

Secret Admirer Finding True Love After Prison Chapter 261 – 270

Chapter 261 Want More

Lydia's cries grew louder, her voice filled with desperation. "Dalton, don't go!

"Please, don't leave me! Is it really because I made a mistake that you're abandoning me?"

Dalton replied softly, "I'm just stepping out for a bit."

He shut the hospital room door behind him, feeling a wave of disappointment.

He didn't want to stay a second longer with Lydia.

Leaning against the corridor **wall**, Dalton lit a cigarette and took slow drags, letting the smoke curl up and vanish.

Without realizing it, he found himself outside Meryl's room.

There was a magnetic pull, **an** irresistible urge to see her.

He had a lot he wanted to say to **Meryl**.

Inside the room, Meryl was sound asleep, **a** small lump under the covers.

Dalton thought bitterly, "She's made such a mess of my life. How can she sleep so peacefully, completely oblivious?"

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He pressed his lips together, gently closing the door.

As he drew nearer, Dalton could distinctly hear **his** own heartbeat.

At that moment, the entire world seemed to be on mute.

Standing by her bed, he gazed at Meryl's sleeping face, captivated by her stunning beauty.

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His heart raced wildly, as if it were about to leap out of his chest.

He wondered, "Why am I flustered?"

Dalton swallowed hard, his eyes fixed on Meryl's face, not blinking.

He found himself leaning in closer, drawn **by** an irresistible force.

Memories of Meryl's smiles and expressions flashed through his mind like a silent **film**, flooding **him** with emotions he had long forgotten.

He realized, perhaps for the first time, that his heart had never truly let go of her.

All these years, Dalton had been in love with Meryl.

It was Lydia who had created an illusion, making him believe otherwise.

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His gaze fell on Meryl's full, rosy lips, and the thought that they had been kissed by Chandler suddenly made him uneasy.

Frustration surged within him. Leaning closer, he pressed his hands on her shoulders.

With his eyes closed, Dalton was about to kiss her.

Just as their lips were about to meet, Meryl's eyes shot open.

She hadn't slept deeply, just taking a brief nap after a restful night.

Meryl sensed someone at the door but had been too lazy to open her eyes.

It wasn't until she felt someone's breath getting closer that she realized something was wrong.

Seeing Dalton about to kiss her, Meryl reacted instinctively. She slapped him across the face.

It wasn't a hard hit, but it was enough to bring Dalton back to his senses.

Their eyes locked, and Meryl's gaze was filled with disdain and sarcasm.

The look made Dalton feel strangely embarrassed.

Meryl sat up abruptly. "Dalton, are you out of your mind? Do you even realize what you're doing?"

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Dalton felt caught in the act, overwhelmed by a sense of guilt.

He couldn't explain why Meryl had such an effect on **him**, pulling him in.

At that moment, he truly wanted to kiss her.

No, it wasn't just about kissing—deep down, Dalton wanted much more.

Write your comment

Chapter 262 Got Yourself to Blame

Although Dalton felt this way, he wasn't about to admit it.

Blushing, he stammered, "I saw your blanket wasn't tucked in properly and came to fix it. What did you think I was going to do? Meryl, don't be so full of yourself!"

Meryl looked baffled. "Tuck in my blanket? What's our relationship that you'd need to do that? Dalton, get a grip on yourself. Sneaking into my room while I'm asleep? That's crossing the line!"

Dalton was about to argue further when Ethan walked in from outside.

Ethan grinned, saying, "Heh, I just caught you trying to steal a kiss from Aunt Meryl on camera! Looks like you're finally caught in the act, Dalton!"

The hospital door was semi-transparent, so it was easy to see inside from the outside.

Dalton's face hardened as he heard Ethan's words. "Ethan! Delete that video right now!"

"No way!" Ethan made a face at Dalton, his expression cheeky. "Why should I listen to you? You want it deleted just because you say so?"

Chapter 262 Got Yourself to Blame

Dalton moved to grab the phone, but Ethan, who had been fighting with Dalton since childhood, knew how to handle such

situations.

They were evenly matched in their brawls, and neither could gain the upper hand.

Suddenly, Ethan had an idea.

He quickly unbuckled his belt, looped it through his belt loops, and, without hesitation, stuffed the phone into his waistband.

Meryl, watching the scene unfold, could only think, "This **is just** too much."

Dalton's face was turning red with rage.

Ethan, grinning mischievously, taunted, "Go ahead, try to take it. I dare you."

He wiggled his hips as if daring Dalton to make a move.

Dalton's jaw tightened, his face cold and unyielding.

With Ethan being so shameless, Dalton knew better than to escalate the situation.

However, feeling frustrated, he slapped Ethan on the back of the head.

As the two seemed ready to start another fight, Meryl's voice turned icy. "If you two are going to **fight**, take **it** outside!"

Chapter **262** Got Yourself to Blame

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"Aunt Meryl, I came to check on you because I heard you were ill, but instead, I walked in **on** this guy making a move on you."

Ethan set a fruit platter on the table.

"And Dalton, if Uncle Chandler ever finds out, he'd probably tear you to shreds."

He hadn't expected Ethan to catch this moment. The two had always been at odds.

Ethan would likely tease him about this for a long time.

"Dalton, seeing Aunt Meryl and Uncle Chandler getting along so well, are **you** feeling envious?"

“Regret it, did you? Regret not cherishing her when you had the chance, now wishing you could turn back time?”

“Are you bitter, feeling like Aunt Meryl should have been yours? Is that why you...”

“But what’s the point of regret? She’s become your elder now, Dalton. Unrequited love? You’ve only got yourself to blame!”

Ethan had a knack for hitting where it hurt.

He knew Dalton well, and every word seemed to strike a nerve.

Chapter 263 Get a Divorce

Facing Ethan’s taunts, Dalton was left speechless.

He couldn’t find any rebuttal to Ethan’s jabs.

Throughout their lives, he’d never let Ethan get the upper hand, but this time, Dalton had nothing to say.

Deep down, he felt Ethan was right; he deserved it.

Conflicted, Dalton wished Meryl would see him in a different light.

He had so much he wanted to tell her, but Ethan’s sudden appearance had interrupted him. All those words would have to wait for another opportunity.

Dalton left the hospital room feeling a mix of frustration and resignation.

Meryl, having no serious injuries, was discharged after a day and went home.

Lydia, on the other hand, had suffered a concussion and some facial bruises and spent an entire week in the hospital.

Dalton didn’t stay with her.

Instead, he hired a caregiver to tend to Lydia’s needs and then

Chapter 263 Get a Divorce disappeared.

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Despite this, Lydia felt uneasy. She tried calling Dalton, but his phone was still unreachable.

Lydia started to worry, thinking, "Has Dalton blocked me?"

But we've only just gotten married. How could he block me so soon?"

Once discharged, Lydia rushed back to their marital home and was shocked to find Dalton hadn't been there for a week.

The slippers were still in the same place she had left them at week ago.

Panic set in.

She thought, "Where has Dalton been staying? Why isn't he coming home?"

Overwhelmed with a fear she'd never felt before, Lydia had no choice but to call Cate.

"Cate, do you know where your brother is? I can't reach him."

Cate responded, confused, "Can't reach him? Just wait for him to come home tonight, then you'll be able to."

Charlotte had always looked down on Lydia, and Cate, too, had never been particularly warm towards her.

Lydia had no way to explain her predicament.

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She wasn't about to reveal that Dalton hadn't been coming home at all.

"With Christmas coming up, Cate, I've got a gift for you," Lydia said, hoping to build some goodwill.

Cate, still in college and relatively naive compared to the rest of the Aniston family, perked up at the mention of a gift.

"What kind of gift? I hope it's not just more jewelry or something boring. I've seen it all."

As a member of the Aniston family, Cate had grown up surrounded by priceless pearls, gemstones, and designer clothes.

Ordinary gifts didn't impress her.

Lydia, glancing at the pearl necklace she had arranged, sighed.

Given the situation, she didn't have the energy to prepare anything else. "It is a custom pearl necklace from a renowned designer. I hope you like it."

Cate replied disinterestedly, "Oh. Well, bring **it** to the Aniston Villa when we celebrate Christmas Eve. It's not worth making a special trip."

Lydia wanted to say more, but the door suddenly opened.

Dalton stumbled in, visibly drunk.

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Lydia's face lit up with relief, and she hurried to him.

"Dalton, why are you so drunk?"

Dalton ignored her, shuffling straight to the bedroom and collapsing onto the bed.

It was clear he had been living like this for the past week.

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Lydia quickly poured a glass of water and placed it next to him.

As he opened his eyes, their gazes locked.

Lydia looked at the face she had longed for. "What's wrong, Dalton? Why are you looking at me like that?"

Dalton's voice was flat. "Lydia, let's get a divorce."

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Chapter 264 But Why?

On the morning of Christmas Eve, Lydia arrived at the Aniston Villa bright and early.

She bustled about, distributing gifts to various members of the Aniston family and getting everything ready for the evening's Christmas Eve dinner.

Lydia was determined to make a good impression and went out of her way to win the Anistons' favor.

Cameron accepted the gifts with a wide smile, clearly impressed by Lydia's generous gesture.

She laughed and said, "Charlotte, you've really got your son a wonderful wife. Lydia is so considerate—coming here early in the morning, helping the servants with all the preparations, and even bringing gifts for everyone."

Charlotte's face fell at these words.

What kind of family was the Aniston family? As Dalton's wife, why should Lydia need to lift a finger? With a single word, she could have an army of servants at her beck and call.

After all, Dalton **was** the eldest grandson of the Aniston family. With a status like that, and yet his wife **was** practically a

servant?

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Chapter 264 But Why?

"She's **dragging** the family name through the mud!" Charlotte thought. "She's indeed a bastard. Even Dalton's standing is being diminished because of her."

When Cameron unwrapped the gift to reveal a full set of custom-made jewelry, Charlotte's face darkened even more.

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"Jacob is Dylan's illegitimate son, so why would she give them something so valuable? Do they deserve it? Does Lydia have so much money that she doesn't know what to do with it? The Anistons may be wealthy, but money doesn't just grow on trees!"

Charlotte glared at Lydia. "Get over here!"

Once they were in the room, Charlotte started berating her without holding back, "How much spending money does Dalton give you every month?"

Lydia froze for a moment but quickly understood. "I paid for the gift with my own money, as a way to honor my elders. I didn't use a single cent from Dalton."

Charlotte's expression turned cold and stern. "What do you mean by that? Are you implying that the Aniston family has been stingy **with** you? Are you trying to say that Dalton is tight-fisted?"

Lydia bit her lip, tears welling up in her eyes, feeling deeply wronged. "I didn't mean that ..."

Charlotte had always been critical of her. Every time Lydia came to the Aniston Villa, she was treated like an outsider, never

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receiving a kind word from Charlotte.

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And yet... Charlotte was as unyielding as ever, like an expert at detecting hidden motives.

"Don't play innocent with me," Charlotte snorted. "I'm a woman too, and I've seen all these little tricks when I was younger."

"Crying at the drop of a hat. Do you really think I'm as easily fooled as Dalton? Lydia, don't think that just because you've married into the Aniston family, everything will be smooth sailing."

"My son is the heir to the Aniston family. With your background, you're not even worthy to shine his shoes. You should be grateful that you even got to marry Dalton!"

Charlotte's harsh words left Lydia feeling completely helpless, unsure whether to cry or stay silent.

The saying "no good deed goes unpunished" had never felt more real to her than in this moment.

She felt utterly wronged. She was just trying to get gifts for the Anistons, and somehow, she'd ended up upsetting her husband's

mom.

The pressure on Lydia had been building lately, especially since Dalton had brought up the idea of divorce.

How long had they even been married? How had things gone south so fast?

Chapter 264 But Why?

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Through her tears, she begged Dalton not to leave her. She promised to change, to do whatever it took to make things right.

Lydia was sobbing so hard she could barely breathe.

She'd never felt so humiliated in her entire life.

Maybe it was because she looked so devastated that day, but Dalton didn't say another word. He just turned and walked away in silence.

Write your comment

Chapter 265 Unfair

For the next two days, Dalton never came back.

Today, Lydia arrived at the Aniston Villa early. On the one hand, she wanted to make a good impression in front of the Anistons. But mostly, she was hoping to see Dalton.

It was Christmas Eve, and the Anistons were gathering together. Dalton was sure to come to the Aniston Villa today.

As long as she saw him, she would feel at ease.

In the evening, Meryl and Chandler arrived.

Meryl looked radiant and clearly lived the good life these days.

Unlike Lydia, who came bearing gifts, Meryl showed empty-handed.

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No sooner had they taken a seat on the sofa than a servant promptly served them coffee.

Not long after, Harrison handed over a carefully prepared package to Meryl. "Mrs. Aniston, Sir Aniston wants you to have this."

Meryl was taken aback. "What's this?"

Chapter 265 Unfair

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“Sir Aniston specially prepared these as Christmas’ gifts for you. He said that since it’s your first year in the Aniston family, as the head of the family, he wanted to show his appreciation. Please accept them.”

Cameron curiously peeked at the contents and immediately exclaimed, “**Oh** my goodness!”

Dylan was incredibly generous. He actually gifted **Meryl** an entire mansion **in** the heart **of** Kingsdom!

Just that one property alone cost a fortune!

Cameron stared at the deed, green with envy.

Halle craned her neck. “Chandler, Dylan really dotes on your wife. We didn’t get anything like this when **we** got married.”

With Dylan showing his kindness, the others of the Aniston family naturally felt compelled to show their **own** generosity.

The Anistons were highly competitive, especially in situations. like this where countless eyes were watching. No one wanted to be seen as cheap.

Halle presented a designer handbag, and Cameron quickly followed up with a set of exquisite jewelry.

When Halle saw how valuable Cameron’s jewelry was, she immediately added a luxury car worth millions to her gift.

Chapter 265 Unfair

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Cameron, not one to be outdone, went even further, bringing **out** a painting she had recently won at an auction.

Meryl made a trip back to the Aniston Villa, and somehow, she returned as a millionaire.

In her left hand, she clutched a deed to a house. Her **right** hand was holding the key to a car, along with countless pieces of jewelry. Anything she couldn’t carry, she passed to Chandler.

Even Charlotte, the eldest wife of the family, couldn't remain indifferent after seeing Halle and Cameron showering Meryl with gifts.

Charlotte had always felt a bit uneasy around Meryl, especially given her history with Dalton.

As the eldest wife of the Aniston family, with Halle and Cameron. already **having** shown their generosity, she knew that if she gave nothing, people might start to gossip, saying she was being petty or hiding something.

After a moment's consideration, Charlotte decisively ordered someone to take the million-dollar diamond set Lydia had given her that very morning and deliver it to Meryl.

Lydia watched as the gift she had carefully selected to please Charlotte was promptly handed over to Meryl, turning her face pale with anger.

Both married into the Aniston family, yet Lydia bent over backward to please everyone, only to end up with nothing.

Chapter 265 Unfair

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Meanwhile, Meryl waltzed in empty-handed, did nothing, and could walk away with a house, a car, and everyone showering her with gifts.

How was that fair?

Dalton returned to the Aniston Villa only in time for dinner.

He had been staying at a hotel these past few days.

The day he asked Lydia for a divorce, she cried uncontrollably. He had never seen her cry like that before.

In the past, seeing her tears would have made Dalton feel heartbroken, but this time, he felt nothing.

It was then that he realized his feelings for her might not have been love after all.

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Write your **comment**

Chapter 266 Stop Texting Me

It was Christmas Eve, and everyone was planning to stay overnight at the Aniston Villa.

Dalton, knowing Chandler and Meryl would be there, dragged his feet and didn't show up until late in the evening.

He couldn't bear to see the two of them together. It made his heart ache.

Thankfully, Dylan called Chandler into the study after dinner, leaving Meryl alone.

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After taking a shower and drying her hair, Meryl saw a new text message on her phone.

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[I'm waiting for you in the garden downstairs. There's something I need to tell you.]

Meryl knew that number by heart. Even though she had deleted Dalton's number long ago, she still remembered every digit.

Meryl paid it no mind. Given their current situation, it was neither appropriate nor wise for them to meet in private, especially at the Aniston Villa. Who knew how many prying eyes were lurking about?

About ten minutes later, her phone buzzed again. Dalton texted: [Are you here yet? It's a bit chilly out, so bundle up.]

Chapter 266 **Stop** Texting Me

Meryl furrowed her brow, walked to the window, and peered outside.

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Sure enough, there was a shadowy figure in the garden, looking up in her direction.

Their eyes met silently across the distance, and Meryl quickly closed the curtains.

She turned off the lights and texted Dalton back: [You should head back. **I'm** going to sleep.]

It was nine-thirty at night, and as she lay **in** bed, Meryl was wide awake.

She opened Twitter and scrolled through the trending topics, most of which were about Christmas.

Just then, her phone buzzed again.

[If you don't come out, I'll wait here all night. Meryl, could you really bear to see me waiting in the freezing cold until morning?]

Meryl was speechless.

She never expected Dalton to resort to this kind of emotional blackmail.

She and Chandler were staying in a small, separate cottage. At this hour, they should have been enjoying a peaceful evening together, but there was Dalton standing outside

...

Chapter 267 The Accident

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an idiot. I didn't even realize I had the wrong person all along."

Dalton buried his face in his hands, tears slipping through his fingers. Regret washed over him.

For too long, he'd let himself spiral, drowning in a life of excess. But in those fleeting moments of sobriety, the hollowness inside him only deepened.

He loved Meryl. He couldn't let her go!

No matter how much he drank to numb the pain, he still loved her!

It was a feeling he couldn't deny. That was why tonight, with Chandler called away by his grandfather, Dalton seized the opportunity to find her.

Before coming here, Dalton had drunk a lot of alcohol. There were things he would never have the courage to say when sober.

But once drunk, nothing held him back.

"Meryl, come back to me!" Dalton said.

As soon as the words left his mouth, Meryl was stunned.

"What did he say?" she thought.

"Dalton? Get a grip and take a good look at who I am. You've got the wrong person, right?" Meryl said, utterly baffled.

Chapter 267 The Accident

“I know exactly who you are! Meryl! Come back to me! Leave Chandler, and I can give you a much better life!”

Meryl was speechless.

ne mad.

The world had truly gone

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The same Dalton who once scorned her was now begging her to take him back.

“I’m your uncle’s wife, for heaven’s sake. Do you hear yourself? Is this how you speak to me? What’s gotten into you? Did Lydia cheat on you?” Meryl asked.

After thinking it over, she could only come up with this explanation.

Dalton shook his head. “I’m divorcing Lydia. She’s a fraud, she deceived me.”

Meryl was again at a loss for words.

Dalton and Lydia never registered their marriage. They only held a wedding ceremony.

Charlotte never approved of Lydia, so when Dalton insisted on marrying her, Charlotte withheld Dalton’s ID, refusing to give it to him.

In families like theirs, it was tradition to sort out property matters before tying the knot.

Chapter 267 The Accident

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Dalton, however, was the Aniston heir with a massive fortune in

his name.

It took time to account for everything, delaying their marriage license even further.

Now, it didn’t matter anymore—because Dalton no longer wanted to be with Lydia.

“Lydia impersonated you, knowing full well how much the cellist

means to me.”

As Dalton spoke, he suddenly grabbed Meryl's hand and placed it on his head.

"Meryl, have you forgotten? I had a car accident because of you. I suffered a head injury, and this scar—it's because of you. Do you remember?"

Feeling the scar on his head, Meryl was taken aback.

A significant reason for Dalton's coma after the accident was due to the traumatic brain injury.

He drove through the pouring rain to pick her up, but as he made a turn, he accidentally crashed into a utility pole on the side of the road.

The pole shattered the car's window, and a piece of glass, propelled by the force of the impact, lodged into Dalton's head.

Although the shard was eventually removed, it left him with

Chapter 267 The Accident

stitches and a permanent scar.

ery well.

Before that accident, Dalton had treated her very

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But after he woke up from the crash, everything changed—Lydia became the only woman he loved.

It turned **out** that everything that should have belonged to her had been stolen by Lydia's deceit.

Meryl suddenly realized the truth.

Write your comment

Chapter 268 No Going Back

No wonder Dalton wanted to divorce Lydia.

His personality could never tolerate such betrayal.

Dalton said, "Meryl, I'm asking you one last time. Three years ago, were you the one who bribed those thugs to kidnap Lydia? Or was it all just her own scheme, something she orchestrated herself?"

As soon as Dalton mentioned the events from three years ago, Meryl's expression turned cold.

A sharp pain pierced her heart.

This was a shadow that had haunted her entire life.

Those three years in prison—every day was an absolute nightmare for her. Meryl even considered ending it all at times.

The prime of her life was wasted away behind bars.

The meager meals, the beatings from other inmates, and the long scar on her ankle—these were wounds that would never heal.

Meryl didn't immediately answer Dalton's question. Instead, she asked in return, "What did Lydia tell you back then?"

Chapter 268 No Going Back.

For all these years, Meryl had harbored doubts in her heart.

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After waking up from the car accident, Dalton began to coldly distance himself from her.

Although he became distant, it wasn't to the extent that he would send her to prison.

It seemed like, from a certain day onward, he suddenly started loathing her. Whenever he saw Meryl, it was as if he was looking at something filthy.

Meryl suspected that Lydia must have said something to him.

Dalton's eyes narrowed as he spoke, "Lydia said that to get those thugs to obey you, you slept with their leader."

"So that's what it was." Meryl suddenly understood.

Back then, she and Dalton had just gotten engaged. How could a man like Dalton possibly tolerate his fiancée being involved with another man?

In Dalton's eyes, she not only caused Lydia to be kidnapped but also betrayed him. He must have been devastated and furious.

Meryl asked, "And you just believed what she said?"

Dalton pressed his lips together and nodded heavily.

Back then, Lydia was crying her heart out, almost assaulted by that gang of thugs. How could he not believe her?

Chapter 268 No Going Back A brief silence hung in the air.

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"Back then, no matter how much I explained that I didn't kidnap her, none of you believed me. And now, you're coming to me for the truth? So, you're starting to doubt Lydia too? You know she's not as innocent as she seems."

Dalton gripped Meryl's shoulders tightly. "You didn't sleep with those thugs! The kidnapping was all her doing, wasn't it? You went to prison because she framed you, didn't you?"

Meryl wore a faint smile. "So what if it's true? So what if it's not? It couldn't change anything."

Dalton's eyes were filled with rage, his mind racing with thoughts he barely dared to entertain. The more he thought about it, the more everything seemed to fall apart.

How had he only just begun to doubt Lydia now?

He was such a fool, completely played by a woman!

"If you've been wronged, I'll make **sure** you get justice!" he nearly growled.

"Justice?" Meryl scoffed. "It's already happened. You can't imagine what I went through during those three years inside. The damage is done, the pain I've endured—do you really think 'justice' can make up for that? And besides, Dalton, in what capacity are you going to help me get justice?"

Chapter 268 No Going Back

Dalton froze at Meryl's words.

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Meryl looked at him calmly. "I'm married now. There's no going back, Dalton. You need to face reality."

With that, Meryl turned to leave.

Dalton, in a rush of emotion, blocked her path.

Standing against the light, Dalton merged into the darkness, his shadow stretched long by the faint moon, yet all it conveyed was his boundless loneliness.

Chapter 269 What Are You Doing?

Dalton's voice was hoarse, and his eyes glistened with tears. "We were in love, Meryl. You loved me once.

"I was blind, deceived by my own judgment. But now I see my mistakes. Come back to me, let's start over.

"I know you still have feelings for me..."

Meryl shook her head. "Dalton, you've had too much to drink. I'll just take what you said tonight as drunken rambling."

"I'm not drunk!" Dalton's eyes reddened. "I'm completely sober, and I know exactly what I'm doing!"

The cold wind blew relentlessly, but Meryl's heart remained calm.

She had once been foolishly in love, but now she was wide awake.

She dodged his touch, but Dalton was too strong, and Meryl couldn't break free. She raised her hand and slapped him across the face. "Dalton, if you're going to lose your mind, don't drag me into it!"

"Meryl..." Dalton's breath caught in his throat.

Meryl took a few steps back, then turned to run.

Chapter **269** What Are You Doing?

To her surprise, Dalton followed her.

"This is the Aniston Villa. Let go of me!" Meryl glared at him, her eyes filled with anger.

At that moment, a voice suddenly interrupted them. "Dalton, Meryl, what are you doing?"

Cate walked over from a short distance away.

In truth, she had noticed the two of them struggling much earlier.

She didn't intervene right away but instead stayed hidden, listening to their conversation

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This was the first time Cate had seen her brother Dalton lower himself so much for a woman.

His arrogant brother had always looked down on women, but now he was actually begging Meryl to take him back!

Cate didn't like Meryl, but she had an even lower opinion of Lydia.

As a fellow woman, Cate thought Lydia was too pretentious, with a poor background and an air of pettiness—hardly a match for her brother.

Now, hearing that Meryl had been wronged back then, Cate was utterly shocked.

Chapter **269** What Are You Doing?

But shock didn't mean she agreed with Dalton's actions.

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Seeing Dalton becoming more and more unreasonable, Cate immediately stepped in and interrupted their quarrel, "Dalton, Meryl is Chandler's wife now, and you're begging her to take **you** back? If Chandler finds out, do you want to keep living?"

In the Aniston family, everyone feared Chandler.

Besides, Chandler held absolute authority in the Aniston family. If he found out that Dalton was stealing what belonged to him, not only Dalton but the entire first branch of the family would likely suffer the consequences.

Dalton's eyes were filled with a complex mix of emotions. Seizing the moment while he was distracted, Meryl quickly pulled her hand **away**.

"Cate, take your brother away," she said coldly.

"Meryl! Please, don't tell Chandler about this!" Cate rushed forward, grabbing Dalton and placing herself between him and Meryl.

Meryl's eyes flickered with emotion.

"Meryl, Dalton'..

drunk and not thinking clearly. If Chandler finds out... he'll punish him severely. He's already been deceived by a woman like Lydia—he's been through enough. He's a victim too.

Chapter 269 What Are You Doing?

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"Please, for the sake of the bond you used to share with my brother, let him go, Meryl. Please? Otherwise, Chandler might break his legs! I'm begging you!"

Meryl pressed her lips together, her gaze settling on Dalton's face.

His eyes were vacant, and he looked like a man who had lost his soul.

It was the first time Meryl had seen Dalton in such a state - probably too much to drink, leaving him dazed and unclear-headed.

She agreed, realizing there was no point in arguing **with** a drunk.

Meryl turned and went back into the house, unaware that a dark figure nearby had been watching them closely the whole time.

Chandler stood behind a large tree, its dappled shadows casting him in complete darkness.

He was tall and imposing, a flicker of surprise glinted in his narrow eyes.

Only when he saw Dalton being helped away by Cate did Chandler finally step forward, heading toward the attic.

Inside, Meryl had already laid down.

Suddenly, the door creaked open—Chandler stepped in from outside.

Chapter 269 What Are You Doing?

A chill clung to him as he walked in, and without a word, he moved over Meryl, pressing down on her.

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His fingers slid beneath her nightgown, grasping the collar and ripping it open in one swift motion.

Her chest was suddenly exposed, and Meryl let out a gasp, instinctively covering herself with her hands. "Chandler, what are you doing?"

Write your comment

Chapter 270 Be Gentle

Chandler's lips curled into a smile, one that hinted at something deeper before he leaned down and kissed Meryl.

The sudden intimacy left Meryl's mind reeling.

Although Chandler had been passionate before, he'd never been this intense—pinning her to the bed the moment he walked in, refusing to let go.

He cupped her cheeks, kissing and biting at **her** lips.

Meryl couldn't bear it any longer, a soft moan escaping her lips. "Chandler, you're hurting me!"

But Chandler seemed not to hear her.

His head was buried in her neck, his fiery kisses almost melting her entirely.

Meryl's entire body felt like it was burning up.

She couldn't understand what had gotten into Chandler that day. He was being both domineering and rough. In the past, although he was assertive, he always cared about her feelings.

Often, Chandler would even take the time to watch Meryl's expressions, gauging the pressure and intensity that would bring her the most pleasure.

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As Chandler prepared to thrust in for the third time, Meryl cradled his head, **her** voice hoarse as she started to plead,

"Chandler, Chandler, honey... Please, be gentle, okay?"

Meryl's voice was soft and tender, like a kitten's, as she whimpered beneath him.

2/4

Chandler's jawline was tense, showing the strain he was under.

On any other **day**, seeing her like this, Chandler would have softened.

But today, all he wanted was to make sure she understood just how good he was.

Meryl bit her **lip**, her brow furrowed as she began to think.

"Could it be that Chandler got scolded in Sir Aniston's study just now? And now he's taking **out** his frustration on me?" she wondered. "No, that doesn't seem right. Chandler is a mature man, always composed, never mixing things up like that. So what's going on? Why does it feel like I did something to upset him...?"

Meryl's eyes began to well up with tears, almost on the verge of **crying**.

When Chandler saw her eyes glistening and starting to turn red, he realized that maybe he had gone too far.

He gently leaned in to kiss the corner of her eye, not wanting to

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see her tears.

3/4

He thought that he was the one who had been wronged, so why was Meryl the one crying first?

Chandler had been far away and arrived late.

He didn't know exactly what Dalton and Meryl had talked about.

But seeing Dalton being dragged away by Cate, looking like a dead man, Chandler could guess that Dalton had drunk too much tonight and came to Meryl to vent his drunken rage.

A deep sense of jealousy surged within Chandler, making him feel as if he might drown in it.

He overheard Cate telling Meryl not to mention what happened tonight to him.

Chandler felt a pang of sadness in his heart.

It was as if there was a secret between the three of them, and he was the one being left out...

So, the moment Chandler stepped through the door, he and Meryl became entangled in a passionate embrace.

He wanted to use this moment to assert that Meryl belonged to him.

But now, seeing her tears falling beneath him, Chandler couldn't bear it anymore.

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"I'll be gentle. Don't cry." He cupped Meryl's cheeks, kissing away the tears at the corners of her eyes with fervor.

As if deliberately trying to appease her, Chandler was exceptionally attentive to Meryl's feelings the next **two** times.

4/4

Tears still lingered in the corners of Meryl's eyes, but they were soon replaced by waves of tingling pleasure that swept her to the peak.

Her hands instinctively gripped his shoulders as she gasped for air, leaning against Chandler's chest, her face flushed and her breath ragged.

The night grew late, and the entire Aniston Villa fell into a deep silence.

In the small attic, Meryl and Chandler breathed out sticky, humid warmth.

Tonight, Chandler was in an unusually high-spirited mood, perhaps due to the whiskey he had at the dinner party.

After who knew how many times **he** had teased her into curling up into a ball, Chandler whispered in Meryl's ear, "Is there anything you want to say to me?"

B

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