydia in surprise.

She typically conducted herself with elegance and paid attention to her image in front of him.

His eyes were deep, as if he was lost in thought.

Lydia was completely dumbfounded. However, before she could react, the initial discomfort vanished, **giving** way to a sense of refreshment.

She pooped in her pants!

Dalton was speechless.

He was a neat freak. His gaze at Lydia was tinged with disdain.

She had never been so embarrassed before, especially **in front of** the man she loved most.

She wished to disappear right away!

Covering her face, she limped away in silence.

Dalton stood there alone in disbelief.

In his eyes, Lydia was always clean and pure.

Chapter **229** A Bold Guess

But now, his impression of her completely collapsed.

She actually pooped her pants in front of **him**.

2/5

After a long while, Dalton took out a cigarette from his pocket and lit it in annoyance.

He couldn't forgive Lydia.

It was the fact that she had deceived him.

She was not the cellist back then. Over the years, Dalton had always regarded the cellist as his soul mate.

That was why he opened up to her, leading to a series of subsequent interactions.

But now, he found out that it was fake from the beginning.

In other words, his attention to Lydia should have gone to Meryl.

It suddenly dawned on Dalton that, over the years, he had always shown his affection to the wrong person.

He grew frustrated and had a headache.

Even the cigarette didn't improve his mood. His frustration intensified.

The woman he loved was never Lydia. She had only misled him through her lies.

Chapter 229 A Bold Guess

In his impression, she was simple and kind-hearted. Yet, she had been deceiving him.

He was like a fool, being played around by her.

3/5

Dalton suddenly remembered that he and Lydia got married. because he had drunk too much that day and had been taken to a hotel by her.

When they woke up the next morning, a group of reporters blocked them at the hotel entrance. For the sake of their reputation, they announced their marriage to the public.

However, it was her long-prepared scheme. She had put **in** a lot of effort to become his wife.

In fact, she was not as simple as he had imagined.

Were there more hidden facts?

For example, three years ago, he and Meryl had a complete break-up.

At that time, Lydia was kidnapped by gangsters. When he got the news and hurried over, she was tied up in an abandoned warehouse.

She looked so pitiful, her tearful eyes as red as a rabbit's, with her hands and feet bound.

Those gangsters rubbed their hands, ready to approach her.

Chapter **229 A Bold Guess**

Dalton's urge to protect her flared up immediately.

4/5

He rushed forward, held her in his arms, and saved her.

Lydia insisted that Meryl had colluded with those gangsters and asked them to rape her.

Dalton slapped Meryl in anger.

He didn't understand how she could do such a vicious thing to her sister.

Was it just out of jealousy?

Weeping, Meryl claimed it was not her and that Lydia had orchestrated everything herself. Dalton was suspicious.

However, Lydia revealed that Meryl had slept with the gang leader to ensure their compliance.

Dalton broke down at that moment.

He was engaged to Meryl. How could she have sex with another man?

This incident became his sore spot, and he was the only one to whom Lydia had confided.

He even conducted an investigation to prove its authenticity.

However, the conclusion shocked him.

Chapter 229 A Bold Guess

5/5

The gang leader actually admitted that he had slept with Meryl and taken her virginity.

Recalling the past, Dalton put out his cigarette in annoyance.

Meryl lost her virginity to a gangster while he had never even kissed her on the lips.

From that time on, Dalton stayed with Lydia out of spite.

Now, a bold guess suddenly occurred to him.

What if Meryl was really framed?

Chapter 230 Where's Chandler?

Meryl and the gangsters had never colluded or slept together. Everything was staged by Lydia herself.

A cold sweat broke out on Dalton's back.

If it were true, Lydia was really scheming.

1/5

Since she had deceived him once, it would be easy for her to do it again, considering how expert she was at disguising herself.

At that moment, Dalton had only one thought in his mind.

He was eager to see Meryl right now.

He wanted to hear her recount what had happened that year and confirm whether his guess was correct.

Dalton strode quickly towards the hotel upstairs, knowing Meryl was in Room 808.

After taking the elevator directly to the eighth floor, he stood outside Room 808 and rang the doorbell repeatedly, but no one answered.

Frowning, he was stunned for a few seconds, and an idea suddenly flashed through his mind.

Would Meryl be with Chandler?

Chapter 230 Where's Chandler?

Dalton hurried towards the presidential suite upstairs with heavy steps.

2/5

Last night, Meryl and Chandler made love in the room all night long.

With this in mind, Dalton felt a dull pain in his heart.

He had been with Meryl first, yet he never dared to kiss her on the lips. However, Chandler could sleep with her and completely possess her.

Dalton arrived at Chandler's room and rang the doorbell.

He realized that rushing over like this was both rude and undignified, but he couldn't care less.

Even if it meant being scolded by Chandler and offending him, he would accept it.

No one answered the doorbell, so Dalton knocked on the door frantically.

Walter, who was next door, heard the noise and came over. He was shocked to see Dalton's bloodshot eyes and aggressive demeanor.

He frowned and asked, "What's wrong?"

"Where's Uncle Chandler?" Dalton glanced at Walter and grabbed his shoulders. "Where is he? He's with Meryl, right?"

Chapter 230 Where's Chandler?

Walter nodded. "They should be eating fondue."

With a sullen face, Dalton turned away. When he passed by a room, its door was opened from the inside.

Lydia came out after taking a shower. "Dalton, where are you going!"

She was very nervous. Having finished her conversation with Dalton, she was unsure how much he believed her.

3/5

Although he had unexpectedly come over to kiss her in the end, she didn't detect any affection in his eyes.

"Dalton, wait for me!"

As Dalton went straight into the elevator, Lydia promptly chased after him without hesitation.

She sensed the coldness emanating from him from a distance.

She had never seen him like this before.

Dalton planned to go downstairs. However, when Lydia rushed into the elevator, he suddenly pressed the top floor button.

The elevator went up. Normally, the door to the rooftop was locked, but today, it was surprisingly open.

Dalton stepped out of the elevator, grabbed Lydia by the wrist, and led her to the rooftop.

Chapter 230 Where's Chandler?

4/5

The building was towering, offering a view over the entire sea level, but due to the darkness, the height only amplified the sea's depressing presence.

The turbulent tide was pitch black, as if it were poised to swallow anyone at any moment.

Unexpectedly, Dalton suddenly climbed up and sat on the railing on the rooftop.

Lydia panicked.

With over 30 floors, it was a nightmare for those afraid of heights. There were no barriers under the railing, and an accidental fall could be disastrous.

Lydia, extremely anxious, immediately said, "Dalton, it's dangerous. Come down quickly."
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Dalton turned a deaf ear to her.

He looked up at the sky, which was pitch black with not a single star in sight, let alone the moon.

A gust of wind blew, lifting a corner of his white shirt. He appeared diminutive under the vast sky.

No one knew what he was thinking **at** that moment.